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W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

GAINS LOST AND LOSSES GAINED.

By HORACE SMITH, Esq.

Wise is the Millionaire, who, while
He basks in Fortune's golden smile,
Accounts her wealth a burthen,
Distrusts so false and blind a guide,
And dines off plate with no more pride,
Than if his ware were earthen.

Still wiser he, who, losing all,
Can philosophically fall,
And resolutely nerve his
Mind to meet his alter'd fate,
Dining off delf with zest as great,
As from his silver service.

The storm-toss'd mariner, who flings
His cargo overboard, and brings
To port his lighten'd vessel,
With pity views the laden barque,
Still doom'd, amid the tempest dark,
With winds and waves to wrestle.

Thus may the ruined Merchant, moored
In port, regard the long endured
And desperate exertion
Of him, still floating, all aghast,
Who struggles, but must yield at last,
To shuddering submersion.

Our fears of ill by far exceed
The ill we fear, for croakers feed
On miseries ideal,
Suspense removed, the mind re-acts,
And men, who quailed at fancied facts,
Will boldly face the real.

Gains Lost and Losses Gained.

The merchant who succumbs to fate,
 With honour all inviolate,
 In this o'erwhelming crisis,
 More honoured from his overthrow,
 Resembles the untainted snow,
 Which, as it falls, still rises.

Happy ! who, losing all his pelf,
 Has found that greater prize—himself,
 Who, taught that Fortune's chalice
 May from his lips be dashed—depends
 On those endowments, aims, and ends,
 That laugh at all her malice.

Once poorly rich, now richly poor,
 Dis-acred man ! a harvest sure,
 From thine own mind thou reapest,
 For all that gives our life its zest,
 The pleasures sweetest, dearest, best,
 Are evermore the cheapest.

Experience-taught, from rashness free,
 Beware ! and if the merchant sea
 Thy course thou wouldest renew in,
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis steer,
 Nor let gain's Syrens tempt thine ear,
 And lure thee to fresh ruin.

Thus, their past errors all atoned,
 Our merchant-princes, now unthroned,
 May win their former stations,
 Building new fortunes, slowly gain'd,
 But ne'er o'erthrown, because sustain'd
 On solid, sure foundations.

And England's self, in trial's hour,
 Rousing her undiminish'd power,
 Her giant limbs still plastic,
 Shall from the passing pressure rise,
 With fresh develop'd energies,
 And higher bound elastic.

Yes!—spite of all external foes,
 Despite the many inward throes
 That fiercely have o'erswept her,
 All-conquering England, as of old,
 With unenfeebled grasp shall hold
 Her world-compelling sceptre.

LA CAMICIA RAPITA.

I.

O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?
What's this ? A sleeve ?

Taming of the Shrew.

"It is a very extraordinary thing, Susan, that the laundress never will send home my things right. Every week there is sure to be some mistake."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, mem ! I always desires her to be so particular."

"She seems to pay no attention then to what you say to her. Last week she lost one of my best cambric handkerchiefs ; the week before she could not account for that pretty *fichu*, and now there's another article missing."

"Indeed, mem ! Why I counted the linen over when it came home, and it quite agreed with the bill. I'm sure the number was all right."

"The number—yes—perhaps so ;—but what do you call *this* ? This thing certainly can't be mine. It looks as if it belonged to a man !"

"Good gracious me, mem, and so it does ! Well, I never ! As sure as I live, it's a gentleman's—what's-his-name. How could it have got there ?"

"Through the woman's carelessness, of course. Look at it, Susan, and see if there's any name or mark upon it that you may discover whose it is."

"Oh dear me, mem, I should not like to touch it. I knows nothing about gentlemen's wearing apparel."

"You know my things from other people's, I hope. Stuff and nonsense, do as I tell you. I dare say it belongs to the person's husband."

"Oh no, mem, that it can't. They're very poor people, mem. He couldn't afford to wear any thing half so good as this. Look at the fineness of the linning, mem, and then the frill is real Bristles lace !"

"Indeed !—it's marked, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, mem, here in the corner. Gracious goodness, if it ain't a crownet most beautifully worked, and the letter N under it. To think of that !"

"A coronet indeed ! and the letter N ! Do you know who she washes for ?"

"Oh dear me, no, mem,—I never asked such a question."

"Well, make a point of asking now. Take the thing away and be sure you desire Mrs. Jones—if that's her name—to take it back directly, and send home my proper garment. It's perfectly ridiculous."

The above colloquy took place one morning in the dressing-room of Mrs. Trevelyan, a very pretty young widow who occupied the first and second floors of 53, Harley-street. In early life—when barely eighteen—she had made a *mariage de convenance*, or rather it had been made for her, for she had no voice in the matter, an uncle, upon whom she depended being the sole arbiter of her fate. The gentleman who espoused her, in spite of his sixty years and disparities not less remarkable than age, looked forward to a long life of happiness with the beautiful Ethe-

linde Maltravers, and such was the charm of her disposition, and the natural sweetness of her temper, that he might not perhaps have been deceived, but for one of those accidents to which flesh is unfortunately heir to, and which grow thicker round our path as it draws nearer to the goal: the fact is, he died one day of influenza, after a brief union of little more than a year.

That he was sincerely attached to Ethelinde, the manner in which he disposed of his property made sufficiently clear. He left her sole executrix, and the succession consisted of a fine landed estate in Devonshire, and the sum of twenty thousand pounds in the Three Per Cents. But Mrs. Trevelyan did not come into the property without opposition; the will was disputed by the nearest male relative, and a law-suit was the consequence. This was the cause of her being in a temporary residence in London at the time when the preceding conversation occurred, for had she consulted her own inclination her footsteps would never have wandered in the month of June from her beautiful groves and gardens at Torcombe, in spite of the attractions of the London season. In London, however, she was; and much of her time was taken up in interviews with lawyers and men of business, so that except a late drive in the park, or an occasional party to dinner, or at the opera, Mrs. Trevelyan saw little of the gay life in which she was so well qualified, both by nature and accomplishments, to shine. Of the claimant to her late husband's estates, she knew nothing more than that he was a young man of rank who, like many of his class, was in want of money to meet expenses and relieve incumbrances, and she believed he was abroad, though probably hastening homeward as the period drew near for bringing the law-suit, in which he had embarked by the advice of friends, to a close. Though naturally unwilling to forego all the advantages of her position, which she had gained by her own exemplary conduct, and conscious at the same time that her retention of Mr. Trevelyan's bequest was no ruinous deprivation of the rights of the next heir, Ethelinde would willingly have agreed to an amicable compromise, by the advance of any reasonable sum of money to meet the alleged necessities of the young nobleman her antagonist. But the affair was so entirely in the hands of the lawyers that no opportunity offered of proposing terms to the principals, and, moreover, Mrs. Trevelyan was so uncertain of his "whereabouts" that she could find no direct means of communicating with him.

Matters were, therefore, left to take their course.

II.

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?—*Taming of the Shrew.*

HALF-PAST seven was striking by the clock of St. James's Church, as Lord Norham dismounted at the foot of the steps leading into the Albany in Piccadilly. After glancing admiringly at the beautiful thoroughbred bay which he had ridden, and examining, with some care, one of the animal's shoulders, which seemed less glossy than the rest of his coat, Lord Norham patted the "poor fellow" on the neck, and with a word of instruction consigned him to his groom, and went in to dress for dinner.

"This," he said, as he walked towards letter D., where he was housed in a friend's chambers; "this is one of the great discomforts of civilised

life! To be compelled to put on a formal dress for the hours which offer the greatest enjoyment; to case one's self up in a starched cravat and stiff coat when inclination would lead one rather to throw both aside. These are amongst the penalties one must pay for living in the society of great cities. Oh, the unspeakable comfort of wearing the loose, easy robes of the East, or the *negligé* of the shores of the Mediterranean! Oh, the delicious nights on the roof-tops of Damascus, on the deck of my own Gulnare, or in the *patios* of Grenada! What a contrast to the fettered existence to which I have been compelled to return! But, unluckily, one can obtain nothing in this world without money, and money I certainly want. I wish I could have lingered through another winter in Malta, in Greece, in Sicily, in dearest Naples—anywhere rather than have returned home, though it is the season! But those friends, those friends—who will take greater care of your interests than you do yourself, and who make you follow the customs of the world, accusing you of apathy, disregard of self-respect, and want of consideration for others, if you fail to adopt their views or act up to their wishes! But for them I should never have entered into this troublesome law-suit. What did it signify to me to whom my old cousin, Trevelyan, left his money! He had a right to do as he liked with it, for he made the greater part of it in India by the sweat of his brow. And forsooth, because he succeeded to a landless house—all his patrimony—and made it, by his wealth, the centre of a large estate, the lawyers must interpose and say that the nearest of kin has a claim. Not that I should have had the slightest objection to his property if he had left it to me in his will; on the contrary, for it would have prevented me from doing what, most likely, I shall be obliged one day to do, marry an heiress for the sake of her money; but I hate the bore of a law-suit, ripping up all one's private concerns, and laying them open to the staring public, besides a world of misconstruction as to conduct and motives. I know nothing of Mrs. Trevelyan, but from what I have heard, she always conducted herself very well, and, to say the least of it, she deserved some compensation for the sacrifice she made in marrying a man so old and yellow as my cousin. They say, too, she is very pretty; it's the money makes people say that, I'll be bound. I'd lay a heavy wager she is not half so lovely as that fascinating creature who was so frightened to-day in the Park. I wonder who she can be! The carriage had only a simple cypher on the panels, and the servants were in the plainest possible livery, but she is certainly somebody! So much beauty and such dignity of manner cannot belong to a *parvenue*. It was lucky I rode up as I did, or that stupid coachman would decidedly have upset the carriage into the Serpentine. I was afraid Conrad had hurt his shoulder, as he rushed past the tree into the water, but we got off with a few plunges and splashes. She looked pale certainly, but when she smiled her thanks her colour came back, and even my own loved Damascus roses are not brighter than the glow on her cheek."

Lord Norham had by this time reached his apartments, where his attentive valet-de-chambre, an Italian, who had travelled with him for three years, was in readiness for his toilet. The young nobleman, in a somewhat abstracted mood, proceeded with his task, but his abstraction was not so great as to prevent him from making a sudden exclamation when he had got about half-way through the operation.

"Why what the devil's this, Antonio?" he cried out, abruptly: "I'm not going to a masquerade!"

"Milor!" ejaculated the astonished valet.

"Yes, you may well stare; see here! Why it's something you must have picked up in the Levant. What a ridiculous shape! It looks as if it was made for a woman!" And Lord Norham, as he spoke, displayed a very delicately-wrought article of raiment of the finest linen with a frill running round the top of the most transparent cambric edged with the richest Valenciennes lace. It was, moreover, "curiously cut," so as to give a very graceful contour to the upper part of the garment, and a little way down in the centre appeared two small crimson letters.

"Corpo di bacco!" exclaimed the Italian, who was a married man, though he led a bachelor's life; "è una camicia da donna!"

"A camicia is it! How the deuce did it get here? You didn't open Mr. Percival's wardrobe by mistake; that, perhaps, would have accounted for it."

"No, milor! I could not do such ting, for de Signore Percival take his keys along vid him ven he lend your lorship his shamber."

"How came it here then?"

"Upon my vord, milor, I do not know. Perhaps de lavandaja shall have make some mistake, and send you home some lady's dress instead of your own."

"Well, you must see about it. Meantime give me something that I can wear. Curious, to send me such a thing, and you not to take any notice of it! It's very fine looking stuff?"

"Oh, yes, milor, I nevare see noting finer, and my wife, she have a great deal to do in dis vay at Napoli."

"After all, the shape is a very pretty one. I wonder who the owner is! I thought I saw some initials; what are they?"

"Eccole, due lettere!—two letters, E. T.—and some figures, a 2 and a 4."

"E. T. 24!" mused Lord Norham; "I wonder who she is! It would be worth while trying to find out. I say, Antonio," he continued, as he finished the bow of his cravat, for in spite of his objections to modern costume Lord Norham piqued himself on the skill of his tie, an accomplishment really acquired at Oxford,—“make a point of asking the laundress what the lady's name is, and, do you hear, don't send the camicia back till I tell you."

"I shall recollect, milor," returned Antonio, with a smile. "Your lorship's cab is at de door." And in a few seconds Lord Norham was whirling through the streets on his way to Grosvenor Square, the images of pretty women and pretty garments contending for mastery over the claims of *salmis* and *suprêmes*.

III.

Look to behold this night,
Earth-treading starr, that make the dark heaven light.

Romeo and Juliet.

THE Duke of Derbyshire gave a concert that night at Derbyshire House, at which all London was present. Ethelinde was amongst the guests, charpered by her aunt the Honourable Mrs. Rushworth. It was the first

great party she had been to since she came to town, for she had refused to go out generally, *pendente lite*, but Derbyshire House is an exception to all rules: no one refuses to go there. It is not merely on account of the fashion which the duke's parties confer, the positive *agrémens* which they offer, nor the kind and courteous welcome given by the noble host to his guests, though these are nowhere to be met with in so great a degree, but because there is a charm about them, the secret of which has never yet been discovered, which so completely distinguishes them from all others. At Derbyshire House the light has no glare, the music no noise, the flowers breathe perfume only; every one smiles naturally; there is no *gêne*, no crowd; all wear an aspect of happiness; and as far as society alone can make people happy, they are so there.

In spite of the uncertainty of her position, Ethelinde also felt happy. She was young and beautiful, and the buoyancy of youthful spirits drove back those phantoms of the future which are ever drawing near to deform the prospect with their gloomy shadows. But hers, though she knew it not then, was an incomplete happiness, for she had not yet known the pain of loving, and until that pain be felt, happiness is merely an image reflected in a mirror. Was she destined to remain long in this state of ignorance? A few minutes decided the question.

After listening with rapture to strains of the most exquisite music, Mrs. Rushworth and Ethelinde left the concert-room to wander through the range of beautiful saloons which extend on either hand, admiring at every step some charming picture, some perfect piece of sculpture, or some work of art as rich as it was rare. They had nearly completed the tour when their progress was slightly obstructed by the tall figure of a young man who was leaning thoughtfully in a doorway. The rustling sound of their dresses, however, recalled his attention, and he drew on one side to allow them to pass. In doing so, he turned towards them, and, to Ethelinde's surprise, she recognised the gentleman who had come to her assistance that afternoon in the park, and he beheld the lady of whom, in spite of himself, he had since then been constantly thinking.

Mrs. Trevelyan could do no less than bow in recognition of the service he had performed, and it was at least a necessity on the part of Lord Norham to speak.

"I hope," he said, "you have not suffered from the flurry—I suppose I must not say fear—which your unruly horses excited to-day."

"Oh, you are right to think I was afraid," replied Ethelinde, earnestly, "for really the situation seemed dangerous."

"I dread, then," Lord Norham, smilingly returned, "lest my ignorance or awkwardness should have contributed to your alarm."

"On the contrary, I feel perfectly certain that, if you had not seized the horses' heads the carriage would have been overturned. It was very kind to venture so much for a mere stranger."

"That was a common impulse, though accident summoned me to do what I would most have preferred. But, after all, in society,—in the world,—there are no strangers. It was decreed by fate that I should meet you here to-night; the same thing would have happened had we both been in Rome or in Cairo."

"Are you so much of a predestinarian?" laughingly asked Ethelinde. "Does nothing happen but what is pre-ordained?"

"Nothing—of consequence."

"But what can be more inconsequential than this casual encounter?"

"Perhaps only that of this afternoon."

"Nay, there you are wrong. I should be very ungrateful if I ranked them equally."

"Forgive me, I ought not to have implied any doubt; but do not fall into the error of over-estimating the very trifling service I was so fortunate as to render you."

"Your creed of fatalism does not, I hope, exclude gratitude from the list of voluntary efforts!"

"It would be presumptuous to assign it so much scope. Fate only prepares the way; it disposes of those accidents which are material;—the mind accomplishes the rest."

"But is not the mind, according to your theory, predisposed?"

"Yes,—to the reception of a particular theme; but the same cause often produces very opposite effects. It is like sowing an unknown seed. The earth fructifies every germ alike, whether the plant which is to spring from it be sweet or bitter, a remedy or a poison."

"You have examined these things seriously. Where have you studied?"

"In the East;—not always in solitude, but often far from the haunts of men."

"You have travelled much, then?"

"I have seen many places and some varieties of mankind,—but not enough for the purpose which originally impelled me to travel."

"And you have returned with your objects unaccomplished? What caused you to relinquish their pursuit?"

"I believe," said Lord Norham, looking intently at Mrs. Trevelyan, "yes, I am sure, it was fate!"

The Honourable Mrs. Rushworth must have been a lady endowed with great good nature, or a very rare patience, to have allowed this colloquy to endure without offering to interpose a word; but there are limits even to feminine forbearance, and now she spoke.

"I see," she said, "you are arguing in a circle;—besides, the Duke is looking round him, a sign that the music is about to recommence. Come, Ethelinde, let us go to the concert-room."

Lord Norham bowed to Mrs. Trevelyan's graceful inclination as she passed on;—I am not sure, even, that their eyes did not meet; but he did not attempt to follow,—at least, not then.

"Who is your new acquaintance, Ethelinde?" inquired Mrs. Rushworth; "he can only have just returned from abroad, for I don't think I ever met him before."

"I am as ignorant as you, aunt, who my deliverer is, and you know also as much of my adventure."

"He is a very distinguished looking person at all events," said Mrs. Rushworth.

Ethelinde thought he was even something more, but she said nothing.

When the carriages were called that night there was at least one attentive listener in the hall with many pillars, and it was not without a thrill of pleasure, as he handed Mrs. Rushworth and her fair companion to their brougham, that Lord Norham heard the footman give the word,

"Fifty-three, Harley-street."

IV.

Say, what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to rob a gentle belle?

POPE.

WHEN Lord Norham woke on the morning after the concert, the first word which he uttered was "Ethelinde," and a long sigh followed the exclamation.

Antonio, who was in the room, busied about his usual avocations, hearing his master stir, presumed that he spoke to him, and therefore addressed him:

"Milor is awake?" He received an answer, but continued, "I have got some news about dat camicia. I have discover to whom it belong—a very nice lady! very beautiful, very rich!"

"Is that you, Antonio? What are you talking about? I wish you would hold your tongue."

"Oh, very well, milor. I only tought your lordship would be glad to know about de camicia."

"Hang the camicia," said Lord Norham, rather petulantly; "what can it signify to me whose it is?"

"I know vere de lady live, milor."

"And I care nothing about it. If he could tell me what I *do* want to know," he muttered, "it would be something to the purpose."

"La lavandaja—de vashingvoman—have been here late last night, milor, and she tell me de owner of de chemise live at Nombare Fifty-tree, Harlay Strit."

"What do you say?" cried Lord Norham, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy that astonished even the trained Italian, "where!—what!"

Antonio repeated the intimation.

"Make haste," said Lord Norham, "give me my dressing-gown. Stay, you were speaking of the camicia; you have not sent it back I hope."

"Certamente no, milor. Your lorship say I was to keep him till furdur ordares."

"True—and you have it here?"

"Yas, milor."

"Bring it me directly."

The order was promptly obeyed; and to any one but a native of a southern clime, accustomed to vehement demonstrations, the eagerness with which Lord Norham seized the garment, and the thousand kisses he imprinted on the unconscious linen, would have been matter for never-ending astonishment. An English valet would have thought of his own safety, or—if he had been awake to it—of a commission of lunacy. Antonio merely waited to see how long the passion would last—it was not quickly over.

"Ethelinde! Ethelinde!" exclaimed Lord Norham; "yes, here is the dear initial, E. But what does the other letter mean? T!—T! I heard the name of Rushworth—'The Honourable Mrs. Rushworth'—that I suppose was her mother. Well, it may be so still: her daughter by a first marriage—no doubt of it. What grace! what beauty! I never thought that English women could be so supremely lovely! I

must find out all about her. I don't think she is engaged—she did not look as if another occupied her thoughts. Well, this law-suit has led to something that the lawyers who devised it never dreamt of. It may take its own course for what I care, provided I can once more see my own, my dearest Ethelinde!"

But the law is more prosaic than even lovers imagine, and Lord Norham was scarcely dressed before he received a letter from Essex-street, informing him it was absolutely essential to his interests that he should attend that morning, at eleven o'clock, to meet that eminent counsel, Mr. Scatterdust, to discuss finally the question of the succession to the estate of the late Mr. Trevelyan. The letter was signed "Gabriel Quirk," and prayed his immediate attention. ●

"What an infernal bore!" he exclaimed, as he threw down the mis-sive; "I suppose I *must* attend—indeed, I may as well go there as anywhere else at such an early hour. Of course she is not up yet. Antonio, desire Stevens to be here with the cab at a quarter to eleven, and let me have some breakfast."

We leave Lord Norham to discuss his meal with such appetite as love has left him, and return to Harley Street.

It was twelve o'clock, and Ethelinde had not yet left her boudoir, though she had been up some hours, and the restlessness which haunted her couch pursued her when she quitted it. She had tried to read, but could not fix her attention on the page, and now she sat at an open secretaire, with paper before her and a pen in her hand, but her thoughts refused to flow, or wandered from the subject of her intended correspondence. Absorbed in a reverie, which, to judge by the sweet serenity of her features, appeared a happy one, she had suffered some one to tap twice at her door unregarded, but the third knock roused her attention, and she bade the intruder come in.

It was Susan, and her countenance bore the signs of recent excitement, for her colour was high, and her eyes sparkled.

"What is the matter, Susan?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan, calmly.

"I begs your parding, mem, but I never heard tell of any thing like it. To go for to keep a harticle of dress like that, and then refuse for to restore it when perlitely hasked, is one of them things as I can't bring myself to understand. He positively ubjects to send it back, mem!"

"To send *what* back, Susan? I really don't know what you mean."

"Why, mem, it's all about your apparel, mem. I scolded the laundress finely yesterday, and she promised to do her best to find it. She knew at once who the other thing, mem, belonged to—a young nobleman as is living in the Halbany—and in the evening she went there and saw my lord's wally-de-sham, and said as how she supposed there was some mistake, and that the linning had got mixed. At first he said, in his gibberish, for Mrs. Jones says he is one of them mad forriners, that he didn't know nothink at all about it, but Mrs. Jones says he was a larfing when he spoke, which convinced her that he know'd where to set his ands on it, and she begged he'd be so good as to look, for that the lady was in want of the harticle."

"That was very ridiculous," said Mrs. Trevelyan, blushing as she spoke. "I wish you would finish the stupid story. I am sorry I ever made any inquiry on the subject."

"Well, mem, Mrs. Jones was only a-doing of what she thought her

duty, for I'd said to her, 'Mrs. Jones,' says I, 'don't let me see your face again without that there!' and so she went again to the Halbany this morning, and taxed my lord's wally with ahaving of it; for she'd been round to every one as she washes for, and know'd it couldn't be nowhere's else; and what do you think, mem, was the harnser as the himperdent feller give her?"

"Dear me! how can I possibly tell? To think of having one's thoughts disturbed by such nonsense as this!"

"He said, mem—it's as true as I stand here—that his master—my lord, mem—had locked it up in his own buro, and that he was ordered to pay for it, for that it wouldn't be given back to nobody but the hoaner!"

"I never heard of any thing so absurd! And did she really come away without it?"

"She was forced to, mem. But she wouldn't give up the other thing, no how, mem. The wally larfed and joked in his forrioneerin manner, and said, as how it was of no use to you, mem, and that she'd much better give it up, for that he wanted to wear it his-self, as he was agoing to the hopperer this hevening; but Mrs. Jones couldn't be persuaded to, and so the trumpery harticle is come back again, mem."

"I must say, I think it very singular conduct," observed Mrs. Trevelyan, compelled by the strangeness of the affair to take some notice of it. "Have you any idea of who this young nobleman is? not that it is of any use knowing; indeed, it would be better not to be acquainted with his name, except to avoid him if one happened to meet him."

"Oh, yes, mem,—Mrs. Jones knows; she did mention it to me, but I never pays no attention to gentlemen's names; I can ask her again, mem, for she is down stairs now."

Susan departed on her errand without any opposition from her mistress, and presently returned with the required information.

"Gracious, mem! Would you believe it? It's as true as I live, but the gentleman, mem, is young Lord Norham, poor Mr. Trevelyan's cousin."

"Lord Norham!" said Mrs. Trevelyan, in astonishment. "Impossible, Susan; Lord Norham is not in England!"

"Oh, yes, mem,—he is; he came home about ten days ago; the wally said it was very sudding, for they was in Italy, Rome, and Naples only, it might be, about a month since."

"That accounts then," said Mrs. Trevelyan, to herself, "for Mr. Quillet's desire that I should remain in tow. Lord Norham carries on a strange sort of warfare; he not only seeks to deprive me of my estate, but lays violent hands on my personal effects. What can he mean by it! Order the carriage, Susan, as soon as I am dressed I shall go to Mrs. Rushworth's."

V.

My only love sprung from my only hate.

Romeo and Juliet.

LORD NORHAM'S groom had dismounted, and was crossing the pavement to knock at No. 53, Harley-street, when a pretty brougham (a Brougham is pretty sometimes, despite the association) drove rapidly up

to the door. Lord Norham recognised not only the mazarine blue carriage and the spirited cream-coloured horses that drew it, but caught a glimpse of their fair owner; and recalling his servant, leapt lightly from his saddle, and approached the carriage-window.

"I don't know why I find myself here without invitation," he said, "but, I am fairly caught in the act. I wished to pay my respects to—to—," he hesitated for a moment, and then, with an effort, brought out, "Mrs. Rushworth."

Ethelinde saw his artifice, and smiled.

"My aunt," she replied, "does not live here. I have just come from her house in Grosvenor-street."

Lord Norham appeared to take no notice of the explanation.

"Allow me," he said, "to assist you from your carriage, and," he added, in a subdued, but earnest, tone, "to explain the motive of my appearance."

Ethelinde bowed gravely, accepted his proffered hand, and they entered the house together. When they reached the drawing-room she took a chair near one of the windows, and motioned to Lord Norham to sit down also, for she felt too much agitated to speak.

He did not, however, accept the invitation, but stood for a few moments, irresolute, as if uncertain how to commence a conversation which he had sought in so unusual a manner. At length he spoke:

"I am sure," he began,—"that is—I hope—you will forgive the step I have taken, in presenting myself before you without an introduction; but the truth is, I expected to have been able to plead as my apology, a friendship which I formed in the East with a relation of Mrs. Rushworth. Had I known to whom I was speaking last night, before the party broke up, I should not have been placed in this awkward predicament."

"You have characterised it rightly," returned Ethelinde, with some degree of coldness; "the situation is, at least, peculiar."

"I am afraid," said Lord Norham, advancing a step nearer,— "I am afraid I have offended you, and Heaven knows that is the last object of my thoughts; but, what shall I say,—I could not resist the temptation of making an inquiry after you this morning, particularly when I was led to believe that you were the sister of the man who saved my life as I was travelling last year between Beyrouth and Damascus."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ethelinde; "were you the Englishman whose escort fled when attacked by a party of Bedouins in the Lebanon, and whom my cousin Charles was so fortunate as to rescue? He wrote to us about the adventure, but, with the carelessness that marks every thing he does, never told us *who* he had assisted, contenting himself with saying, that it was a feature of life in the desert which had led to very agreeable consequences."

"It was no other than myself to whose aid he came so opportunely, or I might not have lived to tell the story; though, after all," and this was said with an accent of bitterness,— "life is, perhaps, a questionable

"Surely not," observed Ethelinde, "if it enables us to render any—the slightest service to our fellow-creatures."

"But my life, I fear," said Lord Norham, "is destined to be a torment to others, even against my will. At this very moment, while I am speaking to you, I am in the act—passively, it is true—of inflicting a

most serious injury upon a person whom I have never seen, and whom, moreover, I have every reason to respect."

"But you are not such a fatalist as to believe that you have not the power of preventing yourself from doing wrong?"

"Certainly not, in my own person, but there are circumstances when one is compelled to allow others to act for one."

"I can conceive no combination of events so compulsory as to make one act against one's own conscience, either in person or by deputy,—that is to say, if you entertain feelings such as you describe."

Lord Norham gazed intently on the animated speaker, and her words fell on his ear with the conviction of truth.

"You are right," he said, "and whatever it costs me, I will neither be a wrong-doer myself nor suffer wrong to be done in my name. It will, at any rate, console me for the brevity of this interview, which I fear will be my first and last; for," he continued, with a melancholy accent, "I must once more be a wanderer."

"You will not leave—that is—quit England, without allowing my aunt to make the acquaintance of her son's friend, without"—she hesitated—"without giving me the satisfaction of knowing who it was that rendered me an essential service, to whom I am indebted, perhaps, for my life."

"And have I been so utterly forgetful of all the laws of courtesy as to continue anonymous? Heavens! yes. I gave my card to my groom to deliver at the door, and forgot that you could not have received it. My name is Lord Norham."

Had a mine been suddenly sprung in the drawing-room, Ethelinde could not have been more astonished than by this announcement. She started to her feet, and became pale and red by turns, as the various thoughts which that name excited awoke rapidly within her. She beheld at the same moment the enemy of her social position, whose success would involve her in comparative ruin, the bizarre young man who had acted so ridiculously about the disputed garment, and—she could not disguise it from herself—she saw before her one who evidently regarded her with no common interest. That she was perfectly unknown to him, seemed quite certain, for he had mistaken her for Mrs. Rushworth's daughter, but then what could have made him act so absurdly in other respects? He surely did not mean to speak to her on the subject! The bare idea made her feel as if she were about to sink into the earth; she would rather have lost a thousand law-suits than have run the risk of this unhappy prostitution. Amazement, fear, mistrust,—so many contending emotions were imprinted on her countenance that Lord Norham gazed on her in mute wonder. Ethelinde felt the embarrassment of their mutual position, and made an effort to recover herself.

"I was so unprepared," she said, "so surprised to hear your lordship's name, that—that—I beg you will excuse me"—and she leant against her chair for support.

"Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter? What have I unfortunately said to cause this alarm?" and he took her hand as she spoke.

"You will understand all," replied Ethelinde, disengaging herself, "when I tell you that I—am—the widow of the late Mr. Trevelyan!"

It was Lord Norham's turn to be astonished, but his astonishment soon gave way to rapture. Ethelinde had sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands. He came closer to her.

"Mrs. Trevelyan," he said, "dear Mrs. Trevelyan, how gladly would I have spared you the pain of this moment, how willingly have foregone it to remove the happiness which it has given me. Hear me, Mrs. Trevelyan—Ethelinde"—she started at hearing him thus name her—"dearest Ethelinde;" again he took her hand, "why should we be foes? Before I knew who you were I had ceased to be so—your generosity had conquered my selfishness—be generous again, and pardon one who never meant to offend, who loves you, Ethelinde, dearer than life itself."

Is it not Camöens who sings—

Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow?

And do not all who have ever truly loved admit that a single moment suffices to colour every future hour of existence? To such—and doubtless they form the majority of my readers—I need not minutely tell how the law-suit ended to the discomfiture of Messrs. Quillet and Quirk, how Mrs. Trevelyan became Lady Norham, and how the "Camicia rapita" was disposed of. To the best of my belief the last-named subject was never adverted to, though Lord Norham smiled very mysteriously the first time he saw the preparations making for his bride's *trousseau*.

As for Susan, she never ceased wondering at "the way things is brought about."

"To think," she used to say, lifting up her hands and eyes, "to think of my lord and my lady being interdooced to each other by means of a *scrimmiger*, as the forrin wally calls it!"

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

No. XI.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

John Taylor—His Tale of "Monsieur Tonson"—His Bad Puns and forgotten Jests—His Autobiographical Records—The King of Grief—James Cobb—Silencing a Newspaper.

Of the merry crew whom I used to encounter in Hill's Court or Momus, at Sydenham, I shall only notice one more—the late John Taylor, commonly called Jack Taylor, and sometimes *Sun* Taylor, from his having been, during many years, the proprietor of that newspaper. At different times, he was also part owner of the *True Briton*, and editor of the *Morning Post*; at every period he was Prologue and Epilogue writer in general for all the theatres of London, which, however, were not so nu-

merous in his days as they have since become. After this preamble, it is hardly necessary to state, that he had an almost universal acquaintance with authors, artists, actors, and actresses of all denominations—a fact, of which abundant evidence may be found in the two pleasant volumes of autobiography, published after his decease, and entitled “Records of my Life.” By some accident, the lines which he had intended for the title-page, were omitted; but, as they were subsequently sent to me by his widow, I insert that portion which describes the scope and purpose of his work.

Go, faithful Record of my former days,
Regard not censure, and expect not praise.
To rescue merit from Oblivion's shade,
That else unknown might there in darkness fade,
Such is thy purpose, such thy leaves will show,
To honour friends, but not to wound a foe.

“Thus much may serve by way of proem,” for, though there might be perfect truth in the further assertion that he had mingled largely in the haunts of men, and that virtue might read his work without a fear, the averments were hardly made in a sufficiently poetic form to justify further quotation.

They who could have divined his mental character from his personal appearance, must have read him backwards like a Hebrew book. Somewhat rusty was the suit of black which always invested his tall lean figure, carelessly powdered was his hair, deeply furrowed were his cheeks, dark and saturnine were his features, husky and sepulchral was his voice; yet, this lugubrious-looking personage was always ready, however late the hour, for a freak or a jollification, and rarely opened his mouth, except to relate an anecdote, to repeat a witticism of others, or to attempt one of his own. Nothing, in short, could be more grave than his aspect and outward showing, nothing less so than his discourse and his occasional pursuits. Let it not be supposed, however, that Mr. Taylor was a frivolous character, thinking of nought but social dissipation, and the retailing of *facetiae*. His companionable qualities warranted a much higher ambition than that of being a successful punster, and even they who smiled at his occasional failures as a wag, could not help respecting him as a well-conducted, honourable, and kind-hearted man. That he should have exercised his editorial functions during so many years, with so little cause of offence, is doubly creditable to him, if there be any truth in his own averment, when speaking of Sir Henry Bate Dudley, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, that it is almost impossible for those who have not been occupied as newspaper editors, to imagine the folly, depravity, and offensive qualities which must inevitably be brought within their cognizance; and that they ought, therefore, to stand excused if their temper sometimes become soured, and their strictures assume a tone of splenetic reproof. Let it be recorded, to the honour of John Taylor, the editor of so many papers, that he needed no vindication of this sort, the natural amenity of his disposition having resisted all the embittering influences of his pursuits.

And yet he had some reason for mistrusting his fellow-creatures, his hard-earned savings of many years having been lost by the misconduct of his partner in one of the newspapers; a reverse of fortune that induced him, in the year 1827, to publish two volumes of “Poems on Various Subjects,” for which the wide circle of his acquaintance enabled him to

procure an extensive list of subscribers. In the whole long array of prologues, epilogues, sonnets, epistles, imitations, elegiacs, tales, and rhyming effusions upon all sorts of occasions, there were but rare exceptions from that order of poetical mediocrity, which, according to Horace, is equally repudiated by gods, men, and bookstalls. Prolific as was his muse, it is very possible that the reader may never have encountered any other of her bantlings than the comic tale of "Monsieur Tonson," which became so popular that it was often recited at the Freemasons' Tavern, by Fawcett, and was always received with applause; a success which so deeply endeared it to the writer, that he records himself in the title-page of his biography as the "Author of Monsieur Tonson," and subjoins the same badge of distinction to the portrait with which the work is embellished. How fondly he doted upon this poetical bantling, the only one of a most numerous family that ever became known to fame, may be judged by the following extract from his "Records,"—

"Several of the actors, among whom were Mr. John Palmer, Mr. Burton, and many provincial performers, called on me, requesting that I would read it to them that they might better understand the conceptions of the author. They should rather have applied to Mr. Fawcett, whose example would have been a more instructive lesson. As I was one morning knocking at the door of a friend, a decent looking person, but with a rough manner, addressed me abruptly, saying,

"'Are you the author of 'Monsieur Tonson?'"

"I simply answered, 'I own my guilt.'

"'I thought so,' said he, and went away with equal abruptness. And if this may be considered a species of fame, I have seen myself pointed at in coffee-houses on the same account."*

In another place he is careful to tell the reader that the tale is founded on an actual occurrence of former days, and that the Tom King who forms its hero was not Tom King the actor, of whom Churchill says, "'Mongst Drury's sons he comes and shines in brass.'" Indeed, one can hardly read his numerous and complacent allusions to this subject, and the effect produced by his tale, without being reminded of Swift's "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish."

Mr. Northcote, however, no incompetent critic, to judge by Hazlitt's published conversations with him, thought very favourably of the theatrical poems, if the following extract from an epistle to their writer is to be taken *au pied de la lettre* :—

"I can scarcely find words to express to you my admiration of your excellent Prologues and Epilogues, so various, so witty, so moral, so natural, and so poetic. I wish the whole work had contained nothing else, it would then indeed have been a jewel of the first water; but when you make verses on Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. Northcote, and Mr. —, my G—d! what a change! I no longer know the same author. It seems to me like a change in a farce, where we see a regal throne quickly turned into a wheelbarrow, &c., or as if somebody had blown your brains out! If ever you write any more verses upon me, pray suppose me to be either a Tragedy or a Comedy, and make a Prologue or an Epilogue for me. But I can easily account for the great difference. When you write a Prologue or an Epilogue, you feel all the terror of that powerful and re-

* "Records," vol. ii, p. 27.

morseless beast, a full assembled audience before your eyes, which keeps you tremblingly alive in fear of immediate public shame. But when you write verses to flatter a fool, you sleep over them, and think any thing is good enough."

As the subject of this notice had his pet comic tale, to which he delighted to refer, so had he two or three favourite puns of his own concoction, to each of which he thought he might apply the *decies repetita placebit*. More than once or twice have these old friends revisited mine ear. Methinks I now see their fond parent as he used to reiterate them in days of yore. A smile wrenches his cast-iron features out of their forlorn grimness; with his fore-finger and thumb he flicks away the snuff from his shirt frill, as he huskily exclaims, or rather croaks, "I think you knew Ozias Humphrey, the artist, if not, you must have heard of him. He was fond of raillery, and one day, I think it was at Opie's, in Berners-street, when a little sportive contest took place between him and me, he said, 'Taylor, you are an *every-day* man.'

" 'Very well,' said I, 'and you are a *weak* one.'

"This retort excited a loud laugh, as you may well suppose, and completely silenced my friendly opponent. Some people call this my best pun, but I myself don't think it so good as one that I made to Sheridan, who you know, married a Miss Ogle. Well, we were supping together, on burned bones and claret, at the Shakespeare Tavern, in Covent Garden, when the conversation turning on Garrick, I asked him which of his performances he thought the best.

" 'Oh,' said he, 'the *Lear*, the *Lear*.'

" 'No wonder,' said I, 'you were fond of a *Leer*, since you married an *Ogle*.'

From these specimens of his best puns the reader may guess the quality of the myriad others constantly popping out of a melancholy-looking mouth that seemed little fitted for emitting such sportive frivolities. It was Saturn pelting you with sugar plums.

Such, however, was his store of pleasant anecdote, so wide had been his acquaintance with men and measures, that his hearers were well content to forgive a twice-told tale, a wretched pun, or his too liberal use of what Gibbon calls the vainest and most disgusting of the pronouns. They could pardon him for remembering a joke too well, but it required a greater degree of forbearance when he insisted, as was occasionally the case after his memory had become less retentive, upon relating anecdotes that he had forgotten. "My dear friend," I once heard him say to James Smith, "did I ever tell you of my famous repartee to Dubois? Some allusion having been made to my original profession of an oculist, he said, no wonder that you failed in that pursuit, for a man must have been blind indeed who could think of coming to you for a cure. Well, that made a laugh against me, but I quickly turned the tables upon him, blew him to atoms, demolished him, annihilated him on the spot by a retort I made. I don't recollect just now what it was, but you may depend upon it, my dear Smith, it was a capital thing, and was received with a loud roar." Such slips of memory may easily happen, especially to an elderly man, in the excitement of social intercourse; but in the following extract it will be seen that Taylor could deliberately commit to writing a repartee of which he had forgotten the point, taking care, moreover, to add a voucher for its probable sharpness. "The Baron de

Wenzel, in the earlier part of his life, had been the pupil of my grandfather (the Chevalier Taylor), who, on hearing of the baron's extraordinary fame in London, privately hinted to him that when he was his pupil he had not discovered such docility as to promise so high a degree of professional repute. The baron, piqued at this remark, pointed to his shoes, which were decorated with brilliant diamonds. What answer the chevalier made I know not, *but it was probably very sharp, as he was well known to excel in repartee.** Numerous must have been the jokes obliterated from the tablet of his memory. Pity that he did not collect the good things which had thus escaped his recollection, and publish them under the title of "Unremembered Memorabilia; or, the Forgotten Joe Miller." We may depend upon the "capital hits," whose oblivion it would have commemorated.

Enough, however, and more than enough, were preserved in the "Records of my Life," by the late John Taylor, Esquire, author of "Monsieur Tonson," to make the volumes very pleasant reading, at least, for a graybeard contemporary like myself. Among the many advantages of old age, it is not the least that we can sit in our fireside corners, chew the cud of thought, and recall the pleasures, while we forget the dangers and anxieties of our by-gone years. Youth lives in the future, age in the past, and I rather think we seniors have the best of it. When Taylor, for instance, showed me the room in old Slaughter's Coffee-house, where he had so often enjoyed merry meetings with Holman, Morton, Reynolds, Fawcett, and other boon companions, it was manifest that the actual occurrence of these symposia could hardly have been more delightful than their recollection, which was free, moreover, from all apprehension of a morning head-ache. As his "Records" are not very widely known, I will glean from them two or three anecdotes that may not be uninteresting to the general reader.

The original of Kenney's *Jeremy Diddler* in the admirable farce of "Raising the Wind," was a man of the name of BIBB, who had once been an engraver, and after renouncing that occupation, without adopting any other, had contrived to support himself by borrowing half-crowns from all whom he could prevail upon to lend them, a practice which procured for him the nick name of "half-crown Bibb," and was supposed to have put in his pocket, first and last, not much less than 2000*l.* His solicitations, however, were judiciously apportioned to the supposed means of his victims. When Taylor was young, and not very flourishing in circumstances, he met BIBB, and commenced a modest panegyric upon Dr. Johnson, whose death had been announced in the papers of that day, an eulogium which was quickly interrupted by the exclamation of—"Oh! never mind that old blockhead. Have you got such a thing as ninepence about you?" The same party encountering Morton, the dramatist, after the success of one of his plays, and concluding that a prosperous author must have plenty of cash, ventured to ask him for the loan of a whole crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than three and sixpence, which the applicant readily accepted, of course, but said on parting,— "Remember, I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me eighteen-pence."

Lewis, a provincial actor, and no relation to the celebrated comedian of

* "Records," vol. i., p. 15.

Covent Garden, published a small volume of poems with the following motto :—

The Muses forced me to besiege 'em,
Necessitas non habet legem.

He was generally known by the title of "The King of Grief," as he had watery eyes, which made him always appear to be weeping, and was continually predicting misery to himself. Of this tristful grumbler, Taylor relates the following anecdote. "Mr. Younger, who was a very friendly man, invited old Lewis to dine with him at Liverpool. Lewis declined the invitation, alleging the indifferent state of his attire. Mr. Younger desired him to go into the wardrobe of the theatre, and gave orders he should receive any suit of clothes that fitted him. As soon as he was properly accommodated, he rejoined Mr. Younger at dinner. After a few glasses of wine, which, instead of raising his spirits, depressed him, he began weeping. Mr. Younger, with great kindness, asked him the cause of his sudden grief—'Why,' said he, 'is it not lamentable that such a man of genius as myself should be obliged to such a stupid fellow as you are for a suit of clothes, and a dinner?' Far from being offended, Mr. Younger only laughed at his ludicrous and untimely ingratitude."

Mr. James Cobb, whose operas and dramatic works were so long and so deservedly popular, was requested by Sheridan, after the destruction of Drury Lane Theatre, to write a prelude on the removal of the company of actors to the King's Theatre. This was done, Sheridan introducing one whimsical stroke. One of the characters describing the difficulty of removing the scenes, properties, &c., said there was so pelting a storm at the moment, that they were obliged to carry the rain under an umbrella.

Let me not record the name of James Cobb without a passing tribute of respect to his memory. During the latter years of his secretaryship to the East India Company I knew him well, and often shared the hospitalities which he so liberally dispensed in Russell-square, especially on the nights of a new piece at either of the theatres, when he invariably had a box. His better-half, who always accompanied him, was apt to be behind-hand with her toilet, and on one occasion, when the servant brought a message from his mistress that she would be down as soon as she had changed her cap, his master replied,

"Oh, if that's all, you may bring another bottle of port."

Mr. Cobb was a man of business, a successful dramatist, a good musician, a pleasant companion, a warm friend, and in every respect a most estimable person. His industry must have been not less signal than his other good qualities, for while he punctually discharged the duties of a most responsible office, he found time to compose upwards of twenty farces, operas, and musical dramas, some of which, such as "Paul and Virginia," "The Haunted Tower," "The Siege of Belgrade," and others, retained their popularity for many years, and are not yet entirely banished from the stage.

To return to John Taylor. As he was a man of strict veracity it may not be uninteresting to give his authority for the mode in which troublesome newspapers were silenced in the good old days of our own times, when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth (of happy and pious memory!) was seeking to be appointed Regent. The reader will instantly see that the allusions in the following cautiously worded extract refer to Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales :—

"It appeared that a lady, supposed to be in great favour with a high personage, and not merely connected by the ties of mutual affection, had determined to assert claims not sanctioned by law, but which, if openly developed, or rather promulgated, would perhaps have been attended by a national agitation. It was stated in the *Morning Post*, that the lady in question had demanded a peerage and 6000*l.* a year, as a requital for the suppression of a fact which might have excited alarm over the empire, and have put an effectual stop to all further proceedings on the subject of the pending regency."

Permanently to silence such ill-timed paragraphs, Taylor was requested, by a confidential servant of the "high personage," to inquire whether the person who *farmed* the paper, and who was also part proprietor, would dispose of his share, and also of the term for which he was authorised to conduct it. "The party in question," writes Taylor, "struck while the iron was hot, received a large sum for his share of the paper, another for the time that he was to hold a control over it, and an annuity for life. The *Morning Post* was purchased for the allotted period, and I was vested with the editorship. I may here mention a circumstance that illustrates the character, or rather the opinion of Dr. Wolcot. When the confidential agent to whom I have alluded first communicated to me the extravagant claims of the lady in question, and the public commotion which she was likely to occasion, if she persevered in her pretensions, the doctor, who was present, laughed, and said,

"'Oh! there is no reason to be alarmed, the matter is easily settled.'

"When I asked him what was to be done, his answer was,

"'Why, poison her.'

"'What, doctor,' said I, 'commit murder?'

"'Murder!' rejoined he, 'there is nothing in it; it is state policy, and is always done.'

"He certainly had no intention to suggest such an expedient upon the present occasion; but if there were any temptation for a joke it was impossible for him to resist it."*

John Taylor was profoundly loyal, which explains his appointment as editor, but when, at a later period, the life-involving charges against the persecuted Queen Caroline were sought to be established *per fas aut nefas*, he may, perhaps, have thought that their manifest object was hardly more justifiable than the expedient suggested by the doctor.

As it would not be fair to dismiss two volumes, containing more than 600 pages, of Taylor's poetry without quotations, I will cite the following lines, which are doubly entitled to selection as forming the shortest of all his poems, and as bearing reference to another of my "literary acquaintance."

ON HEARING THAT J. W. CROKER, ESQ., SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY, HAD FALLEN FROM HIS HORSE.

Learn from this danger to beware
Of horses of the vulgar breed,
And hence unbend from public care,
By mounting thy Parnassian steed.

Then, if o'er sea or land† he course,
He'll ne'er thy skilful guidance spurn,
But taste will regulate his force,
And Fame shall welcome his return.

* "Records," vol. ii., p. 267.

† See the beautiful poems of "Trafalgar" and "Talavera," written by Mr. Croker.

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

CHAP. I.

In the dense bush the Kaffir takes his stand,
His swarthy form no garments e'er control,
Th' assegai quivers in the uplifted hand—
A Briton's heart to be its reeking goal!"

From the Author's MS.

READER! Hast thou e'er doubled the Cape? We mean that stupendous southern limit of the vast African continent, so long an insuperable barrier to every effort of the mariner of old—the weather-beaten and wave-lashed extremity of those trackless, boundless, and nearly unknown regions, from whose arid and mysterious depths so few travellers have returned, to recount the perils they may have passed, or the wonders they may have beheld!

We mean that dark towering mass of rock and mountain, those "ruins of an earlier world," uprooted and hurled as if by the Titans of yore against the united assaults of blustering Æolus, and of old Father Neptune, whilst in their angriest and fiercest moods.

We mean that cloud-capped promontory which so long baffled every vain attempt of the navigator of former days, until the gallant Diaz, in 1486, breaking the spell, vanquished the monster which had so long guarded this pathway to the golden fleece—the gorgeous treasures of the East—and having accomplished this Herculean task, most appropriately dubbed him: "Cabo dos Tormentos," or Cape of Storms.

In short, we mean *the Cape par excellence*.

If, good friend (for I wish to be on terms with the—I hope—indulgent peruser of these my lucubrations), such has never been thy fate; if thou be'est an admirer of Nature in her wildest, grandest, and most terrific moods; or if, may be, thou belongest to that venturous class, who courting the terrors of the "pale green sea," braving the eddies of the "Needles," the horrors of the "Solent," and the billows of "Spithead," goest down to the sea in "yachts;"—and once more ashore,—forgetting the dangers thou hast past, proudly in sailor garb and with sailor gait, in ample Flushing coat, or rough pea-jacket, rollest nautically along the streets of Cowes or Ryde; if, good friend, thou belongest to either of the above worthy class of readers, get thee quickly under-weigh, trim thy sails, and boldly steer thy bark beneath the great "Southern Cross," and "Milky Way," follow in the wake of the Lusitanian navigators of old; double "the Cape," and the chances are, if thou hast the good luck to stumble on a stiff "nor-wester," that thou gettest thy fill of admiration, and that both Flushing coat and rough pea-jacket will be well seasoned with a sprinkling of real spray.

Oft has it been my fate to double this said "Cape of Storms," and each time to have been right well buffeted by both winds and waves, fully as much, or rather more so, than any landsman could possibly desire.

The terrific grandeur of a contest between the elements in this tempestuous region, is not easily described, or even imagined by one who has not personally witnessed its awful effects.

The hostile meeting of two boundless oceans, there uplifts, on this arena of their gigantic struggle, not mere waves "curling their mon-

strous heads" but very mountains of liquid brine, on whose white crests, capped as with undriven snow, the frail bark is madly borne along; whilst over head, on motionless and distended wing, the huge Albatross, like the Spirit of the storm, sweeps wildly past, watching, as it were, the approaching fate of its weather-beaten, wave-lashed victim.

Next instant, the labouring craft lies deeply buried and nearly becalmed in the yawning trough of a monster sea, lost amidst a chaotic mass of dark, towering billows, which angrily shake their impending summits o'er her threatened decks, and like falling avalanches,—precursors of immediate and certain annihilation to all beneath,—seem on the very eve of precipitating the "tall ship" and all her crew into the depths of the unfathomed abyss below, amalgamating at once man and the labour of his hands, with the raging elements he has so rashly dared to encounter!

Such are the scenes of not unfrequent occurrence in going round the Cape; but at other times these stormy regions have also their seasons of gloomy rest;—a repose not unmingled with grandeur and sublimity of its kind.

Then, under the cold, gray canopy of the clouded heavens, which throws its leaden mantle, and spreads its leaden hue on all around, the gallant bark, so lately buffeted by wind and wave, so madly struggling against both, is now, with motionless hull and flapping sails, lazily cradled on the long, unbroken swell of the South Atlantic Ocean. The silent solitude of whose vast watery waste, is however, enlivened by numerous denizens of its own.

The giant Leviathan of the deep—the monstrous Whale, is oft at such times, met with in these bleak regions of the far south. Inertly floating on the surface, the huge proportions of his protruding back may then, like the smooth, wave-worn summit of some dark rock, be first discerned above the surrounding waters; whilst sometimes, in, may be, frolicsome mood, he throws up on high tall columns of silvery brine, which then stand out in bold relief against the murky atmosphere and dark ocean around.

Next, large shoals of porpoises career rapidly past the ship; bounding along in their meteor course, they glitter for a second to the sight, and then as rapidly disappear; aquatic birds hover thickly around, and the majestic Albatross, in widely-extended circles, on motionless and outspread wing, sails rapidly past, and not unfrequently rests on the now still surface of the liquid plain.

This period of calm, though one of welcome rest and quiet to the weary tar, is generally a time of great zest and bustle for the idlers on board, by whom an active warfare is now mercilessly waged on all the feathered and finny natives of these dreary wastes.

Embryo generals and judges, in the various shapes of smooth-faced ensigns and cadets, of beardless writers and young civilians, may now, like gay butterflies in spring, be seen emerging from the chrysalis state of their hammocks below, busily engaged uncasing rifles and double-barrels, fresh from the maker's hands, and as yet—like their owners—guiltless of "smelling smoke;" some are casting bullets, others filling powder-flasks, or fitting percussion-caps; all, like "preux chevaliers" of old, eager to display their maiden skill and youthful prowess;—for bright eyes and winning smiles are at hand to reward their successful endeavours.*

* This applies more particularly to scenes common on board outward-bound Indiamen, the temporary home of many a fair damsel about to join her relatives in the East.

Meanwhile, others are busily engaged in fashioning lines, to which are appended numerous small barbed hooks, cunningly concealed beneath pellets of bread or suet;—but these preparations, of apparently a piscatory nature, are meant to decoy the feathered and not the finny tribe; for the Cape pigeons,* at first hovering singly around, now gradually increasing in boldness as well as numbers, have at last fearlessly alighted within pistol-shot astern, and some are even fluttering past, so near the counter of the ship, that one venturesome youth, armed with a long hunting whip, has been tempted to try on them the effect of the lash, though with no other result, than of bringing *that* of criticism on his unsuccessful efforts!

But, behold! he of the “hooks and line” is more fortunate, and has got a nibble; the poor Cape pigeon—in all his painted plumage but a mere *gull*—has greedily swallowed the bait, and is quickly drawn in; he has safely reached the taffrail,—’tis a moment of anxious suspense, when lo! he manages to disgorge the treacherous morsel, and flies off free and unscathed, to the no small disappointment of all the “griffs.”†

Meanwhile the owners of pistols, rifles, and fowling-pieces, though strongly tempted to open fire on the foe, have, with praiseworthy self-denial, hitherto refrained from spoiling the sport of “Piscator,” or, rather, of “Hook and Line.” Many a barrel has been involuntarily raised and again lowered; many a finger has gently pressed the yielding trigger, to be again withdrawn, as an Albatross of unusual dimensions, either settled on the water, or slowly swept around within gun-shot range.

But see! at least a dozen Cape pigeons have dropped on yon handful of shavings just consigned by the carpenter to the deep. The birds are so close that a well-directed biscuit, cast by the weakest arm, would fall amongst the piebald group; so near have they fearlessly approached, that we can even scan the eager glistening of their eyes, watch the quick motion of their tiny feet; nay, count the very briny drops so noiselessly gliding off the smooth, oily surface of their mottled coats.

St. Anthony was surely never exposed to such temptations as now assail our youthful friends! With common impulse,—muskets, rifles, and pistols are simultaneously raised. But, hold! one of the officers of the ship now suddenly appears on deck, armed with a weapon, before which rifles and fowling-pieces bow down their diminished heads; and noisy “villanous saltpetre” acknowledges a higher and more silent power, in the small, unpretending tube of that “air”-gun, now quickly levelled at the foe. A slight splashing sound is heard as the bullet strikes the water; it has not, however, touched its intended mark, but the Pintadoes, undismayed, continue quietly to swim about; a second shot soon follows—and, in this case, proves a messenger of death—no splash is now seen or heard, but a dull, subdued, indescribable sound, the collision of lead and feathers, barely reaches the ear; one of the poor birds turns suddenly over in the agonies of death, and a faint crimson stain discolours the surrounding water.

The “musketeers,” fancying the alarmed Pintadoes would now natu-

* A species of the petrel tribe known as the “pintado,” a term probably applied by the Portuguese, and meaning “painted,” or piebald, in reference to the black and white plumage of this bird.

† The abbreviation of “griffin,” a term applied in India to all “Johnny new-comers.”

rally fly the scene of slaughter, are in readiness to give them a parting volley ; however, instead of taking flight, they press eagerly around their fallen comrade, no doubt for the charitable purpose of tendering help ; but no ! misfortune amidst the feathered tribes meets, apparently, with as little sympathy as with the human race ! His former friends now assail the dying wretch with blows and taunts—he is jostled, worried, pecked—and, like a wounded deer, appears doomed to destruction by the rest of the flock.

Meanwhile, the Angel of Death, or owner of that “air”-gun, has, with unerring aim, been busily dealing forth destruction around, and the watery plain is now thickly covered with the dead and dying,—but a slight “cat’s-paw” has just ruffled a portion of the far watery horizon, the upper sails soon feel the influence of the coming breeze, which steadies by degrees the flapping canvass, as yet affectionately hugging the upright masts ;—the circling eddy, as seen in some dark sullen stream, deeply revolving in the vessel’s wake, shows that, obeying the helm, she begins perceptibly to forge a-head. As the distance between the above group and the ship thus gradually augments, two or three huge Albatross—attentive observers of occurring facts—presently drop heavily amongst the minor fry, for the purpose, no doubt, of “intervention,” which, similar to that exercised between powerful and weaker states, will end by their taking the lion’s share, and depositing in their own maws all that remains of the poor Pintadoes !

But, behold yon large gray fellow seems intent on other and more dainty fare ; he has made one or two reconnoitering swoops above the outstretched and tightened line, now carelessly held by a small cadet, who eagerly surveys the fast-receding group. By Jove ! he has settled down close to the baited hook, which, impelled by the lately-acquired motion of the ship, is gently tripping along the rippled surface of the water. All eyes are at present turned in this direction ; and the little fellow is in an ecstasy of hope and fear.

“Veer out more cable,” cries a weather-beaten tar.

With nervous trepidation the young sportsman instantly obeys the command,—the dainty morsel remains floating and stationary for a second,—but *that* second has sealed the fate of the voracious Albatross ; with arching neck he stoops on the tempting bait, wide opens his curved beak, and then gulps down at a single swallow suet, hook, and the extremity of the line, which our young sportsman feels sensibly tightened in his grasp.

The whole group of passengers stand around in the breathless silence of suspense.

“Now, then, sir, haul away,” exclaims the old sailor.

The line is, luckily, sound and strong, and the hook has fortunately found good “holding ground” in the monster’s gullet, for he throws himself on his back, and makes all possible resistance against the water with his webbed feet, but all to no purpose ; the breeze freshens up, and as the gallant ship darts o’er the rippling waters, friend Albatross is unwillingly raised from their surface, dragged fluttering through the air, and at last, with out-stretched wings—extending full eight feet from tip to tip—he is hauled on board and safely deposited on the deck, where, after staggering about with the ungainly gait and stupid vacant gaze of a drunken man, he, like many others similarly circumstanced, commences

his initiatory probation of nautical life by (listen not to it, ears polite!) instantly "casting up his accounts" to the no small amusement of his exulting captors and great detriment of the polished deck.

Proud of his prize, the youngster is, without further preliminary, about to rush in and secure the staggering captive, when a sturdy "Avast, there, young gentleman! Do you wish to have your fins nipped off?" suddenly brings him up in his hasty career; his monitor, the old sailor, throws a jacket over the head of Mr. Albatross, and thus, blindfolded, and rendered harmless, he is carried off in triumph, destined probably at some future period to be stuffed, "set up," and become the stationary inhabitant of a snug glass-case in the paternal mansion.

Such are, during a calm, the usual pastimes in a sailing vessel whilst navigating the stormy Antarctic seas; but in this our present trip it was our fate to go by "steam," to run short of fuel, then to encounter, when about the latitude of the Cape, a strong south-easterly gale, against which unable to contend, we were driven to leeward of our port, and obliged, most reluctantly, to run for shelter to Saldanha Bay.

Saldanha Bay, about sixty miles to the northward of Cape Town, on the western coast, being completely land-locked, is the only safe port of refuge on this inhospitable and iron-bound shore, the proximity to which is first announced by the peculiar colour of the sea, which here assumes a dark olive tint, approaching almost to black.

This vast inland sheet of water, capable of containing the whole British navy, forms one of the noblest harbours in the world, and in historic associations is intimately connected with the settlement of the Cape.

It was first, as the name implies, discovered by the Portuguese, and afterwards much frequented by the early Dutch settlers of the Cape, who, according to the journal of Van Riebeck,* carried on extensive traffic with a native tribe, called by him the "Saldanhiers," from whom the Dutch obtained cattle in exchange for tobacco, brass wire, beads, and other baubles.

Towards the end of last century Saldanha Bay was (on the declaration of war with the Netherlands) the memorable scene of the wholesale capture of the Dutch fleet, so graphically described by the French traveller Le Vaillant, who witnessed the event, and who, in glowing language, likewise relates the valour he displayed in the destruction of a huge panther near the shores of the bay. Unfortunately for the degree of credit to be attached to this relation of the "lively Frenchman," our countryman Barrow (who, by the bye, in his writings occasionally romances nearly as much) followed close in his footsteps, and was thus enabled to expose many of the fabulous creations of a very poetical imagination.

The latter author, who visited the Boer's, or Dutch settler's family, with whom Le Vaillant was residing when this "grande chasse" took place, says:—"The story of shooting the tiger, in which his great courage is contrasted with the cowardice of the peasantry, I read to them out of his book. They laughed very heartily, and assured me that though the story had some foundation in fact, the animal had been shot through the body by a *stell-roer*, or trap-gun, set by a Hottentot, and was expiring under a bush at the time they found it, when the valiant Frenchman discharged the contents of his musket into the tiger and despatched him." Let this, kind reader, be a warning, and beware of travellers' tales, par-

* Van Riebeck, a surgeon in the Dutch East India Company's service, was in 1650 the founder and first governor of the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope.

ticularly when relating to adventures in "Southern Africa," where we have now arrived.

With all the advantages Saldanha Bay possesses as a secure and land-locked harbour, capable of containing shipping of any size and to any amount, it may perhaps be deemed matter of surprise that the open and unprotected shores of Table Bay—in fact, no bay at all, but a mere roadstead, and during several months of the year, a most insecure one to boot—should have been fixed on as the site of the principal settlement in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The only reason assignable for this preference is the copious supply of water, which, issuing from Table Mountain, abundantly provides for the wants of the inhabitants and shipping; but although no such perennial stream falls into Saldanha Bay, a small river, called the "Berg," which "never fails even in the driest weather,"* discharging itself into St. Helena Bay (a distance of about fifteen miles by land), might, it is said, be easily diverted from its course, and, from the nature of the ground, made readily to flow into the former gulf.

Barrow, moreover, asserts that "the spring at *Witte Klip* (the White Rock) about six miles to the northward of Hoetjes Bay (one of the branches of Saldanha), seems amply sufficient for the supply of a large fleet of ships, if collected and brought to the bay in pipes, the expense of which could not exceed a few thousand pounds."

Hence the objection of want of water might, apparently, at little expense, be completely obviated; and, besides, from the nature of this part of the coast, it is also more than probable that fresh water is to be found in the sand, a very few feet below the surface; but, with the usual apathy and indifference attached to every thing appertaining to this colony, no attempt appears ever to have been made to ascertain so important a fact, or any steps hitherto taken to form on this spot a naval establishment, for which it seems so admirably adapted.

The late discovery of the fertilising properties of guano, gave, some four or five years back, a temporary importance to Saldanha Bay. This substance, the deposit during ages, of the myriads of birds of the penguin and gannet tribes, indigenous to this part of the world, was first exported from Ichaboe, a small island further up the coast, in about 26 deg. of south latitude. The great demand of the article, however, soon exhausting the supply, Saldanha Bay was next frequented for the same purpose, and as many as a hundred and fifty ships, some of them of a thousand tons, are said to have been here at the same time, taking in cargoes of this material.

The guano, which, to the depth of twenty and thirty feet, covered the small rocky islands in the bay, was farmed out by government at 1*l.* sterling per ton; the principal supply appears to have been found on the rock of Maleassen, or Malagasen, at the northern entrance of the bay, on the centre of which a flag-staff was planted; lines were then drawn from this to the circumference of the island, to partition it off in so many portions, like slices of a plum-cake, of which each was appropriated to a particular vessel, whose crew pitched tents, erected scaffoldings, and continued for weeks together the process of shipping off the odoriferous surface of the island, no doubt much to the astonishment and dismay of its winged inhabitants, the penguins and gannets, who would willingly have dispensed with the kind offices of such unceremonious scavengers.

* Barrow, vol. ii., 262.

Whilst these undertakings were in progress, Maleassen presented all the life and bustle of a fair, and *that* of rather the "Donnybrook" species. The crews from the different ships here set up huts, pitched tents, and erected scaffoldings on the spots, where they were respectively to commence operations. Above these nautical encampments, formed of sails and tarpaulins, thrown over spars and yards, now floated gay banners, labelled with the several appellations bestowed upon them, such as "Wapping," "London Docks," "Sheerness," and other "neat and appropriate mottoes." *

Next came sutlers and spirit venders from the Cape, who, as may easily be imagined, reaped an abundant harvest on such ground, where scenes of drunkenness and insubordination ensued, followed by blows and bloodshed; the ship officers could no longer venture amongst these lawless crews, as on so doing they were invariably repulsed with volleys of guano, pelted with dead penguins and gannets, and threatened with still worse treatment; in short, things got at length to such a pass, that one of her Majesty's ships was ordered round from Simon's Bay, to restore something like order and regularity in this riotous settlement.

This once effected, the guano was rapidly cleared away in immense quantities; government is said, by disposing of it at 20s. a ton, to have realised upwards of 200,000*l.*, and the profits of the speculators were also enormous. It was sent to all parts of the world, and even at the Cape as much as 6*l.* per ton was not unfrequently given, for what was considered this universal fertiliser; in short, for a time nothing was heard of but "guano," and although its oleaginous nature certainly succeeds in some soils, it may be observed that the potatoe disease, hitherto unknown, was coeval with its introduction as a manure. How far this hypothesis may be correct, would perhaps be worthy the investigation of our agricultural societies.

During these extensive guano operations Saldanha Bay became a lively mart, where, as before observed, speculators of all kinds resorted from Cape Town. Cattle, provisions, wine, spirits, and wares of every sort made their way by sea and by land to this hitherto secluded and nearly unknown spot; a son of Esculapius even came on "spec," and undertook the wholesale cure of broken pates and bloody noses, at the rate of 5*l.* per ship.

His avocation was not, however, confined to these immediate effects of drunken brawls, for whether resulting from the disorderly lives led by the sailors—to the inordinate use of ardent spirits—to feeding on salt provisions—to the noisome effluvium of the guano,—or some other unknown cause, scurvy and dysentery soon broke out to a fearful extent, whilst other dangerous symptoms manifested themselves in profuse bleedings from the nose and eyes,* and Saldanha became,—in every sense of the word,—a regular "sick bay."

The symptoms last-mentioned, were, probably, caused by the quantities of ammonia contained in the guano; large lumps of this substance being often found embedded many feet below the surface, whilst layers of mummied penguins and gannets were frequently turned up in a high state of preservation, and, strange to say—a human body, equally well preserved, was likewise discovered.

Le Vaillant, who visited this part of the world in 1781, states that the captain of a Danish ship was interred many years before, on one of the

* The author was assured of this fact by an eye-witness, who attributed it to the exhalation of ammonia consequent on disturbing the beds of guano.

small islands at Saldanha Bay, and that he was very anxious to have examined his remains, but was deterred by the superstitious veneration of the Dutch sailors who accompanied him. It is, therefore, extremely probable, that the body, lately discovered, may be the identical one mentioned by the French traveller, but as the bump of "veneration" appears not to have been so strongly developed with the modern guano diggers as on the good old "Mynheers" of yore, the Dane (if such he were) was unceremoniously not only dug out, but securely packed and shipped on board a vessel consigned to Liverpool, and was there exhibited with considerable profit as a South African relic!

Thus are the very dead, in this *stirring* age, turned to account, and there is "speculation" even in their "eyeless skulls."

At the time of our arrival, Saldanha Bay had resumed its original deserted aspect, the guano—its chief attraction—had nearly disappeared, leaving the gray rocks in pristine nakedness; a scaffolding or two on the water's edge, to facilitate the embarkation of the manure, were the only remaining signs of the busy scenes which had of late enlivened its now abandoned shores, and a solitary bark lay motionless at anchor in one of the small rocky inlets of the gulf.

This, to us was a fortunate event, as she happened to have on board a supply of coals—for, so completely had we expended all our fuel, that, to reach the present haven, spare spars, gratings, and every chip of wood that could be laid hands on, had, to supply our boilers, mercilessly been consigned to the flames; as it was, we with difficulty, by "hugging" the coast, managed to hold our own, and avoided being obliged, by the south-easterly gale, to make for St. Helena; great, therefore, was our delight to find we could here insure our onward progress. We required but a few tons of fuel to carry us to our port, that quantity was fortunately to be had from this vessel; they were transhipped during the night, and at daybreak next morning we were again under weigh.

During our short stay at Saldanha Bay, some of the party went ashore. The country, presenting a sandy and rocky appearance, without signs of habitation, was, however, generally speaking, covered with low under-wood, where, although, as in the days of *Le Vaillant*, neither lion, panther, or hyæna, were roused from their lairs—a small deer, not much larger than a hare, was frequently put up, and numbers of game-looking birds were flushed, here rejoicing in the name of "pheasants," but which are neither more nor less than a large species of jungle partridge, very similar to what, in India, is known as the "spur fowl."

The larger denizens of the wilderness: the elephant, the buffalo, the quagga, the eland, and the koudou, have long since retreated before the march of culture and civilisation, and been closely followed by the more formidable beasts of prey, such as the lion, the panther, and hyæna, which, a century ago, were often found in such unpleasant proximity even to Cape Town, that *Kolben*—an old author who wrote at the commencement of last century—states that "a sentinel there standing on his post, before his officer's tent, was knocked down by a lion and carried clean off." "I remember, too," says the same writer, "that, in the year 1707, a lion at the Cape knocked down a middle-sized ox, and made his way with him over a brick wall of a considerable height."

At the present time lions are far from being so accommodating, and the venturesome sportsman, in order to wage war on the king of beasts, must, at

least, cross the great Karroo,* or, to have a shot at an elephant, is fain to follow the footsteps of Methuen and Harris to the very verge of the tropic. Even the tiger and wolf (as the panther and hyæna are here invariably mis-called), have taken themselves off afar, and are now seldom met with in the more westerly parts of the colony.

With a fresh supply of fuel, and a pilot on board, the morning after our arrival we were again under weigh, and, by the grey of dawn, steered our course out of Saldanha Bay, between the islands, or rather rocks of Malessen and Jutten.

On passing within a short distance of the latter its surface presented one living mass of aquatic birds : penguins, gannets, cormorants, gulls of every size and description; in short, the whole of the feathered Antarctic race appeared here assembled in grave and serious debate, the ludicrous effect of which was not a little enhanced by the grotesque sitting posture of the penguin species, that apparent link between birds and fish.

On the discharge of a gun, a feathered cloud arose, which, had the sun been above the horizon, would have sufficed to obscure its rays ; and as the mass deployed into lengthened lines and stretched in every direction, might have no doubt afforded a fine field of speculation for a learned augur, or orniocopist of old. Nor was the immense quantity of guano, so lately to be found on the spot, any longer a matter of surprise ; it appeared, in fact, only unaccountable that, similar to those deposits of filth and rubbish in Egypt, on the outskirts of Alexandria and Cairo, it had not, during the course of ages, accumulated even into miniature mountains.

If, after having been so lately and much disturbed in the former peaceful possession of their remote and once retired abode, these aquatic birds be still found in such quantities, their numbers may be easily imagined, before a knowledge of the virtues of guano brought upon them so many unceremonious intruders.

Le Valliant, in his visit to Saldanha Bay, says, that on passing one of the small islands with which it is dotted, his ears were assailed by "a hollow sound, which had in it something very dismal and terrifying." He landed on this rock, which was Schaapen Eyland, or Sheep's Island, when "all of a sudden there arose from the whole surface of the island an impenetrable cloud, which formed, at the distance of forty feet above our heads, an immense canopy, or rather a sky, composed of birds of every species, and of all colours ; cormorants, sea gulls, sea swallows, pelicans, and, I believe, all the winged tribe of this part of Africa were here assembled. All their voices mixed together, and modified according to their different kinds, formed such a horrid music, that I was every moment obliged to cover my head to prevent it from being torn to pieces—(Quære, by the music or the birds?)—and to give a little relief to my ears. The alarm which we spread was so much the more general among these innumerable legions of birds, as we principally disturbed the females who were then setting. They had nests, eggs, and young ones to defend. They were like furious harpies let loose against us, and their cries rendered us almost deaf. They often flew so near us, that they flapped their wings in our faces, and though we fired our pieces repeatedly, we were not able to frighten them; it seemed

* The great Karroo is a desert sandy tract extending along the northern boundaries of the districts of Swellendam and George, "Karroo" being the general term applied to a space void of vegetation and water.

almost impossible to disperse this cloud; we could not move one step without crushing either their eggs or their young ones, so that the earth was entirely strewed with them."

It was a fine morning in the latter end of September,—the these southern regions,—when, on clearing the entrance of the bay, we directed our course towards Table Mountain, which, though at the distance of full sixty miles, was plainly visible on the clear and cloudless atmosphere of the southern horizon.

After the severe buffeting we had lately experienced, the elements appeared now to have sunk into their calmest and most placable mood; we rapidly coasted the "Cape district," and whilst a gentle northerly wind crept along the shore, scarcely ruffling the surface of the water, we could far out at sea descrie—and with no slight feelings of envy—homeward-bound vessels, staggering under a press of canvass, and apparently well within the influence of the south-easterly trade, by which, in the course of eight or ten days, they would, in all probability, be lazily "rolled down"* to St. Helena.

Dassen Rock was soon passed, and the barren surface of Robben Island next opened on our starboard bow.

This former abode of seals (as the name implies in the Dutch language), once used as a penal settlement to the Cape, is now tenanted by a mixed population of rabbits, lepers, and lunatics;—the former often afford a day's shooting to the sportsman from Cape Town, whilst the latter wretched beings are confined within the walls of an establishment lately erected for their maintenance and support.

This last haven of human misery and woe, where in former days crime was frequently consigned to sorrow and repentance, is a dreary, desolate spot, over which the nor-westerly winds oft fiercely howl, unchecked by tree or shrub, whilst it is at too great a distance from the main-land to afford any shelter or protection to Table Bay, from whose shores it is separated by three or four leagues of sea.

No wonder if Makanna, the celebrated Kaffir prophet and chief, who,—as a just penalty for past offences and a precaution against future aggressions on the colony—was doomed to pass the remainder of his days on this barren rock, should oft in his exile have sighed for the scenes of his youth, amidst the wild, wooded heights of the Amatola, or the green banks of the Keiskamma, or, finally, made that bold though ineffectual attempt at freedom which cost him his life;—but of the "Lynx,"—for so was this remarkable man surnamed—more will be said anon.

Steaming rapidly past these various objects, the dark, horizontal line of the summit of Table Mountain, gradually heightening as we approached, presented the appearance of a gigantic wall, placed by the hand of Nature to arrest all onward progress; we brought-to at its rocky base, and having thus in fifty days reached the long wished-for goal, our gallant boat puffed off her steam, discharged her living cargo, and we soon found ourselves safely deposited on Afric's southernmost shores.

* A term generally used to express the steady progress of a homeward-bound vessel in its course to St. Helena from the Cape; as, after getting once fairly into the S.E. trade, she keeps staggering on under a heavy press of canvass, and without moving for days either tack or sheet—a most delightful mode of navigation, particularly to the exile, who is now taking such rapid strides towards home."

T I C K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAP. I.

IT is not pleasant to confess one's faults; and it is for that reason, doubtless, among others, that, although I have many times begun, I have as often relinquished the writing of these memoirs. There is another embarrassment, also, which I feel at the commencement; personal records, if written by the party himself, must necessarily assume the air of being egotistical; and this involves the risk of becoming as disagreeable to the reader as the writer. But, on the other hand, it is clear that such histories cannot be related with the faithfulness which is desirable, by any other than the party who alone can possess a knowledge of all the facts, and who has that exact understanding of the secret causes which have led to particular results, which can never be perfectly known to an extraneous biographer. It is not as in chess, where the looker-on often sees more than the players; in the game of life it is only the player who knows the secret motives which have impelled him to make the unaccountable moves which puzzle the bystanders.

And this leads me to make an observation which I trust may be excused in this place; namely, that great caution ought to be exercised in judging of other men's actions, as no one can pretend to say what may be the hidden reasons which might justify or excuse the particular act or line of conduct pursued by any person; the world sees only the last link of the chain of causes necessitating certain consequences, and which, without the explanation which a knowledge of the antecedent series could give, may seem imprudent and blameable.—But, unhappily, people are always ready to take for granted all the ill that they hear of another, while they demur at the good as hypothetical.

But no one can be so intimately acquainted with the inward workings of another man's mind, as to presume to say, with certainty, that the particular reasons which appear on the surface were the sole causes, unmixed and uninfluenced by other motives, which led to particular acts. In this respect, every man's mind is its own mystery.

To be sure, novel and romance writers describe, with all the ease in the world, and with an accuracy which is astonishing, not only the sayings and doings of their heroes and heroines, but also their secret thoughts; nay, more; those ingenious writers have the art to make known to us what the said heroes and heroines would have thought on remarkable occasions, if they had had the opportunity. These extraordinary revelations of unuttered words and of unengendered thoughts, I must say, have always seemed to me very droll; for my wonder has been—in common with other readers, I dare say—how the narrator

contrived to become acquainted with the thoughts which were unknown to the thinkers themselves. But in fiction, I presume, these contradictions and discrepancies are allowable.

But there certainly is an advantage attending narrations in the third person, which such histories as these are necessarily deprived of; you may praise yourself in the third person, but you cannot in the first. People will allow you to abuse yourself as much as you please, and the worse you made yourself out to be, the more charmingly candid they will consider you; but you must take care how you touch the other side of the picture; self-praise is always suspicious. With this consideration, no wonder there are so few honest biographies. It is more difficult to write truth than fiction.

However, as my purpose is not to write a romance but a history, I must put up with this inconvenience as well as I can. Perhaps, after all, I should have abandoned the task in despair if I had not happened to light on a passage in some author, whose name I forget, which stimulated me anew to the exertion, and which I shall transcribe for the benefit of my readers, and for my own justification for placing these pages before the public:—

It would be a great benefit to society, says the writer, if those who pretend to give accounts of their own lives would really reveal the truth to the world, and frankly confess the various causes which have led to their failure or success in any particular pursuit; and who would have the courage also to state with sincerity the errors into which they have been drawn, and the faults which they have committed. Such analyses of private life, adds the author, would serve as illustrations, and as beacons to preserve others from the dangers of the shoals and quicksands with which the voyage of life is unhappily beset.

It is for the object thus expressed that I have at last determined to complete the design which for a long period of time has furnished me with matter for meditation; and it would be some solace to me in my retirement if I could hope to be the means, in some degree, of usefully warning other voyagers on the ocean of life to avoid the rock on which I have split.

CHAP. II.

I WILL begin really at the beginning; and it is the more necessary that I should do so, as the main evil which has pursued me through life began to exercise its influence before I was born; and I have pleased myself in my fanciful moments, by endeavouring to derive excuse and consolation from the fatality which has seemed to overpower me in the various mishaps which have befallen me. In fact, I began life "on tick;" my old nurse has related to me with considerable exultation on her part, that I was "a monstrous large child," and that my excellent mother, having been deceived in her calculations as to the infantine habiliments provided on such occasions, there was a dreadful hurry and bustle when I presented myself in such unexpected proportions. My worthy father jocosely suggested that I might be temporarily accommodated in one of his jack-boots, but the nurse scouted that idea with indignation; and after a prodigious quantity of excitement, which furnished abundant matter for conversation

during her month of supreme authority, it was fortunately discovered that the coachman's wife was provided with baby linen on her own account, of superior dimensions, and it was taken possession of accordingly.

Whether this opportune provision was the result of her having constantly before her eyes the gigantic backs of our fat coach-horses and their capacious cloths, I cannot pretend to say; but I have no doubt that this borrowing of swaddling clothes from the equine department of the household had the effect of imbuing me with a decided predilection for the stables. Indeed, from this circumstance, the coachman's wife was pleased to regard me as a part of the stable establishment, and almost as a child of her own, the loan of her baby's clothes having invested her with the character of a sort of foster-mother; so that my communication with her and her husband and the horses were of a more frequent and familiar nature than would otherwise have been permitted. How this familiarity with the stable-yard affected my fortunes will be seen in the sequel.

There was another accident that attended my first introduction to the world, which must not be omitted. My father who, with many excellent qualities, was rather careless and forgetful in money matters, had forgotten to provide himself with some of the current coin of the realm to represent the doctor's fee, which, on such occasions, from praiseworthy and immemorial custom, is always considered a ready-money transaction. He was obliged, therefore, to borrow the needful from the apothecary; that is to say, he would have borrowed it, but the apothecary had nothing about him but phials and potions; so that the doctor for that time was obliged to go without his fee, which the nurse declared was "unlucky." Here was "tick" the second.

To the superstitious this beginning of life on borrowed capital might have been considered ominous of my future destiny.

But it is proper for the better understanding of this history, that I should say a few words more of the character of my father; for moral, like physical diseases, cannot be correctly understood, without taking into account "hereditary dispositions." It is a delicate point, I am aware, for a son to treat of; but important as it is to cherish the feelings of filial respect and duty, truth is more important still.

My excellent parent was a most honourable man, and possessed of many good qualities, but I must own that he had one failing; he was disregarding of money. It was in vain that primitive copy-books had told him to "take care of the pence, and the pounds would take care of themselves;" he had a sovereign contempt for taking care of the pence and the pounds too. And he gave away his money as freely as he spent it. In opposition to that most useful maxim, which teaches that "money makes money," he constantly acted on the principle that it was a sort of duty on the part of those who had money, to distribute, and not to hoard it; adopting, I presume, on this point, the aphorism of the learned Bacon, that "money is like muck, of no use unless it be spread."

Well, it must be confessed that my worthy father spread it about in all directions; lending to the embarrassed, giving to the indigent, and bestowing it on all sorts of charities, without strictly reckoning the proportions of his donations in relation to his capital and income. Now, as I have said, this, in my opinion, was a failing, and was calculated to imbue his children with false ideas of the economy of money; and I, for one, came to inherit, as it were, the loose notions of its value and its uses which I observed to be domestically prevalent from my childhood. I was

brought up in the habit of considering money as a something to be spent, without having its duty impressed on me by precept and example, that it was a something also to be earned; and especially that it must be earned before it can be spent. I have had occasion in my experience through life, to observe, that there is an unhappy class, unfortunately too numerous in these days, who insist on the convenience of the practice of spending the money first and procuring it afterwards. However, I shall have to speak more of these matters by-and-by. I must first relate my youthful adventures.

There was one anecdote, however, which I must not omit to mention, as it is a curious circumstance, and tends to illustrate the fatality to which I have already alluded as being attached to my existence; my very name was borrowed from the heathen vocabulary. The reason of this may be best explained by the following dialogue which took place between my father and mother shortly after I had gladdened the paternal mansion by my arrival.

CHAP. III.

"My dear," began my mother to my father, as he sat by her bed-side talking over such family affairs as he judged it suitable to discourse on to an invalid, "it's very odd; but I can't for my life decide on a name for baby. It worries me night and day!"

"I thought you had decided long ago," said my father.

"So I had; but then I had the idea it would be a girl, and you see it's a boy, so that the hunting for a name is to begin all over again!"

"Suppose you call him by my name," suggested my father; "it's usual, isn't it?"

"Good heavens! my dear, how can you think of such a thing! What! call the poor little dear 'Jenkin'; it would be a cruelty to the poor child to let him be Jenkin'd all the days of his life. Think of what you have suffered yourself!"

"That's very true," replied my father, feelingly.

"Haven't I always been obliged to call you by your surname," continued my mother, "although it seems unnatural sometimes to do it; but how could I call you 'Jenkin'?"

My father was silent; although a man may be afflicted with a cacophonous name, he doesn't like to have the charge of it brought too pointedly against him.

"I always think," resumed my mother, "that it's more affectionate in a family to call one's husband by his Christian name; although some think it is not so stylish?"

"Well," said my father, with a slight shade of testiness in his tone; "there are plenty of names to pick and choose from. Call him anything you like—only have done with it."

"Well, then, do you propose a name; poor little fellow, he seems quite wretched without one! No one knows what to call him."

"Suppose we say William," said my father.

"Then he will be called 'Bill'; I hate that word 'Bill.'"

"George, then?"

"It's the gamekeeper's name; that won't do."

"Thomas?"

"I shouldn't like him to be called 'Tom.'"

“What do you say to John?”

“It’s as bad as the others; it always comes to Jack, and that sounds to my ears so horrid vulgar. Besides, somehow one’s footman is always called John; and then that’s always awkward and makes confusion. To be sure, we can make one’s servant change his name to any one that doesn’t interfere with one’s own; but really,” continued my mother, getting excited and a little angry at the difficulty, “there ought to be a law to prevent the common people from using the same names as ourselves! Why don’t you go into parliament, my dear, and propose something of the sort?”

“A seat in parliament is an expensive thing to purchase, my dear,” replied my father, “there’s our neighbour, Trentham, his borough cost him five thousand pounds besides the beer; to say nothing of the bore of making speeches at the election, and calling the rascals that you buy with your money, ‘Worthy and independent electors,’ and so forth.—But this has nothing to do with finding a name for our boy. The shortest way, after all, will be to call him Jenkin.”

“I would rather die!” said my mother, “What, do you think that poor innocent boy would be able to do with such a name as Jenkin tacked to him all the days of his life? No! Tom, Jack, Dick, Bill—any name but that! I should never be able to look him in the face after such an infliction!”

“What the devil!” my father began; but, checking himself immediately, in consideration of my mother’s delicate condition; “For Heaven’s sake, my dear,” he resumed, “choose for yourself. Here,” he continued, taking a prayer-book from a shelf, and blowing the dust off it; “here’s the list of them all; I will read them through from top to bottom, and you can stop me when you come to one that you like.”

“I don’t like any of them,” replied my mother, pettishly; “they are all so common; I should like our boy to have some name to distinguish him from ordinary people; something uncommon.”

There was a print of Leander crossing the Hellespont opposite the bed, for which my father had a great affection from its having been long in the family, but which my mother abominated, as it always gave her the idea, as she insisted, of catching cold; but on this occasion it was the fortunate means of bringing the matrimonial discussion to a conclusion. My father and mother had both fixed their eyes on it musingly. The exigency of the case, perhaps—for the difficulty of finding a name unpoluted by vulgar appropriation threatened to leave me without any name at all—inspired my father with a bright idea.

“What do you say,” said he, “to Leander? That’s a classic name.”

“And uncommon,” said my mother.

“I never heard any one called by that name before, certainly,” said my father, “but it’s a well-sounding name, at any rate.”

“You don’t think it would be considered indelicate?” said my mother, turning her eyes to the picture, doubtfully.

“Not a bit,” said my father; “our boy, though he may bear the name of the hero, won’t go about in the streets in that style.”

“Well;” said my mother, hesitatingly; “if you don’t think there’s any thing improper in it—”

“Nonsense,” said my father; “it’s as good a name as any other, for that matter; so, if you’re content, let it be so settled.”

And so it was settled ; and with the joint consent of the consulting parties, the hero of the present memoirs was, with the proper ceremonies, named Leander ; differing from that celebrated enthusiast, however, in one particular, that whereas the ancient hero passed much of his time, by all accounts, in a cold bath, his namesake passed most of his life in hot water.

I shall pass over the time between infancy and that stage of boyhood which qualified me for a public school, although there are many creditable anecdotes of my precocity and sagacity extant which could not fail to interest maternal bosoms. But I do violence to my own feelings, and suppress them. My reply to an invitation of my nurse to have a "bone" of a chicken, when I could just lisp, "Yes—with some meat on it," was certainly very clever, but I do not dwell on these points lest I should fatigue the general reader. There was a story of mine, also, about two gravel-carts, which, unlike the celebrated "story without an end," which has received so large a share of popular approbation, had neither ending nor beginning, but which was considered so remarkable an indication of early genius, that I believe it was the main cause of confirming my father in his purpose of sending me to a public school, in order that my talents might have the opportunity of being properly developed. As to my saying, on the occasion of my wearing for the first time a splendid new beaver hat, with a feather and looped up in front, on an illumination night, when the bells were ringing joyfully, and the crowds of people were pleased to exercise their most sweet voices in loud huzzas, for they did not know exactly what ; I repeat, as to my saying, "What a fuss the people make about my new hat!" I consider that exclamation has received more applause than it deserved. But, as I said before, I shall pass over these matters, and proceed with the narrative of my school-experience, as the habits which I acquired there had so powerful an effect on the course of my after-life.

Neither shall I give more than a passing word to the fellowship which existed between me and a long-tailed pony, of which, through the interest of my friend the coachman, before I was eight years of age. I became the acknowledged possessor. But I shall never forget the sorrow of the parting which necessarily took place between me and "Rory" when I was sent to Eton College, two years after. The parting from my father and mother I bore, as I was told to bear it, "like a man ;" but the parting with the pony was a very different affair. I was convinced at the time that he felt it as much as I did. This was my "first grief;" however, I consoled myself gradually for the separation ; and, I remember, I used to cherish the figure of Pegasus which adorned the title-page of an "Ovid's Metamorphoses" which I borrowed from a third-form boy, from the resemblance which I fancied it bore to my own pony ; and I attribute to the circumstance of that accidental illustration the decided predilection which I conceived for the poetry of the Latin classics. But the event of my introduction to public life at Eton is deserving of a separate chapter.

CHAP. IV.

It is now many years since that memorable day when I made my entry, with much dignity on my long-tailed pony, at the renowned College of Eton. This indulgence of a last ride on the pony, was a

sort of compromise which I made with my mother, and I do not doubt helped considerably towards the facility of my departure, for the first time, from home. She was very much affected at the separation, not being quite reconciled to my being launched, at so tender an age, in the vortex of a public school; and she was earnest in impressing on me the importance of never getting wet feet, as she had heard that the environs of Eton were of a marshy description; and of remembering always to put on my night-cap when I went to bed, an admonition which, I am sorry to say, I much neglected, as the said night-caps, having been expressly constructed for the occasion of a manly fashion—that is to say, shaped liked a sugar-loaf, with a white cotton tassel at the superior extremity, for what reason I have never been able to understand—I found them so convenient for keeping marbles in that they were always appropriated to that or similar uses. She particularly cautioned me, also, to take care not to sleep in a damp bed, a caution which was very proper, but which, in my case, was superfluous, inasmuch as I do not remember that it ever mattered to me or affected my rest in the least, whether my sheets were damp or dry, for, in truth, I always made but one sleep of it—and never was able to “enjoy my bed,” as the saying is, for as soon as I laid my head on my pillow I fell fast asleep, and never woke till I had to get up the next morning—except on one occasion, when I was put in the black list, and had to ruminate on the anticipation of the very disagreeable consequence of the next morning; but of this I shall have to speak in its order.

My kind mother added to her verbal admonitions various reminiscences of home in the shape of a huge cake of a superior quality, and sundry pots of jam as substantial consolations. These matters, with my other luggage, were despatched the day before by the stage, and their appearance excited no little merriment among my new associates, and I was in danger of being complimented by the appellation of “mamma’s boy,” which it cost me three severe fights and some temporary damage to the bridge of my nose to get rid of.

At last, however, after repeated embraces, and a promise to be kept sacred on my part of writing home once a week, I was permitted to leave the paternal mansion, my father accompanying me on horseback the whole of the way, attended by the coachman, who had obtained special permission to take the place of one of the grooms in consideration of his attachment to my person.

As the distance was more than thirty miles, we dined on the road, although I must say, notwithstanding my outward appearance of fortitude, I had not much appetite, and the pony, the coachman said, was “off his feed.” However, the liberality of my father at the little village inn, about five miles from the college, formed a favourable introduction for me, of which I took advantage in after-times; but I must not anticipate.

All journeys must come to an end at last, as some one has sapiently observed, and so did ours; but somehow, as my ride came nearer and nearer, my heart became fuller and fuller; and somehow I could not enjoy satisfactorily the picturesque scenery which my father pointed out to me in the neighbourhood of Windsor. The atmosphere appeared to me a little misty, and my pony went sluggishly, as if he, too, partook of my irresistible depression.

And now, like a stone rolling down-hill, which, although not quite a new simile, is the best that I can call to mind at the moment, our pace seemed to grow quicker as we approached our term. We rode through the town of Windsor, and my father desired me to remark the magnificent site of the castle, which I endeavoured to do, but I cannot say that I was particularly penetrated by its appearance at that time; we clattered over the stones down the steep street, which some presentiment told me led direct to Eton, crossed the bridge over the Thames, the theatre of my future exploits, before I expected it, and stood within the precincts of the college.

"Now, my boy," said my father, "you are in Eton."

I called up as good a smile as I could, but I fancy it was a very poor one; and I must confess I heartily wished I was at home. I do believe that if I had been on my own legs I should have stood stock-still; but being borne like an involuntary agent by my pony, I was carried on irresistibly to my fate. I looked around me, however, to see what sort of a place I was in, and I saw nothing to alarm me; but still it was "going to school;" and the sensations engendered by that occurrence, are, I have reason to believe, never of an agreeable nature. But on we went.

Passing Christopher's, celebrated for its "bishop," on our left, we skirted the sausage-shop on the same side, and rode by the domiciles of Yonge and Bethell, flanked by Knapp's and the long wall on our right; thence pursuing our course, amidst a silence and solitude which struck me as mysterious and awful—but as it was during school-hours, all the boys were otherwise engaged—we passed Waight's, turned Mother Trot's at the corner, and passing by Sumner's on our right hand, and leaving Drury's on our left, we pushed our way to the very outskirts of the inhabited portion of the Etonian domains, and drew up in the court-yard of a square brick mansion, which was tenanted by a lady of the name of Angelo; and albeit she was a "Miss," one of the privileged "dames" of the college.

A man-servant appeared; we dismounted from our horses; my father introduced me to the lady who was to stand *in loco parentis* on the female side, and after the usual compliments he took his leave, taking me with him to "Christopher's" to have a glass of wine before parting. We were shown into rather a gloomy-looking room fronting the street, and a bottle and glasses were provided with a promptitude which showed that the waiter was used to the order.

My father sat down and pulled up his top-boots, which he regarded meditatively for a brief space, and then addressed me gravely in the following terms:—

"Leander, you are but young as yet, but you are old enough to understand me. This is the first time that you have been from home, and your mother is very anxious about you. Always be a good boy, and attend to what your tutor says to you; and take care that you don't cut your fingers with your hack-knife; I remember your mamma was very particular about that. And remember that you are now at the first school in the kingdom; it was founded by Henry VI.; the very first, and the most expensive, I understand; Harrow and Westminster are good, Harrow especially; I know that, because I was brought up there myself, and there was one of the best packs of hounds—however, that is not to the question now; you must attend to your studies. Greek and Latin are

the main points here. Every gentleman must understand Greek and Latin; that is, he must have studied them in his youth so as not to appear ignorant when things are talked about in Greek and Latin, such as Homer and Virgil. People don't talk Greek and Latin now, at least I never heard them, and that is why they are called the dead languages. But they are very useful, nevertheless, in a variety of ways, not necessary for me to mention at present, because your tutor will explain all that to you. And one thing that I have to impress upon you, is always to speak the truth, and always to act like a gentleman. Don't quarrel, and don't fight, if you can help it; I know that your mother has cautioned you about that. But, at the same time, I don't wish you to be a poltroon; so that, as I say, don't get into a fight if you can help it, but if you can't help it, why then you must act according to circumstances. Don't borrow money of your schoolfellows; that's a very mean thing to do; but always lend to any one that wants it; we ought always to be free and generous to one another, and people always have a contempt for a miserly disposition. But you must not spend your money extravagantly, that would be wrong again. In short, you must spend your money like a gentleman. And of course you will not get into debt; in fact, you are too young for the trades people to allow you to do it. People in a certain station of life are obliged to get into debt; but little boys have no business to do it. And that's all I have to say to you. Oh! your mother wished me to say something about your reading. I understand that the common parts of education, such as reading, and writing, and that—and arithmetic—I must not forget arithmetic—are not much attended to here. These things are expected to come of themselves; it is the classics that distinguish gentlemen from the common people. You will learn fencing, and dancing, of course, and French; but you must not allow them to interfere with your Greek and Latin. And remember to wind up your watch regularly, always in the morning at breakfast, that's the proper time; at night—after dinner—one is apt to neglect it; but you are too young to understand those things. And you will find it very useful for keeping school hours; and remember that punctuality in engagements is one of the distinctions of a gentleman; besides, if you don't keep to your time in being at school you will be punished—flogged, perhaps, which is a very disgraceful circumstance, besides being painful—sometimes it is very painful. However, I hope that will not happen to you. Indeed, it is a practice which I do not approve of, and never did approve of, I remember all the boys at Harrow were against it; but I suppose no other mode of correction can be found that is so handy and gives so little trouble. One of the masters at Harrow used to call it a 'short cut to the knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics;' but it would be improper for me to treat such a subject with levity; but your mother was very fretty about it before we came away, and so you will take care to keep out of that scrape, I am sure, for her sake. And now, my dear boy, I shall wish you good-bye."

With these words my father rose, and placing in my hands a one-pound note, which seemed to me at that time an inexhaustible supply of wealth, he took leave of me, not without emotion, although he thought to disguise it by a careless and cheerful manner, which, however, my young eyes saw through, and which made my heart feel very heavy. My father walked back with me to my dame's, followed by the coachman with the

horses, and, after an affectionate parting, the coachman shaking hands with me as with his own son, I was left in my new abode, the last thing that I saw being my pony's tail as it whisked round the corner.

I was now alone ; I felt a strange choking at the throat, which indisposed me to the conversation into which my good-natured dame, with kindly intentions, endeavoured to beguile me. But I would have burst rather than have allowed a tear to escape me, and I endeavoured to find consolation in the anticipation of the sports in which I should now have the opportunity of engaging, with numerous companions, and with the feeling of the unwonted supply of money which I fondly cherished in my breeches-pocket, and which already seemed to be endowed with a sort of restless power of locomotion, as if stimulated by the air of the place with a spontaneous desire of circulation. But of this I shall have to speak in due course. I must first describe my reception by my school-fellows, and the greeting which awaited me in the ceremonies of induction incidental to a "new boy."

These details will not appear trivial to those who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the progress of a boy's life at a public school ; and when it is considered how indelibly the character of the man is affected by such early impressions, it may be useful to record the results of my own experience, as it may assist the judgment of those whose attention is directed to the subject, in forming a comparison between the benefits of public and private education. Indeed, my own opinion is, that many of the errors which are prevalent among the higher classes of this country, and especially the vice of expenditure, which is transmitted by imitation from the higher to the lower, may be traced to the early defects of omission and commission induced by the system prevalent at our public schools ; and this remark applies as well to the moral as the scholastic portion of the system.—I will take the opportunity of explaining how the process of teaching is conducted, and say a word or two on the domestic economy of the school.

The public school of Eton is not, as many suppose, a single building, in which all the boys are collected under one roof, and watched over in a body ; the school, properly so called, consists of two large school-rooms, with one or two smaller places of assemblage, at which the boys of the upper and lower school, respectively, attend at stated times "to say their lessons : " the lessons are learnt, or supposed to be learnt elsewhere. The boys reside at different houses kept either by "dames" for the most part, or by the tutors. Every boy on his entrance is placed as a pupil of one of the tutors, all of whom must have passed through the college on the foundation, and who are, without exception, well-bred gentlemen of superior attainments. These tutors form also the body of "masters," who attend at the school-rooms to hear the lessons ; and they are presumed to take care that their pupils are properly prepared at their own houses in their various tasks. This duty, however, was in my time frequently neglected.

Besides these tutors, there were other masters, licensed by the college, but extraneous to it, who taught the vulgar accomplishments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, such matters being considered beneath the attention of the classic "tutors," who confined themselves to Latin and Greek, including, above all, the highly-prized accomplishment of making Greek and Latin verses, which was the criterion of college merit, and considered

superior to all other attainments. In addition to the instructors already mentioned, there was a French master appointed by the college, and one or two other permitted French masters and private tutors, of whom the authorities took no other account than to be satisfied with the general correctness of their character and demeanour.

Thus, the boy resided, that is, slept and took his meals, at the house of his dame, or, as I have already said, in some instances, at the house of his tutor; and journeyed backwards and forwards from his dame's or his tutor's house to the school-room, in all weathers, rain or sunshine, which, while it tended, as it was considered, to make him more hardy and manly, was a fruitful source of the illnesses which such exposure could not fail to occasion. And the mode of living at the dame's or tutor's house was this; sometimes, but rarely, a boy had a room to himself; in the majority of cases, and almost always when there were brothers, two or three, and even four, boys inhabited the same room, which was of rather small dimensions. In this room they sat during the day, when they sat at all, and invariably passed their evenings. How the evenings were often passed I shall have to describe by-and-by. In this room they also slept; turn-up bedsteads standing in it, which were closed during the day. This was a bad arrangement, obviously; but so it was; and such was the apartment in which many of the sons of the highest nobility in the kingdom have passed the best part of their juvenile days.

As to the moral superintendence of the boys thus placed, there was little or none. In their own rooms they did as they pleased; and, indeed, in my time, any manifest spying into their doings on the part of their dame would have been considered an intrusion, and would have been resented in some way, accordingly. So that, in fact, the boys were left almost entirely to themselves; and were exposed to the caprices, or the tyranny, and to the bad examples of one another, almost without check or control; and so long as they made no disturbance by fireworks or other gunpowder amusements threatening the blowing up of the premises, they were allowed to pass their time in quarrelling, fighting, cards, and drinking, pretty much as they pleased, and left to settle their disputes as they best could among themselves; the strongest, as is usual in such communities, establishing his dominion over the rest, as is the custom in systems of autocracy in all times all over the world. It must be admitted that this was not the best way to conduct a moral education; but at a public school it is not a moral, but a classical, education that is aimed at; and doubtless that object, at the expense of all the rest, is sometimes successfully accomplished.

Now I must protest against being wilfully misunderstood on the point of what is called "classical education," meaning thereby, as the term is popularly interpreted, a Greek and Latin education; I have too much respect for those noble languages, and am too strongly impressed with their utility to wish to depreciate the merit of their acquisition, or the honours of their professors; but from my own experience I must be permitted to say that their study at public schools, and at Eton especially, was too exclusive; I do not find fault with boys being taught Greek and Latin, but I object to their being taught nothing but Greek and Latin, and to its being supposed that the stuffing them with the dead languages is a sufficient preparation for the active duties of real life, whether legislative or otherwise. It is not the use, but the abuse, that I complain of.

However, as it is not my intention to write a treatise on academical education, I shall say no more on this point, for the present at least, but allow the subject to develop itself as I go on. My object is to illustrate the evil of that habit of mind which the customs of a public school are apt to engender on that most important part of the personal economy of a man's life, his private exchequer; for, after all, in public, as in private life, with nations, as with individuals, money is the *primum mobile* of all enterprise; and whether in the pursuits of the occupation of peace, or in aggressive or defensive war, is the foundation on which all operations must necessarily be based, and, under all circumstances, is a subject which will force itself on every man's attention.

The great evil of the present day, as all must have daily occasion to observe, is the undue prevalence of "Tick." This nation went to war "on tick," and now is feeling the baneful and seemingly insurmountable inconvenience of being laden with a heavy debt. That which has been so recklessly done by the nation collectively is imitated by the inhabitants of these realms individually. All is one universal system of "Tick;" landlords are to be helped to cultivate their lands on tick; the colonies are to be supported by "Tick;" our princely merchants, following a most princely fashion, are to be saved from bankruptcy by a most complicated system of tick. One part of the empire borrows from the government, and the government borrows of the money-lenders, and the money-lenders borrow of the Bank of England, and the bank pursues a sublime system of tick by issuing notes which the government, and the bank, and every body besides knows, it has no possible means of paying if asked for; and so, every thing goes on merrily enough in a continual circle of tick, till all of a sudden pay-day comes, and then the nation and individuals ascertain to their extreme astonishment that they have been living beyond their income, and they all find themselves in a pretty mess. And then, while some political economists declare that all the mischief is owing to the erroneous system of tick, other political economists aver that the difficulty has been created by a restriction or a suspension of the glorious principle of tick; and contend that as that career has once been entered on, there is no help for it, but to go on in everlasting tick, and leave our descendants to pay off the debts which we leave to them as their inheritance, as well as they can.

But I am forestalling my subject a little; I shall have to say enough about this same tick in the course of my confessions in its relation to myself, and to describe how tick in war (and this reminds me of an anecdote concerning my being taken prisoner in the Peninsula), and tick in love (by-the-bye, that purchase of the rope-ladder on tick was one of the most memorable of my adventures), and tick on various occasions, operated on my fortunes through life.

I must return now to my schoolboy adventures, on which, perhaps, I love too much to dwell, but which recalls to me the freshness of my early life, and always makes me feel young again in their relation. Besides, it is necessary for the object of this work, that I should describe with the necessary minuteness my experience at a public school, as the evil effect of a bad habit engendered there forms the purport and the moral of my tale; for I date my own continual embarrassment in life, and the embarrassments of many others, from the vicious practice prevalent in my time of that most expressive word to Etonian ears—"TICK."

THE CHA'B ARABS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

A Nook of Land—Anglo-Turco-Persian Political Commission—Origin of the Cha'b Arabs—Tenure of the Country—Sheikh Suleyman and his Piratical Exploits—Town of Mohammerah—Its Salubrity, Trade, and Importance—Jealousy of the French Consul at the Predilection of the English for this Port—Navigation of the Daurak Canal—Night in the Marshes—Metropolis of the Cha'b Arabs and Court of Sheikh Thamar.

IN one of the most remote corners of the world, on a bit of alluvial soil, marshy, grassy, and sandy, as it passes into rock and desert; in an angle formed by the scriptural and classic streams, the Oreatis, the Ulai, the Pasitigris, and the Euphrates; fertilised in its heart by the drainage of a whole river, the antique Hedyphon—which the poets of olden time would have represented as a nymph dying in the embraces of that gloomy king whom all the goddesses refused to wed—there dwells a tribe of buffalo-feeding, degenerate, and once piratical Arabs, hitherto little known, and who, but for the said piratical habits, the restlessness of modern travellers, whom nothing can escape, and the miserable policy of a French consul in setting the Turks and Persians by the ears, would probably have long enjoyed the same enviable obscurity.

But English adventurers entered into the heart of this remote country; French jealousy saw in this act an immediate intention on their part to possess themselves of the country; Turkish soldiers devastated its rising little port, the Bakhtiyari mountaineers replaced its fallen sheikh, the Persians retorted by invading the metropolis, and a mixed Anglo-Turco-Persian commission has been sitting for two or three years at Erzurum, in Armenia, to decide as to whom this fragment of the Delta of the Euphrates, with its villages, castles, and palace—its rice-grounds, its buffalo pastures, and date-groves—and its poverty-stricken inhabitants shall belong. It would have been a most desirable thing if the Cha'b Arabs, as the tribe in question is designated, could have decided the knotty question themselves, and proclaimed their independence alike of the Sublime Porte and the equally sublime Shahinshah. Unfortunately, their numerical strength was not equal to the task, so they remained and still remain in the unpleasant position of a bone to be contended for by Sunni and Shia'h dogs, who tear away at both sides at once.

We have not seen the blue-book which chronicles the labours of the commission; no doubt it will be called for during the present session of Parliament by a Chisholm Anstey, or an Urquhart, when impeaching a Secretary for Foreign Affairs, or by some laborious financier, to whom even the Cha'b Arabs shall not remain a mystery, if expenses have been incurred in dragging them from obscurity; but we have visited their country on various occasions, traversed it in almost all directions, held long conferences with its sheikhs, in their ancient palace and citadel, have sympathised with them when flourishing, and pitied them when trod down by the iron tramp of oppression, and the Cha'b Arabs are not a

mystery to us, nor shall they be so to others, if they will follow us, first in our historical, and then in our peripatetic notes.

The Cha'b Arabs emigrated from the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf, and they were, therefore, of independent origin. They were buffalo-herdsmen, and hence they settled on marshy territory, first in the district of Wasit, subsequently founding the town of Kobban, in Daurak, and which town is mentioned by the older Arabian geographers.

They soon afterwards ascended the Jerrahi (Hedyphon), and pitched their tents around an artificial mound—a ruin of some Susanian fabric—and upon which arose the modern town of Fellahiyah. The Afshars objected to this encroachment on their territories; but the Cha'bs excused themselves by saying, that the pastures of the Jerrahi were better suited to their buffaloes than Kobban, where they did not prosper. Soon afterwards, a ditch was dug round the mound, upon which the Afshars again remonstrated. The Cha'bs answered, that the ditch was constructed to preserve their buffaloes, which were carried off almost every night by their neighbours. The Afshars were obliged to be satisfied. The following year, a stout mud-wall was raised within the ditch, and the Afshars finding that the Cha'bs were resolved to live in independence, invited the chief of a neighbouring tribe to assist them in expelling the Arabs from the country. This chief entered the field in the spring, but, falling ill, was compelled to return, and the expedition was deferred till the autumn. In the interval, the Afshars concluded a peace with the Cha'bs, which they intended to break as soon as it was in their power to do so. Of this the Arabs were aware, and they formed a design of defeating them before they could receive assistance. They accordingly made a feast, to which the Afshars were invited. As they were eating, the Cha'bs fell upon them and slew them to the number of fourteen, all of whom were chiefs. The Cha'bs then applied to the Wali of Arabistan, residing at Hawizah, who was the most powerful chieftain in the Delta of the Euphrates, to assist them in driving out the Persians. "We are Arabs," said they, "and, consequently, the sayyid is a brother. It is better that we should be his subjects; we are willing to render the same services and pay the same tribute as the Afshars." The Wali consented, and marched against the Afshars, who were expelled from Daurak, and took refuge at Lehrowi, where they built a castle, which, according to Layard, still bears their name.

These Walis of Arabistan, although vassals of Persia, were of Arabian descent, the founder of the family being a sayyid, or descendant of the prophet, who quitted Medinah to settle, first at Wasit, in Chaldea, and subsequently at Hawizah, on the Choaspes, about the year 1350. There were, at that time, four Walis in Persia, who were considered as the chief vassals, or semi-dependent princes of the Shahinshah, or King of Kings. These were the Walis of Luristan, of Gurjistan, or Georgia, of Kurdistan, and of Arabistan. Shah Abbas the Great abolished the title of Ata Beg of Luristan, and conferred that of Wali on the chief of the province, which denomination has ever since been retained by the descendants of Husain Khan, the first who received the title.

The Cha'b Arabs did not, however, long remain peaceful occupiers of the land they had seized; for, at the accession of Shah Abbas to the throne of Persia, Imam Kuli Khan, governor of Fars, headed an expedition against them, and forced them to return their former possessions to

the Afshars, compelling them, moreover, to pay a certain tribute to the crown of Persia.

Taking advantage, however, of the state of anarchy which succeeded the death of Nadir Shah, the Cha'b Arabs repossessed themselves once more of the country of Daurak, forcing the Afshars and sundry Turkoman tribes that pastured their flocks in the same territory, to decamp, and made themselves complete masters of all the countries that intervened between the Euphrates, the Karun, and the Hindiyan.

The name of the Cha'b Arabs became first known in this country about the latter part of the last century, in consequence of their piratical exploits on the Persian Gulf.* They had then attained their highest power under the intelligent and enterprising Sheikh Suleyman. This sheikh, the founder of the present family of the Ali Bu Nasir sheikhs, constructed dams across the rivers, dug canals, built houses and villages, planted date groves, and encouraged commerce. But, above all, he sought to aggrandise his dominions. He subjected all the less powerful tribes in his neighbourhood, and extended his conquests in the direction of Bassora, where Niebuhr† describes him as having in his time possession of all the islands and territories adjoining the Shat el Arab. The possession of the mouths of the Euphrates led this powerful chieftain to turn his attention to navigation. He constructed his first ship in 1758; and, in 1765, he had already ten large-sized vessels and seventy-six small ones. With these vessels he made war upon all European merchantmen that came to trade at Bushire and Bassora; and he captured, among others, several English ships. He particularly assisted the tribes of the coast, south of Hindiyan, in destroying the Dutch factory at Kharaj, and he also made himself master of several large districts in Persia.

At length Kerim Khan, the successor of Nadir Shah, invaded his territories with so strong a force, that he was obliged to fly, with his treasure, beyond the Euphrates. The Persians, after sacking Fellahiyah, advanced westward, and broke down the dam which had been constructed to force the waters into the Kobban mouth of the river, but the plague having broken out in the army, it was obliged to retrace its steps. No sooner had the Persians withdrawn, than the Turks of Baghdad and Bassora advanced in their turn against Sheikh Suleyman, for violation of their territories; and, thus tossed between two antagonist powers, the sheikh had no alternative but to seek an alliance with one, and he gave the preference to Kerim Khan, from whom he subsequently received, in return for signal service rendered to the Persians at the siege of Bassora, cession of the town of Hindiyan and its dependencies in perpetuity, but somewhat in the nature of a feudal tenure, on condition of paying 1000 tomans yearly to the Persian government.

So long as the sovereigns of Persia have been strong enough to enforce payment of this tribute, the Cha'b Sheikhs have met the demand; but, whenever they thought they could withhold their allegiance, they never failed to do so. This has led to constant petty warfare between the Arabs and the Persians. At the commencement of Fet'h-Ali-Shah's reign, they

* Vincent's "Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients," &c., vol. i., p. 427. Fourth edition, 1807.

† "Voyage en Arabie," &c., tom. ii., p. 160. Swiss edition of 1780.

kept aloof, but Mohammed Ali Mirza, governor of Fars, having sent an expedition against Hindiyān, they were obliged to pay tribute partly in cash, and partly in a stipulated number of their noble breed of horses. In a similar manner, after the accession of the reigning shah to the throne, and while Colonel Shee, in command of the forces in Farsistan, was besieging the fort of Guli-Gulab, then in the bands of the warlike Mamaseni tribes, Manucha Khan, governor of Fars, summoned the Cha'b Arabs to supply the troops with provisions. The Sheikh made answer, that as there existed no precedent of the Cha'b Arabs ever having procured Sursat, or provisions for a Persian army, he could not comply with the demand; but after the fort had surrendered, he changed his mind, and in addition to the required supplies, paid several thousand tomans to the governor of Fars.

At the time of Sir John Macdonald Kinneir's visit to Persia, that is about forty years ago, that traveller describes the revenues of the Cha'b Sheikh as amounting to five laks of piastres (50,000*l.*) a year, and says that he could bring into the field five thousand horse, and twenty thousand foot.

The first time I visited the Cha'b Arabs, I joined the *Euphrates* steamer, then lying off the town of Mohammerah, in a Persian open boat, in which I had made the traverse from Bushire. The bustle of this little port, and the picturesqueness of the environs, charmed the eye at once. The Pasitigris, or Karun, after emptying part of its waters into the Khor Bahmehshir, a wide and noble estuary, flows on in a limpid stream by the Haffar channel to the Shat el Arab. This channel is an artificial cut, and is about three-quarters of a mile in length, from three to four hundred yards in width, and it receives three-fifths of the waters of the Pasitigris. It has depth of water for vessels of any burden. Its banks, when not occupied by buildings, are fringed with an undergrowth of liquorice plant, acacias, and pomegranates, behind which are continuous groves of stately palms. On the south side was an extensive mud fort, enclosing a few dwellings tenanted by Karayid, Sheikh of the Nasara, and his followers; on the north side was the town of Mohammerah, consisting, at the most, of a few wretched hovels, and a kind of temporary bazaar, constructed chiefly of matting and date fronds; but as the town had been declared a free port by the Sheikh of the Cha'bs, a most active bustling trade was thriving, the Haffar was crowded with every variety of shipping, there were great heavy brigs from Oman, clumsy Persian bagalas from Bushire, Arab boats from Bahrain and Koweit, and craft of motley rigging from more distant seas. So, also, in the town itself, an infinite variety of costume and physiognomy presented itself. The white-turbaned, loose-robed, clear, and smooth-skinned opium dealer from Surat and Bombay was a novelty to us. Red and yellow shoe merchants from Cairo, Fez dealers from Tripoli, tobacco vendors from Shiraz, Tajiks, Turks, Arabs, Armenians, and Kurds were more familiar, but still filled up the canvass with distinct forms and striking contrasts. Add to this, that from the deck of the steamer, the swift flowing waters of the Karun, the broad channel of the Bahmehshir, and the lake-like expanse of the great Shat el Arab, with its boundless forests of palm trees, could be all brought under the eye at the same moment, reducing town and forts and bustling traders to the semblance of an ant-hill in motion amid such a

silent expanse of waters, palm forests, and interminable plains, and it will be felt that Mohammerah was a site calculated to make an impression never to be effaced. And it was so healthy, too! The sky was as bright as the waters were clear and limpid, not a cloud furrowed the horizon, not a sightless object or a streak of mud sullied the current, once drunk by none but kings, and the air was pure as sky and water; we had not a sick man on board, and the lightness and activity around imparted cheerfulness to every one. Lieutenant Selby bears equally strong testimony to the salubrity of the place, which is of so much importance in a country so low and flat as the Delta of the Euphrates.

I am enabled (he says)* from a personal knowledge of it (Mohammerah) for some years, to bear witness to its superiority in this respect over any other part of the adjacent country; so much so, that when, during the hot months, duty called me from Baghdad to the town of Basrah, or its vicinity, I invariably remained at, or near, Mohammerah, to which, in a great measure, I attribute the entire absence of that deadly fever which committed such havoc in the second expedition under Captain Lynch, at its outset, and which can only be ascribed to its having been compelled to remain so long at Basrah.

The salubrity of the one place, and the unhealthiness of the other, are easily accounted for. Bassora is situated a mile from the river, up a stagnant canal, and is, for a great portion of the year, surrounded by a miasmatic marsh and inundation. Again, the temperature of the Karun and Euphrates is very different. The Karun, fed by the melting snows of the Persian Apennines, loses, in its short and rapid descent of about one hundred and sixty miles, little of its freshness and invigorating coolness. In the month of August, when the Shat el Arab has attained a temperature of 91 deg. Fah., the Karun never exceeds 80 deg. Hence, probably, the celebrity of its waters. No wonder that Colonel Chesney should have preferred this locality, possessed at once of such great natural and artificial advantages, for a station to Bassora. From its admirable position, having the Karun to the north-eastward, by which it communicates with the fertile provinces of Khuzistan, and the possessions of the Cha'b sheikhs; the Shat el Arab, to the north-westward, by which there is an uninterrupted communication with Bassora, Kurnah, Hillah, Baghdad, and, in fact, all the countries watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris, and a passage to the sea by both the Khor Bahmehshir and Shat el Arab; its merchants well informed, energetic, and enterprising men, and the people active, and much less bigoted than the Turks, Mohammerah must even yet, after its invasion and devastation by Turks and Persians, rise up from its ashes, and become one of the most important places on the rivers of Mesopotamia. In a naval, a military, a commercial, and a sanitary point of view, it is unrivalled.

Unfortunately, however, the opening Mohammerah as a free port, had induced the traders who had previously resorted to Bassora, where the duties are very high, to resort to the latter place, which had not only caused a great diminution in the custom-house revenues of Bassora, which were very considerable, but likewise of the revenues of the Pasha of Baghdad, which are in part derived from the same source. Ali Riza Pasha having terminated his campaign against the rebel chief of Rawan-

* Journal of R. G. S., vol. xiv., p. 223.

duz, demanded nothing better than an excuse to destroy this rival port on the Euphrates, and at the time of our visit, nothing was spoken about but a proximate invasion of the Turks.

M. Fontanier, French Consul at Bassora, who fanned the flame of cupidity, with the zealous breath of international jealousy, says of Colonel Chesney's taking up his quarters at Mohammerah "that it was an insult to the Turks for Colonel Chesney to establish himself in a hostile town, without even notifying such an intention ; and to choose for the centre of his operations a spot, the prosperity of which, *right or wrong*, the government wished to destroy. It was still worse to make conventions with the rebel Sheikh of Mohammerah, and to promise him the protection of Great Britain."

Now, with regard to the latter reckless statement, I believe that I was with Colonel Chesney on the occasion of every visit made either to Haji Jabar, Sheikh of the Mohaisen, and Ahmed, Sheikh of the Haiyadar, sub-tribes of the Cha'bs, and both then dwelling in Mohammerah ; as well also to Sheikh Karayid who resided in Southern Mohammerah, and I do not believe that any such hopes were held out to those chiefs.

With regard to the right and wrong of the question, we have already seen that the country was originally held by the Afshar Persians ; that when the Cha'b Arabs expelled the Afshars, that they did so with the assistance of, and while acknowledging the supremacy of the Persian governor of Arabistan, and that from the time of Shah Abbas the Great they have paid tribute and acknowledged fealty to the Persian government. If there was any right in the question, it was for Shuster to complain of being defrauded of its dues, and not Bassora. When the news spread that Ali Riza Pasha had really left Baghdad to invade Mohammerah, Muhammed Taghi-Khan Bakhtiyar was directed by the Mo'tamid, or chief of Kirmanshah, to offer the sheikh assistance, provided the sheikh furnished the troops with the necessary supplies on their march, and as long as they required them ; but, unfortunately, the sheikh was lulled into security by the misrepresentations of Ajil, and Abd al Riza, the Sheikh of the Bawis, who had been tampered with by the Turks, and he refused this offer of aid.

Ali Riza Pasha, according to M. Fontanier's own account, did not know whether Mohammerah belonged to Persia or Turkey. To an ambassador, deputed to him to explain that the port belonged to Persia, he could return no answer. The French consul accordingly came to his aid.

I was apprehensive (says M Fontanier) of other proceedings of the same kind, and had my fears, too, lest the Persians, taking advantage of the unsatisfactory answers of the pasha, should assert that the right was on their side. This would have been a reason for attacks and hostilities that national animosity would too readily have prompted, and which would, moreover, have afforded the English such a pretext as they ardently desired for inducing the belligerents to accept their intervention. With the help of Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, in which I found an account of the *Chahabs*, and with what I already knew of the history of the country, I was not long in drawing up a note setting forth the indisputable rights of the Porte. M. Raymond translated it into Turkish, and went to deliver it to the pasha, accompanied by Ibrahim Agha, whom I had occasion to send to him, to present the compliments customary at the season of the Ramazan.

The reasons for the interference of the French consul are of a far more

wide-embracing character than would appear at first. M. Fontanier's political foresight enabled him to see far into the future.

It appeared to me (he says, alluding to the taking up of quarters at Mohammerah) that this was a neat way of settling two very important questions, and of acquiring, by a dexterous manœuvre, the domination of the river.

And elsewhere he says his remarks upon the subject were not much relished by Colonel Chesney.

I was, moreover, well aware that it would have suited him better to have been allowed to arrange his plans in secret, and that it would have been a glorious triumph for England to find herself in one day, to the great astonishment of Europe, mistress of one of the noblest rivers in Asia!

The second time that I visited Mohammerah was after the disastrous attempt made to ascend the Euphrates at low water, when the cross-head of one of the pumps broke, and obliged us to retrace our steps. Colonel Chesney having started for Bombay, in the *Hugh Lyndsay*, the steamer *Euphrates* prepared to ascend the Karun to Ahwaz, and at the same time a party was got up to penetrate into the interior of Daurak, and visit the sheikh at his citadel, after which the steamer might be joined by crossing the country to the north-eastward.

This party consisted of Colonel Estcourt, Captain Charlewood, Mr. Rassam, and the author, and we started in a small native boat, propelled with poles by two Arabs. The first day we ascended the Karun, a distance of twelve miles, to the spot where formerly an artificial dyke turned the water into the Khor Kobban, but which, from its being now nearly dried up, is called the Karun el Amah, or the Blind Karun. We turned down this channel a short distance, to where it is joined by the Daurak Canal, which is derived from the Jerrahi or Hedyphon, and was, in the lower part of its course, barely six or seven feet in width. Between this canal and the Karun were the ruins of the village of Sablah, at this time deserted and uninhabited. Beyond all was a level, monotonous, grassy plain, across which we plied our way, cheered by the songs of our Arab boatmen, till night overtook us, and with it labour ceased, and the harsh notes of the Cha'bs were succeeded by the equally unmelodious screech of the night heron. Colonel Estcourt was one of those happy individuals whose constitution and habits of life enable them to despise creature comforts. Animal sensuality was so entirely superseded by spirituality, that he could spurn the coarser appetites, and as he had in Syria lived for months upon sweet and sour milk, so in Susiana he appeared determined to try the effect of pure air in supporting the animal economy. Certain it is that not even a biscuit had been put into the boat when it left the steamer, so that at nightfall, to myself, who hold social conveniences in high respect, the prospect was as gloomy to the stomach as it was to the eye. Luckily, Rassam, who came in for part of the upbraiding that ensued upon this notable nocturnal discovery, announced the existence of a small packet of coffee. This was a gleam of sunshine to the gathering clouds, and we jumped ashore to search for the usual fuel of the Arabs, the dry droppings of quadrupeds of every description. While engaged in this ignoble research, two shadows popped out of the darkness. The shadows were as instantly challenged, for as we had not seen a human being since we entered the Cha'b country, it was deemed rather mysterious that they should thus make their appearance

close to us at night. One of the shadows, accordingly, on being called to, approached us; the other remained in the distance, looking like a pillar in the horizon.

"Please, noble sirs," muttered a soft feminine voice, "we wish to ask your permission to light a very little fire in your neighbourhood."

We laughed. We were accustomed to this kind of question in the steamer, where it not only frequently happened that the natives asked permission to light their fires under our protection, but also in sad prostitution of all manly feeling, would ask permission for the females to carry on their daily labours in our presence. The use of diminutives as "a very little fire," when asking a favour, is touchingly expressive in the Arabic language, and cannot be exactly rendered in ours.

We lay in our clothes all night, and the early dawn enabled us to light another fire, and get a cup of coffee before we started on our journey. We had also given some coffee to the poor Arab peasants. It was, as the day before, a tedious navigation in a grassy plain—there was not a thing to be seen. Nothing earthly would, indeed, have willingly remained in such a desolate country. As we proceeded onwards the land became more marshy, and a few shrubs and patches of reeds decorated the banks of the canal. From these an occasional water-snake glided into the stream, flocks of white egrets dotted the plain, plovers flitted above, and soon the colossal heads of buffaloes were seen peering at us with their great staring eyes up to their flanks in mud and water. We were now fairly in what appeared to be an inextricable marsh. A flock of wild ducks took their way directly over our heads, and we shot, and with the help of the boat, bagged a brace. This, under existing circumstances, was a very satisfactory incident. As evening was approaching, the marsh was succeeded by dry banks with groves of palms, amid which, the cottages of the Cha'b Arabs were nestled. The canal had now attained a considerable width, and the aspect of things appeared to us, probably by contrast, to be perfectly enchanting. Many of the cottages came down close to the water-side, and their picturesque outline was deeply shadowed forth in the calm pellucid stream. Men, women, and children came out into their little gardens to see the strangers go by, while from above beams of golden blue light were showered down with that radiance which is so peculiar to a sun-set seen through the green fronds of palm trees.

Twilight overtook us in this delightful navigation, when suddenly our attention was called to a new feature in our journey. A palatial edifice of imposing magnitude was seen in the dim and uncertain light to rise out of the waters. It came upon us like the stately façade of one of those noble palaces, that alone would impart renown to the city of the Doges. The illusion was strengthened by the boat stopping at a water-gate, one of the Arabs knocking loudly at the arched folding-doors. It was a long time, however, before the knocks were answered, when at length attendants and lights came, and we were admitted into a gloomy, sub-palatial aqueduct, which we were glad to exchange for an apartment. Even this, however, was a desert within four walls, for it had not a rag, a chair, or a table within it, nor a pane of glass to the windows. Luckily, it was fine weather, and chilly, but not cold at night. I had lost no time in picking up acquaintance with one of the attendants, who, I thought,

scowled a little less than the others, and drawing the ducks forth from obscurity, promised bakshish, if they were produced in a condition fit to be devoured. Colonel Estcourt and Mr. Rassam went to sleep. Charlewood and myself waited patiently, and without a murmur, till midnight. Light after light had disappeared from the palace precincts, doors were closed, not a sound was heard, save that of a gentle nasal harmony, to which no melody was imparted by distance, and the ducks were, most probably, at the bottom of the canal. We never saw them again.

I laid down upon the hard boards, and was dreaming that I had received an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor, and had turned round twice with impatience at the dilatoriness of the turtle-soup, when I was awoke with the intelligence, that the Sheikh of all the Cha'bs wished to receive us. The Arabs are very early risers—they go to bed with the fowls and get up with them. It was just daybreak, and our toilette was soon made, and we were ushered across the court-yard to the state-apartment, which, although of considerable magnitude, was already densely crowded. Sheikh Thamar sat in the right corner. He was a man in the prime of life, wore a turban instead of the usual Arab head-dress, and received us with the utmost civility. At his left hand was his vizier, Haji Mashal, of Nasara, who, as a pilgrim, also wore the turban. On his left sat Mir Madhkur, Sheikh of the Sherifah, and who, as descendant of the prophet, wore a green turban. Next to Mir Madhkur sat Ajil, the principal Sheikh of the Bawi tribe. Little did I think at the time of this our first introduction, that this sheikh would soon be shot dead in that very apartment. Beyond Ajil were two Persians in their black lamb-skin caps and national costume. They were envoys from the Mo'tamid, or governor of Kirmanshah, and had their suite in the room. To the left of the Vizier Haji Mashal sat the sheikh's secretary, and his writing materials occupied the cushions at the head of the room, and thus interposed themselves between the faithful and their infidel visitors, who were ceremoniously conducted to the left side of the apartment, each, after the usual preliminary compliments, having to be introduced personally, and his rank, pursuits, &c., detailed at length. The bottom of the room was occupied by that dense crowd of attendants and spectators, which is tolerated on all public occasions, for when it is supposed that any thing that concerns the tribe is on the *tapis*, patriarchal manners do not allow the sheikh to exclude the most destitute of his subjects. Conversation is, accordingly, at such public receptions made up of common places. I was very glad when it was over, for breakfast, consisting of dates, dried raisins, cheese, and sour milk, was then served up in our apartment. It was our first meal for forty hours! We had not half satisfied our appetites, before Sheikh Thamar, with his vizier and secretary, pounced in upon us to receive his presents, and to talk politics. All ceremony was now cast aside, and some agreeable and interesting conversation took place.

This over, we went out to explore the muzif, or palace, and the town. The imposing aspect of the former had sadly diminished before the glare of broad daylight, and the crumbling material presented that usual appearance to the eye which is so happily lost in a drawing. The town of Fellahiyah is surrounded by a mud wall, with equidistant towers, mostly in ruin. Its main defences consist in its many deep canals and water-courses. The citadel occupies the summit of the artificial mound, and is

also in a ruinous state. It was not without feelings of deep interest that we recognised among the guns several of English manufacture, obtained probably by acts of piracy and the robbery and murder of our unfortunate countrymen. Sheikh Thamar affected the character rather of an independent prince than of an Arab Sheikh, and was undoubtedly, for an Arab, a remarkable man. The country owed much of its prosperity to him. Agriculture and commerce were encouraged, and those engaged in such pursuits protected. Canals and water-courses, upon which the cultivation of the country can alone depend, were kept in good repair, and new works of the kind frequently undertaken. Caravans and travellers through his country were well protected, and cases of plunder were very rare. He had not only rendered Mohammerah a free, and consequently a flourishing port, but he had also made Fellahiyah, in a great measure, the *dépôt* of merchandise supplied to Shuster and Dizful, and to the province of Khuzistan. Merchants connected with him were satisfied with the protection he afforded, and did not consider the dues levied by his tribes exorbitant. The annual sum paid by him to the Persian government was only 3400 tomans (1700*l.*), an incredibly small sum, when the extent of the tribes and the productiveness of the country are considered. Seven tribes—the Ali Bu Nasir, Idris, Nasara, Mohaisen, Bawi, Beni Temin, and Haiyadar—acknowledged the authority of the Cha'b Sheikh. The second of these contains eighteen family subdivisions, the Mohaisen eleven, and the Bawi fifteen.* Sheikh Thamar is generally respected by his subjects, and he exercises unlimited authority over them, extending to the infliction of death and other punishments. The tribes have lost much of the genuine Arab character, and their blood has become mixed with that of Persians, and Bakhiyari and Mamaseni Kurds. They are also Shia'hs, or followers of Ali, and thus connected with the Persians by the ties of religion, as well as of country. The Persian envoys at the court of Sheikh Thamar favoured us with some most malevolent looks during our perambulation of Fellahiyah. It is probable that they supposed that we advocated the rights of the Turks over the country, a supposition to which a certain countenance was lent by our wearing the Osmanli red cap.

The account of our journey from the city of the Cha'b Sheikh to Ahwaz on the Karun, and of the twofold invasion of this unfortunate country, must be left to another chapter. Suffice it here that M. Fontanier is in error when, in his notice of this excursion, he says, "some of the members of the expedition, having attempted to proceed by land whilst the steamer was going up to Karun, were seized and not allowed to continue their journey!"

* Layard in *Journal of R. G. S.*, vol. xvi., p. 37. In this able report the names of the subdivisions of tribes, villages, and canals in the Cha'b country are all recorded.

SUBJECTS IN SEASON.

CHRISTMAS and the New Year are usually suggestive of "tipsy rout and jollity," the merry-making of appetite, and the many appliances wherewith the parting guest is sped and the coming one welcomed. On the present occasion we may, perhaps, depart slightly from the common practice, and, instead of holding sweet converse with standing dishes "for all time"—perpetual boars' heads, garnished with eternal rosemary—choose subjects more particularly in season at this moment than perhaps they ever may be again.

The war still raging between the Bullionists and the advocates of a return to the paper system, which has so long agitated the empire, may not appear a very promising theme for discussion in pages such as these, and—to prevent any rash act on the part of the reader—we beg to say that we intend to take no part in it, further than as it may afford us the means of showing that even currency has uses that are sweet to those who know how to make a right use of them.

With regard to a paper circulation, we limit ourselves to the wish that the *New Monthly* may, on each returning New Year's day, be more widely circulated than on the last; and, touching a metallic currency, that the substantial joys which it has the power to diffuse, may every day become more familiar with all who, like ourselves, embark their hopes and efforts on paper.

"What is gold?" is triumphantly asked by pamphleteers and speakers at public meetings; and they put the question with such a withering force (or note) of interrogation, that the poor author who chances to have a solitary sovereign in his purse, feels almost ashamed to think that he harbours so much evil about him. "What is gold?" cry its denouncers, in the very tone of Pilate, when he doubted truth, and, like him, as Bacon says, they will not wait for an answer, or hear of any that their own pamphlets and speeches do not give.

It is impossible to reply as one could wish to these gentlemen, because they have made the word "gold" a *cheval de bataille*, whereon they ride so furiously, that it is utterly hopeless to endeavour to keep their meaning in view; nor can one say much more for the arguments of the leaders of the anti-papyrus movement, whose great aim appears to be to make it clear to the meanest capacity that "nothing is but what is *not*."

On both sides it is a war of systems, in which you who manage to pay the income-tax, and we who do *not*, take just as much interest as we should in the cause of quarrel between the inhabitants of Blefuscu and those of Lilliput, could the little and big-endian controversy be once more established. Let the money-market be "tight" or "easy," let the Bank increase or diminish its rate of discount, we, like the ass in the fable, have no concern in the matter. The embarrassments of "a celebrated Hebrew firm," or the resolutions of the "Bank parlour," may agonise the millionaires of Lombard-street, but us they affect not. Neither the one nor the other, as far as we have been able to learn, have been in the habit of looking upon our "paper" (highly as we

esteem it) as "good," and we can therefore afford to think of what befalls theirs with perfect indifference.

"But this is very short-sighted," says Sir Oracle, adjusting his wise spectacles on the bridge of his wiser nose; "don't you perceive that in a commercial country, like ours, the ramifications of trade affect the whole community?"

"The community!—granted. But that is precisely our reason for not being affected by the failure of the great house of Ingot, Scales, and Company. When those eminent men ate ortolans at luncheon, and moistened their throats after dinner with Tokay, what was there in common in our relative positions? We were not so well off as the madman of Seville, who said he had dined on the mere fumes that issued from a cook's shop; and to ask us for sympathy in the necessity which obliges Messrs. Ingot, Scales, and Company, to content their natures (as we do) with a mutton-chop and a glass of beer, when we never so much as rejoiced our ears with the clash of their ivory balance-handled knives and forks, is worse than asking the aforesaid madman for payment for the dinner which he had not eaten. No; we envied not the prosperity of those wealthy bullion-merchants, who never consulted us as to the advisability of their investments, and why should we be bored with the adversity which has overtaken them? You might just as reasonably expect that we should mourn over the inability of the Queen of Portugal to pay her tradesmen, or set up a *post-mortem* howl at the frightful sufferings of George IV., when Prince-Regent, when a too-complaisant ministry could not—although they robbed Mr. Troutbeck's heirs—find money enough to refurnish the Pavilion!"

"Ah! I see," returns Sir Oracle, taking off the spectacles, which have given him so great an insight into human nature—"ah! I see—you are intensely selfish," and having warmed himself thoroughly at our fire, and cheered himself at our cost, with a biscuit and a glass of port, he walks off to tell the first mutual acquaintance he meets that so and so "has, after all, a devilish bad heart; he's a young man, sir, who can't come to any good. I can't persuade him, sir, to think like other people!"

The reader, now interferences, observing that he thought we meant to redeem our promise on the currency question!

We fear we were somewhat rash in saying what we did, for no two people are agreed about the "right uses" of money. The wish to have money is the prominent desire of our nature, and that it is so, can scarcely be better illustrated than by the story of the two midshipmen at church.

"What do you do?" asked the least sophisticated of the pair, "when you put your head in your hat as soon as you get into the pew? I always count ten, and then look up again."

"Count ten!" replied the other, with an air of supreme contempt, "I make a much better use of my time than that; I make a point of praying for four thousand a year, to be paid quarterly!"

Now, for the means of applying the wealth, acquired by this or some other equally pious process:—

We were once playing at billiards at a public table in Fleet-street, only a few doors from Temple Bar, and some one, in the security of winning the game, having offered the magnificent odds of "a hundred thousand pounds to one," the marker, a heavier kind of youth than is ordinarily

to be met with in these places of polite resort, and somewhat dreamy withal, ejaculated, "A hundred thousand pounds! Ah! I know what I'd do if I had 'em."

"What would you do?" we inquired.

"Why," exclaimed he, a rush-light gleam of imagination flickering in his dull eye, "I'd be cad to an omnibus, or else I'd keep a lot of cabs!"

This slave of the lamp, whose ideas of the natural world were all absorbed in the vast thoroughfare at his master's door, had quickly devised his scheme of happiness, and allowing for diversity of taste, adopted only the general plan. Captain Harkaway would establish an illimitable number of hunters, and hounds, and drags, and sporting boxes; Fitzblaze would "do the complete thing about town;" Lady Dora Mowbray would build "such a love of a palace on the shores of Lake Como;" Mr. Exeter Hall would send out stores of knowledge to all the benighted; Messrs. Kidd, Napp, and Compy. would extend their relations from the Gold Coast to the shores of Brazil: and the meat of Sir Epicure Mammon should "all come in in Indian shells." In short, every body, if they had a hundred thousand pounds, would do precisely the same as the billiard-table marker: follow the bent of their inclinations. We should then very soon discover what the theorists mean by their declamations; the "blunts," the "fimsies," and the "stiffs" would cease their long-winded harangues (for when a man has got money he becomes practical), the world might be allured to rest in peace; and that is where we leave the question.

The next remarkable guest of the season is the Influenza. It has not presented itself merely in that snivelling form which creates a sudden demand for cambric handkerchiefs, warming-pans, diluents, and Dover's powder, but has broken out violently in an eruption of Christmas books, almost all the writers of the day—save the founder of the system and one or two others—having got a babe at nurse. Pleasant little animals many of them, no doubt, will prove; cheerful little creatures, wearing shining crowns of holly and misletoe, and adding zest to other Christmas fare. Let us enumerate a few of the principal:—

Mr. James introduces "The Last of the Fairies." The sprite will be welcome, not only for the sake of the enchanter whose potent wand has brought it within the charmed ring, but—if there were no other reason—because it is *the last*. Bishop Corbet bade farewell to the goblin crew more than two hundred years ago, but they are a race whom, after all, it is very difficult to quell; for were they not wondrously tenacious of life, they had long since been smothered by the clumsy attempts of the *Athenæum* to revivify them. The experiment resorted to in that journal is any thing but an improved substitute for ether, but then the *Athenæum* understands no process save vivisection. Hans Christian Andersen, on the other hand, who knows so well how to weave garlands for the elfin band, may probably have something to say to induce us to retract our wish. Like poor Hood, he may have another "Plea for the Fairies" in the "Christmas Greeting" which he sends to his English friends. Let us assure him, before the volume reaches us, that there are none in England so cold of heart as not to respond with fervour to his honest Danish greeting. Mr. Rowcroft's "Triumph of Woman" will have added to his own triumphs. A name, long honoured alike in literature and wheresoever studies shed dignity on the earnest labours of his life, comes next—high Samuel Warren. Without bearing the special designation of a Christmas

book, "Now and Then" is essentially one of that class—the best of its kind, and deep in its pages will many of our readers be before this intimation meets them. Mrs. S. C. Hall reverses the seasons for our pleasure, and, in the midst of "dark December," leads us forth beneath the glowing skies of June, to listen to a fairy tale of love called "Midsummer's Eve," the promise of which sweet time is kept to the eye by Maclise, Stanfield, Creswick, and a large array of goodly artistical names. Who will not readily dip into the "Jar of Honey," freshly imported from "Mount Hybla" by Leigh Hunt? Certes, all who have a love for what is poetical, and beautiful, and true! Leigh Hunt is the type of Samson's riddle: "Out of the strong comes forth sweetness." This charming work was originally published in *Answorth's Magazine*. Last on the file, but foremost in the anticipations to which it gives birth, we read the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the biographer of "Our Street." What thoroughfare has our modern Panurge chosen wherewith to identify himself? Unhappy Baker-street already lies withered beneath his sneer, and half its gentility has fled; flaunting, utilitarian shops usurping the place of the dull dining-rooms which he so much abhorred. Is the region Belgravia; does the binocular gaze of our friend stray among the terraces of Hyde Park, or, haply, does it wander where Hebrew matrons, "capped and jewelled," like their husband's watches, give marvellous dinners to admiring Christians in streets dependent for their fame on fashionable squares? Let it be where it may, depend upon it, we shall recognise the inhabitants, and vouch for their sayings and doings.

Another subject in season just now is, the "bright look out" we are advised to keep on our coasts, lest we should awake some fine morning and find the whiskered Gaul warming his coat-tails on our hearth stones, and helping himself to an uninvited chine, or sirloin. With what sensations should we read in the *Times* the following announcement, of what—thank God—never happened before, but once:—

All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received
Like a kind host, Duke d'Isly and his powers!

And yet our own duke,—than whom no man ever better knew what he was saying,—tells us to prepare, or such a state of things may readily come to pass. A great many who knew nothing of the military abilities of our lively neighbours, and who think "Waterloo" a choke-pear that must mar all subsequent appetite, are apt to entertain the belief that if the French were to land in England, they would do no more than that celebrated army of theirs immortalised in song, which, led on by their gallant king,

March'd up the hill, and then marched down again!

These gentlemen are slightly in the wrong. Having once ascended to the top of Pisgah—the Sussex downs for example—and seen the land of promise which would then lie stretched before them, the Zouaves of France would be in no hurry to turn their backs upon it; and if such were to be the case, we should earnestly recommend the bold spirits of Brixton at once to man their mill-crowned height,—the proud warriors of Peckham to muster their array on the green of Camberwell and the Causeway of Newington; while, on the stern suburbans to whom the defences of Clapham and Kennington are confided, we should urge the

advice, so sadly neglected in their neighbourhood on Vauxhall nights, to "keep their powder dry."

The general excuse for the defenceless condition of our shores, is twofold. In the first place, we are said to be such intense lovers of peace, that we cannot bring ourselves to believe in the possibility of war; and in the next, that the hereditary endowment of every Englishman being, the capability of thrashing three Frenchmen, there is no occasion to give ourselves any trouble about the matter, until we actually find our foes at arm's length.

The proof of our fondness for peace is to be found in the stainless annals of our commercial intercourse with the different quarters of the globe, and in that mildness of spirit which has

Butchered half the world and bullied t'other,

as if it were possible for a small island like ours to have obtained her vast amount of territory solely by dint of persuasion. And with respect to the facility for "doubling up" "those Mounseers in brass," as the poet calls them, it must be observed that whenever the "mill" takes place, John Bull must expect any thing but a fair stand-up fight; he will be taken at every disadvantage, and find that something more than mere "pluck" is necessary to enable him to "serve out" his adversary. To be fore-warned, the proverb says, is to be fore-armed, and—provided ministers accept the warning and act upon it—we may be "quittes pour la peur," and experience no worse visitation from our neighbours than the longo-bardic irruptions which people the Quadrant while Mr. Mitchell keeps his theatre open. *Soit dit, en passant*, that the worthy lessee has begun early and well with Messrs. Montaland, and Fechter, and Mademoiselle Baptiste; the first having made an excellent *début* in "Le Jeune Mari," and the two last sustaining their parts admirably in Emile Augier's new drama of "La Cigüe."

It is to be hoped that the mania for dwarfs has passed away with the disappearance from our shores of that dreadful little humbug, Tom Thumb, but monstrosities are still the order of the day. While we write we perceive several strange announcements in the daily papers. Amongst them the proximate arrival of a "renowned giant" from Spain—a lineal descendant, no doubt, of one of the windmills on the plains of Montiel, or possibly a far-off cousin of the warlike Brandabarban of Boliche, who also fell beneath the conquering lance of the Knight of La Mancha, or, as he is said to be a native of Guipuscoa (by name "Jochim Eleizegui") he may, perchance, claim kindred with the stalwart but stupid Ferragus whom Roland cheated out of the secret of his invulnerability, and then took his life. Be he of what family he may, he comes under the auspices of Louis Philippe, and is described in the advertisement as "a perfect giant."

A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.

Another intimation of the similar kind is meant for the benefit, we presume, of "the country gentlemen." It is an exhibition of African "mammals, birds, and reptiles," at the cattle show at the Baker-street Bazaar. Fate forbade us from being present at the show, but we confess our curiosity was rather excited by this announcement on the part of Mr. Louis Toser, "THE African Traveller." Has he fattened up his lions on oil-cake, taught his ostriches to prefer rapeseed to horse's shoes, and increased

the bulk of his boa-constrictors with barley-meal and milk, instead of the flesh of kids and sable piccanninies? A caravan of *fat wild beasts* is at any rate a rarity. By-the-bye, we should be glad to know what affinity there is between Mr. Toser's reptiles and "Marsh's newly-invented dibbling machine," the sight of which is included in the shilling charged for seeing the mammals, &c.!

While on the subject of fattening animals, and before we bring this article to a close, we must advert to a singular idea which appears to have lodged itself in the brain of one of our lively police magistrates; the functionary who distributes justice at per head at Hammersmith. Here is the case which has attracted our notice:—

EATING A CAT.—At the Hammersmith police-office, yesterday, *ten men* applied for the advice and assistance of the magistrate. On Thursday evening they were in the Black Boy public-house, in the Potteries, Notting-hill, when a man named Hams came in with what appeared to be a trussed rabbit, which he offered for sale for 9d. They mustered their money together and bought it, and sent it in a dish with potatoes to the baker's, and *made a hearty supper of it*. They had, however, not long eaten it before they all felt very sick, and they were obliged to apply to a surgeon for emetics. They had since ascertained that what they had eaten was a cat, which Hams had skinned and dressed up as a rabbit for fun. They wished to know how he could be punished. Mr. Paynter said he knew of no law under which the offending party could be punished. If it could be proved that he had cruelly killed the cat, he might be punished under the act for preventing cruelty to animals. *Cats were not considered to be unwholesome food, and they were frequently eaten in France and other countries.* The applicants left the court apparently much disappointed.

We pity the unfortunate men, but what we want to know is, where did Mr. Paynter acquire the knowledge which he imparted with such consoling assurance to the miserable ten, still suffering from the effects of the cat. "Cats," he said, "were not considered to be unwholesome food." Where is the authority to be found for this dictum? Who amongst the ancients or moderns recommends feline cookery? We have searched in vain through Carême, Ude, Beauvilliers, Francatelli, and Soyer. Mrs. Glasse is as silent on the subject as Meg Dods; and even at the Reform Club, where strange dishes are ordered by Irish members, we never heard of cats being a favourite article of food. We have tried back through many bills of fare, but an openly declared "civet de chat" never yet made its appearance. Mr. Paynter, however, takes refuge in his continental experience. Cats, he gravely declares, are "*frequently eaten in France and—other countries.*" Unhappy France! For centuries she laboured under the imputation of breakfasting on frogs, and now nothing will satisfy Mr. Paynter unless she dine on cats. It is true there is a story told of a certain Frenchman who told an acquaintance he had discovered an extremely cheap mode of living in England, which turned out to be by dining on cats'-meat, but this evinced nothing of a national predilection, nor had it, in point of fact, any thing to do with the domestic animal in question. We apprehend Mr. Paynter must have been fresh from the pages of Le Sage or Quevedo when he delivered this judgment. There was some ingenuity, however, in his saving clause, "France—and other countries." Other countries! Yes! there are countries where Mr. Paynter himself might be eaten, unsauced; but we imagine he would not offer this possible case as an inducement to the labourers of Notting-hill to become Anthropophagi!

LEGENDS OF SALZBURG.

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

IN the legends of Salzburg we must not so much look to the city itself, as to the Untersberg, or, as it is sometimes called, the Wunderberg, which stands at about a league's distance. This mountain is 6798 feet high; its surface abounds in wood, game, and all sorts of medicinal herbs, while marble and precious ores may be found beneath. The legends respecting this mountain, are abundant indeed, and marvellous to an uncommon degree.

In the first place, there is a whole cluster of stories relative to a subterranean emperor, and resembling in principle that of "Peter the Goat-herd" (the hero of one of Grimm's well known tales), who found the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa holding court among the mountains, and amusing himself with nine-pins. The adventures of Peter were afterwards transferred, by Mr. Washington Irving, to "Rip van Winkle," and Hudson, the navigator, was made the substitute for the old Swabian emperor. The notion of a sovereign, or hero, who goes on living long after the cessation of his visible existence, is to be found in various countries, and much information on this subject may be gathered from Croker's "Legends of Ireland." In Wales, there is a castle, "Owen Lawgoch," the ancient lord of which was recently found by a peasant slumbering amid his followers. In the Isle of Man, under Castle Rushin, a similar discovery was made. The hero of old French romance, "Ogier le Danios," yet slumbers beneath Cronenburgh Castle, and can be awakened on occasion, and the three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy, called by the herdsmen the "Three Tells," are in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne, taking a nap, from which they will wake in some case of great emergency. Need we mention Dom Sebastian of Portugal, and the British Arthur!

One of the most remarkable stories about the Emperor in the Untersberg, is contained in a little book, which is current in the district, and which relates to one Lazarus Aizner.

In the year 1529, this man, with the priest, his master, and two others, going up the Untersberg, came to a chasm in the rocks, called the "High Throne." Beneath the rock stood a chapel, on which they read an inscription in silver letters. When they had returned home, they talked over this inscription, and the priest requested Aizner to return to the spot and copy it. Aizner accordingly set out for the mountain, one fine Wednesday in September, and found the following inscription hewn in the rock:—

S. O. R. C. E. T. S. A. T. O. M.

If the reader expects we are going to tell him what these letters mean, he will be much disappointed. It will be sufficient to say, that friend Lazarus, who does not seem to have been a very fast hand at copying, was so long in taking down the inscription, that he could not think of returning the same evening. He, therefore, very wisely laid himself down to sleep on some soft moss.

The next morning, when he was going home again, a bare-foot monk, who was saying his prayers out of a book, and had a huge bunch of keys on his shoulder, appeared before him. After a few introductory questions, this strange monk asked Aizner to accompany him, when they went up to the "High Throne," and came once more to a chasm, which was closed by an iron door. This the monk opened, and in they went, the monk first telling Lazarus not to utter a word to any one inside, however he might be accosted. Lazarus might say what he liked to the monk himself, who seems to have been one of those monopolisers of conversation, whom we often find at dinner-tables, and who are jealous when a speech is directed otherwise than to themselves alone.

And what did Lazarus see inside the mountain? Why he saw a tall tower, and a clock, inlaid with gold, according to which it was the hour of seven. Then, again raising his eyes, he saw a majestic building, with a double steeple, very like a convent, standing in a beautiful meadow. A spring of cool water was by the convent, and around it stood a verdant wood. Then they came to a church, which was so large that Lazarus could hardly see from one end to the other, and which, according to the monk's information, contained two hundred altars, and more than thirty organs. This information was of course believed by the good-hearted Lazarus, who, had he been in London, would doubtless have received with faith the legend of "Four-and-twenty Lord Mayors' Shows all of a row." But wonders did not stop here. Sitting in a chair, in obedience to his guide's direction, he saw more than three hundred monks, old and young, come down a flight of steps, all singing the hours, with great devotion. We regret to say that they all had the bad manners to stare poor Lazarus out of countenance, as they passed by him. Mass was read at all the altars, and all the organs played at once, and other instruments chimed in, and, altogether, the like was never heard.

Now, had any of our readers stepped through a hole in a rock, and seen all this, and heard all this, he would doubtless have thought himself amply rewarded for his trouble. But our monk was an exhibitor on a grand scale, and thought he could never show enough, like one of those conscientious showmen of modern times, who will allow you to see a wax-work, a learned pig, an Indian chief, and a rattle-snake, all for a penny. He took Lazarus down a flight of eighty steps, into a large dining-hall, and gave him a repast of the usual convent diet, and a cup of wine. At the time of nones they returned to the church, which was again full, and then they strayed into the library, in which there were curious old books, written in obsolete characters, and out of the windows of which Lazarus saw several people walking about. He asked who these were, and was told by the monk that they were old emperors, kings, princes, bishops, and other people of all ranks, but all good Christians, who, in the last days, were destined to fight for the true faith.

At vespers they went again into the church; then they refreshed themselves in the convent; and then they went to the compline (second vespers). After this, a long train of monks, armed with books and lanterns, marched two and two to the high tower, by which Lazarus had entered the Untersberg. Here six doors appeared on each side, and the

monk named twelve churches in the vicinity, to which these led, viz., the church at Salzburg, that at Reichenhall, and others.

"Now," said the monk, "we are going to St. Bartholomew's, by Berchtesgaben."

Upon this, one of the doors flew open, and the whole party, Lazarus, the monk, and all, went through a fine broad passage.

"Look ye, Lazarus," said the monk, "now we are going deep under the lake."

He meant the Königssee (king's lake) by which the church of St. Bartholomew stands. There matins were sung, and the party returned. The following day was passed just in the same manner, except that the visit was paid to the cathedral at Salzburg, instead of St. Bartholomew's church.

While again in the library, they saw an emperor among the people, decked with crown and sceptre, and with a beard that reached to his waist. Lazarus was informed that this was the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. He also saw other deceased princes, and even some of his living acquaintance. One never knows the etiquette of these mysterious questions. Lazarus thought there was no great harm in asking what those living folks were about in the mountain, but the monk informed him that his question was in bad taste, and added the practical reproof of a box on the ear.

A week had been passed in this way, when the monk said, "Now, Lazarus, it is time for you to depart; but if you like to stop with us, you are at liberty so to do."

Lazarus, not being of an intrusive disposition, answered that he would rather go. Coming to the tower, he again saw the hand on the clock pointing to seven, and heard many wondrous discourses from the monk, who told him to describe all he had seen and heard, but not till thirty-five years were passed; and finally gave him his blessing.

When Lazarus returned to his home in Reichenhall, he was quite silent as to his adventure.

It is by no means certain that the emperor in the Untersberg is Frederic Barbarossa. Some give the subterranean honour to Charles V. To his beard great importance is attached, and this, according to some legends, twines *almost* three times round a marble table at which he sits. When it reaches the last corner for the third time, the day of judgment will come.

A pear-tree, which stands on the Walsersfeld, near Salzburg, and which has long been dry and withered, is made to bear reference to the legend of the emperor. This tree, according to an old prediction, will one day bear fruit again. When this happens, the enchanted emperor will leave the mountain with a troop of warriors, and a great battle will be fought for the Christian faith. Warning of this event will be given by the tree shooting forth leaves, but the fruit will be the signal for the battle, on the occasion of which, the ruler of Bavaria for the time being will hang his shield upon the tree. The fight will be most terrible, the combatants will be ankle-deep in blood, all wicked people will be killed, and the good will be saved by the giants of the Untersberg.

These giants of the Untersberg are not mere personages in a vague prophecy, to be seen some time or other. Peasants in the vicinity of Salzburg have been heard to say that they have seen such giants in their youth, and that they were beings of a very respectable sort, advising those

who met them to cultivate a virtuous life, if they would escape misfortune. There are also wild women in the Untersberg, distinguished for their beauty, who sometimes take a fancy to children, and occasionally to gentlemen of mature age. Go where you will, about the Untersberg, you knock against a wonder.

The imagination that can enlarge can also diminish, and we find in our marvellous mountain not only giants, but dwarfs—mountain manikins. In the year 1694, a certain waggoner was nearly as lucky as friend Lazarus Aizner in the discovery of curiosities. He came with a waggon-load of wine to Niederalm, a village by the Untersberg, when a manikin appeared from the mountain, and offered to give him more money for his load than he would get at Hallein, the place of his destination. The waggoner made the very reasonable excuse that the wine was ordered, but the manikin understood but little of such commercial objections, and catching hold of the horses' manes, told the waggoner that he would take him to—he would not know where.

The waggoner, frightened out of his wits, submitted to his fate, and left the guidance of the horses to the manikin, who led them nearer and nearer to the Untersberg. Then seating himself in the waggon, he fell asleep.

When he awoke, he saw before him a castle built of red and white marble, surrounded by a deep moat, and approachable by seven drawbridges. Presently he perceived also, a number of manikins, inhabitants of the castle, and among them their butler, who bore many keys, and a beard of remarkable length. Was this manikin butler the emperor in disguise? Gentle reader, we do not know. We know, however, that he was a good, hospitable fellow, for he bade the waggoner a hearty welcome. Some of the manikins led the horses to a stall, while others took the waggoner himself into a well-lighted apartment, where he was served with sumptuous fare on magnificent plate. Then he was conducted down a flight of huge steps into a most superb apartment, of which the floor was polished marble, the walls and ceiling covered with gold, and the windows crystal. In the middle of the apartment stood four colossal giants in metal, with chains upon their arms like captives, while high above them, was the figure of a mountain manikin, who held the four chains in his hand.

"Do you know the prophetic meaning of all this?" said the manikin-guide to the waggoner.

"No!" said the waggoner to the manikin-guide.

And what was the worst of it, the manikin did not enlighten him. Decidedly Lazarus Aizner's monk was worth a dozen of the waggoner's manikins.

After going through another room or two, and seeing a few more curiosities, the waggoner was conducted to a vault, where 180 dozen ducats were very handsomely paid him for his wine, with the comfortable prediction that he would always thrive in business. His horses were again put to the waggon, and as one of them happened to be blind, the manikins took a stone, which glimmered with blue and red, and restored the animal to sight; after which, they made a present of the stone to the waggoner that he might effect the like cure on the horses of his poor neighbours. He was conducted out of the castle by three persons whom he had not seen before, who wore black cloth, green velvet caps, and red

feathers, and who uttered the remarkable prophecy, that when white and red hats were in fashion, a period of general calamity would commence. Like Lazarus Aigner, the waggoner did not tell all he had seen immediately, but kept it a secret till the time of his death approached. The 180 dozen ducats neither increased nor diminished.

The manikins of the Untersberg not only receive but also pay visits. At a village wedding near Salzburg, one of them made his appearance, joined the party, danced with such grace as to win the admiration of every body, and gave three *batgen*, to the bridegroom, and as many to the bride, telling them they would be provided for as long as they lived if they put the coins with their other money. He gave three *pfennige* of similar virtue to a ferryman who rowed him from the spot, together with a little stone which was to secure him against drowning. And sure enough the ferryman afterwards tumbled into the water, and lay beneath its surface for a quarter of an hour without receiving the least damage, while his three coins multiplied so fast that in a single day he had a trough full.

These stories of the manikins, and their liberality, are closely connected with others about the enchanted treasures in the Untersberg. One of the most striking of these relates to a citizen of Salzburg, named Hans Gruber, who once eating his supper by the side of a brook near a spot called the "stone wall," saw an iron door in this wall suddenly open. A monk appeared, and asked him three times to go in, but Hans stoutly declined the invitation. The monk then offered him a gold chain which he wore upon his arm, but Hans still refused to enter the door, while at the same time he begged a link of the chain as a present. Liberality is the order of the day in the Untersberg, and the monk flung not one link, but three, which Hans caught in his hat. And lucky it was he was so expert a hand at catching, for if he had made a miss, he would never have been able to stir from the spot. At least, so said the monk. Hans just caught a glimpse of something like a new world, or some such trifle, through the door before the monk slammed it in his face, and three days afterwards was highly delighted to find his three links multiplied into three and thirty pounds of gold.

Nor was this the only adventure which befel Hans Gruber in the Untersberg. One day he came to a stone crag, from which gold-dust was falling as in a stream. Putting a pitcher underneath, he filled it with the precious metal, and on this occasion, also, saw an open door, which for a moment revealed to him a new world, illuminated by a daylight of its own.

Near the "stone wall," rendered so illustrious by the discovery of Hans Gruber, two woodmen once saw a heap of charcoal shining in the sun. As this was no spot for charcoal-burners, each of them took a few pieces as a curiosity. Passing by a pond on the way home, one of them idly flung his charcoal into the water, and did not a little regret it, for, in a moment, he saw the surface of the water glittering, as though it had been overlaid with liquid gold. The other woodman had observed this phenomenon, and prudently took his charcoal safe home; when, lo! into pure gold every bit of it was turned. The first woodman, perceiving his comrade's felicity, hurried back to the stone wall, but found in the place of the charcoal-heap, a heap of snakes, who looked upon him as indignantly as our readers will look at us, if we inflict upon them any more of the wild tales of the Untersberg.

THE ASTRONOMER'S LECTURE.

A LEGEND OF OXFORD.

BY THE REV. ANDREA DE SANTA CROCE, M.A.*

- I.
ALL Oxford gazed upon the bills!
And each man told his neighbours,
And the student laid aside his books
And the artisan his labours.
- II.
And the "boating man" gave up his oar,
And the "batting man" his cricket,
And fellows came down in cap and gown,
Every man for his ticket.
- III.
The ignorant, they went to learn,
The learned went to scoff;
One went to put his knowledge on,
And one to show it off.
- IV.
But sing, oh Muse! the cause that drew
From shops, and stalls, and attics,
The town, and members of the U-
niversity of Oxford, too,
From Greek and mathematics.
- V.
It was a lecture! one that taught
Of sun's and world's elysian!
How comets by the tail were caught
By the professor's power of thought
And telescopic vision!
- VI.
And the neighbours came accordingly,
(A long word fills my song)
They blunder up the dusty stairs,
And in the passage throng.
- VII.
All dismal was the lecture-room,
Its squalidness was shocking,
'Twas lighted by a pan of grease
And twisted cotton stocking!
- VIII.
And at the further end there rose
A scaffold like a screen,
'Twas full of chinks, and there appeared
Some feeble rays between.
- IX.
A man, I judged so by his voice,
His face we none could see,
Next came in front and made a speech
Uninterruptedly!
- How a new light dawned upon
Oxford.
- And how the same was incon-
tinentl^y followed by great and
small.
- Albeit, with divers reasons and
intentions.
- Invocation to the muse, pray-
ing for information.
- The information given, and a
hint of more information to
come.
- Result of promises which may
usually be termed "verbal
pastry."
- How science and dirtiness
may and did co-exist;
- And how light begins to dawn.
- The hero appears, or rather is
heard, and *not interrupted*.

Formerly of Brazenose College, and now Prov. Gen. of the Society of Jesus.

X.
Uninterruptedly, I say,
For he was quite at home,
He told us what the planets do,
And where the comets roam!

A fact worthy the attention of
the reformed House of Com-
mons.

XI.
He told us how the sun was round!
And made a monstrous blaze,
Whereat his hearers all agog,
Sat speechless in amaze!

Marvellous revelations which
have marvellous effects.

XII.
But when he said the moon had seas,
And many a hill and river,
Why, they took him for a conjuror,
And their flesh began to quiver!

How a philosopher is taken
for a conjuror because he was
no conjuror:

XIII.
But ah! our modern telescopes
Cut such romances shorter
We know she's but a rocky waste
Devoid of clouds and water.

But made a great mistake on
lunatic matters.

No harvest smiles. No ripening grape,
Puts forth its purple cluster,
But fierce volcanoes boil and glow,
And furnace breezes bluster.

Dismal state of affairs for the
man in the moon.

I have a notion of my own
I'll publish by-and-bye,
About the uses which the moon
Is put to, in the sky,
Besides the lighting up of Earth
In Heaven's economy.

Plan for multiplying the man
in the moon, and utilizing the
moon herself.

XVI.
I rather think the guardians
Of certain Unions here,
And many a workhouse master, too,
And many an overseer,
Will find in chaste Diana's orb
Their right and proper "sphere."

Hints from Andover and to
Somerset House.

XVII.
And since but half her silver orb*
Is known to mortal eye,
Perchance the further hemisphere
In endless calm may lie.

An astronomical fact, whereon
hangs a political and poetical
theory.

XVIII.
And there may be the fabled fields
Of Heaven that the poets sing,
And mountains rise to the dark blue skies,
And sparkling fountains spring.

Showeth how the Elysian
fields are not to be looked for
in Paris.

XIX.
And there by day and night rejoice,
The spirits of the blest;
They had trials and woe, in their life below,
But now they have peace and rest!

But in a more elevated loca-
lity.

XX.
And tears are wiped from every eye,
And they calmly wait the dawn,
When the trumpet's blare shall herald the glare
Of the resurrection morn.

And how long and pleasantly
shall

* Only one-half, and that unvarying, of the moon's globe, is visible on earth.

XXI.

And in their grand philosophy
This mighty truth they prove,
That human love and love divine
Are all the same above.

The inhabitants dwell there
in philosophic charity.

XXII.

And there—oh deeply loved ! thine own
Appointed place I see,
And the loveliest of that lovely band,
Shall yield the palm to thee.

Touching the appointment of
a queen, whom every reader
may elect for himself.

XXIII.

And they shall follow in thy train,
From dewy morn till even,
And thou shalt shine 'mid the stars divine,
Like the moon in the midnight heaven.

And if the reader be a lady,
she may place the crown on her
own brow.

XXIV.

But on the other side, methinks,
Some frightful fiends I know,
And on spits they are turning, and turning, and
In the molten lava's glow. [turning,
And a demon, in order to keep them from burning,
Who bastes them from below.

Concerning persons booked
for something uncomfortable,
and a new mode of cookery

They are foes of mine and foes of thine—
But I name them not—and why ?
Thy tears would fall on the foulest of all,
And their sorrows would pass by.

Which is not to be found in
Ude, Francatelli, or Mrs. Glasse.

XXVI.

The spits would cease their turning round,
The sulphur cease its flow,
And the demon would lay his ladle down,
And baste them no more below.

How to stop the diabolical
cookery aforesaid.

XXVII.

But nothing of this said the lecturer,
Though he lectured "like a brick,"
And had I said as much to him
He'd have called me a lunatic.

Showeth wherein the poet
and the philosopher do not
coincide.

XXVIII.

And now a secret sign he gave,
And lo ! uprose the curtain,
It seemed a much worn blanket, but
Of this I can't be certain.

Progress of the lecture and
freedom from interruptions.

XXIX.

He coughed, to clear his tuneful throat,
And, with triumphant cry,
Shouted, "Behold my grand, unique,
Transparent orrery."

Blaze of light and glory upon
an astonished audience.

XXX.

Oh ! what a grisly ring was there
Of beasts with aspect sour ;
I thought at first the brutes had 'scaped
Their dungeons in the Tower.

Zoological suspicions of pri-
soners set at liberty.

XXXI.

The Ram was like a Guernsey cow,
Which the Bull came trotting after,
Driven by the Twins—two ragged boys—
With shouts of savage laughter.

How the Bull took the Ram
for a Guernsey cow, and ran
after the same accordingly.

XXXII.

Next crawled the Crab, a hideous thing,
Like Brobdignagian spider ;
And the little Lion roared behind,
As though about to ride her.

How the Lion wanted to catch
the Crab.

- XXXIII.
To see the Virgin pained me much,
A tawdry, flaunting quean;
You would have sworn she was about
To make the signs thirteen!
- XXXIV.
Then came the Balance; right were they
To stick *that* in the sky;
For Justice long from earth has fled,
And holds her head too high!
- XXXV.
We have "actions" enough, and "suits" to spare,
In law and Chancery;
But would they not open their eyes, and stare
In Westminster Hall, or "*anywhere*,"
If you insisted on just and fair,
And *genuine* equity?
- XXXVI.
The Scorpion nervous scemed, and vexed,
A stranger to repose;
And since no other he could sting,
He tickled his own nose.
- XXXVII.
The Archer, for a centaur meant,
Half man and half a bear,
Held firm his bow against his breast,
To shoot against the air.
- XXXVIII.
And next there stood a nondescript—
He said it was a goat—
Two horns it had, like coiling ropes,
That twisted round its throat.
- XXXIX.
Then followed a black-bearded Jew,
Whose toil was somewhat vain;
He poured dry pebbles from a pot,
To represent the rain.
- Last, swam in space (though not in sauce),
Two huge outlandish fishes;
'Twould pose a cook to tell their names,
Or clap them into dishes.
- XLI.
By this tremendous circle bound,
The solar system shone—
I should have said 'twas meant to shine,
The light was almost gone.
- XLII.
The sun, by constant winding round,
Sustained a dismal fall;
From which he waddled when he moved,
Or would not move at all.
- XLIII.
Besides, some urchin with a stick
Had poked him in the face,
And showed a farthing light behind,
In tallowy disgrace.
- XLIV.
'Twas well that few who saw him knew
That hole was made in spite;
They said he'd got a shining spot;
And what they said was right.
- Sad scandal about the Virgin
Queen—no doubt, Elizabeth!
- Scales—not Alderman Scales
—shown to be in heaven!
- Libellous observations on law
and lawyers.
- Proofs that "the Scorpion
girl with fire," *does* try to blow
his nose with his tail.
- The Archer practises archery,
and shoots the *hare*.
- The "What is it," or Hervio
Nano, in the Celestial Zoologi-
cal.
- Showeth how a distinguished
member of the Hebrew persua-
sion was "dry."
- Fishes—see Taylor's adver-
tisement—but no sauce.
- How the brilliancy of Sun
and planets was obscured,
- And by what means.
- But how "a loophole" was left
for the light to come through.
- Innocence and simplicity of
an Oxford auditory.

XLV.

And Mercury was just as bad,
If truth I must declare;
I know not if he once was round;
But now—he was worn square!

Great fall in the mercury—
betokening a storm.

XLVI.

Her beauty much could Venus boast;
She flopped all to and fro,
With dirty spots upon her face,
As black as any crow!

Showeth how wrong Paris was
in his judgment. Modern Paris
preferred Madame Junot, and
made her Duchess of Abrantes.

XLVII.

Next came the Earth, stuck on a skewer,
The which about she spun—
Oh dear! what creaking noise she made
While grinding round the Sun?

Noticeth a small planet in
which we all have a small stake.

XLVIII.

The Moon, unlike the jolly face
In learned Moore you find,
Looked somewhat grim,—and I suspect
One of her eyes was blind.

More about the Moon.

XLIX.

But be this as it may, the next
Was Mars, in proper station,
Who glowed as red as an alderman
In a city inflammation.

Libels the Court of Aldermen.

Poor Jupiter, in rolling on
Too fast, his moons had lost;
They stuck against an ugly post,
Which had their orbit crossed!

Showeth how Jove lost his
followers.

I never knew he was a shot,
Yet shot-belt had he on,
But 'twas so old and full of holes
That all the shot was gone!

And how his claim to be a
shooting star was like to be dis-
allowed.

Next glimmered Saturn, his vast ring
Was all besmeared with black
I wonder if the cause is named
In that year's almanac?

How Saturn wore a mourning
ring, perhaps for the loss of
"Time."

LIII.

The little distant Georgian star
Like little Jacky Horner,
Amused himself by looking out
From his snug and quiet corner.

A simile, with the Christmas-
pie left out.

LIV.

A comet must not be forgot,
Who left his tail behind,
And wandered about to find it out
But no tail could the comet find.

A celestial O'Connell looking
after his tail.

LV.

Those were the good old days, and slow
Was change in earth or heaven;
We reckoned our metals and planets alike
And the number of each was seven!

Advantages of the good old days
before upstart planets claimed

LVI.

Now with our mighty telescopes
We sweep the hemisphere,
And a new comet every week
And twenty planets a year.

Independence — days now
passed away for ever.

LVII.

Proud of the show, and ready primed
With poetry and prose,
The astronomer resumed his flight,
An owl among the crows!

How the philosopher philosophised.

LVIII.

He sung how fust 'twas jumble all,
Earth, water, mixed together,
Spread out beneath the sun like soup,
Or a sea of liquid leather!

Speaketh about soup, "*le potage ne se remplace pas,*" vide Carte—Moreau, Palais Royal.

LIX.

How from the mass huge globes shot off
At once in wild commotion,
And light arose amid the storm,
And flashed upon the ocean!

Teaches the use of the globes,
and digresses to lighthouses.

How those who had an eye might see
(If any then had eyes)
A thousand suns resplendent burn,
A thousands systems rise.

Optics, opticians, and oculists.

LXI.

How Earth was stored with boundless good,
Rich vales and sparkling fountains,
Birds flew to fill the groves with song,
Beasts came to roam the mountains:

Golden age of which poets write.

LXII.

The fish swam gaily through the seas,
Bright insects sipped the flowers,
And man had empire over all—
Endowed with godlike powers.

Turned into a brazen age by man!

LXIII.

He sang that though heaven's arch was vast,
And awful to behold,
And brightly spangled every night
With suns of molten gold,

Showeth the effect of Lord Roese's grand telescope.

LXIV.

Yet still that equal wonder lies
In things minute on earth;
That nature teems with various life,
And scarce discovered birth.

And of the oxy-hydrogen microscope.

LXV.

That microscopic aid reveals,
New worlds in every rose,
In every gem that studs the leaf,
In every flower that blows.

Pointing out the animalcule in the rose-leaf.

LXVI.

The mite is not surpassing large,
His bristles somewhat small;
Yet when he scratches one of these
A thousand cities fall.

And the mite populous in Cheshire.

LXVII.

Earthquakes and mite-quakes thus may be
Proportionately right;
One clears base vermin from the globe—
The other from the mite!

A shrewd conclusion as to South-American population!

LXVIII.

He sang—but what I cannot tell—
I started at the sound
Of the audience struggling to get out,
Through darkness most profound!

How the whole terminated in darkness!

THE PEARL FISHERY.

PART OF THE OUT-STATION ; OR, JAUNTS IN
THE JUNGLE.

BY J. WILLYAMS, GRYLLS, Esq.

I HAD long looked forward with a large stock of anticipated delight to the coming of my "tour" of duty to accompany the detachment annually sent for the protection of the oysters at Aripo, the scene of the pearl fishery, in the northern part of Ceylon ; and tremendously Cleopatra-ish were the ideas my simplicity had imbibed of the profusion of pearls with which every spare receptacle I possessed was to be loaded on my return to head-quarters. How far my expectations were realised may be conjectured, in some measure, by the assurance on my part that, rather than undergo such an ordeal again, I would comfortably sit myself down and behold, with the most genuine unconcern, all the oysters that dwell beneath the waters under the earth deliberately walk from their deep sea home, and incontinently cast their pearly treasures into the face of each individual "swine" in Christendom, before I would budge one inch in the direction of Aripo, to avert such a precious calamity, or such a porcine insult.

Beginning with starvation, succeeded by shipwreck, and concluded by a fever, two months of my life were victimised for the sake of these ungrateful shell-fish, of which months the reader shall have a passing view, lest he, too, in some unguarded hour, should be tempted to risk his life and health by a voluntary visit to the Sierra Leone of Ceylon.

It was ten o'clock, on a very dark night, that saw me, accompanied by a brother officer and thirty men of Ceylon rifles, safely lodged on board a schooner bespoken for our voyage to Aripo ; the time of accomplishing which journey was supposed to occupy about two days at the utmost ; and at eleven o'clock we were going through the water gloriously ; although, apparently, directly into an American whaler that was lying at anchor in unconscious innocence just a-head of us. In another second there was a crash, but immediately after away we went again, rather curiously decorated with a flying jib-boom and its appendages, doing duty at our foremast-head for a pendant. The Yankees had not observed us, so we made ourselves as happy under the circumstances as we could. It was about two hours afterwards that we were alarmed by some hideous shouts, apparently issuing from the sea under our taffrail, as, the wind having died away, we were slowly progressing through the water, which presently manifested their origin in a boat-load of Yankees, come to look after their missing jib-boom. It soon became a matter of difference of opinion between their boat's crew and myself as to whether we should "back our fore-topsail," and let them overhaul us or not, and considering it afforded a special demonstration of my juvenile valour (being then hardly eighteen) and of displaying it to the troops in charge, I soon had thirty rifles, with bayonets fixed on deck, to dispute any interference with the "oyster guard," whose honour, as forming a part of her majesty's service, I felt

myself bound to protect ; so that the reader will not wonder, that, when the Yankee mate had reached the main-channels of our vessel and got a footing there, he dropped "like a hot potato" back again into his own boat, and gave orders for an instant retreat ; whilst we, catching at the moment the land wind, which then came off shore, toddled away like a crab in a hurry, making two miles to leeward to every one we made a-head. We did not know this at the time, fortunately. I say *fortunately*, as, had we been aware of it, we might have prevented it, and thus have come in for an action for damages laid at our door for a forcible expulsion of our midnight visitors, who, after waiting ten days for us, and then feeling satisfied we had gone to the bottom (at which, no doubt, they were almost as delighted as if they had secured their damages), thought it no use wasting any more time, and left the case till they should revisit the island—when I hope they may get it.

Awaking at daylight next morning, great was the surprise of every one to find himself out of sight of land !—On we went, all through the day, yet no shore became visible. At last, it was supposed we had got round Cape Comorin, and were drifting off into the South Pacific ; a very pleasant prospect for a Christian with two days' provisions on board ! On the following morning we were exactly in the same predicament ; and, to make matters worse, at noon one of those intense, breathless, calms came on, that one sees nowhere but in the tropics, stagnant and death-like,—whilst the rays of the sun, from overhead, came down with the intensity of being concentrated into a focus ; actually boiling up the tar between the deck planks, and flaying the skin completely off our faces and arms, it being impossible to go below, and equally impossible to bear any thing in the shape of clothing (except necessaries), on account of the scorching sultriness of the atmosphere.

Not a breath of wind is stirring,
Dread the hush as of the grave—
In the weary waste of waters,
Not the lifting of a wave !

Our crew consisted of the captain, a seaman, and a boy ; and on the evening of the second day, the latter was seized with cholera. He lived in tortures for about twelve hours, and as soon as the breath was out of his body (cholera then becoming infectious), we fastened a bolt of pig-iron to his corpse, and launched him over the gangway. In a second, the water that had been so deadly calm before, was broken into a perfect whirlpool of foam, and the sharp dorsal fins of a wilderness of sharks, fighting for the prize, soon pointed out to us the dead boy's destiny.

In the morning of that day, the soldiers had, of their own accord, put themselves on quarter rations of rice,—there was no want of water at present ; but as for the commissariat of my brother-officer and myself, it had entirely vanished ; leaving us only a pound or two of brown sugar, and a bottle of pickled onions to live on, till we were rescued from our present position.

It was now apparently a matter of difficulty to work the ship with so few hands ; and I was not a little surprised when the native officer of the men with me, came up and informed me that at least twenty out of the thirty soldiers on board were as much in their element afloat as on

the parade-ground, having been pirates in the Straits of Malacca during their earlier years! Only too glad to secure their continued good-will and allegiance, I let them take the helm, make sail, and manage the vessel; and if they had not done so, Heaven only knows what would have been our end.

As soon as our funeral was over (and a most unceremonious one it was), we had a puff of wind (enough to keep up the favourite superstition of sailors) but at night it died away again, and two days and nights had elapsed, lingering into the grave of Time, spent by all in an agony of suspense, starvation, and pain, before a black cloud burst over us, and cooled our burning and bursting veins; during this time the men had about three thimblesful of boiled rice each day, whilst we tasted nothing but the brown sugar and pickles.

It was now the fifth day, and things were beginning to assume a most serious aspect; so, holding a council of war, we determined to turn the vessel's head directly north, and the first land we saw to run for; then, disembarking with loaded rifles, to plunder the place of all that was to be found therein, and having found out our locality, to put to sea again.

At last the south-west monsoon began to creep towards us over the waters, till, catching our sails, we ran along before it at the rate of about six knots an hour. At noon there was a cry from the foretop-mast-head of "land right ahead!" and in half an hour every man was on deck and accoutred in readiness for an expedition. The land lay so exceedingly low that at the time it was first seen we must have been within six miles of it, and as we neared it quickly and silently, not a breath or sound was heard on deck from a man on board; each stood fixed and noiseless as a statue, straining his eyes to catch the sight of a dwelling, or any living thing, but in vain.

A sharp, harsh grating, as if our chain cable had run out by accident, a fearful shock, and a rush of waves astern, was the event of a moment, and we were stranded on a coral reef! Luckily, we had one nutshell of a boat, which was at once got out, and the land being little more than a mile ahead, the first party pulled off for it. At times I could see them get out of the boat on to the reef, and lift her over the shallows (so little water was there on their summit), and as they lowered her again she would be in forty or fifty fathoms. We soon ascertained our position to be such that it was impossible for us to sink; we had run into a perfect channel,* or bed of coral, to the whole length of our keel, so it was one comfort to know that we might yet live to be hanged, although our chance of getting off, after the plunder that we anticipated, was most completely knocked in the head.

After landing the men in six journeys, I found myself on shore, on a low sandy island, covered with a few shrubs only, and which might have been circumambulated in a quarter of an hour. This was another poser, for had it been one of the Cannibal Islands themselves, I doubt if the adage of "dog not eating dog" would be longer tenable, nor would I have given much for the pickings of his Majesty's bones after we had been allowed a first attack on him. Taking my gun, I commenced a survey, sending the men in all directions to hunt for any living thing they might find. At last I discovered a house in the very centre of the island, and

made my way straight for it; but on arriving at it, found it was only a temple, most probably erected by some shipwrecked fishermen or sailors out of the coarse timber of their wreck, &c., and after feeling the images carefully, to ascertain if they might chance to be constructed of any thing edible (how we wished even to find a gingerbread idol amongst them; wouldn't we have gobbled down his godship?) we took our departure in sorrow and despair.

Two very lean sparrows flitted across my path, but they looked so wretchedly poor that I let them depart in peace.

On arriving at the beach where we had landed, I was nonplussed by observing all the Malays stretched out in skirmishing order along the shore on their hands and knees, and apparently digging some treasures from under the sand, which operation was presently elucidated by observing several forage caps full of *cockles* by the sides of some of the soldiers. As the landing from the ship had taken up many hours, it was now beginning to grow dark, so the bugle sounded the retreat, and every man brought in his cap, handkerchief, and hands, full of these shellfish (not a man, I firmly believe, having himself eaten one, until his share was afterwards doled out to him) and having piled them in a heap on the sand, the men formed a circle around, and chaunted a hymn to ALLAH, before commencing the repast.

The moon had risen above the waters in one round ball of fire, apparently of double the size that it appears in our own hemisphere, and as its beams fell on the white sails of the stranded ship in the distance, and illumined our shipwrecked group in their adoration to the Prophet, it left an impression on my mind that a thousand years of earthly vicissitudes could never efface. I could not help imagining, however, how different might probably have been the scene, had I been thrown in such a situation with the denizens of more civilised nations, with whom, I am much inclined to believe, Allah would have been far less noticed than the cockles, and when again, I fear, it might have been said with truth, "There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." For the following two days and a half I was as staunch a Mahomedan (barring the giving up wine) as ever dreamt of the black eyes of a *hourri*.

The hymn over, the men were ranged in a row, and about a quart of cockles dealt out to each. (I see, my dear reader, you are dying to perpetrate a pun, and to affirm that there could be no more appropriate food for "muscle-men" than cockles); and for my own part, I candidly own to have never enjoyed a repast so deliciously as I did that hateful of raw shell-fish, every one of which was swallowed alive of course, after being wrenched open by being placed back to back with his neighbour and slightly twisted round, a proceeding that at once revealed the plump interior of both at the same time.

We had brought a large barrel of water ashore with us, so, having made the most sumptuous repast we had tasted for many a day, we were proceeding to lose sight of our troubles in sleep, when the cry of "a sail" brought us at once to our feet again, and sure enough our hymn was not unheeded, for scarcely three miles off was a schooner scudding past the island at the rate of six or seven knots an hour! In a second I had the rifles, which were already loaded, unplied, and, at the word of command,

thirty reports rang simultaneously through the still night air, followed by a cheer that might vie in extent of sound with the preceding explosion, and which we soon had the unspeakable gratification of seeing answered by a blue light on board. Continuing to fire off rifles at intervals, we gave notice of where we were located, and the schooner having come as close to the land as she safely could, sent a boat on shore to see who we were, and what was the matter.

She proved to have been one of the last vessels that had proceeded upwards with troops, now on her return, but so devotedly were we all engaged with our treat at the time she was passing, that it was next to a miracle she had not sailed by unnoticed. We moreover learnt that we were on one of those very small islands at the head of the Gulf of Manarr, and not six hours' sail from our destination. As it was too late to embark at once, owing to the dangerous nature of the coast and our ignorance of the tides, we waited until daylight before the first boat-load put off, and at 10 A.M. we were on our way once more to the fishery, leaving the *Bassin Merchant* (for such was the title of the tub that had got us into this scrape), on the reef; but whether the "merchant" ever resumed business, or became a bank-(of coral)rupt, I neither know nor care.

At five that evening we were received in the open arms of our more fortunate comrades, who had long given us up as having gone to the bottom, and the feeling of delight at our preservation was such as I never saw equalled; the English soldiers vying with the Malays as to who could show most attention to the rescued riflemen, and if the seductive voice of John Bull, in proffer of his wine-cup that night, *did* cause certain transgressions of the commands of "Allah," all I can say is, that Allah must be a much more unforgiving and stubborn old deity than I take him for, if he did not forgive the offence in respect of the occasion.

Reader, my good fellow, would you enjoy a dinner in perfection?—if so, I'll give you a never failing receipt, viz., lock yourself up for a week with a quart bowl of brown sugar and a jar of pickled onions as your sole companions, and if on the seventh day you don't become aware of the enjoyment of a Christian-like feed, all I can say is that you will be a great deal better out of this world than in it. But now for the oysters.

From the dirty little village of Aripo (which is only populated, I believe, during the pearl fishery, and which seems to be founded entirely upon monstrous oyster shells), about two hundred boats start out to sea every morning, each boat carrying two divers, two assistants, and a Malay rifleman, with loaded arms, to protect the oysters from being robbed of their treasures before they have reached the shore. When this fleet has arrived at its destination, about four miles from land, the diving commences; and as there is always an armed vessel stationed in the neighbourhood for the protection of the oyster beds, a person may look on from under an awning therein, and enjoy the whole scene in a very *dolce far niente* sort of way.

To enable the divers to reach the bottom of the sea, which is from ten to twenty fathoms in depth where the oysters are found, a long rope is woven round a pulley at each boat's cross-trees, to the end of which is attached a large stone, weighing two or three hundred weight; this stone is poised over the side of the boat, and the diver standing upon it, and taking with him a basket (also attached on board by a rope), gives the word

to "let go," and at once sinks with the stone to the bottom. This is again wound up, and the diver is left below to scrape as many oysters as he can into the basket during his submarine sojourn. When this is accomplished, he loosens his hold of the rock or sea-weed that he had clung on to below with one hand whilst he filled the hamper with the other, and immediately shooting up to the surface is again taken on board, the hamper or basket full of oysters being hauled up at the same time. Then the second diver goes down, and so it goes on till 4 o'clock P.M., when the boats return with their freights.

Being personally acquainted with the gentleman who had the management of the fishery in the year I was stationed there, I used, when off duty, to go out in the government boat, which was fitted up with every convenience in the way of awnings, &c., and taking every necessary luxury with me, in addition to a diver, I divided the day between feasting and hunting for pearls in the oysters which were brought up by this man especially for my own use, and many a lucky prize I sometimes came across.

When the fishery was nearly over for the day, we used to give prizes to the man who would remain longest under water, and on one occasion I knew a man to remain below for *one minute and fifty-eight seconds*, but he was so exhausted when he reached the top, that it was a long time before he could be brought to.

All these divers were Malabars, and brought up to the habit of diving from their infancy, so I doubt if they are to be surpassed anywhere, although I well remember reading, in my younger days, in a standard work which, I believe, was an "Encyclopedia" in about thirty volumes, that it was usual for pearl divers to remain *twenty minutes* under water without inconvenience! an assertion that, for the benefit of others who may be impressed with the same idea imbibed from the same source, I should wish the promulgator to be requested to prove in his own person. What makes me so well remember the circumstance, was my standing out at the time, single-handed, in all the obstinacy of ten summers, against the "Encyclopedia," on the point; a piece of temerity that was chastised by a two hours' earlier dose of bed than usual, to my utter disgust.

As soon as the boats are sufficiently loaded with oysters, a sailing match takes place for the shore among them, and a very good idea of a monster regatta it gives one. The troops on duty are now drawn out on the beach, to see that the oysters are not appropriated by any one, before being sold by auction, or placed in the government store. This is a large quadrangular space, guarded by four lofty walls; the floor being an inclined plane, intersected with numerous gutters, through which small streams of water are continually running from a reservoir in which the oysters, not sold by auction, are placed to rot and open.

As soon, however, as the oysters have been landed, as many as possible are put up in small lots and sold; and a very amusing part of the business it constituted, being a complete lottery, as one might purchase five pounds worth of oysters without being recompensed by a single pearl, whilst the private soldier investing his penny or twopence in the purchase of half a dozen, might find a prize valuable enough to purchase his discharge, and keep him in clover for the remainder of his existence. I recollect one man (an English corporal) coming to me with a pearl he had extracted from his

pennyworth of oysters, which was as large as a cherry-stone, and for which he asked me five shillings. As I believed I could get the owner at least 500*l.* for it, I persuaded him to forthwith accompany me to a pearl merchant in the bazaar, who, on examining it, offered forty rupees (4*l.*) for it. Unfortunately, it was a black, discoloured, pearl, although perfectly round. Had it been white and transparent, he said he would have caught at it for 10,000 rupees (1000*l.*), so much depends on the shape and transparency of a pearl in its value.

But determined to make a profit or loss in our own private dealings, each officer might be seen sitting outside his barrack-room every morning with about a couple of hundred oysters piled on one side of him, and a bucket of water on the other, backing his lot, to the amount of his day's pay, to contain more pearls than that of his neighbour, while the witnessing the avidity with which every one wrenched open his oyster in hopes of treasure was most amusing.

Formerly the government used to keep all these oysters itself, and have them opened in the store by men chosen on purpose, instead of selling them by auction; but these fellows got so expert, that even although they were closely watched, they would manage to jerk a pearl from the oyster-shell into their mouths without being detected, and swallow it; a proceeding, however, if discovered, that entailed a very summary mode of punishment under the hands of a native doctor. The oysters that are not now sold are placed into the reservoir before-mentioned that stands in the store, and here they die and open of themselves. The pearls then immediately drop from them, and are carried by the water continually flowing through the reservoir into the gutters, until they are caught by a small gauze network, through which the water passes, leaving the pearls behind, and they are then picked up in large quantities. Very few of these pearls, I understand, are sent home, all finding a sale on the coast of India, among the richer class of natives.

When the fishery is about half over, the nuisance commences. All the oysters that have been placed in the government store to open, begin to putrify under the rays of a burning sun, and the stench surpasses any pestilence ever inflicted on the earth. Then commences fever, cholera, dysentery, and all the concomitant ills of foul air, filth, and heat. For miles and miles in the jungle will the disgusting effluvia be carried in the direction of the wind, and to prevent being too nearly exposed to it, the barracks are situated at a distance of two miles from the place, yet even there it is at times intolerable, particularly at night. Had the oysters been eatable, we might have assisted to lessen the number left to decay, but they never are eaten by natives or English, being very dissimilar to our own oysters, and few of them being smaller than a dessert-plate, so that one oyster, if a man were bold enough to make a trial, would make half a dozen *patés*, or an entire "scallop" of itself.

Our mess-room consisted of a tent erected on the sands, not at a great distance from the surf; and there being a tolerable supply of game in the neighbourhood, no sooner was the arduous morning occupation of pearl-hunting over, than an early "tiffin" would follow, and every one would sallie forth in pursuit of adding some little delicacy to our table in the evening.

But, talking of delicacies!—I made a discovery there, that had I done the

same at home, and been born a cook instead of an ensign, Carême himself would have done homage to me.

It happened one day, after having been out and finding nothing for several hours, that on tumbling up some rocks to get a good view of the sea, I came upon an animal never encountered before in all my excursions, and which, at first, rather astonished me. The first thing I did was to drop in a bullet over the shot already in the gun, and shoot him. On coming up to the animal, I found, to my horror, that I had shot my own crest (a most unlucky omen, I should fancy), and a "Porcupine," in all the fretfulness of a hundred quills, lay dead before me. However, I absolved my conscience for the murderous deed, by considering what an appropriate addition it would make, after being stuffed, to a family lobby; and advanced to lift him up to carry home for this purpose, a proceeding I found easier to imagine than to perform; until, by tying his legs together, and in this way slinging him across my gun, I managed to get along pretty comfortably, with the exception of a sharp prick or two now and then.

It was under these circumstances that I unluckily fell in with a large shooting party, and my staggering along with a porcupine on my shoulders formed a source of caricatures and jokes that never left me whilst I remained in the island. A luminous idea now struck me, that, instead of having him stuffed, I would most decidedly eat him (metamorphosing him from *stuffée* to *stuffer*), so ensconcing myself in a quiet nook of the Jungle, I soon stripped him of his quills, and having gained the cook's affection by a present of two rix-dollars, we put him into a pie, and served him up that night at mess! I had the "helping" it, and passed it off as veal-pie (as it most resembled that in appearance), and all I know is, that I began to be very much afraid I should have none left for myself, as every body present became a customer; at last, I did secure a morsel, and nothing more exquisitely delicious did I ever taste in my life—so excellent was it, that had there been a pie apiece, I believe they would have all been demolished—for the major, who was our commandant, and a great gourmand, immediately asked the mess-cook where he got his meat, which worthily immediately pointed at me, and said, "G——, saib, give it, present."

Of course every one looked to me for an explanation; as, how I could get better veal than any one else was a mystery. I then told the party that it was "the porcupine;" and never shall I forget the horror depicted in most of their faces: some turned as pale as ghosts, and yelled for *petits verres* of cognac, whilst others tried to laugh at and disbelieve it. However, so excellent was it, that I was determined, if possible, to have another pie, and the next day I found a nest of porcupines in the neighbourhood of the scene of the former one's destruction; and although, on the second production of the dish, I was only joined in the delicacy by a very "green" ensign, still, before a fortnight was over, one by one became a convert, and "G——'s dish," or "porcupine pie," got to such a premium—the demand exceeding the supply—that the animals became exhausted; and no more "materials" could be got within a dozen miles, the "fretful" animal having become, no doubt, too "crusty" to show out with only the prospect of a pie before him.

I here had an opportunity, one morning, of practically deciding the truth of the opposite theories, entertained by the celebrated

Buffon and the showman of Bartholomew fair notoriety,* as to the power of the porcupine of harpooning a distant object with his quills; and I would just as soon stand as target for a toxophilite society, as I would before a society of porcupines, barring the distance. A brother-officer of mine had a spaniel completely transfixed with a porcupine's quill; and, although I did not personally see the quill shot, I saw the dog lying dead in the same place that it was shot at, with the quill driven about eight inches in, behind the shoulder, and completely drilling a hole through the heart, as it afterwards proved on dissecting the dog. It was perfectly impossible that the quill could have been thus forced into the body of the dog without being shot at him with very considerable force; and my friend, who was close by the animal at the moment, asserted that the dog was at least a couple of feet off from the porcupine at the time, and that three or four quills flew off in different directions at the same instant. As this is a matter finding more infidels and heretics than true believers, I have thus particularised it, and am ready to uphold my case (by "y" wagger of battell") if he chooses with any sceptical heathen in Christendom.

The country in the vicinity of Aripo was flat and uninteresting, although in penetrating it to the extent of two or three miles there was no lack of game, such as hares, partridges, snipes, &c. Crocodiles poked their noses out of every pool one came across, but they would never attack one, and if a shot was sent at their heads they would merely disappear altogether until the danger was passed. Tortoises in dozens used to cross our path, but they were very small and perfectly useless. A few miles further inland is a celebrated monkey territory, where the tribe grow to a larger size than anywhere else, and where a story is told, and I believe truly, of a certain functionary in the island who had the misfortune to fire at one of the animals in hope of carrying home his carcase to be stuffed. He had no sooner fired than the whole forest rang with the most heart-piercing cries, and in a very short space of time he saw an army of monkeys, some standing nearly five feet in height, arrayed against him, whilst some attended to the wounded brother. Of course he lost no time in beating a retreat, but was soon overtaken by the exasperated animals, one of whom walked deliberately up to him and took away his gun, and having thus punished him, allowed him to depart in a whole skin, which was more than he deserved, for there is something so cold-blooded, so useless, so uncalled for a slaughter of the prototype of man in a poor defenceless monkey, that a person ought at least to be *half* hanged for such an act. If you happen to know any Ceylon man, my dear reader, mention the story to him, and he will tell you the person's name—if you are inquisitive.

The oysters at last coming to an end, or, being tired of a game at which there was no reciprocal fun, having issued marching orders to all that survived, the place is again deserted by every one except the troops, who remain till the last captured oyster is thoroughly decomposed, and then in

* For the benefit of the reader unacquainted with the view of the case held by this worthy, it may be as well to set it forth in his own eloquent and expressive words. Speaking of the porcupine he is showing, he says, "Buffon says the little animal shoots his quills; but Buffon is a fool and a liar. He no more shoots his quills than I my arms nor legs."

case they (the troops) are not in the same state themselves, are permitted to quit the scene until their tour of duty comes round again; but as soon as the fishery is over the most dangerous time begins, for the putridity of millions upon millions of oysters impregnates the air to such a degree, that I would defy the most obstinate limpet that ever clung on to a rock to escape going into hospital, owing to the effluvia. Men drop dead on duty from its effects—shrubs are entirely withered, and, as in

• The Dead Sea air,
• Nothing lives that enters there;—

Consequently, whilst yet it wanted a week or ten days to the expected recall of the troops, I found myself carried over the waves in one of the native catamarans in the direction of home, with as respectable a specimen of a typhus fever on me as one might be contented with for the remainder of his life; and after having undergone three months' suspension between two worlds, my ghost was at length allowed to revisit the mess-room of the regiment, where, by dint of making itself perfectly at home, it in time assumed a more tangible and corporeal substance, which, it is happy to say, it now enjoys, and means to retain as long as it possibly can.

And now, my dear reader, our "Jaunts" are at an end for the present, at all events. If you have been enduring enough to accompany me throughout, I fear you must be getting weary of the jungle, and anxious to leave its wilds for more refreshing and civilised scenes, so I will have mercy on you and let you go.

Should you, however, still feel inclined to keep me company through similar scenes, or over the less romantic plains of Hindostan, I am sure you have merely to hint your wish to "our Editor," who will, doubtless, forthwith issue a general order commanding a compliance with your request.

But I cannot help wishing that you had *corporeally*, as well as mentally, accompanied me on these "Jaunts in the Jungle," for two reasons, charitable and selfish.

In the former case you would be, wise as you may be now, a far wiser man; nor would you be so incredulously inclined to put down every extraordinary fact, of which you may not have been yourself a witness, as being but the result of man's inventive faculties;—whilst in the latter case, I (delicious idea!) can picture the seductive billet-doux you would forthwith despatch, insisting, when I came that way, of my sharing your "potage," and passing an opinion on "that particular bin of extraordinarily old port," over which, as we toasted our toes before a Christmas fire, ere adjourning to music and muslin, we might recount all our escapes, re-slay half our victims, and thank Heaven that we were now left safe and sound to tell the tale, still possessing the *mens sana in corpore sano*, the energies of youth in an unscathed frame, and attributing thereof the cause that—

We've trusted aye to Providence,
And sae will we yet!

HISTORY OF BARBADOS.*

Aspect of the Island—Springs and Rivers—Climate—Thunder-storms, Water-spouts, and Whirlwinds—Hurricanes—Connexion of Hurricanes with Earth-quakes and Volcanic Action—Insect Pests—The Sugar Ant—The Chigo—Geology of Barbados—A raised-up Mass of Coral—Rocks composed of the Siliceous Shields of Microscopic Animals—Civil and Social State—Narrative of Events—Sugar Question.

THE "History of Barbados" would appear to be an object of interest chiefly to those who are attached to that small island by birth, by ties of blood, or otherwise. The rose or the violet growing in his own garden, has more charms for him who raised it, than the stately palm in the princely conservatory; and thus it is in history: the incidents which occur in our birth-place create a higher interest than the great events in neighbouring countries, though forming an epoch in the history of empires.

But this is not the case in the present instance. The "History of Barbados" is by no means barren of events which have materially affected the British empire. It was there and in St. Christopher's that England founded its first colonies in the southern part of America: it was there that the first sugar-cane was planted upon the soil of the British dominions; it was there that many of those attached to the royal cause, during England's civil wars, sought and found an asylum, until the chivalric opposition of this small spot to the mandates of Cromwell roused his ire and vengeance. Nor is this all. If the navigation-laws led to England's supremacy on the seas, this small island was the cause that conduced to their adoption.

Barbados is the most windward, or the most eastern of the group of islands which are known to English geographers under the name of the Carribee Islands. Its name is curiously enough derived from the number of a species of fig-tree, from the branches of which great mats of twisted fibrous roots hang down, and which were compared by the Portuguese to luxuriant beards (Barbudos). It is quite erroneous to say that no mention of this island occurs prior to 1600, Sir Robert Schomburgk has shown that it is met with, under the name of Barudodo, in the map of the world by Michaelis Tramezini, in 1554, and there is great probability that it was known as early as 1518. The island forms a kind of irregular triangle nearly twenty-one English miles long, and fourteen in width. It approximates, indeed, closely, both in size and shape, to the Isle of Wight. It is almost encircled by coral reefs, and, although the shore rises boldly to a height of from thirty to fifty feet on the northern point, generally we find long lines of sandy beaches, which are only protected against the encroachments of the sea by coral reefs. Mount Hillaby, the highest elevation, is a few feet more than 1140 feet above the sea.

The ground rises from the west or leeward coast in very distinct successive terraces, to the central ridge, and these terraces are interrupted by ravines, called gullies in the island. If we turn to the east, an aspect of a quite different nature presents itself; we see before us a mountainous country in miniature; hills of a conical form radiate from the central

* The "History of Barbados;" comprising a Geological and Statistical Description of the Island; a Sketch of the Historical Events since the Settlement, and an Account of its Geology and Natural Productions. By Sir Robert H. Schomburgk, Ph. D. Longman and Co.

ridge, and chiefly from Mount Hillaby in a north-eastern direction towards the sea-shore, and their sides are rugged and worn by the heavy rains and mountain torrents. This district has been represented as similar to the Alpine country of Scotland; which name has been adopted for it. One of the most picturesque sites in this region, is the parish church of St. John's, which is built only a few yards removed from a precipitous cliff, at a height of 823 feet above the sea, and stands boldly out in relief: a solitary palm-tree, the emblem of Christian faith overtowering it.

There is not a superabundance of water in Barbados. A few streamlets have been honoured with the high-sounding names of rivers. There are also subterranean channels, and water is readily obtained by sinking wells, even on the sea-shore; but the inhabitants have to have recourse to rain-water, collected in the cavities and basin-like hollows of calcareous and coralline rocks lined with clay. There are, also, chalybeate waters, as at Vaughan's, Spa, and Cheltenham. The "boiling spring" is considered one of the greatest natural curiosities of Barbados. It is a small cavity not more than two feet in diameter, from which an inflammable gas escapes, which, on the application of a flame, burns with a pure whitish light. If the shallow excavation is filled up with water, the gas passing through it gives it the appearance of boiling, without any real change of temperature. There are, also, springs of petroleum, or mineral tar, which is much used for domestic and medical purposes.

Barbados is considered one of the most wealthy of the West Indian islands, yet its climate presents remarkable variations. The month of January is one of the most delightful in the year. It is generally dry, the sky is of a deep azure, and the breeze, which sets in at an early hour, seldom allows the thermometer to rise above 81 deg. Fahr. February partakes of the same character; occasional showers refresh the air, and the thermometer ranges from 71 deg. to 82 deg. March is dry. The thermometer ranges from 72 deg. to 83 deg., and slow nervous fevers set in towards the end of it. In April, dry warm weather prevails; but occasional showers refresh the air. The commencement of May is dry and warm, but towards the latter end frequent showers fall, and heavy rains set in. In June, the clouds are heavy; lightning, followed by thunder, sets in, with frequent showers. Bilious and putrid fevers begin to manifest themselves. In July, vast masses of clouds rise on the horizon, and bring in their train severe lightning, followed by loud peals of thunder: rain descends at times in torrents: the heat and stillness of the air are quite oppressive: the thermometer ranges from 76 deg. to 86 deg.: dysenteries become more frequent, and are sometimes epidemical. August is not so wet: southerly winds, if there be any breeze, prevail. September is very wet. Dysentery and slow fevers continue. The thermometer varies between 77 deg. and 85 deg. October is still wet and sultry, but towards the middle it becomes drier, and refreshing breezes generally set in after thunder-storms, and gradually close the rainy season. In November, the air becomes cooler, but heavy rains fall occasionally, and dysentery and catarrhal fevers still prevail. The last month of the year partakes much of the first. The brisk and cool winds from the north-east render it healthy, but it has been known some seasons to rain every day, more or less.

The greatest and most unenviable peculiarities of Barbados are the frequency and the variety of the devastating meteorological phenomena

for which it is so pre-eminently famed. "There is," says Sir Robert Schomburgk, "no other island in the West Indian Archipelago where thunder-storms are so frequent and attended by so much damage as in Barbados." The quantity of accumulated electricity that is evolved during these storms may be imagined when in one instance (July 11th, 1819) the lightning killed nine persons and wounded eighty-two.

Water-spouts are also frequent during the hot months in the latitude of Barbados. They seldom pass over the land; but when such an event happens, they mark the line of their alarming progress by uprooting trees, unroofing buildings, and sucking up the water from the reservoirs over which they pass. Whirlwinds are more frequent, especially during the months of August and September, when the sultry state of the atmosphere seems to develop more rapidly the causes in which they originate.

But the devastating power of water-spouts and whirlwinds combined are to be met with in the hurricane, which Sir Robert designates as "the most awful of Nature's phenomena." Sir Robert enumerates in his detailed and comprehensive work 127 hurricanes that have ravaged the West Indies from the year 1494 to 1846, or in a period of 352 years. The months in which they most commonly occur are in August, September, and October. While the originating cause of hurricanes is unknown, it appears from a variety of observations that their analogy with whirlwinds is beyond doubt. Sir Robert agrees with Colonel Reid and others in attesting to the wind gyrating round a centre. The extraordinary quantity of electricity evolved during these violent convulsions is equally satisfactorily demonstrated. The accounts of the great hurricanes in Barbados prove in every instance upon record the existence of large masses of electricity. Colonel Reid doubts whether earthquakes have any connexion with hurricanes, but we are inclined to agree with Lyell and Sir Robert Schomburgk in considering that they have. Sir Robert enumerates many positive cases in which hurricanes are recorded as having been accompanied by shocks of earthquakes; and it can be easily imagined that in numerous—there is reason, indeed, to believe very many instances—shocks of an earthquake have taken place during hurricanes, which have escaped notice during the deafening noise and general consternation. In Sir James Lyon's official account of the hurricane of 1831, it is stated as follows:—

From about two o'clock till day broke, it is impossible to convey to your lordship's mind any idea of the violence of the storm; no language of mine is adequate to express sufficiently its horrors. The noise of the wind through the apertures formed by it, the peals of thunder and the rapidly repeated flashes of lightning (more like sheets of fire) and the impenetrable darkness which succeeded them, the crash of walls, roofs and beams, were all mixed in appalling confusion, and the whole house shook to its very foundation; whether this last effect was produced by the force of the wind, or by an earthquake, *supposed by many to have accompanied the storm*, I am unable to decide; but the rents and fissures which are visible in the massive walls of this building would lead one to suppose that the latter cause only could have produced them.

Calamitous as were the many tempests by which Barbados had suffered, the aggregate destruction produced by the whole combined, is said to have been unequal to that effected by this blast of 1831. The description of the appearance of the island after that horrible night, is fearful.

About eleven o'clock in the morning of the 11th of August, I ventured out and walked from the Careenage along the bay: not a house, not a wall, not a tree, to be seen standing, until we reached the Honourable Mr. Beckle's dwelling, part of which only is injured. Shingles, immense pieces of wood, &c., knee deep through the streets; in one place, the heads of the numberless dead were seen, in another, their arms and legs in many instances severed from the body, whilst others were carried to and fro on boards. I then went up to the garrison, and here my pen fails to describe the scene which presented itself; the barracks almost to the ground, and numbers buried in the ruins. I next proceeded to Bishop's Court; here, too, was devastation and ruin—not a wall standing, except the New Hall: the bishop, Mrs. Coleridge, and the Rev. Mr. Luckcock were in the hall, neither his lordship nor Mrs. Coleridge remembered my name, although I had before been an inmate of the family. They knew my person. The former had nothing on of his own except an old hat. I met Mr. S—— at the foot of Gibraltar Hill (where his residence was situated), with hardly a rag on his back; to and fro was he wandering; pitiful, indeed, was the sight; he, from whom we had parted, not five days before, in comfortable circumstances, was now reduced almost to beggary; his grandmother, mother, and aunt, shocking to relate, hastening to the grave: Cavan's house levelled to the ground,—the archdeacon's escaped with little damage,—Government House unroofed and otherwise materially injured; the boy's central school slightly damaged, the girl's entirely gone, every individual within at the time buried in the ruins; but, most providentially, all have been dug out, and not so much as a limb broken; the king's house and commissary quarters are standing, but the iron fence enclosing them totally destroyed.

That the house should remain standing while an iron fence, otherwise open and not offering much resistance, should be totally destroyed, is an evident proof of the electricity evolved during one of these tornados. The impetuosity of the wind may be judged of, by the fact, that a piece of lead, which weighed 150 pounds, was carried to a distance of more than 1800 feet, and another piece, 400 pounds in weight, was lifted up and carried a distance of 1680 feet. Rafters and beams were flying through the air with fearful rapidity, and shingles pierced, in several instances, hard-wood trees, and remained sticking in them. Another instance is related, that part of a child's tin trumpet was driven into an evergreen tree, where it buried itself in the trunk. Several instances are related of children being blown out of the arms of their nurses and parents. Some perished; over others a guardian angel seemed to watch.

Barbados was, in former times, little subject to earthquakes. Slight shocks were experienced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but in more recent times, the shocks have been more numerous and more severe. The connexion between hurricanes and earthquakes, presents matter for very serious consideration. * On the occasion of the eruption of the mountain Tomboro, in the Island of Sumbawa, in the eastern Archipelago, violent whirlwinds carried men, horses, and cattle, and whatever else came within their influence, up into the air; tore up the largest trees by the roots, and covered the sea with floating timber. The sound of the explosion was heard in Sumatra, at the distance of 970 geographical miles; and so sweeping was the destruction of human life, that out of 12,000 inhabitants, only twenty-six individuals survived on the island. (Lyell's "Geology," Fifth Edition, vol. iii., p. 198.)

The West Indian Archipelago, a great belt of coral reefs and rock tilted up by earthquakes and volcanoes, embracing the Carribean Sea, like a bracelet of beads, is eminently exposed to catastrophes of this kind. From the year 1839 to 1843, this Archipelago was visited by three

terrific and devastating earthquakes ; namely, on the 11th of January, 1839, in Martinique and St. Lucia; on the 7th of March, 1842, in St. Domingo; and on the 8th of February, 1843, in the Island of Gaudaloupe. The latter was felt more or less sensibly throughout the Carribean chain, and on the adjacent continent; but the most dreadful visitation fell upon the town of Pointe à Pitre, in Gaudaloupe, where, in an instant, 5000 human beings were ushered into eternity.

On the 27th of April, 1812, the volcano of St. Vincent's, called Mount Souffrière, or Morne Garon, burst forth with a dreadful explosion. At first a vast column of thick smoke was followed by an emission of vast quantities of sand and ashes. On the 30th the flame burst pyramidically from the crater through the mass of smoke, and the lava broke out on the north-west side. Earthquake followed upon earthquake, and the whole of the island was in a state of continuous oscillation. The ashes were carried in showers to Barbados, and even as far as 500 miles to the eastward of it.

The consideration of what physical changes must take place, how many islands be swallowed up, how many towns destroyed, and how many human beings hurried into eternity before the apparent course of nature is run, and the new bracelet of beads becomes a continuous bracelet, and the Gulf of Mexico, and the Carribean Sea two mediterraneans, or inland lakes, would not be a pleasant theme to dwell upon. The Great Ruler of events is as merciful as he is great, and we can scarcely agree with Sir Robert when he says that "the inherent feelings of human selfishness, no doubt, produce in the breasts of the inhabitants of Barbados thoughts like these. Thanks to a kind Providence that our little island has not witnessed such scenes in our times!" This is not selfishness so much as a praiseworthy reliance on the protecting goodness of an all-wise Dictator of events. It is almost refreshing to turn from the contemplation of catastrophes of such overwhelming magnitude, and upon which the experience of the past, and geological analogies could alone authorise us to speculate for a moment; to evils of a minor description, and which a knowledge of the light that Sir Robert Schomburgk's intimate acquaintance with the different branches of natural history will enable him to throw upon such curious matters, lead us to refer to, with the certainty of acquiring new and interesting details. We allude to the insect pests of the West Indies.

Among the most important of these, both from its numbers and its power of devastation, is the sugar-ant. It is called the sugar-ant, but it is in reality omniverous (*Formica omnivera* of Linnæus). It is recorded by Oveido and Herrera that the whole island of Hispaniola was almost abandoned in consequence of the devastation caused by ants in 1518. A tradition also prevails that the town of Sevilla Nueva, which was founded by Esquivel, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, was entirely deserted for a similar reason. Barbados, Grenada, and Martinique have suffered more than any other islands from this plague. They showed themselves about 1760 in Barbados, and caused such devastation that "it was deliberated whether that island, formerly so flourishing, should not be deserted."—(Dr. Coke's "West Indies," vol. 3, p. 313.)

The history of this insect attests, however, in a most remarkable manner, to the goodness of Providence even in apparent disaster. Their numbers were so immense that they covered the roads for many miles together, and so crowded were they in many places, that the impressions made by the feet of horses which travelled over them would remain visible only for a

moment or two till they were filled up by the surrounding swarms. Calves, pigs, and chickens when in an helpless state were attacked, and perished when not timely assisted. The greatest precaution was requisite to prevent their attacks upon men and women disabled by sickness, and on children that were unable to assist themselves.

In olden times great processions and vows were made in honour of Saint Saturnin, and the day of the saint was celebrated with great solemnities, but in vain. In after times fire and poison were tried with equally indifferent success. They extinguished the fire by the amazing number that rushed upon it. Corrosive sublimate, however, had the effect of making them outrageous, and they attacked and destroyed each other. In 1776, the government of Martinique offered a reward of a million of their currency for a remedy against this plague, and the legislature of Grenada offered 20,000*l.* for the same object; but all attempts proved ineffectual, until the hurricane in 1708 effected what human power had been unable to accomplish. The sugar-ant disappeared before the violence of the tornado. It is truly a wise apothegm which says that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

The list of insects which prove an annoyance or are noxious to man, is by no means inconsiderable. Scorpions, centipedes, and wasps need only be mentioned. But in addition to these a large hairy spider, nearly allied to the tarantula, inflicts bites which are as painful as those of the scorpion. The chigo, jiger, or jigua, resembles in appearance a small flea, and nestles in the flesh beneath the nails and toes and other parts of the body. It does not deposit its eggs under the flesh, but matures its brood there, which do not pass through a perfect metamorphosis. There are several species of tick which attach themselves by means of their mandibles to the flesh in which they bury their heads so firmly that it is difficult to remove them without tearing off part of the skin. A species of horse-fly (*astrus*) inserts its eggs under the skin of man when asleep, and he does not become aware of it until the grub is matured and produces painful irritation. Sand-flies are also very troublesome, but Sir Robert Schomburgk gives precedence to mosquitoes, as being by their voracity and the continuousness of their attacks, the greatest plague of tropical countries; *la plaga del insufrible tormento de las moscas*, as Humboldt has it.

In a geological point of view Barbados presents one of the most remarkable instances of a coral island, which, by gradual and successive elevatory movements, has been raised to a height of nearly 1200 feet, a great mass of dead coral hardened into a compact calcareous mass, fringed by a reef of living polypifers, raised above the surface by successive convulsions. Sir Robert Schomburgk is in error, however, when he states that the step-formed terraces which are the evidences of these successive elevations have no parallel in other coral islands. These are met with in the coral island of Kharaj at the head of the Persian Gulf, and in Malta we see tiers of sea caves superimposed upon one another. The chief fossils found in Barbados are siliceous shielded microscopic animals called polycystina by Ehrenberg, who has described 282 species from the rocks of Barbados alone. Besides these there are numerous other siliceous shield, bearing animals belonging to three groups, polygastric infusoria, phytolithans and geolithia, the latter being perfectly new and of very peculiar forms. When we consider that the ashes and pumice in which Pompeii is buried have been shown to consist of siliceous cases of similar microscopic in-

fusoria, that the impalpable dust which is known to fall sometimes out of the atmosphere in the midst of the Atlantic, also contains infusoria with siliceous shields, and that Professor Grant asserts that nearly 500,000,000 of polygastrica, that is, as many as there are individuals of our own race on the earth, are contained in a single drop of water; we are not more filled with wonder at the immeasurable fecundity of nature than with feelings of astonishment as to where the research of naturalists will cease.

Professor Ehrenberg's definition of the age of the Barbados rocks, "the forms which compose the rocks of Barbados, are comparatively more foreign to the present organisation of beings, and to that of the tertiary period, than to the calcareous formation of Sicily," is almost without the domain of previous geological axioms, and so it is with all human science. Man is proud of determining a belemnite, a terebratulite, a nummulite, or a Cerithia formation, yet such determinations appear as vain illusions, before the ascertained organic origin of whole geological formations.

We have been induced to dwell upon the natural phenomena of the Island of Barbados, rather than upon its civil and social history; in the first place, because we knew that Sir Robert Schomburgk was strong on those questions, and in the second, because they appeared to us to possess greater inherent interest, and to enable us to effect a few generalisations of such a comprehensive character as would best establish the author's merits, and, at the same time, present more that is new and instructive to the reader.

In that which concerns the history and the social and political condition of the island, Poyer in his "History of Barbados;" Oldmixon in his "British Empire in America," and Frere in his "Short History," have preceded Sir Robert Schomburgk, who, indeed, professes to have confined himself to a plain statement of facts, leaving the reader to form his own judgment.

The consideration of the civil and social state of Barbados, embraces population, religious and public instruction, literature, statistics of crime, agriculture and commerce, customs, roads, defences, &c., and with the minute details of the local geography, are mainly of interest to the inhabitant. It is very curious that, although this voluminous work is illustrated with some pretty lithographs and wood-cuts, the most essential thing of all, a map, appears to be wanting.

The narrative of events, that have occurred from the settlement of the island to the year 1846, embraces many that are of a peculiarly interesting character. Such were the insurrection of slaves in 1649, the grant of the Carribean Islands to the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Francis Willoughby's loyalty, his banishment, his restoration, and his final untimely death in a hurricane; the invasion of Sir George Ayscue, the first general assembly under the Commonwealth, the great prosperity of the island under Sir Jonathan Atkins, the frequent misunderstandings between the members of the council and of the general assembly, the suspension of members of council, and the dissolution of general assemblies by dictatorial governors, the cupidity of a Cunningham and a Dotin, and the firmness of a Seaforth; and the all important subject of sugar, and the reduction of duties on foreign sugars generally, in this country, to the detriment of our own colonies. The admission of sugar and molasses into the British breweries and distilleries, has, in a slight degree, dimi-

nished the harsh treatment lately inflicted upon the colonists by this country; but many other concessions will be necessary before the British planter can enter into competition against slave labour, with chances of success; and among these are especially an unrestricted immigration into the West Indies, freedom in shipping, equalisation of duties on British and colonial spirits, the separation of the cultivation of the cane from its manufacture into sugar, and, as a sequence, the admission of the cane produce into the British markets on the footing of raw materials. At the same time, on the part of Barbados, greater attention to the progress of agricultural science, the introduction of improved modes of carriage and locomotion, economy and retrenchments in individual life, and in the concerns of public administration, and an increased exertion, are essential to enable her to weather the double storm which the extinction of slavery and the equalisation of the sugar duties, have, most undoubtedly, inflicted upon the British sugar colonies.

T H E P O O R S O U L .

FROM THE FLEMISH.

BY CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY.

A POOR, sad Soul was sighing,
In bale-fires sorely proved,
"Were I once more beholding
My true-love—all I loved."

II.

So sigh'd the poor Soul, thinking
Of years, full many a one,
Until her time of penance
At last should be outrun.

III.

Approach'd her Guardian Angel,
With wings as white as snow,
And in his arms enfolds her,
To heal her love and woe.

IV.

With sweet and gentle accents,
"Poor dear Soul," said the sprite,
"Come with me, come, I'll bear thee
To heavens of love and light."

V.

The Soul says to the Angel,
Close in his arms enfur'd,
"Might I once more re-visit
That far-off' under-world."

"A thousand years I'd suffer
Worse pangs than yet I've proved,
To be once more beholding
My true-love—all I loved."

The Angel's eye flash'd lightning
With love of heavenly birth,
And the poor Soul he carries
Down, downward to the Earth.

VIII.

"Beneath the lime-tree spreading
I shall my true-love find,
For there I found him ever,
In that dear spot reclined."

IX.

And as the shady lime-tree
They reach'd invisible—thee
Sate under the green branches
A loved and loving pair.

X.

The poor Soul trembled, fainting,
And not a word did say,
Nor he, the pitying Angel,
That bore her far away.

XI.

Her higher still, and higher,
Up the blue sky he bore,
Till they at length were standing
Heaven's golden gate before.

Then said the poor Soul, sighing,
"I must not enter there,
I'm 'doom'd for years a thousand,
Hell's direst pangs to bear."

XIII.

But said the Guardian Angel,
With look an Angel wears,
"Thou wert in that one moment
Tortured a thousand years."

ADRIEN ROUX ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE HOSTLER OF BONDY—ARRIVAL AT PARIS—THE ORDONNANCES OF JULY—PALPITATIONS OF THE HEART—FROSINE AND JACQUES.

IN nine cases out of ten the endeavours to get a place in a diligence except at the office from which it first sets out, is unsuccessful ; but on this occasion I had more luck than usual, for there was one of the passengers who did not go on to Paris. His place in the *coupé* I was able to secure, and I had every prospect of speedily executing the commission with which I had been intrusted by Monsieur de Courtine. But the adage that “L’homme propose, et Dieu dispose,” was true in this as in so many other cases.

It was very early in the morning when we reached Bondy—the last stage to Paris—but there was an unusual stir in the place, notwithstanding. People were moving about hurriedly, and at the Poste a large knot of persons had assembled, discussing some question with so much earnestness, that scarcely a head was turned in the direction of the diligence, and the postillion flourished and cracked his whip in vain. This was rather an ignominious entry, but it betokened something unusual, and every body’s curiosity was at once excited to learn the cause. The conducteur knew nothing; indeed, he was as anxious as any of the rest to discover what had made so much commotion in the quiet village of Bondy, especially at that early hour.

“Mais, qu’est-ce qu’il y a donc ?” was his eager question, and it was repeated by every one of the seventeen passengers, as they hurried out of the various compartments of the diligence, and joined the gesticulating crowd.

“Ce qu’il y a ?” interrogatively replied an old hostler, who mechanically came forward to undo the traces, though his ears were bent backwards, like a hare’s, to catch every sound that came from the circle of speakers ;—“Dam ! Il y a de quoi vou-zempêcher d’entrée dans Paris pour aujourd’hui, à moins que vous n’alliez vous battre ! C’est quelq’ chose d’fameux qu’on joue là-bas.”

“But what is it—what is it ?” cried we all, some forcing their way into the crowd, others surrounding the old hostler, who found himself suddenly a personage of much greater importance than he had been for many a long day. He appeared to think so too, for his answers were desperately oracular.

“Voyez-vous, messieurs,” said he, “c’est qu’il y a eu de-zordonnances,—sur quoi le peuple s’est mi-zen avant,—et p’is, v’là des barricades qu’on fait à c’tt’ heure. Vient la mitraille,—on riposte avec de pierres, de coups de fusils, je ne sais quoi—on arbore le drapeau tricolor,—enfin, c’est une révolution !”

This was as misty an explanation as could well have been offered, but incomplete as it was, it laid the foundation for the reception of a more coherent account of the events which had just occurred in Paris, and we were soon in possession of the fact that the ordinances against the liberty

of the press had made their appearance; that the people had resisted; that recourse to arms was expected, or had been had, and that at the moment at which we were listening to this startling news the fortunes of France were at issue.

One very conclusive intimation was given to ourselves—the assurance that all ingress to Paris for public carriages was stopped, and whoever wanted to enter must do so at his own risk.

Whatever the nature of the business which took them to the capital, the greater part of the passengers, my fellow travellers, had little desire to peril life or limb to transact it; as there was no revolution in Bondy itself, they seemed to prefer remaining there till they could learn something more satisfactory of the state of public affairs, all except two or three of a highly nervous temperament, who forthwith entered into a combination to take post-horses and whatever carriage was available, and increase the distance between themselves and danger as rapidly as it could be accomplished.

With those who lingered, or with those who fled, I had no interest in common, my object being to get into Paris as quickly as possible. The very fact of there being a popular commotion was in itself a strong attraction, and the peril with which it was environed served but to heighten the charm. The question was how to get there! This, after a little discussion, was solved by one of the bystanders, the son of the old hostler, and the proprietor of a cabriolet from Paris, who had been the first to communicate the intelligence of the events of the 27th of July to the inhabitants of his native commune. For the first half hour this youth had been the great man of his fellow parishioners, but later accounts, varying all in their exaggerated details, had eclipsed his narrative, and reduced him once more to the level of the hostler's son.

It was as much to recover his lost importance as to enact the hero in the eyes of a pretty girl, who answered to the bewitching name of Melusina, and whom he addressed by her *nom de baptême*, that Aimé Martin declared his readiness to conduct any of the messieurs as far as the Barrière de Pantin, or as much further as it was possible to go. There was only one person besides myself who expressed any anxiety on the subject; he was a tall, military-looking man, to whom the atmosphere of warfare seemed a natural element. With him, therefore, as a companion, I squeezed myself into the middle of Monsieur Martin's cabriolet, and we set off in the direction of Paris, amidst the acclamations of the brave bourgeois of Bondy, who remained behind to defend their hearths and altars.

As we drew near the village of Pantin, with its long line of *ginguettes* and cabarets, the bustle on the road manifestly increased: there was more alarm in the looks of the women, more determination in the countenances of the men; groups were assembling and arraying themselves into something like military order, some armed with muskets, others with such weapons as first came to hand; here and there from a window was thrust forth a tri-coloured flag; cries of "A bas les Ordonnances," "A bas les Bourbons," and "Vive la République," might be heard; but above all rose the loud, though distant, shouts of the busy masses in Paris, broken by the occasional rattle of musketry, or the deep roar of artillery. At every discharge, at the sight of every flag that waved, my tall companion set his teeth and breathed hard, but he uttered no words to indicate the direction of his sympathies. If they were against the popular cause, it

would hardly have been wise to show them, for the demonstration in favouring resistance grew stronger at every step we advanced, the whole of the banlieue of La Villette being up in arms and hurrying towards the gates.

There could be no question about the political tendencies of Aimé Martin. At every cut of his whip, and he was by no means sparing of them, he insulted the wretched horse which he goaded along the road, by giving it the name of some one or other of the obnoxious ministers. As, for instance:—

“Allons donc, sacré animal de Polignac! En avant, bête de Chantelauze! Canaille de Ranville, que tu te crèves! Marche, farceur de Capelle!” &c.

Nor were loftier names spared, though they were not so openly uttered, for Monsieur Martin either suspected the politics of the military-looking traveller, or did not like the expression of his countenance.

All minor considerations, however, merged in the general excitement, as we got close up to the Barrière de Pantin. The gates, both here and at La Villette, were still held by the troops of the line, who at this early period of the Revolution had not begun to fraternise with the people; and admission, though loudly demanded by the menacing crowd outside, was literally impossible. As the cabriolet, therefore, had rendered us all the service of which it was capable, we jumped out, and resolved to pursue the rest of our way on foot.

“Are you well acquainted with Paris?” inquired my tall companion.

“Not with this part of it,” I replied, “I am more used to the other side of the river.”

“Well, then, as you seem anxious to get in, I think I can show you a safe way. What quarter do you want to reach?”

I named a street in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix.

“So much the better, for it is there that I am also bound. Follow me.”

He turned as he spoke, and, striking into the road beneath the walls on the north side of the city, pushed on at a quick pace past the Barrière des Vertus (an out-of-the-way place for the Virtues to reside in, but, perhaps, the only safe one for them in Paris), and continued in the same direction till he reached the Barrière de St. Denis, where he paused to reconnoitre the guichet.

He found there, what he appeared to have expected, a party of soldiers on duty, to whom he was known. One of them, with a grizzled moustache, saluted him by the title of colonel, and immediately opened the gate; perceiving that I was in the company of the officer, he allowed me, also, to enter. The serjeant of the guard then made his appearance, and was eagerly questioned by the colonel as to the actual state of things in Paris; his answers were brief, but full of importance, and described the course which events had taken since the manifestation of public opinion had become general.

“We had some slight affairs last night in the Faubourg,” he said, “and from what I am able to judge, we shall have our hands full this evening.”

“And the regiment?”

“It bivouacked last night in the Place du Carrousel.”

“I must join it as quickly as possible. What a cursed chance that I

should have been sent from Paris at such a time as this. It is lucky, however, that I returned as I did. Young man," continued the colonel, addressing me, "you are going, you say, to the Rue de la Paix; I will be your escort so far; after that, you must shift for yourself."

I thought to myself that, considering all things, I stood a better chance of getting there in safety without the colonel's protection than with it; however, I made no opposition, and we immediately set out.

It was no easy matter to force our way through the crowds that thronged the streets, and at every step we took in advance the tumult became greater; every man was arming, at the corner of every street the paving stones were up, and, in the distance, parties of dragoons might be descried dashing along as to some place of rendezvous, or clearing the way of the mob that impeded them. At length, we reached the Boulevards, where a singular scene presented itself. On either hand, from the Porte St. Denis, as far as the eye could reach, was one enormous black mass of human beings rolling its tide in the direction of the Madeleine, and all moving in comparative silence with one steady impulse. Whoever looked fixedly in the countenances of these men as they raised them on their proud march, must have felt assured that they would never shrink from doing justice to the cause which had brought them from their homes, and that the cause itself was one which involved the question of life or death. The colonel smiled bitterly as he looked upon their array, as if he thought how little their numbers would avail them against the disciplined skill of regular troops. At a later period, the opportunity was afforded him of testing the energies of a determined people; at present, he was all impatience to proceed towards his destination, and at the first check of the crowd which caused a *refoulement*, and left a momentary gap in their previously solid ranks, he hastily dashed across the Boulevard, turned for one moment to see that I had followed him, and then, waving his hand in token of farewell, disappeared rapidly down one of the streets leading across the Rue Montmartre in the direction of the Tuileries.

The difficulty of making my way was hardly lessened now that I was within the Boulevards, for, at the intersections of all the principal streets, barricades were being raised, and not without cause, the charges of cavalry, in half-squadrons and heavier masses, becoming every moment more constant. It was a difficult matter for the troopers to keep their ground when once they had gained it, for, from every open window and nearly every house-top, missiles of all descriptions were rained, and as the soldiers retreated from the heavy shower, forth from their houses came the voluntary workmen, and eagerly piled up the stones which were to convert each street into a fortress.

By dint, however, of diverging to the right and left, as narrower streets afforded me the means, I contrived to thread my path, unscathed, until I reached the Rue St. Augustin, the chief object which I had in view being that of getting as speedily as I could to the hotel which M. de Courtine had named to me, as the place where I should find Mr. St. John.

It stood in the Rue Louis le Grand, and, just at the moment when I was going to ask my way of the keeper of a cabaret, who stood in his shirt-sleeves, and with bared arms, handling the lock of a musket, no doubt for present use, I saw the name of the street before me, the house

I wanted forming the corner where I stood. The *porte cochère*, like that of every other in the *quartier*, was closed, but the loud knock which I gave was not unanswered, the *cordon* was pulled, and the door gently opened, but I had scarcely squeezed myself through, when I heard a sharp voice desiring me to close it behind me directly. The speaker was a little, wizened, red-nosed, old man, whose head alone was visible at the half-opened window of the porter's lodge, wherein he was ensconced. He had on a seal-skin cap, but as I drew nearer to his *gîte*, I observed that a much more warlike head-gear stood on a table beside him ; it was nothing less than a dragoon's helmet, and beside it lay a sabre, in a rusty steel scabbard, attached to a waist-belt, all ready, apparently, for buckling on when the hour of danger arrived. *En attendant* that event, their proprietor was busily employed with a long spoon, stirring up some pottage, which simmered in an earthen pot, over a small pan of charcoal, on which—the pottage, not the charcoal—he purposed, no doubt, shortly to breakfast.

"What is your business here?" demanded this formidable *concièrge*, flourishing his spoon with a military sweep, as if he were making a cut at his adversary's right cheek.

"I come," replied I, "from the Marquis de Courtine. I am the bearer of a letter to his friend Mr. St. John. Is he in the hotel, and can I see him?"

"As to that," said the *concièrge*—his name was Jacques—"I am not quite sure ; we will see presently. Diable ! then you belong to Monsieur le Marquis ? Where did he pick you up ?"

"Never mind that," I returned ; "it's too long a story to tell you now. You'll learn it from Bobèche one of these days, if you live long enough."

"Ah !" ejaculated the old man, "c'est bien ça ! nobody knows how long he may live in times like these."

"You seem to be making preparations against the worst," I observed. "You're getting your night-cap ready."

"Yes ; and when I've got it on, perhaps I shall sleep without rocking. Mais, dites donc ; vous connaissez Bobèche ! N'est-ce pas que c'est un brave garçon ? Ah ! he'll be sorry not to have been in Paris to-day ; the sky will rain bullets before it's over. Tant mieux, he might be killed, and it's better the old should go first."

With this he fell to stirring his pottage, with an air of abstraction, from which I ventured to rouse him, by repeating the question I had originally put to him.

"Is Mr. St. John here?" I repeated, "and is he visible?"

"Certainly he is in the hotel ; he arrived three days ago ; a day too soon, I fancy," continued Jacques, between his teeth ; "but as to being visible, that is another affair. I take it he is not up yet."

"Not up!" I exclaimed, "and this tremendous uproar going on in the streets—asleep in the midst of a revolution ! You must make a mistake."

"Écoutez, mon ami ; je connais mon homme ; at least, I think so. Just step here ; now look through the archway across the court-yard. Do you see that row of windows under which the grape-vine runs?"

"Yes ; of course."

"You see also that the curtains of the two furthest windows are closed?"

"I see that, too."

"Eh bien! that suite belongs to Mr. St. John, and the apartment at the end is his bed-room. Does it look as if the inmate was up?"

"By no means," I replied; "but how he can manage to sleep at such a time as this passes my comprehension."

"I did not say he was asleep," returned Jacques with a peculiar contortion of the mouth, and screwing up his eyes as a child does when it takes physic; "I only told you he was not up."

"Then it's time he should be," was my answer.

"So I think," said Jacques, quietly. "Tiens! here is my wife, Frosine, coming down stairs. She has been putting the salon to rights, and can tell us if monsieur is stirring."

Frosine, who little resembled the pictures of the nymph (whose abbreviated name she bore) such as I had seen her on the painted ceiling of the Gaité, came hobbling down the broad flight of stairs on the opposite side of the porte cochère, with a *torchon* in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other. She was a sour little old woman, of the kind who seem created to keep every body and every thing in order. Of course she was followed by a little nondescript white dog, whose tail was curled over his back, like a spiral spring, or a snake folded in its coil. The little animal barked tremendously on seeing me, and was only silenced by a vigorous application of the duster.

As soon as he could make himself heard, Jacques stated the cause of my being there, adding that it was my wish to deliver M. de Courtine's note to Mr. St. John with my own hands.

Frosine puckered up her face like a withered apple, and confirmed her husband's previous assertion. The enormity of lying so late seemed to affect her in a different way.

"How is it possible," she said, "that a house can be made fit to be seen if people choose to stay the whole day long in their beds? It will never do till Monsieur Mallet—this was the proprietor of the hotel—compels all his *locataires* to sign an agreement binding them to rise at daybreak; I'm sure I always do. But perhaps the letter from M. le Marquis may effect what I could not. Be quiet, Azor—petite bête"—here she made a fell swoop with her duster, at which the creature yelped with a shrill voice. "If the young man will come up stairs to the *premier*, I'll see if he can get admission."

Up stairs, accordingly, we went, and Madame Frosine preceded me through the apartments till we came to the bed-room door. She tapped, and, after waiting a few moments, a soft voice, which I knew to be Mr. St. John's, inquired who was there.

"C'est moi, monsieur," said Frosine, "je viens——"

"Oh! it's you," interrupted Mr. St. John, "I thought I heard you once before. Pray, what's o'clock, Frosine?"

"Past eleven,—and here's a—"

"Dear me,—so late as that! I say, Frosine,—is it—tell me, Frosine,—is it—all over?"

"No," replied the portress, sharply; "it's a great deal worse. *There,*" she added, as a smart volley of musketry made the casements shake, "don't you hear *that*?"

A momentary pause ensued, and Mr. St. John spoke again :—

“I should have got up sooner, Frosine, but I don't feel very well this morning. I must have taken something that has disagreed with me. I think I should like to have a little tea. Are you sure those horrid people are still fighting?”

“There was a foreign gentleman killed last night at his window in the Rue St. Honoré; but if the firing does not convince you, here's a person who has just made his way through the streets, and can tell you more about it. He has brought a letter for you, sir, from the marquis.”

“Oh, indeed! Is he there?”

“He is waiting at the door to deliver it.”

“Why didn't you say so before? Hang these noisy rascals,—I think I must go out and silence them.”

Frosine shrugged up her shoulders so high as nearly to lift her cap off her head, and bestowed upon me a grim distortion, intended for a smile.

“Eh bien, monsieur,—je vais descendre pour chercher le bouloir.”

She had hardly left the room before the bed-room door was gently opened, and a large head was thrust out, which I had some difficulty at first in recognising as belonging to Mr. St. John, so completely *affublé* was it in a night-cap, with broad frills like a woman's, and tied under the chin with rose-coloured ribbons; he had on, moreover, a loose chintz dressing-gown of a very delicate pattern, and, altogether, looked so little like a man that, if it had not been for his height and his whiskers, he might well have passed for some disturbed dowager of the opposite sex.

He was surprised at seeing me, and, I thought, coloured slightly, but if he did, the hue very speedily disappeared. Affecting a nonchalant air, he said;—

“Oh, Adrien, is that you! What has brought you to Paris so quickly?”

“This letter, sir, which M. le Marquis desired me to give into your own hands.”

“Into my hands! Why, there's the post,—but, perhaps he had heard of this unfortunate disturbance, and was afraid to trust to that mode of conveyance. I dare say he wants me back again!”

So saying, he sat down in a fauteuil and opened the letter. I watched him closely; not a movement escaped me.

He had scarcely read a line before his countenance altered. If he had been pale before—and paleness was unusual with him—he now became absolutely livid. As he proceeded the paper danced in his hand, and I could distinctly hear his teeth chatter; but he seemed to read on, though I saw that the communication was a very brief one, and might have been taken in at a glance, as no doubt it was. When his eyes had ceased to wander over the sheet, he appeared to reflect, and then, hastily folding up the letter, thrust it into the pocket of his dressing-gown, and placing his hand on his left side, uttered an exclamation of pain.

I inquired what was the matter. “Good God!” said he, writhing about, apparently in great agony, “There's another of these dreadful attacks coming on. I am subject, Adrien, to palpitations of the heart: how very unlucky that I should be seized just now! Oh—h—h—h,—what excruciating pain,” and he roared like a bull.

I asked him if I should go and fetch a doctor.

“Not on any account,” he replied; “I would not expose you to the

risk of crossing the streets at a moment like this for the world. I shall be better perhaps when I have taken some drops and a little tea, and have lain down for a time. I always find I am much better in bed when I have these attacks. There again,—oh—h—h—h! Give me your arm and help me into my room. That's a good boy. Adrien,—take care ;—oh—h, ha, so!"

Leaning on my shoulder, and bearing his full weight, as if utterly helpless from pain, he managed to crawl to the bed, and dropped himself upon it. He still kept his hand on his side and spoke in a faint voice.

"Don't let that woman in when she comes back again ; she is a person of no feeling. Shut the door, there."

"Have you any message, sir," said I, "to send back to Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Dear me, how extraordinary! That horrible spasm has put every thing out of my head. Oh—h—h, there it is again! Message! Why, you see, Adrien, I am not in a fit state to write at present. You surely don't mean to venture back yet."

"I must do the best I can, sir. I was ordered to return as soon as I had seen you."

"Adrien," said Mr. St. John, in a tone subdued almost to a whisper. "Come here, sit down close beside me, I have something particular to say to you."

I drew near, as he directed.

"And so," he continued, "you really mean to go back immediately? Well, you are a fine, courageous fellow, and I admire your resolution. I wish I could offer to protect you through the streets, but this sad illness has quite upset me. I don't think I shall be able to stir for a week. Reach me that purse, Adrien. I dare say you haven't much money about you. Here are five Napoleons, put them in your pocket, and—and—when you return to Courtine, you must say that—that you didn't see—that you were not able to find me. The fact is, if you were to tell the marquis how ill I am, nothing would prevent him from exposing himself to every danger, and coming here directly. So the best plan is to say you lost the letter and your way too! it will readily be believed when people come to hear of what has been going on in Paris."

If I had ever entertained any doubt about the reality of Mr. St. John's illness, this new bribe, together with the eagerness with which he spoke, so little in character with the listlessness of a suffering invalid, would quite have undeceived me. But I had been a little too much behind the scenes to be taken in, either by his assumed indisposition or the tender regard which he expressed for my welfare. I knew the temper in which M. de Courtine had written, and I knew also the cause which made him write, and the sum and substance of my observations was the conclusion, which, doubtless, the reader has already arrived at, that Mr. St. John was a rank coward!

I did not, however, tell him what I thought, neither did I, by spurning his gift, as I had once before done, allow him to suppose that I was not his dupe. I had heard enough of the nature of the *émeute* out of doors not to feel sure that it would last for some time yet, and no punishment could be worse for him than the knowledge that he was shut up in a place from whence escape seemed an impossibility.

I therefore dissembled my disgust and, promising to do what he required, left him in the enjoyment of such comfort as a man must feel who has sacrificed the sense of honour for personal safety, though the latter was more than questionable in relation both to the present and the future.

The money I devoted to a special purpose. At the foot of the stairs I encountered Madame Frosine and, of course, her spouse. He had not yet assumed his armour, offensive or defensive; but he had not been making a bad use of his time, for the pottage, on which he had been so busy, was now finished, and he good-naturedly invited me to take a share of their breakfast.

As I had not eaten any thing since my supper at Meaux the night before, I did not allow the offer to pass as an empty compliment, and in a few moments I made the third, at the little table in the porter's lodge.

"You need not be in a hurry, Madame Frosine," said I, "to take up the déjeuner of monsieur. I think he has no appetite this morning."

"I should imagine not," observed Jacques, drily. "He takes too little exercise to make himself hungry."

"I suppose, then, he has not been out since the disturbance began."

"Not once; and in my opinion he won't stir till it's all over—that is to say, if it ever will be over."

"Vous-avez raison; Jacques, I was a girl at the time of the Revolution, and the troubles then seemed to last for years."

"It's always the case when the people try to recover their own."

"Bah! le peuple—la canaille!"

"Vas donc, vieille aristocrate!" exclaimed Jacques, half angry; then turning to me, in a good-humoured, confidential way, he said, "ça ne peut pas souffrir le bas peuple—ça est de race! Moi, je me fiche de toutes ces bêtises."

But though Jacques' sympathies were with the cause of the people, it was quite clear that he was not altogether free from the influence which the aristocratic associations of Frosine had early impressed him with, and I accepted his disclaimer without exactly attaching implicit faith to it.

"And what is the state of this quartier?" I inquired.

"Compared with some of the others, tolerably quiet; but there are signs of movement everywhere, and, ma foi, il y aura bientôt du tapage! See," said Jacques, suddenly starting up, and looking across the street, through a little grated window, "what's the matter? There's something stirring; the marchand de légumes, opposite, has come out without his bonnet de nuit!"

This, as I found, was a portentous omen, for the worthy alluded to, a very bulky man, and one not easily stirred to action, had actually disregarded his accustomed coiffure, and, what was more, had armed himself with a musket.

"I must go out and see how the fun gets on," said I, "before I betake myself to Courtine; they would have a poor idea of me if I couldn't give them the latest and most authentic news. Ecoutez, Jacques," I continued, drawing him into a corner, and pointing to the rooms on the premier, "monsieur there gave me five napoleons just now, to do him a service which I had no inclination for. The best service any body can render him is to rouse him well up from his lethargy; so, here's the money; I put it into your hands, to turn it to the best account in this way;

hire, at your own price, as many fellows as you please, to come into the court-yard from time to time, and kick up the devil's tintamarre beneath his windows; there are plenty of idle fellows in the streets who'll be glad of the job; and if your friend, the *marchand de légumes*, wants to prove his musket before he uses it, let him discharge it across the court-yard some half-a-dozen times, and if the smell of powder does not stir him, nothing will."

The porter, who was a merry old fellow, and had once been a soldier, entered at once into the idea.

"Faut boire un joli coup avec ça;—v'là le vrai moyen d'organiser les gens. Attendez, que Frosine soit montée au second. Vous allez voir comment je l'arrangerai! But, where are you going? You were not in earnest when you said you were going to leave the hotel?"

"Perfectly," I replied; "I want to know how this affair gets on; besides, I have friends in another part of the town, whom I must see before I leave it."

"Well, you will find me here when you come back—that is, if I am still alive and the house standing."

"Adieu, Madame Frosine! adieu, Jacques! don't forget the charivari aux coups de fusils."

With this parting injunction, I myself pulled the string, and closing the door behind me, prepared to seek whatever fortune the streets of Paris might offer.

CHAP. XXIX.

THE STREETS OF PARIS—ADVENTURES AND OLD FRIENDS— CONCLUSION.

THE first sight which greeted me, as I emerged from the *porte cochère*, was the dread apparition of the warlike *marchand de légumes*, grasping his musket with one hand, and, with the other, holding up the tail of his coat for his son, a boy of fourteen years of age, to fill with cartridges. The little fellow had a large parcel of them, and was making a compact with his father as the condition for being his armourer.

"Ah, ça!—vois-tu mon père; faut que je tire la moitié des coups Sans cela je ne te remplirai pas les poches!"

"Sois content, Gustave," returned his martial sire, "tu auras le premier!"

On this, the boy hastily disposed of the remainder of the cartridges, and jumped about with the greatest glee, clapping his hands, and crying, "Vive Paris!"

The opportunity for acquiring distinction presented itself sooner than any one anticipated. The *marchand de légumes* had but just made an end of loading his piece, and given it to his son to hold, when the clatter of hoofs was heard approaching from the Rue de la Paix.

It was caused by a body of *gendarmes à cheval* moving hastily in the direction of the Bourse, where it was just then rumoured that the citizens were being mustered, after having been supplied with the uniform of the National Guard at "*La petite Jacobinière*," a house belonging to M. Teste. It had been brought, in a large quantity, from the *Théâtre de*

la Vaudeville, where the famous piece of "Sergent Mathieu" had been played a few nights before, and the theatrical supply was looked upon as quite a godsend.

At a period of excitement such as I speak of, none but very old soldiers preserve their *sangfroid*, and although the gendarmes had had plenty of experience of mobs, those mobs were for the most part unarmed. But on this occasion every man had found a weapon, or was seeking one, and the show of resistance which everywhere declared itself, was alone calculated to irritate a body of men hitherto accustomed to bear down all before them, but who could not help feeling now, that heavy work was on their hands.

As they came riding along the Rue St. Augustin, their course, though unimpeded, was not rendered pleasant, for the tongues of the multitude were not still, and the epithets which met their ears were not the most flattering either to themselves or their masters. They glared about them savagely, as if they longed to try the edge where they had formerly struck with the flat of the sword ; but though the people returned their scowls with defiance, there was no weapon raised to provoke an onslaught. So it continued until the party were in the act of crossing the Rue Louis le Grand. The foremost files had already passed, when a *brigadier* who rode on the inner flank, turning his head up the street, caught sight of young Gustave, as he stood resting with both hands on his father's musket, in a bold, fearless attitude.

"P'tit gredin !" muttered the *gendarme*, and, shaking his fist at the boy, put his hand on his holster.

The act in all probability was merely to intimidate the child, but whether he was afraid that the *gendarme* was going to shoot him, or was impelled by the spirit of bravado, and the recollection of the promise given him by his father, it is impossible to say ; one thing only is certain, that the instant the boy perceived the menacing gesture, he raised the musket to his shoulder and levelled it at the *gendarme's* head. The man, however, was too quick for him ; rapid as light, he made a *demi-voltè* to the left, and before Gustave could put his finger on the trigger, drew out a pistol and shot the boy through the body.

The scene changed, as if by magic.

In a moment, the air was rent with cries ; from every window was thrust a head ; from every door issued an armed man, and the words spread, like wildfire, from lip to lip, that the first victim of the revolution was a child.

"A bas les assassins ! à bas les égorgeurs d'enfans !" And with every cry, from far and near, came a *coup de fusil*, or a ponderous missile. The paving-stones flew about like hail, and from the roofs of the houses, and through the wide window-frames came coping-stones, bricks, and heavy masses of rude furniture, which were hurled on the heads of the devoted *gendarmes*. Some were knocked off their horses, and with difficulty recovered them, others were grievously wounded ; but they made face against the people, and charging into the midst of them, left many a ghastly token that the charge had not been made in vain. But the disciplined courage of the few, availed them little against the fierce energy of the roused multitude, who, driven back for a moment, rallied as quickly, and returned to the piles of stones which, with one or two

overturned vehicles, some large tables, and the materials under their feet, they soon raised into an impregnable barricade. Nor for an instant ceased the deadly shower of missiles, and the leader of the party, after one or two ineffectual efforts to break down the barrier, gave the word to face about, and gallop to the Bourse. A shout of triumph arose as they clattered down the street, but one voice amid the crowd was silent. It was that of the father of Gustave. From the moment the boy fell, he had knelt beside him on the hard pavement, supporting him in his arms, and wiping the blood away which trickled from his child's lips, utterly heedless of the clamour and tumult that raged around him. He had still hoped that there was life left, and so there was, for the child opened his eyes—*once*, and then closing them for ever, fell back heavily.

The transformation wrought in the aspect of this man was terrible to witness. He was one whose good-nature was so well known in the *quartier* where he lived, that it had become proverbial amongst the neighbours, and, in his physical appearance, he suggested the idea of all that was happy and contented. To lead a life of ease, such ease as labour gains, and to make every one merry who approached him, was all he seemed to care for. He was a widower, and had but one child—the boy Gustave, now dead, whom he had idolised. He shed no tear as he raised the body in his arms, and carried it into his dwelling; there was no loud outburst of grief, all was still and concentrated. He came back to the street, carefully locked the door behind him, loaded the musket which he had mechanically grasped since his son's hand relinquished it, and then with one hoarse cry, leaped the barricade, and rushed in the direction which the body of gendarmes had taken, followed by hundreds scarcely less excited than he.

Political inclinations I had none. A boy whose life had been passed in a stable-yard knows no master but the one immediately above him. But I was still one of the people, and if my sympathies had not readily turned that way, the sight of the cruel catastrophe which befel the poor boy Gustave would have given them such a direction. No less vehemently, therefore, than the rest, did I shout "A bas les Bourbons!" no less eagerly than any did I tear down their emblems whenever they were within reach; nor with less impetuosity did I join the race that led to where the fray seemed the highest. How I possessed myself of a weapon I scarcely know; I believe I rifled a slain soldier of his *giberne*; but I remember well that I formed one of a group who for more than three hours defended a barricade at the corner of the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre. It was from behind that rampart that I caught a glimpse of an officer at the head of his regiment whom I recognised as my companion from Bondy to the gate of St. Denis; it was within a few paces of it that I saw his dead body lying on the following day. But there were older acquaintances whom I was destined to meet.

The Rue St. Thomas du Louvre is, as all the world knows, a very narrow street. To barricade it was not difficult, and it was firmly closed at the end which leads to the Carrousel; but at the other end, where it joins the Rue de Châtres, one or two gaps had been left for egress when the enemy fell back upon the Place du Palais Royale.

None need to be told that, however holy the cause, however pure the motive, for which so many bled on the memorable days of July, there

necessarily mingled among the mass a number of the dissolute and the vile, men solely intent on violence and plunder ; they formed no part of the *people* of Paris, but were such of its scum as on this occasion floated here and there on the surface.

The attack having ceased upon the barricade where I had volunteered my services, I was standing idly gazing down the street, now partially deserted, amused at the thrifty expedient which one of my fellow-combatants resorted to, in oiling his boots from a broken *reverbere* that had been cast down in the tumult, when, from the windows on the first floor of a house at the further extremity, I heard the shrill screams of women. I ran in the direction from whence the cries proceeded, and, as I drew nearer, to my surprise I found that the accents were English, and that the voices seemed not altogether unknown to me. I knew but one English family, and they, I imagined, had two or three months before returned to their own country. But when I got beneath the windows of the house—it was an hotel, at that time a good deal frequented by foreigners—I could no longer entertain any doubt. Screaming, at the highest pitch of her voice, with her body half out of the window, her long curls waving in the air, and her arms struggling to free herself from those of a man, whose figure I could only imperfectly see, I beheld no less a personage than Miss Jane Maddox!

I did not take time to consider—as Bobèche would have suggested—whether I was likely to hit the object I aimed at, or whether it was not much more probable that I might bring down the wrong bird, but fired at the ruffian. There was a terrific crash of glass, which fell about my ears, another very prolonged scream from Miss Maddox, and the man disappeared from the window, whether wounded or not I had no means of ascertaining.

But the work was only half done ; the noise and confusion in the hotel were still tremendous, and, followed by two or three others whom the shot I had fired brought to the spot, I rushed up the staircase. The door on the *premier* stood half open ; I dashed in, and, passing through an antichamber, found myself in the midst of a most stirring scene.

Sir John Chubb—for there he was, as large as life, larger, indeed, than when I last saw him—stood at bay, in a corner of a large room, with a chair in his hands, with which he was endeavouring to keep off a ferocious-looking fellow, in a blouse, who was making cuts at him with a long sabre, happily parried by the legs of the chair. Crouched behind him was a female figure, whose disarranged cap and twisted *tournure*, betrayed Lady Chubb as its owner ; and her voice, if not the most mellifluous, was certainly the loudest of the party. Pale and trembling, her hands raised in an attitude of supplication, knelt, at her father's feet, his youngest daughter, Caroline. Miss Chubb lay on a sofa, apparently in a deep swoon, and Miss Jane Maddox, who had torn the welkin to some purpose, was grappling with a raw-boned fellow, whose every word was a curse of the coarsest description. It altogether formed as lively a *tableau* as modern art, perhaps, has furnished since Gericault's picture of the Deluge.

“Damme,” cried Sir John, performing all kinds of feints with his clumsy weapon, “more volloors, hey ! Take that, you scoundrel,” and heedless of the coming blow, he made a terrific rush at his antagonist,

caught him in the mouth with one of the legs of the chair, bore him down by his weight, and, stretching him on the floor, planted his foot on his throat, and wildly invited the rest "to come on."

"Don't you know your friends, sir," said I; "we have come to your assistance."

"The devil you have! who'd have thought it in the midst of this murdering crew!—guns beating, drums blowing, and trumpets firing every minute of one's life; me with this d—d lumbago,—or else I shouldn't have been here,—the gals all terrified, revolutions at our very elbows, and d—d black-whiskered rascals coming to carry off our goods and chattels before our faces. Who the deuce are you, I say? Speak up that I may know you. None of your parleyvoo, but speak like a man, if you can."

"My name," I replied, "is Adrien Roux; but this is no time for talking just now; let us clear the room of these rascals."

The fellow to whom Miss Maddox had been clinging contrived, while this brief colloquy was going on, to disengage himself from her clutches and, drawing a pistol from his girdle, fired point blank into my face. He must have been a bad or a nervous shot, for he missed me,—and for the second time in his life. It was the third time we had come into collision, for I beheld the features of the convict Durastel! I had discharged my musket in the street, and having no time to load again, I shifted my hand, and was about to give him a *coup de crosse*. He retreated one or two paces and seemed undecided which way to turn, but the doorway was thronged with those who followed me, and, seeing no other means of escape, he turned to the window, made a spring, caught hold of a projecting spout, and in all likelihood would have effected a safe descent to the ground—he was practised in such arts—had not the spout given way under his weight; the consequence was, he came down on the broad of his back with so much force that he lay with broken limbs groaning on the pavement, unable to stir hand or foot. His companion, the scoundrelly miller of Doué, was in scarcely a more enviable plight, covered with blood and pinned to the ground beneath the chair, to say nothing of Sir John's heavy foot on his windpipe choking his attempts at utterance. He was soon made secure, and then a Babel of tongues was unloosed, all running together like a *meute* of hounds.

"Good gracious me! for to go for to think of its being Mr. Hadrian," broke forth Miss Maddox; "You're a d—d fine fellow!" symphonised Sir John; "Order a coach, immediately; I won't stay another moment in Paris," cried miladi; "Generous deliverer! odious deceiver! vile assassin!" ejaculated Miss Chubb; and, heard by me over all the rest, murmured the sweet, soft voice, of Miss Caroline, "Thanks, dearest Adrien, our best, our only friend!"

To enter into any explanation, at a moment like this, was out of the question. Paris, so bravely defended by her citizens, was as yet only half won from the grasp of tyranny; much remained to do, and many sad events to be chronicled, before the victory was won. I leave these events to be told by pens more worthy to record them than mine. More, also, must I leave untold respecting myself and those amongst whom it was my fortune to be once more thrown.

At some future period I may renew the theme, when the Courier shall have gathered together his more matured experience. For the present, he bids his readers farewell.

MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN'S "CLEOPATRA."*

PHARSALIA, Philippi, Actium! Names consecrated by the transcendent genius of a Shakspeare, still retain their spell. The fierce protracted struggle of a despairing republic, the grandest which the astonished world, its tributary—ever witnessed, was regarded as a spectacle worthy of the gods themselves.† That mighty heroic drama—the epic of history, from which the painters of human passion have ever since delighted to fill their scenic canvass, its separate groups and figures, with the strange astounding destiny preparing for them, can never lose their hold over the mind and heart of succeeding ages. The splendid episodes, and startling incidents arising out of this magnificent subject, have supplied writers of every nation with materials which, manufactured into odes and epics, plays, lays, and lyrics, would have sufficed to form a funeral pyre for those rival aspirants to the world's sovereignty, and to lull their shades to peace most effectually, could they have heard them recited in their elysian retreats. How modern battle-fields seem to dwindle—not excepting Waterloo itself, when placed by the side of those gigantic struggles for world-wide rule. The variety equals the grandeur of the events, affording infinite choice of selection for the dramatist as for the historian; Rome opposed to Rome; dictators, triumvirs, emperors; the flight, the parting with Cornelia, the death of Pompey, almost before the eyes of Cleopatra; the great Julius in swift pursuit.

Yet all this is but the commencement of the great historic drama, the closing scene of which is alone treated in the spirited production before us. Though Rome had fallen, her spirit survived in the last of her great republican race; there was Cato and his little senate; there were the sons of the Scipios and the Pompeys, aided by the arms of Rome's tributary princes, by Asian and Afric kings; but all vanished, like a dream, before the fortunes of that bright Julian star. The conqueror of Rome paused not in his career till arrested by the strange fascinating beauty of Egypt's youthful queen—then hardly a queen—debarred of her rights by her despotic brother (Ptolemy), and having scarcely attained her seventeenth year.

But the mistress of Cæsar, however fascinating, was not his tyrant, nor was she then, perhaps, so accomplished in the seductive arts as when she exercised them on the infatuated Antony. It required the steels of Brutus and Cassius to arrest that fiery spirit; nor could they, nor the sons of Pompey and of Scipio, destroy the fabric of that master-power which he left as a hostage to be wielded by weaker and meaner men. The fall of Sextus Pompeius was effected only by treachery and dishonour, which, had he deigned to employ against the triumvirs, once in his power, he might have restored the republic, in name, at least, or proclaimed himself dictator of the world. But the men of old Rome became extinct with Cæsar, Cato, and Brutus; Antony himself was the mere soldier of fortune—a roysterer, a robber, and an assassin; such as Cleopatra, in her passion, is made to describe him; his victories were mainly achieved by his lieute-

* Represented, for the first time, at the "Theatre Française," on the 13th of November: the part of "Cleopatra" by the justly celebrated Mademoiselle Rachel.

† Lucan, in his Pharsalia.

nants; he knew not how to be great, even in crime, nor to prize greatness; and glory and empire, even honour and fidelity to friends and soldiers, were easily sacrificed to the fascinations of a woman.

Among the few illustrious and unapproached, who have represented her in all the variety and splendour of her anomalous character, her wild genius, and fiery passions; in the hopeless story of her crowning love and despair—none are to be paragoned with our Shakspeare, and next to him with Corneille. In their conception of her singular nature, her rare versatility, her soaring pride, noble sentiment, vices, and weakness—all the most perplexing contradictions—the one has drawn her full of sweetness and attraction, brilliant, enthusiastic, with a fire of soul, flashing through her resistless eyes, yet tempered with queenly graces—the young girl who rivetted the look of Pompey, whom Cæsar delighted to crown and honour; while the other, our interpreter of all natures and characters gives us a Cleopatra, the full development of all these in the splendid, ambitious queen, and in the artful, capricious, and enchanting woman. Matured in pride of beauty, skilled to rule; full of intelligence as of surpassing grace and beauty; cunning, wild, and variable, even her love of Antony appears subservient to her desire of ruling him with an absolute sway. Shakspeare's then is "the infinite variety that never stales," he preserves throughout the characteristics of the woman in subordination to those of the ruler, weak, changeful, faithless in the hour of peril, and bringing down destruction upon her lover by an ostentation of bravery and vain-glory.

The "Cleopatra" of Corneille, in his "Pompée," presents a contrast in nearly all these points. She is young, generous, abounding in sensibility and noble sentiment, the intercessor for a brother who aimed at her life and throne; she would protect Pompey, and wept over his fall; though she owed every thing to Cæsar, already enthralled by her charms—aspired to become the arbitress of his destiny, and that of the proud republic prostrate at his feet. Amiable as irresistible—of elevated and right-royal mind; all of womanly grace combined with grandeur of sentiment, such as a Roman matron might be proud of—we see nothing of the fickle, wilful, cunning beauty, employing her arts to the ruin of her adorers, to secure the favour of the new victor, and by ruling him to strike at Rome and achieve unrivalled power. No doubt our great dramatist is the most true to nature as well as to historic authority; while the portrait of the grand Corneille is most agreeable to our feelings, the most ennobling, and calculated to enlist the hearts and sympathies of a select audience.

Madame de Girardin has evidently studied both these splendid, but strongly contrasted models. She has at once represented Egypt's proud, diademed sovereign, and the accomplished woman; the unrivalled beauty, the enchantress of all hearts, with the fiery genius and ardent passions which plunged her into wretchedness and crime. From both the mighty masters she has attempted to draw another Cleopatra differing from either, yet retaining all such features of them in her closely studied portrait which she deemed best adapted to produce a powerful impression. Add to this blending of characteristics, strong sensation, startling incident, and sudden surprises, and a little too much straining after effect, and we behold the new "Cleopatra" of the French stage just as Mademoiselle Rachel presented her to the admiring gaze of her numerous votaries.

In her manner of developing this novel combination of character, the

writer has shown considerable skill and talent, as well as some original power; but in the latter respect she has committed one fault, and a grave one—she has given to her heroine too dark a hue—deepened by the contrast of the too fair and spotless Octavia :

“ That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,”

and then weakened the interest by giving too great relief to a rival, who by her virtues ought to enlist our sympathy against “ Cleopatra.” With this drawback the drama is written in a spirit not unworthy an admirer and follower of Corneille. To imbibe any portion of his lofty soul and fervid eloquence, and combine it with a native vein, is no easy task. Elevation of genius and magnanimity of feeling—almost Roman—with an originality peculiarly his own, are stamped upon all his works; models of a severe and manly taste, which spite of the prolixity and false glare of the French classical school, set an example, not lost upon successors like Racine and Voltaire, and which ennobled the spirit of the modern drama.

Wanting such a redeeming power, the French stage could never have attained its present celebrity; and its best writers of the romantic, the mixed, and the familiar classes, would have failed in that nerve and solidity which render them so popular—a sort of dramatic storehouse for the pens of foreign playwrights, adapters, and caterers to the tastes of other nations. They ought to venerate the memory of Peter Corneille, and that noble advocacy of liberty which extended its influence to the revolutionary era, and is the soul of his *chefs d'œuvre*. In the reform of national taste, costume, and manners, he is to be considered no less the father of the French stage. Forms and styles might alter; but the spirit survived—and he still spoke through the works of the great men and the mighty events that followed. More an antique Roman than a Frenchman, he knew how to describe Roman magnanimity, the old simplicity of manners, and spirit of independence which, like his own, taught men to look down on kings, to despise and shun their courts. When that of the “ Grand Monarque” himself, the ostentatious and falsely estimated Louis Quatorze, who could not appreciate his noble genius, or forgive his heroic virtue, shall have ceased to be spoken of, the fame of the consecrator of national honour and manly independence will continue to grow brighter with the lapse of time in the eyes of a grateful posterity.*

This little tribute to the founder of the French Drama will hardly be considered irrelevant, when we venture to surmise that had he never lived and written the Loves of Cleopatra, the frequenters of the Théâtre Française, might have wanted a stage, and the present production, upon which to exercise their judgment or bestow their applause; nor should we have had the pleasure of beholding a new “ Cleopatra” in full and complete costume, of pointing out some of its beauties and resemblances to its predecessors to our play-loving readers.

Not the least gratification to a French audience must have been that of curiosity derived from such a source, the natural desire of drawing comparisons between the portrait drawn by the lady and that of each of her illustrious predecessors. Without wishing to derogate from the positive merit displayed in the work of Madame de Girardin—enough to support it both on the stage and in the closet—we shall attempt to extend this source of

* See preface to his Life and Works, by Fontenelle.

interest by selecting a few brief passages from each of the great national dramatists. Their genius has not been thrown away upon their fair disciple. Without servilely copying, she has lighted her torch at their shrine and drank inspiration from the sacred fountain of human tears, and the same sympathies from whence they drew it.

It is a question, however, how far her conception of a new character and a combination of different qualities are quite compatible with a just observance either of nature or of history, and in so much as they deviate, they are felt to be artificial and conventional, in other words, betray too much elaboration in the details of colouring and the picture, in the laudable hope, doubtless, of compensating for the genius of the one, the grandeur and dignity of the other great master.

The lady's "Cleopatra" then, is a full-length and laboured production, a miracle of intellect and depth of thought as well as beauty, seeking to combine the logic of Aristotle with the pleasing philosophy of Epicurus, the ambition of Alexander with the policy of Macchiavel, the fiery soul with the sensual temperament of a child of the sun,—all in strong contrast and high relief, brilliant and harmonising only like the hues of the rainbow; now all tenderness and passion, now grand and heroic, and then the very antithesis of herself, as though she possessed two distinct souls. Impelled by the one, she is described as capable of consigning lovers from her fatal arms, to sudden and ignominious death. Besides her first benefactor, Pompey, who flew to claim her aid, and fell as he touched the Lethal shore, Cæsar only quitted the enchantress, a myrtle-wreathed victim, decked out for republican vengeance (for it was asserted she was in league with the conspirators), Eastern potentates she despised as unworthy of her arts—hating and fearing Rome alone, while Mark Antony, whose star shone so steadily till he set foot within that magic circle, fled in the sight of Rome's veterans, whom he had a hundred times led to victory. In the words of his friend and old lieutenant, Ventidius:—

Yes, all were vanquished, and they died most fate-stricken—
 For Antony, Philippi was,—Pharsalia!
 But ere that rueful rout, skill'd in art's ambushes,
 She had sent aid to Brutus!—Antony swears it,
 And publicly will force her to reply—
 The surer to confound her.

Diom. Antony see her!
 The criminal is saved—the judge condemn'd.

Act I., Scene I.

The conqueror little dreamed of his own weakness in daring to cope with an heroine like that drawn by Madame de Girardin. That fascinating power—the most characteristic of all her qualities—is brought into fuller display by the introduction of a handsome Greek, a slave to Cleopatra in both senses of the word. He becomes madly enamoured of his too charming sovereign; he falls at her feet, she smiles, and he is doomed. This underplot, or rather episode, is narrated in the first act, and adopted as the agent to excite Antony's jealousy, detach him from Cleopatra, and lead him to accept the terms offered by Octavius with the hand of his sister. It supplies, indeed, the chief incidents in the play. The queen's secretary becomes possessed of the secret, and thus reveals it to Ventidius.

Diom. Her wondrous charm has something sure, divine,
 'Tis vain to combat. 'Mid our execrations
 Of her worst acts—our pity, for th' oppressed

Our purpos'd plots—we see her—and we tremble,
 Confess her sovereign charms, nor dream of ill.

Her thought is as a world, her heart an abyss ;
 Headlong she rushes on from crime to crime,
 Braving, with reckless soul, both court and people.

Act I.

We must interrupt the dialogue a moment, however, to remark the false taste and the bathos incurred by straining for effect, in the two or three concluding lines ; and to observe, that this is a very different portrait to that of the sensitive and generous queen drawn by Corneille, to the all variable, wild, but loving Cleopatra of the bard of Avon.

She is here made, in earnest, what Antony calls her in jest, the true "Serpent of the Nile," nor does she once forfeit the character, till we are almost induced to believe she must be aiming at the perdition of Antony, to inveigle Augustus himself, and so satiate her hatred of Rome by plunging her into fresh anarchy and war.

To return to the Greek slave, a more important personage than the clown of Shakspeare, who brings Cleopatra the basket of figs and aspics, but who discharges the same ungentle office when she falls into the hands of Octavius. Diomede, already leagued with her enemies, thus continues :—

Diom. What ! you presume to check a soul like hers ?
 To learn a secret that can tinge with shame
 Cleopatra's cheek? Be it so—you shall have it,
 Though I might blush to speak of things so vile.
 Dazzled by such display of queenly beauty—
 A young Greek ! slave ! as mad as he was handsome,
 And grand—to look on, dared to raise his eyes
 To hers ; and fascinated, gaz'd there, hopeless
 And passion-struck. She deign'd to notice him—
 Perhaps 'twas ennuï, mark'd his mysterious bearing,
 Till the fool, trembling at some sign of favour,
 Fell on his knees, and, in heroic accents,
 Cried, "Death, if 't be thy will, for moment's love."
 And she—a queen—forgave the insolent,
 Smil'd, and that smile gave him both love and death.
 To-day he dies—must quaff a prudent poison
 That will not blab,—from Thessaly, or Thrace ;
 That tutors criminal amours to silence,
 Lest royal pride should suffer diminution.
 Shame, not remorse, is dreaded, and the bold heart
 That scruples not to stifle proofs of crime,
 Is still held free from censure.

Ven. What, a slave ?

Diom. A man, at least.

Ven. (*As if reflecting.*)—Mark Antony is jealous,
 If, saving this vile slave—

Diom. Let us retire !

I hear a step.

(*They withdraw into Diomede's apartment.*)

Charmian and Iras, Cleopatra's maids of honour, now appear with a bowl of poison. The Greek receives it with the grandeur of a hero ; Socrates was not more brave, and calm, though he appears to care little for the consolations of philosophy. He invokes the implacable goddess of the shades with as much unconcern as if he were going to sing a bacchanalian song. He then drinks and falls ; but Diomede is at hand, sends the women away, and with the help of an antidote and a doctor, resuscitates him. He is far from grateful, however, being restored to life only to witness the fall of his adored mistress, and to fill the mournful office of rescu-

ing her by death from being led in triumph at the chariot-wheels of the world's master, the imperial Augustus.

Cleopatra at length appears surrounded by her splendid court; the grand priest of Hermes, who reads from the sacred volume an exposition of the Egyptian divinities—philosophers, poets, architects, sages, and musicians. Her versatile genius and ambition to command are thus brought into display, doubtless intended to impress the minds of the audience at the outset with admiration and respect. She addresses them on the objects of their several pursuits, shows her familiar knowledge of them, and when all prostrate themselves before her she raises them, and nobly says,—

I like not this! wisdom and science ought not
By their mind-gifted worshippers be dcas'd!
Proclaim their rights in all your words and actions;
The world awaits your verdicts—science-taught
To form its judgment: Egypt owes her rank,
'The first, to you. Thought makes man great with us.—
The thinker's brow like to the regal front,
Ought ne'er to bow, no, not before Cleopatra.

A Sage. That grand reproach honours thee! proves thy genius!

Act II., Scene I.

The progress of the piece is well sustained, likewise, by some noble lines expressive of her anxiety for the safe return of Antony. Her description of Egypt takes its mournful colouring from the excess of her feelings, and her regrets for the absence of him she loves:

Cleo. Could I but see him! slow, slow wears the hour,
And what fierce heat stifles the breathless air;
Not one small cloud to shade heaven's azure depths,
Not one moist drop to cool earth's parched lips;
No season's change relieves th' unvarying splendour.
Yon sun from the horizon's desert-verge,
Keeps his red-eye, fix'd, open, ever on us,
'Till thought itself shrinks at the dazzling glory.
Here's gems and chaplets for one fresh'ning shower
Ere life itself fail 'neath the burning burden.
Tell me no more of our fam'd Egypt's riches,
That fatal dower—funereal heritage—
And most to queens!—boast not her monuments—
The most renown'd are—what? but tombs and ruins.
You walk upon a land of monstrous mummies—
The prey of ages—murders, and fierce remorse—
Life's toil at best but to embalm the dead.
The dust alive with death—the air with perfumes
From the rank folds that wrap the dead!—pride, pride,
Still madly struggling with eternity.
Vain show of vanished ages, horrible art!
Your triumphs and the land which gave you birth
Alike are hateful; even its beauties shock.
Mysterious river, whose far source in vain
Three thousand years of science would explore—
Whose bounty looks like a calamity.
The secret of thy strange fertility
Not the sun's gift, nor that of happy stars,
Lies in thy ravage—elsewhere most disastrous—
Wanting which, Egypt's fame and fortunes cease.

Act II., Scene II.

The next passage is a description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus,—one of the richest gems of our Avon bard. We shall give both, and it will be

seen that the lady has acquitted herself well, evidently borrowing the spirit and feeling of the passage, without giving a servile transcript. We doubt if Victor Hugo, the prince of modern dramatists, or Delavigne himself would have handled such a passage in a more striking and effective manner. There are weak points here and there, and one or two more serious faults, but not such as to obscure the general merit and vigorous spirit of the drama.

Char. Oh that delicious voyage! you remember;
'Twas I sat at the helm, and play'd the syren.

Iras. And I a nymph to greet our sovereign lady.
That was a sight for gods! I see it yet—
The stately barge—the poop all blazing gold—
The purple sails outspread to catch the sun-beams—
Swelling to th' amorous sighs of perfum'd gales.
Then the proud rowers, with quick flashing eye,
In each dark hand grasping a silver oar,
The masts gay garlanded with wreaths of flowers,
And everywhere those sportive elf-forms, deck'd
Like Cupids, with their glad eyes laughingly
Bent on their queen! oh brave!

Cleo. (smiling). It was a day,
And he who came t' accuse—to call me rebel?

Iras. Gods! how amazed he stood, dazzled with beauty.

Cleo. Yet when I sail'd, compelled to justify me,
I went array'd—as to a sacrifice.
He swore to punish me—I had fed the hate
Of that stern Brutus! all excuse were vain
The dread suspicion flash'd—'twas on my lips—
He spoke not o' the "last Roman" all that day!
Ah! how I love the memory of that triumph!
What joy of joys! as then, again he'll see me:
I'll wear the gem-bright links that bound him there
A willing slave—the chain he wore and toy'd with—
Haste—bring it me!

Act II., Scene 11.

Now for a single passage from our glorious and immortal poet, not with any idea of cruelly annihilating a lady, but to show the resemblances in description—in expression there can be none—and to point out how fairly and skilfully she has made use of so splendid a model without trenching too closely upon dangerous and "holy ground."

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Beam'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them—the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke—and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description—~~she~~ did lie
In her pavilion (clôth of gold of tissue,)
O'er picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature:—on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Antony and Cleopatra.

With both the preceding, let us just for dramatic curiosity' sake, compare Corneille's young Cleopatra, arrayed in all the attractions of seventeen, in all the charm of sensitive, bright and blooming girlhood—not yet either the accomplished woman, or the queen.

Cleo. The souls of princes should be royal—clear—
Pure as their blood—born with the stamp of honour—

Making high thoughts and acts their ruling passion.
A generous fire should kindle all to glory—
Reflect on all its splendour, where they trust
Their greatness, and prove true to their high mission.

And then of her youthful love for the great Julius, she nobly says,

I nurse my passion like the holy fire
No mortal taint may touch—a love even worthy
Of Cæsar's fame.

Char. And you possess his heart?

Cleo. Learn that the princess who respects her fame
When she has said she loves, must be beloved,
And that the generous fires which kindle hearts
To honour true—dare not expose to shame
Or the least soil of man's contempt, such passion.

And once again, when charged with ambition, she exclaims,

Yes! I'm ambitious; I adore the sun
Of the aspiring soul—be it vice—be it virtue;
Guard it and cherish as the one bright passion
Should fire all princes to divinest action;
Yet 'tis true glory I would have them aim at,
A greatness without blot—and spurn a throne,
Were it to win with crime and ignominy.

From *Pompée*, Act II.

It would appear from all these generous and magnanimous sentiments, as if the extremes and contradictions said to have formed the character of Cleopatra had been severally represented, and in parts, by her dramatists, rather than combined and harmonised in one and the same picture. Shakspeare's—the closest to nature—presents "the infinite variety that never stales;" Corneille's aspires to a dignity and grandeur almost "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," while Madame de Girardin's is the grand intellectual creation, the accomplished woman full of talent and genius, but the criminal and abandoned queen. Perhaps none embrace the singularly contradictory and indescribable features, we might almost call them transformations, of her witch-like character. The description so wildly dashed off by Collins in his "Ode to the Passions," would seem best to embody our ideas of what Cleopatra was, or perhaps like her Egypt's own sphynx—a mystery and an enigma to all who have studied it.

In the succeeding scenes, Mark Antony struggles manfully for his liberty, but no ambition, no jealousy, no fears of Cæsar, could parry the resistless weapons, the arts of the Protean Queen. He steals upon her in disguise, to surprise and convict her; but it is only to remain faster enchained, and his heroic lieutenant succeeds only for the moment in exciting a feeling of honour and indignation, till he at last whispers in his ear:

Ven. Come! come! the slave is there! what, no more jealous—

Ant. (*apart.*) Away! that word rekindles all my rage.

(*aloud.*) Farewell, then! in two days—

Cleo. And must I bear it?

Antony then departs with Ventidius, and Cleopatra, after gazing after them for a time, raises her head, and speaks in a low voice to Char-
mian.

Quick! let my spies report me what they do,
Who wait them at the port. They lied—they falter'd—
I'll feign the dupe, and loose their chain, the better,
To bind them fast—to sift, and to forestall them.
Go, bid Seleucus try his utmost art
To gain the secret of their flight—nor dally.

From the royal terrace she beholds the sails of Antony, already unfurled to the breeze.

Cleo. 'Tis he! see, he embarks! ye gods—he dare!
Oh! my heart's torments, and what dread suspicion
Haunts every thought.

Iras. Fear not! they make the port!

Here the Greek slave is seen with a bow crossing the stage, in the distance.

Cleo. Hark! heard you not a stealthy step?

Iras. 'Twas but
The evening zephyr playing 'mong the leaves.

Cleo. 'Twas some one.

Char. No! be calm, my royal lady.

Cleo. There, on the wall! the shadow of a bow
Stretch'd to the arrow-head! there, by the Sphynx.

An arrow falls at the queen's feet.

Cleo. Girls! said I not an arrow! now I know
Cæsar, thy infamous arts—the archer thief,
The aim at me.

Char. (*picking up the arrow.*) My queen, it is a missive.

Cleo. Laugh at my terror, girls! and yet how came it—
Deceiv'd my guard? What says the arrow? Read!

Char. "Queen! Antony is false—you hope in vain!"

Cleo. (*seizing it, reads.*) "Unworthy slave! he scorns thy yoke divine.

His old ambition cloys: he joins with Cæsar—
He weds Octavia. Be not angry with
The legate of this dark perfidious treaty:
To Egypt's queen 'tis due to speak the truth."
Ah, Cæsar's sister! now the mystery's clear.
He shunn'd the light of a display too public,
Conceal'd he enter'd, lay conceal'd within
My palace walls—to ransom his caged spirit,
And wage a last war with the tyrant—Love,
Perfidious conquest o'er a passion chill'd—
True to his nature—dupe—and doubly cheated—
Humble and lofty—player, hero, and buffoon—
Bewailing Cæsar—flattering his murderers—
I know him! the same man who robb'd the house
Of the great Pompey at Rome—slew Cicero
Most vilely—mean and dastard in resentment!
Death for a speech, that tongue of glorious truth
Cut to the gorge; shame, shame! and yet I lov'd him.
Who shall dare say it—lov'd as I lov'd Cæsar?
Never! I heed him not—ah! wretch, what sayst thou?
When e'en the thought is death! to fly, to love
Another! is't true? the mad and insolent!
Quit me—prefer the Roman matron—proud,
Silent, and sad—who is she—who dare contest
In power with Cleopatra?

Act II., Scene IV.

She summons her secretary, Diomed; questions him about Octavia, whom he had seen at Rome, and commands Iras to accompany her. She will that night set out in the disguise of a Greek slave for Tarentum, and the next scene opens in its villa-gardens. Ventidius is exhorting Antony to remain firm, and act the hero.

Ven. 'Tis thou alone can breast our fortune's currents—
Direct Rome's struggles—rampart afresh our rights—
Save from the rocks on which thy rival drives us.
What is our ancient valour—freedom—virtue?
A shadow—Rome's last hope her rival tyrants.

Leave us at least the dream of what once was—
Respect its vestiges ! league not with Cæsar,
Or Rome and Romans perish your pride's victims.
That my experience tells me.

In vain he seeks to inspire Antony with magnanimous ideas; he is eager only to patch up a peace with Octavius, become the emperor of the East, and the paramour of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. You'd have me strike at the boy-power of Cæsar?
Then let's away ! for here I am a slave ;
'Tis Cleopatra arms me for the battle.
Egypt's my country; there I reign imperial,
There boast my love, my court ! live as it lists me—
Where none dare lecture, and I'm thought a god.
But in this forum a dark spectre haunts me,
And makes me rage and fear. Stern Tully eyes me ;
I hear his voice ; I feel his thunders strike me
Silent, transfix'd. Rome holds but him—even now
I see him; its very echoes vaunt his accents.

Act III., Scene 1.

This harrowing feeling of the guilty mind produces a powerful impression, after Cleopatra's passionate denunciations in the preceding scene. A short, cold scene between Antony and Octavius is followed by the appearance of Cleopatra, disguised as a Greek slave. While concealed behind a colonnade, Octavius and his sister enter. She beholds her hated Roman rival ; she hears her intercede for Mark Antony with all the magnanimity of a heroine ; and is excited to the highest pitch of jealousy and despair. Octavius grants her request, and then withdraws. It is then Cleopatra bursts from her concealment, and exclaims :—

Cleo. This torture is too great.

Iras. (in sudden terror.) Ye gods! ah save us!

Octavia advances towards them; she inquires what has happened.

Iras. 'Tis a young slave—a Greek—just reach'd Tarentum.

Oct. She is pale—she suffers—speak, what is your name?

Iras. She does not know your language—is from Athens,
Torn from her family.

Oct. She interests me strangely.

I would enfranchise her—give liberty—

Peace—

Iras. What joy!

Oct. Philotas must attend her,

He is skill'd in his own art—he saved my children,

(to *Iras.*) Let him be call'd—and take all care of her. Act III., Scene V.

The writer has acted judiciously in leaving much to be imagined by the audience ; she gives only the impression of such a scene on Cleopatra. Deeply humiliated, she exclaims with the concentrated energy of grief,—

Cleo. *Iras!* 'tis time we were gone—Antony's faithless.
He loves, he is bound to love.

Iras. But what said Cæsar?
That he ador'd you.

Cleo. She defended him.

Iras. The senate's rebel ! such he's pronounced.

Cleo. And then how lovely !

Iras. Fair! but no beauty without art can please him.

Cleo. Antony hates Cæsar, but respects his sister.

Yes! thy weak pity balm's my wounds in vain.

I've seen Octavia, and I know my fate,

Seek Diomed, bid him prepare all sail,

'Tis in his skill our lives, our all—

Iras.

I haste.

Cleopatra now indulges in a soliloquy too long for any audience, except a French one. It is relieved by the spirited scene which follows. The Greek slave, whom she believes dead, like her bad angel, still hovers round her, and at length confronts her, as she thus darkly alludes to him:—

Cleo. True, I lov'd Cæsar! 'twas his wish to espouse me,
And of what other love lives man to accuse me?
The past? my priests shall answer, "she is spotless,"
Then who shall say aught of or of crime or shame?
(*She perceives him.*) Thou, thou! art come, dread shade, to warn me whence?
From shadowy worlds, funereal gloom? who op'd thee
Those doors of death, clos'd on my silent victims,
To visit me? I who pronounc'd myself
Without shame or remorse.

Slave. Hear me, oh queen.

Cleo. He knows me: lies cannot deceive the dead.
Art come for vengeance?

Slave. I, who love thee, vengeance?

Cleo. To insult, to crush me? by proclaiming—

Slave. What?

Insult a queen to whom we kneeling speak?
I am here to save you! fly, you are deceiv'd,
And grieve not, royal lady, that death's prey
Was snatch'd from him—nor think I glory in it.

Cleo. What when I'd murder thee? wouldst love, wouldst save me?

Slave. Ay! laugh at death, what is't for love like thine!
Oh queen!

Cleo. But such a death!

Slave. I quaff 'd it joyously,

It was for thee, and if I liv'd 'twas only
'To hate thy foes—reveal their treachery—
'Twas I who sent the arrow.

Cleo. Ah! foul plot

That gave him to another's arms! he scorns me.

Slave. Never! who once has seen must wish thee ever,
Who once blest with thy love, love thee, thee only.
No beauty more can render him unfaithful.

Cleo. (*in a triumphant tone.*) He will return

Slave. Trembling to seek thy chains.

He loves thee still! I feel it by my hate.

Cleo. He comes! it is his voice, I ought to know it!

Slave. Then to thy covert, slave! for lo! thy master!

[*Exit.*

Act III., Scene VII.

In this, and similar scenes, Mademoiselle Rachel must have taxed her powers to give dignity to a source of interest so dubious; and there is one which, had it been previously submitted to her acknowledged tact and judgment, would have been considerably modified, if not suppressed. It is that between Cleopatra and Octavia, in which very personal and lively epithets are exchanged—rather a petty conflict of two rival scolds than queenly aspirers to the heart of Antony. Had the writer always observed the rules laid down by Aristotle, and recommended by Horace and Boileau, to preserve the dignity of tragedy; had she read William Schlegel as much as William Shakspeare, or Corneille, she would have avoided some errors in taste and judgment—those "cineres dolosos," so difficult even for the best actors to pass over without burning their toes, incurring the vengeance of "the gods," and risking the failure of the piece. If surmounted, they must add another leaf to Mademoiselle Rachel's well-earned laurels; and

thunders of applause repay her for the effort, in the more brilliant and effective scenes. Antony's recognition of Cleopatra at Tarentum is one of these, free from that false taste and that straining for effect which show a want of power in the artist, the profuse use of colours to supply the place of a few bold, decided strokes.

Ant. Thou here! 'mid foes—faithless as—

Cleo. Antony!

Ye gods! 'tis he!

Ant. Alone! is't real? Eros, is this she?

My queen—my ador'd—yet ah how pale and sad!

Cleo. Absence and suffering! yes! my courage fail'd me.

Let us not part again.

Ant. Go thou—I follow.

Cleo. You are no longer free.

Ant. Your love unbinds me.

Cleo. You see it now! life is not life without you.

Ant. I had already snapp'd the bonds that bound me.

I hasten'd to thee.

Cleo. And I came to seek you.

Ant. Ah! at what risks—what courage.

Cleo. Here comes Iras!

What tidings?

Ant. Queen—the vessel waits for us.

Cleo. (to Iras.) 'Tis Antony.

Iras. Cleopatra then is happy.

Cleo. Speed! let us fly! my fleet at Actium

Commands the seas—there will we battle Cæsar!

There shall he render count for all his insults.

Ant. I am thine, my love! now and for ever thine.

Cleo. Fool that I was! to fear, envy Octavia.

[Exeunt all.

Act III., Scene VIII.

Here Octavia, attended by Ventidius, comes to seek Antony.

ven. Unworthy as he is! we are too late;

He is fled, but let us haste—

Oct. No, it is over!

For Cæsar's sister ne'er will deign to mar

Joys that insult her. My brother's but too ready—

All is prepared—the sentence is gone forth,

The gods have will'd it. Let us seek his children,

And so conceal my woe—their father's infamy.

ven. Nay, I will follow them!

Oct. No! I conjure you.

Cherish his children's love for him, 'tis all

We now can do. Antony's is a name

To live through time—to fill men's tongues and story;

Nor should his sons hear aught but of his glory.

ven. Oh Antony! and couldst thou scorn such virtues?

Oct. No! 'tis too much, in vain I would be patient!

Rank, fortune, fame, all, all I would renounce

To save him—be the lov'd, ador'd, fond mistress.

Act III., Scene IX.

The fortune of Antony is decided, and the Greek, that active and adventurous agent becomes busiest towards the mournful close. In an interview between this "illustrious obscure" and Ventidius, he treats the latter with an *hauteur* and *nonchalance* rather mortifying, after saving a man's life, reading him a severe lecture upon the duty of obeying a royal mistress under all circumstances; though she ask you to take a cup of poison. A visit to the quiet, classical shades was nothing compared to beholding the favoured Antony, the despair and death of the bright gem of Egypt's

beauties. He is, in short, one of the most disinterested lovers upon record, for he aids Antony, while he enjoys his rage and confusion at Cleopatra's flight. To mitigate his wrath, Cleopatra, true to her fatal mission, gives out a false report of her own death, and Antony falls on his own sword. The scene after the battle is well told.

Cleo. Pardon, my best beloved,—my glorious—victim.

Ant. No, I would hate to expiate my crime.

Cleo. I am guilty, true; be just, curse me and kill—
Or let me weep with you.

Ant. Whom you dishonour'd.

I was renown'd; you have made me infamous—
Sold me to Cæsar—my most hated rival.

Cleo. (*weeping.*) Should I be here then?

Ant. Let thy dastard fleet

Desert us e'en as victory shone on us.

Cleo. What should I say? You would not listen to me.

Ant. And I, t' abandon my old soldiers,
Battling unto the death! By all the gods,
I am sham'd to speak it 'fore thee; but be speedy.
To whom wouldst sell me, is it to young Cæsar?

Act IV. Scene V.

But she soon succeeds in pacifying him, and he summons his old spirit, and resolves to battle it to the last.

Ant. Didst see me fight?

Cleo. I saw thy noble rage;
It made me proud to witness! I, all courage,
As I were steel, my soul like molten flame,
And war itself seem'd but a glorious game.
I tremble? never! to the winds I gave
My swelling sails. I stood upon the prow,
My tresses floating like an angry spirit,
Mingling fierce vengeance with your warriors' cries.
Rejoicing in that human storm of passions
That outblew the ocean's breath. We drank to Neptune—
To Jove, the mighty stator; and to Mars
Threw golden cups—our tributes to the waves.
Maddening we ran from poop to poop, imploring
With earthly bribes the help of gods and seas.

Ant. So brave! admir'd me, too. Then wherefore fled—
What demon spirited you?

Cleo. Fatality!

List to me—when the carnage spread about us,
And flashing brands like fiery monsters rode
Above the deep—and 'neath the waters, too—
An unseen hand hurl'd them on board our war-ships,
Till all the ocean seem'd one mass of flame.
At the dread sight of such confusion—horror—
Whole squadrons struggling like the sea's own tempests,
And on the shore that mute and moveless camp—
The cries, the whistling of the darts and jav'lins,
And the blue waves all purple with the gore.
Oh, 'twas too much! for then I could not see you—
Methought you slain; and ah! I saw a soldier
So like you, fall. Why should you die for Cæsar?
Glory? a shadow—live no more for love.
No, no! fate spoke the word! I turn'd and fled.

Act IV. Scene V.

Such is a fair sample of the merits of the new "Cleopatra." If far from all we could wish, it is decidedly superior to the "Judith," and other efforts of the same spirited and pleasing writer.

PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT," "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE WREATH OF DAISIES.

I HAD been for some time in Paris alone, and as must for ever be the case when living apart from all ties of friendship and affection, was beginning to feel lonely even amid the noise and dissipation of this first capital of the world. I had grown weary, and sated even to disgust, of the very elegance and refinement, and was beginning once more to sigh for my old wandering life, and my old hardships and privations. I had just arrived at that pitch of satiety at which the very mind becomes jaundiced, and every object is seen, as it were, through a green and yellow atmosphere. Things which had upon first inspection excited admiration, nay, sometimes enthusiasm, now created a nausea difficult to describe. What had appeared magnificence and grandeur in the public buildings, now appeared nought but overgrown wearisome size; what had seemed ingenuity in their inventions and manufactures now dwindled into the most puerile frivolity. I had begun almost to fancy myself growing childish by residing with such a people. So, having made up my trunks at the hotel, I strolled forth to take my last dinner at the Palais Royal, and went on my way rejoicing that it *was* the last.

I was first turning into the garden when I was accosted by my old friend R——, whom I had not seen for many years. I was delighted with the rencontre, and after many a cordial greeting on both sides, we agreed to turn in together to Véfour's, and take our dinner in company. He was a great philosopher, my friend R——. Nature had done her best to make him so, and the world's experience had increased this natural stoicism without souring his temper, save now and then, when memory of the past would rise like a ghostly warning to bid him place no faith in the world's friendships and the world's affections. He had reason to place a high value on his knowledge of mankind, for it had been bought with many a bitter pang, and many a wringing of the heart. A faithless love, a treacherous friend assailing him on his very outset into life, had crushed his young feelings into bitterness, and made him exclaim in his despair, that "all men are liars;" but now that the first sharp edge of his wrath had grown more blunted, there remained with him that sort of calm and cold philosophy, a mingling together of pity and of scorn for the weak-

nesses and errors of his fellow men, and yet withal such generous sympathy for their woes, that his mind was in a perpetual struggle between the promptings of his own noble generous nature, and the false and selfish doctrines inculcated by the base ingratitude of the world. When we had dined, he proposed a stroll into the garden, to which I gladly assented, and taking a chair opposite the fountain, we passed a delicious hour in friendly converse of old scenes and youthful reminiscences, until we were reminded by the chill damp of night that it was time to seek other quarters more congenial to my friend's weak state of health, and my own intention of setting forth betimes on the morrow.

Such was the charm of R ——'s spirit and conversation, that I found it hard to part with him, and would gladly have enjoyed his society a few hours longer, but to all my propositions for spending the remainder of the evening at some public place of amusement, he returned a decided negative. Musard was tiresome—the theatre a bore—the opera *assonnant*—and, at length, in answer to my pressing entreaties, he returned frankly :

“ I will own, dear friend, without disguise, that I have grown somewhat Parisian, and like my worthy models, the elderly gentlemen of this good city, I have *mes habitudes*.”

“ Oh, in that case—” replied I, stopping short, and holding out my hand to bid him farewell.

“ Nay, 'tis not as you think,” said he, with gentleness, as he looked in my face, and beheld the peculiar smile which had gathered there ; “ you, who know so well the history of my life, should not have suspected that I would launch again on that sea of troubles.”

“ But in Paris a man may be forgiven, if he should forget the anguish of the past and the wise resolutions for the future, among the allurements and seductions which beset him on all sides.”

“ Nay, more,” returned he, mournfully, “ he should be envied for the very faculty of forgetfulness. 'Tis a rare gift, and those who possess it should be thankful. But—a truce to grave reflections—come with me, and let me show you one whose philosophy, like my own, hath stood the test of many a bitter trial. You will smile to find where my homage has been daily paid for well nigh fifteen years—where my admiration has all been spent. It has been laid at the feet of one who, no longer in possession of youth and beauty, is yet to me the most interesting of her sex. She has taught me how to live, by teaching me, by her experience, all that life is worth, and to her narrations alone, for she abstains from counselling, do I owe much of that resignation which, at first, I feared would be unattainable. But come, you who are for ever seeking new pages in the book of human life, may have some interest in the perusal of this, and I shall be greatly disappointed in my own judgment, if you do not find a charm beyond that of novelty in her acquaintance.”

Of course, to such a proposition I was but too happy to accede, and, crossing the garden, he led me to the side of the square opening on the Place des Victoires. Here, stopping in what seemed to me one of the most unfrequented corners, he entered a little glass case, for it would require a stretch of the imagination to dignify it with the name of shop, wherein the piles of fresh nosegays, the scattered leaves, the wreaths and hearts, and quaint devices of *immortelles*, proclaimed the temple of one of those priestesses of Flora, whose very existence is peculiar to the city

of Paris,—a bouquetière. I had at first expected to behold, seated within this fairy shrine, a young and elegant female, such as I had been accustomed to see occupying the counters of the *magasins* which encircle the Palais Royal,—a being all smiles, and pink muslin, with satin apron and plaited frill, with hair so black and shining that it might be taken for a satin skull cap, with large gilt brooch and mock gold waist buckle; in short, one of those delicious, beaming, toiling, light-hearted creatures, poor as nuns, yet elegant and poetical as houris—a *grisette* of Paris. I was mistaken. The only occupant of the little shop was a lady somewhat past the prime of life, rather on its decline, of a mild and benign expression of countenance, whose coal black eyes, still possessing much of the vigour and fire of youth, seemed to borrow additional lustre from the soft pallor of her features. She was attired in a close-fitting dress of rich black silk. A snowy *fichu* of plaited muslin was crossed in tight folds over her bosom, sufficiently open at the throat to disclose the massive gold heart and cross, still worn by those females of her calling who follow the old régime. Her head-dress consisted of the high and picturesque cap, generally worn by females of all classes before the time of the Revolution, and now but seldom seen. It was composed of the richest Mechlin, which, descending in a cloud on each side of her face, lent it even a greater paleness, by casting over her cheek and brow that peculiarly soft shade, so loved by painters, and which they prize so highly, as giving an indescribable interest even to the tamest portrait.

She was busily engaged, when we entered, sorting the buds and leaves of a large bunch of orange blossoms. A beautiful bouquet of the delicious plant lay on the marble slab beside her, and her fingers were weaving, with a skill and nicety unknown but to those of her profession in Paris, a chaplet of the same, drawing through each starry blossom an elastic silver-wire, yet leaving it as fresh as when gathered from the tree.

She smiled as my friend entered the shop, and extended her hand across the little counter towards him; and with that bland, old-fashioned politeness, which in former days knew no distinction of station as regards the softer sex, he bent forward, and carried it to his lips.

I remarked, by the way, that the hand was fair and dimpled as that of the most luxurious sultana, and must, moreover, at that moment, have been redolent of the fragrant orange-blossoms, therefore felt no astonishment at my friend's courtesy. I must confess, however, that I was somewhat put out of countenance by the ceremonious manner in which I was introduced to this bouquetière by R—, who seemed to use as much ceremony and etiquette, as though he had been commissioned to present me at court.

The object of all this homage raised her eyes towards me with a soft, sleepy look, but I could observe a sly, quiet smile play about the corners of her mouth, as her glance fell upon a full-blown, damask rose, which I had purchased as I came along, and which but a moment before I had imagined to be beautiful. I had fortunately presence of mind enough to feel the mute criticism, and instantly dislodged it, with a request, that she would replace it with one of her own compositions, as she was wont to call those bouquets upon which she had bestowed peculiar care. She instantly complied, evidently pleased with this mark of attention, and in a few moments presented me with a *bouquet des bois*, at the same time

telling me that it was the one most in vogue for the promenade in the Bois de Boulogne. It was composed of a few purple violets, a sprig of valerian, a lily of the valley, and a blossom of the wood-strawberry, with one single specimen of its beautiful scarlet fruit. It was a *chef-d'œuvre* in its exquisite simplicity, and I felt proud of the very complacency with which she herself surveyed it, placing it in the most advantageous position, and then stepping back to view the general effect. R—— told me, with a jealous sneer, that I looked murderous; and this observation, of course, completely consoled me for the departure of the five-franc piece from my own pocket to that in the apron of the bouquetière, in exchange for an article of which even the nominal value could have been scarcely a single sou.

"Always pleasantly engaged, Madame Robert," said my friend to the bouquetière, as she laid down, upon the cool marble counter, the finished chaplet which she had been braiding; "why, your life must pass away amid dreams of love and beauty, in wafting blessings with the blossoms that are twined around the brow of each youthful bride, and in vows for the happiness of those who receive with more gladness these offerings of friendship when twined by you."

She laughed outright at my friend's attempt at poetical inspiration, but, suddenly checking herself, she said, mournfully,

"You forget that we must, at times, have other thoughts than those of love, and mirth, and marriage," and she touched a wreath of amaranth, which hung against the wall; "even amid my work, I sometimes sigh to think that it will be worn rather with tears than smiles. Look at yonder snow-white wreath: 'tis for the lame and patient daughter of one of our oldest peers. She will be united to-morrow to a heartless spendthrift, who, broken in health and fortune, with no one single quality to justify the high name he bears, yet comes, an unwilling, nay, a sneering bridegroom to the altar, deeming himself a sacrifice in being united to one all gentleness and guileless purity; while she, on her part, would gladly resign all hopes of grandeur, to pass away her days amid the calm and quiet of the old convent from which she is to be torn for to-morrow's ceremony. Here is a bouquet, to be worn by a buxom widow, who adorns herself, for the third time, with the nuptial blossoms. As she is forbidden by custom to wear the orange flower, which can be assumed but once, she has ordered jessamine. I work without spirit, for I almost feel as if I were an accomplice in this arrogant pretension to youth and innocence."

She pointed to the bunch of delicate flowers which lay before her, and I took it up to breathe its exquisite fragrance. As I did so, I could not forbear a smile. I perceived that the sly, satirical philosopher, had introduced here and there a few Michaelmas daisies, and her glowing black eyes twinkled with fun and mischief, as they met my glance.

She, however, continued her occupations with as much unconcern as if we had been a hundred leagues distant, and thus, in the midst of much quiet pleasantry, sometimes seasoned by a reflection full of melancholy, or an aphorism worthy of a professed philosopher, did she invent and execute the most beautiful productions, worthy to adorn the artist's study, to be gazed upon as models when a Madonna was to be crowned with flowers, or a sleeping Jesus to be strewn with blossoms by the hands of ministering angels, telling us, at the same time, the individual

destination of each one, with such infinite grace and humour, that I no longer wondered at the fascination which had so often held R—— spell-bound for hours at her side.

“This pale camelia, with its shining leaves turned all downwards to the stem, is for an actress of one of the minor theatres, from a stripling heir, who is beginning to despair, because the object of his flame has never worn the bunch of carnations he sent her a day or two ago. Rely upon it she will grow frightened at the message, and will wear in her hair to-night a wreath of damask-roses, even though she should be called upon to act the part of nun or vestal. Here is a bunch of marigolds from the young moustached Duc de D—— to the Countess S——. He is evidently bent on a journey; look at the sprig of purple heath; 'tis to some mountains—no doubt the Pyrenees. I warrant me I shall have an order, before the day is out, for the same ugly mixture, with the addition of a blue corn-flower, a sprig of jasmine, and a half-blown rose, signifying confidence, and truth, and hope; and then madame will fall sick in time to avoid suspicion, and be ordered to the *eaux*, whither her trusting husband will of course hasten to convey her. Yonder wreath, made from the pith of the bull-rush, is for the Holy Virgin, in one of the side chapels of St. Roch. It is the offering of a poor little damsel, whose lover has just recovered from a fit of illness, which the maiden deems owing to her prayers. Now, I worked at this with right good will—nay, do not sneer, it is a first, fresh, early love; they are both scarce sixteen. Here are bouquets for the young Marquise d'A——. She will, perhaps, shut herself in her boudoir alone for hours, to inhale their sweets at leisure. In the course of my long career, she is but the second I have met with who carried this nervous susceptibility to so great a pitch. It is her life, and she could no more live without flowers, than she could breathe without air, or see without the light of heaven.”

While she had been speaking, she had filled the large basket which Babet, the peasant girl, her aid and messenger, held upon her arm, and the latter soon after took her departure, to convey the various orders to their respective destinations.

But one single object remained upon the marble slab. It was a wreath of the common white daisy, so lightly and elegantly wrought, that it might have been a meet ornament for the tresses of the proudest beauty of the land. I thought she had forgotten to place it in the basket with the rest, and, catching some of my friend R——'s complacency, I stepped after Babet to call her back, but the bouquetière detained me, while a dark shadow passed across her calm open brow, as she said,

“Nay, nay, you are too good: 'tis not for profit that I wove that garland, it was for my own pleasure, and, although it be but a melancholy one, yet, after all, it is some little relief to turn from ministering to the idle passions and miserable vanities of others, to satisfy the purest of our soul's affections.”

A tear glistened in her eye, as she took the wreath and gazed upon it mournfully; but, presently rallying, she added, with her own meaning smile,

“You, who are young, would scarcely credit the number of these garlands I have already woven. Could I now see them displayed before me, they would form a most goodly monument to the memory of departed years, and might serve to teach the young, the beautiful, and the gifted,

that there may be some who, being none of these, may yet live to deck their graves, and whose humble love may end in being all that is left to stand between them and oblivion."

Both R— and myself naturally felt our curiosity excited to know the history of her for whose tomb she had been at pains to weave that delicate garland, and we both uttered a pressing request that the bouquetière would relate to us a history which had power to call up such mournful recollections in her mind.

"I ought, perhaps, to hesitate to tell it you," said she, sorrowfully; "for I can scarcely deem it just thus to lay open the woes of one who in life, would have shrunk from owning them, even to herself. It is but a melancholy tale, and, were I a man, I should feel some little shame in hearing it; and if I now consent to tell it you, 'tis only with a hope that the memory of what I am about to recount may serve as a warning."

The hour for the opera was passed, there could be no further chance of catching the longing envious eye of any fair dame hurrying to the ball or the theatre, no hope of seducing the five franc piece from the pocket of the indulgent husband or doting lover. Babet was gone for the night, so the bouquetière closed the shutters, and drawing the high stool upon which she was seated nearer to us, while she still held that pale dim garland in her hand, she told us the following story, in which I have endeavoured as much as possible to follow the style of the narrator.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGETTE COMMENCES HER TALE.

"It is now, alas! many, many years since I first came to Paris, all alone, one fine summer's morning, with no other baggage than a basket made of fresh peeled osiers, hanging on one arm, and a blue cotton handkerchief suspended from the other. The basket was well stored with the sweetest roses, packed in fresh cool moss, my whole stock in trade, and the kerchief contained a brown and wholesome home-made loaf of my mother's own baking, which was to enable me to wait without fear the appearance of my first customer.

"The old *coche* rumbled none the heavier for bearing me among its passengers, for my baggage consisted of nought but flowers, while my soul was full of hope, and my heart so light and so o'erflowing with love towards the whole creation, that it felt as if verily borne on wings of gratitude to Heaven. Ah, well-a-day! I often ask myself can it indeed be me? Am I indeed that same Georgette I sometimes see through the dim veil of memory and time, as I then made my first entry into this great metropolis on that bright and sunny morning? Mon Dieu! I thought that all men were noble and just, and all women gentle and true, and believed from my soul that Jean Baille, the faithless shepherd, who had robbed my poor mother and beggared her children, was the only rogue to be met with in the whole universe. Alas! the memory of such fond credulity alone would suffice to prove how long, how very long, it is since then!

"I wore at that time the high Champenois cap, and the short full petticoat of the girls of my province. The little scarlet boddice I well remember was a *chef-d'œuvre*. It had taken my good aunt, Scolastique, twelve months in embroidering. I was then as smart a little figure as might be seen from one end of France to the other, with small waist and de-

licate ankles, and pert, inquisitive, jet blackeyes, which the young gentlemen used to say, seemed to bid defiance as they passed. To say truth, I was a saucy jade, and shrank not from measuring speech with the smartest and most smooth-tongued among them all.

"It was my good old grandmother who took charge of me on my arrival, and well do I remember how I used to be diverted by her anxiety concerning me, and how she would lean upon her stick to gaze from the little *lucarne* of our attic, until I was lost to sight, and then, when she could see me no longer, she would sit herself down and weep to think that her age and infirmities should prevent her from accompanying me to guard me against evil, and above all to warn me against the honeyed words of the young gentlemen, who would sometimes gather round my basket, like bees hovering about a tulip-bed, and who loved greatly to measure with me in the merry war of wit and sarcasm. But the good old soul had no cause for fear. I needed no other protection than my own honest heart, and the memory of my dear mother's lessons, and these availed me so well that the young cavaliers would tell my companions that 'Georgette was like a branch of her own wild eglantine, worthless when viewed from a distance, and when approached without precaution, found to be full of rough thorns and prickles.'

"I used to walk in the morning down the Boulevards, and sometimes also through some of the more frequented streets in their vicinity, for I was at that time but a young beginner, and forced to go myself in quest of customers.

"I would frequently stand at the corner of the Rue Poissonière, for I had been told that the station was a good one, owing to the pupils of the Conservatoire, a giddy, thoughtless race, who, never capable of resisting temptation, would spend upon a smart bouquet, or bunch of violets, what had been set aside to lengthen the frugal breakfast. From habit, I soon grew familiar with their appearance, and could tell any one of the tribe at a glance. There was no mistaking the jaunty gait, and slovenly attire. Some betrayed themselves by the thick rolls of music they carried in their hands, some by the manner in which they tripped along, humming the airs from some popular opera, but most of all did they make themselves known by the stray curl-papers which would peep from among the artificial buds and blossoms bedecking the inside of the showy bonnet.

"I had observed but one of the whole troop whose appearance differed from this description. She was a pale, melancholy-looking girl, whose large dark eyes, full of a restless, unquiet expression, were shaded by lashes dark, too, as the raven's wing, with coal black hair, rested in smooth shining bands upon a forehead, whose snowy whiteness was traversed by many a blue vein, indicative of languor and ill health.

"Many a time had I observed her stop as she passed me on her way to the school to contemplate the contents of my basket. She would sometimes hang over the flowers for a few moments, as though she had intended to make a purchase, and then suddenly tearing herself away with a sigh, retake the arm of her companion and hurry down the street with a quicker pace than before.

"What first attracted my attention to the poor child, was the evident admiration, it might almost be called passion, with which she would stop to gaze on the flowers which I held for sale, seeming to inhale their fragrance with rapture. At first I used to accost her with a request to pur-

chase, but when I found that this only drew a deep blush to her cheek, and a few muttered words of excuse from her lips, I desisted. To own the truth, I was pleased and flattered at the undisguised admiration she would express at the arrangement and selection of my bouquets, and by degrees I grew to watch for her coming with a kind of pleasure, and to grieve when the best of my flowers had been carried off before she had seen them. She was the only being who sympathised with me in such ardent admiration of these gems of the creation, and I have often felt more delight at one soft breathed exclamation of rapture which fell from her pale thin lips on beholding any peculiar beauty in my newly-gathered posies, than in the jingling sound of the silver coin thrown by the young gallant into the pocket of my apron, as the price of the very same flowers.

"The whole appearance of the little maiden, so gentle and so modest, formed a striking contrast with that of her companions. The very *élève* by whom she was always accompanied, partook of all the characteristics of her flaunting and thoughtless sisterhood. She was a tall, showy girl, with a very handsome, good-humoured countenance, always attired in some dazzling large patterned cotton print, the flaring colours of which would cause me to tingle even to my very fingers' ends. In fact, her gown always produced upon my nerves the same effect as the creaking of a door, or a false note upon the ear of a musician. It set my teeth on edge.

"Notwithstanding this, however, the girl seemed a good-natured soul, and I must say that I never saw her behave in any way roughly towards her beautiful and melancholy companion. I observed, indeed, that she always spoke with a studied gentleness to her, as she would have done to soothe a tender infant, and when the little maid would linger over long before my basket, she would merely content herself, when the hour was late, by pulling her along good-naturedly, and exclaiming,

" 'Mon Dieu! Paquerette,* (how I loved the name!) ' what *can* there be so curious to behold in a few gathered roses?'

"One fine summer's morning I repaired to my station earlier than usual, for there was great bustle and hurrying to and fro in the Rue Poissonnière. The annual *concours* was to take place on that day, and soon the street was crowded with troops of joyous youths and anxious maidens, whose beating hearts and flushed countenances plainly bespoke the hope which each felt to be distinguished on that day. My heart was with poor Paquerette, and of all that joyous crew, she was the only one for whom my prayers ascended. I waited all day upon that station, and remained to a much later hour than usual, impelled by a feeling of interest which I had never felt before upon any similar occasion. I had endeavoured to divert my *ennui* by weaving a little garland of my unsold violets, as a trial of skill. How beautiful it was! white and blue, with the dark green dewy leaves encircling each bunch, fit to adorn the brows of a youthful poetess. or, the idea has struck me since, to throw upon the cold, damp, bosom of a corpse.

"It was late when the *séance* broke up, and soon, to the rattling of departing carriages, succeeded the outpouring of the pupils. Some evidently more pert and self-sufficient than when they repaired thither in the morning, others, alas! with countenances which betrayed the impress of

* Mountain, or field daisy.

anguish and disappointment; while there were some fair faces among the girls, ay, and if I remember rightly, among the lads too, which bore the marks of recent tears.

“I watched with beating heart the coming of Paquerette. I saw at once how it had fared with her. There was scorn in the curling lip, and indignation in the flashing of her eye, which told me her tale as plainly as though I had seen it written in graven characters before me. I could read the history of efforts despised and disregarded, of genius neglected and misunderstood, and of self-love stung and humbled to the very quick, that my heart bled for her. She raised her dark eyes to my face as she passed. She felt that I understood what was passing in her mind, for she blushed like scarlet; and when, by an almost involuntary movement, I placed the dark wreath I had been weaving upon the polished tresses of her raven hair, she looked at me for an instant silent and motionless, and then taking my hand, she pressed it to her lips and bathed it with her tears.

“From that very moment was dated my intimacy with Paquerette, bound closer day by day by admiration on my part and gratitude on hers. We grew to be inseparable. It was my first attachment—it lasted true and faithful to the end, and, during my long career, I have formed no other.

“She would rise with the dawn, and, pale and sickly as she was, would think it no hardship to accompany me to the market, and assist in furnishing my basket for the day, deeming herself sufficiently repaid by the sight of the delicious produce of garden and green-house, of which she could thus enjoy the view without being compelled to purchase.

“It was the good woman with whom she lived, the mother of the tall Melanie, the girl who accompanied her to the Conservatoire, who told me the history of the maiden, and a dark and melancholy history it was.

“Paquerette was the daughter, so she told me, of one of the noblest houses of La Vendée. She had herself, when young, lived in the family, but having since that time left her province for Paris, and been married to a stern republican, she had for some time lost sight of them. But with that faithful attachment, the peculiar attribute of the natives of her *pays*, she never forgot those beneath the protecting wing of whose ancestors whole generations of her own forefathers had lived and died.

“I ought, rightly, to tell you this story in the same language in which it was told to me, in order to convey to you an adequate idea of the impression it produced upon me.

“It was one cool summer's evening, and we were sitting endeavouring to breathe the air on the bench before the gate of the mansion of which Madame Michelle was portress, for like many others in those troublous times, she, too, had seen changes, and from having been the wife of a respectable shopkeeper, had been glad to accept this humble situation in her old age, and to assure the protection of the family for her daughter.

“Paquerette was standing on the evening I mention at a short distance from us, leaning against the wall, with her arm thrown lovingly around the stem of a wide-spreading geranium. I remember the plant well, it had been a sickly cutting, which had been thrown away as worthless, but which by care and skilful management she had rendered the marvel of the whole quartier. Her head was leaning fondly towards it, and her face was almost buried among its scarlet blossoms, while they, as if in

gratitude, endeavoured to shed a glow over her pallid face, making her appear, as I remember we both said at the time, like the statue on the marble tomb in St. Gervais when the setting sun shines through the great painted window and for a while cheats the beholder into a belief that it is about to start into life, and to descend from its unearthly pedestal. Just so did she stand: her slight figure bent over the plant, and so wrapt in contemplation of the flowers, that she heeded not that it was her own sad history which furnished the subject of our conversation, nor yet the large warm tears which chased each other down my face as the words fell from the lips of Françoise.

“‘Judge of my anguish,’ said the good woman, ‘when after years of absence I learnt that my young seigneur had met his death in a skirmish with the Republican troops, and that his youthful and lovely wife was a prisoner in the Conciergerie, where she was awaiting the execution of the sentence by which she was condemned for no other crime than that of having been the wife of a brave and loyal gentleman, to die upon the scaffold. It was a long time before I could gain access to her, for I was closely watched by my good man, who, God be gracious to his soul, would not let me stir abroad for fear of betraying my real opinion of our rulers. At last, however, I did succeed in gaining admittance. I need not tell you how. ’Tis ever the same story of weary supplication and degrading stratagem. Alas! I had at first cause to repent that I had sought to visit her, for I verily thought my heart would have broken when I beheld the piteous plight in which the poor young lady was left. The prisons were crowded at that time, and I cannot describe to you the appearance of that noisome dungeon.

“‘The young countess knew me at once, although so many years had elapsed since the time when, a blooming girl, I used to carry milk to her father’s château. But, the Lord in his goodness knows, that I should not have recognised her even had I seen her, as in those same happy days, running to meet me down the noble avenue which led to the old mansion. It made me weep till I thought my heart would burst, to hear her wild and fond expressions of gratitude on seeing me, for they made me feel how lonely and deserted she had been,—one who had been but so short a time before the idol of a whole province, and at whose smile alone hundreds would have flown to do her bidding. She told me that none were left of all those to whom she had thus been dear. The plough and the harrow had gone over her husband’s lands, fire and rapine had laid waste her father’s hearth, and that ’twas mercy she was condemned to die, for she should not know where to lay her head. The poor lady was near her time, and it was this circumstance alone which had saved her from the immediate execution of her sentence. A feeling of joy stole over me as I contemplated her worn and pallid features, for I knew that she would escape the savage decree. It needed but to see her sunken eye, and to hear her deep and hollow voice, to feel assured of this. The thought of her child seemed in nowise to trouble her. She appeared certain that it would bear her company down into the grave.

“‘During the latter days I scarcely stirred from her side, for she seemed to live but when I was nigh, and when I was absent would do nought but sit on her low pallet, watching the door for my return. And yet with my humble means I could afford but little consolation.’”

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Mr. Mitchell's *Programme*—"Jerusalem"—"Le Trésor du Pauvre"—Bardou—Actor-Painters and Sculptors—Vernet and Bouffé—Opéra National—Furnambules, Déburau, *filz*—Madame Allan Despréaux.

VERILY the manager of the little *bonbonnière* in King-street, St. James's, deserves well of his fellow citizens. Year after year, season after season, regardless of expense, trouble, and fatigue, he commences anew his Herculean labours, sallying forth like a giant refreshed to cater for the intellectual appetites of his *habituels*. Now in Paris, now in Brussels, now on the wing to Orleans or Rouen, now skimming over the flats of Belgium, or braving the mists of Holland, this indefatigable explorer contrives annually to return home full-handed from his search after that rarest of all rarities—Novelty.

His opening announcement is generally simple and clearly worded, but like Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, it means far more than its phraseology would seem to imply; the statement, apparently so simple and unvarnished, that the season will commence on such a day, signifies, in other words, that on that day the victims of *ennui*, fogs, and influenza, the unfortunates who have courageously, but despairingly, struggled through an incipient London winter, may find a place of refuge open to them, a cheerful, well-warmed snuggerly, where, three times a week, from eight o'clock, p. m. till midnight, they may partake of the tempting entertainment their *Amphitryon* has so liberally provided for them. And now let us examine the bill of fare for the approaching year.

The present list does not include so many stars as those of former seasons, but one glance at its contents is sufficient to show that the main object of the lessee has been to improve the *ensemble* of the pieces produced by the engagement of several *artistes* from the same theatre. Thus, we find no less than eighteen actors and actresses selected from the Palais Royal company, being in fact, with some dozen exceptions, the entire *troupe*. If I am not misinformed, the main body of that phalanx will appear in the month of June, thus facilitating the reproduction of any successful novelties which may have been brought out in Paris up to that period.

Some few of these glorious *farceurs* are familiar to the English public: Levassor, Ravel, and Alcide Tousez, have already made many jaws ache and many hands tingle by their inimitable drolleries. But Sainville, Grassot, marvellous, unapproachable Grassot, and Leménil are still new to London; Derval, one of the most gentlemanlike comedians in Paris or elsewhere, has not yet (at all events professionally) quitted his household gods for *le perfide Albion*, and Berger, L'heritier, Lacourrière, and Kalekaire are now, for the first time, setting forth on their pilgrimage.

And thou, delicious Laure Lambert, thou, whose lustrous eyes and Grecian moulded arms have long ranked thee among the most danger-

ous and witching of Parisian syrens, art thou about to leave us? and thou lively Scriwaneck, and thou *piquante* Juliette, and thou witty and accomplished Leménil! All, even down to Aline Duval, Freneix, and Madame Moutin, all are on the list of deserters. But, beware *mesdemoiselles*, beware, lest we in our turn prove inconstant. Beware, lest transferring our homage to Duverger, to Ozy, to Brassine, nay to Lucile Durand, and Pauline, we vote your abdication perpetual, and turn a deaf ear to all entreaties for pardon! Alas! I fear that one glance from Lambert's bright orbs would annihilate our sternest resolutions. *N'est ce pas, Mademoiselle Laure?*

Among the most important names on the list, figure those of Achard and pretty *gentille* Désirée, her first appearance in England. A man must be indeed *blasé* not to derive pleasure from the charming *naïveté* and fascinating liveliness of this most agreeable young *artiste*. There is a freshness in her acting, an absence of all outward show of art, which in these conventional days is most rare and most enjoyable. I do not know if the piece called "Un Tuteur de Vingt Ans" is to be produced for her, but if so the *abonnés* have an exquisite treat in store for them.

Nathalie is engaged for two months, and takes with her an extensive *répertoire*. Neuville, that imitative prodigy, will introduce to the English public, not only himself, but also Bouffé, Ravel, Numa, Klein, Lepointre, and Alcide Tousez, while some excellent plays, including "Echec et Mat," and "Diogène" are in preparation for my worthy friend Bocage, the creator of "Buridan," and one of the few really sterling comedians of the day.

Mr. Mitchell has done well in engaging Montaland and Fechter, they are both clever and painstaking actors, and will greatly benefit the *ensemble* of his pieces; he has discovered a treasure in little Maria Marot, a mere child, but a very promising one. Mademoiselle Lagier, from the Variétés, has talent, and does not lack *aplomb*; Messrs. Landrol (if the father, a good acquisition; if the son, moderately so), St. Marie, and Lucien, and Mesdames Chataigniez, and Anais Sauzion, complete the Parisian portion of the company, which also includes among others, Messrs. Lemonnier, Chatelain, Henry Alix, and Josset, and Mesdames St. Ange, Valmy, De Varennes, Baptiste, and Davenney. *Connais pas.*

And Cartigny, bluff, jovial Cartigny, could I for a moment forget him? As well might the Ethiopian Serenaders strive to exist without "Bones," as the St. James's Theatre without Cartigny!

The success of "I Lombardi," recently produced at the Académie Royale under the title of "Jérusalem," with considerable additions and alterations, may be appropriately termed a *succès de décors*, the scenery, costumes, and general getting up of the piece being so admirable, as completely to absorb the attention of the audience. Were it not for these most agreeable accessories, I much doubt if the opera would have obtained more than a *succès d'estime* (equivalent to no success at all), Verdi's music being, for the most part, far more provocative of *ennui* than of pleasure. As it is, backed by the scenic perfection alluded to, by a charming ballet, and, on the whole, very tolerable singing, it will very probably have a run. Of one thing, however, I am certain, viz., that if this very fashionable composer contributes many such productions to the *répertoire* of the opera, there will soon be no member of the company capable of interpreting them. A tenor or a soprano must be leather-lunged to endure

such Herculean exertions without utter prostration of all vocal power. Duprez, to whom the principal part in the opera, that of *Gaston*, has been confided, is (notwithstanding his incomparable acting), painful to see, and far more painful to hear. Such a continued and unavailing struggle between artistic enthusiasm and physical debility, I have seldom seen, and never wish to see again.

The *basso*, Alizard, is, with the exception of Barroilhet, who, luckily for him, does not play in the piece, the only singer in the *troupe* whose voice is proof against the instrumental thunders in which il Signor Maestro Giuseppe Verdi delights: the stout little hero bears up nobly against both drum and trumpet, and certainly combats most efficiently and most successfully for "Jérusalem." The other male singers are but mediocre, the best being, perhaps, Brémonde, who has lately taken to bellowing like an enraged bull, and Porthéaut, who is inaudible during three parts of an air in order to come out strong at the close.

Madame Julian van Gelder, on whose engagement Verdi properly insisted at a *sine quâ non*, is rather handsome, and possesses a powerful but slightly sharp soprano, which she manages very artistically. She has some high notes to touch, and some *roulades* to execute which would try the temper of the most enduring voice, and which she attacks most courageously. *Palmas quæ meruit ferat.* Bravo, Madame Julian van Gelder.

I think I just hinted at the pretty ballet introduced into the third act, the scene being a marvellously beautiful sylvan glade, embellished with a fountain, and peopled with graceful and light-footed nymphs, personified by Mesdemoiselles Maria, Fuoco, Fleury, Robert, Flora Fabbri, Plunkett, and Adèle Dumilâtre. After the four first had treated us to a *pas de quatre*, very neatly danced, especially by Fuoco, that little witching coquette, Adeline Plunkett (to whom Flora Fabbri served admirably as a foil), darted on with that joyous bounding step peculiarly her own, and smiling, not with the stereotyped smile, or rather grin, *de rigueur*, usually sported by Mesdemoiselles X or Z (one mustn't be *too* personal), but with a smile of such real earnest gaiety and good-humour, that St. Anthony himself would have been fascinated by it. She never seems to aim at effect, but dances as if her whole heart and soul were in the steps her tiny feet execute so charmingly. One can only compare her to a *feu follet*, a flickering gleam of light, now here, now there, dazzling and enchanting while it shines, and leaving all in darkness when it disappears.

Scarcely had our aching hands time to tingle after she had vanished from our view when in sailed Adèle Dumilâtre, the tall, the graceful, the lightly bounding. She is now the sole worthy representative of the *ballonné*, or Taglioni school, the *genre* of all her comrades being more or less *tacqueté*. Were she wise, however, she would eschew the over-abundant use of paint; her cheeks, which are none of the plumpest, are as thickly coated with *rouge* as is Mademoiselle Fuoco's forehead with *blanc*. I need hardly say that the personal appearance of neither lady is improved thereby.

The Vaudeville, which has for some time been in a declining way, but whose motto has, nevertheless, apparently been *contre fortune bon cœur*, drew a full house the other night by the announcement of a new three-act drama, entitled "Le Trésor du Pauvre." I wish I could add that the novelty was likely to be a treasure to the theatre; not that the piece is either badly written or badly played, but the subject verges too closely

on melodrama to be agreeable in a theatre where the vaudeville *flon-flon* should always reign supreme. The main, indeed, the sole support of "Le Trésor du Pauvre" is Bardou, and right earnestly did that excellent actor exert himself on the first night of performance to avert the storm of which his talent alone prevented the explosion. Bardou has, hitherto, been known rather as a comic than as a strictly dramatic performer, and, notwithstanding the pathos displayed by him in his creations of *le Bonhomme Job*, and of *Jean Gauthier*, in the famous "Mémoires du Diable," has seldom had an opportunity of fairly showing the singular versatility of his powers. The very long and trying part of *Pierre Bertin* in "Le Trésor du Pauvre" is sustained by him with great ability, and would alone entitle Bardou to rank among the leading comedians of the day, had not that distinction been long ago attained by him. I hope this truly clever actor will some day be introduced to the English public: setting aside his personal merits, his *répertoire* is at once extensive and amusing, and embraces every variety of piece from comedy and drama down to the broadest farce, from "Le Protégé" and "Les Trois Loges," to "Les Petites Misères" and "La Gazette des Tribunaux."

Independently of their dramatic celebrity, several French actors enjoy a deserved reputation as painters, sculptors, and lithographers; Beauvallet and Geoffroy, of the Théâtre Français, have both given proofs of unquestionable talent, the former as an historical, the latter as a portrait-painter.* I have, also, seen some very pretty landscapes, sketched from nature, and presented to Mademoiselle Louise Fitzjames by Coralli, the clever dancer of the Opera. Mélingue, of the Théâtre Historique, is an excellent sculptor, and is the author of many *statuettes* of first-rate merit, among others, of one representing Bouffé in "Le Gamin de Paris." Alfred Baron, of the Ambigu, takes profile-likenesses in plaster very faithfully; Matio, of the same theatre, is a good lithographer; and Tétard, of the Vaudeville, employs his leisure hours in executing Lilliputian *statuettes* of all the dramatic, musical, and literary celebrities of the day, forming a complete gallery of burlesque portraits, the price of each being only a franc. Among his last, and I may add, best, are Frederick Lemaître in "Le Chiffonnier de Paris," and Vernet in "Les Trois Portiers."

Apropos of Vernet, I was present the other day, during a discussion *entr'artistes*, as to the respective merits of this admirable comedian and Bouffé. Much was said on both sides, but the majority were evidently in favour of Vernet, when an old actor, happening to join the group, was called on for his opinion. "*Mes enfans*," said he, "I myself consider Vernet unquestionably the first comedian living, but say so with deference, after having heard Mademoiselle Mars proclaim the contrary. Shortly before her death, I asked her the same question you have just put to me; her answer, without a moment's reflection, was, '*Certainement, Vernet est bon, très bon même; mais Bouffé!! n'a-t-il pas créé la Fille de l'Avare!*'"

* * * * *

The conversion of the ancient Cirque Olympique into a third lyric theatre, or national opera, does not appear to me likely to prove so profitable a speculation as was at first imagined. No theatre was, for many

* Geoffroy's admirable picture of the *foyer de la Comédie Française*, which contains portraits of all the modern dramatic celebrities of that theatre, and which, I regret to say, has never yet been engraved, is one of the chief ornaments of the *foyer des artistes*.

years, so popular as the Cirque; the grand military spectacles produced there, mostly relating to the campaigns and victories of Napoleon, were calculated not only to amuse, but also to interest the Boulevart public, and no species of entertainment, perhaps, could have excited, in a greater degree, their sympathy and admiration. Now the case is sadly altered for the worse: in place of these splendid battle-pieces, which the enthusiastic *titis* liked none the less from being deafened by the cannons and choked by the powder, in place of the imposing processions, and of the funny episodes introduced here and there, while the grand scenes were preparing at the back of the stage—in place of these really amusing entertainments, we have operas, creditably got up as far as the *mise en scène* is concerned, but indifferently acted, and wretchedly sung.

After undergoing an hour and a half's martyrdom the other evening, in listening to Adolphe Adam's opérette, "Une bonne Fortune," most woe-fully massacred by Joseph Kelm, the *buffo* of the company, and an extractor of the Gymnase and Renaissance, who over-acts and under-sings his parts in an ultra-provincial style, and a parcel of voiceless automata, male and female, I sat out with extreme difficulty two acts of "Alize, Reine de Golconde," one of Berton's most charming operas, abounding in original and lively airs, which the performers, one and all, vied with each other in disfiguring as much as possible. Imagine a tenor singing as if his mouth was full of plums, or flour, or what you like, a *prima donna* making vain efforts to touch the high notes in her *bravura*, a *mezzo soprano*, with a plump face and blonde ringlets, but not the slightest shadow of voice beyond a chirp, and a bass with an organ resembling that of a chained-up mastiff, and you have some idea of the *ensemble* with which one portion of the national-opera-company execute the music allotted to them. I say one portion, for the other moiety of the *troupe* sing in "Gastibelza," which I have not yet heard, but will speak of hereafter.

It is but fair to add, that the theatre is well lighted, that the public *foyer* (which is open, and communicates with the *couloir* on the grand tier) is very prettily arranged, and that the prices are sufficiently reasonable. It would be as well, however, if the orchestra stalls were an inch or two wider, in the event of Lablache's taking it into his head to visit the theatre; as it is, an individual of even moderately rotund dimensions may possibly squeeze *into* one, but he will find it as difficult to get *out* again, as did once a slender young man to pass poor Lepeintre *jeune*, who, having ensconced himself comfortably in the *balcon* of one of the theatres, became an insurmountable obstacle to any passing to and fro. In vain did Lepeintre make superhuman efforts to squeeze himself into a small compass, in vain did his slim neighbour, one of the sauciest and most shallow-brained of Parisian *gents*, heap reproaches and insults on his devoted head; to force a passage was impossible, and our fat friend, at last, overcome by his exertions, and annoyed by the ill-bred insinuations of the *calicot*, remarked loud enough to be heard by those around him, and with a roguish twinkle of his eye, "Que voulez-vous, monsieur, il n'est pas donné a tout le monde d'être FLAT!"

From the Opéra National I went in for an hour to the Funambules, in order to see a pantomime, in which young Déburau, son of the inimitable Pierrot, was to appear. He is tall and slightly made, and his countenance is extremely flexible; there is a knowing expression in his eye, which strongly reminds one of his father, and his by-play is remarkably clever.

I know no theatre throughout all Paris so entertaining as this little

bandbox, crowded as it is with the blue-frocted *titis*, *grisettes*, and *gamins*; if there be no fun going on upon the stage, there is sure to be plenty in the gallery, from whence slices of apple and bits of orange-peel are periodically distributed with the strictest impartiality among the more aristocratic occupiers of the pit. Then, if one of the songs in a *vaudeville* (for *vaudevilles* are given there as well as *pantomimes*) is more than usually ill sung, there is always a *farceur* ready to cry out *bis*, and if the dialogue hangs heavy, nothing is easier than to burst out in chorus with

Lariffa, fla, fla, lariffa, fla, fla,
Lariffa, fla, fla.

Or,

Voilà la vie, voilà la vie,
Du vrai Rohémien Parisien.

These interruptions are taken as a matter of course by the actors, who are not a whit embarrassed by them, but go on with their parts, even though not a word they say be heard beyond the foot lights. Thus from the opening of the doors to the final fall of the curtain, the audience are kept in a continued state of merriment, which would alone suffice to account for the immense popularity enjoyed by this theatre. The prices, moreover, are within the means of all, the best places costing but thirty sous, and the cheapest only *four*. As a sententious philosopher *en blouse* truly remarked, "*C'est magnifique, et pas cher.*"

By the way the event of the month in a theatrical point of view is the *rentrée* at the Théâtre Français of Madame Allan Despréaux in "*Un Caprice.*" The piece is charming, and so is the actress; since Mademoiselle Mars, no such worthy representative of *la haute comédie* has been seen on the French stage. Such grace, such a perfect *tenuë*, such exquisite refinement of look, tone, and manner. And is it possible that such a pearl beyond price can have been for ten years condemned to exile, if not in Siberia, at least in St. Petersburg. *Fi donc!*

Paris, December 20th, 1847.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

So New Year's Day has come again,
In your mind is it joy or pain
That holds the greatest sway—
Joy that the world is well-nigh done,
The haven near, the victory won?
Or pain because another year
Is past? The end is still more near.

Ah! e'en in the most thoughtless breast,
Unwelcome visitings are press'd,
As one by one our years depart,
Never again to glad the heart;
As one by one with silent tread,
The silver hairs now deck the head,
And "crow's feet" show their deep'ning
trace
Upon the smooth, remembered face.

This day, how many look in vain
For dear ones they will ne'er again
In fondest earthly love embrace!
Their looks recall—their forms re-
trace!

Since New Year's Day, a year since now
How many a pure and spotless brow,
And loving hearts "that then were gay,"
Have pass'd like sunshine all away.

And he who dares his thoughts repass
In memory's retrospective glass,
Sees in the clearest forms of truth,
The depths of age, the shools of youth,
And how they both have miss'd their aim,
In flutt'ring round and round the flame;
Losing their more substantial things
In fire which only burnt their wings.

Come youth, come age, and with the
year

Now past, let folly disappear.
There is no real joy in folly—
Its very hopes are cheats, and we
Build our foundations on the sea.
Truth is too good and far too holy—
Earth's pleasures lead to melancholy—
But let us strive our way to win
Unstain'd by guilt unmark'd by sin.

N. B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.*

How little the workings of genius depend upon the mere accidental form and circumstances under which it is brought into the world, is shown daily by the obscurity which envelops the personal history of those who in past ages produced many of the most glorious monuments of the human intellect; the latter seem to partake in the immortal nature of the spirit which is fled, while the memory of the errors or virtues which distinguished the individual are buried in the grave. A natural curiosity urges us in such cases to do our best to lift up the veil which covers the past; but our inquiries, when most successful, show us only that the object of our search lived among his contemporaries like one of them, and that outwardly he differed little from the ordinary stamp of his fellow men. In fact, we learn that the genius which shines brightest in after ages did not always dwell among the great, or the rich, or the powerful.

We have a remarkable instance of this in the case of Shakespeare, whose personal history is so exceedingly obscure, although we know comparatively well the lives of most of his literary contemporaries, even of obscure writers whose works have hardly any claim upon our attention. The former biographers of the poet appear to have been striving mainly to find something in Shakespeare's history elevated above the character of people in general—while Mr. Halliwell alone has carried his inquiries to any extent among those sources which were likely to furnish the history of the English yeoman and the honest burgess of Stratford-upon-Avon. Blind tradition, beginning with the so oft repeated deer-stealing exploit, had embellished his life with romance; but this is now dissipated by the discovery that the poet's chief pursuit was that of gaining and investing money. We cannot help thinking that this circumstance explains, in a great measure, why his name occurs so seldom in the literary correspondence and anecdote of the time. One or two very slight notices, though not of the most authentic description, lead us to believe that he was by no means wanting in those convivial qualities which made the joyous and merry companion; and he no doubt, when in London, associated with his fellow-actors, and with many of the literary characters of the time. But had he been personally much mixed up with the latter, or had he indulged in the wild, reckless life which we are accustomed to ascribe to the former, we should probably have heard much more of him.

Mr. Halliwell has ransacked every record-office in the country, as well as in London, that offered any prospect of contributing to our knowledge of the history of Shakespeare and his family, and the result has been the discovery of a great number of new documents, which establish many very interesting and important facts. He informs us, that his original intention was merely to print the documents, which, at the suggestion of

* The Life of William Shakespeare. Including many Particulars respecting the Poet and his Family never before published. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. London: John Russell Smith. 8vo. 1848.

his publisher, he has interwoven into a biographical memoir. The documents are, however, all given at full, and thus the volume before us forms a complete treasury of Shakesperian history.

Mr. Halliwell has, by means of extensive researches in the municipal archives of Stratford and the registers of the neighbourhood, made us satisfactorily acquainted with the condition and history of the Shakespeare family in their native place during nearly a century, including the time at which the poet lived. They come before us as substantial yeomen of the county and respectable burgesses of the town. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, besides property in the neighbourhood, which he farmed himself, exercised in Stratford the trade of a glover, and was an active member of the corporation of the town, in which he possessed houses, and of which he was an alderman, and served the office of high-bailiff in 1568-9. William Shakespeare was born in 1564, and appears to have received a good education at the grammar-school. Mr. Halliwell has discovered some curious intimations in the corporation books, which tend to show that John Shakespeare had a taste for dramatic exhibitions, and that as an influential member of the corporation he did his best to encourage them in his native town. Here, no doubt, was the origin of his son William Shakespeare's love for the stage, with which, in all probability, he had formed a connexion before he went to London. The Stratford books show that, while the latter was a mere boy, his father's affairs became involved in difficulties, and that he was much reduced in circumstances, which may have had some influence in determining the poet to seek his fortune in the metropolis. All authentic facts join in proving that William Shakespeare always continued his relations with his native town, that when he gained money by his profession he invested his gain in lands and houses there, and that his great ambition was to become one of the richest and most influential men in Stratford-upon-Avon. Mr. Halliwell has also shown that there are indirect local allusions to his native place in Shakespeare's writings that prove how constantly he bore it in his mind; and he has remarked on the singular circumstance, that most of the names of the secondary comic characters in his plays, such as Forde, Page, Peto, Bardolf, Fluellyn, Sly, Broom, Hearne, &c., are found in entries in the Stratford books as those of persons living in the town or neighbourhood.

We have not room to trace circumstantially all the interesting facts relating to Shakespeare, brought to light, or illustrated, in Mr. Halliwell's book, but we will merely state that his documents show the poet in private life intent chiefly on gaining money; and it appears that at the same time that he was profiting largely by his profession in London, he was trading with his money in Stratford. He appears in the town records as a corn-dealer; and Mr. Halliwell traces with great exactitude his successive purchases of houses and land. He has also shown us, by other transactions between the poet and his townsmen, the influence which he was gradually obtaining among them. But a still more curious trait in Shakespeare's character now comes to light, namely, that as soon as he had obtained a capital in ready money, he began to increase it by supplying loans at interest, a proceeding very little in character with what the ardent admirers of the great dramatist would willingly expect, and certainly not very poetic. Yet it occurred at the period when he was most active in literature, and composed some of his first dramas. It is also curious that, as soon as he had satisfied himself in the acquisition of

money by the stage, and had sufficiently insured his position in his native place, he retired to Stratford, and, as far as we can tell, never wrote any thing more.

Such is the mere outline of Shakespeare's history as given in Mr. Halliwell's new "Life." The noble works of his genius remain as one of the monuments of which his country has most reason to be proud, while the property which he collected, together with the temporary profit which he himself derived from it, have long passed away to a variety of owners, and we believe there is not a single portion of it now in the hands of any one who has the remotest connexion with the name and family of the poet. Mr. Halliwell deserves our warmest praise for his industry and discrimination in collecting together the scattered and often unknown materials for his life, and for the talent he has shown in putting them together; and we are not sure if his "Life of William Shakespeare" be not one of the most permanently useful results to our national literature that we shall derive from the interest recently excited by the sale of the house generally reputed to be that in which the poet was born. It will certainly supersede, from the great additions to our knowledge which its author has discovered, and from the superior accuracy with which the various documents are printed, all the previous biographies.

LEONORA.*

THE life and love of the great poet—Torquato Tasso—presented a noble theme for the novelist. Stubborn history has cast doubts upon the poet's loyalty in the matter of love; but the novelist has given unity to the subject and consistency to the hero, by depicting a true and chivalrous allegiance to one dominant passion. According to the author of "Leonora," Tasso sighed only for the daughter of the house of Ferrara, and for her sake was incarcerated for seven long years in the dungeons of St. Ann's. For Tasso's sake the princess refused all other offers, and died.

The author admits that under the influence of coerced solitude, a mental organisation so delicately constituted as that of Tasso's was not proof against the shock, but still his positive madness is not admitted. A giant in intellect, but a mere child in heart, sensitive to an extent that was painful to himself, and still more so to others; the exceeding irritability of the poet, and his habits of melancholy, are at once well portrayed and satisfactorily accounted for by a life of persecution, disappointment, and crossed love. With all his mental powers, the poet was deficient in self-control. In allowing himself to yield to a hopeless passion for one so far removed from him in rank and station of life, as Leonora d'Este was, he was led away by his fervent and glowing imagination, and by his ardent temperament, from the narrow, but safe paths, in which reason alone would have guided him.

Again, he added to the sources of his frequent dissatisfaction by an uneasy, restless spirit, which he could not control. In every sense of the word a self-tormentor, he allowed each petty insult, each foolish lampoon—and his arch-enemies, Maddalo and Salviati, loaded him with both—to

* *Leonora*: a Love Story. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

vex and harass his noble spirit. Noble, too, are the communings of such a spirit—philosophic enough to know that calmness and self-contentment are to be found only in the breasts of those who practise self-control and set their affections on earthly things within their reach, or probably so; and on heavenly things, promised to those who seek them; and yet with too much of this world's ambition within him to be able to tear himself from the society of rank and power.

The history of the poet's aspirings and sufferings is throughout couched in a language and replete with thoughts that ennoble and exalt human nature. The contemplation of elevated themes and subjects—love for the beautiful on earth and in heaven—freedom of religious conscience—the native independence, the inborn wealth and the inherent nobility of genius—and the dominion of the affections over social distinctions—are advocated with great earnestness of purpose, and a deep and eloquent spirit of philosophy. The authorship of this remarkable work is attributed to Lady Boothby.

MR. WARREN'S "NOW AND THEN."*

ANY work from the pen of the well-known author of "The Diary of a late Physician," and of "Ten Thousand a Year," would be sure to excite general curiosity and interest. Independently of its high merits as a literary composition, it is still more so as a seasonable homily. It is the story of a poor man falsely suspected of murder, tried and convicted, but afterwards pardoned, and eventually compensated for his sufferings and rendered happy. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, in his imaginary progress, the poor man is supported through his troubles and trials by an inflexible, unassailable faith. As the Earl of Milverstoke is proud and powerful to persecute, so the yeoman is patient under long years of suffering, and ever steadily obedient to the will of the Almighty. The story comprises three generations: the worthy and pious old Adam Ayliffe; his unfortunate son, Adam; and his son's child, crippled in body, but highly gifted in intellect.

The festivities of Christmas are sadly interrupted, by the murder of Viscount Alkmond, who has only lately returned from his travels. Young Adam Ayliffe is arrested under suspicious circumstances, tried for the murder, and convicted. But the old man is satisfied, notwithstanding the overwhelming force of the circumstantial evidence, of his son's innocence, and he is happily seconded in this belief, by another as good, and as trustful, and as pious, as himself, the parish minister—Mr. Hylton. Driven with ignominy from the presence of the peer, whose mercy they ventured to supplicate, the worthy parishioners were more successful with the secretary of state, and chiefly through Mr. Hylton's exertions, the sentence of death is transmuted to that of transportation.

While the gloom of undeserved punishment hangs heavily over the house of the Ayliffes, the hearts of certain of the female portion of the peer's family are softened by Providence to mercy; the sister and the

* *Now and Then.* By Samuel Warren, F.R.S., Author of "Ten Thousand a Year," and "The Diary of a late Physician." William Blackwood and Sons.

wife of the murdered viscount are led to doubt the guilt of Adam Ayliffe, and, as a partial compensation for his sufferings, to educate his child. The evidence of great intellectual capacity given by this otherwise ill-favoured youth subsequently, induces the ladies to place him at Cambridge. There he becomes competitor for the highest honours of the university with the only son of the murdered peer; but the rivals entertain a mutual regard and esteem the one for the other.

At the very moment of this friendly contest, a poacher, formerly living on the Milverstoke estate, is executed for a robbery, and before he dies, confesses that Ayliffe is innocent of Lord Alkmond's death, and that he himself was the assassin. The banished man is recalled to have his heart gladdened, and his years of suffering more than compensated for, by his son's successes; and the old man's faith and piety meet with a just reward in the humiliation for forgiveness, of the old, tottering, heart-stricken, peer—the Earl of Milverstoke.

There is an energy, a sincerity, and a fervour in these pages that indicates inexhaustible power on the part of their author. Old Ayliffe is a genuine portrait of the high-principled yeoman, the strength and pride of the country; Mr. Hylton is endowed with all that masculine and indomitable strength, which truth and faith can alone impart; and the whole story is a noble illustration of the secret ways of Providence, conveyed in the most interesting and the most effective manner, although “seen,” as the author intimates, “through a glass darkly.” Eloquent in its language, and inflexible in its purpose, it is, indeed, a work in every way calculated to leave a permanent impression, even upon the most desultory reader.

HAWBUCK GRANGE.*

THE mantle of Nimrod could not have fallen on worthier shoulders than on those of the author of “Jollock's Jaunts and Jollities,” of “Handley Cross; or, the Spa Hunt,” of “Hillingdon Hall; or, the Cockney Squire.” “Hawbuck Grange” will crown a reputation now for some time in the ascendant. There is a sparkling perception of the ridiculous, and a happy skill in description that wins the least sympathising readers with the exception of such irreclaimable matter-of-fact men, as Sylvanus Bluff, who asked the author why he did not write a book upon draining.

The “predigree and performances” of Mr. Thomas Scott, the hero of the story, have to work themselves out with the rides across country and blank day sketches, as doled out by the sentimental huntsman; not so the great Mr. Tarquinius Muff, to whom we are introduced at once, dressed like a dancing-master, covered with chains and brooches, and who comes after the pretty chattering Miss Ogleby's, instead of after the hounds.

The goose and dumpling hunt is a clever hare-hunting sketch, with dinner to follow—and such a dinner! Lord Lionel Lazytongs—a sportsman *in mufti*—with cut-away coat, fancy neckcloth, striped vest, and cord pantaloons, and who rides for display, and talks of hunts, but does

* Hawbuck Grange; or, the Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq. With eight Illustrations by Phiz. Longman and Co.

not ride after the dogs, is a sketch of a more refined character, but is equally genuine and amusing.

The entertainment met with at the Gold Trap Arms, and the removal of the clock-weights, made to serve two purposes at once, to stop the perpetual cuckoo, and to drive away the cats from an adjacent roof, forms a laughable interlude. The clever Tom is, however, himself done by Captain Cashbox, proprietor of the Stout as Steel hounds, who proffers him the buttons of the hunt, with an intimation that he may send the four guineas when he got home. "Some men," says the thorough-paced Tom, "stand fire better than others." And then he gives an example.

We remember once dining at a great Russian Jew's, whose drawing-room table was garnished with nothing but New Monthly Magazines—New Monthly Magazines in every stage of life, from the well-thumbed "yearling," down to the newly-issued number of yesterday.

Presently the door opened, and Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, the avowed editor, was announced.

"Shir Edward, shir," said our host, taking up a number as soon as the baronet's back had subsided into still life; "Shir Edward, shir; I do not like dis article of yours, on de state of parties, it is far too ——" something, we forget what, and so he went on, lecturing and commenting on the numbers in succession, till "dinner" put an end to the scene.

When Tom Scott fell in with a blank day, or what was worse, "a choker,"—a cold, cheerless, wet day, without a find, or a run—he would return home, doze over the fire, review the flight of life, and glance at the prospect of the future. These soliloquies generally ended with an ejaculation "Poor Lydia Clifton! If it hadn't been for this hunting, I'd have married you long since." And then he would resolve to end a nine-years' courtship with an offer, and would turn to bed, his mind fully made up, to be done with hunting, and to settle quietly down to matrimony.

But the climax was always delayed by bright, smiling, sunshining weather, till one fine morning Tom received a brief epistle from his Lydia in return for the "fatherly" interest he had always shown in her fate, informing him of her proximate marriage with a sailor cousin.

"Curse these cousins!" exclaimed Tom, dropping the note, and sinking into his easy-chair.

Alas, poor Tom Scott! Hawbuck Grange is still in the matrimonial market. Phiz has saved all trouble of description, and purchasers of his work are alone entitled to view. "They must take Hawbuck Grange in hand in fact."

LEIGH HUNT'S JAR OF HONEY.*

PASSING by Fortnum and Mason's shop, in Piccadilly, the author chanced to see in the window a little blue jar, labelled "Sicilian Honey." A whole world of mythological and pastoral poetry opened upon his mind, and in its train came images of the history and biography of the beautiful island from whence that honey came. He began to think of Theocritus, and Mount Hybla, and the bees; Acis, and Galatea, and Polyphemus; the Sirens, and Proserpine, and the Vale of Enna; and he poured

* A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla. By Leigh Hunt, Esq. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Smith, Elder, and Co.

forth the honied exuberance of his fancies, and recollections, and associations, into the pages of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. These charming papers are now collected together in a volume, of which it has been justly remarked, that a book acceptable at all seasons, is sure to be so at a particular one. The critical press has, indeed, generally admitted the superlative sweetness of this "Sicilian Jar," and it has, by common consent, been placed foremost among the books of the season. The same press has also, as if by one consent (we may, at least, instance the *Examiner*, the *Atlas*, and the *Athenæum*), agreed to omit the fact of such admirable papers having appeared in the pages of the before-mentioned periodical. Leigh Hunt dedicates his book to Horace Smith, his friend in times of trial and adversity, as to one, who, he says, "will retain, as long as he lives, a heart open to every natural and noble impression." In this, from our knowledge of the estimable author of "*Brambletye House*," we entirely concur.

The "*Jar of Honey*" is a volume rich in claims of every kind, and it cannot fail to be admired by all. The binding is at once characteristic and sumptuous, and the illustrations, by Richard Doyle, are as remarkable for their classical taste, as for their graceful and delicate execution.

HENRY DOMVILLE.*

THE history of a younger son proceeds at first spiritedly enough. The social position of young Henry, deprived of the sympathy of guardians, dowagers, and all respectable papas and mammas, is clearly defined. Sir Charles Domville, the perfect gentleman in manners, yet with whom public opinion was a theme of ridicule and contempt; and by whom the honour of politicians and the virtue of women are held at an equally low estimate: and Mr. Brereton, the perpetual advocate for the rights of Orangemen, the redresser of the wrongs of Ireland, the extoller of the virtues of Protestants, and the denouncer of the vices of Catholics, are two equally well-defined characters; nor is much wanted to complete the idea of the character of Charles, the elder son, when we find him willing to enter the church because residence was not necessary, and "it need not make any sort of difference."

Burke's philosophical denunciation of worldly vanity and ambition comes like a heavy cloud over this sunshine, but relief is afforded by young Henry's candid acknowledgment, that, at that period, to him a great man was an inferior being to a fine woman, and by his abandoning the company of the orator for that of the lovely Miss Brereton. It is difficult to decide whether the reckless daring manifested by a younger son in falling in love at first sight, or the courage exhibited in aspiring to the affections of a young lady of such high intellectual attainments as "the Brereton" is most to be admired.

Sir Charles Domville's mode of administering justice as a country magistrate is made an excuse for the younger son turning democrat. The bitterness of his position colours every thing alike, persons, things, and events, with the same hopeless and cheerless aspect. On his advent in Ireland,

* Henry Domville; or, a Younger Son. By Himself. Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

the younger son picks up acquaintances with advocates for a general division of property, advocates for the English government and people feeding all Ireland in perpetuity; Orangemen, who would have driven all the Irish further even than Cromwell proposed to do; and all the thousand and one regenerators, pacificators, and quack doctors, that are to be met with for every one steady, sober, and industrious peasant or citizen, in the gem of the ocean.

Ireland was exchanged for France. This was in '92, at the time when the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto and invasion of the French territory had aroused the patriotism of the young Republicans to its highest pitch. The narrative assumes at the same time a less genuine character than heretofore. The sack of the Tuileries, the destruction of the Swiss guards, and the rise of the Girondists to power, are not told with either the detail, the vividness, or the feeling of a looker-on, as the younger son assumes to be. The *soirées* of Madame Roland, the evening star of the Girondists, attended by Vergniard, Louvet, Pétion, Brissot, and Barbaroux, the French Antinous, are a little better, and the engagement in the Argonne defiles is really well told.

Henry Domville returned from republican France imbued with a wide embracing philosophy, such as he had not in his innocence previously formed an idea of, and he was especially in favour of the great republican principle of equal rights among sons. A short sojourn in Ireland with his regiment, brought the loves with "the Brereton," to the climax of an engagement. This accomplished, the *land of ire* is exchanged for active service at Toulon, at that time besieged by the Republicans. As in the case of the first great days of the Revolution, the defence of Toulon wants warmth and energy, and the subsequent imprisonment of the younger son, and his escape, effected under precisely the same circumstances as that of the true hero of Toulon—Sir Sidney Smith—by a simulated removal from one prison to the other, has the aspect of an historical plagiarism. This was the last of the younger son's feats of arms. The accidental death of his elder brother, establishes his social position as a man of rank and wealth; the red coat is abandoned at a rather remarkable time for so great a patriot, and the now elder son, is equally resigned to be urged to the altar by a metaphysical Cupid, as by a philosophical Plutus, and to give up at the same time, dreams of equal rights, equal divisions, irrational liberty, and impracticable freedom. But on the question of the law of primogeniture, he asserts, that he abides by the principles of his youth.

THE HALL AND THE HAMLET.*

A GRACEFUL and charming simplicity pervades these scenes and sketches. They are in every way worthy of their author's reputation. The "Yorkshire Family," the longest and most elaborated story, and which occupies one, out of two volumes, possesses a very strong interest. The narrative is vivid, the portraiture of actual life admirable. Marcus Weststead, Esq., a jovial country gentleman, sixty years of age, active, hearty, honest, and hospitable, had but one fault, that he spent his whole life in looking after other people's affairs rather than his own.

* The Hall and the Hamlet; or, Scenes and Characters of Country Life. By William Howitt. Two Vols. Henry Colburn.

This tendency—the overflowing of an active, kindly, mind—induces the old man to devote more attention to the property and affairs of his neighbour, Sir Thomas Borringdon, an Indian nabob, with a French wife, than was good for the prospects of his own lands. This act of neighbourly kindness has also the effect of bringing other persons into contact with one another. Marcus has three grown-up sons, to two of whom, Charles and Philip, we are introduced in a truly characteristic manner, felling trees, cutting timber, &c., in order to restore a ruinous mill, the working of which was, according to their sanguine notions, to support the one during his law studies, for that was the profession which he had selected, and the other, who was intended for the church, at college. George, the elder, was farmer *par excellence*. He could read Fielding or Smollet, but preferred his gun or planting and draining.

Sir Thomas Borringdon had two daughters, Clara, beautiful and serious, and Frederica buxom, gay, and pretty. There was also a consumptive son called David, who entertained strong feelings of friendship for Charles and Philip Welstead. The young people were almost constantly together, and a strong attachment grew up where such might have been naturally expected.

But the various rides in which they were met did not fail to attract observation, nor were people wanting to observe upon it to Sir Thomas and Lady Borringdon. The consequence was an immediate rupture between the aristocratic nabob and the kind-hearted old Marcus, and the departure of Philip for Oxford, and of Charles for his chambers in London, not however, till after vows of affection and constancy had been exchanged between the young people. The law of nature being made to assert its supremacy over that of art, and the hamlet for a time to claim tribute from the hall.

The career of the young gentlemen is not exactly such as the simplicity of their education and manners, and the earnestness of their first affections, would have led us to hope for. Charles became intimate in London with a Mr. Frodsham, a solicitor, who has an only daughter, an intelligent dark beauty, who soon falls desperately in love with Master Charles. The author would have us believe that the young lawyer to the last, knew nothing about it, but our belief in “simple stories” does not extend quite so far as that. This intrigue soon involved him in disaster. Harriet Frodsham boldly claimed him as her own, on the strength of prolonged, albeit, innocent attentions, and Clara is prepared to give him up, but first love triumphs and Charles abides by his rightful allegiance. As to Philip, he ran, what has become an almost characteristic Oxonian career—he ran over head and ears in debt, but his good, kind-hearted Frederica came with others to his aid and rescue.

The death of Sir Thomas and of the good young David Borringdon, having left Clara possessor of “the Hall,” she soon called Charles to participate in the enjoyment thereof; and Philip led his Frederica to the altar the same day. It was more happiness than the hamlet can be said to have fairly merited. The sacrifice has been all along on the part of the hall. In strict moral and political justice there should have been incorruptible integrity on the part of the hamlet and unhesitating generosity on that of the hall. At, or about the same time George, the farmer, married the repudiated Harriet Frodsham, a *dénouement* which seems more like a desperate attempt to make all parties happy, than an act of justice necessary to the progress of the story.

The second volume contains several shorter sketches of less refined and more humorous and colloquial character. The characteristic goodness of heart of English rustics is pleasant to read of, but its mouth-rolling jargon is not so much so. Descriptions and narrative, however, so far supersede the conversational illustrations of rural life, that the interest of these excellent sketches and stories cannot be said to flag from an unavoidable peculiarity.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS.*

ELLIS BELL and Acton Bell appear in the light of two names borrowed to represent two totally different styles of composition and two utterly opposed modes of treatment of the novel, rather than to indicate two real personages.

They are names coupled together as mysteriously in the literary, as the sons of Leda are in the aërial world; and there is something at least gained by being mysterious at starting. "Wuthering Heights," by Ellis Bell, is a terrific story, associated with an equally fearful and repulsive spot. It should have been called *Withering Heights*, for any thing from which the mind and body would more instinctively shrink, than the mansion and its tenants, cannot be easily imagined. "Wuthering," however, as expressive in provincial phraseology of "the frequency of atmospheric tumults out of doors" must do, however much the said tumults may be surpassed in frequency and violence by the disturbances that occur in doors. Our novel reading experience does not enable us to refer to any thing to be compared with the personages we are introduced to at this desolate spot—a perfect misanthropist's heaven.

"Agnes Grey," by Acton Bell, is a story of quite a different character. It is a simple tale of a governess's experiences and trials of love, borne with that meekness, and met by that fortitude, that insure a final triumph. It has an advantage over its predecessor, that while its language is less ambitious and less repulsive, it fills the mind with a lasting picture of love and happiness succeeding to scorn and affliction, and teaches us to put every trust in a supreme wisdom and goodness.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.†

THE tramp of an iron-footed tyranny upon a bigoted and chivalrous nation, during the palmiest days of that nation's existence, sounds from the pages of ordinary history with an impress quite as deep as can ever be imparted to it by fiction or romance. The biography of Antonio Perez, for example, portrays the fearful times of Philip II. quite as vividly under their one aspect of secret, inflexible persecution, as the career of Gil Blas does the general immorality that pervaded at the same time all ranks of Spanish society. Scribe has lately given sketches of the same epoch in his "Piquillo Alliaga,"—the Luis d'Alliaga of Le Sage's novel—with a degree of truthfulness and talent, that will be better appreciated some day, than has been, hitherto, the case. The "Oath of

* "Wuthering Heights," a novel in two volumes; by Ellis Bell; "Agnes Grey," a novel, in one volume, by Acton Bell. T. C. Newby.

† The Oath of Allegiance: a Tale of the Times of Philip II. By Mrs. Ann Rolfe. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

"Allegiance" has no claims beyond such as are of the most ordinary complexion. It lacks not of powers of invention. Incidents and events succeed one another at a rapid pace. Reckless nobles and trusting fair ones, are opposed to jealous lovers and to incautious duennas. There are combats, fires, and murders, and the Inquisition is made to play its hated part. But the style of composition is peculiarly that of a bye-gone school of romance. Imagine, for example, the Prince of Asturias bribing a duenna to be allowed a sight of the Donna Isabella's features, which has such an effect upon the maiden that she faints away. The cavalier expresses his concern, and offers his assistance. Isabella is surprised and distressed, but is led by imperceptible degrees to listen to his conversation, which was at once "refined, copious, and *instructive!*" This at a moment's stolen interview in the streets!

Apart from these slight blemishes, the "Oath of Allegiance" will amuse those who are fond of the bustling, mysterious, high-sounding romance. The perplexity of the story imparts to it no small amount of interest, and the unravelling of mysteries, brings the story cleverly and skilfully to a satisfactory conclusion.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.*

THIS is a sparkling, magueto-mesmeric, story. Dr. Astercop, the celebrated German astronomer, is busy exploring the planet Neptune. The Christmas goose is ready, the guests are waiting, Mrs. Astercop is rampant, and the fair Angela suppliant; but the astronomer is detained in his red worsted night-cap, by the rapid approach towards earth of a planetary body. The meteor descends upon the garden grass-plot. He (that is the meteor) is a person not fashionably attired, but strikingly elegant, and with very *blue* eyes. The planetarian (or mau-meteor), steals the German language, by mesmeric process, from the astronomer's brain, and is invited to supper. With a magnet he transforms the baser metals into gold, and with his blue eyes he wins the fair Angela's heart. But during the repose of night, a peasant robs him of the magnet, the possession of which conferred the power of planetarian locomotion, leaving to him only the power of terrestrial locomotion. By virtue of this power, Zarah, the man-meteor, visits various European countries, in search of his talisman, supplying himself with languages and gold by the exercise of the same occult powers. At Gottingen he is, through woman's prying, imprisoned for coining; but the same woman's heroism is employed to obtain his liberty. At Rotterdam he is beset by a buxom Dutch widow.

In Paris he is delivered into the hands of robbers by a beautiful young lady in affliction. In the same city he saves a child in a conflagration, and is rewarded by being pilfered and arrested for want of a passport. In a village of France he becomes the accidental witness of a scene of fickleness, jealousy, and bloodshed. In Madrid, more blood and revenge. At Naples, husbands poisoned by their wives. At Constantinople, he sees females thrust into sacks, and lords of seraglios stifled beneath the shawls and cushions of their own harem. At length the planetarian recovers his talisman in England, and wearied with the fickleness and frailties of the sex he hurries back to his own planet, where women have

* The Triumph of Woman; a Christmas Story. By Charles Rowcroft. Parry and Co.

no abode. Solitude and reflection soon, however, convince him that woman's virtues predominate largely over their frailties; and, like a fallen angel, he quits his planet for ever, for the sake of Angela Astercop. The blue eyes of the angel, the story of two Englishmen clinging to a mast for three days and nights and *not* speaking to one another, because they had not been introduced, and the description of the effect of the first sight of an English newspaper, give internal evidence of a German origin, to some portions at least, of this amusing Christmas story.

WILLIS'S POEMS.*

THIS is not an opportune moment for entering into a disquisition upon the poetry of Willis. He has obtained a European reputation. His claims as a poet have been recognised by the highest critical authorities, and there is no doubt that posterity will award to him a not inconsiderable share of fame, as one of the brightest ornaments of a dawning national literature. But we hasten with pleasure to announce this new edition of Mr. Willis's poems, as a truly handsome specimen of Philadelphian paper, typography, binding, and illustration. Curious enough, as the author's religious poetry is decidedly the sweetest and the best, so the classical illustrations are infinitely superior to those which portray subjects of every-day life. The latter want natural ease. But apart from such trifling drawbacks, the whole volume is a goodly and a sumptuous tome; one that heralds forth the author's beautiful versification in a dignified and decorous form, and in a manner that is highly creditable to the press of Philadelphia.

THE PICTORIAL BOOK OF BALLADS.†

"WHAT hast here? Ballads?" Yes, and a most interesting collection, too, derived from familiar as well as ancient sources, from the Kœmpe Viser to *Blackwood's Magazine*, from the "Nut Browne Mayde" to the Rimo of the Ancient Mariner. With the assistance of J. H. Dixon, Esq., an active and zealous member of the Percy Society, of J. O. Halliwell, Esq., of Thomas Wright, Esq., and others, the editor has been enabled to present the public with a choice epitome of the ballad literature of the country, profusely ornamented by clever and appropriate woodcuts, and sufficiently illustrated by notes and explanations, without any superfluous display of antiquarian accomplishments.

NOTICE.

WE are obliged to omit notices of many books that have come to hand. Among others, "Henry Domville, the Younger Son;" "The Reformation in Europe," by Cesare Cantù; "Revelations of the Beautiful," by Edwin Henry Burrington; "Observations on Imitation," by R. Snow, Esq.; "Charles Boner's Book;" "My Own Annual;" "Shakespeare's Proverbs;" "The Family Jo: Miller;" "A Plot and a Peerage;" &c., &c., &c.

* Poems of Early and After Years. By N. P. Willis. Illustrated by E. Leutze. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

† The Pictorial Book of Ballads, Traditional and Romantic. With Introductory Notices, Glossary, and Notes. Edited by J. S. Moore, Esq.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A PARIS WEDDING.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE VICOMTE DE SOULLAC—OF HIS AFFIANCED BRIDE—AND OF OTHER MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY.

THE Paris season of 1846—47 witnessed many remarkable occurrences.

The rupture of the *entente cordiale*, the opening of the Théâtre Historique, the impeachment of the ex-cabinet ministers, were all exciting affairs; but none of the events to which that season gave birth, awakened a livelier interest, in the breasts of a certain class of the Parisians, than the marriage which was announced to take place between the Vicomte Hercule Gabriel Dieudonné de Souillac and the lovely and wealthy Clotilde de Kerfilou, the heiress of that distinguished nobleman the Comte de Malendroit, whose ample estates extended—it was said—from the plains of Plöermel to the very gates of Vannes. Nor was the condition of the Vicomte in any way inferior to that of his destined bride; for, though a minor, his expectations were unbounded; the riches and antiquity of the family of De Souillac had passed into a proverb, and throughout Limousin it would have been difficult to have found its equal. How many châteaux were destined one day to call him lord, no one exactly knew; he counted them himself by the score, and his score was always a long one; it was fair, then, to infer that he was no less eligible a *partie* than the beautiful Breton heiress. So, at least, thought the intelligent Parisians.

The Vicomte Hercule was endowed with too many brilliant qualities, both of mind and person, to admit of his wasting them *en province*, and those who are acquainted with Limousin, will, at once, admit there was certainly a fairer field in Paris for the exhibition of his great talents and the personal attractions for which he was so conspicuous, than if he had chosen his native soil as the arena in which to display them. The honest, but undeniably dull, denizens of that remote district, were not the people amongst whom the flower of his days ought, he thought, to be spent; he longed to cope with the keen intellects, and gather something from the experience of the lively and acute inhabitants of the most agreeable city on earth,—and accordingly he came to Paris.

How many benisons were showered on his head by his aged parents, how many tears were shed by them and their numerous dependents, as he waved his last farewell to the battlements of his race, it little skills to tell. Throughout his career he never quitted any spot, whether in the crowded city or the secluded hamlet, without leaving sorrowful hearts behind; and it is not to be wondered at, that those allied to him in blood should manifest an equal degree of sensibility with strangers.

It would be trifling with the interest which the reader must already feel in the fortunes of this noble *damoiseau* were I to dwell on the mere detail of how he was furnished forth from the paternal coffers; let a vivid imagination conceive the splendour of his equipment by recalling the magnificence of that proud *noblesse* who, like the ancient Rohans, disdainng to be dukes, refused to mix in the gay world of courtiers, and parasites, and spent all they had upon those who knew them best. It will be sufficient to say that when he arrived in Paris, Hercule de Souillac was in a position which many might envy—his resources were vast, and his credit unlimited; Rothschild himself can say no more!

Whether his resources were precisely such as would justify his bidding for a loan may, perhaps, be a question, but they were quite sufficient to insure him success whenever he asked for one; and touching the extent of his credit, if he did not hawk it about on 'Change, and make himself a world's wonder in the eyes of bankers, it was simply because he preferred a less ostentatious and public mode of doing business.

He had fancies, too, which, for a young man of a rank so exalted as his, were rather unusual. Though cradled in aristocratic prejudices, and accustomed to read the history of his family in the annals of his country, he sedulously avoided the court of his sovereign.

"No man's independence," he was in the habit of saying, "is safe when once he prostrates himself, though only in courtesy, at the foot of the throne. If the safety of my king and country require it, I shall know how to serve them at a distance; I could even endure slavery and chains in such a cause!"

These were noble sentiments, and that he might keep them intact and his mind uncontaminated by the example of courtiers, he forbore to swell the crowd that thronged to the Tuileries, or sought the pleasant circles at Neuilly and Compiègne. He even went further, and literally eschewed the whole Faubourg St. Germain; partly, he said, on account of their antiquated notions, which ill-assorted with modern enterprise, and partly because there was so little left now of the true *noblesse de l'épée*, the race having become almost identified with the *noblesse de la robe*, a class which he held in the greatest aversion. So strong, indeed, was this feeling that no persuasion could ever induce him to frequent that central part of Paris called the *Ile de la Cité*.

"It is true," he was wont to observe, "the chapel of St. Louis, with whom my ancestors bled in Africa, still stands there, but to what uses is it now employed? It merely serves as an appendage to the '*Salle des pas perdus*,' where the iniquity of the law finds a criminal in every bold spirit who dares to think and act for himself; where a code of opinions is proclaimed to which a slavish subservience is exacted, and in default of its being rendered, opinion demands a victim."

For this reason, and for some others equally cogent, but which need not now be adverted to, the Vicomte Hercule Gabriel Dieudonné de Souillac selected his residence in the quarter of the Chaussée d'Antin, and sought his occupations and amusements in that wealthier and more enjoyable vicinity. How he lived there will presently be stated, but it will be proper in the first instance to say a few words of the charming girl to whom, it was now openly declared, he was shortly to be united.

Clotilde de Kerfilou, who, in feudal times would have borne the appellation of the Châtellaine de Malendroit, was a miracle of wit and beauty.

So bewitching was her air, and so captivating were her accents, that none who listened to her or came under her influence, but at once surrendered his judgment and free-will, and implicitly obeyed her power. The fables of antiquity and the romances of the middle ages, delight to dwell on the spells and enchantments practised by lovely women; but from the days of Circe and Calypso to those of Morgana and Armida, ay, even down to Ninon de l'Enclos, or Madame Dubarry, there never was seen a creature more thoroughly versed in the art of fascination than Clotilde de Kerflou. Her honeyed smile, the winning expression of her large black eyes, the soft tones of her sweet voice, aided by an eloquence of the most persuasive nature, were too much for any to resist, and whatever the object sought, she invariably gained it. It was this all-subduing charm which enthralled the heart of the handsome and accomplished Hercule de Souillac, though in this case she gave what she had never done before, a fair equivalent. But, as certain novelists say, "they were formed for each other," and it was a happy chance that first brought them into contact. It befel something after this fashion.

When the Count de Malendroit died—thus ran the tale as the world received it—his only daughter Clotilde, then but of tender age, was placed under the guardianship of the sole surviving sister of her father, a lady who was in every way calculated to do justice to the charge confided to her. She was the widow of the Marquis de Chenevis, who had spent his life in diplomatic service, a service which, it need scarcely be said, demands from him who professes it, the exercise of the most profound dissimulation, the utmost astuteness, wariness of the most cautious description, and ability to take advantage of every opportunity, all hid beneath the mask of candour and clothed by the garb of sincerity. He was an eminent pupil in the school of the Prince de Talleyrand, and held with him (and the clever fellow who said it for him) that "language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts." So silently did the marquis work, that even his most intimate friends were ignorant when he was employed, and merely knew the fact from its results. Like the familiar of the Inquisition, he acquired the secrets of others by an open denunciation of every body in authority, and when men sought a bosom in which to pour a public or a private grief, their thoughts involuntarily turned to the Marquis de Chenevis. He advised with all, was the recipient of every man's confidence, and such was the necessity of his position, or the skill with which he extracted its uses, he profited by every turn of the card.

There are two kinds of diplomatists; the accredited, and those who are not so; the former have ostensibly the most honourable task, the latter undoubtedly the most difficult. The accredited diplomatist has a declared mission, and all the world knows that whatever the game he appears to play, his avowed object is to win as many tricks as he can. But he who is not accredited, has not only his own ingenuity solely to rely upon but must put such a gloss upon his position that all suspicion of its real character shall be completely averted.

It was in this dangerous capacity that the Marquis de Chenevis was constantly employed; but strange to say, although his abilities were fully recognised, and, in one sense, adequately rewarded, he was more frequently employed on home, than on foreign, missions. This probably arose from some constitutional malady which he could never get the better of; or, perhaps, from having narrowly escaped, in the early part of the war be-

tween England and France, a fate of an exceedingly ignominious nature, owing to a wretchedly mistaken idea on the part of a blundering British officer, that his apparent fondness for the art of war was less with the object to instruct himself than that of imparting his experience to others, which, to say the least of it, was taking a very illiberal view of the pursuits of philanthropy.

Be this as it may, De Chenevis ever afterwards manifested a decided preference for the diplomacy which exposed him to perils of a much less exalted nature, and in this capacity he rendered himself very useful to several successive administrations. His career, however, was not all sunshine, for he was unfortunate in the bestowal of his friendships; those whom he loved and honoured most were invariably cut off in the most sudden manner and, such is the ingratitude of governments, even the society which he most affected was sure, sooner or later, to offer a holocaust to the alleged exigencies of the time. But this, he reflected, was the inevitable fate of all who cast their bread on the waters of political life, and having chosen his *métier*, he steadfastly refused to abandon it. For a long series of years he continued then in this course, but whether it was that eventually his zeal outran his discretion, and that the minister thought his talents too precious to be devoted to more than one cause at a time, whether he had drawn down upon himself the resentment of some erring man who chose to attribute his misfortunes to the agency of the marquis, or whether he went off the stage in an accidental way, no one, not even his widow, ever exactly knew; the only thing positively ascertained was, that they picked him up one day from the Seine, and that greater publicity was given to his remains than he had ever indulged in during his life, for he was exposed for three whole days at the Morgue before any of his former acquaintances recognised him. He was not buried in Père la Chaise, or if that cemetery do contain his bones, the spot where they lie attracts the attention of no traveller's wonder at the gorgeousness of the monument erected above them. His path was hidden from men's eyes while he lived, and had he thought of dictating his own epitaph, the sole inscription on his tomb would have been, "SILENCE."

Conformably to the retired habits of his life, the heralds refrained from proclaiming his titles at his funeral, and even the undertakers were stinted in the accustomed "*largesse*," for, to tell the truth, the marquis died extremely poor; so poor, indeed, that his bereaved relict found she had little to support herself upon, beyond the accident of her rank,—an accident which, however, may always in Paris be turned to a certain account. There are countries in which nobility without wealth is a certain clog on the possessor, but the Marquise de Chenevis did not believe this to be the case, nor did she find it so. Neither had her defunct husband sustained any disadvantage by the free adoption of a title, to which (feudal rights have been so disturbed in France since the first revolution) he might have experienced some difficulty in establishing his claim, had he not preferred his own assertion to the rights which are usually conferred by mouldy parchments and worm-eaten registers. That he was a lineal De Chenevis, he entertained no doubt, for his father had died on the scaffold (an aristocrat, of course), and, as he said, during the Reign of Terror, though some believed the sad event occurred before the humane invention of the guillotine, and that De Chenevis was a sobriquet which in some way alluded to the manner of his death. Having only his own convictions to rely upon, the marquissate grew, as it were, out of

circumstances, and came into being at the Restoration, with many other forgotten titles. He was too single-minded to ask for "indemnities," and, not being a Norman, did not get up a law-suit to dispossess any of the returned emigrants of their estates; no one, therefore, interfered with the satisfaction which he derived from the enjoyment of titular nobility. His widow, herself,—as we have hinted,—of a descent so illustrious, that it was involved in obscurity at both ends, cherished the rank which was bequeathed to her, no less out of respect for the departed, than from the expectation that it would be profitable to her in her worldly affairs. She was right, for had she abandoned her position, and called herself plain Madame Chenevis, it is more than probable that her brother, the Comte de Malendroit, would never have left so precious a charge as the heiress of his house to her undivided care.

That fortunate destiny was, however, reserved for the young Countess, and greatly did she profit by it. Nature had endowed her with every grace of person; the education bestowed upon her by her aunt was to the last degree *soignée*, and society beheld in Clotilde de Kerfilou one of its most brilliant ornaments. Unwilling prematurely to expose so rich a treasure to the gaze of an eager and (she sighed to think) a mercenary world, the Marquise had purposely secluded her niece until the proper time should arrive for launching her amid the gay crowds of fashionable life. The youthful days of Clotilde were, therefore, spent at one of her enormous *châteaux* in the midst of those vast forests of Brittany, where the wild boar loves to roam and the hungry wolf to prowl; her chief amusement, when not cultivating the fine arts at home, being the enjoyment of sylvan sports. It chanced that the Vicomte Hercule de Souillac, who had passed the bathing season of the year, before this brief narrative opens, at the remote watering-place of Le Croisic, near the mouth of the Loire, was returning homeward to Paris, stopping occasionally to sport at the mansions of his numerous friends, and by accident took up his quarters for a few days in the neighbourhood of Malendroit. Whilst indulging one fine afternoon in that brilliant sport which is so dear to a Frenchman, and which embraces in the same game-bag every thing furred or feathered, from a fox to a tomtit, he had the happiness to render a service of inestimable value to the lovely Clotilde de Kerfilou.

He did it, of course, as all heroes do, at the risk of his own life: "arresting the fiery animal at the brink of a fearful precipice;" or "plunging headlong into the foaming waters, and bearing his precious burden to the shore;" or "transfixing the savage monster with his boar-spear at the very moment when, powerless to defend herself, the affrighted girl had fallen into a deep swoon, from which she awoke only to find herself in the arms of her gallant preserver, his left arm in a sling and bathed in the gore of his hideous adversary." It was something of this kind,—so ran the legend (like all legends, not very precise),—which led to an intimacy between the noble De Souillac and the heiress of Malendroit; and an intimacy once formed, love followed with rapid feet, and in this instance his course was smooth; no stern parental voice forbade the happiness of the lovers, and it was resolved that the following spring should witness their union.

However gratifying it might have been to the numerous tenantry of the noble houses of De Souillac and Malendroit to witness the nuptial festivities which graced this proud alliance, it was impossible that both should be gratified; had the marriage-rites been celebrated in Brittany,

heart-burning might have ensued in Limousin ; and if, on the other hand, the Vicomte's people had been favoured, the choler of the angry Bretons would probably have been roused. To avoid either alternative, the Marquise de Chenevis decided that the marriage should take place in the capital, and on the 1st of April, 1847, the banns were published for the first time at the Mairie of the Premier Arrondissement de Paris ; and on the following day (which was Sunday) the notice was repeated in the church of Saint Roch, and in the Madeleine, where the *fiancés* severally resided.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH SHOWS HOW NOBLE AND WEALTHY FAMILIES ARE PRIZED IN PARIS.

WHATEVER faults may be imputed to the tradespeople of Paris, no one can justly accuse them of neglecting their own interests. Their *empressement* to secure customers, fascinating as may be the manner in which it is developed, does not arise, as many have believed, from a merely philanthropic or vain-glorious feeling, but is firmly based on the money-making principle, so that when a Russian, an Englishman, or any other wealthy foreigner, is offered the run of their shops with the dulcet intimation of, "Payez quand vous voudrez," he must clearly understand that the shopkeeper's regard is not for his person, but for "les beaux yeux de sa cassette." In other words, the Parisian tradesman is not more Quixotic in his generosity than his brethren in London, Brussels, or Vienna—but he speculates, perhaps, a little more boldly.

Amongst the customs which have of late years obtained in Paris, there is one of a peculiar kind, which has been very generally followed by the *classe boutiquière*. It is this:—

Having an especial eye to business, wherever it may be done, they not only see the porters of hotels to inform them when any rich arrival takes place, that they may instantly wait upon them with their wares, but also employ agents, who are perpetually on the *qui vive* to ascertain at the different *mairies*, what persons of rank and wealth are *affichés* to be married, that they may monopolise their custom. On occasions of this nature, orders are profusely given, prices are seldom asked, and the harvest is generally an abundant one. There may sometimes be exceptions to the generosity of bridegrooms: we, for example, remember a case where an acquaintance of ours, about to be married to a very lovely girl, whispered to us, *on his way to the altar*, that "he would be ——" (never mind what), "if he gave the clergyman more than a guinea!" (the curmudgeon deserved the fate which afterwards befel him); but these instances are rare, and, for the most part, those who furnish the *trousseau*, have little cause to complain of niggard instructions.

The month of April opened last year with brighter promise than the fickle season fulfilled. The morning of the 3rd was warm and genial, the air was fresh and invigorating, the sun shone brightly, and many a heart was cheered with hopes which, like the new leaves, have their birth in spring and lie crushed and trodden under foot at the close of autumn. At an open window on the *premier* of one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli, and on the desirable side, overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries, sat two ladies, enjoying the beauty of the newly-awakened

season, and conversing with that joyous animation which denotes that the heart is satisfied, the mind devoid of care, and no cloud upon the innocence or serenity of either; such, at least, are the inferences usually drawn from this delightful *abandon* of the spirits. It is the privilege of age, after a life rightly spent, and the heritage of youth before it has come into contact with the misery or the vices of the world!

The ages of the ladies differed no less than their personal appearance. The elder of the two had, probably, passed her fiftieth year; the younger could scarcely have reached her twentieth. Both were handsome, but the majestic *embonpoint* of the matron offered a remarkable contrast to the *svelte* figure of the girl, and the air of command which characterised the bearing of the first came out in striking relief against the winning graces of manner which shed a halo round every movement and gesture of her sweetly timid companion.

They were richly and fashionably attired, and the most careless observer would at once have recognised them as persons of condition, so unmistakable is the air of those who in their transit through life, are only called upon to exercise the ethereal faculties of mind. That they were opulent as well as of high rank might with equal certainty have been inferred, from the fact of their occupying the apartments which we have described, for the "Hôtel d'Abd-el-Kader" in which they resided (we name it out of regard for the amiable and conciliating hostess, whose charges are indelibly impressed upon our memory), is decidedly the most expensive of its class, in this, the most expensive *quartier* of Paris.

But the nobility of soul of the Marquise de Chenevis (the reader has of course anticipated our avowal that she was the elder of the two ladies, and Clotilde de Kerfilou, the younger), had always set her above the paltry consideration of expense, when weighed in the balance with real happiness, even when her worldly circumstances were at the lowest, and it is a fact no less remarkable than true that she was never known—save once—to question a single item in the numerous bills presented to her for payment in the course of her chequered career. The exception (she told the anecdote herself, with pleasing *naïveté*) occurred on the high road between Lyons and Grénoble, at a small village where one of her horses had cast a shoe, for replacing which a charge was made of a thousand francs. "Mais, comment donc! Mille francs un fer de cheval!"

"Pas précisément, madame," replied the farrier, "je ne demande pas autant pour mon fer; mais, il ne m'est jamais arrivé de ferrer le cheval d'une dame comme votre excellence, et je voudrais garder le souvenir de votre trajet."

"A la bonne heure," ai-je répondu, en lui remettant un billet de mille francs; "mais, il me paraît, monsieur, que c'est aussi dans votre métier de faire des impressions de voyage!"

"That was the only time," continued the Marquise, "that I ever remember being overcharged, but," she used smilingly to add, "I forgave the man's impudence on account of the compliment he paid me, for I was vain enough then to be pleased with compliments and—sans trancher le mot—good-looking enough to think I deserved them."

It was of course the rarity of the occurrence that caused the Marquise frequently to tell this story, and it so happened that she was often indiscreet enough to mention it in the presence of tradespeople and persons of

that description, who, it need scarcely be said, invariably took advantage of her generous disposition.

When we remember the nature of the event which had that morning taken place at the mairie of the arrondissement in which they dwelt, the subject on which the blushing Clotilde was so gaily discoursing with her aunt may readily be surmised. It appeared to afford that kind relative no less heartfelt satisfaction, for her countenance beamed with smiles as if she already saw in the projects for her niece's marriage the fruition of her dearest hopes, but even we, who are the historians of this true tale, presume only to conjecture that such was the case, the few last words of their conversation alone having reached our ear.

"And you think then," exclaimed Clotilde, with pleasure dancing in her eyes, "you think they will send to us?"

"Think!" replied the marquise, "I am perfectly *sure* of it. In our position it was the very best move we possibly could have made. Rely upon it, it is a perfectly safe—"

"Hush!" said Clotilde, putting her finger on her lips, "there is some one at the door—oh, it's only Lucille. Well, Lucille, what is the matter?"

"If you please, Madame la Marquise, there is a person in the anti-chamber who has brought this card, and wishes to have the honour of being admitted."

The Marquise took the card from the *femme de chambre*, shot a glance of singular meaning at Clotilde, and then read aloud:

"MADemoisELLE LE NORMAND,
"BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES, No. 3,
"CORBEILLES DE MARIAGE."

"Really the good people of Paris divine our intentions almost before they are formed. Do you know Mademoiselle le Normand's establishment, Lucille?"

"Only by reputation, madame. I believe it is one of the first in Paris."

"Are you quite certain you have not spoken in that quarter of my niece's intended marriage?"

"Mais, madame, je ne suis pas capable —"

"Well, it is very extraordinary! I wonder how she could have heard of it. At any rate, show the person in."

The *femme de chambre* disappeared, and presently returned, followed by a very well-dressed lady, who was endowed with no small share of volubility. "She was the *dame de confiance* of the celebrated *modiste*, who would herself have had the honour of waiting on the Marquise de Chenevis (a low curtsey), and the Comtesse de Malendroit (another and still lower reverence), had she not been suddenly summoned to Neuilly to receive her Majesty's commands respecting a costume for the young Duchesse de Montpensier. But whatever orders meadames thought proper to give, might be intrusted to her with the fullest reliance of their being, &c., &c.," the usual formula on these occasions. "It is not to be supposed," continued the voluble emissary, "that ladies of such distinguished rank as yours do not employ milliners of your own,—persons of extremely good taste, no doubt,—but as there is only *one* house in Paris

where a *trousseau comme il faut* can be obtained, and not perceiving your names already in her books, Mademoiselle Le Normand thought it was only due to yourselves to remind you of her claims upon the attention of all persons of quality, and particularly upon that of ladies of your exalted position whom it would be a happiness for her to serve."

The Marquise and Clotilde received this *accueil* very graciously, but without manifesting any symptoms of *mauvaise honte* which even ladies of rank, who are accustomed to reside in the provinces, exhibit in the presence of a fashionable Parisian milliner. They accepted the compliments of the *dame de confiance* as a matter of course, and with that supreme air of indifference which so well became them, expressed their willingness to make the necessary purchases.

The materials were at hand, for scarcely had their consent been given when, at a signal, the effect of which was almost magical, two demoiselles entered the room laden with *cartons*, which were speedily opened and the contents exhibited to the admiring eyes of the fair *fiancée* and her fond relative, who, had Clotilde not been an heiress, would have been equally indulgent to her.

It would scarcely comport with the gravity with which we would fain invest our writings, were we to dwell on the names and qualities of the delicate webs and tissues that were displayed on this occasion; how silk and satin, tulle and lace, gauze and muslin, velvet and organdie, were by turns recommended and approved of; how many dresses of this texture, or of that material, were ordered; how many cachemires were selected; what a lovely veil was chosen; or how little the high prices, which seemed to be asked for form's sake only, interfered with the lavish and dignified notions of the Marquise, who, *à propos* of the peculiar curve of a wreath of orange-flowers, was reminded to tell Clotilde the memorable story of the horse-shoe, which she, in the kindness of her heart, could not bring herself to acknowledge she had ever heard before, but listened to it with an air of the most artless simplicity.

The result of the interview was, that the *dame de confiance* departed in the highest degree satisfied with the ample order which she had received, and, as a proof of her satisfaction, slipped twenty francs into the hand of Lucille on taking her departure.

She had scarcely gone before another arrival was announced. This time it was no less a personage than one of the firm of Berthet and Peret, the goldsmiths of the Rue Montmorency, who came loaded with every object that could tempt, not only an expectant bride fresh from the wilds of Brittany, but even the most experienced *habitué* of the glittering line of shops that line the Palais Royal. Rings, bracelets, *seignés*, *rivières*, *boucles-d'oreilles*, all that gold or precious stones could assume of beautiful in form, or splendid of hue, was arrayed in the most tempting manner; some costly articles were chosen,—others were set aside to be determined on when the choice of Monsieur le Vicomte was declared, and an intimation was given that the gentleman's family-plate being rather old-fashioned, the probability was that he might be induced to order an entirely new service.

"S'il était possible, madame," said the jeweller, "que l'argenterie de monsieur fut au dernier degré rococo, nous ne ferions pas la moindre hésitation de prendre en échange autant qu'il en possède."

He, too, went his way charmed with his reception, and building castles

of frosted silver on the strength of the profit which he expected to make out of the wealthy, but ignorant, *campagnards*!

Other tradespeople, bent on similar errands,—their names are worth recording for the sake of posterity,—succeeded:—M. Aucoc, from the Rue d'Orleans, brought a magnificent *nécessaire de voyage*; M. Giroux, from the Coq St. Honoré, sent a splendid *service de toilette*; Madame Bouilly, the *plumassière de la reine*, came charged with wreaths of flowers and feathers formed into the most graceful diadems, and here the Marquise ordered on her own account; and Messieurs Cartier, of the Rue Richelieu, would not be denied, as they urged the inspection of their richest velvets and *tapis de pied* for the *ameublement* of the Château de Malendroit; in short, the Marquise and Clotilde found the morning much too short for the numerous calls which were made upon their patronage, and were compelled at last to deny—for that day—further admittance to the crowd of applicants who thronged their doors.

While this gratifying expenditure of a munificently-conceived expenditure was going on in the Hôtel d'Abd-el-Kader, a scene not very dissimilar was—singularly enough—being enacted in the Rue de Provence, where the Vicomte Hercule Gabriel Dieudonné de Souillac had taken up his quarters.

The Vicomte, arrayed in a gorgeous shawl dressing-gown, with a *pantalon de matin* and *chaussure* to match, a crimson satin scarf with gold fringes loosely tied round his throat, and a purple velvet Fcz scull-cap on his head, was half-reclining on a sofa beside his breakfast-table, dreamily engaged in smoking a cigar of ambrosial flavour, while his half-shut eyes seemed directed towards the pages of the *Gazette de France*—a journal which soothed his aristocratic prejudices without producing any painful disturbance of his ideas. At his feet lay an extremely small spaniel of the King Charles breed; a Blenheim and an Italian greyhound shared an Aubusson rug before the fire; and a large variegated parrot—stupid, silent, and greedy—sat on a perch to which it was fastened by a silver chain, wistfully eyeing the remains of a *pâté de foie gras*, of which it had already eaten more than its share.

While thus occupied, a low ringing sound reached the ears of the Vicomte, like fairy bells set in motion by some gentle zephyr, and the heavy brocaded *portière* being drawn aside, gave admission to his valet-de-chambre, one of the smoothest-spoken and most noiseless of his race. De Souillac raised his eyes, without altering his position, and by a motion of his eyebrows inquired the reason of his entrance.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said the valet, interpreting the sign into a permission to speak, though in a very subdued tone, "il y a un monsieur qui désire vous parler."

"Comment se nomme-t-il?" asked the Vicomte.

"Il s'appelle Petitbon."

"Faites-le entrer," said Hercule, languidly; and leaning back again, was speedily absorbed in the fumes of his cigar, and of the *Gazette*.

A few moments afterwards, a low growl from each of the spaniels, and a hoarse scream on the part of the parrot, which might have been intended for a welcome, or its reverse, announced the approach of a stranger, and an elderly man, very scrupulously dressed in black, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole, entered the apartment.

The Vicomte abated but slightly of the nonchalant air, which seemed habitual to him, as he motioned the new-comer to a seat, which the latter took with a profound bow.

There was a pause for a few seconds, which at length was broken by the stranger, for the Vicomte contented himself with smiling blandly on him, as he slightly turned in the direction where he sat.

"I have the honour," said Monsieur Petitbon, "of speaking to the Vicomte de Souillac?"

"I am so named," replied Hercule.

"Of the noble family of the De Souillacs, of Limousin, I believe?" continued the visitor, with an inquiring smile.

"Precisely," was the laconic answer.

"And," added Monsieur Petitbon, with an increasing radiance of expression, "unless I am greatly misinformed, Monsieur le Vicomte intends shortly to be married?"

"These questions are peculiar, sir," returned Hercule, with a slight tinge of haughtiness in his manner; "may I inquire for what purpose you put them?"

"An apology is, doubtless, necessary," observed M. Petitbon; "but, I trust, that, under the circumstances, you will pardon me."

The Vicomte bowed somewhat stiffly, and put on an expression of grave expectation.

"To have presumed to trespass on leisure, every moment of which can be so happily employed—particularly at present—is, I am aware, an indiscretion; but the fact is," pursued the visitor, with an air of *bonhomie* which seemed natural to him; "I do know the nature of your position."

In spite of the Vicomte's *sangfroid* and knowledge of the world, he could not refrain from slightly starting at these words, and the colour rose, for a moment, to cheeks which were ordinarily of the delicate tint of the ostrich's egg—that creamy pallor which, it is said, most ladies love. This transient emotion was not unobserved by M. Petitbon, who continued—

"Yes, you are about to become one of the happiest of men; and, I doubt not, the estimable lady to whom you are shortly to be united is as charming as she is wealthy." Hercule breathed again, like his classical namesake relieved from the burden of Atlas. "But," and, as M. Petitbon spoke, he drew his chair closer to the table, in spite of a menacing side-long movement of the parrot; "but, in affairs of this nature, young heads are apt to overlook some of the most necessary preliminaries. Now as I am, I flatter myself I may say, an experienced notary—"

"Pardon me, sir," said Hercule, interrupting him; "the family notaries have already arranged the settlements."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied M. Petitbon, "it could not be otherwise; that is not the point I was driving at. What I mean is this—but first, excuse me, I must ask you a question. Have you decided upon the place where you are to pass the honeymoon?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, M. Petitbon," answered the Vicomte, in a more gracious manner than he had hitherto spoken; "it is still a matter of uncertainty. My father's *châteaux* are all too remote to be reached without fatigue, and the same objection applies to those of Mademoiselle de Keritlou, whose estates, as perhaps you may have heard, are in Brittany, and not sufficiently easy of access for those who are impatient for

repose and solitude. We had some thoughts of going to England, for the Duchess of Kent, Lord Palmerston, Sir Peel, and several other noble wighs—all of whom are relations of my future wife—have offered us their shooting-boxes on the occasion, but we are still undecided, and, to speak sincerely, the fear of the *mal de mer* is one very strong motive against my taking Clotilde there, independently of the perfidious character of the natives of Albion. No, that is a point which is by no means settled."

M. Petitbon's eyes glistened as he heard this avowal.

"That," said he, "is exactly what I wished. I told you I was a notary; well, I am that and something more; that is to say, I have more than one string to my bow. I have had many clients, whose property—most advantageously for themselves (for I have a kind of mania for making investments in houses and lands)—has passed into my hands, and I generally have some pretty place at my disposal on occasions like these, which I can either let or sell, according to the exigencies of the case. Now, it so happens, that I have, at the present moment, the sweetest little *campagne* that ever was seen, situated on the skirts of the forest of Fontainebleau, in the pretty village of Thomery, close to the banks of the Seine. It is within an easy distance from Paris, not half a day's journey; there is a railroad to Corbeil, half way, in little more than an hour—the remainder a pleasant drive of three or four more—nothing can be more accessible, nothing more charming; and the price, for a rich man like you, M. le Vicomte, is a mere bagatelle. Here is a view of the château and a plan of the grounds; nothing can come near it for cheapness and beauty."

Saying this, he produced a portefeuille from a side-pocket, out of which he took a paper, and, unfolding it, displayed a drawing of a pretty-looking house, with very picturesque accessories of wood, water, pleasure-grounds, and garden, in short, the thing of all others to tempt a newly-married couple.

Hercule took up the drawing, and inspected it with a critical air.

"It looks very well on paper," he observed, rather drily.

"The artist has been unable to do justice to it," was the reply. "Ah, if you could but see it."

"It is too far to go from mere curiosity," said Hercule, "at least with my pressing engagements; but," he added, seeing that his visitor looked a little blank at the remark; "I am quite disposed to take your word as to the eligibility of the place. How much do you ask for it? For, as I have a violent passion for sport, and have permission from the king to hunt in all the royal forests, I should not, after all, object to have a *pied à terre* something nearer to Paris than my own domains, though we abound in wolves and wild-bears in our part of Limousin; so, if you will name the price, perhaps we may come to an understanding."

"As I said before, it is but a trifle—two hundred thousand francs is all I ask."

"Two hundred thousand francs! That is not much, certainly. I think I shall feel disposed to become the purchaser."

At this ready acquiescence, M. Petitbon bit his lip, as if he felt sorry at not having put on an extra twenty thousand or so.

"But," continued the Vicomte, in a frank, easy, off-hand way; "there is one objection which, perhaps, you may make. I am, as you say, and

as all the world knows, *passablement* rich, and when I am married, to say nothing of what will accrue to me at my father's death, I shall be really wealthy; but you, Monsieur Petitbon, are, no doubt, perfectly aware, that we young noblemen are compelled to lead somewhat expensive lives; our horses, our carriages, our establishments are costly—and fathers, with the best intentions possible, do not always enter into our wants or adequately provide for them, the result of which is, that I, like many others whom I could name: there is De Foisonsac, for example, a millionaire in expectancy, and yet poor; I lent him five thousand francs only yesterday; we, I say, are sometimes in want of sums of ready money to enable us to do what our inclinations prompt. I scarcely think I could pay you down two hundred thousand francs, though my father's bankers, of course, would advance me the amount at a moderate rate of interest on my simple guarantee, only I have a delicacy in applying to them."

"As for that, M. le Vicomte," said M. Petitbon, inwardly exulting as the fish came nearer to the bait, "I think you would not find the immediate want of money an insuperable obstacle. I will own to you that I am accustomed to deal with young men of rank whose *secrétaires* are oftener empty than full, and, instead of turning a deaf ear to their necessities, I sometimes go out of my way to oblige them, of course for a limited period, for I naturally look for quick returns. In this affair, now, of the château, I should have no objection to take your note of hand for two months."

"Of course not," said the Vicomte, carelessly; "but as I do not absolutely want to buy it, and by way of novelty can, at any rate, accept my friend Sir Peel's invitation, I do not see why I should place myself in the situation of your debtor for a thing which, after all, may not please me. If the money were offered instead of the *campagne*, that might make a difference, and, by-the-bye, I shall be in want of cash until Clotilde's *dot* is paid; let me see," he continued, musing, "five hundred thousand on the 24th of this month—the same sum in October, and a year hence—but no—it's not worth putting myself to any inconvenience—a little forbearance is all that is requisite, the diamond *parure* and the service of plate can be countermanded, though I shall be mortified not to keep my promise; ah, I beg pardon, Monsieur Petitbon, I was absorbed for a moment—I fear I must decline your offer, unless indeed it were not inconvenient to you to lend me as much as you ask for the château; not that I absolutely require the money, for in point of fact I hate to be hored about affairs, but as you seem disposed for a transaction, I don't mind encountering the trouble for once."

The usurer had not reckoned without his host; the hook was already in the victim's gullet; he felt that he had nothing to do but to draw out his line; young men *will* be so improvident when the means of extravagance are set within their reach.

"Money," he replied, in the stereotyped phrase of his class, "is scarce just now, and so large a sum as two hundred thousand francs is not very readily come at: suppose I were to say a hundred thousand down—fifty thousand more in railway shares of the Causerets and Gavarnie line, which will pay immensely one of these days, and the remainder in a lot of vin de Suresnes (*première qualité*), Roman pearls, asphalt de Seyssel, and granite paving stones (*première qualité* also) which I happen to have on hand; if this offer should suit you, and you gave me your ac-

ceptance at a month, crossed—merely for form's sake—by the Comtesse de Malendroit, for five hundred thousand, I don't see but what we might come to terms."

The dignified *rétenu* of the Vicomte gave way before this proposition, and he fairly laughed outright.

"Mais, mon cher M. Petitbon, of what use in the world will all those articles be to me? What on earth can I do with Roman pearls and paving stones, asphalte and Vin de Suresnes—a wine, by-the-bye I never heard of before? Do you take me for a *marchand en gros*?"

"By no means; only in affairs of this kind there are always make-weights, and it is very easy to get rid of them at a trifling discount. Never heard of Vin de Suresnes! You surprise me, Monsieur le Vicomte! I thought it was familiar to every Parisian. Its flavour is equal to—"

"To that of asphalte, I dare say. Mais passe pour cela; provided I am not obliged to drink this famous wine nor carry away paving stones, I have no objection to the bargain."

"As far as the stones are concerned you need be under no apprehension, for they are quietly lying on a wharf by the river side in front of the Château de Thomery, ready to be used when the high road from Fontainebleau to Paris is made to run through the village; a man might make a fortune out of that contract alone. Such incomparable granite! However, as you do not seem to care about these *objets*, I undertake to find somebody to buy them, and will get as much as the present state of the market admits of. The money and the railway shares, shall be ready—let me see—will the day after to-morrow do?"

"Perfectly, mon cher monsieur, perfectly. Que je suis étourdi! I never once asked you if you had breakfasted."

"Oh! a long time since, I never—"

"Pas même une tranche du pâté et un verre de Malaga?"

"Rien, absolument rien, je vous assure;" he rose as he spoke; "au lendemain, Monsieur le Vicomte, à midi. J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer!"

"Au revoir, mon cher monsieur—François, la porte!"

And thus ended the interview between the cunning money-lender and the spendthrift scion of nobility.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH CLEARLY DEMONSTRATES, THAT THERE ARE WISE MEN IN OTHER PLACES BESIDES GOTHAM.

WE should be almost travelling over the ground we have already trodden, were we minutely to describe what took place at the hotel of the Vicomte de Souillac on the morning after M. Petitbon's visit, and on several successive days. His apartments were literally besieged by applicants for the honour of his custom, which, for a *pocourante* like Hercule, must have been really distressing. In the embarrassment of his position he felt that the least troublesome course he could adopt was to refuse nobody, and many an honest heart was gladdened thereby.

If M. Vigoureux, worthy of his name, would insist on supplying one of his famous travelling carriages, with those inimitable "*cries à vis*," which

weigh only three kilos, it surely was an act of great kindness on the part of Hercule to take it on the coachmaker's simple warranty. Nor was it less amiable of the Vicomte to purchase all his saddlery of Carouille in the Rue Jussienne; he gave him the preference, he said, on account of its being an old house of business and bearing an ancient Breton name, the "ancienne maison Tanneguy," thus paying a delicate compliment to his affianced bride. Le Page, the great *armurier*, in the Rue Richelieu, sought and obtained an extensive order for double-barrelled fowling-pieces, travelling and duelling-pistols, with the Vicomte's arms inlaid in mother-of-pearl and platina. Lebatard, in the Rue Coquillière, the oldest establishment in Paris, for it dates from the year 1612, the beginning of the reign of that excellent shot, Louis the Thirteenth, of whom some one asking why he was called "Le juste," was told, "Il est *juste*, au moins, quand il tire l'arquebuse;" Lebatard, we say, furnished the greater part of his hunting-gear and all his fishing-tackle, and, we are happy to add, very excellent it was of its kind. It would be a difficult thing to say how many tailors and bootmakers danced attendance at his daily *levée*; these people have an intuitive perception of the arrival of a rich man in Paris, and had found the Vicomte out even before the publication of the banns of marriage; it was Bankofski, of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, whose struggles in the cause of Polish independence were scarcely less meritorious than the cut of his garments, who made the very *robe de chambre* in which Hercule received Monsieur Petitbon; it was Frogé, of the Boulevard des Capucines, who constructed the trousers which fitted so admirably; Arfvidson built his coats, and Humann, a name little less renowned, not only out did himself in the Vicomte's paletots, but had the honour of making the riding-habits of Clotilde de Kerfilou, Comtesse de Malendroit. Monsieur Falle, in the Rue Gaillon, who boldly declares over his shop-door that he works for the reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg and Prince Albert, had the happiness of taking the measure of Hercule's foot (he did not quite succeed in the attempt); but Giraud, of the Palais Royal, was perhaps the most favoured amongst the boot-makers, his boots, said the Vicomte, admitted of so much elasticity of movement, you felt so little *gêne* in wearing them, they inspired such locomotive propensities that it was quite a pleasure to wear them, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he declared that he would certainly recommend the minister of war to order of M. Giraud a general supply for the French army, and particularly for that part of it which has been engaged for the last fifteen years in running after Abd-el-Kader, and destroying so much shoe leather in the fruitless attempt to catch him; he also observed, he was convinced that no boots would be found more useful on a retreat.

The desire for the Vicomte's patronage, moreover, was not confined to those who are "to the manner born" in Paris; it affected even the foreigners established there, and a very satisfactory interview Mr. Screw, the horse-dealer, had with the noble Limousin. He managed to dispose of several very fine animals—which were not more particularly foundered or much greater roarers or whistlers than are usually to be met with in London repositories, for the mysteries of horse-dealing is the same all the world over; but they quite enchanted Hercule, who was about as good a judge of horse-flesh as the generality of his countrymen. He even yielded so far to Mr. Screw's eloquence as to allow him to "look out for him" a couple of nice steeple-chasers for the next meeting at the Croix de Berny; "Hannimals, musseer," said Screw, in that easy way of his, to which

his fine Parisian accent lends so great a charm, "hannimals as will do credit to their hoaner, and cut out the work for them as is to foller 'em." The eulogium on these unknown sons of the wind was, perhaps, lost on the daring young nobleman, as he did not understand a syllable of the language in which it was uttered, and Mr. Screw's purity of accent was possibly thrown away, but he behaved as well under the circumstances as if he had been a professed linguist, for he convinced that respectable horse-dealer that he had got a good *pratique*. The way in which he did so was extremely simple; he merely nodded his head several times, slapped his trousers'-pocket significantly, and uttered the expressive words "G—d dam," which sounded very sporting, and spoke volumes, in Mr. Screw's opinion, as to his future intentions.

"Arter all," said that gentleman to a satellite in a very long waistcoat, very loose breeches, and very wrinkled gaiters, "arter all, Robi'son, these 'ere French coves isn't quite such dev'lish muffs as one takes 'em for; they're pluckey enough at times if they only know'd when to show it, but onluckily they forgets to make use on it when they comes in sight of a rasper; five foot of stiff timber is pretty much the same to them as the great wall of Chiney. But that's no odds to us as has got hosses to sell, is it, Robi'son? This musseer, they tells me, is pretty nigh as rich as old What's-his-name down there," (Mr. Screw pointed in the direction of the Tuileries,) "and if so be as he has got the blunt they talks on, why he won't object to stand a tolerable figger for reg'lar thos-bred 'uns, will he, Robi'son?"

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Robinson perfectly coincided in opinion with his principal, but it may be interesting to the reader to know that the entire question as to the best manner of supplying the Vicomte with "clever nags" was fully discussed by those gentlemen over a rump-steak and a pot of porter at the "English house" on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, where those dainties can now be had in almost as great perfection as in Finch-lane or 'Change-alléy.

The day appointed by M. Petitbon found him punctual to his engagement, and no less punctual in the fulfilment of his promise. The money and the railway shares were forthcoming, and in exchange the Vicomte gave him five "bons"—most scrupulously endorsed by the rich heiress—for a hundred thousand francs each. How enormously M. Petitbon gained by the transaction the merest tyrò in arithmetic can see at a glance; it was two hundred and forty per cent. on the face of it, to say nothing of the profit which he got in re-purchasing the vin de Suresnes, the asphalte, the Roman pearls, and the paving-stones. "There was," he told Hercule, "a tremendous glut of those things just then; he was afraid, after all, he should be obliged to ship them off for New Orleans at a great sacrifice, and the most he could offer was five thousand francs." Here was a dead loss to the Vicomte of forty-five thousand francs, but he bore the announcement with the coolness of a Cato and the firmness of a Brutus, and so little difference did it make in his feelings towards M. Petitbon, that while he pocketed the cash, he then and there invited him to be present at the wedding breakfast, the happy day being fixed for the 17th of April.

Much as we set our faces against the reckless extravagance of the young men of the present day, both in England and France, we never hear of usurious dealings such as we have described, without earnestly hoping for some punishment to fall on the lender as well as the borrower,

and if the reader shares our sentiments, he will, ere this, have prayed that retribution might be in store for the greedy and avaricious Monsieur Petitbon.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," is a phrase in the mouths of men at many different periods of their existence. The advocate who gains his first cause, the actor whose *début* is successful, the author who, like Byron, "awakes, and finds himself famous," the newly come out at her first ball, the orator on the hustings after his election, the dinner-giver taken by surprise when his health is proposed, these, and a thousand more, assure the world that "*that*" is the occasion when their star of happiness shines brightest. With lovers it is still a question which is the most entrancing moment, when first consent is timidly whispered in reply to the impassioned avowal, or when that consent is ratified at the altar? Both epochs are fraught with enjoyment, but the period between declaration and marriage has attractions little less potent. Hercule and Clotilde loved each other, as the poet says, "to madness," and the happiest time of their lives was decidedly the interval to which we have referred, for, however delightful anticipation may be, it sometimes, even in this cold, cruel world of ours, falls short of reality. The past to them was a gilded dream, the future a splendid vision—but the present was a tangible fact. They were neither of them mere materialists, but they could not shut their eyes to the material evidences of their position. They saw the world at their feet; its brightest and costliest productions were scattered before them, and every hour afforded some fresh token of the confidence and esteem of those by whom they were surrounded. So great was that confidence, so perfect that esteem, that it never entered into the heads of any of the numerous suitors for the patronage of the Comtesse de Malendroit and the Vicomte de Souillac, to ask for "money down" for the countless heaps of merchandise, the stores of glittering gems and costly raiment which were showered upon the lovers with so much eagerness, who might really have been pardoned had they fancied that what seemed jewels in the sun, might turn, like fairy gifts, to dew-drops in the shade.

We like to give a reason for every thing when we can, and the way we account for the abstinence to which we have adverted, is by supposing that *when your money is safe, it is far better to give time to run up a good long bill*; when a customer sees prices perpetually staring him in the face, he instinctively forbears from making fresh purchases; moreover, it is so much pleasanter to receive a good round sum all at once, than to have it doled out in dribblets; and, finally, it is to be borne in mind, that even the lapse of a fortnight admits of a considerable difference between the spoken and the written value of all *objets*, whether of *luxure* or of *fantaisie*.

It was not in the disposition either of Clotilde, or her adored one, to blight the ardent natures of those who strove in the humblest degree to minister to their occasions on the advent of such an auspicious event as their approaching marriage, and no restraint was placed upon the efforts of the indefatigable Parisians, although, if the truth must be told, the latter were labouring solely for their own benefit. Had the fair Breton girl been a nameless outcast instead of a rich heiress, or had the blazon of De Souillac's aristocratic shield been untinged with *or*, it is more than probable that neither money-lender, nor jeweller, nor *modiste*, nor coachmaker, nor any of the multiform slaves of Plutus, would have thronged their anti-chambers, or bowed obeisance in their *salons*; but

they, one and all, attached implicit credence to the widely-circulated report of the wealth of each, and to enjoy that reputation is, in this world, the surest way to enjoy all that wealth can command.

Men and sheep are alike gregarious, it is only necessary for one to lead, and all the rest blindly follow. There was but one feeling in all these people, and that was, which should be the foremost to serve, or, if there existed another, it was a shade of envy at what seemed to be an undue preference. They certainly consulted less the inclinations of their patrons, than their own heated desires; but they had tractable persons to deal with, who submitted to their *empressement* without a murmur.

When left to themselves, Clotilde and Hercule could give way without reserve to the sentiments of wonder and admiration which the novelty of their situation excited; and even the Marquise, more experienced in the ways of the world, could with difficulty repress the emotions which her more advanced age did not prevent her from sharing. But with her the feeling was transitory; she knew that the day-dreams of love, however delicious, must come to a close, and—she argued wisely—perhaps to an abrupt one. She therefore took upon herself the arduous task of arranging every thing for the departure of the happy pair from Paris on their wedding-day, and to this end she was constantly occupied in the mechanical labour of *emballage*; and with her own hand wrote the directions on all the packages which were consigned by *roulage* to the care of the intendant of Clotilde's favourite château. When these arrangements had been made and the happy day drew near, she gave directions for preparing the wedding-breakfast, which was to be graced, she said, by all the distinguished relatives whom etiquette had hitherto kept at a distance from Paris. The Baron de Choueroute, who had served with great distinction under the Emperor (but she forgave that on account of his gallantry); the Chevalier de Blanc-bec, an ornament of the court of Charles the Tenth; the gay and lively De Foisonsac; the Comte and Comtesse de Castel-nullepat and their lovely daughter Aglaë, who was to be principal bridesmaid, were amongst those enumerated; but to give the names of all would occupy too much of our space; let it suffice if we say that all the antique noblesse of Limousin and Bretagne, who claimed kindred with the lovers, headed by the aged pair to whom the Vicomte owed his existence, were summoned to the festive meeting. The entertainment in honour of such guests must needs be a splendid one, and two of the largest salons in the Hôtel d'Abd-el-Kader were thrown into one, that there might be "room and verge enough" for its display. The amiable proprietress, whom we have already mentioned, had the privilege of furnishing the decorations which, it was particularly requested, might be charged for without reserve in the bill she was instructed to present on the return of the young couple from church. Duval, in the Rue St. Honoré, purveyed the wines,—creaming champagne and sparkling Moselle for the more mercurial guests, generous Laffitte and heart-warming Clos-Vougeot for those whose bosoms were chilled by age; Berthellemet was made the happiest of confiseurs, and the restauration in all its completeness came from the Café Anglais. How was it possible to make better provision?

The month of April has, time out of mind, lain under the reproach of fickleness, but its inconstancy was never more fully apparent than last year. The first few days were warm and bright, but the promise of an early and a genial spring was soon broken, and a sharp, black frost with

hailstorms and cutting winds succeeded. But the hopes to which the month had given birth were bright as ever, and besides the bride and bridegroom, and the kind and good Marquise, many a face amongst those with whom they had recently been engaged in business affairs, was radiant with expectation on the morning of the 17th of April. None, perhaps, experienced more tranquil satisfaction than Madame Fourbe, of the Hôtel d'Abd-el-Kader, as she sat in the little room on the *rez de chaussée* in the court-yard, making up her accounts. The Marquise and her lovely niece, who had taken her apartments for a month, had very nearly completed the term, and in addition to the two thousand francs which she charged for them, there was a long list of items amounting to as much more, for dinners, and breakfasts, and baths, for postage and portage and attendants, for the hire of fiacres, for small sums disbursed, for money lent to the femme-de-chambre, and last not least, for that formidable article in all hotel charges, wax lights; and *soit dit en passant*, the price of *bougies*, enormous everywhere, was always augmented one hundred per cent. in the *mémoires* of Madame Fourbe, so that when a traveller examined his bill at leisure—after having paid it—he was apt to think he had been participating in the expenses of a general illumination during the whole period of his sojourn at the hotel, or came, at least, to the conclusion that the difficult physical problem of burning the candle at both ends, had, in a literal sense, been completely solved. There was a quiet smile on the placid features of the worthy proprietress, which indicated not only a mind at peace but a sensation of heart-felt pleasure, which possibly arose as much from the prospect that she should that day be the recipient of a good round sum, as from the consciousness of having *done her duty* by these wealthy provincial guests, in the sense in which that act is understood by a Parisian hotel-keeper. But pleasure, as the moralists always say, is sadly evanescent, and although she laboured at her *griffonage* for a full hour, it was with a sigh that she proceeded to cast up the sum total. Like Alexander's tears, the sigh was because there was nothing more to be added to the large account.

The joy of Monsieur Petitbon on the morning of the same day, manifested itself in outward demonstrations of a stronger kind. His suite of apartments in the Marais (his house was No. 10, in the Rue Neuve St. Nicolas) seemed altogether too small for him, though we can assure the reader that it consisted of five separate *pièces*, not including a kitchen and a closet for wood. Up and down and through and through did he pace them with hasty steps, like some wild animal impatient of his cage; now he would rub his hands and anon burst out into a chuckle of exultation at the thought—it must be confessed—of having done so remarkably well in his transaction with the Vicomte de Souillac, of having made so much money (in expectation), and of having got rid of a wretched, crazy old château, which, if the new occupants were lucky, might perhaps not fall down and bury them in its ruins on the first night of their sleeping in it; but of its forbearance in this respect he entertained great doubts. He was dressed in an entirely new suit of black, his chapeau *Gibus* had been sent home only the night before from the hatter, the ribbon in his button-hole was a fresh one, and although the white kid gloves on his hands were new, and showed no symptoms of splitting at the thumbs, he carried an extra pair in his pocket in order to be provided against such an accident. In the same pocket he also carried a black morocco note-case, on which were inscribed in gold letters the magical words, "Billets de Banque."

though at this moment the case was empty ; not long, however, according to M. Petitbon's calculation, to remain so, for the Vicomte had intimated to him, that he should have no more difficulty in taking up his bills on that day than on the one when they legally became due, and that, in point of fact, he should prefer coming to a final understanding at once in preference to deferring it until he was engrossed by the joys and duties of the nuptial state.

It was accordingly agreed between the parties that all was to be fully arranged in the brief hour between the performance of the marriage ceremony and the *réunion* for the wedding breakfast. So much delicacy and (as George Robins used to say) "tact," accompanied every arrangement of the Vicomte, that the same hour was appointed, not for auditing (that trouble would have been too great), but for paying every tradesman's bill, including the not particularly mild one of Madame Fourbe. All business was to be disposed of before a single wedding guest arrived, exception being of course made as to M. Petitbon, and then pleasure was to hold undisturbed sway. It had, moreover, been settled *en petit comité*, the night before the wedding, that the favoured few who were to be admitted to the Madeleine to witness the nuptial rites, should proceed thither in their own carriages, the shrinking modesty of Clotilde de Kerflou, and the matronly feelings of the Marquise, prohibiting every token of publicity until the marriage ceremony was actually celebrated.

If we had the power of transporting our readers to two places at once, we should set them with one foot in the Rue de Rivoli and the other in the Marais, but as this cannot be, we shall briefly say of the former, that about the hour of half-past ten the Vicomte's travelling britska, admirably packed, was taken out of the courtyard of the Hôtel d'Abd-el-Kader to be conveyed by post-horses "to the railway-station," there to remain till the arrival of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse in the simple close carriage which would first be employed in taking Clotilde and the Marquise to church and bringing the happy pair back again. At the self-same hour a *lutetienne* drew up at the door of No. 10, Rue Neuve St. Nicolas, and almost before the driver had dismounted from his box to knock at the door, the portal opened, and out came an elderly gentleman in black, with brilliant white kid gloves on and a chapeau *Gibus* under his arm. That gentleman, the reader need scarcely be told, was M. Petitbon.

"*A l'heure,*" was his first exclamation, as he reckoned on detaining the carriage some time, and was economically true to his profession, his second was to tell the driver to proceed to the Madeleine.

Being engaged by time, and not by distance, the progress of the *lutetienne* was not so rapid as the desires of the notary, but he arrived at his destination at last, and the only event that befel him on his way into the church was being mistaken for a bridegroom by a purblind old woman, who sold bouquets at the door ; we are afraid that M. Petitbon's white gloves were the cause of this error.

"*Eh bien,*" said he, half aloud, when he had given himself time to breathe, "I am the first in the field, at all events. *Attendons les fiancés.*"

He was destined to wait longer than he expected, for a full half hour passed away and nobody made their appearance. The azure ceiling and gilded columns, even the finely sculptured image of the saint in whose honour the church was raised failed to attract his attention ; his eyes were riveted on the church doors which he every moment expected to see opened to give admission to the Vicomte and his bride. But he watched in vain ; ex-

cept a few gaping strangers with red books in their hands—English, of course, armed with their Murrays—some of whom supposing him to be the *sacristan* occasionally addressed him in a language which they thought was French and he imagined to be high Dutch; saving these, the sacred edifice (which by the way, is more like a Greek temple than a church) received no addition to the number within it; not a priest was there for the ministry of any rite, not a single official personage attendant on any ceremony.

“C'est bien drôle,” said he, looking at his watch for the hundredth time, “I can't have mistaken the hour. Eleven o'clock was certainly the time named, and it is now nearly twelve. There must have been some accident.”

And accordingly he resolved at once to do what he had been thinking of a thousand times during his state of feverish suspense, namely to go down to the Rue de Rivoli and ascertain the reason of the delay. He therefore left the church and hailed the driver of the *lutetienne*, who, as he mounted his box, made a very knowing grimace at two or three companions with whom he had been having a very comfortable *petit verre*, as much as to say, “Ce vieux-là est joliment flambé,” supposing, like the old flower-woman that he had gone to the Madeleine to get married. He then whipped off to the Rue de Rivoli, and throughout the drive the notary's head was thrust out of each window in succession in the hope of catching a glimpse of the bridal party approaching, but he saw nothing until he arrived at the Hôtel d'Abd-el-Kader, where a crowd of waiters, a bevy of tradespeople, the porter and his wife, and even the gentle proprietress, were assembled, apparently in a state of great anxiety. The appearance of M. Petitbon was the signal for a partial movement, and two servants rushed at once to the door to let him out of the carriage.

“Has any thing happened?” was the mutual exclamation of the notary and Madame Fourbe, addressing each other.

“Mais, comment donc, monsieur!” said the lady.

“Je ne comprends pas, madame!” gasped the gentleman.

And for two minutes they remained staring at each other, unable to say more. When they did find their voices again, it was to put fresh questions. “Have they gone to the church?” asked one;—“Have they not left it?” inquired the other.

An explanation at length ensued. Madame Fourbe stated that precisely as the clock of the Tuileries struck eleven, the Marquise de Chenevis and the Comtesse de Malendroit descended from their apartments and entered the private carriage which was to take them to the Madeleine. They drove off, leaving strict orders that every thing should be ready on their return in half-an-hour; and, double that time having now elapsed, she was becoming uneasy at their absence—an uneasiness which, like the electric fluid on all in communication with it, had simultaneously communicated itself, not only to the whole household, but to every fresh arrival of the many who came for payment of their various bills. But the previous state of mind of Madame Fourbe was as Elysium, when compared with the dire apprehension which filled it, when M. Petitbon declared that he had been waiting a full hour at the Madeleine for their arrival. If such a thing were possible, we should almost say that she gave utterance to an oath! The confusion of her intellects could only be equalled by that of the notary and of the surrounding groups, unless, indeed, the physical confusion caused by the confectioners' and *traiteurs'*

boys, who kept arriving every moment with trays full of ices and jellies and *hors d'œuvres* for immediate *consommation*, may be admitted as a parallel.

Daylight broke at last, and its first ray fell upon the mind of a little wizened-faced old man in the crowd, an optician from the Palais Royal, who had brought a bill for thirty-six francs.

"Ces dames sont venues chez moi hier, dans l'après midi, me demander des lunettes à verres bleus pour voyager. Elles m'ont laissé ce vieux binocle pour être raccommodé, qui n'est pas même or. Je me figure qu'elles se sont sauvées par le chemin de fer ! —"

"The railroad! the railroad!" cried a hundred voices,—the notary's the loudest of all. But which railroad was the question. M. Petitbon entertained a feeble hope of the Orleans line, but the truly presaging fear of the rest sent them off scampering, some in cabriolets, some on foot, to the *embarcadère* in the Rue Pepinière.

"Pray, sir," said the breathless leader of the pack to the first official he met with at the station, "when did the last train start?"

"On which line, monsieur?" asked the functionary, politely raising his hat.

"Diable! je ne sais pas," was the reply of the bewildered man.

"Dans ce cas là, monsieur," returned the man in office, "je ne pourrais pas vous dire."

"Le convoi pour Bruxelles!" shouted the little optician, who had kept up with the best of them.

"Il est parti, messieurs," said the official, glancing upwards at the clock,— "à midi précis; il y a vingt-deux minutes."

A flood of information followed, from which it became clear to the meanest capacity amongst the wretched dupes, that the wedding-party had taken advantage of that mode of conveyance to leave the kingdom.

"They took their seats in their own *britska* in preference to the carriages of the train," observed the railroad functionary.

"*Their own britska!*" growled an enraged coachmaker—he who had supplied the patent *cric-à vis*; "Say *mine*, till it is paid for."

There was weeping and lamentation in Paris on the afternoon of the 17th of April, but no one howled louder than the little optician, not even the notary of the Marais!

Special trains are not the fashion on French railways; the day was too foggy for the ordinary telegraph to work, and the electric telegraph was not laid down, so there were no means of arresting the fugitives, who are supposed to have passed a very pleasant summer at Baden-Baden, persons answering their description having been heard of there, who lived *en prince* at the Hotel de Russie, spent their money like Emperors, and played at *rouge et noir* till they were thoroughly cleaned out; and finally, for another daring piece of *escroquerie*, found their way into the *Gefängniss*, or common gaol.

It was subsequently ascertained that the Marquise de Chenevis had been an *ouvreuse de loges*, the Countess, her niece, an actress at the Porte Saint-Martin, and the Vicomte Hercule Gabriel Dieudonné de Souillac, a *chevalier d'industrie* of the first water.

Let no one suppose that this exuberance of credulity on the part of the Paris tradesmen is the mere coinage of the writer's brain; the fact occurred in that capital last summer, almost in the manner above related, as any one may discover who chooses to refer to that excellent journal, *Galignani's Messenger*.

THE EULÆUS, OR PASITIGRIS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Great System of Irrigation—We cross the Plain between the Hedyphon and the Pasitigris—Ahwaz ancient Aginis—A once flourishing Sugar Plantation—Revolt of the Prince of the Zanghis—Extraordinary Mistake of a Traveller—The Band of Ahwaz—Ascent of the Karun—Junction of Three Rivers—The Eulæus and the Pasitigris—Contention with the Arabs of Band-i-Kir—Retrace our Way to Ahwaz—Descent of the River to Mohammerah—The Estuary of the Karun.

ON our departure from the marsh-environed capital of the Sheikh of the Cha'b Arabs, we exchanged the open boat for horses provided for us by Sheikh Tamar's attentions. A ride of about twenty minutes took us to the banks of the river Jerrahi, or Hedyphon, from whence a number of canals are derived, and a system of irrigation is originated, which rivals any thing we read of in ancient times, or that has been described with so many encomiums, as the system introduced into the kingdom of Valencia by the Moors. Layard enumerates twenty-eight of these canals by name. At a distance of seven miles from Fellahiyah, we came to a spot where the canal that flows to the town is derived from the river Jerrahi, and it was with no small difficulty that the horses crossed the dyke of loose mud and reeds, into which they sometimes sunk up to their girths. The main branch of the river, Layard says, flows onwards under the name of Nahr Busi into that estuary of the Persian Gulf which is called the Khor Musah. The kashwah, or dam of the canal called Ommu-l-sakkar, which canal is unfordable even in the dry season, gave us similar trouble. On the approach of an enemy, the dams of the canals nearer to Fellahiyah, are broken down, and the country around is flooded, the numerous villages on the banks of the Jerrahi are, at the same time, deserted, and the inhabitants, at an hour's notice, transform their reed huts into rafts, and float with their property to gather round their sheikh.

At a distance of about twelve miles above Fellahiyah we passed the ruins of the old town of Dorak, after which the banks began to rise, and towards evening we arrived at the small village of Oraibah, or Kareibah, which being the spot from whence we were to start across the plain to the Pasitigris, we made arrangements to spend the night. As these consisted simply in strewing some dry reeds on the ground, and piling up a few bundles to the windward, they were soon accomplished; and we passed a night in the manner that is most enjoyable in these climates—the sky clear, the temperature genial—every thing pleasant to the feeling and charming to the eye. This, too, in the latter part of the month of November. We started early the ensuing morning, for we had a long ride before us, upwards of forty miles across the plain. At first there was some verdure with traces of a canal that once flowed from the Karun, above Ahwaz to the Jerrahi, and occasional mounds, the sites of olden villages. There were also some marshy spots, but gradually the plain began to rise and became sandy and gravelly, stretching eastwards and upwards to a low range of hills of stratified soft red sandstones, and westwards, and downwards to the great alluvial plain of Dorakstan. Being a bright warm

day the mirage was peculiarly striking and afforded a deal of amusement by the singular scenes which it occasionally presented to our sight, and which it broke up again sometimes with the rapidity of a revolving kaleidoscope. Our hilarity was still more excited when we came up to some insignificant object—a bush—often a mere stone, which had for many minutes previously been creating the most varied surmises as to whether it was a man, a camel, some great ruinous edifice, a whole forest turned topsy-turvy, or the same reflected in the bosom of a calm lake.

At length, amidst a variety of perplexing images, the houses of Ahwaz were positively made out, and to our infinite satisfaction we also soon afterwards perceived the steamer *Euphrates* lying a little below the town whither it had been brought in safety by Lieut. Cleaveland.

This town of Ahwaz on the Karun or Pasitigris is a site of great interest, both from its antiquity, its peculiar position on the river, at a point where a range of hills and rocks have ever presented a natural obstacle to the navigation, and from some peculiar features in its history, more especially the once extensive and prosperous cultivation of the sugar-cane at this spot.

Aginis is noticed by Strabo as a village of Susians on the Pasitigris, situated at a point where boats had to unload and the goods to be carried a certain distance by land. This intimation of a natural obstruction on the river serves to identify the ancient Aginis satisfactorily with the modern Ahwaz.

The same place under its modern denomination of Hawaz, or Ahwaz, which is another form of the Arabic Huz “a body of people,” was formerly, as we learn from Abu-l-fadah, the name of a district, one of the largest and most prosperous in Khuzistan, and the town was called Suk al Ahwaz. This district, we also further learn from the “Tohfat ul Alim,” a modern work composed for the information and at the desire of the celebrated Mir Alein, of Hyderabad, by Mir Abdul Latif, a learned relative, and a native of Shuster, the present capital of Susiana, and a translation from which, relative to Ahwaz, was communicated by Colonel Taylor to Captain Robert Mignan, comprised all that portion of the country which is watered by the Karun from Ahwaz, upwards to Band-i-Kir, and the band, or dyke, partly natural, and partly artificial, of Ahwaz, restrained the waters so that they completely overflowed the land, and, “not a drop was lost to the purposes of cultivation.”

The city and district attained the zenith of its prosperity at the time of the first Khalifs of the Abbasside dynasty. Abu-l-fadah describes the river of Ahwaz, as that portion of the river Karun was then called which flowed between Band-i-Kir and Ahwaz, as having its banks adorned with gardens and pleasure houses, and enriched by extensive plantations of sugar-cane and other valuable productions of the vegetable kingdom.

“The city of Ahwaz,” says Mir Abdul Latif, and allowance must here be made for Oriental exaggeration, “was one of the largest cities of Khuzistan, or indeed in the other kingdoms of the world few are to be seen equal to it in size and extent. What are now thick and impervious woods were once extensive plantations of sugar-cane. Large vats and manufactories of sugar were also in existence, and mill-stones and other implements of the art of the sugar-baker, are even now so profusely scattered over the ancient site, that it is impossible to number them.

“During the dynasty of the Abbassides, the city was at the height of

its prosperity. Its extent in breadth is supposed to be forty parasangs, throughout which ruins and remains of magnificent edifices, baths, caravan-serais, and mosques are strewn. * * * The khalifs within whose dominions was comprehended most of the habitable world, named this city 'the source of food and wealth,' the inhabitants of which in their riches and luxury, excelled the rest of the world."

As, however, to use the words of the Oriental philosopher, "wealth is the parent of pride and insubordination," the people of Ahwaz revolted from the khalifs, and Abi ebn Mohammed, the astrologer, surnamed "Prince of the Zanghis" from his having recruited his army among the Zanghis or Nubian slaves, who were apparently employed in the sugar factories, took the field with a powerful force, and contended for years against the monarchs of the house of Abbas.

But the Prince of the Zanghis was ultimately defeated and obliged to surrender his person and his state to the discretion of the khalif, and Gibbon, who gives to the prince the euphonious name of Harmozan, has related at length the interview of the prisoner with the triumphant khalif, as illustrative of the manners of the time.

Ahwaz, however, never recovered this blow. The rebellious spirit of the people had so disgusted the khalifs, that they ceased to favour the place. The slaves were unwilling to return to their labours, and the remaining population fell into private feuds and bickerings. Anarchy and oppression ensued; the weaker fled, industry ceased, and with it the production of wealth and the usual resort of merchants.

According to Samaani (*Kitab ul Anсад*, article Ahwaz) already in the twelfth century of our era, the pristine fame and prosperity of this place no longer existed, any more than its proud palaces, and learned luxurious and wealthy citizens. The last poor remnant of this once prosperous population ultimately abandoned their plantations and the other sources of their riches and destructive pride, and sank into desolation—the abundant mill-stones noticed by the Oriental historians almost alone remaining in the present day to attest to the former great sugar produce which, according to the same writers, was conveyed from hence all over the world.

Ahwaz is now only a small village of about a hundred houses, inhabited by Sabæans or Tsabians, whose chief, Sheikh Madhkur, is subject to the Shiekh of the Cha'bs. Many of the inhabitants own small bagalahs which trade and carry pilgrims between Mohammerah and Shuster.

The most interesting objects of antiquity to be found in the neighbourhood, are the numerous great flat circular mill-stones, used in the former sugar-factories, many of which are from four to six feet in diameter, and are met with in abundance. They attest to the existence of a branch of industry at this place, as before historically shown, which may yet be revived in happier times. Immediately behind the town are traces of a bridge and of a canal of irrigation formerly drawn from the Karun, and the ground is strewn with fragments of hewn stone, burnt brick tiles, and pottery. Kufic coins in gold and silver, intaglios on cornelian and onyx, and other gems are occasionally met with.

Flights of hewn steps are plainly discernible on the rocks of supracretaceous sandstone which rise out of the plain immediately beyond the village, where are also many sepulchral grottoes, and some rock-hewn cisterns for water. The north-eastern face of this sandstone ridge is

precipitous and cavernous. Observing a flock of pigeons wend their way into one of these caves one day that I was exploring the hills without any one with me, I descended the acclivity on that side very stealthily and cautiously, that I might get a shot at them. The result of this proceeding was, that I stood confronted at the entrance of the cave with two jackals, apparently little expecting such a visitor. They bounded, however, quickly into the dark recesses of the cave, while a fox stole away at the same moment round the outer corner. This animal liveliness did not, however, prevent my getting both barrels discharged into the flock of pigeons as they dashed in a body out of the cave, and three of their number fell victims to the onslaught. Human bones are, also, met with in these caves, where porcupines and scorpions also abound, as well as other strange things. The latter noxious creatures are particularly frequent at Ahwaz, from the great summer heats and numerous hiding-places amid rocks and stones. The "Tohfat ul Alim" alludes to the excessive heats of summer at this place, and the Samm, or Simoon, is both frequent and pernicious.

It is impossible to pass over in silence one of the most extraordinary mistakes that I have ever seen made by a traveller. Captain Robert Mignan, who visited Ahwaz in 1826, and the account of whose visit is printed in the second volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society," actually mistook the range of sandstone hills at Ahwaz, for ruins of the city of olden time! After speaking of the remains of a bridge that are still visible behind the town, he says,

"Here, too, commences the whole mass of ruins, extending, at least, ten or twelve miles in a south-easterly direction. * * * I could not find any person who had been to the end of these ruins. According to the inhabitants, their extent would occupy a journey of two months!"

What must the natives have thought of such an inquirer? That these passages can only refer to the rocks is further manifest from other observations. Speaking of another so-called mound, he says, "it extended so far that his eye could not comprehend its limits." And further on he adds:

Several mounds of masonry form one connected chain of rude unshapen, flaked rock, lying in such naturally-formed strata, that the very idea that any part of the materials had been accumulated by human labour, from a distant site, is scarcely admissible. The soil on which these ruins rest is peculiarly soft and sandy: the country does not become rocky until the immediate vicinity of Shuster; and even water-carriage thence is attended with considerable toil and expense. Yet the height of these mountainous ruins and misshapen masses, induces me to think, that the site must have been by nature elevated at the time the city was built; although, from the flatness of the surrounding country, I should be inclined to oppose such a conjecture; more particularly as there are no mountains between the Shat el Arab and the Backtiyari chain, which is seen hence running north-west and south-east.

Let me not be supposed to exaggerate, when I assert that these piles of ruin, irregular, craggy, and in many places inaccessible, rival in appearance those of the Backtiyari, and are discernible from them and for nearly as many miles in an opposite direction.

It is the more necessary to instance this extraordinary case of misconception on the part of an otherwise intelligent observer, as the traveller in question upbraids Colonel Macdonald Kinneir, for having visited the same districts under the auspices of our ambassador, and yet neglected to

investigate ruins of such vast extent and magnitude! And that, therefore, without such an explanation, the same oversight and neglect might be attributed to ourselves. No wonder that Captain Mignan should state that the natives quarry the hewn stone without exhausting the material, and that as large a city as any now existing might be built from the ruins that he saw. The simple fact of the case is, that the ruins he saw were those of nature, the walls he explored were stratified beds of rock, and the "mountainous misshapen masses" were neither more nor less than portions of the same outlying ridge of hills, which in places called the Hamrim, extend, with slight interruptions in their continuity, from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Tigris, beyond Tekrit, a distance of upwards of six hundred miles.

This range of sandstone hills crosses the river in four distinct ledges of rock, two of which are, however, covered during a portion of the year. The remains of the well which was built across the chief of these ledges, in the prosperous days of Ahwaz, to turn the waters into the canal, are also distinctly visible. The river is at this point about three hundred yards in width with an island in the centre. On the one side the waters fall over the rocks and massive masonry like a cataract, but on the western side they have worn away the bank so as to have made a deep channel, varying at different seasons of the year from twenty to forty yards in width, and through which Lieutenant Selby took the *Assyria* steamer.

Lieutenant Selby has laid much stress upon this exploit (*see* "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. xiv., p. 219, *et seq.*), and the spirit and perseverance manifested in the undertaking, fully merit every possible encomium. But such success cannot be fairly contrasted with the movements of the *Euphrates* steamer. No attempt was made by those in command of that vessel to surmount the difficulty. The *Euphrates* is also, I believe, a larger vessel, with greater draught of water than the *Assyria*. Lieutenant Selby did not himself succeed on his first ascent of the Karun in June, 1841, or in what he terms "the lowest season." Now with all deference, the river is still supplied by melting snows in June, and as there is little or no rain from June to November, it would appear that every month between the two the waters must be getting lower and lower. Lieutenant Selby succeeded in March when the waters are at the highest.

The discussion, however, is of trifling importance; honour be to where it is due. Lieutenant Selby did take the *Assyria* up the Karun beyond Ahwaz, while the *Euphrates* steamer remained below the celebrated Band, and a party was made, consisting of the same persons who visited the Sheikh of the Cha'bs, to ascend the river in a native boat. On this expedition, the boat being propelled but slowly up the river, the banks appeared to be peculiarly monotonous and uninteresting. Few natives were to be seen, now and then a miserable-looking woman of the Bawi tribe, coming down to get water on the left bank, or a stray wanderer of the Anafjah on the right. These Anafjah occupy the right bank of the Karun, below Band-i-Kir. They possess large flocks of sheep and camels, and are entirely Iliyat, or wandering. The first town or village met with was Wais, which contains about three hundred houses, and is thirty-five miles from Ahwaz by the river, and from this point to Band-i-Kir, the river extends in one uninterrupted reach nearly due north and south. This very remarkable

circumstance has led both Layard and Lieutenant Selby to believe, that this portion of the actual channel is an artificial cut, the continuation of the canal, called Ab-i-Gargar, cut by Shapur from Shuster, and which is said to have been prolonged to Ahwaz. We left Ahwaz on the 26th of November, and arrived at Band-i-Kir on the 29th, after three days' tedious journey. Three noble streams, the river Dizful, the Karun, and the Ab-i-Gargar, unite at this point, only by a strange mistake, which has been since corrected, the natives described that which is a canal to us as a river, and the river as a canal.*

Whatever discussion there may still arise with regard to certain other points in reference to the extraordinary light that has been thrown upon that most curious and interesting subject—the hydrography of Susiana—by the researches of Colonel Chesney, Major Rawlinson, Mr. Layard, and Lieutenant Selby, it still appears that we were the first to determine the point of junction of the three rivers, and that we also obtained on this occasion the first notice of the existence of the Shawur or Shapur, on which are the ruins of the renowned Shushan or Susa.

The statement made by Arrian that Nearchus ascended the Pasitigris to Susa, and that Alexander descended from that city to the Persian Gulf, by the Eulæus, leave little doubt that both names were alike applied to the Karun. At the same time it also appears that when Diodorus Siculus describes Eumenes as crossing the Pasitigris to attack Antigonos, who retreated to the Eulæus, that by that name the Shawur or Shapur is meant, and which river passing immediately through Sus, is also more particularly the Ulai of Scripture. Most of the difficulties in the ancient hydrography of Susiana are cleared up by admitting, as I argued in my Researches, &c., and as is admitted by Mr. Layard, that the Shawur, as a tributary to the Karun, is the Ulai of Daniel and the Eulæus of Diodorus Siculus, and that the united waters of the Shapur, the Dizful, and the Karun, were also known by that name, as well as by the name of Pasitigris.

Professor Long in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society" (vol. xii., p. 105), insists upon this being his original theory. I can only say that as far as the Shapur is concerned, when we first heard of it as a river flowing through Shush, we naturally at once felt that that river was the same as the Ulai and the Eulæus; and it is so recorded in the parliamentary report of the labours and proceedings of the expedition, which report was also printed in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," and before which time the existence of such a river as the Shapur was not, I believe, known in Europe.

The boatmen took up their stations in the Ab-i-Gargar, as it was our intention to proceed upwards to Shuster, but this was prevented by a series of untoward incidents. The Arabs of Band-i-Kir not only demanded tribute or customs to allow us to pass onwards, but that to an amount which was quite out of the question. Many loud and vociferous conferences were held upon the subject, to induce them to diminish their exorbitant demands, but without success. The more they were pacifically reasoned with, the more confident and imperious they became. At length

* "The Arabs about Shuster," says Mr. Layard ("Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. xvi. p. 60), "still fall into the same error, and call the Ab-i-Gargar the Karun, and the main body of the river Shatell, or little stream. This exactly tallies with the information we received."

Major Estcourt resolved upon giving up the intended ascent and returning, but here a new difficulty arose. By this proceeding the Arabs got no tribute whatsoever, and so they opposed themselves to our departure either way. Major Estcourt and Lieutenant Charlewood jumped ashore to get the keedge on board, in doing which they were forcibly opposed by the Arabs, while I stood with my fowling-piece in hand, and one of the servants—Mohammed by name—had also seized a carbine, ready to shoot the first who would strike our friends. Luckily, however, the boat was got off without injury to any one, but not without much contention. It has always appeared to me that this struggle might have been avoided, and our objects gained, had the usual tribute been tendered and the boatmen made to push on regardless of risk. It may be urged against this, that the boatmen were in collusion with the Arabs and would not have gone on, and that if we had pushed on without satisfying the Arabs, they would have attacked us from the banks. But experience has always been in favour of quick and resolute proceedings with Orientals.

Subsequently, and in the year 1842, Lieutenant Selby took the *Assyria* steamer up the Ab-i-Gargar to the band of Mahbazan, two miles from Shuster, and Mr. Layard explored the ruins of a great city that extended over an expanse of nearly nine miles in circumference, at the junction of the Karun and the Ab-i-Gargar. These ruins presented remains of three different epochs. Enormous masses of kiln-burnt bricks, with cement of bitumen, which belonged to the remote ages of the Kayanian kings; hewn stones with marks in the centre, as are observable at Al Hadhr, Is-pahan, &c., and which Mr. Layard considers to be indicative of a Sasanian origin, and Kufic inscriptions illustrative of early Mohammedan times.

Dropping down with the current one day and a night took us back to Ahwaz, where we arrived on the 29th, and on the 2nd of December the steamer took its way down the Karun to Mohammerah. Between these two places the general course of the river is from north-north-east to south-south-west, passing through a country which is abundantly wooded and very thinly populated by Arabs of the Bawi and Idris tribes, subject to the Sheikh of Cha'b.

The river winds but little as far as the village of Kut Abdullah, but beyond that it becomes very serpentine as far as Ismailiyeh, which is a small town belonging to the Eawi Arabs, who carry on a little trade with Shuster and Mohammerah. Seven miles south by east of Ismailiyeh we passed Idrisiyah, a small fort and town, like its predecessor, on the left bank. Eight miles below this again was a holy site called Imam Ali Husein, and ten miles east of this a village called Rubain ibn Yakub. At a distance of twelve miles from this we came to the Karun el Amah, or Khor Kobban, by which we had previously entered into the Dorak canal; and we ultimately reached our old station off Mohammerah on the 5th of December.

Before proceeding to narrate the events that took place almost immediately subsequent to this visit to the Cha'b Arabs; and the ascent of the Karun, it must be mentioned here that the next day, December 6th, the steamer proceeded down the Khor Bahmehshir, further than it had hitherto been, and not many miles from its estuary. On this occasion an excursion was made overland to search for the old channel of the Karun, which Layard calls the Khor Kobban, and which he says before

its discharge was divided into three branches, a circumstance that would account for the curious detail presented in all maps previous to the Euphrates expedition, of the mouths of the Shat el Arab and Karun. Our way lay over a level plain, for the most part encrusted with salt. At a distance of a few miles we came to a ruined hamlet and a well. Close by was a bush, a rare thing in the plain; and as I left the party to examine it, I disturbed a large hyæna that was crouched in its centre. Several shots were fired at the unwieldy beast, but without any effect. A little beyond this we came to the channel of a river, but whether the bed of the Karun, before Kerim Khan's time, or only one of the beds, cannot, as we did not go any further, be satisfactorily determined. On our return to the steamer, we were much surprised at seeing all hands turned out to watch our approach. The bulwarks were lined with curious faces, and the paddle-boxes were surmounted by figures on the anxious lookout. When we got on board the mystery was cleared up. The mirage had magnified and contorted our persons in the most extraordinary manner, and had further amused itself by multiplying us into an army of giants.

T H E E X I L E ' S R E T U R N .

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

ALL—all are changed—each old familiar place,
 Each bright-green spot where I in childhood played,
 The woods are green, but yet they give no trace
 Of those lone paths where I so oft have strayed;
 There is afar a bright and sunny land,
 Where, through long years, I lived from all estranged,—
 Yet my heart yearned once more again to stand
 Near my old home—I come—and all is changed.

All, all are changed—the friends I loved of yore,
 The dear companions of my boyhood's day,
 They pass as strangers by my father's door,
 Round which each summer-eve we used to play;
 Oh, that the world should have such power to blight
 Each sunny future that the past arranged;
 That youth should be a vision of the night
 From which we wake to find, that—all is changed!

All, all are changed—my gentle sister's voice,
 I hear not now its tones of happy glee!
 Where are my brothers; will they not rejoice?
 If friends prove cold, they still welcome me!
 No! they have gone before me to the land
 Of unknown realms, by mortal never ranged;
 I am a stranger in my native land,
 Home—kindred—old companions—all are changed!

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.¹

BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ.

CHAP. XIX.

Remarks respecting Hazlitt and Scott—Later Contributors to the Magazine—Effect of his Domestic Bereavement on the Poet's mode of living—University Prizes—Third Election of Campbell to the Lord Rectorship—Sir Walter Scott's good feeling.

IN the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in a paper, one of a series, entitled a "Graybeard's Gossip," I find the mysterious veil of the authorship withdrawn by an incident the writer himself related to me many years ago, just after it happened. I allude to his refusal to be second to John Scott in the duel in which he fell, so indicative of that right use of reason with which the multitudinous portion of social existence is unacquainted. I refer, however, more particularly to the "Graybeard's" remark upon a passage in my last paper respecting Campbell, who, I state, told me that Hazlitt had been the means of increasing the irritation of Scott, and consequently been one cause of his going out with Mr. Christie. I am inclined to think, that though Campbell, in stating the circumstance did so with the express belief that Hazlitt said what he did with a mischievous design, which, so far I agree with the writer last month, may have been tinged with prejudice in the inference, yet that the circumstance itself is probable, and not incorrect. Campbell was assuredly thus informed. Hazlitt showed a peculiar taunting humour at times, and did not then reflect in what light his words, any more than his actions, might be viewed. Campbell, perhaps from prejudice, attributed malice where there was no more than the simple expression of a feeling sometimes operating, without looking to consequences. Scott's mind was no doubt sufficiently excited, and though I only knew Scott from meeting him at a dinner-table occasionally, he appeared to me a man who rather wished to stand well with the many than with the few, one whose inclination and mode of thinking led him to feel poignantly from the mental strife between reason and usage. He was not a man to be a martyr in any cause. I well remember the substance of Campbell's remark. I ever laboured to retain Hazlitt for the magazine, and in the course of one of our conversations the poet said, speaking of Hazlitt's disregard of the feelings of others, "There was Scott, Hazlitt was one means of his going out in that foolish affair, by adding to his mental uneasiness through his mischievous remarks. He said:—

"I don't pretend to uphold the principles upon which you act, I don't hold the notions you profess to hold. I would neither give nor accept a challenge. I can make no boast of physical courage. I am sure I have not moral courage for such a purpose; but you hold the opinions of the world upon the subject, to me it would be nothing, but for *you* to pass over such a matter is a very different thing; for me I am nothing, I do not pretend to think as you and the world do."

I am positive that the above is a fair statement of the substance and
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meaning of what Campbell said, when informing me that Hazlitt had contributed to the mental uneasiness of Scott, and thus aided in leading him to send the challenge. But to return from digression to narrative.

In the meanwhile the *New Monthly* added many more distinguished names to the list of its contributors. At this time, or soon afterwards, Charles Lamb, the dramatist O'Keefe, and Poole contributed some excellent articles. A series of papers of a very valuable character indeed, was sent by Mr. Wyse, the present member for Waterford. These were entitled "Letters from Rome," and independently of remarks upon the state of society in the "mother of dead nations," they contained observations upon the existing society there, and upon the antiquities, valuable from the profound knowledge of the subject, which their author had imbibed from long study and laborious research amid the scenes he describes. These papers painted the manners of the better society of the papal metropolis, as few or none else had the means of doing, from their author having been so long in close intercourse with the more distinguished persons of that renowned locality. His communications, of sterling value, merited that subsequent collection and separate publication which they have never yet received.

Near the time of the death of Mrs. Radcliffe, authoress of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," an article from her pen appeared in the Magazine, I forget whether written for the purpose or not, being so close upon her decease. Mr. Beazley, the architect, wrote papers on the Fine Arts for a considerable time. M. Bozzelli, a Neapolitan exile, by profession a lawyer, contributed some good articles. Telesforo de Trueba, and Galiano, the last still living and a well known Spanish minister, the first deceased in Paris, secretary to the Spanish Chambers, were both contributors. Sir H. Ellis, the Earl of Essex, Mr. Gillies, well known for his German translations, Mr. Moir, of Aberdeen, Sir Gore Ouseley, Mr. Lister, young Præd, much over-rated as a writer, and prematurely cut off by death, Mr. A. V. Kirwan, Mr. Marsh, of the India bar, the Hon. Agar Ellis, Lord Nugent, Mr. Galt, Lord Normanby, Mr. Warren, author of the "Diary of a Physician" (a paper written for and fully approved by the editor of the *New Monthly*, but stopped by the publisher on its way to the press), were among the contributors to the magazine, in addition to the names already mentioned.

The poet's domestic loss and the new situations in which he found himself placed, burthened with the cares of a household, to direct which he was one of the least competent persons imaginable, at first unhinged a little the temperament that required no great amount of power to throw out of its equilibrium. Mrs. Campbell's death was a fearful break-up of the poet's domestic happiness. Never had a wife more consulted and more happily administered in the circle of home, those numberless comforts, many of small moment individually, but which, small as they may be, in the aggregate grew into the necessaries of every day existence to such a man as Campbell. Her house was a model of neatness and propriety, order and a well-regulated economy were always before her steps. If, as poets are said to do, the husband inoved in an eccentric path, if he were negligent of order, the negligence was compensated for by the ruling spirit of the household. The poet's study, which he daily disordered, strewed with books and papers, negligently confused in all manner of ways, was sure to be restored to perfect neatness at the first intermission in his seclusion, and yet nothing essential to his labour or comfort was displaced,

for into that task Mrs. Campbell scrutinised herself. Never did a man sustain a greater loss than Campbell, when she was taken from him, and he but too soon felt this to the core.

Mrs. Campbell was a remarkably neat, good figure, inclined to the smaller frame of woman, and must have been very pretty in her youth, indeed, she was well looking to the last. Her complexion was pale, her hair and eyes dark, her pronunciation with a little of the Scotch *patois*. She made no profession of a literary taste. Her conversation was cheerful, lady-like, and sociable. Her age at her decease I do not recollect, but she must have been younger than the poet nearly half a dozen years. After her loss he kept up his household as before, and with much that continually reminded him of the deprivation he had sustained but too keenly, endeavoured to fill up the void he thus experienced with those aids to which, in the common course of such calamities man is wont to apply. Solitary and painful hours he passed, but he resisted by calling reason to his aid, that dependency to which one of his disposition might be supposed liable. "I must bend to the necessity," he observed, "to that before which others have bent, and must every day bend, and court reconciliation to what I cannot alter by any effort of my own."

I have omitted mentioning among the earlier visitors at the poet's house the name of Mrs. Siddons. She was frequently there, and Campbell felt towards her a degree of respect which originated in the effect her acting had produced upon his mind. While there was nothing about this great actress that could be styled genius, she possessed a judgment that never erred as regarded her profession. Her imposing person, and a manner in unison with the stateliness of the tragic muse, her excellence being the result of a consentaneousness of appearance, with careful and laborious study, rather than the spontaneity of genius, was marked by a more sustained and uniform character than is commonly the case in the profession. She trod her path over the highest table land at a uniform elevation; and this kind of character was calculated to attract a man of the poet's temperament, much more than one who exhibited great inequalities.

"You have just missed Mrs. Siddons," Mrs. Campbell would remark, on my calling in just after the lady had left the house.

Then the poet would speak of her as one of the most admirably endowed women that ever existed, closing with, "but *you* don't think so highly of this extraordinary actress. You do not give a fair measure of justice to my observations."

"I can never forget the effect she produced upon my feelings the first time I saw her; so perfect. Her bearing in some of her characters will remain a vivid image in my memory as long as I live," I replied.

"And yet you do not think her a wonderful woman; you told Mrs. Campbell that you thought her heavy in society, that she showed no ability, nothing above the common in social intercourse."

"I did say so. The *prestige* of the great actress is connected with her; she is a woman of good bearing, lady-like, imposing from her fine person and from association, but in society exhibiting plain good sense, nothing more."

"That is always the way," the poet replied, "where people are great by study; she is not flashy enough for you; you want to see her a *Madame de Staël*."

"On the contrary, no one ever struck me, even terrified me, as she did

upon the stage ; nothing could surpass her. But in society it is different. I cannot retract my opinion."

"I do not think as you do ; she is great every where. I won't admit a word to her dispraise."

"She is one of his idols," Mrs. Campbell would observe.

"She wants no worshippers," said the poet ; "she can spare one. R— shall not play the iconoclast here."

"But your argument is, that the greatest of actresses is equally great in every thing."

"I won't admit of her want of excellence in any thing. She is an old friend of mine."

"But that is no argument. Lawrence is a good painter, but that does not give him a claim to be a good mathematician."

"Hush ! you won't admire her as I do ; as she deserves to be ; I see that."

"On the contrary, I reverence her as an actress. I never saw, nor can conceive, any thing finer."

"Then you must admit that, in society, she is an extraordinary woman."

"With the prestige of her celebrity, one cannot look upon her otherwise ; abstracted from that impression, she is no way extraordinary, to my seeming."

"You will admit nothing. She is an excellent friend of mine, and if I cannot convert you, why, you must continue wrong-headed. I won't hear a word against such a friend ; she is a wonderful woman."

He would adroitly skip the faults of friends, or refuse to admit them, or gloss them over in the most specious way, while towards those to whom he had an antipathy, he was unsparing in his censure.

Mrs. Siddons seemed sensible of pleasure at hearing the effect her acting had produced on the minds of others. She exhibited undisguised satisfaction at my describing how I felt when I first saw her play *Lady Macbeth*, and how my youthful mind (I was then but twenty years old) was affected by her delineation of the character. She was now in her seventy-first year. The pleasure on her countenance was like a momentary sunbreak over a gloomy winter landscape, speedily darkened again by the contrast of the present with the past ; at least, so I fancied, as thought glanced, while observing it, upon the irresistible and melancholy course of human destiny. Her last evening at the poet's, was in Scotland-yard, the year of her decease, where I was invited to meet her, Mr. Lockhart, and one or two others of the poet's friends, at an evening party—but I anticipate.

I find from a paper in my possession which purports to be a letter addressed to the principal of the Glasgow University from myself, that Campbell had been unable during Mrs. Campbell's illness to decree the prizes for poetical composition, which I should have before mentioned he had offered to the students for the best poetical compositions. Unfortunately, the document is a rough sketch of what I presume I must have sent, and has no date, but the time is fixed by the allusion to Mrs. Campbell's illness, and was therefore just precedent perhaps a week or two to her decease. The communication from myself to which I allude, states that the alarming illness of Mrs. Campbell had incapacitated Mr. Camp-

bell entirely from every thing like study, and had induced him, doubtful of his own judgment at such a moment of anxiety, to call in the aid of two literary gentlemen to re-examine the prize poems sent up for adjudication, to which duty, from the perturbed state of his mind, he was fearful he might not be able to give the attention required. As one of the parties thus alluded to, he had further requested me to announce the decision made to the principal, I presume, of the university. That the non togatus poem entitled to the prize was beyond all question that denominated "Petrarch Crowned," that there was a second non togatus of high merit, but that making allowance for the difference in their education the former candidates did not equal the non togatus. But it is occupying room to give any thing further relating to the subject here, as it is only important because it bears upon the state of mind in which the poet found himself during his wife's illness, and his utter incapacity for business. His anxiety about the office he filled, and all that concerned the welfare of the students was so great that could he have possibly executed the task himself he would not have confided it to the best friend he possessed. His mention of the university was always with strong affection. Its memory was linked with his youthful recollections, and as in pure imaginative minds such recollections recur with tenfold vividness either to "turn the past to pain," or to cheer the drooping spirit under present depressions, it was now redoubled in interest and still more strongly linked with the poet's heart.

Scarcely had the termination of the year approached than Campbell received an intimation that it was the intention of a large body of the students of the Glasgow University to propose him a third time for the Lord Rectorship. His first year of serving the office had expired in 1827, at the close of which year he was elected again. So highly pleased were the students at the conduct of their lord rector, that during his first year's office they had presented him with a piece of silver plate. They had perceived that Campbell was still susceptible of those youthful feelings which he had formerly experienced at the same seminary; that with the simplicity of manners and playfulness which adhered to him, when he returned to the scene of his early instruction, he sympathised in their youthful bias, and that as far as he might, he became again what he had been when he might exhibit his feelings with propriety. This easy carriage, it is probable, was not after the example of the formal bearing of the professors. A feeling of distaste towards the poet was soon strongly exhibited by some of them. Moreover, Campbell was a Whig and they were Tories, and Scotch Tories, too, which generally means something very far beyond English Toryism.

A supper was given to a party of fifty students, at the house of a gentleman in Glasgow,* to which the poet was invited. One of the party, after a brief and eloquent address to the poet said—"Permit me, my lord rector, to present you with a small testimony of our regard; the expression indeed is feeble, but the impression is indelibly fixed in our hearts."

The piece of silver plate, a cup, was then presented, bearing the following inscription:—

* Mr. Gray, of Claremont Place.

To

THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.,

Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow,

From a few of his Constituents,

Appreciating his worth and admiring his genius.

Intrata dum fluvii currunt, dum montibus umbra

Lustrabant convexa, polus dum sidera poscet,

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

1827.

Campbell made a very animated reply, and the evening was passed in the most social manner and greatly to the poet's satisfaction. The attention of the students on that occasion he spoke of long subsequently as giving birth to the most gratifying feelings he had ever experienced.

The expiration of his second year of office was now approaching. He was in London, having no idea that the students would propose him a third time. The election took place on the 14th of November. The "four nations," as they are styled, for the election does not take place by a majority of votes in the university, but by a majority in the four nations into which the university is divided; namely, Glottiana, Rothseyana, Transforthana, and Londoniana. The four nations had to choose between four candidates: Campbell, Lord John Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord John Russell. The professors had made themselves extremely active among all the students whom they could influence in favour of a Tory candidate; of any one, in fact, but the poet, who, besides his political sentiments, had become a great favourite in the university, which could hardly fail of arousing a feeling of jealousy. The office of rector is one, in its nature antagonist to the professors, being instituted to defend the rights of the students, and to hear and redress their complaints, if well founded.

The election came on; but before that event it was thought advantageous by the professors that the partisans of Lord John Campbell and Sir Walter Scott should coalesce. The opposite party perceived this policy to be good, and followed the example. The university then voted,—for Campbell: Glottiana, 130; Rothseyana, 75; Transforthana, 30; Londoniana, 28. For Scott: Glottiana, 90; Rothseyana, 36; Transforthana, 31; Londoniana, 43. Though Campbell had 263 votes to 200, the voting was even; two nations voting for each candidate. But the nation Transforthiana had carried it by a casting vote in favour of Sir Walter Scott. That vote should have been the casting vote of the last lord rector, Campbell himself, who was in London at the time; and in default of the lord rector himself not being present, then the casting vote was, according to the rules, to be given by the preceding lord rector; but here the same difficulty occurred. A party of the professors, on this difficulty occurring, hit upon an expedient to further their own selfish views, and unsupported by the rules or laws of the university, called out of his sick-bed the individual whom Campbell had not imagined of course, to be unfavourable to himself, had previously appointed his own vice-rector, and made him vote against his nominator. The professor of law in the university at once declared against the validity of the vice-rector's right to vote for such a purpose. The majority of sixty-three on the part of Campbell over Scott produced a considerable sensation among the students, who felt how ungracious it was that, seeing

the spirit of the university thus declaring in favour of Campbell, the professors should endeavour to obtain an advantage over that majority by a subterfuge.

Sir Walter Scott, on hearing of this event and the circumstances, with that magnanimous and good tone of feeling which were a part of his nature, wrote by return of post, declining the honour thus proffered. The students wrote off to Campbell in London, conjuring him to come down to them immediately. This summons he immediately obeyed, and left by the mail post haste, on the 18th of November. I was not at home, but on the same day he wrote me the following letter, putting all he left behind into my hands, and giving me due authority over his son.

“ 10, Seymour-street, West, 18th of November, 1828.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—Being obliged to depart suddenly for Scotland, and to leave behind me my son, with some apprehension on my part as to the state of his mind, I request of you to have the kindness to act for the best in my absence, and to consider yourself empowered to do whatever you think fit for his advantage.

“ I remain, yours very truly,

“ T. CAMPBELL.

“ To C. Redding, Esq., London.”

He could not have been at Glasgow more than a day or two, for he omitted the day of the month, as it will be seen, before I got from him a letter, dated Glasgow, November, 1828 :—

“ I forgot to request of your kindness to let any letter that may have come to my house come to the care of William Gray, Esq., Claremont-place, Glasgow, as well as to drop me a single word to say how Thomas is going on.

“ The professors here have been put to consternation by Scott's refusal of their illegal offer of the rectorship, and by my arrival ; but they are rallying all the slaves among the students—alas ! too numerous a body—to appoint a new rival candidate, and to abuse me soul and body.

“ My friends among the lads, however, still show pluck, and promise me that if I will not desert them, they will not desert me. The election must soon take place. I will send you a copy of my speech, which must be short ; believe me,” &c., &c.

I find also the following communication, dated Glasgow, December 8, 1828 :—

“ I send you a copy of the speech I made here at my installation. I am setting out for Edinburgh this evening, and expect to be in London on Saturday night.

“ With a thousand thanks for your attention to my son.”

*

PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE VISION.

“LEAVE me not, Françoise,” said the young countess one day, ‘knowst thou why the sight of thee alone brings me happiness? Because I feel while gazing on thee as if the cool breeze of Fontenay fanned my brow; and when thou speakest I fancy I can hear the gentle murmurs of the river in my father’s park. Oh, for one hour’s liberty to stray beneath the shade of those old chestnuts which my father loved so well! Seest thou, Françoise, I am choked; I cannot breathe; ’tis want of air alone which kills me. Thou knowst that when a child I knew no happiness save when upon the hills with the breezes playing around my brow, and my feet in the long grass. And now, when I think of those days my mouth feels more parched, and my pulses throb with a greater beat. As I sometimes sit here silent and solitary, I fancy that even the sight of a few green leaves would refresh and cool the burning pain which devours me. For through the long, long night I dream I hear the rustling of the tall trees above my head, and scent the perfumed air wafted from the thousand flowers of our garden.’

“She shivered as she seized my hand and added, in a low tremulous tone of voice, ‘Even now, Françoise, there is one thing for which I would give all that remains to me of life. Parched and weary as I am, I would walk fifty leagues but to catch a glimpse——. But no, no. I am a child, and led away by foolish fancies! ’Tis the long imprisonment which has rendered me thus weak. I will speak of it no more.’

“Nay, nay; tell me, sweet mistress,” said I, ‘what is it that your soul is craving for? Is it for some cooling fruit to quench the burning fever of your lips? Think not, dearest lady, that while I have life and health you should want for this.’

“No, no, dearest Françoise, ’tis none of this,” returned the countess, with the same shudder which I had observed before. ‘Dost thou remember those two light and feathery acacias which grew before my father’s door? Dost remember how they bant together and wove their boughs in fond companionship over the moss-grown portal? Dost remember how I would sit for hours on the old gray stone, looking upwards to catch the gleams of sunshine or glimpses of the clear blue heaven through their playful leaves?’ She paused and added, hurriedly, ‘Well, now would I give my hopes of happiness but for a bunch of their snowy flowers.’

“Her voice had sunk to a whisper, and her hands clenched the air as she spoke, and then with a loud sob she flung herself on my bosom, and burst into a flood of tears; Georgette, I thought at that moment that my soul would have given way. I could not stay and see her anguish, and I ran from the cell almost before she had recovered composure.

“It was not without some little time and trouble, that I was enabled to procure for the dear lady a bunch of the much desired flowers, for it was late when I left her side and I walked through Paris almost until night-

fall ere I could find a few branches of acacia, for 'tis but a common kind of flower and but little is brought to market. I at last by good fortune, remembered that an acacia grew in the yard of the house of an old crony of mine, and although I was already weary and footsore, yet so great was my desire to content the poor lady's wish, that I again set forth with the hope that my old *commère* would give me some of its branches for friendship's sake. Alas, 'tis but a bitter world, and for a few meagre scentless blossoms, I was compelled to give my beautiful yellow Madras handkerchief, although the owner of them was my friend, but then I had unfortunately betrayed too great an anxiety to possess them. But at the moment I cared not, for I would have given all I was worth but to show my attachment to the countess.

“It was late when I returned to the prison laden with my treasure. I could scarcely breathe for thinking of what would be the poor captive's joy on beholding it, and as I drew near to that dismal gate I seemed to tread upon air. I rushed through the door as soon as opened, for I was well known of the concierge, and was rapidly passing down the dark gallery which led to the cell wherein the countess was confined, when I felt myself stopped by a rude arm, and a rough voice called out, ‘Hallo, bonne femme, whither are you hurrying so fast, and what have you there beneath your apron?’

“I instantly recognised, with a shudder, the voice of the inspector of the prison, whose hard-hearted tyranny rendered him the terror of the poor captives under his charge.

“He uncovered the flowers as he spoke, and tearing them from my grasp, he burst into a paroxysm of rage, and pushing me by the shoulders with a savage violence, forced me beneath the window where the consigne was posted, and pointing to where among the things forbidden to be brought into the prisoners were written the words ‘*Neither any plant nor herb of any sort, neither gathered nor yet growing in pot or tub or any earthen vessel.*’ He opened the casement above his head and hurled the dear-bought bunch of blossoms far out into the court-yard beneath.

“There was no use in resisting, and supplication was too late. I felt my spirit sunk and gone, and I could do nought but weep and moan most bitterly, and stretch out my hands towards the place where I had seen the flowers disappear. Such violent grief, and for a cause so apparently trifling in itself, seemed to provoke the mirth of the cruel wretch, for he exclaimed with a savage sneer, ‘Now the Lord be merciful to us! why here is a woman almost as old as my wife, crying and sobbing about a paltry bunch of flowers just like my little Marianne. Come, move off, 'tis time for all strangers to leave the prison. Dry your tears, my pretty dear, and to-morrow you shall have a bunch of buttercups to comfort you.’

“As he said this he pushed me through the door and closed it after me, and when I stood on the other side I felt as if I should no more behold the countess.

“Georgette, I have seen much pain and trouble in my life. When my boy Jean was brought home a hopeless cripple, and then when my daughter Melanie was given over by the doctor, and when, too, I returned from mass and found the shop burst open and the till emptied of all our earnings for many a long day; but I verily believe that I never felt a moment of such grief and bitterness as when I lost sight of the

acacia blossoms, and saw the white leaves separate and scatter as they fell.

“I afterwards learnt the cause of this renewal of severity, and this enforcement of an ancient regulation which had for some time been disregarded. It was in consequence of the famous proclamation which had found its way into one of the prisons of the provinces enclosed within the folded petals of a bunch of rosebuds.

“I could not close my eyes the whole of that night. The remembrance of the unhappy young countess, as I had left her on the day before, haunted my imagination. It was with a heavy heart that I departed on the morrow again to seek the prison, I dreaded to encounter the first glance of the countess, and the more so when upon entering, I was told by one of the inspectors, that the citizenne whom I wished to see, had moaned and sobbed so piteously all night, that every one had thought that there would have been a *prisonnier de plus* before the morning.

“When I entered the cell, she was, as usual, seated on the little pallet with her arms folded over her bosom, and her head resting against the wall. She started forward when I entered, and eagerly stretching forth both her hands towards me, exclaimed, ‘Give it me, give it me, dearest Françoise, thou hast made me wait so very long, that I should have thought, only that I knew thee too well, that thou hadst forgotten me.’

“I could not answer. I was too much overcome by the dread of the effect which her cruel disappointment might have upon her; but she at once perceived it ere I could speak, and turned sullenly away without uttering another word.

“I sat myself down beside her, and took her hand in mine. Her face was pale, very pale, while the large tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her low suppressed moanings would have melted a heart of stone. Towards the middle of the day she got worse, and deeming it expedient to send for assistance, I went to seek the wife of the concierge, who upon occasion, officiated as nurse to the female prisoners.

“The little room which the good woman occupied, looked out upon a square enclosure, a quadrangle, surrounded by high walls, into which the sun never shone. There were no trees in the space, but still it was green, although with long rank grass, and now and then a stray sparrow from the neighbouring roofs would come and perch among the tall weeds, seemingly beguiled into recollections of green hedges, and of liberty. I could not help thinking, with a sigh, of what would have been the joy of the poor dear countess could she but have had the enjoyment of this dark little plot of grass before her window, and then fancied that it might, perhaps, be some consolation to her to breathe the freshness even of that scanty herbage, so I stepped out and gathered as much as I could bring away of the long green grass, and the daisies which grew among it, and brought them into the countess’s chamber. Poor thing! had you seen her on beholding the rude attempt at a nosegay which I bore in my hand on entering, you would never have forgotten it. She sang over the wild flowers in rapture, and pressed them with childish fondness, forgetful of pain and misery, while she inhaled their faint and scarcely perceptible fragrance.

“When her child was born, she covered it with the white blossom, and it was a touching sight to behold them as they slept, mother and babe, pale and motionless, and decked with those cold and starry flowers as if already in the grave.

“ ‘That very night I watched by her side. I had dismissed the nurse, for the countess had slept long and calmly, and her state gave me no uneasiness. The doctor had, indeed, talked a great deal about weariness and exhaustion, but I could not imagine as I now and then stooped over the dear lady and felt her breathe as she slept, calm and softly as the babe whose silken cheek rested against her own, that there could possibly be cause for alarm.

“ ‘Towards midnight, I who had undergone much anxiety and fatigue during the previous day, perceiving that she still slumbered, sank myself down in the large arm-chair, which stood by the bed-side, and sought for a little repose. I did not go to sleep, this I ever will deny, for my gaze was never once averted from the bed where the young countess lay with her sleeping infant at her side; but I know not—I never could account for the feeling which overcame me at that hour: it was a kind of awe, a creeping of the flesh which I had never felt before. I fancied that the countess was, indeed, buried beneath the earth, and that the grass and wild flowers were growing above her grave. All at once, I thought that the earth seemed to move with a hollow sound, and the form of the lady, with the same mild ashy countenance as in life, was revealed to me. Slowly she arose, and presently extending her arms to the borders of the pit, began to pluck, with cold and ghastly fingers, the flowers that grew among the grass, and as she twined within her clammy grasp, spoke in a low and hollow voice.

“ ‘Come with me, sweet sisters,’ said she, mournfully, ‘as well to share my darksome narrow bed, as fade and wither here while others, bright and fresh, are growing up around ye. There—lie upon my bosom, next my heart, for well ye know how, while in life, I loved ye.

“ ‘Rude and churlish hands they were that laid me here, and hearts that loved me not, or ye would have found me wrapped in flowers; for those to whom I once was dear, knew that I could not rest unless my shroud were decked with ye, ye beautiful and scented gems! Know ye not that I have ofttime held communion with your fair sisters of Foutenay. I would converse with them as I lay beneath the cypress trees of the old graveyard upon the hill side. I would tell them how I should love to lay my head among them at some future day, and they would answer with a low soft murmur from amid the tall grass, which sighed as the wind bent its long blades like the waves of a troubled sea.

“ ‘Come hither,’ would they say, ‘come hither to thy rest. Where will thy sleep be so still and calm as amid those who love thee? We will shed our brightest blossoms and our sweetest odours around the place of thy repose. In the morning we will refresh thee with the dew from our fairy cups, and at even we will soothe thee with the murmur of our folding leaves. Fear not thine hour of dread, thou wilt rest as peacefully and undisturbed as thou now liest beneath the tall cypress tree. Come to us now while the sun shines bright and the birds sing gaily, nor tarry till the storms of winter have passed over thy young head. See, we live but to rejoice in the sunlight, and to laugh upwards at the clear blue sky; we flee before the first chill blast that sweeps along the plain. Then come and be of us ere yet we fade and scatter, and are lost to sight, for those who soon will follow us say, *can* they love so well and truly as we have done?’

“ ‘While she had been speaking, I had gradually aroused myself from the torpor which had seized upon my whole frame; and as I arose from the

chair the vision disappeared, but the lips of the invalid still murmured low confused sounds, which, strange to say, now that I was awake I did not understand!

“ I drew near to her side; she was seated upright, and her trembling hands had formed a rude kind of chaplet of the poor withered flowers, which were strewn all over the bed. I spoke to her and called her by her name, but she answered not, and when I drew the lamp near to her face I perceived with terror, that it was cold and blue, and that her eyes were wandering vacantly around the chamber, I raised her in my arms. She gazed at me wildly, there was horror in that stricken look, the consciousness of death was upon her. She sank by the side of the babe, who uttered a low and feeble moan.

“ ‘ Bless thee, bless thee, my child, my darling, my heart’s best treasure, my life, my *paquerette*,’ she said, as she imprinted a faint kiss on the pale forehead of the babe, and sank from within my grasp, while a few faint breathings came like ice against my cheek and then ceased for ever. She was no more.

“ ‘ Poor dear lady! She was buried amid the sand heaps, and chalk pits of —. I laid the faded chaplet, which she had woven at her death hour upon her bosom, but I sometimes think she cannot rest in peace, for neither tree nor flower grow near her grave.

“ ‘ I took the babe under my care, and whatever may have been said of my good man as far as regards his loyalty to his king, none can reproach his memory with one single act of unkindness, or even a harsh word towards the poor royalist orphan.

“ ‘ She has grown up a wild and melancholy being, and singular in her tastes and habits, loving to spend the bright days of her youth in sadness and in solitude, with no other diversion than the contemplating of her beloved flowers. I have been blamed for suffering her to indulge in this strange and singular passion, but I, who know ’tis no fault of hers, have not the heart to thwart her in this, the only one pursuit in which she takes delight.

“ ‘ I have brought her up, as you may see, in every respect as well as my own daughter, and if she has not grown up so striking and elegant in person as my *Melanie*,’ concluded the good woman, bridling up, ‘ or so clever in the art in which it has been our good fortune, through the kindness of monseigneur, to have her instructed, why that is no fault of mine?’

“ There was certainly no harm in the little ebullition of vanity with which the good woman concluded her melancholy tale, and perhaps at any other time it might have provoked a smile, but at that moment a feeling of sickness crept over me as I gazed upon the frail and statue-like form and delicate features of *Paquerette*, and then turned to the vivid colour and high cheek bones of the gaunt *Melanie*. I almost felt incensed at the decree of fate which had preserved the gentle maiden to link through life with beings so utterly uncongenial as those by whom she was surrounded.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE WONDROUS BOUQUET.

“ AFTER I had heard this story I felt even more attachment than before towards *Paquerette*. With the love which I had borne her even from

the very first hour of our acquaintance, now mingled a kind of respect, which made me feel as if it were almost a condescension on her part to suffer me to associate with her, and that I had no just right to intrude myself upon her friendship.

“But she seemed with me unconscious of her gentle origin, and would love to pass in my society all the time which could be spared from her music, in order to converse and gain information concerning her beloved flowers. The truth must be told : had Paquerette been living alone in a wilderness she could not have been more solitary, in as far as regards all human friendship and sympathy, than she was in the midst of this kind-hearted, but rude, uncultivated family. And as I grew further acquainted with the maiden, I discovered, too, that poor and dependent as she was, she possessed much of the old leaven of aristocratic pride, which must have been born with her, even in the cold damp cell of the Conciergerie. Thus, she felt grateful to Françoise for the care which she had taken of her childhood, and yet looked upon the service as a debt which she had incurred, and which at some future time she would doubtless have an opportunity to discharge. Her intercourse with Melanie, too, partook of much of the same character. Although brought up together, and living the same life, yet no one could have mistaken them for sisters, or even for relations. In the most ordinary actions of every day life, there was as much distinction to be drawn between the daughter of the countess and the daughter of the portress, as if they had never held any further intercourse than would have been the case, had events followed their ordinary course, and the one remained content to open the gate while the other, richly attired, and followed by a train of liveried vassals, might pass through.

“Melanie was, notwithstanding all this, a good-natured girl, and, I verily believe, felt all the love and admiration for Paquerette which could be spared from herself. There was, in truth, no envy, no jealousy on her part. She had, by far, too exalted an opinion of herself, to feel jealousy of any one, and she might rather be said to experience a kind of pity towards the poor orphan for her imagined deficiency in those perfections in which she fancied she herself so much excelled. In general, the worthy gossips of the neighbourhood favoured this idea, for Paquerette, with her pale features and slight and elegant form, could not, in their opinion, stand a moment's comparison with the ruddy complexion, the tall and comely figure, and laughing black eyes of Melanie. Sometimes, when the girls would sing together in the summer evenings by way of giving us a little concert after our supper, taken in the open air, the wise *commères* would be loud and strenuous in their admiration of the powerful voice and long roulades of Melanie, leaving the sweet touching tones of Paquerette without praise or comment. And these were, perhaps, the only occasions wherein I ever observed any thing like an expression of pleasantry pass across the otherwise immovable features of Paquerette. The good Françoise had never to feel any kind of maternal bitterness towards Paquerette, for it is certain that her daughter absorbed all the beaux of the neighbourhood.

“Hundreds of bouquets did I use to sell on her fête day to the lads of the quartier in which she lived, and I always chose them on purpose, large showy things with some few staring flowers all round the outside, filled in the middle with grass and moss, and thought, as I saw them

duly arranged on the little window-sill, that they might be taken as fit emblems of herself. Little Paquerette would smile at the undisguised glee of the tall maiden on receiving such attentions, but would sigh and turn aside when Melanie would add,—

“ ‘ Poor Paquerette, how came thy mother to give thee such a name, thou canst have no such joy, thy saint is not to be found in the whole calendar !’ ”

“ One evening towards the close of winter, after having spent a happy day, for I remember that it was an early Easter Even, the first festival on which the fair spring flowers had come to market, I was just preparing to leave my station, when I was accosted by a tall young man, who, advancing, as I thought, rather mysteriously, drew from beneath the large Spanish cloak in which he was enveloped from head to foot, a picture of moderate dimensions, and, holding it to the light, requested to know if I could by the morrow accomplish the composition of a bouquet to be the exact counterpart of the one represented in the painting.

“ It was a singular request; the first proposition of the kind which had ever been made to me, and I examined the painting attentively before I answered. It was the portrait of a female of the size of life; the face was most beautiful, and to my unpractised eye seemed also most beautifully executed; the figure was attired in the ancient Jewish costume, all gold brocade and rich stuffs, with a profusion of jewels on the arms and neck. A wide turban of sea-green silk, with a falling veil of silver tissue, formed the head-dress, and displayed the rounded neck and snowy shoulders to the best advantage. She held in one hand a nosegay of the rarest flowers of the East, most artificially blended both in form and colours; and so beautifully were these executed, that in spite of the great perfection of the other parts of the picture, the eye rested on them with admiration. I have since that time been taught to consider this peculiarity a failing, but then, in my happy ignorance, considered it the one great excellence of the performance, and dwelt upon it with a delight I sought not to conceal.

“ My rustic ecstasies seemed to give unfeigned pleasure to the young man.

“ ‘ Thine admiration cheers me, maiden,’ said he, ‘ and gives me brighter hope than I have felt for many a long day. I have worked from morn to night for months upon this, the first trial of my pencil, the first struggle betwixt me and fame. ’Tis a study of the fair Queen of Sheba about to seek the presence of King Solomon; all that is my own,’ added he, showing the face and figure of the portrait; ‘ but the bouquet which she carries is the composition of the sweet maiden to whom I now seek, through thy aid, to offer the reality.’ ”

“ I examined it again and again, and the more I did so, the more I felt convinced of the utter hopelessness of the task; and I told him that the bouquet could not be executed without great expense. Every rare and costly flower, the product of Eastern climes, was there mingled together, the scented nilica, the scarlet pomegranate, the delicate bidmush, the rich yellow blossoms of the hemasagara, and the sky-blue water-lotus, in which the poets say that Cupid sleeps.

“ I thought it my duty to represent this to the young man, and at the same time offered to his notice several of the very best of my own compositions in lieu of what, I ventured to say, would not be a whit more effec-

tive, and certainly not so *outré* in price. But the youth would not listen for a moment to any of my arguments.

“‘If it *can* be done,’ said he, ‘I must have it. The maiden for whom it is intended is not one upon whom such attention will be lost.’

“‘Think you that she will even observe it?’ returned I, sharply, for I felt annoyed that my own productions should have met with so little success.

“‘Ay, that will she,’ replied the youth; ‘did you but know with what deep worship she sometimes bends over these beautiful creations, with what poetry of heart and soul she will pass whole hours in the contemplation of their starry shapes and glowing colours, you, who love them too, would never doubt her. I have sometimes imagined that she herself partook of the nature of flowers: like them, she is bright and beautiful; like them, she is delicate, and clings to life but by a single breath; like them, too, I fear, alas! that she will bow before the first autumnal storm; like them, with the first sharp gust of winter, will she bend low, and wither, and die.’

“He spoke these words with a melancholy fervour, which told me at once that he was certainly very much in love. I gazed upon the poor youth with compassion, for even young as I then was, had I not already been the unsuspected witness of the dawning and of the withering of many such a passion as this? all trust and truth in its commencement, and ending, for the most part, in either disgust or indifference, or else in folly and despair. ‘*Allons!*’ thought I, ‘here is another poet’s soul, another painter’s mind, doomed to waste all their bright early bloom and freshness upon one of those wicked, artful jades, yclept *grisettes*; I dare say some artificial flower-maker, or embroiderer of yellow tulips upon black satin reticules, who has fed the romance of the student’s character, by making him believe that her soul is like his own, in order to entrap him the more effectually.’

“Consoled with this reflection, I mentioned a price so exorbitantly high, and so out of keeping with his threadbare cloak, that I hoped it would at once have deterred him from thinking any further about his purchase.

“The youth mused for a moment; he seemed, indeed, as I had expected, to be astounded at the price I had mentioned, but, presently rallying, he said, abruptly,

“‘Can you remember the arrangement of these flowers, when you shall no longer have the picture before your eyes?’

“The question failed not to arouse my professional vanity; and, giving one steady gaze at the painting, I unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative.

“‘Then our bargain is concluded,’ said he, smiling in evident satisfaction; ‘to-morrow evening, at this hour, will I return to fetch it.’

“‘I am poor and needy myself,’ replied I, ‘and cannot undertake so large an order without some advance or deposit.’

“The youth coloured slightly, but made no reply; and, gathering the cherished painting beneath his cloak, hurried away in silence, and was soon lost to sight.

“I certainly did not expect ever to hear any thing further concerning his expensive whim, and was beginning, as I packed up to depart on the morrow, inwardly to congratulate myself upon my sagacity in not having

laid out so large a sum upon speculation, when, to my surprise, the youth again stood before me. He was paler than when I had seen him on the day previous. He seemed, too, greatly agitated, as he sought, with trembling fingers, in the pocket of his waistcoat, and drew from thence two double louis-d'ors, flinging them recklessly upon the stall before me. The amount was more, much more, indeed, than the sum we had agreed upon, and as, by the light of my little paper lantern, I sought for change, I just observed, with no other motive than that of inducing him to speak, that, however large the sum might appear to him, yet it was little enough to earn for one who would perhaps have to be astir on the morrow by four o'clock, and to pace the city the whole day long, in order to procure wherewithal to content his whimsical fancy.

"The youth started, and his lip quivered, as he answered, bitterly,

"Ay, you will, doubtless, think the money hard earned by one single day's care and trouble; you will, doubtless, deem that a single day's anxiety and toil is more than should be given for such a poor price as this: why, *bouquetière*, it would not buy the scarlet cord by which your *eventaire* is so gracefully suspended from your waist; yet, little as you think it, know that it has been considered sufficient to repay whole months of unceasing toil and bitter privation; 'tis all that has been given me as payment of my long and weary vigils; as the produce of my dreamy days of solitude and pain, of all my nights of sleepless anguish. For such paltry price have I been compelled to yield the very sight of my eyes and the labour of my hands. For this has been obtained my first fresh dream of beauty, and see 'twill scarcely pay for the bauble which it pleases me to bestow upon my mistress."

"I attempted to reason with the youth upon the folly of laying out so large a sum under such circumstances, but he now seemed reckless, and answered precipitately, 'Nay, nay, why should I refuse myself this little fancy, since by so doing I shall gain nought, and lose the chance I now possess of winning a smile from her I love better than my life?'

"My heart bled for the poor youth; but of course it was not for me to make any objection to so conclusive a reason as this last, nor yet to give utterance to the conviction which at that moment pressed itself upon my mind, of his being the dupe of some artful hussy who would, had the truth been known, have preferred by far that the money should have been expended in a new shawl, or a new cap, and that a trip to the *chaumière*, or a day at Belleville, should have been comprised in the outlay.

"Well, after great trouble and great expense, I succeeded in compounding the famous bouquet; and although I am the one to say it, it certainly did prove to be a marvel of beauty. I cannot speak of it even now without adding the frank avowal of my opinion that it was the foundation of the patronage which the public of this great city have since thought fit to bestow upon me, for, during the few hours that it was on view, my stall was so thronged with buyers and amateurs that never was the like seen in the world before. All my regret was not being able to show this treasure to Paquerette, who, I knew so well would have viewed it with most exquisite pleasure, but she, poor child, had been, during the whole of the holy week, under the care of her confessor, and was still in strict *retraite*, and I, therefore, should have sought in vain to lure her thoughts from Heaven."

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

CHAP. II.

THE CAPE, AND VAN RIEBECK ITS FIRST GOVERNOR.

They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more ! While we ride on our clouds, Malvina, on the wings of the roaring winds, our voices shall be heard at times in the desert ; we shall sing on the breeze of the " Rock."

Ossian.

To the weary voyager, whether bound to the sunny climes of the far East, or returning thence to the long-wished-for home of his youth, the Cape presents a welcome haven of temporary refreshment and rest ; both mind and body, cramped and weakened by the long confinement* and monotony of a ship-board existence, soon regain in this fine bracing atmosphere their wonted elasticity and vigour ; and on approaching this southernmost extremity of Africa, the eye long dimmed and wearied by the unvaried and unvarying sameness of sea and sky, brightening with delight, finds solace and relief whilst resting on the blue cloud-capped hills, wooded slopes, trees, houses, and smiling gardens around ; in short, whilst contemplating old Mother Earth in her most inviting mood, clad in Sunday garb, the very wrinkles of her oft sad and care-worn aspect, suddenly converted into the pleasing dimples of youth and beauty, on a countenance now beaming with content and radiant with pleasure !

To the wave-buffeted and weather-beaten wanderer it is truly a joyous spectacle, the entrance (in fine weather) to Table Bay—but whether scanned through cloud or sunshine, by tempest, or—what is here more rare—during the dreamy stillness of a calm, the great " Cape of Storms," presents on its approach, a scene, probably unrivalled in its kind, of grandeur and sublimity.

Table Mountain, its long, level, and unbroken summit propped on a wall of living rock, towering full 3500 feet above the vast Ethiopic Ocean, buttressed on one side by the " Lions," on the other by the " Devil's Hill," seems not a mere work of nature but some monster fort, fashioned by giant or by genii hands, to guard the passage of these stormy seas.

As huge masses of white fleecy clouds roll slowly o'er its high battlements of rock, and sweep along their sides, no great stretch of imagination is called for, to fancy this the vast arsenal of the storms and winds* whose thundering ordnance—having just belched forth great salvos on the world beneath—remains now shrouded in dense exhalations of its own sulphurous breath !

But whether capped with its white " cloth" and seen through the misty influence of the south-east wind, or standing out in bold relief against the clear blue atmosphere of the north-western breeze, this stupendous object cannot fail to excite both admiration and surprise.

In the higher regions of the Apennines and Alps, it is not unusual to see the clouds fast chasing each other far beneath the spectator of the

* By some old authors Table Mountain is called the " Mountain of the Winds."
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scene; amidst the rocky heights of Lebanon I have from some sunny spot, raised high above the storm, often looked down on the bursting thunder-cloud at my feet as it angrily sent forth its forked messengers of fire, deluging the green valleys below, and swelling into turbid and raging torrents their erst gurgling, silvery streams; but the fleecy vapours which occasionally envelop the "Table" of the Cape differ from every phenomenon of the kind elsewhere beheld, and present so extraordinary an appearance as fully to warrant their descriptive appellation of the "Table Cloth."

The prevailing winds at the Cape (and it is indeed the head-quarters of blustering Æolus) blow chiefly from the north-west, and south-east. With the former, the atmosphere is clear and transparent to a degree, the "Table" then shows the full proportions of its stupendous bulk, every angle, bastion, and turret of the high battlements stand boldly chiselled forth where

These fields of light and liquid ether flow
Purged from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.

But when the south-east wind gleans up the vapours from the surface of the Indian Ocean they here congregate *en masse*, forming a dense white cloud, which resting on the mountain's summit, first hangs like a "Table Cloth*" o'er its sides, and then slowly creeping down the face of the precipice threatens a deluge to the town beneath; it however all ends—not in smoke—but wind! The vapours as they descend gradually melt into thin air, which then rushes like a tornado down every gully, sweeps through the town, bearing before it clouds of dust and pebbles; not unfrequently tearing the shipping from their anchors and carrying them far out to sea.

It is one of the peculiarities of this locality, that when the wind blows from the south-east, Cape Town—lying on its north-western base—instead of being completely sheltered as would be imagined, is then exposed to all the redoubled fury of the blast which, sweeping over its summit, is led, as through so many funnels, down the precipitous ravines opening on the plains below.

Barrow, in his "Travels in Southern Africa," gives a learned dissertation as to the cause and reasons of this phenomenon of the "Table Cloth," and to this account the philosophical reader is referred, whilst, may be to the more superficial perusers of these pages, the following description of an ascent to Table Mountain by the same author, may not be deemed here wholly uninteresting or misplaced:—

"To those whom mere curiosity, or the more laudable desire of acquiring information, may tempt to make a visit to the summit of the Table Mountain, the best and readiest access will be found directly up the face next to the town. The ascent lies through a deep chasm that divides the curtain from the left bastion. The length of this ravine is about three-fourths of a mile; the perpendicular cheeks at the foot more than a thousand feet high, and the angle of ascent about forty-five degrees. The entrance into this deep chasm is grand and awful. The two sides, distant at the lower part about eighty yards from each other, converge within a few feet at the portal, which opens upon the summit, forming two lines of natural perspective. On passing this portal, a plain of very consider-

* Under which denomination this phenomenon is always known at the Cape.

able extent spreads out, exhibiting a dreary waste and an insipid tameness, after quitting the bold and romantic scenery of the chasm. And the adventurer may perhaps feel strongly disposed to ask himself if such be all the gratification he is to receive for having undergone so great a fatigue in the ascent. The mind, however, will soon be relieved at the recollection of the great command given by the elevation, and the eye, leaving the immediate scenery, will wander with delight round the whole circumference of the horizon. On approaching the verge of the mountain,"—

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !

* * * * *

The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice ; and yon, tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock.
* * * * *
The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.

“ All the objects on the plain below are, in fact, dwindled away to the eye of the spectator, into littleness and insignificance. The flat-roofed houses of Cape Town, disposed into formal clumps, appear like those paper fabrics which children are accustomed to make with cards. The shrubbery on the sandy isthmus looks like dots, and the farms and their enclosures as so many lines, and the more finished parts of a plan drawn on paper.”

* * * * *

But let us now descend from those lofty regions to the town below, which, commencing on the margin of the bay, runs back in a succession of broad, clean, and regularly built streets, shaded by tall trees (in some instances overhanging a clear-running stream), to the very foot of the mountain, here lost amidst groves of noble oaks, stately pines, or of the graceful silver tree, whose glittering foliage is confined to this favoured spot.*

The bay (so miscalled), is neither more nor less than a most insecure roadstead, open to the full swell of the South Atlantic Ocean from March to September, during the prevalence of the north-westerly gales, at which period the shipping stands every chance of being, and often is, driven ashore, whilst at other times of the year the south-east wind howls fiercely down the gullies of the Table Mountain, threatening to tear every bark from its anchors, and carry her out to sea.

In short (with so secure a haven as Saldanha Bay, close at hand), there is probably not a spot in the British—or any other possessions—so ill adapted to afford protection to shipping, and in a climate where shelter is so much required, for never, I believe, since this ill-chosen spot was fixed on for a settlement, has a single year passed by, without the occurrence of some sad accident or other.

Merely to enumerate the fearful wrecks which have here occurred, and the acts of devoted courage and heroism they have given rise to, in attempts, too often vain, to save their ill-fated crews, would occupy a chapter of itself, but one noble instance of these endeavours stands so

* The *Protea argentia* of botanists, a most beautiful and fast-growing tree peculiar to the valleys of Table Mountain, which are thickly planted with it for the purposes of supplying fuel to the town.

prominently forth amongst the rest, that, although nearly a century has intervened, the name of Woltemad is, from the following circumstance, still held in reverence at the Cape.

On the night of the last day of May, 1773, during a fearful gale from the north-west, flashes of light were seen at intervals from the town, through the murky darkness around, whilst the faint report of guns heard above the roaring tempest, too plainly announced to the anxious inhabitants the not unusual intelligence of a vessel in distress.

So pitchy dark was the night, so fearfully raged the storm, that nothing positive could be ascertained, or any steps taken to afford relief, until the approach of day, whose first dawn disclosed the sad spectacle of a large vessel stranded at a considerable distance from the shore, the sea making a clean breach over her fast parting hull, to which still, with the strength imparted by despair, clung many of the surviving crew.

This wreck was soon recognised as being that of the Dutch ship the *Jonge Thomas*, carrying a valuable cargo, a large crew, and numerous passengers. The shore soon became crowded with spectators of the inevitable destruction of the vessel, and probable fate of those on board, for she had drifted into a shallow part of the bay, so far from the land that no assistance could possibly be tendered, as not a boat could live in the boiling surf then furiously breaking on the sands.

Meanwhile, guns were fired, and signals of distress displayed by the despairing crew, but with no further effect than of exciting the pity and commiseration of the helpless spectators, who, after several vain efforts at launching boats through the raging surf, had hopelessly given up the futile attempt, and were hastening backwards and forwards along the beach, venting, as people are in such cases wont to do, their grief and sorrow, but without apparent end or object in view.

Whilst matters were in this state, a horseman on a large and powerful steed rapidly approached along the beach, it was the substantial and wealthy Burgher Woltemad, mounted on his favourite coal-black charger of true Holstein breed, a noble animal, sent as a token of regard by his friends from distant "Fatherland."

Seizing the end of a line, the gallant Dutchman unhesitatingly dashed through the foaming surge, and, breasting the crested billows, his brave steed soon carried him near the wreck, but in his efforts to throw on board the rope, it slipped through his grasp, and disappeared from the straining eyes and outstretched hands of the anxious crew; meanwhile, ere another line could be prepared, one of their number who had either been washed overboard, or had wildly sprung into the waves, seizing on the horse's mane, persisted, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Woltemad, and with all the desperate energy of a drowning man, in continuing to retain his hold.

Weighed down by this new burthen, the horse struggled madly for release, there was no time for hesitation or delay, Woltemad, therefore, instantly made for the shore, and safely depositing his charge, again fearlessly braved the surf.

Seven times did he repeat his daring feat, bringing as often back a living freight, but on his eighth and last attempt, the sight of a female figure, grasping with one arm the fragment of a bulwark, straining in the other an helpless infant to her breast, induced the heroic Dutchman to approach more nearly to the vessel's side, when a simultaneous rush was made, a host of despairing wretches beset him in their drowning

struggles, and both Woltemad and his noble steed, already exhausted by their previous efforts, now borne down amidst the raging billows, sank alas! to rise no more in life; the vessel shortly parted, and the lifeless bodies of the crew, together with those of the brave Woltemad and his charger—to which he still clung in death—were soon thickly strewed along the sands near the mouth of the Salt-water river.

This melancholy tale is but a solitary instance from amidst hundreds of similar events, which have marked, and still continue to stamp this wretched roadstead as the very "road of wrecks;" but quitting the sad scene of repeated disasters, let us—while we can—get safely ashore, and survey the result of old Van Riebeck's labours, who, in the broad handsome streets, stately buildings, noble squares, promenades and gardens now shaded by gigantic pines and oaks, would no doubt be puzzled to recognise, in this metamorphosed state, the mud fort and few temporary sheds, he, some two hundred years gone by, first erected on the spot, and which then formed the first nucleus of the infant settlement at the Cape. As some readers may not have had either opportunity or inclination to wade through those musty folios* containing an account of the early proceedings of the Dutch in this part of the world, the following outline may, perhaps by such, be deemed worthy of a passing glance, whilst others more learned can but close the book.

* * * * *

Allusion has already been made to the discovery of the Cape in 1486, from which period the Portuguese continued to frequent it for the purpose of obtaining water and fresh provisions, during the course of their traffic with the East.

That the natives were not, even in those remote periods, the harmless and passive set of beings they have since been so falsely represented to be, is proved by the defeat, sustained at their hands, of the Portuguese, who, in 1510, were routed after an "obstinate engagement" at the Salt River, flowing into Table Bay, on which occasion, Almeida, the Viceroy of India, met with his death.

In course of time, the Dutch succeeded the Portuguese in the supremacy of the eastern trade, when the Cape was, for the same purposes, resorted to by them; nor was it a matter of small importance in those days (when, through an imperfect knowledge of the "trades," a voyage to the East and back was one of months and years, instead of, as at present, of days and weeks), to be able to lay in, at this half-way house, a fresh supply of water, fresh meat, and vegetables, doubly acceptable to crews generally debilitated by scurvy, that dreaded scourge of the mariner of old.

Table Bay became, likewise, long before any settlement was thought of, a sort of post-office to passers-by; letters being, at stated spots, left under large stones along the beach, by which means the Dutch East India Company's ships generally had intelligence of their consorts, whether homeward or outward bound.

The Dutch continued long to monopolise this traffic of the East, but, about the end of the sixteenth century, the spirit of maritime enterprise then evincing itself in England, soon brought forth more formidable rivals than their late antagonists the Portuguese.

In the year 1620, two vessels belonging to the English East India

* Such as Kolben, Thunberg, Moodie's "Records of the Cape," &c., &c.

Company touched at the Cape, whose commanders, named Humphrey Fitzherbert and Andreas Shilling, took formal possession of the spot, in the name of their sovereign, James I., but no further steps appear to have been taken in the matter by the British government, and the Cape continued to be indiscriminately frequented, for the purpose of obtaining refreshments, by mariners of all nations, though without any attempt at colonisation or settlement, till the year 1652.

About 1648, a large vessel, named the *Haarlem*, belonging to the Dutch East India Company, was driven ashore at Table Bay, whose crew had to remain there several months, ere relieved by some of the vessels of the same company returning from Batavia. This detention gave opportunities of observation on the resources and nature of the surrounding country, which were embodied by one Leendart Jantz, in a "Remonstrance," bearing date Amsterdam, the 26th of July, 1649,* in which is briefly set forth and explained, the services, advantage, and profit, which would accrue to the chartered East India Company from making a fort and garden at the *Cabo de Boa Esperance*.

As to this "Remonstrance" may be traced the first origin of a settlement at the Cape, its substance may not prove uninteresting.

After premising as follows :

"Notwithstanding, honourable sirs, that it is well known to us, that many and divers persons, even among those who have several times frequented the *Cabo de Boa Esperance*, without, however, taking any notice of the situation or fitness of the country—will pretend and say, some, that the place is unsuitable; and consequently, that the cost—seeing that there is nothing to be had there, except water and a little scurvy-grass—would be needless and thrown away; others, that the honourable Company has forts and places enough, aye, more than too many to provide for, and, therefore, ought not to establish any more; we shall, however, point out to your honours, as briefly and simply as our poor ability will permit, not only how useful and necessary the formation of the said fort and garden will be, for the preservation of the Company's ships and people, but that the same may be effected, without expense, and with profit and gain."

Mynheer Jantz proceeds to set forth the various advantages which would accrue to the "Honourable Company," by the establishment of a fort and garden, where fruit and vegetables might be raised for the use of vessels bound to, and returning from India, as likewise fresh provisions, be procured by barter with the natives—whom he exonerates from the charge then apparently brought against them, of being "cannibals."

He fully points out the importance of such a settlement in baffling the attempts of the Spaniards and Portuguese against their East India trade. Peace then existed between the English and Dutch, but he hints that the trade of the latter might likewise meet with serious interruptions from the "Turk," should he discover and take possession of Table Bay. Allusion was, probably, here made to the then formidable pirates of the coast of Barbary, but it appears to have been rather far-fetched, as the Algerine corsairs, though at this time the terror of the Mediterranean, never apparently carried their depredations into these remote seas.

The above document further contains the following curious notice of

* *Vide* "Old Chronicles of the Cape," recorded by Donald Moodie, Esq., R. N

St. Helena, which, in those good old times, appears to have been tenanted by very different inhabitants from those of later days.

"That the Island of St. Helena has been hitherto a very convenient place of refreshment for the homeward-bound ships, cannot be denied; but it has become so destroyed—partly from the carelessness of the ship captains, and partly from that of the common sailors (who are more disposed, when they touch there, to ruin every thing they can get at, than to plant, or to leave any thing for those who come after them), that from henceforward neither hogs nor goats will be procurable.

"For, heretofore the homeward-bound ships, when they sailed from St. Helena, each carried with them—besides what was consumed while they were there—some seventy or eighty, aye, more than 100, alive; whereas, last year, the fleet under the flag of Wollebrant Geleijusen (consisting of twelve ships) could catch in all, in spite of all the trouble they took, no more than 200 hogs; and it will be found, that year after year, less and less will be caught, until, in a short time, nothing whatever can be had there. Thus we shall find, that the return fleet of this year has caught fewer than the year before.

"The cause of this is above noticed,—the negligence of the captains, and the mischievous disposition of the common sailors, who consist of the people of all nations, and who, if they take care of themselves, do not think of those who come after them, as your honours have often heard them say, 'What do I care about a profitable voyage, so long as I come back here alive.' Thus they destroy all they can reach.

"Therefore it is, that they will not take the slightest trouble, as long as they get hogs enough for themselves, to carry on board again, or to kill the dogs with which they have caught them, to which the several captains in particular, and the commander of the fleet in general, ought to have paid some attention, which, however, has not been the case, so that some dogs of both sexes have been left on the island, which have so multiplied, that in a short time all the stock—as these dogs have no other food—will be destroyed and extirpated by them.

"So that henceforward nothing will be found for our ships at St. Helena, except a few herbs, and sometimes a few apples and lemons, which are often plucked before they are ripe by the English (who touch there earlier than we do) as happened last year."

The old chronicles of the Cape do not apparently state the specific post occupied by Mynheer Jantz on board the *Haarlem*, or what notice was taken by the Dutch East India Company of the above "Remonstrance," which, in June, 1651, was followed by "Further Considerations and Reflections upon some Points of the 'Remonstrance,'" presented by Mr. Leendert Jantz, upon the project of establishing, at the Cabo de Boa Esperance, a fortress and plantation, and whatever more may be there in due time expected to contribute most to the service of the Company, addressed to the Honourable the Directors, &c., &c., of the Chamber, Amsterdam, and signed "Jan van Riebeck."

Van Riebeck, a surgeon of one of the Company's ships, had already navigated every region of the globe, and evidently made the most of his opportunities for observation, he had undertaken one or two voyages to Greenland, knew the West Indies, had threaded in every direction the Eastern seas, from the Cape of Good Hope to Siam, Batavia, China, and

Japan ; was, moreover, a botanist, naturalist, and philosopher ; in short, appears to have been quite the Sir Joseph Banks of his day.

In 1648, he visited the Cape with a return fleet from India, and as advantage was taken of their arrival to remove as much of the goods of the *Haarlem* as could be saved from the wreck, this circumstance gave Van Riebeck the opportunity of passing several weeks on shore, of which opportunity he seems fully to have availed himself.

His letter to the Directors of the Company appears to be in substance nearly the same as Jantz's "Remonstrance," except as to his opinions of the natives, whom he says, "are by no means to be trusted, but are a savage set, living without conscience ; and therefore the fort should be rendered tolerably defensible, for I have frequently heard, from divers persons equally deserving of credit (who have also been there), that our people have been beaten to death by them, without having given the slightest cause."

He further recommends "a sharp look out to be kept on the proceedings of the English, French, Danes, and particularly on those of the Portuguese, whom he refers to, as always envious of the increase and extension of the Company's power, and as constantly endeavouring to obstruct the same."

For his mistrust of this "savage set," he was (notwithstanding the misrepresentations of modern "philanthropists") fully justified by subsequent experience, for at their hands, in return for kindness and forbearance, he never met with aught save treachery, murder, and theft.*

Be that as it may, we find that, in 1651, the Dutch East India Company, with the sanction of their government, equipped an expedition consisting of three vessels: the *Drommedaris*, the *Reijger*, and the yacht *Hoep* ; which, in December of the same year, left the Texel, under the command of Van Riebeck, with directions for the formation of a settlement † at the Cape, for provisioning the Company's fleets, according to the plan which had been first suggested by Leendert Jantz ; of whom, whether from death, or other cause, no further mention is made.

"About the fifth glass of the afternoon watch, on the 5th of April, 1652," says Van Riebeck, in the journal, where he daily recorded every notable event, "we got sight, God be praised, of the land of the *Cabo de Boa Esperance*."

"In the night, the ships *Reijger* and *Hoep* closed with the *Drommedaris* ; and early in the morning of the 6th of April, we were about

* To show how false are the accusations of harshness and cruelty towards the natives brought against the early Dutch settlers, we find the following amongst the instructions given as far back as March, 1561, for the conduct of those engaged in the proposed settlement at the Cape :—"You will also make inspection near the fort for the land best suited for depasturing and breeding cattle, for which purpose a good correspondence and intelligence with the natives will be very necessary, in order to reconcile them in time to your customs, and to attach them to you, which must be effected with discretion ; above all, taking care that you do not injure them in person, or in the cattle which they keep or bring to you, by which they may be rendered averse from our people, as has appeared in various instances."

† The settlement was at first confined to this object, but a few years subsequently we find that parts of land were given, on certain conditions, to some of the Company's servants, at which period the work of colonisation may be said to

to steer for Table Bay, but deemed it advisable first to examine whether any enemies' ships lay in the road, as it was suspected that *Prince Robert* lay in wait here for the return fleet. . . . About two o'clock in the afternoon they returned, reporting that there were no ships there, we therefore stood on, and notwithstanding the calm, by the aid of a fine southerly breeze which we got at last, our ship, and the yacht *Goede Hoep*, thanks to God, safely anchored, after sun-set, in the Table Bay, in five fathoms, sandy ground."

Having been now nearly five months at sea, and the crews, as usual in those days, severely suffering from the effects of so long a voyage, Van Riebeck's first care was to send a party ashore for the purpose of obtaining a supply of green herbs, and to procure fresh fish from the river, in both of which objects they succeeded, and also found a box of letters left, buried in the sand, by the return fleet from India, which, having touched some weeks previously at the Cape, had likewise brought for the expected settlers, a few horses (probably from Batavia); the latter, as stated in the despatches, having been left in charge of an "*Ottenoo*" (Hottentot), named *Herry*.

This *Herry*, or *Harry*, whose proper appellation was "*Autshumao*," and who cuts so conspicuous a figure during the first periods of the colony, had from his previous intercourse with the English, and from having performed a voyage to Bantam in one of their vessels, acquired a tolerable knowledge of our language, and his services were, consequently, eagerly secured as a medium of intercourse between the Dutch and the natives; but like most of the class of *dragomans*, Mr. *Herry* proved himself in the end an arrant rogue, and was often, during such communications—for purposes of his own—the wilful cause of serious differences and misunderstanding betwixt the Dutch and the Hottentots.

Van Riebeck found the shores of Table Bay frequented by a small tribe of all but naked savages, in a miserable state of want and destitution, whose sole means of subsistence consisted in roots, bulbs, and shellfish, which they succeeded in picking up on the sands, and amongst the adjoining rocks.

By the Dutch these wretched beings were called "*Strandloopers*," or frequenters of the shore, for probably the same reason that they were dubbed "*Waterman*" by Mr. *Herry*, who added that this horde, to which he had the honour of appertaining, owned property of no description, or any sheep or cattle whatever, the possession of which was entirely monopolised by another tribe, described by him as inhabiting the neighbourhood of Saldanha Bay; and he further stated, that between these "*Saldanhers*" and the "*Strandloopers*" there existed a deadly feud, that a third people called *Vishmen*, having only cows, and subsisting by fishing from the rocks, came periodically to Table Bay after the departure of the *Saldanhers*, with whom, as likewise with the *Strandloopers*, these *Vishmen* were constantly at war, and that robbery and plunder were nearly the sole occupation of their existence.

The first part of this account was fully corroborated the following day, when on the arrival of a small party of *Saldanhers*, the *Strandloopers*, armed with "*bows, arrows, and assegais*," rushed furiously towards them, and it was only through the active mediation of the Dutch, on this, as on many subsequent occasions, that bloodshed was averted.

These *Saldanhers* appear to have been a race much superior to that of the *Strandloopers*, for they are described in Van Riebeck's journal as

"handsome, active men, of particularly good stature, dressed, however, in a cow (or ox) hide, tolerably prepared, which they carried gracefully upon one arm, with an air as courageous as any bravo in Holland can carry his cloak on arm or shoulder."

It is, however, difficult to guess at the unsophisticated old Hollander's idea of the standard of perfection, when he calls *any* of the Hottentot race "handsome," unless it be, that he considered as beauty that "stern" prominent feature, said to be one of the characteristics of his own nation, and which, if admitted as the model of symmetry, caused, perhaps, at a later period, the French traveller Le Vaillant, to style, under the poetical appellation of "Narina,"* a woolly-headed, greasy Gonaqua girl, "the younger sister of the Graces." An opinion of the general inaccuracy of Le Vaillant's statements may be formed from the flaming accounts he gives of this Hottentot Venus, well *boughow'd*, or anointed with grease and red powder (probably somewhat in the present Kaffir fashion). He applied to her the name of "Narina" (which may be translated "Rosebud"), fancied himself deeply enamoured, and that he had inspired a similar passion in this "enchanting figure, formed to inspire love, and the youngest sister of the Graces under the figure of a Hottentot."

Van Riebeck having thus, by timely intervention, brought about a truce, the hostile tribes remained peaceably together near the tents of the settlers which were pitched along the shores of the bay. Through means of Herry, aided by signs and gestures, with a few Dutch and English words, of which the natives appear to have had a knowledge (the former having probably been recently acquired from the wrecked crews of the *Haarlem* and *Maurice*), a sort of pantomimic intercourse was successfully kept up, and the Saldaniers thus intimated, that within a few days they would bring cattle and sheep to barter for copper and tobacco, in which intention they were further encouraged by kind treatment, presents, and by being, moreover, plentifully supplied with food.

To show that, notwithstanding the most calumnious allegations to the contrary, this kind (though no doubt interested) treatment on the part of the Dutch, was, from the earliest periods of the settlement, strictly enforced towards the natives, the following extracts of a proclamation dated so far back as the 9th of April, 1652 (three days after the arrival of the Dutch settlers), is here set before the reader.

"Jan van Riebeck, senior merchant, and on behalf of the directors of the, &c., company, commander over their fortress to be constructed, ships and concerns, also over their possessions to be selected at the Cabo de Boa Esperance, and his council, make known :

"That as we have been ordered by the said directors, with the help of the ships *Drommedaris*, *Reijer*, and *Hoep*, thereto employed, to build at the said Cape such fortress and fortifications as shall be found necessary for the protection of the possessions to be taken.

"And as such new undertaking should be conducted with great caution, particularly as regards the wild people of that country (they being very impudent), and especially great care be taken that we be in every respect on our guard and in a posture of defence, also, that no cause of offence may be given by us or our men to that people, but on the contrary, that

* See Le Vaillant's *Travels*, vol. i., p. 361.

all kindness and friendship be shown to them, in order that by our amicable conduct they may become inclined to an intercourse with us, so that by this means we may have the greater supply of all kinds of cattle, and suffer the less molestation from them in the plantations, &c., which we are there to cultivate and to rear for the supply of the company's passing and repassing ships, the chief object, in the first instance, of our honourable masters, and what further may in time be sought for the service of the company.

"So it is that we, for the prevention of all mischief in the promotion of the said affairs, as well as for the maintenance of good order and discipline among the common people, who think little of remote consequences, have deemed it highly necessary, as by resolution 8th of April, 1652, to enact the following articles for that purpose, and after consideration and approval of the council, to publish them, together with some portions of the general articles at the proper place.

"And as these said tribes are somewhat bold, thievish, and not at all to be trusted, each shall take good care that his arms and working tools, or whatever he be placed in charge of, be well taken care of, that they may not be stolen from him by the savages, as we by no means, nor upon any consideration, desire that they should, on account of such theft, excepting with our previous knowledge and consent, be pursued, beaten, aye, even be looked upon with anger, but each shall have his stolen arms or tools charged against his wages, as a penalty, and for his carelessness receive fifty lashes at the whipping-post, and forfeit his rations of wine for eight days, or such other severer punishment as the exigency of the case may demand. And accordingly whoever ill-uses, beats, or pushes any of the natives, be he in the right or in the wrong, shall in their presence be punished with fifty lashes, that they may thus see that such is against our will, and that we are disposed to correspond with them in all kindness and friendship, in accordance with the orders and the object of our employers. Wherefore the sentries and other guards are thus expressly ordered to assist in this, or otherwise, upon their suffering any injury to be done to the savages in their sight, they shall be liable to the same punishment as the actual offenders.

"To this end all persons whomsoever are seriously exhorted, and ordered to show them every friendship and kindness, that they may in time, through our courteous behaviour, become the sooner accustomed to us, and attached to us, so that we may thus attain the object of our employers; provided at the same time that every one be well on his guard, without going so far among them, or trusting them so far, that they may get any of our people into their power, and massacre or carry them off.

"Whoever transgresses in other particulars not herein inserted, shall be punished according to the General Articles, and the exigency of the case.

"And that no one may have cause to pretend ignorance, we have caused these, and some sections of the General Articles to be read to the people on board of all the ships of the squadron, and also caused the same to be affixed at the proper place, upon a post erected for the purpose. Thus done in full council, in the ship *Drommedaris*, the 9th of April, 1652.

"JAN VAN RIEBECK."

The promises of the Saldanahs to return in a few days with sheep and cattle, greatly raised the hopes of the settlers, whose fresh provisions were confined to the produce of their fisheries, and to the wild herbs they collected near the shore, which, after the privations of so long a voyage, were most eagerly sought for, and converted by them to culinary purposes.

About three weeks after the arrival of the expedition a loose plank shed was completed, which, with a few tents, served as temporary habitations for Van Riebeck and his followers, who then busily commenced the erection of a fort for their more permanent residence and protection.

Reconnoitring parties were sent out in the immediate neighbourhood, behind Table Mountain; the forests with which this part of the country was then covered were explored, quantities of game, such as "harts, steenbuck, elands, &c.," were seen, a hippopotamus was killed, and served out as food for the crews, and all appeared delighted with the genial climate, the beauty and fertility of the soil, "watered," says Van Riebeck, in his journal, "by streams as fine as could be desired; and had we it occupied by thousands of Chinese, or other farmers, they could not cultivate the tenth part of it. It is so rich that nothing can equal it; neither Formosa, which I have seen, nor New Netherlands, which I have heard of."

Van Riebeck, however, expresses his disappointment at the non-arrival of the Saldanahs with their cattle; the only inhabitants of this Hesperian clime being a few wretched "Strandloopers, who brought with them," says he, "nothing but lean bodies and hungry bellies," articles not likely to be in great request by men engaged in constant hard and laborious work, who began themselves to feel the sharp cravings of want, and over whom disease was then beginning menacingly to shake her palsied hand.

Five weeks had elapsed since the arrival of the settlers; it was now the middle of June, the winter of these southern regions, and which appears that year to have set in with unusual severity (for we find that Van Riebeck, in his diary, makes mention of *ice* being seen on the foot of Table Mountain), still no sign of the Saldanahs with the expected cattle, the extent of barter having as yet been one "lean cow and a calf." Sickness,—an unusual occurrence in this fine, healthy climate, but probably brought on by the recent privations of a long voyage, followed by exposure, hard work, and unwholesome food,—was, moreover, taking such rapid strides, that at last only fifty men were able to carry on the work at the fort, and even these enjoyed but indifferent health, "The rest," says Van Riebeck, "lying sick with dysentery, *persing*, and severe fevers, for whom very little can be done as to regimen, except with a little wine and vegetables, which begin to grow from our Dutch seed."

During the three or four ensuing months, the infant colony had still ever increasing difficulties to contend with, besides hardships and privations of every description; for, whilst famine and sickness stared the poor exiles in the face, clouds of locusts ravaged the crops and gardens; tempests tore up the young plantations, and laid prostrate their frail embryo dwellings. Such were their trials by day, whilst, during the darkness of the night, between the fitful gusts of the raging storm, the roar of hungry lions, the sad yell of the hyæna, and demoniac howls of congregated jackals, were the dismal sounds echoed in frightful chorus from

the mountain's side, forming too often the last sad anthem of many an expiring wretch!

Lured by the scent of death, these grim, midnight visitors, fearlessly prowled amongst the tents and sheds, whose helpless inmates could oft, on the lowly, fevered, and sleepless couch, feel their hot carrion breath rankly steaming through the gaping crevices of those frail planks, their sole protection from a living grave.*

Days and weeks thus wore slowly into months, which lazily dragged on their weary length, though bringing succour neither by sea or land; for, to the straining eyes of this forlorn and desolate crew, not a sail e'er loomed o'er the far watery horizon, nor was the fluttering of a single "kaross,"† or the dusty track of cattle, to be discerned amidst the distant sand-hills along the bay, or the wild, barren heaths beyond.

To add to their distress, the fishing-nets, by means of which they had hitherto been supplied with an occasional meal, became at last nearly worn out, and could be scarcely made to hold together. Table Bay, at this inclement season of the year, was, moreover, found most insecure for the ships; discontent spread rapidly amongst the crews, and this mutinous disposition was shortly followed by plunder on their part, and desertion from the settlement.

Van Riebeck had, in short, to contend with all those vexatious trials and difficulties to which Columbus, Bartholomew Diaz, and other early discoverers and explorers of unknown regions, have ~~not been~~ exposed; his courage and strength of mind continued, nevertheless, unshaken to the last; he bravely faced the storm, kept a steady hand on the wheel of government of his infant state, nor, in all his difficulties, for a single moment appears to have given way to despondency or despair.

In order to obtain tidings of the Saldanhers, and to procure provisions of some description, the smallest vessel, called the *Good Hope*, was sent on several exploring trips to Saldanha Bay, as likewise to Dassen and Robben Islands, from whence she always succeeded in bringing back supplies of some sort in the shape of seals, penguins, or sea-birds' eggs, which though, with their oily and rank fishy flavour, perhaps not very palatable to an Epicurean taste, were, nevertheless, eagerly received and greedily devoured by his starving people.

Van Riebeck having thus provided for their immediate wants, his next endeavour was by appointing a provost-marshal, and instituting summary and immediate punishment, to repress those great irregularities which appear at this time to have crept in amongst his people, who, not content with committing thefts on each other, commenced plundering the company's stores, and robbing the public gardens of their crops.

A spirit of desertion which might have still more seriously affected the future prospects of the infant colony, now, as before observed, likewise manifested itself amongst the emigrants, four of whom, towards the latter end of September, clandestinely left the Cape, with the intention, it after-

* "This night it appeared as if the lions would take the fort by storm, that they might get at the sheep. They made a fearful noise, as if they would destroy all within; but in vain, for they could not climb the walls worked lustily at raising them higher, that we may care as little for the English," &c.—(From *Van Riebeck's Journal*, January 23, 1653.)

† The "kaross" is the cloak of dressed hide, sometimes worn by the native tribes of South Africa.

wards appeared, of reaching by land the Portuguese settlements at Mozambique, and thence endeavouring to procure a passage to Europe. In a few days, however, hunger forced them to return and give themselves up; when, although deemed advisable to remit the sentence of death decreed as a punishment for their offence, it is recorded that they were sentenced to work for two years in irons as slaves, and the leader, Jan Blank, was, moreover, "keel hauled," and received, in addition, 150 lashes.

It is, perhaps, worthy of remark that the said Jan Blank—the first European traveller in Southern Africa—should, likewise, have been the first to hand down to posterity, a written account of his adventures in this part of the world.

The following *naïve* relation of this his ill-fated expedition, written in red chalk, was found on his person at the time of his apprehension.

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Sept. 24.—In the evening set out from the Kaap de Boa Esperance, directing our course to Mozambique, four of us, Jan Verdouk of Vlaanderen, Willem Huytgens of Maastricht, Gerrit Dirkse of Maastricht, and Jan Blank of Mechelen, having with us four biscuits, and fish; God grant us success on the journey! also four swords, two pistols, and the dog.

"Sept. 25.—This evening marched seven mylen; saw two rhinoceroses, which advanced upon us, intending to destroy us. Jan Verdouk was obliged to leave behind his hat and sword; a little before our dog ran at a porcupine, by which he was so wounded in the neck that we thought he would die; took our rest to-night by a rivulet, in God's name; saw, also, two ostriches; obliged to leave ditto again because of two rhinoceroses that came towards us, then we chose the beach; after we had gone two mylen, we made our camp in the first of the sand hills.'

"Sept. 26.—This morning again set out on our journey, chose the coast to the Kaap Aquillas, marched about seven mylen, our first food was four young birds who lay in the nest, and three eggs; encamped on the beach where we got some limpets.

"Sept. 27.—Went along the beach about seven mylen; came in the evening to a very high mountain close to the sea, which we must over, therefore rested at the foot until {.

"Sept. 28.—And provided ourselves with limpets to take with us over the mountain, which we prepared strung on lines and dried, and also with calabashes to carry water.

"Sept. 29.—Setting out in the morning intending to get over this corner, but not being well able to do so, Jan Verdouk and Willem Huytgens began to repent, but went on.

"Sept. 30.—Notwithstanding until the afternoon of next day, when Gerrit also was knocked up, and, for me, I could not make a dance of it alone, therefore resolved to return to the fort in hopes of mercy and grace in God's name."

How many subsequent explorers of "Southern Africa," would have done well to imitate this concise and unvarnished statement, and how many whom we could mention (present company always excepted) have richly merited the punishment of poor Jan Blank, for wilfully "deserting" in their lengthened narratives, the paths of rectitude and truth!*

* Chiefly applicable to those who from political or interested motives have so long misled the British public relative to the state of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

Upwards of six months had now elapsed since the arrival of the expedition in Table Bay, and affairs began to assume with the infant colony, a most gloomy aspect. In consequence of the non-appearance of the return fleet from India, from whom relief had been confidently expected, it was concluded to have probably made for St. Helena, without touching at the Cape; sickness still prevailed, the remaining stock of bread and flour was fast decreasing, and even hope itself began to fail; great therefore, was the joy of these unfortunate exiles, when at length, about the middle of October, a few strange Hottentots were seen approaching the fort, who, through the interpreter "Herry" gave intimation of the vicinity of their tribe, provided, as they stated, with abundance of sheep and cattle, which they further gave to understand would readily be bartered for tobacco and brass.

It appeared by Herry's account that numerous tribes coming from the direction of Saldanha Bay, made an annual practice of thus periodically visiting this part of the country, where, after consuming the pasturage about Table Mountain, they formed a circuit to the East, through the district at present known as Hottentots' Holland, and thence back again to their own country, or rather to that point from whence they had taken their departure, for their homes appeared to be (like those of many of the interior tribes of the present day), wherever pasture was to be found, and where they were unopposed by more powerful tribes or nations than themselves.

The expected party accordingly arrived, bringing in their train innumerable herds and flocks. The barren heath extending between Table and Simon's Bay, hitherto an unoccupied and desert tract, suddenly teemed with animated life; the green valleys and wooded "kloofs" of the mountain re-echoed the lowing of browsing kine, and the settlement now presented the bustling appearance of a cattle-fair. Through the medium of Mr. Herry (who played the part of both broker and interpreter), an active system of barter and traffic took place, on terms which were probably considered equally advantageous by both parties; for we find that the price established for a cow was usually "two small plates of copper, or one large plate," whilst "sheep were generally bought for as much tobacco, or thin copper wire, as the sheep—tail included—measured in length."

The Saldanthers incited, as was then supposed, and subsequently fully proved, by the traitor Herry (said to be more favourably inclined to the English than to his actual benefactors and employers), however, shortly began to show less eagerness for the wares in question, and encouraged by the mistaken lenity enjoined in the before-mentioned proclamation (and the consequences of which ill-judged line of policy have so often been displayed with the same results, in subsequent intercourse with the natives), committed innumerable thefts of property, accompanied even with personal violence towards the settlers, whenever the opportunity presented itself of so doing.

Towards the latter end of February, 1653, the Saldanthers—who of late had shown such hostile dispositions, that considerable armed parties of the Dutch were deemed necessary to traffic in safety at their "kraals"*

* A corruption from "corral," a term used in South America, and meaning the inclosure where cattle is secured at night;—the word "kraal" is now used in South Africa, in the above sense, and also to express an assemblage of native huts.

—finally took their departure in an easterly direction, having disposed of 180 head of cattle and 350 sheep; which supply was the more acceptable, as the provisions brought by the expedition were by this time completely exhausted, and with no hopes of being replaced until the arrival of the homeward bound fleet from Batavia: which, to the great joy of Van Riebeck and all the settlers, appeared in sight on the 1st of March, and after having furnished the settlement with bread, flour, and other requisites, received in return fresh water, meat, and vegetables, and again took its departure for Europe on the 15th of April, 1653.

By this opportunity Van Riebeck sent an account of the first year's proceedings of the new settlement, with which he appears then to have been so thoroughly disgusted, that he thus terminates his despatch:—

“I will now, to conclude, most humbly, respectfully, and earnestly pray, that your honours will think of removing me hence to India, and to some better and higher employment, in order that in due time, and in consideration of better services than I can render here, I may earn promotion; for, among these dull, stupid (*batte, plompe*), lazy, stinking people, little address (*subtylleyt*) is required as among the Japanese, Tonquinese, and other precise nations thereabouts, who, as I have sufficiently experienced in my ten years' service, give enough to do to the brains of the cleverest Dutchman; and here there is nothing to be done, except to barter a few sheep and cattle, in which little address is required; and whether there is any thing to be done in ostrich feathers, musk, or any thing else, I shall have sufficiently ascertained between this time and the receipt of your honour's answer, and should I then see my successor, I shall be able to give him such good instructions, after the experience I shall have gained upon all points connected with your service, that he will be as well qualified to take charge as myself; and, as you have done me the honour in all your letters to entitle me commander (for which I am very thankful), I would still respectfully request that (should my conduct have given you any satisfaction) you would be pleased to honour me with that rank, as also with the usual emolument of 150 guildens *per mensem*, thereto appertaining, under a written instrument *in debita formâ*, in order that I may produce it on my arrival in India, for otherwise the title would tend to nothing but contempt, for being now entitled commander, and hereafter arriving in India being looked on as only a merchant; and, to say a few words more, I would gladly bind myself to remain in India with that quality and pay, for three years beyond my first engagement: and awaiting the pleasing intelligence of my removal to India, for the purpose above stated, I shall hold myself fully rewarded and satisfied for the services which I have done here to the utmost of my ability, hoping that on reaching India through your favour, I shall render you services of somewhat more importance than I have here a field for, &c.

“J. VAN RIEBECK.

“In the Fort the Goede Hoep, 14th of April, 1653.”

T I O K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER V.

THERE were more than five hundred boys at Eton in the year to which these memoirs relate, of ages varying from nine to twenty ; but there were very few among these two extremes. The general age was from twelve to seventeen or eighteen ; after seventeen most of them left school for one of the universities, or for the army, for the period to which I refer was during the war. Of these five hundred, sixty-two, if I remember the number correctly, were on the foundation, that is, were received as king's scholars by the ruling powers of the college, for education and partial support from the funds provided by the founder Henry VI., of scholastic memory. The value of these funds, which consist principally of lands, has increased enormously, as measured in money, since the first establishment of the college. These sixty-two king's scholars are, indeed, the real Eton boys, properly so-called, as it is they who constitute the college by right, whereas the other students are admitted to such advantages as the college possesses only by favour.

There are various rules and regulations in respect to the king's scholars which do not affect the larger number who have not the same privileges. By the original institutes of the college, the king's scholars are obliged to wear academical gowns ; and by a singular and fanciful prescription, the moral uses of which I have never been able to discover, they are condemned to wear knee-breeches, which, in the instances of little boys, has a very droll effect. For some reason, also equally mysterious, they are forbidden to wear gaiters ; so that their drum-sticks, when unconcealed by their gowns, are exposed to the view of the critical spectator in their natural and unsophisticated state. As to their head-gear, it seems that the regulation for covering that superior part of the body has been omitted ; at least no ordinance, that I am aware of, exists respecting it, so that hats were the universal wear ; I rather think that caps were considered objectionable, as I do not remember to have seen that article of dress sported on any occasion.

The masters, also, all of whom must have been educated at Eton on the foundation, wore gowns, and for a long series of years formidable-looking cocked hats of rather extensive dimensions, and which reminded me, when I first beheld them, of the one under which the late Professor Grimaldi appeared in one of the pantomimes at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. The weight and incumbrance of those monstrosities, however, which in the heat of summer were peculiarly oppressive, produced a spirited remonstrance on the part of the sufferers in the year 1809 or 1810, I forget which, and after a grave deliberation on the part

of the provost and fellows, in solemn conclave assembled, in which vast erudition was displayed, and much black-letter learning was brought to bear on the subject of cocked-hats, it was determined that a modification of that appendage might so far take place as to allow of a change from the cocked-hat, properly so-called, to one of a flat shape of equal sides and equal angles, but still of a sufficiently grotesque appearance to distinguish the college dignitaries from ordinary persons. And so I believe it has remained even unto this day; the masters sporting an academical tile consisting of a flat piece of board, about a foot square and a quarter of an inch thick, covered with black cloth, and ornamented (with classic severity of style) with a single tassel of black silk; the whole being intended, doubtless, to inspire the beholder with a sort of reverence for the bearer of so imposing a piece of machinery; a feeling, however, which was but moderately entertained by the Eton boys, who, like all other boys, were rather inclined to make fun than otherwise of any thing that afforded them the opportunity. But I must not forget to say a word about the other and the far larger portion of scholars who were not on the foundation.

These were called "Oppidans," from the Latin "oppidum," a town, denoting that they were town boys, which, no doubt, originally they were, who were admitted by favour, and for the sake of the pecuniary aid, perhaps, which their attendance furnished, to partake of the superior education gratuitously provided for the sixty-two scholars on the foundation. The celebrity of the college, in the course of years, attracting the attention of the nobility and higher gentry of the kingdom, by degrees it came to be considered as an aristocratic school, which, as it partook of that exclusiveness which is so much prized by the higher classes of this country, was the more eagerly sought for. Thus, in process of time, the foundation school of Eton has come to be changed from its original character; and, instead of being a place of gratuitous education for a fixed number of scholars, ecclesiastically trained, it is now the highest place of resort for the sons of the nobility and aristocracy of the empire, whose presence has not only changed the general aspect of the school, but has occasioned modifications in the class of "king's scholars," as the foundation boys are sometimes called, not contemplated by the founder. For, instead of the king's scholars being taken from that class who could not otherwise obtain the superior education which the college was designed to give, they are now composed, for the most part, of the sons of persons in easy circumstances, who, by solicitation and favour, obtain the gift of the presentation of a boy to the foundation, to the exclusion of those for whom the benefit was originally intended. Nothing, I believe, but the queer costume of the knee-breeches, causing thereby a distant and somewhat humiliating resemblance to ordinary muffin-caps, prevents the higher aristocracy from taking possession of this partially eleemosynary institution for their own children.

The regulations, however, respecting the king's scholars, have been preserved with more strictness than might have been expected from the changes of the times, and the innovations of intruders. The king's scholars, it was so in my time, at least, and I believe no material change has taken place since then, form a class apart and distinct from the Oppidans. They are not permitted to sleep out of the college dormitories, and they are obliged to take their meals in the college hall; they are not allowed

to go beyond certain restricted limits, in which the village of Eton, in which the Oppidans roam, is not included ; and they must on all occasions wear their gowns, which, being composed of woollen of a tolerable thickness, is, in the hot season, a very disagreeable infliction. With respect to their association with the Oppidans, no restriction is placed upon that other than the regulations appertaining to the constitution of the college, which, by obliging them to remain within their own walls after a certain hour in the evening, and of sleeping there at night, prevent their intercourse with the Oppidans at those times, which, in some respects, may be considered greatly to their advantage.

With respect to the saying of lessons in school, they and the Oppidans are precisely on a par ; and in the playing-fields, at cricket, or foot-ball, &c., and at other recreations and amusements, no one dreams of any distinction between the Oppidans and the collegers, except such as may be derived from personal merit, from greater skill, or from superior intellectual attainments ; for nowhere does personal merit, apart from rank or wealth, receive its just tribute of respect and deference more than among the Eton boys. And on this point there is a remarkable distinction established by the boys themselves, which I will take the opportunity to note at this place, lest it should be forgotten amidst the flood of recollections which crowd upon me of my juvenile days.

Among the Eton boys, respect is paid to intellectual attainments, but homage is paid to talent. When a boy works hard at his lessons, they call him a "Sap ;" now, as I say, they award due respect to the "Sap," who, by dint of labour, achieves a certain amount of learning ; but they say, "any one may do it if he chooses to sap ;" but what they regard with the higher respect, and with a sort of intuitive admiration, is the intellect which arrives at the same point as the hard-working "Sap," without the same expenditure of labour. In fact, it is the pure intellect which they worship : the mental power by which the possessor leaps—not climbs—to the summits of Parnassus. It is for this reason, perhaps, that those few remarkable for facility of versification—Latin, of course—are the most highly esteemed. Knowing, as the boys do, that, although the facility of the mechanical structure of verse may be, in a great degree, acquired by labour and diligence, the poetical spirit cannot be attained by any exertion of the will—that the poetical mind must be born with the individual, and cannot be manufactured by himself, nor for him—they regard with enthusiastic admiration, a gift which, being beyond the reach of the many, is, so far, beyond their envy.

Akin to this feeling is the sort of dislike which they exhibit to a boy who surpasses the rest, and beats the boy of superior talents, by sheer labour and poring over his books. The boys regard this as taking an unfair advantage of the others ; they say that all ought to study alike, and then let the best win ; but they don't like the tortoise to pass the hare, nor the dull boy to crawl past the clever one by a system of slow, steady, and unremitting progression. I mention this fact for the contemplation of those who are fond of psychological inquiries, to assist them in building up a system.

I conjecture that those who may read these memoirs of an old Eton boy would be disappointed if I did not say something about the system of fagging, which prevails more or less at all public schools, and which flourished with extraordinary licence at the period to which these descrip-

tions refer. I am the more readily inclined to devote a portion of my space to a consideration of this subject, as it really is a very serious question, which latterly has again come into public discussion, but about which a great many erroneous notions are entertained. It may be useful, therefore, to record the evidence of an eye-witness, who has had a personal experience of the practice in the capacity both of fagger and fag. But this is too important a matter to be appended to the end of a chapter. Besides, it is proper that I should give some account of the proceedings which took place consequent on my introduction among my companions as a "new boy."

CHAPTER VI.

It was at the close of the autumn that I first entered the college, and the evenings were drawing in fast; so that there was ample time before turning in for the night to discuss the events of the day and the politics of the school; and to engage also in such interesting recreations to pass away the time, as any one who had a genius that way might take it into his head to suggest. As for me, being young and one of the "little fellows," though I was tall and robust for my age, I was placed in a room with two other boys, both older than myself, who had been at the school one or two years before my arrival, and who were well initiated, therefore, in all the mischief incidental to the place.

I was sitting very disconsolately with my hands in my breeches-pockets, gazing at the fire, having studied the mysterious hieroglyphics on my one-pound note with much admiration, and counted the silver which my mother had given to me before my departure from home, over and over again, when my meditations were interrupted by the entrance of my new associates. I was a little shy at first, as was natural; but the modest diffidence which abashed me was by no means predominant in the air of my companions. Without the slightest reserve they assailed me with a series of questions, as to my name, my parents, family, and paternal habitation. These, it appeared, were answered to their satisfaction; and the mention of my pony, whom I particularly described (not forgetting his mane and tail), served to prepossess them with a favourable opinion of my personal character and predilections; and the elder of the two, who rejoiced in the name of Elmes, was pleased to express his opinion, that "I did not seem to be a spooney." In this eulogistic observation the other, whose name was Linden, kindly acquiesced, and in a very few minutes we became on friendly and, indeed, intimate terms, for Elmes had the consideration to inquire if "the governor had pouched me handsomely?"

The purport of this question having been condescendingly explained to me, I produced my one-pound note and the dozen shillings in silver with which I was enriched, but this amount of wealth did not seem to convey to them, by any means, the idea of an inexhaustible supply.

However, it was ready-money, and that was something; as there were some articles which I afterwards learnt, such as spirits and wine, which were obtainable only by the actual transfer of a proportional amount of the national currency.

In the meantime, the circumstance of a new arrival had so far excited the curiosity of the junior portion of the inmates, that several of them

dropped in to have a look at me, and to see how far my exterior promised to afford them a suitable object for exercising their mischievous propensities; which, although practised in the most good-natured way in the world, were not always considered agreeable by the noviciates, but which, from immemorial usage, were considered indispensable for the due installation of the tyro. These ceremonies, however, were discussed apart in a select committee assembled for that purpose in another room, and I became acquainted with the result of their deliberations only by the consequences of the resolutions, which were there passed for my personal edification. In the meantime, the important point to be settled was the style and quality of the entertainment to be given on the occasion of my introduction.

After a short discussion, it was decided that a supper on a superior scale should immediately be prepared for eight, and cards of invitation were issued accordingly, which were graciously responded to by the invited, in person, by putting their heads inside the room, one after the other, and assuring us that "they would come." Elmes being most experienced in these matters, undertook the solids, while Linden engaged to superintend the tart department; the liquids being left for consideration. Some little difference of opinion took place between my seniors on this latter point, Elmes giving it as his opinion that whiskey-punch was the most suitable tippie for so hilarious an occasion, and Linden inclining to "bishop," composed of port-wine, sugar, and lemons, peculiarly Etonic, and compounded with curious felicity by the operative at "Christopher's;" so that it was difficult, as I afterwards had occasion to experience on more than one occasion, to leave off imbibing that fascinating beverage when the mind had once become a little enthusiastic in its discussion. At the same time, they both had a strong predilection for "shrub," that pleasing liquor possessing a sweetness and flavour particularly ingratiating with juvenile dispositions.

As it was impossible to come to an undivided vote on this question, and as time pressed, for the hour was fast approaching when "absence at Dame's" would be called, after which egress from the house was difficult and dangerous, it was amicably decided, with a charming deference of opinion on either side, that we should have all three; namely, bishop to be a preliminary drink; shrub as an auxiliary whet; and whiskey-punch for a wind-up. Plates, glasses, and tumblers were immediately borrowed from the different guests, with other necessary articles, and I timidly tendered my one-pound note in aid of the potatory part of the entertainment; but this was summarily rejected, the supper being given, as they said, in honour of my arrival, and my character as a guest precluding my joining in the expenses. My seniors, therefore, undertook the providing of the drink as well as of the substantial; and as I was a new boy, and unacquainted with the ways of the place, I was not allowed to undertake any of the out-door work, Elmes taking on himself to procure the "lush," as he called it, from resources to which he had access. Leaving me, therefore, to arrange the table-cloth and accessories in an appropriate manner, by joining together our own table and a borrowed one, with a washing-stand set out as a side-board, the purveyors departed on their respective duties, and I found myself invested with the extemporaneous office of butler to the party; being busily

occupied in laying the knives and forks, and brightening up the glasses with such towels as I found convenient to my hand.

All matters being prepared, the guests assembled, and I was introduced to them generally and individually by Elmes, who, as head of the room, assumed, as a matter of right, the head of the table, Linden acting as deputy chair, and I being placed, as a "new boy," in the place of honour at the chairman's right hand. As each boy is allowed a candle for himself every night for the convenience of writing his exercises and preparing his lessons for the next day, the illumination from that source alone was tolerably brilliant, which was increased by a happy idea of Linden's, who displayed on the mantelpiece a row of four dips of six to the pound, artistically stuck in ingeniously prepared potatoes, which had a very fine effect. There was a little difficulty about snuffers, no one of the assembled party having been able to furnish that convenient instrument ; but that embarrassment was got over by a general agreement, that each boy, under penalties for default, should keep his own candle duly and scientifically snuffed, either by the administration of the tongs, or by his own fingers, according to his individual courage or inclination.

This point having been satisfactorily settled, the company sat down to table, I being the youngest of the party, and Elmes the eldest, who was in the fourth form, and of the adolescent age of fourteen. The display of the supper excited a subdued murmur of applause, and all the party having had a glass of the bishop, which was placed in a water-jug in the middle of the table, a pint bottle of "shrub" being placed at either end (the whiskey being kept as a reserve), they proceeded to make a vigorous onslaught on the eatables, with a power of demolition which can be appreciated only by those who have had experience of the inexhaustible nature of juvenile appetites at all seasons and at all hours when good things are set before them.

As it is usual to immortalise the bill of fare on regal and lordly occasions, by serving it up next day in print before a sympathising public, I shall comply with that edifying custom, by recording the present "spread" for the satisfaction of my readers :

One moor-hen roasted by myself by a string :

A pigeon-pie :

A plate of ham :

Two oval-shaped dishes of potted beef :

Two apple pies, quinned :

One dozen raspberry tarts (cross-barred) :

Four tri-corners (highly jammed) :

A parabolic section of Stilton cheese :

Four twos of butter :

Four bricks (not such, as I innocently supposed, as are used for the building of houses, but loaves of superior quality symmetrically baked in tin cases and much patronised) :

Four twists (small fancy loaves, consisting of a congeries of knobs) :

Grapes on a raised dish, supported by a lexicon and a classical dictionary :

Apples one dozen, pears one dozen :

A large dish of biscuits, judiciously assorted :

A large washing jug of bishop :

Two pints of shrub in their native black bottles (no corks):

A half-pint milk jug containing spring-water:

It will be seen that this extempore supper, although not consisting of every delicacy of the season, was a refection of an elegant and *recherché* description befitting the aristocratic assemblage prepared to do honour to the entertainment.

In those days smoking was not the fashion, and a cigar was a rare thing to see; and, indeed, smoking was considered at Eton as a low habit, permissible only among the common people; and I may say that it was considered bad taste, generally, for a gentleman to smoke a pipe in any shape; so that when that offence against propriety was committed, it was done with due precaution and in secret, so as not to expose the offender to the social disapprobation which attended its detection. It is curious to contrast the indulgence, even of the ladies, which in these times is extended to smoking, with the opinion which prevailed on the subject forty years ago. However, in my juvenile days we were happily spared this infliction.

The conversation among the boys on this occasion, was of a varied and animated description, turning, as may be supposed, chiefly on the politics of the school, and on the sayings and doings of the masters, whose words and actions were freely canvassed with a liberal latitude of expression befitting the citizens of a free state, and which somewhat resembled, as it has since struck me, the discussions of older boys in other places; particularly as their praise or blame was apt to be tinged by the favourable opinions or by the outraged feelings of the speakers. I have endeavoured to call to mind some of the table-talk which took place that evening, which I record for the satisfaction of the curious.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE we commenced the onset, our president, Elmes, with the concurrence of the company, stepped over the passage, and invited a member of the fifth form, Green minor by name, to join us in our little jollification. The said Green minor resided with his brother, the redoubtable Green major, in a room opposite ours.—I shall have to speak further of the latter when I come to touch on the subject of fagging.

It may be useful towards the elucidation of these papers to state, that the boys at Eton are not known by their Christian names, and when there are more than one bearing the same surname, as in the case of brothers, or otherwise, the individuals are distinguished by the addition of *maximus*, *major*, *minor*, and *minimus*. These four degrees of comparison only are recognised in the college, the original ecclesiastical authorities, I presume, never having anticipated the indecent enormity of more than four brothers being at the school at one time.

Green minor, although in the fifth form, condescended to overlook the difference of rank, and out of his particular esteem for Elmes, who approached him in point of age, was graciously pleased to honour us with his company. The presence of so exalted a personage, for as a member of the fifth form our distinguished associate was invested with the privilege of fagging the whole of our party, at first gave rather a serious cast to the festival; but Green minor spoke to each individual of the company with such a charming condescension of manner, encouraging

them all to regard him as an equal, that every one soon felt at his ease, and the rank of the fifth form was momentarily forgotten. I have a notion, however, that the conversation, in the earlier part of the evening, assumed a higher tone in consequence of his presence, and although all were not qualified to join in it in the same degree, the sympathy and respect of the juniors were manifested by the deferential acquiescence with which they received the fifth-form's remarks on the subjects on which he was pleased to deliver his opinion.

The talk was carried on principally between that distinguished individual and our president, which afforded the opportunity, however, to the silent portion of the company—for in all the accidents of life there is, as I have observed, a compensatory principle in action—(I mean to write a treatise on this subject when I can find time)—to demolish the provisions with a sensible advantage over the talkers ; thus stealing a march in advance in favour of the corporeal over the intellectual.

The fifth form announced to the company in general, and to his friend the student in particular, that he had been amusing himself the evening before with dipping into the "Microcosm," a series of papers so intitled, written in the style of the Spectator, by Canning and Frere principally, when they were at Eton some years previous. The fifth form gave it as his opinion that the "Needy Knife-grinder" was one of the cleverest things in the collection, in which Elmes concurred, adding, however, that he thought the criticism on the story of the "Knave of Hearts who stole the Tarts" on the memorable occasion which is there immortalised, was the most humorous. This led to a lively discussion on the respective merits of the various Latin metres, with some allusion to the Greek, both agreeing that English was comparatively unworthy of consideration. Finally, the fifth form decided, with the unanimous accord of the juniors, who, as they understood very little about the matter, were the more ready to acquiesce in an opinion ready-made for them, that "Sapphics" bore the palm. The "Needy Knife-grinder" being composed in that musical measure, and at the fingers' ends of almost every boy in the school, doubtless had its influence in determining that opinion.

Some observation from Linden, relative to the fondness of Plumtree for spouting Greek, led to a comparison between that master's knowledge of Greek and Keate's. Green said that it was the general opinion of the fifth form, in which he might undertake to say most of the sixth joined, that Plumtree was the best Greek scholar, but that Keate was the best general scholar of the two. Some speculations were then hazarded as to the probable bearing of Keate as head-master of the Upper School, the advanced age and declining strength of Dr. — (I forget the name) rendering it likely that Goodall would succeed at no distant date to the vacant dignity, when Keate as a matter of right would move up to the place of head-master.

The fifth form communicated to us, in confidence, that it was the opinion of those who were well qualified to judge, that Keate would hold the reins of power with more than a tightish hand ; and that there was reason to apprehend that he would attempt to introduce some new restrictions in respect to "bounds" and "absence," which would trench on the ancient liberties of the school.

This information was received with much uneasiness by the company, and a hope was expressed that the whole school would stand together,

Green saying, that it was the opinion of a large party in the fifth, with whom he acted, that it would be impossible for any head-master to be successful in his attempt on curtailing their liberties, if all the fellows in every form, big and little, would stand firm in their resistance.

This sentiment being considered an appropriate subject for a toast, it was drunk accordingly in bishop, the juniors shouting vociferously, and the fifth form waving his glass in a dignified manner, in silence, but with a strong expression of determination in his countenance.

The conversation then branched off into various subjects and became more discursive. The comparative attractiveness of the Greek and Latin languages were slightly touched on, Green observing that he did not think there was a fellow in the whole school who did not prefer Greek to Latin, or who would not, any day, rather have a *pœna* of twenty lines of Homer to learn by heart, than a similar number in Horace or Virgil. Mention was made also of a splendid copy of verses having been delivered in by a fifth form boy of great poetical talents, which had excited the marked admiration of the upper school. This composition was the result of a "*pœna*," which Goodall had imposed on the author, of ten Latin verses, for being out of bounds; and the delinquent, led away by his subject, and rejoicing in his strength, had actually sent up thirty verses, which Goodall had declared to be equal, if not superior, to any written in his memory by any boy in the college!

The extraordinary talents of the composer, particularly in respect to versification, were much commented on; and due admiration, unmixed with a particle of envy, was enthusiastically expressed for the precious gift of poetical talent; Green taking occasion to observe that it was a subject of general regret in the "fifth," that the party in question was such a scampish chap. Every boy knew that he was so excessively slovenly in his dress, and so dirty, that he was a disgrace to the college, in that respect, and reflected a discredit on the fifth form that was painful to their feelings. Besides, it had come to their knowledge, that he had been seen, on more than one occasion, drinking porter with some of the common people in a public-house, and reciting verses for their entertainment; and what was more unbecoming, and indeed demeaning, that he had smoked tobacco with them out of a clay pipe; an act which all must feel was derogatory to the character of an Eton boy: and, more than that, that he had actually borrowed money from a farmer, who was among the treated, to pay for the beer and pipes, his own included, which he had the vulgarity to call "a yard of clay!" Now, this borrowing or money, the fifth form observed, was "very bad," because he might have "gone tick" for the score, which would have saved his own credit, and supported the reputation of the college.

Due reprobation was expressed by all present, of the very questionable conduct of the unworthy member of the fifth form; although, it struck me at the time, I remember, young as I was, that there was much humour in making the rich old farmer pay the score for all, not unmixed with poetical justice.

Shortly afterwards, Green minor retired, apologising for leaving us so early, as he had to write out his Greek exercise for the next morning; although I have since suspected that his real reason for withdrawing before the bishop and shrub were finished, was his fear of compromising his dignity by mixing too familiarly with the juveniles, on whose spirits the

imbibing of the liquids had begun to produce a rather hilarious effect ; and who, it was possible, as I have no doubt the member of the fifth form judiciously reflected, might be seduced by the emboldening qualities of their potations, to overstep the respectful line of demarcation which separated them from those of a higher grade. I must own that, on his departure, all the company, Elmes of the fourth form included, seemed to breathe more freely, as if relieved from a certain restraint ; and the conversation immediately took a more social and convivial turn, assuming a tone of affectionate personality and badinage, in accordance with the ages and positions of the juveniles.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER drinking their departed guest's health in a bumper with every demonstration of regard for him and for the bishop, Linden broke the ice by endeavouring to be facetious on a recent mishap which had befallen one of the party, Lord Lackrent, who had been sitting rather uneasily in his chair during the evening.

"I say, old fellow, how did you like your breakfast this morning?"

"By George," said Mortgage, "Keate seemed to be in a bit of a rag! Something had put him out—did you see his face? He had tied his neckcloth so tight he could hardly speak. He'll go off in a fit one of these days."

"I saw him," chimed in Smith minimus, whom the bishop had emboldened to join in the general conversation with a freedom which would have been rebuked on a less festive occasion ; "Keate seemed to take a special liking to you ; I saw him breaking the twigs and taking care to leave all the buds on!"

"Have you picked 'em out yet?" inquired Linden, in a sympathising tone. Linden was a particular crony of Lackrent's.

"Oh, it was nothing to hurt," replied the noble lord, rubbing himself behind with one hand and helping himself to a tumblerful of bishop with the other ; "but there's no fun in reminding one of it!"

"It was for being out of bounds and fighting with the Bargees, wasn't it?" said another ; "come, tell us all about it."

"Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem," said Linden.

"I suppose you give us that as something new," said Elmes ; "this is the three hundred and thirtieth time that you have favoured us with that very novel quotation, to my knowledge."

"Oh, let him alone ; it's the only quotation he knows, so he must make the most of it."

"How many cuts?" asked Elmes.

"Four," replied Lackrent ; "but hang it! what's the use of talking about it?"

"The very best thing to do," observed Smith minimus, speaking in a serious tone, and in a manner *ex cathedra*, "is to bite a piece of India-rubber tight between your teeth; then you don't feel it half so much."

"Experientia docet," said Linden.

"Yes, experience does it," replied little Smith ; "I know I've tried every thing and there's nothing so good as that."

"But you suffered in a noble cause," resumed the vivacious Linden ; "the Bargees are our natural enemies, and 'dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.'"

“*Vivere pro patriâ dulcius esse puto,*” said Mortgage.

“Gentlemen,” said Elmes, rising to order, “this is too bad; upon my life I can’t stand it! If we are to be persecuted in this way by Linden with his scraps of Latin and stale quotations—to say nothing of that little rascal Smith minimus trying to make a pun, for which he ought to have a knock on the head—I shall propose that the said Linden be turned up in his bed for the remainder of the evening.”

“For my part,” observed Mortgage, “I have never been flogged yet, but I fancy I would rather be turned up than have a heavy *pœna*. When you’re flogged it’s over, and there’s an end of it.”

“That depends on the sort of *pœna*,” said Elmes; “I had one last half; it was for playing at eggs in the bush in church. If it had been on a Sunday I shouldn’t have done it, but a week-day is different. Well, Bethell was on duty, and somehow that clumsy fellow Bluff gave my elbow a jog—I think it was done on purpose, and you know we had a fight about it—well, all the marbles went down the aisle, and Keate at the bottom looked as black as thunder. So I had to write out all the Greek Testament. Now I say that wasn’t fair for a week-day’s church; and I have not liked the look of a Testament since.”

“That *was* a bore,” said Mortgage; “I had to write out my lesson this morning.”

“What for?”

“What for? why, all owing to that stupid fellow Beeston. I gave him a good licking for it directly after school. You see, Plumtree called me up, although he had called me up the two mornings before. One could never expect that! So I didn’t know where we began, and that mean fellow Beeston wouldn’t help me, although I kept kicking his shins and turning over the leaves of my ‘Ovid’ as if I had accidentally lost the place, and so Plumtree put me in the bill!”

“Put you in the bill!” I ventured to observe, with the diffidence becoming a new boy, “what does that mean?”

“Oh! putting you in the bill means this. When you’re in school, if you don’t know your lesson, the master has sometimes the impoliteness to put you in the bill, that is, he writes your name on a bit of paper, and gives it to the prepositor to take up to Keate; you know Keate is head-master of the lower school, and Goodall of the upper. You will be in the lower school.”

“How many boys,” I asked, “are there in the lower school?”

“How many fellows? Let me see: there are six in the first form, that’s Knapp’s form: eight in Yonge’s form, that’s the second; in Plumtree’s, that’s the third, I’m in that, there are sixteen; and then there’s Keate’s own form, I think there must be”

“Thirty-five,” said Mortgage, “and that makes sixty-five in all.”

“I am told,” said Elmes, “that Plumtree is trying to put down one of our rights in the lower school; and if it is once done there it may be attempted in the upper.”

“What’s that?” asked all the company with once voice, for the Eton boys are very tenacious of their privileges, which, although not founded on statute law, are enjoyed as imprescriptible rights by the Etonians; “what is it?”

“Why, they tell me,” continued Elmes, “that when a fellow’s name is put in the bill, Plumtree makes the prepositor walk right away and put the bill on Keate’s desk without stopping! Now every one knows that the

proper way is for the prepositor to walk backwards with his face to the master and with his feet close together."

"And he ought not to lift his feet from the ground," added Smith minimus, "but he must shuffle them from toe to heel, very slow ; so as to allow time for the fellow to be begged off."

"Just so," said Elmes, "that has always been the rule. But if the old rules are to be broken by any master who takes it into his head, what is to become of the liberties of the school ! We might as well live under a pure despotism. If it should be attempted with us in the fourth form, I know it will be taken up by the fifth, and by all, and there will be such a boozing as never was known at Eton before !"

"And there's another shame," said little Smith minimus, speaking feelingly ; "that fellow Birchell doesn't make up the rods fair. You know six sticks is the proper number ; it was always six sticks ever since the college was founded"

"You talk too much," interposed the president, regarding the precocious Smith minimus with rather a severe countenance.

"No, I don't ; I want to say that the one Keate flogged me with had eight sticks, and they were all full of buds ! I wish some big fellow would give that Birchell a good licking and not let him be so hanged officious !"

"All the better, my hearty," said Lackrent ; "the thinner the rod the more it stings ; don't you know that ? But for all that we won't give up any of our rights. I'll stand by our rights to the last," continued the noble lord, speaking energetically, and very fast, with his voice a little thick, and endeavouring at the same time to squeeze a few drops more of shrub from the empty bottle : "And whether it is in the form above or the form below me, I'll stand by the rights of the whole school. We will all stick to one another. I say, Elmes, old fellow, the bishop's out, there's no shrub left, and my mouth is as dry as saw dust. Who mixes the whiskey-punch ? and, I say, let us have a game at cards, a round game at any thing. What's o'clock ?"

"Half-past nine," said I, wishing to make myself agreeable, and hastening to answer the question.

"Is it a good gooc," asked Lackrent, taking the watch from my hands, which surrendered it with some reluctance ; "a silver hunter ; it's as good a sort as any ; for if a watch has no outer case, the first lick with a ball or a hoopstick, or what not, smashes the glass and then it's good for nothing till you get a new one."

"Where's your gold repeater, Lackrent ?" asked Elmes.

"In my bureau, done up. I left that little ass Smith minimus to boil the eggs for me the other day, and gave him my watch to boil them by ; and, by George, the little wretch popped it into the pot with the eggs and boiled it."

"It was not my fault," said Smith minimus ; "I couldn't help it. Just as I was putting the eggs in, Green major came and told me to go up town for him, and in the hurry I forgot the watch ; but I don't see that it did it any harm ; it looks as well as ever it did."

"Well, there was not much harm done, perhaps," said Lackrent ; "but the worst of it was, when I came back the eggs were boiled as hard as honces, and so I lost my breakfast !"

"I had a watch once," said Smith minimus, "but, somehow, as often as I wound it up, it went whiz ! whiz ! and the hands turned round like winky : so I changed it with Moses at the Long Wall ; he said it

was worth nothing; but he gave me a squirrel for it in a cage, and two white mice, with a magnifying-glass and a toasting-fork—and a jew's-harp besides; but they're all smashed long ago!"

"I'll keep your watch to-night," said Lackrent to me, depositing it very coolly in his fob. "I'm going out a-shooting to-morrow morning, and I shall want it to tell me the time. Jack Slug says he knows where there's a lot of birds, and I've secured one of Mortimer's guns. The one I had last kicked awfully!"

"Take care not to shoot such a tough old fellow as the moor-hen we had to-night," said Linden; "I do believe it was the great-grandmother of all the moor-hens on the river!"

"Oh! I shall shoot any thing I see," said Lackrent; "what does it matter, so long as you have a shot?"

"You won't shoot any more farmers' ducks," said Elmc; "you were done there.—What do you think," he continued, addressing the company; "I must tell you the story. Lackrent was out shooting one morning when he came on a lot of ducks in a pond, looking as serious and contemplative as privy-councillors. There was a farming-man standing by, and said Lackrent,—'What will you take to let me have a shot at those ducks?'—'A crown,' said the man. Lack had only five shillings in his pocket, but the temptation was too strong to be resisted, so he forked out, and gave it to the rustic, who pocketed it, and said nothing. Then, as he had paid for the shot, he took deliberate aim, and shot, I don't know how many of them, and there was such a screaming and fluttering of feathers as had never been seen on any piece of water since the general deluge. 'How do you like that, governor,' said Lack.—'It's all the same to me,' replied the man; 'the ducks arn't mine; they belong to Farmer Bullfist, who lives in the house opposite!' As he said that, Farmer Bullfist appeared in person, in the highest possible state of excitement, and doubling a fist, which in bigness justified his cognomen, he would have given Lack a more vigorous thrashing than he had ever given his corn, if our friend had not made himself scarce without ceremony. So poor Lack was obliged to scud for it, with the old farmer with a pitchfork, bellowing behind him."

"Well," said Lackrent, "I wouldn't interrupt you, but now that you have done, I say, where's the whiskey-punch?"

The reply to this interesting question was interrupted by the sudden entrance of our dame, whose appearance was instantly followed by the secretion of the bottle of whiskey, and by a general rising on the part of the company, who greeted her with the most extravagant demonstrations of respect and affection. The lady gave an interrogatory sniff with her nose, and had no difficulty in detecting the savoury fragrance of the bishop, intermingled with the fumes of the aromatic shrub. It being against the rules of the college for the boys to drink spirit or wine in their rooms, it was incumbent on her to express her disapprobation of the excess which had evidently been committed; and she half uttered something about being "obliged to report the offence to the proper authorities." But all the company protested in the strongest terms that they had tasted nothing but water all the evening, in proof of which they exhibited the milk-jug, which was full of that primitive liquid. The water-jug, they averred, had contained nothing but lemonade, and how it came to smell of bishop, as they candidly acknowledged it did, surpassed their comprehensions! As to the two pint bottles, they were empty, as she might

see, and although it was possible that they might formerly have contained shrub, as they were aware that shrub was occasionally put in pint bottles, they certainly contained none of the forbidden liquor now ; and they accounted for the odour from the circumstance of Lord Lackrent having particularly requested that some liquorice-water might be prepared for himself specially, as he had caught cold from playing with a damp football, as Elmes alleged ; an explanation which his lordship unhesitatingly confirmed, adding that the smell of liquorice and shrub was curiously the same, as he had frequently remarked—that is to say—at home ; for as to there being any of that pleasing liquor at Eton or Windsor, it was a fact of which he was not personally cognisant, never having seen it on any occasion ; although he was free to confess that it had sometimes been made the subject of conversation in his presence, but always in a theoretical and ideal sense, and never in its substantive capacity.

With this explanation our dame was obliged to be satisfied ; trusting, perhaps, that as all the vessels were empty, there was no further mischief to be apprehended on that score ; but she recommended the company, which, in her language of suavity, was equivalent with a command, to retire immediately to their respective rooms, as it was time to go to bed. To this intimation all promptly replied that such was their intention ; and they declared that they were in the very act of separating when she came in, appealing to each other for the verification of this statement, which was vouched for with the utmost readiness by every one present, excepting myself, who, as a new boy, maintained a modest silence.

The lemons now attracted our dame's attention ; and her suspicions began to revive that a further carousal was meditated ; but this was decisively met by each boy taking his candle, and retiring with the most polite manifestations of respect towards Miss Angelo, not without some compliments as to her good looks, Lord Lackrent taking occasion to remark "how well she looked that night ;" and in truth, she was a pretty woman, about forty years of age, with a juvenile-looking figure, and of a very amiable disposition. Miss Angelo, on this dispersal, after making some inquiries of me, as a new boy, hoping that I felt comfortable, and trusting that my companions would take care of me till I got used to the ways of the place, descended to her own apartment ; and as soon as it was ascertained that she was secure, our party immediately re-assembled ; the punch was brewed, and they made a jolly night of it. I, being shy, partook but moderately of the mixture ; but soon my senses became confused in a strange manner ; I saw a prodigious quantity of candles ; and, as I was afterwards informed, insisted on haranguing the company on the merits of my long-tailed pony, on which I promised them all a ride the next morning. I finished with a song, which, as I neglected to conclude, I was charitably put to bed in a state of oblivion. The rest kept it up as long as the punch lasted, no other incident worthy of note occurring, with the exception of a very fierce dispute between Linden and Lackrent about the respective merits of their dogs, which each kept on the sly, the same being forbidden by the rules of the college. The dispute ended in a quarrel, which it was agreed should be settled by a fight the next morning after first school, in the playing-fields ; Elmes offering to be Lackrent's second, and Mortgage proffering the same service to Linden ; an arrangement which was satisfactory to all parties.

Such was my first night at Eton College.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD VOLUNTEER.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

SHAKESPEARE.—*King John.*

THOSE were glorious days, when all the world was up in arms in opposition to Old England, and every Briton was a patriot, and felt himself a hero. It was a feeling which made him ready to contend with the gigantic powers eager to crush him; it was a feeling which led him on to victory. Well do I remember, as if it were yesterday, when quitting my books and quiet study, I joined the Light Horse Volunteers, and first handled a rifle. Laugh not, reader, at the idea of a horseman handling a rifle, for know that I belonged to a dismounted troop of that chivalric body—a body which, I have no doubt, had they ever been called into action, would have shown that they had not degenerated from their ancestors who fought at Cressy and Poitiers, for many of the privates were of the most noble and high-born in the land. As it was, they did good service by setting an example of that spirit of enthusiasm and devotion to their country and their sovereign which became general throughout all ranks of society. We mustered, as far as I recollect, eleven or twelve hundred men among the six troops of mounted and three troops of dismounted volunteers who composed our body. Our uniform was superb, and when drawn out on parade we presented a magnificent display. Our helmets were covered by a bear-skin surmounted by a feather, and the word “FORWARD” on the front. Our jackets were scarlet, richly ornamented, and our dismounted troops were armed with rifles of the first manufacture, and swords to fasten at the muzzles to serve as bayonets. At first the swords were short, and the whole weapon was well-balanced and extremely handy, but somebody took it into his head that they were not sufficiently long to meet cavalry or to charge against bayonets, and we changed them for long spit-like weapons, which made us fear we should tumble on our noses when we came to move at double quick time over rough ground.

We had also a green dress to put over our red uniform in case we were called upon to act as riflemen. This was rolled up on our backs, together with a huge horseman’s cloak, a knapsack with shoes, shirts, socks, trousers, and a variety of other articles of the toilette, and several rounds of ammunition, making altogether a weight which it was no joke to carry; but we bore it cheerfully and gladly, and if our backs ached, we felt that it was for the good of our country. Those were days, it must be remembered, of pomatum and pipe-clay, and our great general had not introduced those reforms which have made the British soldier a far more efficient, healthy, not to say cleanly being than he then was, and I hope when my sons are called out to serve their Queen and their country they will go with as light hearts as did their father, but with less weight on their backs. As omnibuses were then unknown to fame, we had large cars to carry us to the field, drawn by four or six horses, like the stage-cars in Ireland. We sat on them back to back with our rifles between our knees, and a fine appearance they cut as they dashed through the streets of London, picking up their warriors on the way. What execution we used to commit on the eggs and bacon, when on our grand field days we advanced as far as Blackheath, or Finchley

Common, all the survivors of the corps will bear witness. Alas! how few of those gallant gentlemen now remain to narrate the deeds of their early days. Some afterwards were engaged in the noble scenes of active warfare, and fell on the field of victory; the swords of others have long since rusted, and have, like their owners, returned to their mother earth, while I with a few others survive, again perchance, to see enacted the scenes which now rise to my mind as if they occurred but yesterday.

None can forget those two days, the 26th and 28th of October, 1803, when his majesty George III. reviewed in Hyde Park the volunteer corps of London and its vicinity, which amounted alone to 46,000 effective men. I can scarcely attempt to enumerate them—there were artillery, cavalry, and infantry; every parish had its corps, and many companies turned out fine bodies of men. The East India Company had three regiments of about 600 men each, and the inns of court and other law associations had theirs; every man of spirit, worthy of the name of man, whatever his rank or station, shouldered his musket and did duty in the ranks if he had not a commission as an officer, and one feeling animated the whole, a firm determination to die rather than yield up his honour or his liberty. It is impossible to describe the magnificence of the spectacle, as our beloved sovereign, accompanied by his brilliant staff, rode along the line of gallant hearts drawn up for his defence; nor can words speak the enthusiasm with which after we had given three volleys, the like number of shouts from full 200,000 voices rent the skies, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, as the bands of the different corps struck up “God save the King.” Those who live in these days scarcely know that such things were. To me the very character of my countrymen seems changed; the words loyalty, patriotism, and honour, are never uttered. I trust the sentiments they express are not extinct. No, I am sure they cannot be, and if I thought they existed not in the bosoms of my own boys I would disown them forthwith, and send them away to become French dancing-masters and fiddlers, as the only occupation for which they would be fitted. But I expect better things of them and of their generation; I still believe that like circumstances will call forth like sentiments, and that if there was the hint of any invasion from any foe we should soon have a million of men under arms in Great Britain, and that I shall see her Majesty Queen Victoria riding along the ranks of the London volunteers, and being received with the same heartfelt enthusiasm and loyalty which greeted her revered grandsire. No sooner had Napoleon declared war and threatened England with invasion, than nearly 500,000 volunteers immediately came forward, and drilled and exercised without cessation till they were considered efficient to take the field; and they not only supported themselves, but large funds were forthwith subscribed for the raising of regular troops, for rewarding those who should perform acts of gallantry, and for the support of the families of those who might fall in the defence of their country. Even the members of the universities used to quit their studies every day to drill under officers and non-commissioned officers appointed for the purpose, and I well remember the tutors expressing a wish that the same system should be kept up as a part of their academic studies. Had it been so we should now have had a large number of English gentlemen ready to drill their tenants, and to form corps which would be not a little formidable to an invading army. Avarice and selfishness were scouted as they deserved, and each man was most eager to give his treasure or his blood for the

land he loved. See the glorious result. It was that noble, unselfish spirit which made our tars the conquerors on the ocean, and crowned our troops on shore with the wreaths of victory. It was that spirit which saved Europe from slavery and restored peace to the world, and it is that same spirit which in these days can alone again save Old England from destruction.

Since I sheathed my sword I have devoted my days to the education of my boys, and the peaceful pursuits of literature and science. I never trouble myself with political squabbles, seldom glance at what are called political articles in the newspapers, nor, I must confess, at the navy and army estimates, though I have however, narrowly watched the great events which have been taking place in Europe and the rest of the world. I have seen Russia increasing her army and exercising them in the Caucasus, and improving her navy till it is one she may well be proud of. I have watched how carefully she has manœuvred to gain possession of the city of the Constantines, till she may any day claim it as her own; nor have the eager glances she has turned towards the East escaped me. I have seen France tampering with Egypt, taking possession of Algeria and training her army of 350,000 men in a bloody war against the fiercest and most heroic tribes of Africa. I have seen her carefully increasing her navy, both in line-of-battle ships, and especially in steamers, and practising her sailors in seamanship and gunnery; and more than that, I have seen her princes brought up with a taste for conquest and a jealousy of England, and I have observed them endeavouring to instil the most bitter hatred into the minds of the people against us, openly suggesting an invasion of our territories, by pretending that we shall some day pay them a warlike visit. I have observed, too, a spirit of territorial acquisition growing up in the United States of America, which may make her free and enlightened citizens unable to withstand the temptation of laying an unlawful hand on Canada, which they have already shown no slight inclination to do, although they may burn their fingers if they attempt it. I have seen Italy endeavouring to regain her long lost liberty, and Austria determined to prevent her if she can, and Switzerland also likely to become a bone of contention. I have watched Ireland, still unmanageable, or ill-managed, and I have thought often of the gigantic efforts we must make to preserve our immense possessions in India, our newly-acquired influence in China, and our numerous colonies in every direction, should the world again be cursed by war. Yet seeing all these things (I must confess my ignorance, nor was it singular) I had no conception of the amount of the British army. I might, had I been asked, have stated it at from 150,000 to 200,000 men, for knowing the immense forces of our neighbours, I should have thought there was very little use making the protests and representations against any of their acts of which we disapproved, without a power beyond what mere words could give us. I used to wonder why we allowed the subjugation of Poland by Russia, why we so placidly submitted to see our flag so frequently insulted by the French at sea, and why we allowed the Americans to annex Texas and invade Mexico. I used to blame our ministers for their pusillanimity and supineness. I now see that they acted most wisely and patriotically, for they knew that they would not only make England ridiculous and contemptible, by attempting to interfere, but would endanger her safety. Those nations would only have answered as a tall broad-shouldered friend of mine did with a kind

smile to a little imp who came up sparring at him with a threat of thrashing him, "Now don't, you may hurt me."

Oh ye gods, it did amaze me that England could submit to such indignities, till I saw every paper and other periodical with leading articles on the National Defences, and found, to my amazement, that Great Britain possessed scarcely men sufficient to garrison her forts and protect her colonies, in fact, that she exists as a nation merely through the clemency of her neighbours. Knowing the intense hatred of the French, the ambitious projects of Russia, and the jealousy of cousin Sam, I was panic-struck, and so I think must every man be who is not besotted by money-making, or blinded by prejudice.

I had for some months past felt that we were on the eve of a war, but being one of those who do not consider that the ministers of the crown must of necessity be rogues and place seekers, I put full confidence in their judgment, that they would make the necessary preparations to meet it. I did not suppose that any men of ordinary capacity existed in England who could expect to influence 350,000 well-disciplined, but blood-thirsty troops, longing for plunder, by harangues on the advantages of free-trade and the blessings of peace, I did not dream that my countrymen had grown so avaricious or so insensate as to have lost all sense of danger, and I therefore could not suppose that our rulers would find any difficulty in raising funds for the defence of the country, even though a single possibility only existed of war on any side.

Doubly astonished, therefore, was I when I found, that not only did some of the papers, although not denying that war might occur, assert that it will be time enough to prepare for it when war is declared, sagely reminding their readers that they must be taxed if they have an army, but that one orator is making a progress through the country to endeavour to persuade people that the best way of preserving peace is to disband our troops and dismantle our ships.

Armies and fleets are expensive toys, and war is an expensive game, certainly, but let me ask those sagacious gentlemen whether it is not cheaper to pay five shillings to a policeman to guard your house, than to be robbed of your plate and jewels, not to speak of having your wife frightened out of her wits by the thieves? Let me ask them whether it would not be wiser to pay an increased tax, than to have Hull or York sacked and burned; than to be liable to receive visits at their country-houses and marine villas from privateersmen, who are apt to go beyond even robbery and murder, not to speak of a hostile descent on the coasts of Kent or Sussex, and the bare possibility of the capital and all its hoarded wealth falling into the hands of an enemy? This event, as several high authorities have declared to be possible, it is worse than folly not to guard against by every means in our power. Let me ask those gentlemen if they ever send a ship to sea without insuring her? and let me ask if the arming of a couple of hundred thousand of her brave sons is not the best way of insuring Old England? Or, perhaps those gentlemen are so cosmopolitan in their principles, that they care not who inhabits England provided trade flourishes. They will answer, probably, "We are very good patriots, but we have been travelling through France; the French merchants gave us excellent dinners, and made speeches as long as ours on the advantages of free trade and peace."

I have no doubt they did; but can those same merchants curb the fiery

passions of 350,000 armed men? Has the wealth and intelligence of a few of late years so governed the mob of France, that the free-traders can trust to it now for preserving peace? Did the army and the mob, did the princes who have crowns to win and ambition to gratify, did the marshals of France say they wished for peace? Were even all the merchants sincere when they dined late, sat drinking wine, and talked of free-trade? If we have no better security for peace than such promises hold out, we had better forthwith prepare for war, or haul down our flag at once, and, to save bloodshed, give in. Perhaps, like falling Rome, we had better bribe our foes to desist from their purpose for a few years. The free-traders may supply the funds. Away with such fallacies. Free-trade, I honestly believe, will some day prove a great blessing to the world; but till the world grows more civilised, it will be wiser to carry it on with arms in our hands, or it may chance to have some odium thrown on it.

When the works of Adam Smith, M'Cullagh, and Jean Baptiste Saye, are taught in conjunction with military tactics, then may we hope to see the principles of political economy influencing the army of the Grande Nation; till then let us trust to our broad swords and bayonets.

The next most silly class of our countrymen are those who have not got over their nursery ideas of one Englishman being equal to three Frenchmen. Ten Englishmen, with their fists, would probably floor ten Frenchmen unaccustomed to the use of their knuckles; but any soldier will tell them that ten thousand well-disciplined French soldiers, with the aid of artillery and cavalry, not to speak of shells, congreve-rockets, grenades, and other engines of war, would utterly destroy fifty or even a hundred thousand of the bravest Englishmen who ever fought for all they love best, if armed only with their fowling-pieces, and summoned hastily together without officers or discipline. Such folly is worthy only of little children or old ladies, who may talk of shouldering their muskets and going out to fight the French. The Duke of Wellington had frequently, during the Peninsula war, to rebuke his officers and men for a fool-hardy contempt of their foes, a contempt which at that time cost them heavy loss, and which same feeling was the cause of the destruction of so many brave men in Affghanistan, and which might have caused the loss to Great Britain of her whole empire in India, when our troops were surprised on the Sutledge.

We cannot conceal those painful facts from our enemies any more than from ourselves, but we may receive them as useful lessons to guard us from like faults for the future. I, for one, have a sincere respect for the bravery of the French, though I bear them no love, and I know their troops to be as well disciplined, as well educated in all the arts of war, and as inured to hardships and bloodshed, as any soldiers in the world, and I therefore do not know whether I feel most anger at, or pity, or contempt, for those boastful heroes of ours, who talk of never letting a Frenchman return alive who sets foot in England, or of partitioning France, and such like nonsense, yet all the time are unwilling to arm or take the common means of defence. France and her allies are much more likely to partition Great Britain, let me tell them, if they do not make use of all the means in their power to prepare for the worst.

Some of these newspaper generals talk of disputing every inch of ground with guerilla parties behind hedges, of protecting London by

breaking down the bridges, and by summoning the population, the clerks and shopmen, to charge the enemy (with their rulers and yard measures, I conclude). The French marshals are not old women, and have seldom exhibited any over-scrupulous squeamishness; they know every inch of coast, and all the roads necessary for military purposes, and depend upon it, before war is declared, before the fastest message-boat can bring over intelligence of their intentions, they will embark a force at one or other of their ports, sufficient to strike a blow *somewhere or other*, perhaps in the north, perhaps in Ireland, perhaps in the south, which will make us repent our want of precaution. I certainly have wished to discover why some of our journals have so studiously endeavoured to lull the mind of the easily-led public back into the dull apathy from which those who have any feeling of patriotism have endeavoured to rouse them. Feeling the weakness of their own arguments, those journals have endeavoured to throw ridicule on the letters of Lord Ellesmere and the Duke, and, with a want of the common decencies of society, of all manly and grateful sentiments, have derided the warnings of our greatest general, and have treated him and his opinions with scorn. I believe that but one feeling could animate the breast of every honest Englishman on seeing such observations, that of unmitigated disgust, and I here enter my protest against such being the sentiments of Englishmen.

It must be remembered that Lord Ellesmere, although a civilian, is considered by military men as one of the first authorities on military matters. Some officers took umbrage, because he spoke of the army as a mere police force, alluding to their numbers; others, because he observed that the guards would be compelled to march out of London on one side, as the French entered it on the other. This, he said, with bitter grief, to show how perfectly unable a handful of men would be to contend against a powerful French army. Besides, any wise general who commanded them would give them the same order to save them for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a future army. To Lord Ellesmere the thanks of every patriotic man are due, for the sound advice and awful warning he gave us. I will now turn to the duke's letter. He is abused and ridiculed by fools or traitors, because he utters words which may well make honest men alarmed for the safety of the country. First, he is found fault with, because, as is asserted, he does not speak of the navy. Near the commencement of his letter he says, "*We have no defence, or hope of defence, excepting in our fleet.*" The duke, like every Englishman, has a sincere respect for the navy, and knows that they will nobly do their duty; but suppose our fleets are *scattered*, driven into harbour, or *wrecked* by storms; suppose one or more divisions are attacked, and, if not *beaten*, *crippled* by a superior force, a contingency which is very likely to occur; then, says the duke, the country is totally unprepared to defend itself from an invading army; besides, descents may be made on any part of our coasts with much greater facility and impunity than Paul Jones effected more than once in his day. Such being the case, argues the commander-in-chief, it becomes my duty to make preparations for the military defence of the soil. The only sentence in his whole letter which can be cavilled at is the following,—“excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore, at any time of

tide, with any wind and in any weather, and from which such body of infantry, so thrown on shore, would not find within the distance of five miles a road into the interior of the country, &c." Had the duke added, what he evidently intended to express,—“*in any weather, when vessels can at all approach the shore without danger of shipwreck,*”—even the most dull of comprehension would have understood his meaning, and seen that such is clearly the truth; viz., that an enemy can land on the spots he speaks of. A naval officer also adds, by sacrificing the larger transports from running them aground, even in rough weather a break-water, may be formed to enable troops to land. Thus, if any accident should happen to any one of our channel squadrons, or if the flotilla of the enemy can manage to elude them, or should they be drawn off in chase in another direction, we have no means of defending our shores. Some of the paper-generals do not deny that a French army may march to London, but say, that not a man would ever get back again. Now I assert that, if they once got to London, even if not a ship of our fleet was injured, we should be compelled to carry them and their plunder back to France in that very fleet, besides having to pay pretty roundly for the ransom of the city, our magistrates, and our women. If an army once got there, while our fleets were assembling at the mouth of the Thames, a second French, or, perhaps, a Russian or Austrian, army, might be marching victoriously through Ireland, and a third taking up their quarters in Lincolnshire or Yorkshire, while the first would hold as hostages, thousands of our women, many of our principal people, and, perhaps, even the person of our sovereign, while they would, of course, threaten to give up our women to the soldiery, our residences to plunder, and our city to the flames, if we refused to grant their demands. Peaceful civilians can scarcely picture such scenes of horror to their imaginations, but as little more than thirty years ago they were of daily occurrence throughout the rest of Europe, so they may again occur; and I do not know by what *talisman* we Englishmen can expect to be preserved from them, except we have on foot *a few hundred thousand well-disciplined regulars and militia, backed by bodies of gallant volunteers* similar to those I remember in my younger days. Such is the only talisman in which a Briton ought to trust, such the only safeguard of British liberties. People have for the last month back been talking and thinking only of a French invasion; but may not the Russians and Yankees be tempted to pay us a visit, on seeing our unwarlike condition? Russia would bargain for India; the United States, for Canada and the West Indies; and France would be content with our possessions in the Mediterranean, the colonies we took from her, and Ireland probably. One thing we may be assured of, that if we tempt the French to go to war, they will commence hostilities *before* they declare war; and they will, if they are wise, not give us a moment's time to make preparations to receive them.

The duke has, I fear, too just an estimate of the sentiments which of late years have appeared to influence the mass of the people, when instead of appealing to their chivalry and their patriotism, he alludes only to the pecuniary sacrifices they will have to make to the *contributions de guerre* which will be assuredly levied if the French are once masters of any part of the kingdom. But I, perhaps, have a right to think better of my countrymen. I do appeal to their chivalry, their loyalty,

and to their patriotism, and call on them by all they deem holy, and in the name of those they love best, to awake from their slumber, and to come forward with their swords and their gold to *insure* their country from the risk of all the horrors of invasion.

The navy will, I know, do their duty, but let us remember that, although we have a noble fleet in commission, it is scattered over the face of the ocean ; that although we have numerous ships in ordinary, sailors cannot be found on a sudden to man them ; and that we have many hundred miles of coast to guard, while we must at the same time be watching the ports of France.* At this present moment I will venture to say that the French have more ships and steamers ready for sea at a week's notice in their northern ports, than we could send from our southern dockyards and the Thames in the same time. In those ports we have scarcely forty-four steamers armed with guns and above a hundred horse power, while as they have upwards of a hundred in their navy, no doubt more than sixty will be found in the northern ports ready to tow a fleet of transports across the Channel. The great point, however, to be settled is whether it is possible for a fleet to get across and an army to land, and the best authorities answer it in the affirmative. Nobody can deny that we are perfectly unprepared to meet that army, and thus I think every one who has a spark of patriotism in his composition, or has even any regard for his own safety and property, will be ready to come forward with his purse or his sword for the defence of his country.

I am much amused at reading the numerous letters which appear from nameless generals in the public prints, kindly endeavouring to soothe the minds of the multitude, to calm the panic they talk of, by assuring them that there is not the slightest danger of a visit from any foe. How cleverly they show that an army cannot leave a French port without being attacked ; that if it manages to get outside it cannot cross ; that if it crosses it cannot land ; that if it lands we shall very soon have troops collected to oppose it. But, may I ask where the troops are to come from with which these doughty generals are to fight their battles ? Will they attack them with yeomany and other volunteer corps ? "No, but we will have the Guards down on them from London by the next train," they answer. Do railroads run to every part of the coast ? May not an arch give way, or a rail be displaced ? May not a few steamers appear off one part of the coast and draw our troops in one direction, while the

* People who are unaware how the navy lists are drawn out, are completely deceived when they examine them. By the list, the navy of Great Britain appears to consist of 671 ships, but of these 240 only are in commission, the greater number of which are scattered over the ocean; some on the Canadian lakes, and others lent to colonial governments; others are on exploring expeditions, and some are merely small craft and tenders. Of the remainder, 102 are condemned as unfit for service, and are waiting their turn to be broken up; others have only their keels laid, a great number are hospital ships, coal depôts, convict hulks, &c., &c. A comparatively few only could be fitted for sea within some months, and then where are the men to be found for them? The channel squadron is what we at present have to consider, and although we might send out about forty-four steamers to form part of it, there are not half a dozen line-of-battle ships nor ten frigates in our ports which could under many weeks, or months rather, be got ready for sea. It is much better to know the truth than to be deceived by false statements; and how can such a force, I ask, blockade all the ports of France and guard our own coasts, even if we had notice sufficient to get them ready, which we should not have, we may be assured? Our fleet is not manned, and our artillery is incomplete. The *teeth* of the British Lion are *blunt*.

real landing is effected in another? In case of a war, will Ireland remain so quiet that we shall not require more troops there, and will no descents be made on her coasts? Some talk very scientifically of fortifying all our small harbours, but quite forget to enumerate the men necessary to work the guns in them, and how they are to be taught. They all, without exception, also by a species of clairvoyance peculiar to themselves, seem to know exactly the plans the generals of the enemy will pursue, and show most clearly how they will counteract them. Now I certainly acknowledge that the chief who can foresee or discover the plans of the enemy, has already half gained the victory; but unfortunately for us, the reality is we shall *not* be able to foresee the plans of our invaders, nor know within some hundred miles where they will make their descent. In fact, these paper heroes are anxious to prove themselves far greater generals than the Duke of Wellington or any other old Peninsula chief; and, scorning all advice, are ready to perform feats of valour which wiser men would not hope to accomplish. The flippant, self-sufficient, vaunting tone which has been assumed in this discussion, and the utter disrespect which has been exhibited towards age and experience, and the disregard for all warnings, and the ridicule with which they have been received, is one of the worst signs of the times.

In the same manner did the nations of old, when warned by their sages and elders to arm against the invasion of the barbarians, blinded by avarice and enervated by luxury and vice, disregard the warnings, and fell to rise no more.

Except we also are willing to see the downfall of England and an eternal disgrace affixed to the British name, we must strengthen our fleets, increase our army, and, not trusting to forts or walls, call out an efficient militia, and raise and thoroughly discipline strong corps of volunteers in every part of the United Kingdom, and then, *and not till then*, may we consider ourselves secure. *Then* our enemies, seeing us well *prepared* to give them a warm reception, will probably think twice before they attempt to break the peace.

THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE!

BY J. WILLYAMS GRYLLS, ESQ.

“DINNA weep for the days that are gane—Mither!—
 Dinna weep for a Sun that has set!
 Tho’ we’re left in the wide world alane—Mither!—
 We’ll trust to gude Providence yet!”

“What!—na weep?—when I think o’ your dad, Lassie!
 In the Winter of Life from me ta’en?
 And my bairn—my a’e bonny brave lad—Lassie!
 Lying dead on a far battle-plain?”

“When I’m gane—which I shall be fu’ soon, Lassie!
 (And in sooth I care little to dee)
 May the Merciful Power that’s aboun, Lassie!
 Deal couth’er wi’ you than wi’ me!”

LIFE OF LORD CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE.*

A CENTURY ago lawyers and judges were far less bound by precedent than they are in these days. Hence greater inducements were held out to argue and to decide cases entirely from principle ; and, by a necessary consequence, also, to study this more deeply, and to cultivate the mind more assiduously for dealing with pursuits of this nature. Longer time was also allowed, owing to the less intricate nature of our laws, for general study, and for turning attention to the higher authorities connected with this science, and referring to them on all occasions. Had Bacon and Hale lived in these days of multitudinous decisions and reports, and new acts of parliaments and rules of pleading, it is impossible that they could ever have found leisure to enter so much into the world of general literature ; to store their minds so fully with knowledge, and to give so many of their researches to the public.

Herein we have the main features of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's character. At school young Philip Yorke displayed a general great proficiency, while his amiable disposition, easy temper, and pliancy, made him, as they also contributed to do throughout life, an almost universal favourite. When articled to Mr. Salkeld, the attorney, while he applied himself diligently to the study of the law, and became well-grounded in Coke and Hale (for there was no Blackstone in those days), it is certain at the same time that his mind was no less ardently devoted to philosophical studies, and to such as appertained to a more general literary and polemical character. In the same manner, in after life, Mr. Harris, his able biographer, remarks that Yorke was, from the constitution of his mind, naturally better fitted for a leader than for a junior. Many of his principal powers and qualifications were quite lost in the latter capacity, and could only be displayed in the former. Knowledge of principles, reasoning power, eloquence, discrimination, and all the great resources of the mind which enable the leader to distinguish himself, have no opportunity of being evinced in the junior, in whom an accurate acquaintance with the details of the case, and a knowledge of the legal decisions bearing upon it, are mainly expected.

Philip Yorke was born at Dover, on the 1st day of December, 1690. His father was an attorney, of limited means, but respectably connected, and who held the important and somewhat lucrative office of town-clerk. Young Yorke having pre-eminently distinguished himself at school, his father determined to give him every advantage, articulated him to a solicitor of eminence and extensive practice in London. It is well known that many of the most successful lawyers have, in their earliest days, felt the pressure of poverty, and not a few, perhaps, have been largely indebted to this circumstance. The future lord chancellor was not an exception.

A curious and amusing anecdote (says his biographer) is told of his career while in his clerkship, which is certainly not uncharacteristic of Yorke. Mrs. Salkeld, who considered herself as his mistress, and who was a notable woman, thinking she might take such liberties with a clerk with whom the writer says

* The Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; with Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, Speeches, and Judgments. By George Harris, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. Edward Moxon.

† Cooksey's Anecdotes.

no premium had been received, used frequently to send him from his business on family errands, and to fetch in little necessaries from Covent Garden and other markets. This, when he became a favourite with his master, and was intrusted with his business, and cash, he thought an indignity, and got rid of by a stratagem which prevented complaints or expostulation. In his accounts with his master, there frequently occurred coach-hire for roots of celery and turnips from Covent Garden, or a barrel of oysters from the fishmonger's, and other sundries for the carriage of similar dainties indicative alike of Mrs. Salkeld's love of good cheer and the young clerk's dexterity and spirit in freeing himself from her attempted domination. Mr. Salkeld observing this, urged on his spouse the impropriety and ill housewifery of such a practice, and thus Yorke's device for its discontinuance proved completely successful.

There is, Mr. Harris justly remarks, nothing more interesting to observe than the early struggles of men who afterwards obtained a high degree of celebrity, and whose minds were first fortified by contending with the difficulties which beset their course. Nothing belongs more strictly to the tragedy of real life than this, and in no walk of life are there scenes more vividly displayed than in the commencement of that profession to which our hero belonged.

But these very struggles of an early youth, his knowledge of the poverty which he had witnessed at home, and the feeling that he was himself so far dependent on the liberality of others, only stimulated young Yorke to further exertion. With Mr. Salkeld's good-will Yorke quitted, after only two years' apprenticeship, that branch of the profession for which he had been originally destined, and embarked on a more ambitious career. "It was," says his biographer, "in the magnificent hall of the Middle Temple—a building at once famous for its beauty and its antiquity, and renowned yet more for the rich associations connected with it—that Yorke commenced his career as a student. Inspired by the illustrious example of the great men who had gone before him in the same course, he himself eventually contributed in no small degree to the glory of the society which enrolled him among its members."

On the 27th of May, 1715, Yorke was called to the bar by the benchers of the Middle Temple, being then in his twenty-fifth year, and there cannot be a doubt that he commenced practice with a mind well cultivated and invigorated by general study and knowledge, and adorned with acquirements of a very varied nature. He began at a very early period to adopt that logical system of subdividing the argument into different portions, which afterwards so particularly characterised his speeches. The two circumstances which, undoubtedly, contributed most to Mr. Yorke's success, at least so far as regards the opportunities he had of exhibiting his proficiency and powers, were his connexion with Mr. Salkeld and the high and marked favour shown to him by Lord Macclesfield, who was at that time Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.

Mr. Harris will not allow, however, that this latter patronage so far influenced Mr. Yorke's career as Lord Campbell, Cooksey, and other writers would have us believe. He naively enough remarks, that "the grand turning-point in a barrister's professional career—the real change which occurs in his condition—is that which takes place when from being employed because his client would be useful to him, he is now employed because he is thought useful to his client." No one would venture to doubt this manifest fact. Lord Campbell may be in error, and it is to be hoped that he is so, when he intimates that Yorke succeeded on his

circuit by methods which were not legitimate, for such an opinion is opposed to the whole features of his life, although there seems to be little doubt but that our hero was indebted mainly to Lord Macclesfield for his sudden promotion in 1719 to the office of solicitor-general over the heads of many of his seniors, who, according even to Mr. Harris, were well able to fill the office.

The rising reputation of Mr. Yorke soon caused him to be sought out by the government of the day, who were anxious to secure the services of so able a speaker as their political supporter in the House of Commons, and he was on the 2nd of May, 1719, elected for the borough of Lewes, in Sussex. This was indeed altogether an eventful year with young Yorke. He was at this time one of the handsomest men of the day, and it is even said that he took all due care to set off these natural advantages. By this, says his biographer, he attracted the notice of the youthful and pretty widow of Mr. W. Lygon, of Maddersfield, niece to the then Master of the Rolls, Sir Joseph Jekyll; and although, when the young M. P. addressed himself to the father of the young lady, the old gentleman told him to leave his rental and writings with him, objections were soon overcome, and the marriage took place on the 16th of May, 1719, a few days after Yorke's election for Lewes.

On the 2nd of April, 1720, Mr. Yorke was re-elected member for Lewes, and soon afterwards he received from his majesty the honour of knighthood. He had been appointed to the solicitor-generalship in March, 1719. In 1722, Sir Philip Yorke was returned to parliament for Seaford, although it is said that his constituents in Lewes continued favourable to his re-election.

It was in this latter year that a great conspiracy to raise a rebellion in favour of the Pretender was discovered. Many persons of distinction were concerned in this unfortunate Jacobite demonstration, and a serious demand was made upon the services of the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Raymond, and of the Solicitor-General, Sir Philip Yorke; the latter of whom contributed in no small degree, by his forensic eloquence, in procuring the conviction of Mr. Laver, who was executed at Tyburn on the 18th of May, 1723, and his head set up on Temple Bar; as also of Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester; of George Kelly, of John Plunkett, and others.

On the 31st of January, 1724, after Sir Philip Yorke had been nearly nine years at the bar, and had during more than three years filled the office of solicitor-general with the most distinguished success, he was chosen to succeed Sir Thomas Raymond as attorney-general, and he thus arrived at the head of the profession to which he belonged.

He was in this capacity called upon at a very early period to deal with a culprit whose rank and the nature of whose offences varied very greatly from those of the state criminals against whom he had been employed the previous year, but whose exploits in a certain way have gained for their perpetrator scarcely less note than the enormities directed against the very existence of the state obtained for the latter. This was no less a person than the notorious John Shoppard, of whose extraordinary feats, and of whose numerous escapes from Newgate, Mr. Harris gives a lengthened account from the newspapers of the day. The biographer of Lord Hardwicke concludes with the following remarks:—

Thus ended the career of a person who, from the extraordinary dexterity with which he pursued his nefarious schemes, has obtained a certain kind of cele-

brity even in our day, and indeed been attempted to be raised to the rank of a hero. Some good and generous qualities doubtless appear to have animated him, and occasionally to have displayed themselves under the most trying circumstances. His fidelity to his allies, the generosity with which he always behaved towards his friends, and his undaunted courage and self-possession, only lead us the more to regret that these excellent endowments which nature had given him should have been rendered nugatory and even pernicious by an education and long practice in vice, and instead of serving to adorn, only exhibited strange inconsistencies in his general character. While we also admire his great ingenuity and wonderful resources, we can only deeply deplore that these should have been entirely perverted for the worst of purposes, and as a whole he can only excite applause by separating altogether the consideration of his extraordinary powers from that of the entire misuse of them. As it was, he who was capable of attaining high and honourable distinction by the proper application of these endowments, died, as he undoubtedly deserved to do, and as every requirement of law and justice demanded that he should, the death of a felon. Hence, although by his "bad eminence," he has made himself almost as great a moral pest after his death as he was a social one during his life, he was at last compelled to make some atonement for his misdeeds by serving to evince that the brightest talents, if misapplied, will only procure for their possessor a proportionate degree of ignominy and misfortune.

These remarks are in every respect true and judicious, but the man of law omits the literary part of the question; which is, whether viewed as a simple work of art—as one of Fuseli's paintings might be looked upon—the artist, by pen or by pencil, may not select as a subject for his graphic power, "bad eminence" as well as "great excellence," so long as a bad moral is not also conveyed by such portraitures. Mr. Harris subscribes to the cant of the day and echoes the cry of a certain set of critics, when he excuses in Fielding, what he condemns in a contemporary novelist. The life and adventures of Jonathan Wild he calls one of the very happiest productions of that "accomplished and distinguished author," while Jack Sheppard is designated as a "moral pest," at the same time that the biographer and lawyer inconsistently admits that Jonathan Wild "had but few of what were, or rather what might have been, the redeeming qualities of Sheppard, intellectual or moral;" of whom he further states, that he was in some way or other related to Mr. Cornwall, at that time Speaker of the House of Commons. Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" is an odious book, and quite unworthy of the author of "Tom Jones;" a satire, if you please, but full of disgusting and obscene details, though luckily almost unreadable; with Mr. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" we believe Mr. Harris to be unacquainted, except by report, and therefore unable to deliver a fair opinion.

The conviction of Sheppard and Wild was followed by the far more serious impeachment of the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. The attorney-general excused himself on this occasion from taking a part in the proceedings against his friend and patron. At the time of the lord chancellor's disgrace, when the popular clamour against him was of course very loud, and the more so from the judicial part which he had taken in the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, the saying was current among the mob, that Staffordshire had produced the three greatest rogues of the day—Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, and Lord Macclesfield.

The same year (1725) Sir Philip Yorke purchased the manor and estate of Hardwicke, in Gloucestershire, for £24,000. In 1732, there was an important debate in the House of Commons on the subject of a standing army, in which it is curious in the present day, when we are likely to have the same discussion renewed, to find Sir Philip arguing

that "it was certainly the interest of this nation to render itself as considerable as possible amongst its neighbours; for the greater opinion they have of our strength and power, the less apt they will be to undertake any expeditions or invasions against us; and the more easy it will be for us to obtain from them any advantages or immunities which we may think necessary for improving the trade and increasing the riches of the kingdom." The last speech made in the House of Commons by Sir Philip, was on the occasion of the grand debate on Sir Robert Walpole's excise scheme.

On the 31st of October, 1733, Sir Philip Yorke was appointed chief justice of England, the salary of which had been raised from two to four thousand a year, to induce the attorney-general to resign his pretensions to the woolsack, a circumstance which has led other biographers to stamp his character with the brand of avariciousness, a stigma which Mr. Harris makes no satisfactory effort to remove. A peerage was also promised him, and shortly afterwards conferred. This occurred on the 23rd of November of the same year, when he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Hardwicke, of Hardwicke, in the county of Gloucester. One of his first acts in the disposal of the patronage which fell to him as lord chief justice, was to bestow on Mr. Salkeld the office of clerk of errors in the Court King's Bench, an appointment both of honour and emolument.

One of the first cases in which the new chief justice was engaged was that of Savage the poet, for a libel, and the information against whom was dismissed, with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of his writings. "It was urged," says Johnson, "in defence of Savage, that obscenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice; but that Mr. Savage had only introduced obscene ideas, with the view of exposing them to detestation, and of amending the age by showing the deformity of wickedness." The notes which were made by Lord Chief Justice Hardwicke of the different cases tried before him, have all been preserved and all contained in five small volumes of note books. Many of these cases are not only of high interest to the law student, but also to the general reader, as illustrating in a very striking manner the state of the country at this period, in the lawless outrages which were everywhere perpetrated, and the general manners of the times. In the case of a Fleet marriage, Lord Hardwicke decided that it was not a legal one, and his experience of the evils arising of these ill-considered alliances, led him afterwards to introduce a measure which put an end to such pernicious and disgraceful proceedings. When presiding on the Nisi Prius side of the court at Buckingham, in 1734, a singular case was brought before the lord chief justice, arising out of a superstition still common at that period, being an action of defamation brought by an old woman against a man for calling her a witch.

"Norfolk Circuit, Summer, 1734.—Buckingham, July 23, 1734.

"Mary Butcher, widow, plt.; Joseph Hadland, deft.

"Case for words:—

"She is a witch, and bewitched my wife, and I will prove it.

"She is a witch. She came over ye pond, and over a hedge, her foot light.

"She is a witch. I hung up a bladder full of water in ye chimney. Whilst yt remained there she had no power over my wife. She came down ye chimney in ye shape of a bird, and fetched ye bladder away.

"There goes ye old witch. Damn her, I will have ye blood of her.

"Plea—Not Guilty.

"*Mr. Clarke, pro quer.*

"*Robert Verney.* Knows ye parties. Abt. my house, heard deft, tell a man yt Mary Butcher is a witch, and bewicht my wife.

"Said she was a witch. She came over ye hedge, her foot light, and over ye pond.

"Knows ye words were mentioned by Mary Butcher. She was named in ye conversation.

"*Cross-exam.* Deft, a cooper.

"*Tho. Butcher.* There goes ye old witch yt bewichted my wife. Damn her, I will have ye blood of her.

Serjt. Urbyn, pro def.

"*Geo. Fellows.* Heard Robt. Verney swear at Hadland.

"Verdict *pro quer.* da l'."*

In 1786, the statutes of England and Scotland against conjuration, witchcraft, and dealing with evil spirits, were repealed; but it does not appear that Lord Hardwicke took any active part in aiding or procuring these measures.

However great had been Lord Hardwicke's skill as an advocate, and however large the reputation which he earned as the first common law judge of the land, yet, it is in his capacity of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain—his advancement to which office took place on the decease of Lord Talbot, the great seal having been delivered on the 21st of February, 1737—that Lord Hardwicke is principally known to the world; and it is to the mode in which he discharged the functions of that exalted station that he owes, in the main, the celebrity which he has obtained.

The advancement of Lord Hardwicke to the chancellorship led him to occupy a more prominent and elevated position in the political world, and the first occurrence in which he was engaged, were the unhappy differences which at that time existed in the royal family. It was also very soon after Lord Hardwicke's advancement to his new office that the misunderstanding took place in regard to a non-application on the part of the poet Thomson, which led to the bard of the "Seasons" losing a lucrative sinecure. Upon this subject Mr. Harris makes the following observations, unfortunately too civilised for the age we live in:—

Probably no class of men in this country are less liberally requited, according to their labours, than literary men of real merit; and of these, perhaps, poets fare the worst of all. Their minds and time, nay, health, and even life itself, they devote to their fellow creatures, and to their true interests, the promotion of their intellectual, and moral, and social good. For this they despise the allurements of wealth and luxury, which ordinary professions, and even business avocations of a lower grade, would be pretty certain to bring them. They taste in reality the poverty and privation they so forcibly describe, and which they so feelingly contribute to guard others against. Owing to a barbarous conventional rule in this civilised age, they are in a great measure excluded from society, or at any rate are allowed no recognised place or station in it, who are at once its highest benefactors, and its greatest ornaments. By their limited means, they are but too often precluded from participating in those pleasures they so contribute to enhance in others; and by the constant effort of mind and unremitting exertion which they undergo, they become debilitated and frail, both in person and intellect.

These men surely then are those who both stand most in need of, and are best entitled to, the bounty of the state. They are at once its most deserving members, and those to whom it owes the most. There are few with whose services it could so hardly dispense: and there are none whose efforts are so entirely devoted to the public weal, and to whom therefore a grant by the state, of the nature of that for a time given to Thomson, is in fact not a mere idle pension, but well-earned pay.

* So late as the year 1759, a case occurred at Wingrove, in Hertfordshire.

As the nation advances yet further in its career of civilisation, it may be hoped that the truth of what I have propounded will not only be acknowledged, but acted upon; and it cannot be doubted that the encouragement to men of mind thus afforded, will be fully responded to by them.

On the 22nd of May, 1740, Mr. Philip Yorke, the eldest son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, married Miss Jemima Campbell, only daughter of John, Earl of Breadalbane, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Kent. The extract which follows, from a letter by Horace Walpole to Mr. Conway, shows the feelings entertained of the prosperous career of the chancellor and his family at this period :—

“ Harry, what luck the Chancellor has ! first, indeed, to be in himself so great a man ; but then in accidents ; he is made Chief Justice and peer when Talbot is made Chancellor and peer : Talbot dies in a twelvemonth, and leaves him the seals at an age when others scarce made solicitors ; then marries his son into one of the first families of Britain, obtains a patent for a marquisate, and eight thousand pounds a year after the Duke of Kent's death ; the Duke dies in a fortnight, and leaves them all ! People talk of fortune's wheel, that is always rolling, troth, my Lord Hardwicke has overtaken her wheel, and rolled along with it.”*

Upon the fall of the Walpole administration and the reconciliation of the king with the Prince of Wales, Lord Hardwicke was retained as chancellor by the new ministry. His difficulties in freeing himself from the trammels of party were very great, but they afford a truly noble and grand moral spectacle. The high and eminent position of the lord chancellor involved him more or less in all the great events of his time. Upon the landing of Prince Charles Edward, in 1745, the assiduity of the chancellor was unbounded. As the most active, able, and leading member of the coronal of regency, he was incessantly occupied in concerting measures to check the rebellion, and after the defeat of the Pretender the very important, painful, and onerous task devolved upon him, of presiding in the first judicial assembly of this mighty nation, on the trials in cases of life and death, of persons of the first rank and quality.

The suppression of the rebellion was, however, only followed by new dissensions in the royal family, by a dissolution of parliament, and by the temporary departure of the king for Hanover; till the hopes of the opposition, the distractions in the royal family, and the apprehensions of the chancellor and his colleagues, were alike put an end to by the death of Frederick Prince of Wales on the 26th of March, 1751. The Regency Bill, the abrogation of the Julian style, the Forfeited Estates' Bill, the Clandestine Marriage Bill, and the Naturalisation of the Jews, were among the chief public acts of the ensuing three years, and when in 1754 the Duke of Newcastle took office as prime minister, the Lord Chancellor was created Earl of Hardwicke, a fair and due reward for his long and great services rendered to his country in so many ways.

On the calamitous death of Mr. Pelham, the arduous task of reconstructing the government devolved on the Earl of Hardwicke, and for a short interval the chancellor was the only responsible and acting minister of the crown. The new ministry was not destined, however, to hold out long against the inflexible and uncompromising hostility of Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Newcastle, and when, on the 11th of November, 1756, his grace resigned his place in the administration, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke also came to the resolution of giving up the great seal and retiring altogether from official life. The retirement of such a man as Lord

* Correspondence of Horace Walpole.

Chancellor Hardwicke from the high judicial and political dignity which for nearly twenty years he had filled with such distinguished eminence, was an event which formed an era, not only in his own life, but also in the history of his country. His loss appears, indeed, to have been almost universally regretted.

“Never,” says Lord Mahon, “has the office of chancellor been more uprightly, more learnedly, and more ably filled.”

It was so difficult to find a successor to Lord Hardwicke, that the great seal was placed in commission, and was left so during the whole of George II.'s reign. A flattering testimony to the merits of both father and son was also paid by the new ministry, in promoting Mr. Charles Yorke to the office of solicitor-general.

The favour with which Lord Hardwicke was regarded by George III., when Prince of Wales, was openly manifested on the young king's accession to the throne, by his requesting the veteran judge again to occupy the high official station in which he had so long and so ably presided. But Lord Hardwicke was at this period not only in the decline of life, but he had also experienced a long and severe illness, combined with several family afflictions,—the last of which was the death of Lady Hardwicke, which took place on the 19th of September, 1761, at Wimpole,—and he finally retired from the duties and cares of public life, on the breaking up of the administration the following year. He had held office under the crown for an uninterrupted period of above forty-two years, from his first appointment as solicitor-general in the month of March, 1720, which he filled for about four years. More than eight years he had been attorney-general; for three years and a half he was Chief Justice of England; for nearly twenty years, Lord High Chancellor; and during the last six years he had assisted at council deliberations, though without any particular place in the cabinet. He served three successive sovereigns; and his influence, both in the ministry and in the House of Lords, those who at once regretted and endeavoured to underrate it, acknowledge to have been almost paramount. He relinquished office at last, not only voluntarily, but against the wishes both of his king and his colleagues; and in the face of renewed offers for his return to power.

Notwithstanding, however, this expressed intention to prefer an honourable and peaceful retirement as most suitable to his years, Lord Hardwicke in reality continued to act more or less as a public man to the last. He took an active part in the debate on peace, and in the affair of Wilkes, and his last energies were given to the ministerial troubles of 1763. The same year he was attacked with illness, and he lingered till the 6th of March, 1764, when this great and good man breathed his last, at his house in Grosvenor Square; “at a time,” says the writer of the memoir of him in the *Annual Register*, “when the situation of public affairs rendered his death a loss, as unseasonable, as it would at any time have been important. And his name will be remembered by posterity with the same reverence which attends the most celebrated civil characters in the annals of this country.” Lord Mansfield said,—“If you wish to employ your abilities in writing the life of a truly great and wonderful man in our profession, take the life of Lord Hardwicke for your object; he was, indeed, a wonderful character,—he became Chief-Justice of England and Chancellor, from his own abilities and virtues.” And for such a man, Mr. Harris's able biography is a more fitting and more appropriate monument than marble or brass.

MARIA LOUISA AND CARLO LUDOVICO.*

BY L. MARIOTTI, AUTHOR OF "ITALY PAST AND PRESENT."

MARIA Louisa, Leopoldina, Carolina, Imperial Princess, Arch-duchess of Austria, Duchess of Parma, Piacenza, and Guasttala, was born at Schönbrunn, on the 13th of December, 1791. She was the eldest daughter of Francis II., afterwards Emperor of Germany,—and of the second of his four wives, Maria Theresa, of Naples.

The princess was brought up under all the fostering cares which environ the young nurslings of that fruitful *pepinière* of Schönbrunn. She was taught to speak French and Italian, to read Latin, to paint in oil-colours, to play on the piano, and to hate the French and Napoleon.

The habitual play of the princess, and of her brothers and sisters, consisted in drawing up in battle array a band of little wax or wooden dolls, which were made to represent the French army, with a dark demon-like figure at their head—the accursed Corsican—and their devoted ranks were made to bear the brunt of the youngsters' popguns.

Meanwhile, the French and the Corsican managed to thrive in despite of all that dire execution. The king-slayers were twice at the gates. Austria had twice lost all; had nothing to give; the hungry lions were roaring for more prey. Austria gave up her flesh and blood. Maria Louisa was doomed!

The poor young princess! She who had been reared in so salutary a dread of male animals! It was the story of "Beauty and the Beast" acted over again. "Will he bite? Will he tear me to pieces?" She, the daughter of the Cæsars—wedded to the Corsican;—to bear imps to the arch-devil!

The language at her father's court was now strangely changed. The brigand-chief had become a leader of heroes. They made wondrous discoveries about his ancient pedigree. Napoleon had become a standing toast with the aulic council. Her imperial father himself addressed him as "Monsieur mon frère." The devil was not so dark, after all, as he was painted. There was a dash of the Alexander-breed in his composition, and had not Alexander chosen him a bride amongst the daughters of his prostrate enemy?

Maria Louisa listened and grew wise. The mild creature never had an idea, never a wish of her own: she never knew how to show any reluctance to other people's demands. She had been taught to hate, and she hated—she was now bidden to love, and she married—"Behold thine handmaid!" she said, and the *Ogre* led her to her nuptial apartment.

Maria Louisa was then (1810) in the bloom of youth; her stature was above the middle size—queenly in her countenance and bearing. Her complexion was fresh and fair; she had hazel hair, Austrian eyes and lips—features much admired by some, though the eyes, drawn down obliquely

* We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions, somewhat strongly asserted by M. Mariotti; neither can we vouch for his statements; but we think it right that an Italian should be heard on a subject like the present, especially when we believe him to be accurate, and know him to be conscientious.—Ed. N. M. M.

towards the nose, bear a close resemblance to those of a pig, and the pursed-up lips wear an unpleasant expression of haughtiness. Her hand and foot often served as models to the artist, and Canova, who was summoned to Paris for the purpose, made as much of them as he could in his statue "La Concordia," which is to be seen in the hall of the ducal palace at Colorno.

It is just possible that Maria Louisa brought herself to *endure* her husband during four years. About Napoleon's tenderness for her, from his wedding to his dying day, we have been entertained to satiety. He called her *Ma petite vie!* And as a man who valued the sex from their prolific capacities, he was most probably amused by a *naïveté* so closely bordering upon silliness.

In 1813, and the following year, he thought he could propitiate his treacherous ally of Austria, by placing his empress at the head of the regency which was to rule in his absence. Her task was, however, less difficult than might be supposed. The *yea* and *nay*, by which she was to answer all questions were invariably prompted by the nod of Cambacères.* It is amusing to see her helplessness in circumstances of the least difficulty, and the ingenuousness with which she had recourse to her private secretary, acknowledging that *she had not the least idea*. Why should she? If great warriors and statesmen choose to trust their nursery toys and *little geese* with arduous cares of empire, why, they must take the consequences.

Her illness and pusillanimity hastened the catastrophe of 1814. She ran away to Rambouillet, March 19th, taking along with her her reluctant infant, and an escort of 2500 men, the *élite* of the garrison of Paris.

From this moment, Maria Louisa considered herself as virtually divorced from her husband. Napoleon was once more the arch-fiend and ogre of her childhood. His solicitations that she would join him beyond the Loire were disregarded. Her father placed her in the keeping of a horde of Cossacks; in her interview with him, she declared herself ready to desert the cause of the conquered, and exchanged her imperial diadem for the independent possession of an Italian principality.

From the first instant of her departure from Paris—and there are courtiers who have registered every word that fell from her lips—there is no symptom of regret or rejoicing on her part. Her French servants and advisers were removed from her side. She travelled across Switzerland and the Tyrol, and came back—a prodigal child—miraculously restored.

* There is an anecdote relating to this period which we cannot refrain from quoting, although it may be familiar to many of our readers. On the first surmises of the defection of Austria, Napoleon, who was not always careful in the choice of his terms, expressed his indignation towards his father-in-law, by saying to the empress, "*Votre père est un ganache.*" *Ganache*, a word more fit for the bar-rack-room than the court, comes as near as possible to the English *blockhead*. Maria Louisa, who had studied French all her life-time, had, however, to run to the Duchess of Montebello, her *grande-maitresse*, for a definition of that singular word. The good widow of Marshal Lannes, in the greatest embarrassment, replied, "*Ganache—to be sure—it means a worthy and clever fellow.*" Maria Louisa treasured up the word, and "made a note" of it. During her regency, being pressed to answer some puzzling question before her imperial council, "Let us consult the arch-chancellor," said she, "who is *le plus grand ganache de tous!*"

The work of *re-naturalisation* was too plain and easy. She sought rest and oblivion amidst frivolous occupations. She joined her relatives in the clamorous rejoicings for the *enemy's* downfall. Her aunt, Maria Carolina of Naples, gave her a hint as to the propriety of tying up her bed-clothes, to let herself down from her window, by the aid of them, and join her good man at Elba. But Maria Louisa was already weaned from her proud associations. She evinced no desire to cling to the wrecks of departed greatness. In the duchy of Parma, which the allies, ever since the 11th of April, held before her eyes—a glittering bauble to a spoiled child—all her silly ambition was centered. She dwelt with an inconceivable fondness on the prospects of unshared sovereignty, and her anxiety for the exercise of dominion was increased by the artful postponement of its enjoyment; by doubt and difficulties which placed it further and further from her reach. Parma was to be a reward for unbounded, unconditional obedience; and we have already seen that Maria Louisa belonged to the non-resistance school. They bade her put off her arms and liveries, to divest herself of her proud titles, to forget her husband, to deliver all his letters into her father's hands, to cease from all correspondence with him, to surrender her son to an Austrian governess, to renounce in his name all rights to the succession of her new states, to deprive him of his name, re-baptise him as Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt; to suffer him to linger behind in a kind of imprisonment at Schönbrunn. Her obedience outdid even the immoderateness of their demands. She was, above all things, eager to advance her prospects as a candidate for an Italian principality. The attempts of Murat, King of Naples, upon the north of Italy, the troubles of the whole Peninsula, and the endless intrigues of the Congress of Vienna, raised at every step new obstacles against the fulfilment of her desires. Wearied with deferred expectation, and urged, also, by that animal instinct of locomotion, which became one of the prominent features of her character in after-life, she pleaded ill-health, and earnestly solicited, and obtained from her father, permission to repair, *unattended by her son*, to the baths of Aix, in Savoy.

If there is a spot on earth which the tempter of mankind may look upon as his most favourable battle-ground, it is, undoubtedly, a watering-place. All that might remain pure and ingenuous in the character of the ex-empress was corrupted among the pleasures and dissipations of her short sojourn at Aix. On her arrival, July 17th, she was met by the Count Neipperg. She avowed to her secretary, M. de Meneval, the only Frenchman who continued by her side, that her first impression of that gentleman was any thing but agreeable. To do her justice, Maria Louisa never loved at first sight.

Adam Albert, Count of Neipperg, Lieutenant-General of Hungarian light-horse, was a tall, fine-looking personage. His age, at his arrival, was not much beyond forty. He had a bright, warlike countenance, and, *when seen on the right side*, he was a striking type of manly beauty. In his early campaigns, in a close engagement, a French lancer had poked out his left eye; that honourable wound was carefully covered by a black band drawn round the brow in the shape of a diadem, and there remained *charmi* enough in the one eye he had left to drive Napoleon's image from the empress's heart.

As a private secretary and chamberlain, the count and his imperial mistress were brought into the closest intimacy. In consultations of state

(for the duchess busied herself much about the welfare of her future subjects), as well as in parties of pleasure, riding, dancing, or travelling, they became indivisible.

To the watering season followed a romantic excursion. At Berns the ex-empress fell in with the Princess of Wales, and oh, the singing, flirting, and frolicking of that blessed evening between those two congenial spirits and their gallant cavaliers. Neipperg sat at the piano, the accomplished conductor of a royal concert. A few days after, the Austrian arch-duchess rambled about the ruins of the Castle of Habsburgh, she picked up relics and fragments of armour; instituted a new order of chivalry, and decorated her secretary with the collar of grand-master.

These base intrigues continued at Vienna, where the count accompanied his sovereign lady in September, 1814. A few months afterwards Napoleon was again triumphant in Paris. Maria Louisa was in a fever of anxiety about her hard-won Italian sovereignty, which that untimely invasion might yet have power to wrench from her grasp. Under that apprehension, she solemnly disclaimed all knowledge of, or participation in, that hair-brained enterprise, and implored her father's and the allies' protection against her husband, as against her most dangerous enemy. She rejected all her husband's advances, revealed and frustrated an attempt made by his friends to carry her off with her child, and sat down with the arch-duchess to embroider banners for the Austrian regiments. Finally, she announced her determination never to re-unite herself to her husband—"were even all her father's authority exercised to compel her to return to him!" Napoleon was sent to St. Helena.

Widowed and childless, though not yet bereaved by death, but surrounded with pomp and magnificence, with her one-eyed secretary by her side, Maria Louisa left Vienna, at last, in the spring of 1816, hastening towards her humble metropolis. Greeted and applauded wherever she passed on her journey, she drew after her the best part of the population of Lombardy. Parma was crowded with strangers of all nations and conditions. They were especially the friends and servants of her husband, the Italian warriors of the Russian and German campaigns, disappointed people, unable to make up their minds to present circumstances, and willing still to look up to Maria Louisa as the centre of their discomfited party, and to her son as the *per altera mundi*.

The pomp and triumph displayed on the occasion, the enthusiasm excited by her solemn entrance, were unexampled in the annals of Parma. All that first intoxication, however, began to abate when it was understood that she had left her son behind; and the disenchantment was complete when the new government, thanking every one kindly for their good wishes, desired all aliens to go about their business. The festivals were at an end, order was restored, and Maria Louisa found herself alone with her subjects.

The Duchy of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, is one of the most fertile districts of the vale of Po. It is bounded on the north by that noble river, on the east and west by the Euza and Trabbia, two of its tributaries, and on the south by the woody Apennine chain. It measures about 2200 square miles, and has now something less than half a million inhabitants.

Parma and Piacenza, Roman colonies, rose into active existence as independent republics in the middle ages: they shed their best blood in

endless as well as useless feuds, till, after passing from one tyrant's hands to another's—from Correggio to Visconti, and from those again to Este ; they were added to the dominions of the church by the warlike Julius II., in 1508. They were subsequently erected into an independent duchy by Pope Paul III., who invested with it Pier Luigi Farnese, his illegitimate son, and although that son of a pope did not fare too well at the hands of his subjects, who strangled and flung him from a high window of the citadel of Piacenza into the moat beneath, yet the sovereignty of that state remained in possession of Pier Luigi's descendants, some of whom—such as Alexander Farnese, and the hot-headed Octavio—are famous in history. Like most other Italian reigning families, the Farnese became extinct from sheer impotence, engendered by habitual debauchery, in 1748. The ill-fated duchy became a bone of contention for all the powers of Europe, and had in the end to pay most of the expense of the wars it had given rise to. It was, in the end, adjudged to Don Philip, one of the Infantes of the Spanish house of Bourbon. Don Philip having, providentially, broken his neck at the chase, Don Ferdinand, his son and successor, called the bell-ringer, from his partiality for that pious and healthy exercise, found himself involved in the great catastrophe of the French invasion, and, in 1802, Parma and Placentia were united to the French territories under the appellation of *Departement du Taro*.

Maria Louisa, enthroned in prejudice of the illegitimate heir, the Duke of Lucca, grandson of Ferdinand the bell-ringer, found, at her arrival, a thriving community, enriched by the gold lavished upon it during the Bourbonic dominion, by the comparative peace and security which it enjoyed during the first storms of the French Revolution, and by the commerce and industry awakened by the circumstance of its incorporation with a larger state. Parma, the capital, a pleasant and lively town, with a population fluctuating between 35,000 and 40,000 souls, lies on a smiling plain, twelve miles south of the "King of Rivers," and six miles north of the last skirts of the Apennines. It rises on the banks of a small but noisy stream—a flood of muddy waters in the spring-tide, a wilderness of flint and gravel in the summer months—which gave its name to the town and territory. Its frank and hospitable inhabitants have always rivalled the largest Italian cities in every department of intellectual culture. Under the last Spanish duke—the Principe Campanaro—it cultivated letters and arts with such signal success as won it the flattering appellation of the "Athens of Italy."

It was, then, difficult to misunderstand the course to be taken by the newly-installed government. Days of repose having finally dawned again, the pursuits of peace were once more the order of the day.

It is not impossible that Maria Louisa was by taste and inclination addicted to all kinds of refinement, and naturally disposed to declare herself a patroness of art. She was very fond of painted cockatoos, and could therefore not be said to be insensible to beauty of colour. She brushed up and varnished the Correggios, which had been rumbled and crumpled by the French ruffians of the first invasion ; she gave the models for the wigs and gowns of the professors at the university, and bid a cheerful welcome to all the strolling fiddlers and players who applied for her patronage.

She took the lying-in hospital under her patronage ; built a bridge on the Taro, with twenty arches, three times the length of London Bridge,

and a golden theatre—at least all covered over with a yellow material, shining like gold. She lavished large sums upon it, under the title of royal endowment; she was proud of possessing an unrivalled orchestra, and since music is to the Italians the mess of pottage for which they are ready to give up their birth-right, she afforded to her subjects music,—music to their hearts' content.

She took an active part in all gorgeous processions; she was the soul of the Carnival; and stepped down, *incognita*, into the crush of the pit at the *Veglione*.

Her bridges, however, her theatres, her menageries and aviaries, her superb villas, and magnificent train; her regiment of grenadiers; her profuse liberalities to mimes and charlatans,—before long exhausted her revenue. Commerce and industry once more cramped within narrow boundaries, the taxes pressing indiscriminately on the labouring classes, engendered general distress, and the state ran merrily in debt.

Already, at her arrival, the new duchess had been preceded by a decree, raising a sum of three millions of francs, by which her subjects were to pay for the honour of receiving an Austrian arch-duchess for their liege lady. Ever since, money went over to Austria, under a thousand pretexts, and without pretexts. It was now a tribute of vassalage, now a bargain of allegiance.

Parmesan manufactories were closed, as injurious to Austrian industry. Parmesan steamboats on the Po were stopped, as encroaching on Austrian commerce. Maria Louisa paid for board and lodging, when a guest at her parent's court. She paid her son's expense, whom they held as a prisoner.

Ignorance and filial submissiveness might account for this mismanagement of her subjects' funds. She knew she could do no better. But the amount of her civil list, her foolish prodigalities, and, above all, her endless peregrinations, were not less fatal to the state than the never-sated cupidity of Austria.

No sooner had the larks of early spring made their re-appearance, than she felt a mad necessity to go *a-larking* abroad. Now she had her son to embrace at Munich; now a new gown to try on at Milan; then a wedding to attend, a christening, a funeral; and wherever she went, there followed a long caravan of dames, pages, and grooms, lap-dogs, parrots, and monkeys.

Alexander of Russia drove his barouche and four, *incognito*, all over Europe, under the title of Count of Moscow. The King of Naples, abroad, was equally modest and saving. The little Duchess of Parma alone kept up all the splendour of royalty. She styled herself *Her Majesty*; and, as titles cost nothing, her allies readily acknowledged the appellation. It cost her poor subjects a trifle, nevertheless. She went through the world as an empress and queen. Newspapers expatiated on her splendid attire and unbounded liberalities. "Room for the Duchess of Parma!" vociferated the wondering crowd abroad; no one knew what terrible grinding all this stir and bustle inflicted on her people at home.

Yet, she was pitied and beloved. Her conduct was looked upon as the result of Austrian policy. The people of Parma, good-natured even to stupidity, believed her unacquainted with their distress. They called her "*La povera tradita*," and, on her return, they had still a cheer for

her. In the secret of her heart, they thought her still attached to the memory of her husband. French papers circulated in the *cafés* at Parma; and, unheard-of toleration! a few daring Jacobins still sported the miniature of Napoleon on the lid of their snuff-boxes!

It was not rare, however, that some kind friend took pains to inform the wayward duchess of the true state of things. Because there was no free press in Italy, we must not suppose that truth might not, from time to time, make its way to the throne.

One year the duchess was about setting out on one of her genial excursions to Naples. She had hired a frigate of the King of Sardinia, and decked it out with all the luxuries of Cleopatra's barge. The harvest had been scanty, the winter severe. Her people murmured and groaned. On the eve of her departure, at supper, under her napkin, a sealed note was discovered; it contained, in fourteen lines, the outcry of her plundered people. It ran as follows:—

“Go, then, Louisa, and God be with thee!
Sail on for Naples, and its sunny sky;
Let not thy sons with their importune cry
To thy *maternal* wish a hindrance be.
Go: from thy cares, from all thy duties free,
Go far beyond where Venus' temples lie;
Pirates or storms fear not; the watchful eye
Of Providence guides kings across the sea.
Go: let thy pleasures by no tears be stayed,
'Tis the king's pride to raise on tears his throne,
The pride of slaves to die without a groan.
Sail on: throughout the world thy worth be spread;
And earth be granted to thy sons oppressed,
To lay their sorrows with their bones at rest.”*

Maria Louisa read, and turned pale; she bit her Austrian lip, and shed tears of rage. The police were set on the track of the insolent poet; nevertheless, three days afterwards the “*Povera Tradita*” was away on the billows.

Nor were these the most grievous causes of discontent. Austria had left nothing undone to undermine her popularity. It was still remembered, with a shudder, how daringly the regiment which had been enlisted and equipped in her name, surrounded as it was by Austrian forces, had, in 1815, on the first report of Napoleon's landing from Elba, set up the cry “*Vive l'Empereur!*”—a movement which led to its immediate dissolution. The Bonaparte family, the Luciens and Louisas, were bribed

* “Va pur, Luisa, a t'accompagni Iddio!
Di Partenope bella all noto lido;
Te al piacer sacra invan de figli il grido
Distorria dal *materno*† alto desio.
Va; di te di tue cure in lieto obbligo,
Liete veleggia infino in grembo a Guido;
Nè temer l'onda o il barbaresco infido
Chè ai Re propizio è il fato, altrui si vio.
Va; nè t'acresti no miseria o pianto,
Stadditi straziar del sive è l'opra
Spirar tacendo è degli schiari il vanto.
Va pur; qual sei, qual vali il monde scora;
Terra i sudditi suoi cercchino intento
Che lor ossa spolpate un di ricopra.”

† It was thought that the duchess went to Naples for her confinement.

into silence and inactivity. Murat was dead, and buried; all hopes and wishes of the still redoubted party were, therefore, centered on Maria Louisa, and that sickly Duke of Reichstadt, who was dying by inches in his imperial prison. Placed in the centre of the late Italian kingdom, Maria Louisa, a *virtuous woman*, was still formidable; she soon ceased to be a virtuous woman!

The journey to Aix was one of Metternich's *coups d'état*. She was now urged on in her profligate career, till she became a by-word to her partisans. Her father had sacrificed her heart as a bride; he was now willing to immolate her fame as a wife.

The unnatural parent had his intent. In Milan, at Venice, she was greeted with loud shouts, "Long live the Countess of Neipperg!" would it had been so! but Napoleon was forgotten years before he had written his fond uxorious testament. The 5th of May, 1824, came at last, but too late; then only was she married! "*Connubium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam!*" The epoch of Maria Louisa's connexion with General Neipperg was happy enough for her subjects. The general was humane and righteous; stubborn and obstinate like any German, indeed, but abhorrent of violent measures; conscientious at any rate, if ever you succeeded in hammering reason into his dull head. He was no friend to the priests; and countenanced the university in its differences with the neighbouring Jesuits of Modena. He affected popular manners; could be very droll, when he chose, addressing the people in the *patois* of the country.

He died on the 22nd of December, 1828. His Hungarian regiment attended his funeral, his war-steed bled on his grave. Maria Louisa sought consolation in change of air.

From this union with Neipperg the duchess had three children. She built a palace for their habitation, on the hills near Tula; she put herself into communication with Fellemburg, for their education. The eldest, a daughter, was married to LUIGI CANVITATE, one of the broken-down native noblemen; the second, the Count of Montenovo (the Italian for Neipperg), is now an officer in an Austrian regiment; the third, a girl, died in childhood.

If we were to believe all the scandals current at Parma, Neipperg had no easy time with his imperial mistress. Her confessor, Neurhel, a strapping German youth, stout and rosy, was made Bishop of Evestalla, then of Parma, to remove him from his too fond penitent. Captain Crotti, the handsomest Italian ever born, was not allowed to do duty at the palace; and an Irishman, MacAulay, or *Magavoli*, was also suspected of being too intimate a secretary to this most susceptible lady. Another of her secretaries, Richter, was looked upon as Neipperg's successor in the duchess's good graces; and more lately she was, it appears, privately married to Count Bombelles, a French emigrant, whom she raised to the dignity of her prime-minister.

It was most to be deplored that this singular woman, too similar in this to the profligate Joanna II. of Naples, should deem it necessary to alter her policy, and upset church and state on every assumption of a new favourite. Had it been otherwise, people would have less troubled themselves about her private concerns. Parma was long accustomed to dissolute sovereigns. But Maria Louisa gave up her states where she bestowed her heart. Her *confidants* were also rulers and governors.

Her offence against public morals invariably led to the conculcation of public rights. No wonder if her good people were scandalised.

"Daughter of the North," they exclaimed, "are these the lessons of continence you give to the glowing bosoms of the children of Italy? Is it to set such an example that Heaven bestowed upon you a crown, a long line of illustrious ancestors, the glory of a beautiful name? Is it for such an occupant that we bow before the throne, bring the fruits of our toil at its feet, and offer up our prayers for its preservation?"

In such a state of things, the tidings of the French Revolution of July, 1830, reached Parma. Men's minds had never been at rest in Italy since 1814. Conspiracies had been found out at Parma in 1820, and the state prisons had been crowded with distinguished inmates. But those were the days of General Neipperg, who refused his countenance to any effusion of blood. A few luckless Carbonari were sent to a little mock Spielberg, the fortress of Compiano, on the Apennines, but before the end of two years the day of clemency dawned, and they were all allowed to eat their Christmas turkey in the bosom of their families.

The government of Parma gained credit for comparative mildness and liberality. People were allowed to read and talk. They read and talked themselves into a downright frenzy when the French proclaimed that they would secure all independent states from foreign interference. This principle of non-intervention was a signal for a general outbreak. The smaller Italian governments could live by Austria alone; and Austria, it was understood, would now be compelled to look on unconcerned.

From Bologna to Modena, from Faenza to Rimini, all over central Italy, up flew the tri-colour standard. Prelates and *shirri*, Jesuits and thief-takers, gave way before the storm. Without one drop of bloodshed two millions of Italians were their own masters. The insurrection soon reached the boundaries of Maria Louisa's dominions.

The animosity between this illustrious lady and her humble subjects was now at its highest pitch. The exchequer was utterly exhausted. The successor of General Neipperg, for the time being, one Baron Verclain, had recourse to the desperate expedient of a paper currency. A tremendous riot was the consequence. The government had to give up their measure, and Maria Louisa curled her auburn ringlets with her florin notes. Tumults and mutinies broke out among the students at the university; young men of the best families were thrown into prison; Parma was daily the scene of tumult and violence, when lo! one fine morning, the tri-colour flag waves on the bridge of the Euza, five miles out of town, on the borders!

It was then Carnival: a lovely spring weather. Early in February people gathered violets in the fields. There was walking, and riding, and driving of myriads of people, anxious to hail the "rainbow of liberty." The young women cut up green, red, and white ribbons; the young men loaded their fowling-pieces; Maria Louisa armed her twelve hundred grenadiers; she levelled her six-pounders; harangued her troops on the square of her palace; the drawbridges of the citadel were raised up; the city gates beleagured and closed. Parma, astonishing to relate, was declared in a state of siege! Day and night squadrons of heavy dragoons with drawn swords and lighted torches, cleared the streets with ominous tramp. There was a dead silence.

Horses, however, it was soon found out cannot run, nor soldiers watch

and stand for ever. After three days of patrolling, men and beasts were exhausted and sleepy. Maria Louisa asked for a reinforcement from the Austrian garrison at Piacenza. The Austrian commander, "with best respects," replied, "he had no orders."

The people peeped out of windows. A muzzle of a fowling-piece was also seen insidiously looking out here and there. The dragoons paused in their course. The fowling-pieces took courage and came out into the streets. They joined in little clusters, they swelled into little mobs; they swept away in one vast mass. Square after square, row after row, the ducal troops lost ground till the scene of skirmishing was transferred to the doors of the palace. There the two factions stood confronting each other: every man in his rank, under his leader, measuring with wistful eyes the chances of the day.

It was like a rehearsal of a Greek tragedy. In that dreadful suspense, the duchess, terrified, all bathed in tears, appeared on her balcony, resting on the arm of Baron Cornacchia, a popular minister. She waved her arms on high, appealing to the generous feelings of the storming multitude. The sight of her produced an indefinable sensation. The people rushed forward as if to hear her words. It pressed forward as one body against the palace walls. It wound itself round the ducal troops, like a huge serpent, and serried them in its coils. In the twinkling of an eye, muskets changed masters, cannons were spiked, under Maria Louisa's eyes. Not a gun was fired, not a bayonet levelled. What was it? Why merely this! Maria Louisa was at the mercy of her subjects!

National guards organised: the fortress, the gaol, the gates of the city taken by storm. Baron Vercein and a few others sought their safety in flight; and before sunset order and silence were restored. It was on a Sunday, February 13, 1831.

On the following morning the heads of the people proceeded to business. They appointed a generalissimo, colonels, and other officers of the national guard, a new ministry, &c. All these acts Maria Louisa was fain to sanction with her name.

During three days the poor duchess slept little and ate nothing. Her palace had become the house of call for all the idlers in town—shabby fellows with huge whiskers and dangling rapiers, stalked up scornfully to her, and half sneering, half threatening, gave her the benefit of their advice.

She might have died with fright, had her captivity been prolonged. But some of the hearts of the softer youths about her were not proof against her feminine sorrow. A squadron of national guards was drawn up: one of the ducal carriages was ordered round. Under the escort of her humane champions, ere the people were well aware of what was going on, she was driven to the Po at Lucca, and there ferried over to her father's dominions. Hence she was directed to betake herself to her good town of Piacenza, under protection of the Austrian garrison.

It was thus that the people of Parma, for a short respite, rid themselves of her presence. After that, there was crowing and blustering for four weeks with "no king over Israel." The national guards and the patriots had it all their own way. It was a blessed time, God knows, and the Parmesans can hardly recall it without tears. Order was never broken, no law violated. No one can believe what good boys Italians can be when left to themselves.

It was but a short dream as it turned out. Louis Philippe shook hands with Metternich. The non-intervention bubble burst—the Austrians marched forward. There were two hours' fight at Fiorenzola. The revolutionary government had sent about 120 fowling-pieces, mostly young students, to secure the territory, maintain order, and stir up the spirits of the ignorant peasantry. A body of 1200 Hungarians with horse and cannon sallied out of Piacenza, caught the youngsters asleep, scattered in every dwelling and inn of the town. The young volunteers rubbed their eyes, and threw open their windows; from every house, from every tavern, the fowling-pieces were heard rattling merrily: a body of twelve horsemen—they were ex-body guards of the duchess—cut their way through the enemy's ranks with their own good swords. Two of the Italians fell: the Hungarians lost about a score of their number. The lack of ammunition brought about a close of hostilities. The Italians surrendered at discretion with ropes round their necks, for a climax of ignominy, carrying their unloaded fowling-pieces on their backs; they were marched to Piacenza, and thrown into the dungeons of that very citadel in which the fugitive duchess had taken up her quarters.

The report of the ill-treatment of their prisoners, prompted the Parmesans to dire deeds of reprisals. Eight young men set out in disguise with post-chaises, travelled across a portion of the Modenese territory, and by a daring *camisado* laid hands on the person of the Bishop of Guastalla—that same dainty chaplain and spiritual director the gay duchess was once so fond of, now a portly prelate, but still fair and ruddy—from the heart of his diocese, from the comforts of his sofa, in the prime of his afternoon *siesta*, they hurried him to their coach, drove him away to Parma, where he was to remain as a hostage; but where all his hardships consisted in heavy dinners, with which they kept stuffing him into fits of apoplexy. And yet when his release came at length, so terribly was the good German scared out of his wits, that nothing could induce him to stay: he took flight beyond the Alps, like a flurried owl, never stopping till he found himself among his German friends at home, whence it took his royal mistress no little trouble to induce him to return.

The rejoicings at Parma continued yet a few days. National airs rang merrily, newspapers sold admirably, and a wag brought out a precious pamphlet, entitled "The Life and Miracles of Maria Louisa."

On the 13th of March, at the break of day, a thick close column of 800 Pandours thronged before the eastern gate; at noon 16,000 Croats, Hungarians, and Bohemians, with a train of heavy artillery, came up from the west. The weather, which had been cloudless during four blessed weeks, broke up in cold wintry showers. The Austrians were in their element.

Eight hundred of the most daring spirits in town had been sent on some fool's errand in the mountains. The few remaining were dragged away by main force from the town-gates, where they wished to exchange one more shot. The partisans of the non-resistance society had it all their own way.

Three months after this easy restoration of her power, the runaway duchess graced her capital with her presence. Shops and windows were shut up. At the theatre the officers of the Austrian garrison raised the loyal cry, "Es lebe Maria Louisa!" It was the signal for the saucy citizens to leave the theatre.

Maria Louisa confined herself to her palace. She surrounded herself with Austrian courtiers. Her tribunals proceeded against the rebels. But her *sbirri* did their work clumsily, because reluctantly. Her judges could bring no well-stated charge against her prisoners. None was arrested except an old count, too old, and a few youngsters too proud, to fly. *Gendarmes*, witnesses, judges, all were Italians, all had been as guilty in their hearts as the rebels they had to deal with. The members of the revolutionary government were discharged; and seeing how all the rest of the prisoners would equally escape her, Maria Louisa was advised to play a magnanimous part, by publishing a *universal amnesty*, from which, however, without rhyme or reason, twenty-one individuals, who had been convicted of no crime, who had not even been indicted, were excepted. Some of them were the fellows, whose huge whiskers and trailing sabres haunted the duchess in her dreams, and against whom she could never overcome her antipathy. Such, even in the mildest states, was justice in Italy, such clemency!

Meanwhile, schooled by adversity, Maria Louisa sought better advisers than amongst her Austrian minions. There lived then at Parma a cobbler's son, by name Vincenzo Mistrali, who had exchanged his father's awl into a portable book shop, and who picked out knowledge from the greasy volumes he hawked about the streets. He had developed considerable talents as a poet and a statesman under the French empire, and had for several years filled the office of governor of the city of Parma, during the first years of Maria Louisa's dominion.

This able and conscientious man was now trusted with the shattered finances of the state, and by a wise and firm rule he got his sovereign out of debt. The duchess herself was the first victim of the minister's economical schemes. He reduced her household; bullied her singers and fiddlers from court; carried havoc and devastation amongst her parrots and monkeys; finally, he laid hold of a golden cradle of the King of Rome, a gilt and jewelled toilet-table, a chair, and other trumpery articles that constituted the pride of Maria Louisa's establishment, the greatest *lions* exhibited for the wonder of foreign visitors; he sold the diamonds, he melted the gold; he filled the exchequer. The budget soon presented favourable results. Maria Louisa would have grumbled. But Metternich recommended prudence, and the salutary reforms were completed.

Private and public chagrins now preyed upon the duchess's mind. One of her Austrian agents, Sartorio, the thief director of the police, was stabbed in broad daylight in the midst of a crowd. Her Austrian auxiliaries had daily squabbles with her people. Earthquake, famine, and pestilence successively ravaged her states. She was summoned to Vienna to receive the last breath of her eldest born, a few years afterwards she stood by the death-bed of the emperor her father. Her health, undermined by disorders, now gave way before repeated strokes of calamity. Her court had lost its lustre, her capital its wonted gaiety.

In this state of distress she bethought herself of the priests. Like many a wanton she was destined to die a bigot. Chance brought to Parma that Count Bombelles, an *emigré* of the narrow-minded school of Charles X; a snuffy, bewigged old dotard, but who enjoyed golden opinions with the *beguines and begueules* of the elder branch of the Bourbons. He was the man after her own heart, at any rate. He effected her

conversion, confessed, absolved, and, at last, privately married her, in 1834. Priests and monks were soon in the ascendancy. The last years of her life were spent in the achievement of that great work, to which her councillor incessantly urged her, the restoration of the Jesuits. The people of Parma opposed the measure with frantic, unabating rage. It was not only the students at the university, the boys at the elementary schools, who rose in frequent riots, hung up Loyola in effigy; deserted the school-room *en masse*; it was not only men of letters, such as the celebrated Pietro Giordani, who published pamphlets, stuck up pasquinades at the corners of the streets. Her very Italian ministers, with the prudent Mistrali at their head, protested against the re-introduction of the detested order.

All in vain! Mistrali was luckily removed by death; his colleagues wanted his energy and consistency. Maria Louisa was wilful for once in her life. Bombelles reigned without control. A posse of Austrian troops once more made its appearance. Numerous arrests thinned the ranks of the most violent opponents, and daunted the remainder. So, at last, the ravens of Loyola came; how many years' indulgence Maria Louisa bargained for with them I know not, but her subjects never forgave her.

The accession of Pius IX., the universal ferment throughout Italy renewed the qualms of her terror of 1831. Parma was once more too hot for her, and two-thirds of the year were regularly spent at Schönbrunn.

Reports of her approaching abdication were rife. She was weary of a power she had, in fact, never wielded; of a grandeur that had too long since faded. Her Italian sovereignty, so tempting in anticipation, had burned ashes in its fruition. It was a mercy that death released her. Alas for the hero's relict! Now can men see the wisdom of the wholesome old Hindoo practice, that burnt widows on the ashes of the departed. Hero's consorts, in that blessed country, never lost caste. Lofty empresses dwindled not into fie-fie duchesses, nor closed a sublime tragedy into a scandalous farce. Had Maria Louisa been immolated on her husband's funeral pile; had she been dealt with at Paris as she would at Seringapatam, why, then the Duke of Lucca would have reigned at Parma two and thirty years sooner.

The Duke of Lucca! that it should be written that even Maria Louisa, with all her foibles, could ever be regretted! The Duke of Lucca! Three months are barely elapsed since he magnanimously "made-away with the spoons." After loud blustering and menacing, marching and counter-marching of troops in his puny kingdom of terror, he found out that system did not answer. The Lucchese were too strong for him. He turned his back upon them. By a miserable shuffle, however, he pretended to be disposed to yield. He declared he would "only rule by love." He gained four and twenty hours' breathing time, and secured his plate! With his pictures and marbles he had made ducks and drakes ages ago; when he came over to England, affected liberal notions, aped Protestantism, sought for the friendship of Italian exiles at the British Museum; set about a vernacular version of the Bible. He studied political economy and ran himself into debt at Mivart's; he left England with an enviable reputation.

And now the duchess is dead; long live the duke! The duke—why, where is the duke! Snug at Milan, under Austrian shelter. The duke

taries behind, but forward the Hungarians march. The duchy of Parma is no match for the might of the Austrian empire. The *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood* have said it, the Italians are a pack of cowards, and Parma offers no resistance.

Come on, your royal highness ! Austria has conquered; your subjects are at your feet. The duke is not reassured yet. He plays hide and seek with his beloved people. He sends forth turgid, haughty proclamations, but keeps at a respectful distance. He will tread on the footsteps of his predecessor. He shifts his quarters from Milan to Modena; anywhere but to Parma; or if ever to Parma, in the dark only, by stealth, like a skulking malefactor. There are desperate fellows yet in Italy, thinks he. Did not five youths at Lucca stand up like so many targets to be shot at by the soldiery? and are there no fowling-pieces at Parma? The conquering hero, with 12,000 Germans to back him, with legions of spies, thief-takers, scribes, and pharisees to smoke out plots and treasons, dares not come forward yet. His reasoning is akin to that of Don Abbondio in Manzoni's story; "If ever I get a good leaden bullet in my back, will all the might of Austria ever remove it?"

The gallant Duke of Lucca! He comes down upon his subjects like an enemy; and he will force them to pay the expenses of that wanton, unprovoked invasion. He will bring his English minister of the finances along with him; with a whole cabinet of Germans, French—Hottentots, if need be—to fatten on his people like leeches, to drain them to the last drops of blood.

Such are now thy rulers, O, Italy! and, as a climax of ignominy, they are designated as *Italian* princes. Italian princes! God forgive you! This little Carlo Ludovico, this scion of the Bourbons of Spain, issued from the Bourbons of France, what has he in common with Italy? He is the grandson of Ferdinand the bell-ringer, and of Maria Amelia of Austria. He was born, Heaven knows where, in times when Napoleon sent his royal rabble strolling and begging all over the world. He is wedded to Austria; has married his son and heir to France. There is not a drop of Italian blood in all their veins. I tell you, call them court-bred if you like, call them heaven-born, only not Italian. Italy has had tyrants of her own breeding, and they were ruthless, faithless men; but not such cravens, such despicable things as he of Parma. As warriors, as statesmen, as lovers of the arts, they had yet some redeeming points about them. Octavio Farnese mounted the throne in sheer despite of Charles V., and grappled single-handed with all the might of the Austrian. His Bourbon successor stands in awe of his subjects ere they raise even a single cry against him, and all the power of Austria is insufficient to restore him to his senses. An Italian, indeed! The meanest drummer in a regiment of Pandours is more entitled to that once-honoured appellation. So long as Austria forces you upon us; so long as civilised Europe suffers a defenceless people to be trodden like dust, Charles Louis of Bourbon, come on, grind us, plunder us, torture us. Be our slave-driver, our gaoler, our headsman. Only be none of us!

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY
ACQUAINTANCE.

No. XII.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

The Writer is introduced to Sir Walter Scott, and breakfasts with him—His cordial Plesantry—Departure from Edinburgh and Visit to Abbotsford—Vindication of its Architecture—The Owner's exclusive Love of the Mediæval Times and Style—The Armoury and the Library—Admirable Letter from Sir Walter—His Illness—Extracts from "An Invocation"—Ungenerous Reflections, occasioned by his Reverses, exposed and rebuked—The Defence of his Memory a Public Duty.

If the exact date of the most trivial circumstance will sometimes fix itself in the memory, well may I recollect that so memorable an occurrence as my first interview with the illustrious Sir Walter Scott took place on the 7th of July, 1827.

Having left Speir's Hotel, in Edinburgh, at an early hour, I proceeded to the Court-house, in which a few persons were already assembled, awaiting the arrival of the judges. At one extremity of a railed enclosure, below the elevated platform appropriated to their lordships, sat Sir Walter, in readiness for his official duties as clerk of the court, but snatching the leisure moments, as was his wont, and busily engaged in writing, apparently undisturbed by the buzzing in the court, and the trampling feet of constant new comers. The thoughts which another man would have wasted, by gazing vacantly around him, or by "bald, disjointed chat," he was probably at that moment embalming, by committing to paper some portion of his immortal works. Let me frankly confess that his first appearance disappointed me. His heavy figure, his stooping attitude, the lowering gray brow, and unanimated features, gave him, as I thought, a nearer resemblance to a plodding farmer, than to the weird magician and poet whose every look should convey the impression that he was "of imagination all compact." Quickly, however, were his lineaments revived and altered when, upon glancing at a letter of introduction, which my companion had placed before him, he hastened up to the rail to welcome me. His gray eyes twinkled beneath his uplifted brows, his mouth became wreathed with smiles, and his countenance assumed a benignant radiance as he held out his hand to me, exclaiming,—“Ha! my brother scribbler! I am right glad to see you.” Not easily, “while memory holds her seat,” will that condescending phrase and most cordial reception be blotted from my mind. On learning that I should be compelled to quit Edinburgh in two days, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Barron Field, having business at the Lancaster assizes, he kindly invited us to dine with him, either on that day or the next, for both of which, however, we were unfortunately pre-engaged. Though the parties who had thus bespoken us were barrister friends, from whose society I anticipated no small pleasure, most willingly would I have forfeited it, had I foreseen the greater delight and honour in which I might have participated. “Positively, I must see something of you before you leave ‘Auld Reekie,’” kindly resumed Sir Walter. “Suppose you come and breakfast with me to-morrow, suffering me to escape when I must make my appearance in court.” To this proposition we gave an eager assent, and I need scarcely add that on the following morning we presented ourselves at his door, within a minute of the time specified.

Our host was dressed, and ready to receive us; his daughter, Miss Scott, presently made her appearance, shortly followed by her brother, Mr. Charles Scott. During our short meal I can recall one remark of Sir Walter which, trivial as it was, may be deemed characteristic of his jealousy in the minutest things that touched the good reputation of Scotland. I happened to observe that I had never before tasted bannocks, when he entreated me, and earnestly repeated the request, not to judge of them by the specimen before me, as they were badly made, and not well baked. Our conversation chiefly turned upon Edinburgh, of which city, so grand and picturesque from its locality, so striking from the contrast of its old and new towns, I expressed an unbounded admiration. Our host, however, assured me that the Highland scenery would have been found much more romantic and imposing, and expressed his wonder, considering the quickness, facility, and economy with which it might now be explored, that I should lose so favourable an opportunity of proceeding further north, even if I did not pay my respects to the Hebrides.

A few months before my visit to Scotland, I had dedicated a little work to Sir Walter, forwarding to him a copy, in which I had thus endeavoured to express my great and sincere reverence for his character. "It is not your reputation as a writer, however unrivalled it may be, that constitutes your best fame. No, sir, you have achieved a still fairer renown. You have exalted the tone and feeling, as well as the quality of our literature, by discarding from it all that jealousy, bitterness, and malice which had stigmatised authors with the hereditary appellation of the irritable race. The future Hercules announced himself by strangling these serpents in the very outset of his career. By your gentleness and urbanity towards your predecessors, when exercising the functions of an editor or a commentator; by the generous encouragement which you have seized every occasion of extending to your contemporaries; by the liberality and courtesy which have invariably marked your conduct, whenever there was an opportunity for their display, you have afforded an illustrious example that the highest and noblest qualities of the head and heart will generally be found in conjunction; and have enabled England to boast that her literary Bayard neither fears a rival nor a reproach."

That any notice would be taken of a merited tribute, which all England was equally ready to proffer, never entered into my contemplation; but this very natural conjecture proved to be erroneous. From the breakfast party I have been describing, my friend and myself were reluctantly tearing ourselves away, that our host might not be too late for the court, and already had we reached the hall, when Sir Walter, detaining me by the button, drew me a little on one side, as he said, with a mystifying smile and tone,

"Did it ever happen to you, when you were a good little boy at school, that your mother sent you a parcel, in the centre of which she had deposited your favourite sweetmeat, whereof you had no sooner caught a glimpse, than you put it aside, that you might wait for a half holiday, and carry it with you to some snug corner where you could enjoy it without fear of interruption?"

"Such a thing may have occurred," said I, much marvelling whither this strange inquiry was to lead.

"Well," resumed my colloquist, "I have received lately a literary dainty, bearing the name of—(here he mentioned the title of the work I had sent him). Now, I cannot peruse it comfortably in Edinburgh, with

the daily claims of the Court of Session, and a variety of other interruptions; but when I get back to Abbotsford, won't I sit down in my own snug study, and devour it at my leisure."

Sir Walter's time, I well knew, was infinitely too precious to be wasted in the perusal of any production from my pen; but the kindness of his speech, and the playful *bonhomie* of his manner, were not the less manifest, and not the less gratefully felt. He had politely invited me to visit him at Abbotsford, when he should return to it, and though I could not avail myself of his courtesy, I determined to make acquaintance with the mansion which, solidly as he had constructed it, was destined to be the least enduring of his works. After another hasty ramble, therefore, over the most picturesque city in Europe—a city of which its enlightened and hospitable inhabitants may well be proud—I bade it a reluctant adieu, and started for Abbotsford, fraught with abundant recollections and pleasant anticipations, most of which bore reference to Sir Walter Scott.

Not over pleasant, however, did I find the approach to his mansion, for the river had been swollen by heavy rains, the waters threatened to enter our post-chaise, and the rocky ground sorely tried its springs. Probably the old abbots never ventured across the ford, to which they have bequeathed their name, in a close carriage. The surrounding localities presented but small attraction, for though the far extending *Down* scenery was enlivened by the river, and its prevailing bareness was relieved by wide plantations over the demesne, the latter were too young at that period to assume any more dignified appearance than that of underwood. By this time, they have, probably, grown out of their sylvan pupillage.

Spite of the ridicule which, from the erection of Strawberry Hill, to the present day, has been lavished upon such modern antiques; spite of the very questionable taste which induced Sir Walter to embody in his new house old materials, occasionally exhibiting remote dates and heraldic emblazonments, until the incongruous structure might well be termed an architectural anachronism; I myself could find no fault with either the conception or the execution of this most interesting pile. To me it offered a mural presentment of the mind, as well as a fitting receptacle for the body of a man, all whose predilections and associations were with the middle ages; and who had so little sympathy with the classical, that he could derive no gratification from Roman antiquities, even when he stood, at a later period, within the very precincts of the Colosseum. For pagan remains, and the five orders of Vitruvius, he cared not a rush. It was his object to build up an imitation of the mediæval style, not so close or slavish, however, as to unfit it for the requirements of modern civilisation. The armoury, therefore, which, as the paramount object, would have occupied the largest chamber in a baronial castle, was restricted to a moderately-sized hall; while the principal apartment was appropriated to such a splendid library as became the most eminent author of a literary age.

A building composed of such materials, constituted a museum of relics so rich in historical associations, and many of them bearing such immediate reference to some of his novels, that almost every stone might literally be said to "prate of his whereabouts." While deriving an interest from its present ownership, Abbotsford conjured up a new one out of the past, leaving the spectator in doubt which had imparted to him the most pleasurable sensation. What man of suggestive mind, for in-

stance, could pass the gateway of the Edinburgh Tolbooth, reconstructed where it now stands—that gateway through which so many had dragged themselves with heavy hearts, in anticipation of their merited doom, or from which they had bounded away in the rapture of recovered liberty, without extemporising imaginary novels almost as numerous as the notes that animate the sunbeam? To me the whole scene appeared a fairy land of *terra firma*—a dream of realities; and when I reflected that all had been accomplished by an author's copyright money, I yielded to a preposterous vanity, suggested by Sir Walter's compliment of "brother scribbler," and whispered to myself, in imitation of the painter "*ed io anche sono autore.*" The wizard poet, the Amphion of his day, had built up these walls with his lyre, and methought the sculptured heads that surmounted them, not less musical than that of Memnon when vocalised by Apollo's rays, still gave out melodious sounds that recalled his early poems, novels, and romances.

Small as was the armoury in the hall, it excelled many a larger collection in curiosities, most of the weapons having an historical or personal interest attached to them. Some of these were donations from individuals, but when Sir Walter became a purchaser of such rarities, he must have laboured under the disadvantage of raising the market price against himself. The gun of an obscure marauder could be of little value to any one; but when it was known to have belonged to Rob Roy, the hero of a popular novel, and was to be sold to the author of the work, it acquired an adscititious enhancement, which must have rendered its purchase much more expensive. In the library I noticed a splendidly bound set of our national chronicles, presented by George IV., one of the very few instances ever evinced by that monarch of a taste for books, or of any attention to an author. In one of his poems, Sir Walter cautions the reader that—

He who would see Melrose aright,
Must view it by the pale moonlight;

but as I had been told that he himself had never taken his own advice, I proceeded to inspect the abbey in the daytime, and in my next morning's drive over a dreary moor of forty miles to Otterburn, had abundant time to reflect upon all that I had seen and heard in the modern Athens, and in the residence of our age's most illustrious writer.

In the following year, I had occasion to solicit a favour from Sir Walter Scott, which was granted with his usual promptitude and courtesy. A paragraph had found its way into print, penned by an amicable but indiscreet hand, stating the writer's belief that I shared the opinions of a mutual friend, who, in the temerity of youth—it might almost be said of boyhood—had avowed sentiments of a most unorthodox tendency. The paragraph was perfectly gratuitous and unauthorised. Keeping scrupulously aloof from polemical discussion, I had never looked with any other feeling than that of compassion upon the wretched gladiators who, in the name of a religion that inculcates peace and love, carry on such an incessant war of hatred in the spiritual arena. From political disquisitions I had been equally averse, but enough, it seems, had escaped to subject me to a reviewer's accusation of being "sadly tainted with liberalism;" a charge not altogether harmless in the high Tory days of which I am writing.

During the discussions occasioned by John Scott's attack upon *Black-*
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wood's Magazine, and the fatal duel that ensued, I had expressed my unqualified condemnation of the ungenerous and personal warfare waged by that periodical against all its political opponents; and when I recollected how freely I had spoken upon this subject, it seemed not unlikely that its conductors might avail themselves of the paragraph in question, to assail me on the ground of my imputed heterodoxy. Nothing is more probable than that Blackwood's people never troubled their heads about the approbation or dislike of so obscure an individual; and I myself, reverting to the circumstance at this distance of time, am not without fears that the smiling reader may compare me to poor old Dennis, the critic, who was afraid that Louis XIV., at the treaty of Utrecht, would insist upon his being given up, because he had disparaged the French nation in some of his plays.

Under the apprehensions stated, groundless as they may have been, I wrote to Sir Walter Scott avowing my perfect readiness to submit to any criticism, however severe, in my literary capacity; but requesting his interference to prevent any onslaught upon theological grounds from the parties in question, over whom I believed his influence to be paramount, and who had no right whatever to hold me responsible for the unauthorised averments of another. This preamble is not ended in any spirit of egotism, but to render intelligible the following extracts from Sir Walter's reply:

"SIR,—I am honoured and obliged by your letter, as showing a confidence in the feelings with which a man who has professed literature honourably ought to receive such a communication. I have not seen the passages of which you complain, but I sufficiently understand their tendency to know that they must have produced painful effects upon your mind. The old Spanish proverb says, 'keep me from my friends, and I will keep myself from my enemies.' Mr. — I only know from his writings, but these show so much more cleverness than judgment, that I can easily conceive he may have placed a friend in the new predicament of having a right to complain of his proceedings without having a right to tax the motives.

"I will write to Lockhart by to-day's post, and have no doubt he will do in the matter what justice may require. As to his battle with the *Athenæum*, I have not seen the attack, but should conceive him very foolish if he takes any notice of it. *Blackwood's Magazine* has no professed editor; but I will speak to one of the most influential contributors, with whom, I believe, I may have some interest.

"As for poor —, I always thought there was a strain of insanity, both in the character of his genius and of his religious opinions, and that he was more of a fanatic in his insane philosophy, than of a deliberate propagator of irreligious doctrines.

"I think —'s work, from the samples I have seen, injudicious, and open to much censure * * *. This is a matter, however, in which I take little interest, for I have lived in the literary world long enough to avoid every thing approaching to literary squabbles, and would as soon fight with my fists as with my pen.

"Mr. — cannot, I suppose, refuse you the explanation which you have a right to require, which must place you *rectus in curia* with all but those who are afflicted with the incurable blindness of those who will not see. But these gentlemen's unfortunate ophthalmia is never of an infectious nature, for common sense and honest truth always finds its own level.

"I am happy you placed it in my power to do any thing which can be in the least degree of probable use to you. I will engage that Lockhart acts as a man of honour ought to do. As to Blackwood's correspondents, there is too much horse play in their raillery to conciliate my entire approbation, but such as I know, are men incapable of more than jocular mischief, and, I am sure, would never misrepresent you voluntarily in so painful a particular.

"I am writing in our Court, with all the tumult of the bar on one side, and the respectable prosing of the bench on the other, and beg, therefore, that you will excuse all verbal errors, and believe me,

"Your faithful, humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, February 1"

It is probable, as already intimated, that the hostility I had anticipated was never meditated; it is certain that no attempt was ever made to carry it into execution; in either case, this admirable letter proves how completely its writer could sequester his mind, amid all the distractions of the forensic Babel; while it adds one more to the innumerable instances of his ready and cordial benevolence whenever he could confer a favour upon a "brother scribbler."

With an unspeakable interest had I contemplated the architectural reflex of Sir Walter's mind in the mansion of Abbotsford; I had visited his study, and sat in the very chair wherein he composed some of his immortal works: I had conversed with him in his intellectual might, had seen him in his social happiness, had become acquainted with him while he could yet enjoy the living apotheosis of a world's homage. Alas! and must I repeat the heart-rending words applied to the demented Southey—"A few years more and all was in the dust!"—Yes; another and a still more distinguished writer, was doomed to the most terrible, the most awful visitation with which our nature can be afflicted. He became an intellectual wreck, sinking from a godlike man into mere anthropomorphism. Yet, how majestically did he become exalted, even by the circumstances that shattered his fortune and his mind, making his very ruin enhance his glory! With a chivalrous, an almost romantic sense of honour, he sold himself into slavery that his creditors might be free from loss. With a magnanimity that may well be termed sublime, he sacrificed health, happiness, sanity, and eventually life itself, to fulfil engagements for which he had been rendered legally responsible by the misconduct and insolvency of others.

While hopes were yet entertained that his mental alienation might only be temporary, the writer of these notices published "An Invocation," of which, pleading his licence as a Graybeard and a Gossip, he will repeat the introductory stanzas.

SPIRITS ! Intelligences ! Passions ! Dreams !
Ghosts ! Genii ! Sprites !
Muses, that haunt the Heliconian streams !
Inspiring lights,
Whose intellectual fires, in SCOTT combined,
Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind.
Ye who have o'er-inform'd and over-wrought
His teeming soul,
Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought
From pole to pole,
Enlightening others till itself grew dark—
A midnight heaven without one starry spark ;—

Spirits of earth and air—of light and gloom,
 Awake ! arise !
 Restore the victim ye have made—relume
 His darkling eyes.
 Wizards !—Be all your magic skill unfurl'd,
 To charm to health the charmer of the world.
 The scabbard, by its sword outworn, repair :
 Give to his lips
 Their lore, than Chrysostom's more rich and rare !
 Dispel the eclipse
 That intercepts his intellectual light,
 And saddens all mankind with tears and night.

Other circumstances there were immediately preceding and quickly following the death of Sir Walter Scott, that could not fail to awaken melancholy reflections on the instability of life, and the vanity of human wishes. The partner of his bosom was not suffered to attain old age ; his two sons, his two daughters, and his eldest grandson, have been prematurely snatched away ; the fine fortune, the harvest of his genius, which he had destined to enrich his family, is scattered to the winds ; and the mansion which he had built up with so fond a magnificence, hoping that his descendants for many a generation might occupy it with becoming splendour, is silent and untenanted ! Not over generous have been some of the remarks, sadly trite and misplaced have been most of the Jeremiades elicited by this combined mortality and disappointment. When the gilding disappears from the shrine at which a Mammonite kneels, it becomes instantly unhallowed and disenchanting in his eyes, and there can be little doubt that Sir Walter's reverse of fortune lowered him in the estimation of those sordid worldlings who respect merit only so long as it is prosperous and wealthy. Possibly there were others whose jealousy was not ungratified by the downfall of the master spirit, which had either thrown them completely into the shade, or had made them "show like pigmies." These were the carpers and cavillers who now went about, either venting cut and dried quotations from the moralists and satirists, or sapiently exclaiming, "How strange that a man like Sir Walter, with a world-wide reputation, should ruin himself in the pitiful ambition of becoming a Scottish laird ! What covetousness, what insatiable avarice, in insisting upon a share of the publisher's, and even of the paper-maker's profits, until he was dragged into the partnership by which he was finally ruined. What an exemplification of the dog and the shadow ! What a lesson for the man who grasps, and grasps till he can hold no more ?"

Oh, for the pen of Milton, that I might lash, as they deserve, these "apes and monkeys, asses, owls, and dogs !" Not strange was it, but perfectly natural, that Sir Walter, believing his pecuniary means to be fully equal to the attempt, should seek to realise the vision over which his mind had incessantly brooded, and erect a structure which, while it accorded with his own cherished tastes, should form an appropriate residence for the family that he hoped to found. Neither by his outlay at Abbotsford, nor by any indulgence in selfish profusion elsewhere, was his fortune dissipated. By an unforeseen liability it was drawn into the vortex and swallowed up in the Maelstrom of Ballantine's bankruptcy. Sir Walter Scott avaricious ? Preposterous charge ! If he had any failing, it was in a totally opposite direction, his generous impulses often prompting him to a liberality hardly consistent with his means. Who calls the farmer avaricious when he puts up a fence around his field, to prevent marauders

from stealing his flock? Such was the motive of the arrangement with booksellers which has been branded with cupidity. Sir Walter was avid of nothing but his own. To prevent, not to obtain pillage was his object. With a proper sense of justice, as well as of his own dignity, he refused to toil like a slave, and turn his fine intellect into gold, living all the while in comparative poverty, in order that a publisher, possibly an idler and a blockhead, might roll in wealth. Such is the unfair system of our modern literature, and every lover of fair dealing, more especially every brother author, should feel grateful to the man who was the first to break through this monstrous monopoly and ravage. Far from being a churl and a niggard, he only desired to increase his means by preventing his property from embezzlement, that so he might give a wider expansion to his large-hearted beneficence. The foremost censurers of an unprosperous man may sometimes be traced among the leading parasites of a successful one, and if Sir Walter, disappointed in none of his expectations, had realised a large fortune, and had been enabled to exercise at Abbotsford the generous hospitalities so congenial to his nature, it is not unlikely that the parties to whom we have alluded, would be his most obsequious applauders, happy to follow in his wake, that their little barks "might pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

One word as to the croakers who harp upon the sadness of human destinies, because two generations of Sir Walter's family have been so quickly and so prematurely struck down into the grave. Truly lamentable is the catastrophe, but it is only in accordance with the frequent course of nature. Untimely as have been their deaths, they will be much longer remembered from their connexion with so illustrious a writer, than if they had lived to a patriarchal age as the members of any less distinguished family.

"But look," exclaims some dolorous hypochondriac, "behold how soon the finest mind of the age may be smitten with imbecility and darkness!"

"Look again," is my reply, "and behold what the human mind can accomplish, even though its duration be still more precarious than that of life."

Sir Walter was not young when he began to write, he was not old when he sank into fatuity, yet if his disembodied spirit could hover above us, how truly might he exclaim, in the words of the old Roman poet—"What quarter of the globe is not filled with my labours?" Alps and Apennines, the Cordilleras, and the Himalaya mountains, with all their intermediate lands, are animated by the immortal creations of his fancy, springing up in every direction and for all classes; like the sweet flowers of the earth, to delight, to refresh, and to beautify. Oh, the illimitable puissance of mind! Oh, the world-worshipped majesty of intellect! Oh, the divineness of the human soul!

Believing, as I do, that the writings and the character, the head and the heart of Sir Walter Scott, have tended to exalt our common nature; feeling grateful to Heaven that I was allowed to be his contemporary, and proud that I had the honour of calling him my friend; I have been induced to pen the concluding remarks, because I think every opportunity should be seized of brushing away the insects who have attempted to fasten a blot upon the glorious escutcheon which it is our duty to transmit to future ages, as it has been delivered to us, bright, perfect and, immaculate.

MR. JOLLY GREEN ON THE THREATENED FR—CH INV—S—N.

Marlbrook se va t'en guerre,
 Marlbrook ne revient pas—
 Ra ta plan—ta plan.
Ancient French Melody.

At a moment when the eyes of all England are fixed upon the D—OF W—LL—NGT—N, and a certain person who shall be NAMELESS, and the “gallant off—c—r,” first mentioned, having given *his* opinion on the best course to be pursued, in the event of the French having the temerity to land on the shores of BRITAIN for the purpose of INVASION, I think it is only an act of JUSTICE TO MY COUNTRY that I should give MINE.

It is not my intention to criticise the plan of defence suggested by the n—bl—e d—ke, whom I agree with on the most material points, but, HAVING BEEN IN FRANCE (as the readers of the *New Monthly* may remember) I conceive that it is not only *desirable* but PATRIOTIC, that I should, at this critical period, publish the fruits of my military experience on the continent, and describe, from the opportunities for close observation which have been afforded me, the character and resources of the enemy with whom we may have to deal. *The neglect of this precaution has too often been attended by fatal consequences!*

It will at once be conceded that the man who has bivouacked on the Champs des Mars (as I have *often done* returning home late to my lodgings in the Rue Louis le Grand), who has witnessed a review in the Plaine de Grenelle ON HORSEBACK, and who has received previous instructions in strategy from a *British drill serjeant* (a fact alluded to in my travels), may consider himself tolerably well justified to discuss the topic now so popular.

At the same time I have no wish to press this view of the case too closely on the attention of the British public, but shall merely observe that it was *in a great degree* owing to my possessing *those military qualifications*, that I experienced so many persecutions in Fr—n—c, and was looked upon with so much jealousy by the Fr—nch gov—rnm—nt. It is not necessary, *while we are still at peace*, that I should be more explicit; the *hint* I have given will, I trust, suffice.

The French army is chiefly composed of elderly men (called on that account, “La jeune France”), great numbers of whom are to be seen in uniform in the streets of Paris, particularly on a Sunday morning. They are for the most part inclined to be stout, many of them wear spectacles, and one singular fact may be noticed, viz., that on entering the shops in the Palais Royal and on the Boulevard, the English traveller is often struck with astonishment at the extraordinary likenesses he sees in the features of the tradespeople to those of the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz, whom he has probably seen only a few days, nay, even a few hours, before in the Rue de Rivoli marching to the guard-mounting parade in the Place de Caroussel! If my *conjecture* on the cause of this remarkable coincidence, that the tradesman and the trooper are *sometimes identical*, be *correct*, I can only say that the French are a nation of patriots, and

deserve the encomiums that have been lavished on them for their knowledge of the art of war, while at the same time it behoves us to be more than ever upon our guard.

I have said that the bulk of the army is composed of veterans, as, indeed, any one who remembers the campaigns of Napoleon and Louis XIV. (to say nothing of the Spanish war of succession), may readily suppose; that in making this assertion, of course I except the recruits who wear red trousers, grey great-coats, and yellow balls in their caps, and who are *invariably stationed in frontier towns* (some, indeed, are actually sent as far off as Algiers) *until they have learnt their exercise*, without which, it is well known, no man, whether a school-boy or a soldier, can be expected to do his duty. These veterans are no less distinguished by their admirable skill in the management of their favourite weapon, the firelock, than by the simple severity of their costume, in which the livery of the house of Orleans—the national colours—are happily blended. They have chosen this mixture on account of the extraordinary affection which the French people have for H—s M—j—sty Lo—is Ph—l—pe, who may truly be said to be the father-in-law of all his subjects, as well as of the D—ch—ss de M—ntp—us—r. I ought not to omit to observe that a great many of these hardy warriors wear very black, bushy beards: indeed, so general is the use of beards in the French service, that I am inclined to suspect they are served out with the clothing, or perhaps presented to them every New Year's day, when it is the custom of the French people to make what are called *cadeaux*; in that case, a presentation of beards would be equivalent to the ceremony which takes place with a new pair of colours in the English army; and the French soldiers, no doubt, take an oath to be true to them, exactly in the same way as British ensigns are in the habit of swearing when ordered on duty. I must not, however, pursue this speculation further, but rather point attention to the obvious motive for wearing these beards, which, there can be little doubt, is done for the purpose of striking terror into their foes. If my *classical* recollections are not altogether at fault, I think the practice is as old as the time of Brennus, who was dragged into Rome by his, by the senator Papyrius. I am positively certain there is a passage something to this effect to be found in Goldsmith. Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony also allude to this custom amongst the Gauls.

The cavalry of the French army is not so numerous as the infantry—at least, such is my impression—a circumstance which I am inclined to ascribe to the fact of the natives being such very bad riders. A Frenchman is too brave to run away, except in the event of a panic, which a great military authority, the Baron Jomini, says is more likely to happen amongst a people of a lively imagination than with any other; but if he cannot properly manage his horse nothing can prevent him, if the animal be so disposed, from being run away with. That the brutes are frequently unmanageable under fire, I once had experience myself in spite of my being a notoriously fine rider. It is owing to this circumstance that we have less to dread from a French invasion than, perhaps, from any other, for owing to the defective condition of their cavalry, *they are totally unprovided with HORSE MARINES*, and most military men will agree with me when I say, that where this arm of the service is wanting, a maritime attack upon our frontier is deprived of half its terrors. This notable defi-

ciency is attended by another disadvantage to the invaders, for as the principal duty of the Horse Marines is *to ride the great guns to water* (a figurative expression, I apprehend, for the embarkation of artillery), how are they to be got over if they cannot be shipped? Sixty-eight pounders, and field pieces of that calibre, are a little too heavy to be conveyed in men-of-war's gigs, and no man knows better than myself that there is no such thing as a *jolly boat* in the French navy. In order to cover their landing the invaders will therefore be compelled to have recourse to distant cannonading; they must establish their batteries on the heights between Boulogne and Calais, and *commence firing the moment their vessels put to sea*. It may be objected that the range in this case is too long to be dangerous, but I would remind all *avilling sceptics* of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated pocket-pistol, at Dover, on the butt-end of which is engraved the following legend :—

Load me well and keep me clean,*
I'll carry my balls to Calais green.

If therefore, a pocket-pistol can carry twenty-one miles, and Sterne informs us that is the *precise distance*, I should like to know how far a six and thirty inch howitzer would carry?*

But I have not quite done with the French army. I admit that they have a tolerably well-served artillery, but I think I have shown that, except for coast operations, it is not to be regarded with apprehension; besides, it is my private opinion, that *they want all the guns they have to man the fortifications of Paris*, a circumstance which controversialists have hitherto strangely overlooked. These I have seen *with my own eyes!* Of the other branches of the service I am obliged to speak more from report than actual observation. For instance, there are the Sapeurs-Pompier, equipped like the knights of old in helmets, who are skilfully trained to set towns on fire. Why the French have given them so ridiculous a name as the above I am perfectly at a loss to say—a more correct one certainly would be that of incendiaries! There is also a very numerous corps distributed throughout France called the Cantoniers; they are armed with pickaxes and shovels, and do much mischief with these weapons! They wear the blouse and glazed hats, inscribed with the number of the regiment to which they belong, and may occasionally be met with on the high roads, but travellers scarcely ever see more than one at a time, on which account they may be compared to guerillas, and, like them, they are an inoffensive body, *except when they are provoked*. Their wives are the celebrated Cantinières, familiar now to the English eye through the admirable representations of Jenny Lind; but it may be as well to caution the public against putting too much faith in the accuracy of stage costume, as these female troops do not *all* wear hats. I have often noticed them on the quays in Paris, selling lemonade and coffee to the soldiers (and even to the inhabitants), and the majority of these wore handkerchiefs twisted round their heads in a very picturesque manner. These handkerchiefs are called *Folards*, from a distinguished military

* I would remark *en passant* (and it was *en passant*, as the French say, that I did first remark it) that there is no green now visible in Calais, though in all probability there was in the time of Queen Elizabeth. For a full description of that city the reader is referred to my Travels, *ante, supra, passim, &c.*

tactician, whose works are held by the French in high estimation. The gendarmes are another very serviceable body, more humanely disciplined than the rest of the army, for their sole duty is to make prisoners; they are seldom known to kill their captives, and never refuse quarter. The long swords which they carry by their sides in steel scabbards are therefore not much more formidable than their enormous cocked hats, and both are well calculated to impose on an enemy,—a very important piece of strategy.

Of the light troops, it is only necessary to remark that the *voltigeurs* are those employed in leaping over hedges, ditches, and other obstructions, and that the duty of the *eclaireurs*, as their name implies, is to carry torches to light the army on a midnight march.

Such is the composition of the French army; for its exact numerical strength, the reader is referred to the "Stranger's Diary," in Paris, which is published every day, except Sunday, in *Galignani's Messenger*.

We come now to the question of resistance.

The illustrious F—ld—M—rsh—l, already adverted to, has said that the whole line of coast from the North Foreland to Selsea Bill is, with one exception, open to the attack of any enemy who may choose to make a descent upon it. The exception, of course, is opposite Walmer Castle, as the French would never think of landing there when the d—ke is at home; and *they might always be made to think so*, if his gr—ce's flag—the union-jack—was kept constantly flying,—an ingenious stratagem which, I trust, the Board of Ordnance will not fail to resort to. It is a fact, which cannot be too generally made public, that, however good soldiers the French may be, they are extremely bad sailors,—I mean in the sense in which it is generally understood by little boys and ladies, who venture as far as Margate in squally weather. The truth is, they suffer greatly from sea-sickness, for which reason they would naturally prefer the shortest passage, even if the question of the long range were left out of consideration. I do not, therefore, apprehend that an invading flotilla would put to sea from Tréport, Dieppe, Fécamp, or any remoter arsenal on the Norman coast, with the intention of landing at Littlehampton, Newhaven, or Pevensy; though I admit, as far as the last-named place is concerned, that there has been a precedent for it. My historical readers will at once understand that I allude to William Rufus.

I imagine, on the contrary, that the base of their operations would extend from Cape Grisnez to Gravelines, and that they would select some point on the coast of Kent; not Deal, for the reason stated above,—nor Dover, because it is very unpleasant to land there at low-water, and though the situation of a tide-waiter may be agreeable enough on dry land, it is quite the reverse when you are not on it. But, I can see no reason why they should not make an attempt on Ramsgate; or, suppose we say, a simultaneous attack on Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Margate. There is always water enough in Ramsgate harbour for vessels to enter; I have seen pleasure-boats go in and out at all times of the tide, and it stands to reason that what some people can do merely for pleasure, others can accomplish who are impelled by sterner motives. At Broadstairs the enemy's boats could be safely beached, there being plenty of beach to do it upon; and at Margate it cannot be difficult to land, for there are two piers, and the French could select which they pleased. None of

these places, moreover, are, in my opinion, provided with adequate means of defence. There is, it is true, a place called a fort at Broadstairs, with a preventive service station attached; and there is another preventive station beyond Pegwell, but the fort has no guns, and the men at the station have, I am afraid, no resources of their own for preventing a French army from landing. The approach of the enemy's flotilla would, no doubt, be sooner perceived on this coast than on any other, for every one is possessed of a telescope, through which he is perpetually looking out; but, except for the purpose of alarming the country and affording time for preparation, these telescopic observations could scarcely be turned to account. Again, though the courage and patriotism of the innumerable visitors to these watering-places is beyond a question, they are, after all, only an ephemeral population, here to-day and gone to-morrow, as the price of lodgings and steamboat fares may determine, and cannot, therefore, be implicitly relied on. Nor without a continuous chain of redoubts (the reader will pardon me if I am obliged to be technical), field-works of a very extensive nature, a well-organised militia, and some 20,000 or 30,000 regular troops, could any resistance be made against an invading army, protected by the fire of their own guns from the opposite shore. I, therefore, consider the Isle of Thanet to be untenable; but, for all that, *I do not abandon the hope of saving my country* by an apparent inability to suggest the means of defence.

Such means exist, and in a few words I will explain them.

It is one of the peculiarities of genius to discover the value of that which ordinary minds altogether overlook, and even as early as the battle of Vimiero, the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) perceived the advantages of the position of Torres Vedras. In the same manner, when passing a few days last summer, at Broadstairs, an accidental trip in a pleasure-boat, implanted in my mind a germ which, like the acorn, will one day become a British oak! The weather was very calm, and we landed for half-an-hour on the GOODWIN SANDS.

IT IS ON THIS VERY SPOT THAT I WOULD ESTABLISH MY LINE OF DEFENCE.

Let a camp be intrenched in that formidable position; as it is directly in the way between France and England, the enemy, to avoid having his rear turned, would be compelled to attack it before he approached the coast; the fortifications being of sand, no hostile batteries could make any impression on them; and as to being breached by the French vessels, every British landsman is aware, that if a ship runs her bowsprit into the Goodwin Sands, she immediately goes to pieces.

To prove that I am not a mere theorist, but determined to submit this *heureuse idée* to the test, and unwilling, moreover, to expose the life of an aged warrior now reposing on his P—n—s—l—r and other laurels, I hereby offer to undertake the perilous post of commander-in-chief, MYSELF.

Let this suggestion be adopted, and none of us will have to behold the "Tragedy," the dread of which has not only frightened this isle from its propriety, but has equally scared our opposite neighbours, who are dreadfully afraid that, *nolens volens*, they shall be obliged by M. G—z—t to come to invade us.

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Opéra Comique—"Haydée"—Mademoiselle Duvorger and Liévenne—Vaudeville
—"Le Lion et le Rat"—Mademoiselle Doche.

SINCE the production of Halévy's "Mousquetaires de la Reine," the almost unprecedented success of which piece is still fresh in the mind of every Parisian playgoer, the Opéra Comique has added little worthy of note to its *répertoire*; neither "Le Bouquet de l'Infante," nor "Ne touchez pas à la Reine," though both works of promise, having obtained more than a temporary vogue. For more than a year, indeed, notwithstanding the successive revivals of "l'Eclair," "Actéon," and "La Fiancée," and the re-engagement of Mademoiselle Darcier, after her short sojourn at the Vaudeville, the receipts have been gradually declining, and it is only since the 18th of last December that matters have taken a more favourable turn.

Yes; the approaches to the theatre, formerly deserted by day, and by night solely frequented by the bearers of *billets de faveur*, are now thronged morning and evening by shabbily dressed and seedy individuals, who smile in conscious importance at the ignorant tyro, who disregarding their offers of a stall or a box *slightly* above the regular price, marches straight to the box-office, where he is told to his unspeakable dismay that "*tout est loué.*"

"Fichtre!" says the tyro, half incredulously.

"Pas une stalle, pas même le plus petit tabouret," continues the official, complacently contemplating his *feuille du jour*.

"Bigre!" mutters the amateur, quite convinced this time, but not the less determined to form one of the audience, *coûte qui coûte*.

The seedy men at the door, who, having taken care to secure all the remaining places, are quite satisfied as to the result of the tyro's application at the *bureau*, look more important than ever as he comes out, and far from attempting to accost him, converse among themselves, and even venture on a whistle with apparent indifference. The amateur looks doubtfully for a minute, first at them and then at the *affiche*, until, unable any longer to resist, he picks out his man and says to him "Avez-vous une stalle?"

Then comes out a greasy, well-thumbed pocket-book, and one solitary ticket (only one of course) is produced therefrom with befitting solemnity. This the seedy man eyes as if it were a relic, and on being pressed to name its price, modestly asks four times the sum he originally gave for it, adding that he would much rather not sell it at all, being sure to make double the money by it later in the day. The amateur, at first horrified by the overcharge, takes another look at the *affiche*, and then at the ticket, which is on the point of disappearing between the folds of the pocket-book; he hesitates, but not for long; in another minute the five-franc pieces are chinking in the hand of the seedy man, and the latter, rejoicing his comrades, who have been silent, but attentive, spectators of the whole scene, surveys them with an air of quiet self-approbation, as much as to say, "Ce n'est pas plus difficile que ça!"

And what has been the cause of this improvement in M. Basset's finances? Simply the production of Scribe and Auber's "Haydée." Do

not imagine, however, that this new offspring of the Siamese twins alluded to bears the slightest affinity to the "Domino Noir," "La Part du Diable," "Les Diamans de la Couronne," or, indeed, to any of the former productions of the gifted pair! On the contrary, "Haydée" can only be styled a comic opera, inasmuch as it is performed at the Opéra Comique, reminding one of Arnal's definition of a capitalist, "*parcequ'il habite la capitale.*" In truth, throughout the entire three acts, there is very little to make one laugh, and a good deal, I am sorry to say, to make one yawn; the plot is at once improbable and deficient in sustained interest, and the music, although in part redeemed by several real Auber-like gems of melody, is generally of too serious a character to please the *habitués* of the theatre.

But then the execution, as far as Roger is concerned, is perfect; nothing can be more dramatic than his acting, or more touchingly beautiful than his singing. The whole weight of the piece is on his shoulders, and nobly does he bear it. Roger, it is said, has accepted an engagement at the Académie Royale from next November; may he not have reason to regret his determination! May M. Girard's drums and trumpets, and M. Halévy's instrumental thunders, deal lightly with his exquisite organ! His departure leaves M. Basset without a leading tenor, neither Mocker nor Audran, nor even Couderc (whose re-engagement is talked of), having sufficiently powerful voices to do justice to such characters as *Georges*, in "L'Eclair," *Rafäel*, in "La Part du Diable," or *D'Entragues* in "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine."

But to return to "Haydée," and its other interpreters, Messrs. Audran, Hermann-Léon, Ricquier, Mademoiselles Lavoye and Grimm. The first of these has an agreeable tenor voice, especially for ballad singing, but is an indifferent actor; the second, Hermann-Léon, the *basso* of the *troupe*, and in "Haydée," a sort of minor *Mephistopheles*, or *Bertram*, both sings and acts very creditably; and the third, Ricquier, is an amusing actor, but cannot sing at all. Mademoiselle Lavoye always puts me in mind of an ingeniously constructed and properly wound up automaton, so coldly correct is her singing, and so utterly inanimate her acting: whether the part undertaken by her be serious or comic, she never moves a muscle of her countenance beyond what is absolutely necessary to give utterance to each successive note. Her singing is most mechanical and most accurate, so accurate, indeed, that I would give worlds to hear her let slip a few wrong notes now and then, just by way of variety; for, however perfect a musician she may be, I cannot help thinking with *Anna*, in "Trop Heureuse," that, in the case of Mademoiselle Lavoye at all events, "la perfection—c'est très ennuyeux."

As for Mademoiselle Grimm, she is but a beginner, but her voice is infinitely fresher and more *simpatica* than that of her *chef d'emploi*.

Nothing can be richer or in better taste than the scenery, costumes, and getting up of "Haydée;" indeed, I am of opinion that Roger and the decorator might each very justly be entitled to say alternately, "*Le succès, c'est moi!*"

Mademoiselles Duverger and Liévenne are, perhaps, of all French actresses the most migratory in their habits; both are perpetually on the move, and perpetually contracting new engagements which are sure to be broken at the expiration of a month or two. No sooner have their names appeared on the *affiche* than they disappear again; and as their

managers receive for each disappearance a *dédit* of some five or ten thousand francs, *they* are the last to complain. Now as far as Mademoiselle Liévenne is concerned, her presence on or absence from the stage, is, to the public in general, a matter of the most absolute indifference; *mais la belle Augustine, c'est autre chose!* The one is certainly a handsome woman, though much gone off, but can neither act nor sing; the other is, to say the very least, equally good-looking, and has *some* idea of acting, I wish I could add of singing. Moreover, she dresses expensively and well, and as her toilette or her fine eyes (why will she paint her eyelids, by the way, when nature has done her best for them?) or, perhaps, the two together are decidedly instrumental in filling the *stalles d'orchestre*, she has a fair claim to be ranked among the important members of whatever company she may belong to.

After creating, and playing for a few nights at the Palais Royal the part of *la Comtesse Dubarry* (another name for Lola Montes) in the new and exceedingly droll *revue* of "Le Banc d'Huitres," she has once more vanished suddenly and mysteriously, her place being supplied by Mademoiselle Liévenne, engaged at a few hours' notice to personate the dashing Lola. It is confidently whispered that Mademoiselle Duverger is about to contract an advantageous marriage, and that this time she has taken a *final* leave of the stage. *Nous verrons bien.*

* * * * *

A little one-act piece has just been played at the Vaudeville, the success obtained by which would seem to prove, that in once more returning to its ancient *spécialité*,—the gay and lively Vaudeville of the Rue de Chartres—this theatre might possibly regain the popularity it formerly enjoyed in the days when the bait held out to the public was amusement, instead of what it now too frequently is, *ennui*. Then the evening's entertainment consisted of four short pieces, each abounding in fun and frolic; now three, and sometimes five-act dramas, occupy the *affiche*, and it is only at rare intervals that the joyous laugh, which still remains faithful to the Variétés and Palais Royal, is heard in this theatre, where Momus once reigned supreme.

It is an undoubted fact, that for the last ten years only *one* drama represented at the Vaudeville has ever obtained a *succès d'argent*; though many others, thanks to the talent of the actors, have enjoyed a temporary vogue. That one exception is the famous "Mémoires du Diable," a piece admirably written, admirably *charpentée*, and inimitably played. Its popularity is still immense; no other piece in the *répertoire* possesses the same attractive quality, and it is a common practice with the mysterious powers, whose duty it is to determine the *spectacle* for the ensuing day, to transmit to the printer, when the receipts have been unusually low, the following decree—

"Qu'on affiche les mémoires!"

But it is by no means a matter of course that because one *chef d'œuvre* succeeds, a *pendant* to it should be easily found; and this the different managers of the Vaudeville have discovered to their cost. Each of them has in his turn anticipated a similar triumph for some favourite piece, and each in his turn has been disappointed. A rule is not the less general because one exception to it has been found, nor does the success

of the "Mémoires du Diable" prove that the *spécialité* of this theatre is drama rather than vaudeville.

No, no, believe me; the *répertoire* of the Salle de la Bourse should consist of light and agreeable pieces, seldom exceeding *one* act in length, and never *two*; pieces got up with little expense as regards scenery and costumes, but well written and well played; pieces, in fact, similar to the one produced there the other evening, "Le Lion et le Rat."

Nothing can be more simple than the *donnée* of this little vaudeville, the performance of which scarcely occupies three-quarters of an hour; but during that time the audience are kept in a continual state of merriment, as well owing to the piquancy of the details, as to the exquisite talent of the actress who interprets them. For it must be owned, that by far the greater share of the success which has attended every representation of "Le Lion et le Rat" is due to Madame Doche; nor is such acknowledgement an act of gallantry, but of simple justice. It is impossible to display more grace, finesse, or good taste in the creation of a part than that exhibited by the charming actress alluded to in her performance of *Alberta*, and I am happy to have the opportunity of congratulating her on her well-earned and legitimate triumph.

Madame Doche is one of the very few sterling *artists* who still shed a lustre on the French stage; she has nothing in common with those self-styled *comédiennes* with whom the various Parisian theatres are overstocked, and who are neither qualified by nature nor by art to maintain the position they have gradually succeeded in usurping. Ten years have elapsed since the *début* of Madame Doche in the Rue de Chartres; and yet, to look at her, one would be inclined to date her first appearance on the stage from yesterday. Those ten years have at once perfected her beauty and matured her talent; in 1838, she was the rose-bud of the Vaudeville, in 1848 she is its queen. From the very commencement of her career to the present day she has never ceased to be *l'actrice à la mode*; but, unwilling to owe her supremacy to her good looks alone, she has by dint of study and application established a more lasting claim to celebrity than any which mere personal advantages could have acquired for her. To her many admirable natural qualities she has added others equally admirable, for which she is indebted solely to her own zeal and perseverance; and it is thus that, in her double capacity of *jolie femme* and highly talented actress, she has secured for herself a degree of popularity to which few, *very few*, of her contemporaries can fairly pretend.

Not only has Madame Doche, in her creation of the merry, apple-eating, nut-cracking *rat*, given a fresh proof of her versatility, by combining with her own matchless grace and elegance the irresistible piquancy of Déjazet, but she has also forever set at rest the question, often prompted by *les intrigues de coulisses*, as to the *reality* of her talent, unaided by the *prestige* of diamonds and by the skill of her *couturière*. In "Le Lion et le Rat," three five-franc pieces would more than pay for her entire costume, from her little black straw-bonnet down to her *socles*; she wears no bracelets, no ear-rings, no brooch, no lace, no silks, no satins, not even an embroidered handkerchief, and yet, never, in all the splendour of her richest and most becoming *toilette*, never did she look one-half so pretty!

Paris, January 21, 1848.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Few could substantiate the great truth, that countries supposed to be exhausted, are by no means so, to the well-stored mind and original observer, in a more striking manner than Mr. J. S. Buckingham. A traveller or a sojourner in half the countries of the world, and a lover of nature and of man alike in all; a spirit of humanity breathes through his writings, which brings the stranger forth in a new light, and an ardent love of a real civilisation eliminates contrasts not previously imagined, even in such well-trod and now railway-netted countries, as Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Holland.

The lovers of fairy literature will feel grateful to Mr. John Edward Taylor for having presented them with an English version of *Il Pentamerone*, a collection of fairy tales written in the Neapolitan dialect by Giambattista Basile in the seventeenth century, and which, although some time since made known to the Germans by the indefatigable fairy hunter Dr. Jacob Grimm, have hitherto remained unavailable to English readers. Although a puerile fondness for *concetti*, not palliated by our own Sir Philip Sidney's extravagance in metaphor, detracts from the charm of simplicity which should so particularly characterise fairy stories; still these are such genuine echoes of the ancient and true myths current in the world, that they would survive any ill-treatment, and George Cruikshank's pencil illustrations are as buoyant and lightsome, as Basile's conceits are often heavy and insipid.

The Rev. Henry Christmas has, under the title of *A Concise History of the Hampden Controversy, &c.*, given a brief history of the reverend prelate's antecedents, and a sketch of the state of society at Oxford, of the rise of the Tractarian Party, and of the views entertained on church matters by the late Regius Professor, which are at once opportune and comprehensive.

Tales having a solely moral object in view, are objected to by many as opposed to either liberty or perfection of art, and that often with much justice. Mr. Charles B. Tayler writes, however, with so much earnestness of purpose, with such power of language and description, and above all with such a serious intent, that although the story of the good and the bad apprentice has been told before by pen and by pencil, we feel assured that Messrs. Chapman & Hall will have most numerous demands made upon them for the prettily illustrated history of *Mark Wilton the Merchant's Clerk*.

Fitz Alwyn, the first Lord Mayor, and the Queen's Knights, is the first of a series of stories which purport to be "Tales of the Companies, or of the Citizens of Old London." They are written by a lady who belongs to the ultra-romantic school—Miss E. M. Stewart—and thus at a time when rosaries and holy-water pots were doled out in Paternoster Row, when Blackfriars was a monastery, and Charing a village, the reader will not be surprised to find kings' sons engaged in street brawls with members of the Draper's Company, mysteries in Epping Forest as dark as any thing Pyrenean, and most murderous acts being committed by a foul knight, and a hideous dwarf. The contrast with modern times is certainly very great.

“Twenty thousand copies! Five and thirty thousand copies! Perhaps, both hemispheres included, hundreds of thousands of copies of one tale! Peradventure, millions of readers! Heavy responsibility! Noble vocation.” Thus exclaims the hopeful author of that excellent story *Emilia Wyndham*, which Mr. Colburn has just published at a price which renders the work attainable by all; and we sincerely hope the author’s expectations may be realised, as truly as well disciplined hearts, righteous consciences, and cultivated understandings exist in women.

The Rev. John Jordan has undertaken in his *Scriptural Views of the Sabbath of God*, not only to advocate the strict observance of the Sabbath, but also to show that the change of day for that observance from the seventh to the first, one of those points which persons of high-church views are accustomed to pride themselves upon, as a proof of the authority of the church, in other words, of tradition—had its origin in Scripture, and not in church authority.

Several books of poetry, some of them of more than ordinary merit, claim notice this month. *Hactenus*: more droppings from the pen that wrote “A Thousand Lines,” “The Crock of Gold,” &c., will be welcome as the effusions of an established favourite. *Annesley* is most assuredly a tender, beautiful, and touching poem. The purpose also—the contrast of the superior usefulness and worth of a life spent in seeking the improvement of mankind, rather than the acquisition of wealth—is noble and praiseworthy. Miss Drury will, undoubtedly, occupy a place by our Crabbes and Goldsmiths. *Nimrod*, a dramatic poem, in five acts, is also a very meritorious performance. As a reading drama, it possesses claims of a very high order. We wish we could say as much for *Ambition*, a poem in four parts, by Henry R. Pattenson. *Ecclesia Dei*: a vision of the church, is a poetical declamation against bishops, who, the author declares, are barely civil, and coldly hospitable to their humbler and poorer brethren, besides being guilty of greater errors, which it is not our province to investigate.

It would be an act of positive injustice not to notice the more striking merits of certain works, which necessity compelled us to pass over last month. *The Reformation in Europe*, by Cesaré Cantu, is the first volume of a work of infinite labour and remarkable merit, which particularly recommends itself as the work of a liberal and enlightened Roman Catholic. Mr. Robert Snow’s *Observations on Imitation* are most deserving of perusal. These observations abound in curious, learned, and quaint illustrations of the subject, that of art generally, and will be read with equal interest and advantage. Several pretty books for the young were also passed over too cursorily in proportion to their merits. *Charles Boner’s Book*, is an entertaining and instructive collection of stories, pleasingly illustrated; but in point of number, variety, and excellence of illustrations, *My Own Annual* surpasses all competitors. The Custom House of Liverpool is a real gem. *The Three Paths*, is another little book for the young, apparently derived from the French, but of great storied interest, and also cleverly illustrated. *The Family Jo*: Miller, is an exceedingly well got-up book, with a clever preface, all the best modern and old *facetiae*, and illustrations by an ever welcome pencil. We must not omit to mention that the last volume of Mr. G. P. R. James’s works contains the *Little Ball o’ Fire*; or, *John Marston Hall*.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HERO, TOM ROCKET—HIS APPEARANCE AT GLAUBEREND.

WHEN Tom Rocket returned from France, he was in the hey-day of youth, and in full possession of all the doubtful accomplishments of that delightful country. In addition to the usual modicum of French picked up at *cafés* and street corners in Paris, a year and a half's intercourse with the many eminent *Greek* professors, with which Boulogne and several of the minor towns abound, had so polished up his intellect, that he was as quick and as keen as a well-set razor. Any little coarseness of person, or *gaucherie* of manner, too, with which he set out, had been wholly removed, and Tom stepped on shore, at the luggage-searching town of Folkstone, from the "Pacquet-boat a vapeur" (Captain Napoleon Parlezvous, master), a very good-looking Englishman slightly Frenchified.

In person, he was above the middle height, five feet ten or eleven, strongly—but not coarsely—made, with a face that, with a very little alteration, would have been not only handsome but somewhat aristocratic. The trifling defect that prevented this happy combination, though apparent at the first glance, gradually died away, especially in the excitement of conversation, until even the fastidious among the young ladies allowed that he was "a well-looking man," while the men, with their usual candour, said, that "he wasn't a bad-looking fellow." Some qualified their approbation by saying, that he "wouldn't be a bad-looking fellow if it wasn't for the vulgar expression of his mouth;" others, "that the man was well enough if he would only shave himself," a censure on the luxuriance of his elaborately curled whiskers—a censure that many have passed, and but few have profited by. His hair, as well as his whiskers, was jet black, and curly; indeed, his head and shoulders would have made a very good bust for a hair-dresser's window. He had a perfectly oval face, a lofty forehead; large well-fringed black eyes with good eyebrows, a Roman nose, below which a deep blue shaving line showed his marked abstinence in not cultivating moustaches on such promising ground, and ought to have saved him from the censure of the un-Ésau'd. The mouth, as we said before, was the defective feature, and yet there was nothing to find fault with in either his lips, his teeth, or his chin—a grand jury of sculptors could not have found a true bill against any of them for its own particular delinquencies; but, taking it as a whole, there was an upturned, or rather twisted, sort of tendency that gave a somewhat vulgar, not to say repulsive, cast to the whole.

As in his *toute-ensemble* he was not only nearly good-looking, but nearly gentlemanly-looking too, so in his manner there was what might

have passed for ease, were it not apparently constrained. He always seemed to think that people were looking at him, and to be wondering what they were saying. Still, take him as a whole, he was a very pass-muster man, and it would all depend upon the eyes with which a beholder regarded him, whether the little drawbacks we have named would be noticed or not. Ladies are certainly wonderfully accommodating both in the matter of looks and of age. There is scarcely a defect—we had almost said a deformity—that they cannot get over; while, with regard to age, they just treat a man like a clock, put him backward or forward to suit their own time.

We take it most of our readers are acquainted with the beautiful town of Glauberend, a watering-place as popular with the old as it is disliked by the young. Glauberend, like many of its class, is situated in one of the healthiest and most picturesque parts of England; the beautiful woods and waters, hills and dales, presenting as great a contrast to London life as any one could wish, though, to appreciate these sort of places to the full, a person should be frequently passing from one to the other, so that the beauties and peculiarities of each may be constantly striking on the mind. This feat, thanks to the introduction of railways, is now of easy accomplishment, and places that are without the luxury of them, very soon find that the celebrity of their waters cannot compete with the celerity of travelling.

Glauberend is a striking instance of this; for though Dr. Granville, in his "Spas of England," speaks of its innocent, sparkling waters, as kindly as he could, still, even the benefit of his approbation had passed away, and, before the formation of the Glauberend branch of the ——— railway, many of its nice, white stucco, view-commanding villas and terrace-houses, were getting deserted, in favour of less picturesque places that had railroads near them. Since the opening of the line, the current has been in the other direction; houses and streets have sprung up so rapidly, that many of the waistcoat-filling citizens, deprived of what they call their "rural felicity," have threatened to look out for places that are not so overgrown.

Our fair friends who have followed us thus far, will easily understand why what was popular with their papas would be unpalatable to them. In truth, watering-places—inland ones particularly—are but sorry places for young ladies. Not but that there are plenty of men, but they are not of the right sort, and though young ladies may have no objection to keep their hands in by an occasional flirtation with a cousin, a collegian, or a youth waiting for his commission, still, all flirtation and no finish is but a poor prospect.

The genius of English youth does not run to English watering-places. If men have money, they go abroad, or they buy yachts and cruise about, if they are not grouse-shooting in Scotland, the mention of which amusement reminds us that we may as well be dating and getting on with our story.

Hyde Park had got quite through its suit of summer livery; the once bright green was sun-burnt into a dusty drab, and the water was the only fresh-looking thing about the place. To speak of the falling-off of equipage would carry the reader back to remote times, for the decline has been gradual during the last twenty years, until one end of a season is just as shabby as the other. What a change has taken place within the last twenty or five-and-twenty years in the matter of turn-out;

from striving who should be smartest, people seem to be trying who shall be shabbiest. Who does not remember the double and triple line of carriages that used to block the drive between Grosvenor Gate and Hyde Park Corner on a Sunday afternoon; the gigantic footmen rendered still larger by their richly-laced cocked-hats; the neckless, plethoric coachmen, nodding in their three-cornered ones, as they sat in state-liveries, on their rich hammer-cloths, looking for all the world as if they indented them with their own weight?

Instead of all that, instead of the finest horses, the richest liveries, the best shaped, best built, best turned-out carriages in the world, what have we now? Since Count d'Orsay took it into his head to promenade with an umbrella, we have a long line of pedestrians, lolling over the rails between Apsley House and the Serpentine, eyeing a string of Broughams and pianoforte-case-looking Clarences, interspersed here and there with a pair of horse carriage, or a jingling mail phaëton.

What, in former times, would have been looked upon as a merely ordinary turn-out, creates a sensation; and a carriage with a couple of footmen is something surprising. France and England, or rather Paris and London, have gradually changed places in the matter of equipage, and people who want to see real smartness—perhaps slightly overdone—must go to Paris.

But we digress. At the period when our hero, Mr. Rocket, dawned a splendid meteor, at Glauberend, every person that could manage it, had got out of town. Window-shutters were closed in all directions, from the richly carved and gilded ones of the west, to the plain white ones of the east. Where lately revelry and white satin slippers predominated, brown holland and old newspapers prevailed. The very lodging-house keepers put the "lets" in their windows with a dejected sort of air, that as good as said, it's hardly worth while being at the trouble. Half the steady housekeepers, left in charge of town-houses, were interfering with their trade by taking in lodgers on the sly. The clubs and hotels were as good as closed, or rather they would have been better if they had been closed, for the waiters wanted to go to Margate or Gravesend, and the hotels were not paying their lighting expenses.

The bathing and watering-places were swarming. Glauberend, among the rest, had its full share of most "respectable carriage company," as the lodging-house people described it; that is to say, a great many family people, and of course a great many young ladies, who, in the dearth of legitimate beaux, flirted with each other's brothers—a step one degree better than dancing with each other.

We grieve to say that the negative recommendation of the place was in full vigour, and though there were a vast number of dangerous, there were scarcely any troublesome danglers; few that a mamma could not dispose of herself without referring to the higher powers. The place, therefore, kept its charm for the old gentlemen. They came hot from London on a Saturday afternoon to vegetate for two or three days at a time, and as they were not bothered with overhauling any volunteering sons-in-law, they concluded that music, worsted-work, and drawing,—the usual prescriptions for keeping girls out of mischief,—occupied the young ladies in their absence.

Only those who have experienced the lamentable paucity of "desirables" at these sort of places, can appreciate the sensation that was caused by

the appearance of a youth, with all the outward appurtenances of independence, at the well-known princely hotel, the "Imperial." People who have nothing whatever to do but kill time and watch each other's movements, see and hear things amazingly fast, and sundry trusty Abigail's whispered into their young ladies' ears, hints of the arrival of a most "andsome young gentleman" the morning after his arrival. The first indication of his presence was a couple of saddle horses, taking those little backward and forward turns so indicative of unpunctuality,—so unlike the orderly routine of the three red ink columns headed £. s. d. These were in charge of a diminutive groom, in a dark coat and waistcoat, with well cleaned and well put on boots and leathers, and a smart little cockade, perched half way above the crown of his hat. A cynic might have taken exception to the freshness of the turn-out, there not being a single thing, from the hat on the lad's head down to the shoes on the horses' feet, that were not spic and span new. New bridles, new saddles, new boots, new breeches, new whips, new belt, while the pulpy condition of the horses, showed that they had been eating more bran than beans. A cynic, we say, might have taken exception to all this, and most likely some ill-natured men would; but the ladies, God bless them, don't dive so deep into equestrian propriety, and if the horses' heads are small, the manes silky, the tails flowing, and the pasterns spidery, they are content to take all the rest for granted. Besides, things must be new some time, and if a man has been vegetating abroad, what is so likely as that he will have to get a complete new rig-out on his return.

"The Imperial," standing in the centre of the town, looking like the parent of the whole, the horses could not pursue their limited peregrinations without being seen by all; and, coming out about the time that the old ladies generally turned out for their daily drive, four miles out and back, divers were the conjectures that their appearance conjured up.

Some old ladies merely gave a sort of half start, and then a shuffle on their seats; others looked intently at the lad in charge of the horses; while from sundry full and fair lips, whose owners sat with their backs to the horses, escaped exclamations such as "There's an arrival!" "Who can that be, I wonder!" with regrets that they had not stayed behind to see.

Our friend Rocket, however, took it very quietly, and the horses had a good hour's exercise before the house, ere he condescended to join them.

When, however, he did appear at the princely portals of the hotel it was clear that he was considered "somebody" within. Mr. Bloater, the landlord, flew to one of the mahogany folding-doors himself, the head waiter took the other; while a queer, shaggy-looking fellow flourished a duster, and exclaimed, "Bring me lor's orses, Tom, bring me lor's orses!"

Having mounted the pursey bay in an easy *negligé* sort of way the reins dangling on the horse's neck and the toe of one foot playing sportively with the stirrup, he sauntered quietly along the east-end of the clustering houses called the town, and passing the crescents, terraces, obelisks, and villas scattered promiscuously around, at length entered upon the Priory Road, whose lofty flowering limes on either side imparted fragrance to the air and coolness to the ride. It was a lovely day. The country was still in the full luxuriance of summer, not even the sycamore giving the slightest indication of decline. The corn-fields were alive with reapers, the second crop of clover bloomed strong and vigorously on the ground, the whole country teemed with warm and unwonted plenty.

The sun was so hot overhead that some of the carriages did not venture beyond the shade formed by the rows of limes, and curious it was watching the flutter and evolutions of the gay parasols in those that did as our hero passed himself in review. Could a looker-on have seen into the minds as well as into the carriages of many, we doubt not he would have found exultation in those who had, and disappointment in those who had not, their best bonnets on.

Our hero, though recently from France, did not indulge in any of the tigerish forms, or rather no forms of costume, of that ill-dressed nation, and with the exception of a silk hat and one of those extraordinary cross-bar ties, resembling the things farmers put upon truant geese to prevent their getting under gates, called, we believe, a "Joinville," his costume was entirely English. Some might have thought him a turn overdressed—that his well-starched wristbands might as well have been under as over the cuff of his blue frock-coat—that his shirt-front was too elaborately worked, and a doubt might have been raised as to the genuineness of the brilliants forming the buttons of his light fancy waistcoat, but all these are men's objections, and not worth attending to. Ladies are much more lenient, especially in the matter of costume, and as long as a man is wholly unappropriated he need never be afraid of much detraction from them.

It is in moments like these that a man appears to advantage, when he stands fairly and impartially before the women's eyes, open to all and influenced by none. Great then are his merits! No admonitory caution is used at home, no insidious whisper vented abroad, all join in extolling him to the skies, or if a captious word disturbs the placid joy of so serene an hour, it is Mrs. Somebody exclaiming against Mrs. Somebody else's gross indelicacy in making such advances to the stranger. Still, if the stranger holds his own, stands aloof from the contending parties, their spleen will be vented on each other, and he will sail triumphantly through.

The rashness of some women in rushing into matches is only to be equalled by the boldness of their "backings out" when they find they "won't do," or that they can get any thing better.

Glauberend was full of affectionate mammas—mammas who, to each other, could not "bear the idea of parting with the dear girls," and yet were ready to foist them upon any one they could get to take them. It were needless recounting the number of ladies who inwardly resolved that our hero's appearance was a dispensation of Providence in their especial favour, or yet the number of managing matrons, who immediately proceeded to make arrangements for the appropriation of the prize according to the peculiar claims and exigencies of the particular members of their families, because, as we are not going to write an account of all the sayings and doings of all the claimants, it is about time we were drawing out those more fortunate charmers who had our hero's consent, as well as their own, for "thinking of him," as they say.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOOEYS—THE SERVANTS' HOP—MISS LUCY GREEN, AND MONSIEUR JEAN DE LA TOUR.

FIRST and foremost we may mention Mrs. and the Miss Dooeys, not because they were the first to make our friend's acquaintance, but because chance—the god of love—or whoever people attribute their luck to—or

dained that they should have the first "refusal," though the term refusal is perhaps hardly applicable to a case where the "offer" is what is wanted.

The Doves were Londoners, town-house Bryanston Square; country one, all the watering-places in the world. Old Dooley was a hop-merchant, a calling, we believe, that ranks next to that of a banker. He was in a great way of business, and his house in the Borough was so well known that twenty years had elapsed without the name or the dingy door-post being touched up with black paint. But for the extreme dirtiness of the foot-trod passage, a passer-by might have imagined that "Dooley" at least had long ceased to flourish.

It is hardly, perhaps, in the province of a periodical like this to expatiate on a man's aptitude for business, but we may state that Dooley had applied himself in early life with such amazing energy and perseverance to the management and details of his, that his mind seemed to have run entirely to hops; and apart from them and his ledgers, he was not what would be called a very entertaining man. He was, however, what his successors would esteem a great deal more, extremely rich. If we might parody such a swell as Shakspeare, we would say—

A man's wealth lives after him,
His wit is oft buried with his bones.

Dooley, in short, was an extremely respectable well-to-do merchant, highly esteemed upon 'Change, and very passable at the head of his own table. He stood up to carve, preferred warm champagne to iced, and thought a black satin waistcoat the height of good dressing in a morning. As recent events are calculated to prejudice the daughters of merchants and men in trade, we may observe that Dooley adhered closely to his own business, he did not dabble in railway shares, joint stock banks, tin mines, or any of the promising cent. per cent. speculations that are so liberally offered to a covetous public, but quietly placed his surplus gains in the Three per Cent. Consols, and flattered himself that he was thus taking a mortgage on every house and every field that he saw.

Mrs. Dooley, like most ladies, had accomplished the elegant with more ease than her husband, and when in full feather in her well-built barouche, with her blooming daughters sitting opposite, as she happened to be on the day of our hero's first ride, she looked very like an inflated dowager driving from Covent Garden with a gigantic bouquet on each seat.

From this flowery language the reader will most likely infer that the daughters were pretty, and so they were; we might go a step further, and say they would have been beautiful, but for the likeness to "mamma." An unprejudiced, that is to say an out-of-love man could not but see in the plump, blooming, blue-eyed, fair-haired beauties before him the lineaments of the China monster figured old lady with the flaxen front, who so completely filled the best seat of the carriage. Moreover, Mrs. Dooley was guilty of the indiscretion of dressing in the same colours as her daughters, a proceeding that tended to heighten the resemblance. We should observe, however, that we do not wish to say any thing in disparagement of fat people generally. There are many very plummy ladies among the aristocracy, but the question whether an inordinately fat woman can be elegant, is very different to whether a man would order a very fat woman for a wife.

People used once to make a wondrous fuss about gentility, talk of vulgar people as if they were to be abhorred, just as if a little communi-

cation with them would corrupt their own good manners. The world seems to have got wiser, or at all events to have changed in that respect, and money is the great criterion now-a-days. If people have plenty of that, they may eat peas with their knives with impunity. Dooley had plenty of money, so much so, indeed, that he had often threatened to "turn gentleman," but two or three days of perfect idleness always changed his determination, and made him glad to get back to London again.

The Dooley appointments were those of people of substance. Whatever "guys" people may make of themselves, still, if they employ good London tradesmen, and let the tradesmen have their own way, they are sure to have something of an air. Pearce and Countze's highly-finished green barouche, with an elegant light lining, trimmed with rich figured lace, and silk tabourette to squabs, elbows, and tops, was not to be overlaid even by John, the coachman, and Matthew, the footman, encircling their necks—the one in a blue and white, the other in a bright scarlet cravat, and this, though their liveries were green, and all green—neither were the dazzling effects of broadly laced hats to be eclipsed by a few darns up the backs of the wearer's white stockings.

Surely, nothing is so indicative of a perfect plethora of money as plastering it about a servant's hat.

Dooley and his wife took different views on the subject of matrimony, Dooley contending that girls were just as well single as married, while Mrs. Dooley felt that her daughters remaining single was a sort of reflection upon herself. She was, therefore, always quite as ready to do business in the matrimonial market, as Dooley was in the hop one; though she was not quite so particular about her customers, and this readiness, coupled with the great money reputation that always attended them, brought her in plenty of applicants.

The consequence was, that often when poor Dooley came down on a Saturday afternoon, instead of enjoying the breezes or the shade of wherever they happened to be, in listless tranquillity, he used to have to open a court of inquiry into some young gentleman's pretensions who had aspired to a "hand" in his absence. Indeed so numerous were the suitors, and so rapid their succession, that Dooley used to be looked upon a sort of judge coming down to hold a court of assize, the result of which had always, hitherto, been a general delivery.

The Dooley tactics were these :

When the game had gone far enough, Dooley and his wife suddenly changed places, and from the most agreeable, disinterested, fobby old mother-in-law, the surprised suitor found himself all at once in the clutches of the most searching, inquisitive, matter-of-fact old gentleman that ever encased himself in a pudding neckcloth, snuffy black waistcoat, baggy trousers, and high-lows.

"Well, sir," he would say, squatting himself down opposite the unfortunate victim, and darting a pair of little ferrety gray eyes into the very inmost recesses of his heart, "well, sir, I suppose I needn't observe that I've nothing to do with your personal appearance, looks, age, or any thing of that sort. Mrs. D. and my darter have satisfied themselves on those points, therefore, with your permission, we will proceed at once to the £. s. d."

It is wonderful how that brief preface put to flight days, weeks, nay, months, of the most enchanting dreams of romantic attachment! How all the merry little Cupids used suddenly to start off by the express train,

leaving the unfortunate suitor panting and gasping on the platform of inquiry.

Mrs. Doocy had had so many "nice young men," through her hands, all abounding in the undoubted prerogative of youthful minds, "great expectations," and besides what she had dismissed of her own accord, had passed so many hopeless ones on to Doocy, who had discharged them almost unquestioned, that she had become a tolerable "mouser," or adept in the art of discrimination, and, moreover, had established certain channels of information that she worked clandestinely like the wires of an electric telegraph. The principal wire in the set was her maid, Lucy Green, or Miss Green, as she was styled in the language of high life below stairs. Lucy was a comely girl, a capital figure, with a goodish face, possessed of the usual talent of making clothes that really were "too bad" for her young ladies to wear, come out like new ones on her own person. Lucy wrote a fine running hand, with a great liberality of tail to her leading letters, danced as self-taught people generally do dance, a sort of mixture of bounce, romp, shake, and shuffle; and Lucy was generally considered a very attractive young lady at the tradesmen's and servants' balls of the various watering-places to which the Doocys went.

We have heard simple stupid people decry these delightful *réunions*—ask what good could come from ladies' maids showing their bare shoulders above dyed satin dresses, twirling a fan instead of the curling-tongs; but people who make those sort of observations show a very shallow knowledge of the intricacies of human life. However, without going at large into the question it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that if other people did not appreciate their advantages, Mrs. Doocy did, and always sent her maid becomingly attired—artificial flowers, crinkled hair, corded petticoat, and so on.

Now mark!

What mighty matters rise from trivial things,

as Squire Pope sang.

There had been a discussion on the propriety of casting a white watered dinner dress of Miss Doocy's, that Mr. Jay's stupid oaf of a foot-boy had scattered some currant-jelly sauce over, and the question being carried in the affirmative, the very first ball that took place after our friend Mr. Rocket's arrival, saw Lucy Green in this identical dress, standing at the top of a quadrille, having for a partner Mr. Rocket's valet, the elegant and distinguished Monsieur Jean de la Tour; the dress having been the means of procuring her the partner; for it must be apparent to every female mind, that a lady in unblemished white (and unblemished this one certainly did appear—the currant-jelly daubs being most tastefully concealed by artificial flowers and *garniture*), it must be apparent, we say, to every female mind, that a lady in unblemished white was more likely to strike a stranger than those in tawdry greens, and blue, and browns, and buffs, that every body knew the history of. We do not mean to detract from Miss Green's personal charms, but, on that evening, she was "got up" with extra care, and her swelling bosom was set off with a point lace berthe of surpassing fineness, which for certain reasons she did not care to array herself in until she had undergone the scrutiny of her mistress; added to this, being a little taller than Miss Doocy, the dress was sufficiently raised from the ground to show an uncommonly pretty foot and ankle, which she kept pointing and admiring at such intervals as she was not engaged in drawing herself up.

Monsieur de la Tour was a delightful man, full of grimace and anecdote, with a sufficient knowledge of the English tongue to make even his most sober remarks amusing. He was a little sallow-faced, small-pox-marked, sharp-featured fellow, with an infinity of hair and most ferocious whiskers, which he wore in the full bushy style, instead of the elaborate layers of curls with which he plastered the sides of his master's face. His dress was composed of the usual heterogeneous mixture which none but a Frenchman's imagination could supply—a very long swallow-tailed blue coat, with fancy buttons, and a very short-cut green velvet waistcoat studded with gold stars, and striped with three rows of coral buttons, a shirt frill as big as a hand-saw, putting out of countenance the tiny puckers of a cockcomb one in which his capacious black-satin stock terminated, almost concealing between them sundry brooches, pins, rings, and chains, with which they were entangled. His trousers were puckered around the waist to the fulness of a woman's skirt, and were slightly shaped over the instep of patent leather slipper boots, with interminable toes, which made a sort of puffing sound as he walked, just as if he had a bladder under each foot. Thus attired, with an old crush hat in one hand, and a massive mosaic gold-headed black cane, with large black and gold tassels in the other, he strutted into the room, exhibiting a considerable quantity of dragged wristband between his short tight coat-cuffs and his three-quarters dirty, primrose-coloured kid-gloves.

We forgot to state that he had a gold eye-glass passed over his chest by a broad satin ribbon into a waistcoat-pocket, with which, having glazed his right eye, he scrutinised the company with that audacious sort of air peculiar to men who fix their glasses in their eyes.

There cannot be a doubt, that if a Frenchman is a great man anywhere in England it will be in a ball-room. Much as the English nation, especially the lower orders, are inclined to undervalue them generally, still there is no denying that among even the humblest votaries of the fantastic toe, a Frenchman ever stands importantly conspicuous. Though the company at Glauberend was not what might be called first class, and as a necessary consequence, the servants lacked that high-life power of double character which runs to deferential awe before their masters' faces, and audacious impudence behind their backs, still there was a sufficient taste for "dancing and deportment" among the Johns and Jennets there assembled to make them appreciate the appearance of so bright a constellation as our hero's hero, Monsieur de la Tour.

The Johns, perhaps, might not like him, indeed it was hardly to be expected that they would, seeing that in the struggle for him among the ladies some of them would have to go to the wall, but they thought there was a sort of honour in the thing, just as some men think it an honour to pay a guinea for dining at the Freemason's Tavern with a royal duke in the chair. De la Tour had lolled in the rumbles of too many Long-Acre barouches, and seen too much of the "Ros Bifs" at home and abroad not to know how to treat the flunkeydom of a place like Glauberend; accordingly, he just dropped in about an hour after dancing had commenced—the precise hour of these balls being one over which the majority of the company can exercise "no control," as the merchants say of their affairs when they are going to stop payment—depending a good deal upon the jingling of the bells and other little contingencies at home. Being quite what the niggers call a "a quality ball," the room was brilliantly lighted

with wax, though many of the masters and mistresses were sitting at home with "tallow," or Palmer's composition candles.

To some it may seem strange that the tradespeople should associate with the servants, but we should observe that the tradespeople of places like Glauberend are only married servants themselves; but even if they were not, it would be well worth their while cultivating the acquaintance of those who rule the roast at home. Besides, no under or livery servants were admitted.

Mr. Basil Brown's butler, a big, burly, black-headed fellow, lately emancipated from the martyrdom of powder and livery, was master of the ceremonies for the evening, as was denoted by a huge white rosette pinned on the left side of his capacious chest. As it was generally known that Mr. Rocket's gentleman had signified his intention of being present, Monsieur's arrival did not create the sensation that would have been experienced had he dropped in "quite promiscuous;" and Mr. Brown's representative's altitude enabling him to see all parts of the room, he was scraping a bow before the distinguished foreigner, after the manner of the lamented Vauxhall Simpson ere Monsieur de la Tour had got half through his survey of the room. But if his appearance was viewed with complacency by the male portion of the company, it had a very different effect upon the ladies. There is nothing so truly sensitive and delicate as a lady's maid. They get all their mistress's nonsense and airs grafted on their own. Polly Perkins, who "couldn't be kept out of the butler's pantry at no price," as Mr. Tuckey's housekeeper pathetically complained to her mistress, now shrunk behind Martha Smith, old Miss Ribble's young woman, while Harriet Stagg, Miss Starch's pin-sticker, who had even demeaned herself by coquetting with a groom, now clung to Mrs. Toddey, the landlady's wife, as though she thought the terrible foreigner would tear her away. Not so our fair friend in the white silk. In the full confidence inspired by the best dress in the room, she passed her fair hand rapidly over her glossy brown hair, in which, like the self-adulating Miss Smith, of *Smith v. Ferrers'* celebrity, she wore "a single white rose," and satisfying herself by a glance in the mirror that it was all right, she just drew herself up in a tolerably conspicuous place, put out the pretty foot, and looked as much as to say, "I don't care whether you do or not, but if you've any *taste*, you'll take me." Nor was she out in her reckoning, for the cut-glass chandelier, under which she had casually placed herself, casting a strong light upon her handsome face and figure, she shone forth the very impersonification of light and elegance compared to the tawdry, dark-dressed dowdies by whom she was surrounded. Many minutes had not elapsed from the time of Monsieur de la Tour's *entrée* ere he was performing a most respectful arm-drooping salaam at her feet.

"With pleasure," was all she said, sticking herself out behind, just as she had seen her young ladies do in reply to the solicitation of some of the watering-place bucks at the promenade-rooms; and as the decorous Frenchman led her by the tips of her fingers to the top of the quadrille there was such an outburst of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, as makes our pen splutter to record.

"Pretty minx!" exclaimed Mary Dubber, looking at her sailing past with a "no better than she should be" sort of air.

"Who's she?" asked Harriet Cooke; "what are *her* people, I should

like to know, that she's to toss her airs in that way! I'd have her to know that my lady rode in her coach while hers was going in clogs."

"I'm sure my lady's as good as hers any day," pouted Catherine Spark, who wore a most improbable bustle under a fly-away blue gauze, trimmed with cherry-coloured satin riband.

And so they sneered, and scoffed, and turned up their noses, and commented on the saucy girl's coming dressed in such a way, with the most marked disgust and reprobation.

Their looks did not leave much doubt on the fair Lucy's mind as to what their feelings were; accordingly, she determined to make the most of her triumph, and to dance to the utmost of her ability. She therefore ducked, and bounced, and stotted and floated, and twirled about the room, now spreading out her clothes with both hands, as if she was airing them; now whisking them round with a velocity that brought certain under garments in painful contrast with the white upper one. Monsieur, too, aided her endeavour by placing and showing her off to the greatest advantage, and though dearly fond of dancing himself, he seemed to have as much pleasure in leading his fair partner forth to the envy, if not the admiration of the room, as he had in *pirouetting* and skipping himself. So they bounded and bounced through the old first set of quadrilles.

Though Miss Lucy could not but feel that the way in which Monsieur conducted her into the quadrille was both elegant and respectful, still she would have preferred a little more familiarity; accordingly, having lurched out behind again at the conclusion of the quadrille, instead of presenting him with the tips of her fingers to be conducted to her chaperone, Mrs. Toddey, Lucy thrust her well-shaped arm into his and said "Let's have a glass of negus."

Now the negus always stood on the table by the door, and as we have before observed the elegant couple had occupied the place of honour at the top of the room, consequently this *trajet* for the refreshment included the promenade of the whole room, and most haughtily condescending was the style in which she swept past the envious and exasperated observers, her swan-like neck making gentle ovations to such of them as came more immediately in her way.

When they accomplished the door the negus hadn't come, and seeing Mrs. Toddey elbowing her way on the left, the Dame Blanche having wheeled her swain to the right, timidly requested him that he would have the kindness to conduct her to her chaperone.

De la Tour, like all the "grande nation," was a man of gallantry, and having satisfied himself, as well during the dance as in his subsequent inspection, that there was nothing more attractive, and at all events more *distingué* in the room, he begged for the honour of a second dance, and that being accorded and the negus having come, the two were presently seen sitting under the orchestra, sipping and chatting away as familiarly as possible.

We are quite sure that no one at all acquainted with the French nation and with English servants will doubt for a moment that the conversation very soon turned on their masters and mistresses. There is nothing can compare with the garrulity of a Frenchman save the loquacity of English servants. Meet a Frenchman in a diligence, and ere you have travelled a post you are into the secrets of his whole family, and *menage*—English

servants are ashamed not to be able to tell all the "ins and outs" of the family in which they live.

The superior dress and pretension of Miss Lucy caused a doubt in Monsieur's mind whether she was in service or belonging to the more exalted region of commerce—a Miss Cheesemonger—a Miss Greengrocer—a Miss Poulterer, or something of that sort; accordingly, having expatiated on the delights of Paris, and the mountains of money possessed by his "me Lor," he hazarded the inquiry "who her governor voz?"

This procured the desired information, and he followed up the announcement of the name Dooeey, by observing, "Sans doubt, he shall be a me lor."

"No, not a miller," laughed Lucy, "a hop merchant."

"Ah! op merchant, op merchant, op merchant," repeated the little man, "ah, yes!" continued he, "je comprende, I understand, vot ve call 'maitre de danse' in France," continued he, shuffling about his feet as he spoke, "vare good—vare nice—love de maitre de danse."

"No! no!" laughed Lucy, "not a dancing-master—a great dealer in hops—hops what they make beer of, you know," thinking to advance her own importance with her master's.

"O quelle horreur!" exclaimed the Frenchman, shrugging up his shoulders and throwing out his hands, "O quelle horreur!" repeated he, as if he was thoroughly disgusted, "op merchant! O! de dem shopkeeper! O, de dem base mechanic!"

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

CLING to those who cling to you ;
 More than half our sorrow's made
 When we are ourselves untrue
 To the light of friendship's aid ;
 But how sweet it is to own
 Some kind heart to thine beat true,
 After many years have flown?—
 Cling to those who cling to you !

Cling to those who cling to you ;
 Think how those who live apart,
 That sweet solace never knew
 Friendship steds around the heart ;
 Who is there that hath not long'd
 Once to find some friend prove true?
 That *your* friendships be prolong'd—
 Cling to those who cling to you !

Cling to those who cling to you !
 Every link of friendship's chain,
 If the heart be only true,
 Will for ever bright remain ;
 Never be the first to break
 In the chain the link that's true,
 Never trust and truth forsake—
 Cling to those who cling to you !

PETTY WARFARE IN THE EAST.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

The Antagonism of the Strong to the Weak—March of the Turks against the Cha'b Arabs—Anxiety concerning an English Man-of-War lying off Mohammerah—Proceedings of the French Consul at Bassora—Capture and Sack of the Port—A Pacific Tailor—Remonstrances of the Persians—An Ambassador cudgelled—Sheikh of the Bawis shot—The Cha'b Country invaded by the Persians—The Persians repulsed on the Hedyphon—Are more successful on the Euleus—Capture of Mohammerah and of Fellahiyah—Flight and Death of Sheikh Thamar—Mixed Political Commission at Erzurum.

THE fact that no little state can exist for any length of time in contact with a more powerful neighbour, attests more plainly than any exposition of the possible tendencies of a more liberal commercial system, or even of a more refined civilisation, the proneness of human nature to dominion and of nations to war. Of the desirableness, the importance, the duty of peace there cannot be a moment's doubt. Christianity enjoins it, self-interest and national prosperity are alike concerned in it; literature, the arts and sciences can alone flourish under its protection, but such a thing is not.

From the time that the Israelites annexed upon their first rise, the dominions of the Jebusites and the Philistines, that Assyria, Greece, and Rome exhibited the same principles, which, occasionally dormant, ever and anon awake only with the more fearful energy, to our own times, in which we have witnessed the annexations of Poland, of Algeria, of Scind, and of Texas, which also as certainly involve those of Turkey, of Morocco, of the Punjaub, and of Mexico, there has ever been a repetition of the same thing over and over again. The parties alone change. The Saracens once waved the banner of the prophet in the heart of Spain. Now France can cage the "Desert Hawk." The Spaniards, once over-ran the New World, now the Anglo-Saxon race tramples upon their lethargy and corruption. History attests, in fact, in the most distinct manner, that no nation can exist long, but when its power is adequate to uphold its independence. This not only applies itself to little states, which may sometimes, as in Germany, be upheld by the bond of a political confederation, but also to nations at large. Good men may argue the necessity or the probability of peace upon a variety of just and honourable grounds. Experience of the past, and events still buried in the womb of time will be always against them. It is in vain that economists and merchants, and pious men alike condemn the expenses, or the absurdity, or the wrongfulness of war; whenever one nation becomes weaker than another, the more powerful will find an occasion for rupture and invasion. The same nation that has witnessed the onslaught of the Saxon, the Roman, and the Norman, may, in the key-day of its prosperity, if lulled by a philosophy which is not based upon the experience of the past, witness the triumph of the Frank.

It is humiliating to turn from such contemplations forced upon us by the voluntary blindness of the few, who imagine the perfection that they wish, and who obscure by the lustre of their own purity the latent wicked-

ness of man, to facts of a very insignificant order, as far as power or numbers are concerned, but in which the same universal principle is as clearly manifested as in cases of greater magnitude and importance. The lesson taught us is, indeed, every where the same. I gave, in a previous paper, the history of a race of Arabs, long time independent, who although several times invaded from without, had still managed to keep up for nigh five centuries, a position of more or less varying and uncertain vassalage, on a tract of land, isolated by the great rivers Euphrates and Eulceus, and by certain of their tributaries and outlets.

I also described how, in company with others, a visit was effected to the sheikh, or chieftain, of the tribe, who resided in a small town, with citadel and palace that was perfectly marsh environed, and which was further indebted for its prosperity to a very remarkable system of irrigation, such, as in the present day, has, perhaps, scarcely a parallel.

The French consul at Bassora, alarmed at this visit paid to the sheikh of the Cha'bs by a party of English officers, concocted a note pregnant with mischief and wicked import, in which he argued and pretended to establish to over-willing minds, the indisputable rights of the Turks over this unfortunate little state. M. Raymond, the dragoman of the French consulate, and Ibrahim Agha, the janissary, were at once despatched from Bassora to Baghdad, with the important mission of delivering this despatch into the hands of a sensual and ambitious satrap of the East.

The manner in which this mission, of a delicate and refined diplomacy, was performed, is so illustrative of the character of the parties concerned, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of placing it on record in the consul's own words.

"M. Raymond had taken care to include a few bottles of brandy among the ostensible presents destined for his excellency. He took up his quarters with Soliman Effendi, the pasha's secretary, whom he had known at Baghdad. In the evening, he plied his host with drink till he was tipsy, and made him divulge all his master's affairs; next day, he sent him to announce his arrival to the pasha, and instructed him to drop a hint that his stock of spirits was not exhausted, as this was likely to ensure him a gracious reception. Nor was he mistaken. Ali Pasha sent for him immediately, treated him with attention, and, at last, honoured him with the *calvet*, or a private audience. The other persons present withdrew, and my note was then communicated. Its contents seemed to please him.

"On the re-admission of the public, Ibrahim Agha caused my presents of sweetmeats and confectionery to be brought. The pasha directed his attendants to give my janissary a robe of honour. Ibrahim expostulated, and expressed his surprise at the pasha's seeking to overload him with clothes, in such hot weather. He reminded his excellency that he had previously received a similar robe at Kornah, and that it was not worth much; that he did not want another, but that money would be more acceptable. His wishes were complied with, but as the coffers of the pasha were empty, M. Raymond had to lend his excellency's secretary about forty francs to complete the present to Ibrahim Agha, who received in all about a hundred francs (4l.)"

But this was not all that the janissary of the French consulate was capable of performing for his master. He had an eye to the empty condition of the consulate kitchen, where, when not acting as janissary,

Ibrahim Agha was often cook. For the French are at once proud and economical in their consular establishments. Plurality of offices does not signify there monopoly so much as retrenchment.

“These political occupations did not by any means divert the attention of the worthy Ibrahim from other matters. As a Turk, he paid visits to many of the Aïtas, and congratulated them on the rich harvest which they had reaped. It was not right, in his opinion, that a brother in arms who chanced to meet them, after such a wind-fall, should leave them empty-handed. By appeals of this sort, he contrived to collect kettles, sauce-pans, coffee-pots, and other copper utensils, which, he said, were wanting in his own kitchen. He honoured Sarkosh Pasha with a visit, and observing a quantity of corn heaped up in the court, begged of his excellency to allow him to take some of it for his domestic use. His request was granted. Thereupon, he hired a boat, and waiting for an opportunity when the pasha was from home, carried off the entire stock.”

Thus prompted and abetted, Ali Pasha started on his expedition, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Colonel Taylor, the British resident at Baghdad, and who is reported by the French consul to have backed his exhortations by an offer of 24,000*l.* to the pasha to induce him to forego his intentions!

The strength of the army was estimated somewhat as follows:—the regular troops, under the command of Sarkosh Pasha (the drunken pasha), amounted to about 2000 men; the regular cavalry to about 1500; and this, with mounted Arabs, and the pasha's immediate attendants and body guard, made altogether a force of from 4500 to 6000 men of all arms, and which also included the service of six field pieces.

All the boats on the river were taken forcible possession of for the transport of the heavy weights and commissariat; the inhabitants were hunted down to be made sailors of; a supply of provisions was obtained by the pillage of warehouses; and thus provided, the army advanced along the left bank of the river by easy marches, while the flotilla dropped down under its protection.

Some delay occurred at Kornah in transporting the troops across the River Tigris, and the army next encamped for a short time at no great distance from Bassora, at a spot where three Arabs, brothers and merchants, had built an edifice, which served at once as a country house and a fortress. One of the Honourable East India Company's cruisers happened at this time to be lying at Mohammerah, the healthiest, safest, and most commodious port in the Euphrates, the presence of this vessel gave the pasha so much uneasiness, that he sent for the instigator of the invasion—the French Consul at Bassora—to consult with him as to the possible interference of the English, and what he should do under the circumstances. The advice given by the French Consul is best conveyed in his own words, more especially as illustrative of that kindly, honourable feeling which some would insist upon as being entertained by the French towards the English.

“I gave him my opinion in the most unreserved manner, although I knew very well that it would be repeated elsewhere. The conduct of the English Resident had offended me, and, moreover, I was extremely dissatisfied to see the English treat this country as if it really were a dependency of the East India Company's. I assured his excellency aloud, and in full divan, that he, having been intrusted with the government of the

province by the Sublime Porte, had an unquestionable right to decide what places it was proper for vessels to anchor in. That, if under present circumstances, and when he was on the point of attacking Mohammerah, the English vessel was in the way, he had only to write to the commander, desiring him to leave the place, and the order would be obeyed. Lastly, that having myself been a witness of all the intrigues which had been set on foot to establish British authority in that part of the sultan's dominions, I had long ago advised the Governor of Bassora to act upon these principles, and to prohibit the English from visiting Mohammerah.

"The Turks have no notion of the law of nations, and those present inferred, from my observations, that all foreign vessels which entered the Euphrates were under the pasha's orders. At any rate, *my friend*, Captain Sharp, who commanded the vessel in question, was requested shortly afterwards to retire from before Mohammerah; enraged, no doubt, at being deprived of the power of interfering, he set sail and left for good, to the infinite satisfaction of the pasha."

It is necessary to observe that I cannot vouch for the truth of the above statements, as they occurred in connexion with a ship with which we had no relations; but I can aver that the intrigues set on foot to establish British authority in that part of the Sultan's dominions, and which the French consul asserts himself to have been a witness of, had no other foundation than the visit previously described which was made to the Sheikh of the Ch'abs, and the ascent of the Eulæus or Pasitigris, viewed in the contorted light of inter-national prejudices and jealousies.

In the meantime the Pasha had sent on emissaries to Mohammerah, and various intrigues were set on foot according to the invariable oriental practice to procure submission without bloodshed. One of the first persons won over was Ahmed Sheikh of the Haiyadar, at that time residing at Mohammerah, and to whom the government of the place under the Turks was promised. The next, and most important adhesion obtained, and which was the result of personal rivalry, was that of Abd-al-Riza, Sheikh of the Bawī tribe, who occupy the right and left banks of the Eulæus, above and below Ismailiyah. There only remained true to Sheikh Tamar, Sheikh Karayid, who lived in southern Mohammerah, with about a dozen followers, and Haji Jabar, Sheikh of the Mohaisen, who dwelt a little above Mohammerah.

When the pasha had fully satisfied himself that there would be no opposition, he advanced boldly to the siege. A few guns were fired to announce the approach of the army, and the unfortunate little port was given up to plunder and devastation. "It is utterly impossible," says the French consul, who triumphantly records the results of his policy, "to exaggerate the pillage, for every thing in the place was seized by the soldiery, who carried off even the women and children; when the place was completely stripped, the pasha and his troops gratified themselves by burning it."

As the inhabitants had not offered the slightest opposition to the Turks, they were so little in expectation of being treated like people who had held out in the most contumacious manner possible, that an unfortunate tailor, who was probably in total ignorance even of the capture of the place, having been found busily plying his needle, was seized, and dragged before the pasha, to be punished for his simplicity.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed his captors, as they led him into the

presence of the bloated satrap, "while the wuzir gives himself the trouble and the fatigue of coming all the way from Baghdad, to besiege and take the town, he has been sitting and sewing away as if nothing had happened!"

The pasha, in his leniency, was content with ordering the pacific artist to undergo the bastinado. The crowd considered that he had forfeited his head.

The first intelligence that arrived at Bassora of the pillage of Mohammerah was carried thither by those who had made the most booty. Numbers of soldiers (such is the discipline of the Turkish army) came straggling into the town, and were to be seen offering for sale stuffs and copper utensils, which they had secured. The French consul relates that a soldier belonging to the regular troops had made a very rich capture; he had possessed himself of a quantity of pearls, and sought refuge with his plunder at the consulate. It appears that he did not estimate the integrity of this high official at a higher figure than that of his countrymen. With the victors arrived also great numbers of the victims of the catastrophe. Among others there was an officer, who had taken possession of the wife and daughter of a Persian; and as the latter was anxious to ransom them, he went about among his countrymen and others to raise the money. The officer accompanied him in these visits, but all endeavours to move him to compassion or to moderate his demand were fruitless. He asked about 20*l.*, and when any one remonstrated with him, he maintained that the price was low; he extolled the beauty and the amiable dispositions of both mother and daughter, enlarged upon their personal charms, and appealed, with cruel simplicity, to the Persian's own testimony.

In the meantime, Sheikhs Jabar and Karayid had fled to Fellahiyah, where Sheikh Thamar, finding himself so shamefully abandoned by Abd-al-Riza and Ahmed, was making applications for assistance at the same time to the Persians, and to the Bakhtiyari chieftain, Mohammed Taki Khan.

The shah having received very exaggerated accounts of the wealth possessed by the latter powerful chieftain, the motamidu-a-daulet, or confidential minister, the second functionary at the Persian court, and said to be a man of genius, had been some time in Susiana, engaged in suppressing the power of a chieftain, who is described as having done much to improve the condition of the people under his rule, and the only excuse made for despoiling whom, was that he had carried on correspondence with the exiled princes who formerly visited England.

The motamid accordingly despatched an emissary at once to Mohammerah, to remonstrate with the pasha upon the impropriety and injustice of his proceedings. This remonstrance appears to have had some effect, for the pasha withdrew without venturing to pursue the runaway sheikhs any further, or coming to any understanding or permanent arrangement with the chief of the Cha'bs. The French consul relates that another ambassador was sent at a subsequent period by the motamid, with great pomp to Baghdad, but that, instead of meeting with the reception due to the ambassador of a foreign power, he was treated with marked indignity and *beaten!* If this is true, of which there is not the least likelihood, such an occurrence must have imparted an amusing colouring to the disquisitions of the long sitting commission at Erzurum.

Sheikh Thamar having been thus enabled to hold his ground, the Turks had no sooner withdrawn than Mohammerah was re-established upon its old footing, and its mansions of mud and warehouses of date-tree fronds, being things of easy re-construction, rose from their ashes, like the palm-trees that, burnt down to the root, spring up fairer than ever; this being the reason why they received from the Phœnicians the same name as that bird of rare traditional appearance which is supposed to allegorise the philosophy of comets.

Mr. Layard informs me, that Mohammed Taki Khan sent a body of Bakhtiyari horse, under the command of his nephew, Aga Arslan, and with their assistance Thamar turned out the sheikh that had been set up by Ali Pasha, while the chief of the Bawis was, after the lapse of a short time, by some pretence or other, induced to visit the Sheikh of the Ch'abs at Fellahiyah. The occasion was taken to shoot him, as well as one of his principal supporters, at a public entertainment, while drinking the coffee which had just been presented to him. This sad event occurred in the principal room of that great edifice consecrated to hospitality, which has been previously described. Sheikh Akil, or Ajil, was appointed at the head of the tribe, in the place of the judicially murdered chieftain, and Sheikh Thamar found himself once more as strong in his small dominions as he ever had been.

This happy state of independence was, however, but of short duration. To play one power against another,—a common feature of Oriental policy,—Sheikh Thamar had, while labouring under the panic of a Turkish invasion, made concessions to the Persians, to obtain their aid, of which the black caps were not slow in availing themselves. They had, indeed, at the time of the advance of Ali Pasha abetted the proffered aid of the powerful Bakhtiyari chieftain, Mohammed Taki Khan, which Sheikh Thamar had only been induced to forego, from a feeling that such an alliance was as dangerous as the overt hostilities of the red caps. We have seen that upon the destruction of the port of Mohammerah, the Persians, also, took occasion to remonstrate upon what they considered to be an infringement of their rights, in an invasion of the Ch'ab territory. When, however, Sheikh Thamar found himself as safely re-established in the possession of his little port as ever, and he had brought the Bawis into subjection, and appointed over them one whom he deemed to be a trustworthy servant, he forgot the proffers of allegiance made in the hour of danger, and treated the Persians as if their claims were precisely upon a par with those of the Turks. Thus, when Mohammed Taki Khan was obliged to fly before the Persians, Sheikh Thamar did not hesitate to offer an asylum to one who had been a friend to him in time of trouble.

The consequence was, that the motamid became as much interested in suppressing the power of Sheikh Thamar, as he was that of Mohammed Taki Khan. Both were, indeed, placed in the same position of having by a more enlightened and more temperate government than is usually exercised in those countries, and a real desire to benefit their people, succeeded in rendering their territories comparatively prosperous, and were approaching a state too independent for the purposes of the Persian court. An intrigue was accordingly set on foot, which presented a remarkable similarity to that pursued by the Turkish pasha.

The newly-appointed Sheikh of the Bawis was seduced from his allegiance by large promises, never intended to be fulfilled; and the tribe of

Sherifat under Sheikh Madkur, living upon the Hindiyān and in the Zeitun hills, and hence always uncertain in their allegiance, were also easily induced to side with the stronger party. The Persians were thus enabled to march against the unfortunate Sheikh of the Ch'abs with a reinforcement of 2000 foot and 700 horse of the Sherifat, and 1000 mounted Bawis. Thus was poor Sheikh Thamar, simply because he was not strong enough to fight against Turk or Persian, alternately invaded in his territories by each.

Mr. Layard, who happened to be at this very time at Fellahiyah, describes Sheikh Thamar as having collected to oppose this force about 7000 men, of whom 3000 were well armed with muskets and matchlocks, 1000 were horsemen, and 3000 indifferently armed with spears, swords, &c. The sheikh had also three small guns, which Layard says were better mounted than those he had seen in the Persian service, and which were worked by forty Persians, who had been drilled by a fugitive artilleryman from Tehran.

The Persians advanced along the banks of the Hedyphon, from the plain of Ram Hormuz, and first encamped above the village of Kareibah. They thence advanced to the canal previously described as the Ommu-l-sakhar, and being detained there in constructing a bridge, they were attacked during the night by the Ch'ab Arabs, and so roughly treated that, although not actually driven off the field, they made no further advance, but hastened to retire; deeming it probably impossible to capture the city from that quarter. Subsequently, a plan was formed, at the suggestion of the Bawis and of the old Wali of Arabistan, of floating the troops down the river Karun to Mohammerah, and of advancing on Fellahiyah from that point.

This plan was put into execution in the autumn of the same year (1841) when the Motamid, after assembling his troops at Shuster and Disful, floated them down the rivers to Band-i-Kir and thence by the Karun to Ahwaz, where they were joined by the disaffected tribe of the Bawis. Thus reinforced, the Persians advanced upon Mohammerah, which offered no greater resistance to the Persian forces than it had previously done to the troops of the sultan, who, however, had taken good care to leave very little in the shape of plunder for the invaders that followed in their track.

Mohammerah having thus successfully passed from Arab to Turkish, and then into Persian subjection, the Tajiks advanced by the Dorak canal upon Fellahiyah. Sheikh Thamar, who had been enabled however, with his small body of followers, to oppose a successful resistance to the Persians when, aided by the defences of his numerous artificial canals, felt that he was too vulnerable when attacked from the quarter of Mohammerah to offer any effectual resistance, added to which, he found to his infinite mortification, that his own people were beginning to flag in their allegiance at such a trying conjuncture. Nothing remained for him then but flight, and he hastened to convey his wives and family, and whatever property was available, on board a bagalah, in which he set sail for Koweit on the Persian Gulf. The Persians were thus enabled to take possession of Fellahiyah without bloodshed, and Sheikh Fars was nominated chief of the Ch'ab Arabs in place of Sheikh Thamar, and as a vassal to Persia.

The Turks were not, however, prepared to give their consent to an arrangement so peremptorily enforced by the *Motamid*, and the Sublime Porte protested energetically the rights which, territorially speaking, they held upon the basin of the Euphrates, and which the canal of *Haffar*, being an artificial cut from the *Eulceus* to the Euphrates, included *Mohammerah*. The question got mixed up at the same time with other disputed boundaries, more especially those of the *Pashaliks* of *Erzrum*, and of *Suleimaniyah* in *Kurdistan*, and a mixed political commission composed of Turkish, Persian, Russian, and English commissioners, was appointed to sit and investigate these delicate matters at *Erzrum*. *Sheikh Thamar* was called before this commission to give evidence, and was afterwards sent back to *Bassora*, where *Mr. Layard* informs me that he has an impression that he died shortly afterwards. The commission, after a very prolonged inquiry and discussion, have drawn up a treaty, which has received the approbation of the shah, and I believe only awaits that of the sultan to be carried into effect.

THE ROYAL VICTIM-BRIDE.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

WHY beam no more on Spain's famed land the hopes once glowing bright?
 Why hush'd the soul of music's swell,—young steps all bounding light?
 Eyes flashing joy to eyes that spake,—fond childhood's heart-glad tide
 Of bliss too brief—Love's thrilling throbs in breasts that never sigh'd?

Swift, joyous as soft glancing fawns, or fairies' feet, they flew
 Through the wild maze, and rapturous peals from proud spectators drew—
 The people of the brave free land, who on that bright young brow
 Saw Isabel's saint's diadem wreath'd with the Cid's sword-vow.

Her glorious morn dawn'd full and fair o'er Spain's re-waken'd fame,
 And every free hearth's worshipper hail'd glad the patriot flame,
 And Victory's hero fann'd the fire,—proud guardian of her crown,
 And manliest monarch-chiefs aspired to share that maiden's throne.

At midnight, hark! what cries are those that startle through the gloom,
 And ring 'mid those proud palace halls as 'twere the knell of doom?
 Whose traitor-swords, war's stormiest breath, appal Spain's young loved queen
 With dread and darker revelry, and other sights, I ween!

And woman's shrieks 'mid clash of arms—wild cries for one loved name;
 And borne on ducal Victory's wings that pray'd-for succour came:
 But ah! what boots all guardian care 'gainst foul assassin arts—
 His queen and country's saviour, twice, sad exile soon departs.

Deep clouds shroud Spain's young glory—the queen of all the land;—
 The muttering thunders gather at the black magician's wand!—
 Enchain'd her hero spirit—entranced her beauty's power,—
 And who may tell what dark spells wrought in that unholy hour?

She woke from out that demon-trance—She woke a victim-bride,
 The splendour of her bright reign gone—no consort at her side—
 The honour of the land of Cids stain'd with a stain so deep
 Not Ebro can wash out, nor find her tears enough to weep.

Then ask not from those palace-halls why music's mirth has fled;
 Nor why that bright, once happy one now droops her royal head?—
 No guardian spirit flew to save, ere that dread sorcerer's spell.
 Pass'd o'er her, and her life's young bloom,—love's—glory's sceptre fell.

VERSING FOR A WIFE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

PART I.

HOW CAPTAIN RHATIGAN TRIED HIS LUCK ; WHAT CAME OF IT ; AND
HOW FITZ-MORTIMER FOLLOWED HIS ADVICE.

“UPON my life, Fred,” said Captain Rhatigan, at breakfast one morning in a friend’s lodgings, balancing, as he spoke, an anchovy on his fork, with an air of profound reflection, as if he were weighing the fish and the merits of some difficult question in opposite scales ; “upon my life, there’s no other way for you” (here the anchovy disappeared) ; “yes, you must make up your mind to it. I don’t care if I do take another, they harmonise with the toast. It’s what we must all come to !” And, as he delivered this not very intelligible opinion, Captain Rhatigan heaved what might in courtesy be called a sigh, though the noise he made would not have been out of place had he stood at the capstan heaving anchor.

The friend thus addressed, who seemed to have no appetite even for the stimulating delicacy which had interpolated itself in the preceding speech, was standing by the fire-place stirring a large cup of tea and meditating on something which, to judge by his countenance, did not afford him any very high degree of satisfaction. He was still a young man, though by no means in the bloom of youth, for dissipation had swept all bloom from his cheek and left marks on his brow which years would have been slow to trace. But though his features were haggard, they were yet handsome, and though his form was wasted, the loose and sadly faded brocade dressing-gown which shrouded it, could not conceal the proportions of a fine figure. His appearance indeed was, unfortunately, only the type of too many of his class, who run through their money, alienate their friends, become bankrupts in health and reputation, and are either cut off prematurely by accident or intemperance, or drag on a dishonoured existence till it closes unlamented. It was a toss up at this moment which might be the fate of Frederick Pierrepont Fitz-Mortimer, but the chances seemed certainly more in favour of a sudden interruption than of a long career. At fifteen he had entered the army with an ample fortune, the best interests, and the brightest prospects ; at two-and-twenty he was a major of dragoons, and though “too fond of pleasure,” as the phrase goes, was in a fair way of achieving distinction ; at twenty-five, losses at play had compelled him to sell out ; and on the day on which he celebrated the twenty-ninth anniversary of his birth, he had gone through nearly every gradation that carries a gambler and a spendthrift downward.

At the period of his introduction to the reader, he was metaphorically on his last legs. Not only were all his means gone, his credit exhausted, and his resources a blank, but he even stood within the danger of the law, as far as its penalties were applicable to one who was over head and ears in debt, and had written his name across a much greater amount of paper than was compatible with his personal liberty, had the holders been ac-

quainted with his whereabouts. It was on this account that he now occupied apartments on the first floor of a house in an obscure street in Lisson Grove, having only shifted his quarters a few days before from a lodging on the Surrey side of the water, where the privacy which he coveted seemed in danger of being invaded.

"You don't mean the rules, or a walk through the court, do you?" inquired the moody tea-drinker.

"Not a bit of it," replied Captain Rhatigan; "it's little good you'd get of the rules; rules and regulations was never made for the like of you, Fred. And as to the court, if you did get through it, even in three years' time, you'd be worse off when you came out than when you went in."

"Faith, I hardly know," said Fitz-Mortimer. "To be worse off than I am now would be a difficult matter."

"Very likely," returned his friend, coolly; "but I don't think your situation would be improved by a three years' residence in the Queen's Bench, unless, indeed, the chief commissioner of the Insolvent Debtors' Court should take a fancy to you during your examination, and leave you all his property when he dies."

"What the devil, then, do you recommend?" said Fitz-Mortimer, almost angrily. "I wish you would speak out."

"Oh, then, if it's speaking out you want, here's at it. It's like a plunge in the water in frosty weather,—the first shock is every thing. Hold your breath, and you'll bear it. You must get married!"

"I don't see how that would help me."

"Not if you got a fortune with your wife?"

"A fortune, yes; but is that very likely, when,—d—n this old dressing-gown,—I've scarcely a coat to my back."

"The more reason, Fred, why you should make the attempt."

"No doubt of that. I never wanted one more."

"Which?—a wife or a coat?"

"Which ever you please, as the showman says; but, granting the necessity, how is a wife attainable?"

"Listen, Fred, and mark my words. You must advertise!"

"Advertise!"

"Yes, you must advertise for a wife. You won't be the first that has done so by many hundreds. I have done it myself," continued Captain Rhatigan, drawing himself up and burying his chin in his stock; "that is to say, I have done the same thing. I once answered an advertisement."

"And what came of it? I never knew you had been married."

"I never was, my dear fellow, but I might have been if circumstances had been propitious."

"When and where did this happen?"

"You shall hear. When first I was put on half-pay, I passed a season in London, divided, it must be confessed, between my lodgings in Northumberland-court, where I slept and breakfasted—Rupert-street, where I dined—Offley's and the Coal-hole, where I passed the evening—and a certain house in Jermyn-street, where I finished the night at roulette, until roulette nearly finished me. I then went to Jersey to get brandy cheap and economise. The brandy was cheap enough for that matter, but there was a lot of us—Taylor, of ours—Murphy, of the Bays—

Hacket, of the dirty half-hundredth—and a few more, and somehow or other we made up the difference—took it, you'll say—in the quantity we consumed, so that when quarter-day came round, we found ourselves just as much to the bad as ever. Lord knows how it would have ended, but one fine day, as I was just stepping into a boat to take a pleasant sail, a rascally bailiff put his hand on my shoulder, and I knocked him down and put out to sea. The owner of the boat told me I should be banished for the offence, and so I was; but as this happened to suit me, I went across to Granville, and for the next year or two drew my half-pay through the consul at St. Malo, living sometimes there and sometimes at Lannion, where fishing and shooting are more easily had. I got tired of this at last, and having scraped together a few pounds—for one can't spend money in Brittany live how you will—I made a start of it for Paris. A Frenchman who can keep himself out of the sugar he steals at the Cafés, may make it out very well there, on next to nothing at all; but a fellow with a good appetite, accustomed to his bottle, and inclined to amuse himself as a foreigner generally does, stands but a poor chance of making it out on half-pay, and, by Jabus, I got no richer there than I did in Jersey: that is to say, I found myself getting poorer. One morning, as I was shaving—that's the time for thinking over one's affairs, Fred, only it's rather dangerous if you happen to be very much in debt—and wondering what would turn up next, my eye fell upon a bit of newspaper, a French one, which I was just going to wipe my razor on, and fixed on an advertisement headed '*Marriage*.' '*Marriage!*' says I, '*that's the very thing for you, Tim Rhatigan, if the lady has got the wherewithal.*' So I took up the paper to see what it was all about. I'll not say much for my accent, picked up at Cambrai with the army of occupation, and improved upon in Jersey and Brittany, but, for a knowledge of the language, you may trust me to be interpreter at head-quarters. What I read was as follows:—

“ ‘Ancienne Maison St. Marc—patented by the government, No. 8, Rue des Colonnes, at the corner of the Rue de la Bourse, established for negotiations of marriage. Persons desirous of being married, may, with perfect confidence, address themselves to Madame St. Marc. Her position in the upper classes of society enables her to furnish the most positive information respecting widow ladies and spinsters, having settlements and fortunes from twenty thousand francs to two millions. Affranchir.’

“ I don't know what you may think, Fred, but the opposite sex had always a very favourable notion of Tim Rhatigan's appearance, and as I looked at myself in my shaving-glass that morning, I fancied they were not wrong. ‘Two millions!’ says I, ‘I'll go for the whole stake—as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.’ So I dressed myself, out of compliment to the French, in a military coat with frogs on it, and preferring a vivacious conversation to a correspondence, set out after breakfast for the Rue des Colonnes. Madame St. Marc was so much accustomed to high life that she had established her office in the *quatrième au dessus de l'entresol*. I climbed up a hundred and fourteen stairs, making false steps, and breaking my shins at every landing-place, and at last I stumbled against the door of madame. She was a very dignified lady, and wore a very shabby shawl, which once, she assured me, had been a Cachemire, and she discoursed in a mighty eloquent manner about the enormous fortunes she had under her thumb, but all the while she said nothing to

the purpose, nor could I bring her to book till I had forked out the sum of forty francs, '*pour entamer les affaires,*' as she remarked. She then entered my name in her *carnet*, or private memorandum-book (I gave her that of my twelfth cousin, Lord Brallaghan), and asked me what amount of fortune I expected, and whether I preferred a widdy or a single lady?

" 'It's a widdy you'll be yourself, ma'am,' says I, 'I'll go bail that them double barrels (meaning her eyes), have each killed their man, the divel a flash in the pan with either of *them*—it's not in your presence, ma'am, that I'd make choice of any thing short of a widdy. As for the money, ma'am, there can't be too much of it, so give me the best you've got.'

" The compliment pleased her, and then it was she told me about her shawl, how her first husband (I was right, Fred, she had disposed of two), had given it to her as *cadeau de nocces*, and affection for his memory still made her wear it; but she presently came back to business, and wanted to know what fortune I had, as it was necessary that the contracting parties should be '*sur le même pied.*'

" 'Oh, as to that,' says I, 'the greater part of my money is funds—and sure enough it is—my own funds, when the agent pays it; and my landed property is in the moving bog of Kilmaleady—nobody can get at that—that's perfectly safe.'

" 'And what does it bring you in?' says she,—the knowing one.

" 'Ten thousand a year,' says I, off-hand, for I thought there was no use in making a poor mouth.

" 'Bon,' says Madame St. Marc, 'you'll do, milor.'

" She then turned to a thick volume, in which there appeared to be a good many entries. After running her eye over two or three pages, she suddenly asked me if I was in the habit of going to church.

" 'I'm not particular, ma'am,' says I; 'when I find one convenient to my lodging I sometimes drop in.'

" 'Then you have no objection to meet me in one?'

" 'None in life, ma'am,' says I, 'I'd meet you anywhere,' ('By moonlight alone,' I hummed half aloud.)

" 'Very well milor,' she answered, 'come the day after to-morrow, at ten o'clock to the Eglise Saint Roch; you'll find me just inside the entrance by the right-hand door, and before the service is over I will show you half a dozen ladies for you to pick and choose from. *Quand vous avez arrêté votre choix je vous ferai présenter à la dame.*'

" Well, this seemed all fair and above-board, and so I took a polite leave of Madame St. Marc. When I got out into the street again I began to think over the affair. I knew by experience that the French ladies are rather susceptible, particularly when a man is six feet high, and has *my whiskers*, 'but' says I to myself, 'they like a showy outside, too, the serpents! and they shall have it, if I spend my last rap.' So I went to a fellow in the Palais Royal, who had no end to ready-made things in his shop, and picked out some of the gayest I could find. I was soon matched with the lower garments, but the divel a bit could I get on the coats and waistcoats; there wasn't a single one of them that was broad enough across the chest. '*Vous avez des epaules énormément forts, monsieur,*' said the tailor. 'You may say that,' replied I, 'and if it had not been for these shoulders, and a few more pairs like 'em you'd not

have had the pleasure of seeing me here to-day.' I comprehended now how it was we made such short work of the Frenchmen at Waterloo. The fellow promised however, to fit me, if I could wait four-and-twenty hours; for a wonder he kept his word, and when I turned out on the morning appointed I leave you to judge if a neater looking gentleman than myself ever trod the Boulevards. Sky-blue body coat with bright buttons, and black velvet collars were the fashion then. I wore one, cut in the very first style, with long swallow tail skirts and the waist up to my shoulder blades. I chose my own waistcoat, having, I flatter myself, a little taste, and selected a satin with three broad stripes, black, scarlet, and yellow, like the body of a coral snake or a Belgian drum-major. I had on a green silk neckcloth, for the honour of my country; besides it goes well with auburn whiskers and a florid complexion; tight nankeen pantaloons and Hessian boots with fixed brass spurs, and as pretty a sugar-loaf hat set a little on one side as you'd wish to see on a summer's day.

"You must have been quite killing," said Fitz-Mortimer.

"I was so, Fred, not a man or woman I met that morning could keep their eyes off me. It was pretty much the same when I got into the church, for the jingle of the spurs was as good as the priest's bell, and when once the dear creatures caught a glimpse of Tim Rhatigan in his best, I promise you they looked less and less at the big candlesticks on the altar. At last, Madame St. Marc, who had placed herself close to a pillar in the principal aisle, and was leaning over the back of one of the rush-bottomed chairs which you get for a sous—praying, of course—just raised her head and gave me a wink, as much as to say she had marked down a bird for me. I got behind the pillar, and following the direction in which she looked, caught sight of a plump little thing who was down on her knees and making believe to be very devout, only some how or other, her bright black eyes kept glancing off the book, as if she was thinking of something a little more tangible than Saint Polycarp, whoever he might be, that the priest was discoursing about. I saw by the expression of Madame St. Marc's countenance that I had guessed at the right person, and presently she whispered to me, as I bent my head over when the Host went up, to follow her at a distance when the service was over. She had no occasion to speak twice, and as the congregation were going down the steps, close to where Buonaparte left his mark on the 18th Brumaire, I saw her make up to the lady I have described and address her as an acquaintance. There was a good deal of smiling and talking on both sides, to make up for lost time in church, I suppose, and then they moved off together, taking the direction of the Tuileries gardens. I was up to the dodge, and instead of going in by the *Porte des Feuillans* I made a *détour* to the right and entered at the *Place de la Concorde*, not however, before I saw Madame St. Marc's head turned over her shoulder, as much as to say it was 'all right.' She chose the south side of the gardens, it's more shady and retired than the other part, and not haunted by the prying old English ladies, who object to the statues in what they call 'the dark walks,' and there I encountered my friend and her companion. She was as round and smooth as an egg, with an olive complexion, dark hair and eyes, a laughing mouth with very fine teeth in it—that kind of woman has always got something to laugh at—very pretty feet and ankles, and altogether just the sort of thing to fall in love with, even if she hadn't been so rich as Madame St. Marc afterwards told

me she was. Her age appeared about five or six and twenty, and I needn't tell you she was very well dressed, for a Frenchwoman generally takes care of that when there is any body to look at her.

"Of course Madame St. Marc was very much surprised to meet her old friend Lord Brallaghan. What she made of the name is not worth mentioning, only it would have puzzled an Irish jury to make it out; and he, I am proud to say, did the honours of the rencontre in a way that might have satisfied Prince Talleyrand, so that the little widdy was perfectly unsuspecting, and proved as amiable as she was good-looking. Well, sir, we walked about in them Tuileries Gardens for half an hour or so, till, seeing a good many people going in the direction of the Champs Elysées, the fair widdy,—her name I found was D'Est-Ange—(the angels all come from the East, Fred),—inquired what was the reason of the crowd. Madame St. Marc replied that it was the first day of the fête of Saint Cloud, and added how pleasant it must be to be going there such a fine day. As an Irishman and a man of gallantry, of course I couldn't do less than offer to escort them there. At first Madame d'Est-Ange wouldn't hear of such a thing—she was scarcely out of mourning—her carriage was not in the way, and fifty more objections of the same sort; but you know I've a persuasive tongue, Fred. I succeeded after a time in overcoming her scruples, and knowing where a *remise* was to be had in the Rue St. Florentin close by, we were soon bowling along the road to Saint Cloud as merrily as the best of them.

"It was not a bad dinner I'll promise you that I ordered when we got there,—famous that house by the bridge is for its matelottes d'anguilles, and famously did Madame St. Marc walk into them; nor did Madame d'Est-Ange play a bad knife and fork; the chambertin was excellent, and a couple of bottles of champagne put us all in capital spirits for dancing under the chestnut trees in the park, where Madame St. Marc paired off with an old Chevalier de St. Louis, her brother-in-law, she said, by her first marriage, and called the Comte de Vraie-Canaille. What passed between me and the pretty widdy, I needn't tell you, Fred, but I saw, before the evening was over, that she was hit, for she left off laughing and began to sigh like a cat in a garret. I asked her the reason, and says she:

"'What a pity it is so pleasant a day should be over so soon; gone,' says she, in a melancholy accent, 'never to return.'

"'There's as good fish in the sea,' says I, 'as ever was caught. If to-day is gone, sure there's to-morrow coming!'

"'Alas, yes!' answered she; 'to-morrow with all its solitude and sadness; to-morrow rendered doubly dark by the brightness of the present hour!'

"'But why should you be either solitary or sad?' says I, 'at your time of life, with beauty and accomplishments like yours.'

"You may guess the rest, it was the old story over again—I squeezed her hand, felt the 'tremulous pressure' in return, and when I settled with the fellow for the *remise* on our arrival in Paris, and got out to walk to my lodgings, leaving her to be driven home to her hotel in the Rue de Valenciennes—for she would not hear of my accompanying her,—I had made as successful a lodgment in her breastwork as a military gentleman need desire.

"Well, what came of it all?' asked Fitz-Mortimer, with a wearied abstracted air.

"Ah, I see you're tired—envious a little, hey? Well, every man hasn't the luck of Tim Rhatigan. *This* came of it! I didn't let the grass grow under my feet next day before I made off for the Rue des Colonnes. I found Madame St. Marc in as much good humour as I was myself. She told me, what I knew pretty well already, that I had made an impression on the fair one. I then pressed her for a few particulars, but before she would go any further she made another demand upon me,—it was always the custom, she said, at this stage of the proceedings. As I had told her I was a man of fortune, I couldn't make any objection, and handed her over the couple of hundred francs she asked for, though it considerably widened the hole already made in my sum total by the expenses of the day before, my bran-new toggery, and what I had previously paid her. She now opened out a little, and told me that Madame d'Est-Ange—her Christian name was Desirée, the darling!—was the widdy of a peer of France who had died about two years before and left her immensely rich; it wasn't exactly two millions of francs, but something very like it, part of it in rentes, and part apothecaried, or some such word—she meant lent on mortgage; but, says she, 'the trustees will give you chapter and verse for the whole sum.' This last was a staggerer. I was in hopes the money had been in her own hands, 'and then trust me,' thought I, 'for getting at it; but the divel burn them trustees, fellows who never trust any body!' They'll be for overhauling my rent-roll, and if they make more out of it than a captain's half-pay, I'll be very much obliged to them!' However, I put a good face on the matter with Madame St. Marc, and said it was all very well, and *who* were the gentlemen, that I might pay my respects forthwith, thinking all the time how I could put the comether on 'em—or, if the worst came to the worst, persuade the dear creature to elope.

"'It's in a hurry you are, captain,' says she.

"'In love, you mane,' says I.

"'Well, love or not,' she replies, 'the *bienséances*' (that's decorum, you know) 'must be observed.'

"'To the divel,' says I to myself, 'with your *bienséances*, you battered old scarecrow,' for the blood of the Rhatigans was getting up to fever-heat at the impediments she kept throwing in my way. However, I kept cool, and the upshot of the interview was that she promised to introduce me to one of the trustees on the following day, the other two, she said, being at their châteaux somewhere in the south. Having considered the main chance, I now thought of the lady. I had some difficulty in getting at her, for Madame St. Marc told me it was not etiquette to call on her just then, but, she said, there would be nothing improper in our meeting in her presence, and perhaps the pleasantest way of arranging it would be for me to take a *loge grillée* (that's a private box) at the Opera Comique, and Madame d'Est-Ange could be *chaperoned* by her. This was another forty francs out of my pocket, but there was no help for it. I didn't care how the interview was brought about, provided it did take place. When I had paid for the box, I found that my money was running rather short, and I began to consider how I could manage to replenish, for if I ran away with the widdy I should want a supply of the ready; it wouldn't have been manners you know to have asked her to stand the racket.

"Well, there was a little Jew of a fellow, named Moise, a sort of

commission-agent, who had cashed one or two bills of mine on Greenwood's, a little before the half-pay was due—I was introduced to him by Pat Hardup, of ours, then living in Paris: to him I went, he lived in a little dark den of an *entresol*, in the Rue Castiglione, just over the money changer's, and after deducting about thirty per cent. for interest and commission, he gave me the tin. This put me in spirits, I dined with Hardup, at Very's, and we went together to the theatre, as I wanted some one to take the old lady off my hands.

"The meeting was as pleasant as you please, all tarts and cheese-cakes, and in the course of the evening, as we sat at the back of the box, I made a clean breast of it to Desirée, that is to say, I told her I was madly in love with her, but that my aunt, old Lady Blarney, from whom I had great expectations, had violent prejudices against the French, and would be sure to refuse her consent if I asked it, so that the only plan was to steal a march upon her, and make a run-away match of it.

"Convinced by my arguments, and quite as much enamoured of me as I was of her,—wear Hessians, Fréd, if you want to do the job quickly—the sweet creature consented; it was agreed that we would be off the very next night, and I undertook to have a carriage waiting ready for our departure, while she promised to meet me with her traps in a *fiacre* at the corner of the Rue St. Denis, our intention being to get away to Brussels. May be, it wasn't something more than a squeeze of the hand that took place behind the box-door when the play was over that night! Next day I was busy enough; but to lull suspicion, I resolved to keep the appointment at Madame St. Marc's, to meet the trustee. As this wasn't to take place till late in the afternoon, I had plenty of time to make all my preparations, and at five o'clock I again mounted the Jacob's ladder in the Rue des Colonnes.

"Says I to myself, 'this is the last time, my fine fellows, you'll catch me at this kind of work—divel a staircase, but what leads to a *premier*, will I ever mount after I'm married to the widdy.'

"I didn't use much ceremony in going into Madame St. Marc's, which, perhaps, may account for my finding her colloquing rather closely with a quare little old fellow, who sat with his back to the door, as I entered.

"'Ah! voilà la pratique,' said the lady to her companion,—'bon jour, Milor—Monsieur le Curateur (that was the trustee), vous a devancé.'

"The trustee turned his head at this announcement, and there—bad 'cess to him—who should I see but the wizen-faced little Jew who had cashed my bill for thirty pounds only the day before.

"'Milor,' says he, shading his eyes with his hand as he looked me steadily in the face.

"'By the piper that played before Moses!' says I, mentioning his name in my astonishment.

"'Ouf, monsieur, c'est bien Moïse,—et vous, si je ne trompe pas, vous êtes le Capitaine Ratagain.'

"'Comment donc,' says Madame St. Marc, 'vous le connaissez!'

"'Si je le connais,' says the other, 'voilà un trait pour sept cent cinquante francs que je lui ai escompté hier,' and he pulled out a black leather case as he spoke.

"'Oh, murder!' says I, 'it's all up,' and, without saying another word, good, bad, or indifferent, I first bonneted the little Jew to hoodwink him till I had got safe off, upset the table, and Madame St. Marc's chair

at the same time, and bolted down the staircase like a bucket in a well. I made the best of my way to my lodgings, and being all ready for a start, paid my bill, and set off in a cab to the place where I had ordered the carriage—got it out in no time, the horses were put to, and for a five franc piece, the postillions consented to wait till the *fiacre* came to the spot appointed.

“I must cut the story short now, Fred,—the rest of it is not quite so pleasant. Just as it was dark, up came the *fiacre*, and I saw Desirée's head peeping out of the window. I ran to the coach door, and as I was handing her out, felt something touch my coat collar, I turned round, and, by the light of a lamp, saw a *huissier*—a French bum-bailiff, Fred”—(his friend shuddered), “and little Moses standing behind him with two *gendarmes* to identify me. I doubled my fists, intending to knock the whole party to smithereens, but Desirée screamed and fainted, and while I was taking care of her, the fellows pinned me; that same evening, and many a long day afterwards, I passed in Sainte Pelagie—a prisoner for debt at the suit of Mister Moses, who refused to send my bill to London to get it cashed, that he might have the pleasure of keeping me in gaol, owing to his being disappointed of his pickings in the matter of Lord Brallaghan's marriage.”

“And what became of the widow of the peer of France, Madame Desirée d'Est-Ange?”

“You shall hear. When I did get out of Sainte Pelagie, little Moses told me, by way of consolation, that she had married another; and so she had—an Englishman, of good property, named Smith; but Hardop found out all about her; the divel a widdy was she, but a *grisette*—an artificial-flower maker in the Rue St. Denis. So I had an escape at any rate—the flirt!”

“Well, Rhatigan this story of yours may be very amusing, but I don't see how it should encourage me to advertise for a wife!”

“The deuce you don't! Why, if I hadn't answered that advertisement, who knows but I might have been taken in by her in some other way?”

“Ah! that didn't strike me,” replied Fitz-Mortimer, gravely; “well, I'll take the chance of it. Now tell me how it must be drawn up.”

Captain Rhatigan, who had by this time fully discussed his breakfast, for he ate as fast as he talked, at this appeal thrust away his chair, and leant back in it to collect his thoughts, while Fitz-Mortimer, with writing materials before him, prepared to follow his dictation.

For some minutes Fitz-Mortimer sat with the pen suspended over the paper, waiting till the oracle should be inspired. At length, the silence being unbroken, he ventured a suggestion.

“A gentleman, who is in want of—”

“Not at all, my dear fellow; you mustn't begin as if you were asking for a family's washing. Go to the point at once, without any mystification—that is to say, as far as your own object is concerned. Write, ‘*Matrimony.*’ That's the bait to bring the right sort of fish to your hook. It's as good as a red hackle on a cloudy day.”

Fitz-Mortimer did as the captain told him.

“Well?” he asked.

“I had it this minute,” replied Rhatigan, “but when you spoke my ideas took wing, like a flight of wild ducks at the click of a fowling-piece. Stay—here, I have 'em again. ‘A gentleman, about thirty years

of age—you're a trifle under that, Fred, but it doesn't do to seem too young; thirty is a very good age; quite young enough to please, and with a sort of stability about it. You recollect what Antonia says? Oh! it's the right time of life, if we did but know it when we're at it. Yes—'thirty years of age.'

"Go on," said Fitz-Mortimer.

"Of considerable personal attractions, and unblemished morals'—"

● "Hadn't I better begin with the morals?" suggested the writer.

"Not at all, my dear fellow," answered his friend. "Doesn't a woman always look at a man's outside first? If you had the finest morals that ever came to market, and thought to recommend 'em by a hump on your back, take my word for it you'd find few customers. No, Fred, start with good looks, they're the thin end of the wedge; morals and accomplishments are safe to follow. You can't lay it on too thick."

"But if the lady's expectations are raised too high, she may be disappointed at first sight."

"How modest we are!" exclaimed Captain Rhatigan. "Do you think if the 'unblemished morals' were overhauled, you'd get out of it quite so easily? It's a quare thing," continued he, reflectively, "that a man would rather take credit for all the virtues under the sun than for having a handsome nose; he'd rather *be* a hypocrite than be *thought* a coxcomb!"

"Well, 'morals,'" pursued Fitz-Mortimer, writing.

"Is desirous of forming a MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE'—underscore the two last words twice, Fred, that they may print them in capitals—with a lady a few years younger than himself."

"A few years younger!" said Fitz-Mortimer; "doesn't that narrow the list of candidates too much?"

"The divel a bit," answered Captain Rhatigan. "Suppose you put it 'a few years older,' do you think you'd get a single answer? There never was a woman yet who couldn't, if she liked, be ten years younger than any man she ever saw. It costs 'em nothing to say so, the deceivers! Console yourself with that fact, as a set-off for your own personal advantages."

"Go on."

"Possessed himself of a handsome independence—"

"That's in the Lord Brallaghan vein."

"May be so; but there are two sides to every question. Who has a right to call himself independent if you haven't? To my certain knowledge you've been living like a fighting-cock for the last three years upon nothing at all. And the longer you live on in that way, the handsomer independence you have."

"Like a fighting-cock, indeed! And a pretty tough battle I've had. See how my feathers are torn," and he shook his old dressing-gown with a grim smile. "According to your theory, Rhatigan, a man had better have nothing."

"By dad, I believe it's a divelish deal better than having too much; one comfort there is, you can't lose it."

"What next?"

"His chief object is rather to meet with a congenial mind'—(ah, *Desirée!*) sighed the captain, interrupting himself) "'than to—to—to—yes, that'll do—it's new—to discover a Potosi.' There's nothing like seeming disinterested."

"Well, but I do want something of that sort."

"Whisht, Fred—I'm coming to it. 'At the same time, while he disclaims the remotest idea'—the devil seize that word, I never can get it off my tongue—'of being actuated by mercenary motives'—have you done that?"

"'Motives'—yes."

"'He owes it both to his own position and to that of the future partner of his existence, to state'—with—'with candour and explicitness'—them's the words—'that he expects an ample fortune with the lady who shall honour him with her hand.' There's no mincing the matter there, I hope?"

"None in the world," answered Fitz-Mortimer, finishing the sentence.

"Now then," pursued the captain, "to put a little gilding on the gingerbread. 'His reasons for entertaining such an expectation are simply these: Of high birth, and moving in the first circles of society,'—that's true enough, Fred; you did once, and perhaps may again—'he could not, if he would'—there's nothing like supposing an impossibility—'contract his native sphere, into which'—here's a bait for some rich dairyman's daughter, or grocer's widow—'it would be his pride, as well as his joy, to introduce his lovely bride.'"

"Suppose she should be d—d ugly?" said Fitz-Mortimer, dubiously.

"She'll never think so, but like the compliment all the better. Sure, man, all brides are lovely—don't the newspapers always say so? It's exactly the same as 'worthy aldermen,' 'intrepid aeronauts,' and 'honourable members.' To be a bride and not 'lovely,' is like a jug of punch without any whiskey in it—an impossible condition. Where was I?—oh! I remember—'should fate have hitherto cast her lot in a station less exalted than his own.' There you have a generous condescension very happily expressed. Don't you think so?"

"Entirely—get on."

"'His personal resources suffice,'—hem—'for the necessities of a single life, but'—here we'll give 'em a touch of the tender—'they would, alas! be inadequate to enable the chosen of his heart'—(faith, I'm getting poetical—to go and marry a man named Smith when Tim Rhatigan was to the fore!) Now then you'll have 'em,—if this doesn't do it nothing will, 'to enable the chosen of his heart to vie with those around her.' Be sure you underscore 'vie.' Here's for the climax—'in the marble halls and gilded PALACES of the TITLED and wealthy, or within the jewelled precincts of the THRONE.'"

"That last is rather a bold metaphor, Rhatigan!"

"Bold is it? *Tant mieux.* Fortune favours the bold. Sure it's only a poetical way of telling her you'll take her to court. 'It is in that position he would place her; it is for this cause he alludes to the otherwise paltry consideration of money.' There, you see, that explains it."

"Perfectly."

"'Of his own qualifications for making an ELYSIUM of home, he will say nothing;—now, of course, you give yourself a good character—'only this; that he possesses a heart'—we must be sublime here if we can—'a heart, neither seared by the scorching cruelty of the world, soured by its hollowness, nor sated with its enjoyments.' That sentiment will go down. 'His nature is ardent, affectionate, and constant; pity, Fred, you're not an Irishman; it's myself, I see, I'm describing; 'his disposition lively, yet gentle; his humour gay, yet kind.' Now then for a twist off,

with a quotation from Shakspeare, never heard of, and a little respectful jocosity—'and "take him for all in all," he is well worthy the attention of the unmarried, whether bereaved or in single blessedness.'

"There, Fred, I couldn't make you a shade better if you were to pay me for it. Just add the wind-up. 'Address, post-paid, to F. P., post-office, Curzon-street, Mayfair, till called for. The strictest honour and secrecy guaranteed.'"

"I wonder what will come of it!" said Fitz-Mortimer, as soon as he had done writing.

"Let us hear how it reads altogether," observed Captain Rhatigan. "The only way to judge of it is by what the French call the *tout ensemble*. Stay, I'll read it you myself. I'm afraid your modesty would spoil the effect of the eloquent composition;" and, clearing his voice and putting himself into a striking attitude, he read as follows:—

"MATRIMONY.—A gentleman about thirty years of age, of considerable personal attractions and unblemished morals, is desirous of forming a MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE with a lady a few years younger than himself. Possessed himself of a handsome independence, his chief object is rather to meet with a congenial mind than to discover a Potosi; at the same time, while he disclaims the remotest idea of being actuated by mercenary motives, he owes it both to his own position and to that of the future partner of his existence to state, with candour and explicitness, that he expects an ample fortune with the lady who shall honour him with her hand. His reasons for entertaining such an expectation, are simply these:—Of high birth and moving in the first circles of society, he could not, if he would, contract his native sphere, into which it would be his pride as well as his joy to introduce his lovely bride, should fate have hitherto cast her lot in a station less exalted than his own. His personal resources suffice for the necessities of a single life, but they would, alas! be inadequate to enable the chosen of his heart to vie with those around her in the marble halls and gilded PALACES of the TITLED and wealthy, or within the jewelled precincts of the THRONE. It is in that position he would place her: it is for this cause he alludes to the otherwise paltry consideration of money. Of his own qualifications for making an ELYSIUM of home, he will say nothing; only this: that he possesses a heart, neither seared by the scorching cruelty of the world, soured by its hollowness, nor sated with its enjoyments. His nature is ardent, affectionate, and constant; his disposition lively, yet gentle; his humour gay, yet kind; and 'take him for all in all,' he is well worthy the attention of the unmarried, whether bereaved or in single blessedness. Address, post-paid, to F. P., post-office, Curzon-street, Mayfair, till called for. 'The strictest honour and secrecy guaranteed.'

"And now," said Fitz-Mortimer, "in what paper is it to be inserted?"

"In the *Sunday Times*, of course," replied Captain Rhatigan; "it would be *lese majesté* to think of any other."

"What will it cost?" asked Fitz-Mortimer, helplessly feeling in his waistcoat pocket for an imaginary coin.

"Never mind," said Rhatigan; "as the thought is mine I'll pay for it. If you get a rich widdy in consequence, you can reimburse me. But mind, I'm to be your bottle-holder whenever it comes off. Now, kick your old slippers after me for luck."

And, humming a stave of "Paddy Carey," the captain set out on his friendly mission.

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

CHAP. III.

THE QUAIQUE ; OR, HOTTENTOTS OF VAN RIEBECK'S TIME.

Scum of mankind !—dregs of the human race !
 In mind a brute—a very ape in face,
 Thus rightly Gibbon judg'd, and named thy lot :
 " The link 'twixt man and beasts"—a 'Hottentot.' "

WE left Van Riebeck lamenting his unhappy fate at being cast amongst the "dull and stinking" race of Hottentots, anxiously applying to be sent on to the East, that his talents might there find a wider scope, and sustained by the sole hope of seeing speedily realised such a change.

But long and vainly did he cherish this fond wish, and lay so flattering an unction to his soul ; his oft-renewed petitions to be relieved from this post were disregarded by the Dutch East India Company ; his frequent applications demanding men, horses, provisions, stores, and other requisites for a newly-established settlement, were by them invariably treated with coolness and neglect ; but still zealously performing his duty towards his ungrateful employers, he continued for ten long years,—through censure and obloquy,—perseveringly working for their advantage and the improvement of the infant colony at the Cape.

During this period he had, however, contrary to his prognostications, plenty to employ both body and mind, and soon found, to his cost, that the "dull, stupid" Hottentots, as he was pleased to call them, could give—although mere savages, and in the very lowest and most brutalised state of degradation—by their innate knavery and cunning, probably as much to do "for the brains of the cleverest Dutchman," as if he had been amongst his former diplomatic and astute friends, the Japanese and Tonquinese !

Allusion has already been made to those wretched beings found by the Dutch on their first arrival at the Cape, and called by them, from the peculiarity of their mode of existence, "Strandloopers," or, as the interpreter, "Autshumao," alias "Herry," termed his tribe: "Watermans," and it has also been remarked that this worthy,—besides the "Caepmans" and the above—at first only mentioned his knowledge of another robber horde—he termed Vishman, (Bushmen) and of that people so rich in cattle, whom he stated as coming from the neighbourhood of Saldanha Bay, who, as has been seen, made their appearance about six months after the formation of the settlement, and were consequently by the Dutch termed "Saldanbers."

In their early intercourse with the natives, great confusion seems to have at first existed as to the denomination of the various Hottentot tribes and nations which gradually came to traffic with the new settlers : the name of the chief seems often to have been mistaken for, or confounded with, that of the horde—nicknames arising from any particular occurrence or circumstance, were not unfrequently applied, which still

continued in force long after the real appellation had been ascertained ; and in short, with no other medium of communication save Mr. Herry, whose interest it was to keep them in ignorance, the Dutch in Southern Africa, for a length of time, groped their way, as it were, in the dark ; and it was only when two or three other natives, who, by picking up a smattering of the Dutch language, were enabled to break through Herry's monopoly of interpretership, and that some of the settlers themselves had learnt a few Hottentot words, that they began to see their way with any sort of distinctness.

However, ere this took place, Mr. Herry had found ample time to feather his nest, for to the office of interpreter adding that of broker, and being bribed by both parties, he soon managed so to enrich himself, as to become the lawful or unlawful possessor of herds and flocks, and at last acquired such predominant influence, that he was now generally known by the name of "King Herry."* This influence he employed exclusively to the advancement of his own interests, and totally regardless of those of his benefactors ; for, whilst kindly and hospitably entertained at the settlement, and a constant guest at the table of the commander, where, as Van Riebeck quaintly remarks, "he ever had his belly-full of meat and drink ;" he was, as afterwards came to light, continually engaged in concocting plots and intrigues against the Dutch, in keeping aloof many of the native tribes by circulating evil reports concerning his employers, and only encouraging such as gave him the highest bribes for carrying on their barter in cattle.

This traffic of cattle was, in order to supply their East India fleets, the chief object of the Dutch settlement at the Cape ; for, properly speaking, "colonisation" was not until some years subsequently, attempted. Cattle, the only riches or property of the natives, in short, the only "current" coin of the country, was then, for the above purpose, the paramount object of possession with the Dutch, who began by degrees to attach the same value to, and have the same sort of veneration for "lowing kine," for beeves and bullocks, as that which was entertained by the Hottentots themselves ; and this feeling, transmitted from generation to generation, is now, in all Southern Africa as prevalent with the colonist as with the native tribes of the present day. In this, in many respects still primitive portion of the globe, and more particularly towards the eastern frontier, herds and flocks are now, as in the patriarchal times of Abraham and Lot, considered the chief objects of life, and to mankind of infinitely more importance and value than mankind itself. If a new district be plundered by Kaffirs, the first question is not "how many farmers have been butchered or houses burned?" but "how many head of cattle have been lost?" After a successful engagement with the foe, the query is not "how many of those ferocious banditti have been slain?" but "how many head of cattle have been captured, and when and how are they to be distributed?"

To the honour, however, of the border colonists be it said, notwithstanding the many calumnious assertions to the contrary (and in spite of their Egyptian propensities to worship the god Apis) they have ever

* Herry was subsequently superseded in his office of interpreter by his niece, "Crotoa," called by the Dutch, "Eva," who plays a conspicuous part in the subsequent transactions of that time. C

scrupulously—unless in retributive warfare—avoided helping themselves from the “kraals” of their barbarous neighbours the Kaffirs; and could as much be said in favour of the latter, those never-ceasing wars, which for the last fifty years have constantly desolated, and still continue to devastate this fine colony, would in all probability have never occurred.

But to return to the Hottentots (the Kaffirs of Van Riebeck’s time), it would be useless to weary the general reader with the minutiae of details concerning the ever-varying relations of the Dutch with all the different tribes, they, at that remote period, were constantly brought in contact with.

In spite of Mr. Herry’s continued endeavours to keep them in ignorance, they, however, gradually discovered that the peninsula of the Cape was at most times frequented by two weak and indigent hordes; the “Strandloopers” to the west, whose proper appellation was “Choe-ringaina” or “Goeringayqua;” whilst the “Goringaycona,” at first called “Caepman” by the Dutch, under their “fat captain, Gogosa,” wandered about the “Gulf of Falso,” now more generally known as Simon’s Bay.

Other more powerful and warlike tribes from the interior, to whom the Dutch long gave the general name of Saldanhers, were, as before remarked, in the habit, at stated periods, of depasturing their herds and flocks at the foot of Table Mountain, when, to avoid spoliation and destruction, the first-mentioned hordes generally dispersed themselves, or sought refuge amidst its rocky fastnesses.

In alluding to the appellations of the various tribes of “Quaiquaë” (or, as the Dutch denominated them, “Hottentots”) it may be remarked that they generally terminate in the syllable “-qua,” which, like the Bechuana prefix “ama,” would seem to imply a tribe, nation, or plurality of individuals; thus, we meet with the *Amatomba*, the *Amakosa*, and the *Amaponda* amongst the Kaffirs, whilst the Dutch by degrees, found their “Saldanhers” to consist of “Hancumquas,” “Cochoquas,” “Oengayquas,” with a variety of other hordes; and in their exploratory expeditions into the interior they at last even came in contact with the Namaquas, likewise a Hottentot tribe, usually located on the far borders of what is now called the Orange River.

Though apparently of common origin, the different tribes into which the Quaiquaë (Hottentot) nation were then divided, seem in those early times to have been amongst themselves, in a constant state of feud and deadly warfare, and the whole race characterised in common by the same brutal and degraded habits of filth, sloth, bestial gluttony, cruelty, and love of plunder; without any cultivated ground or fixed places of residence or abode, they wandered at large over the face of the land; the more powerful hordes, such as the Cochoquas, Hancumquas, and Charigrucas scouring the country, as much in quest of plunder as of pasturage for their cattle, and in these nomadic, and at the same time predatory expeditions, mercilessly destroying the weaker tribes whom they chanced to encounter, such as the Soaquas, the Goringaycona, and the Choeringaina; whilst on these occasions the latter only found safety in vigilance or flight, and not daring to possess stock of any description themselves, were generally reduced to the wretched alternative of supporting their precarious existence, on bulbs and roots, the larvae of insects or shell-fish gathered from the sea-side.

In short, this region, so favoured by nature, presented in those olden

times, the identical scenes of bloodshed and horror, of wholesale destruction and destitution, repeated to the latest periods of the present day by the Matabeles, the Mantatees, the Fetcani, the Zoolahs, and other savage tribes of the far interior, still rejoicing,—according to the doctrines of Exeter Hall—in all the Arcadian felicity of unsophisticated nature, and as yet uninterrupted in its primitive enjoyments by the corrupting influence, the tyrannical encroachments, and oppressive cruelty of the “white man !”

On examining the authenticated early records of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope we find the “Strandloopers” at deadly enmity with the “Saldanhers” and both manifesting the same amiable disposition towards “Vishman,” who, whenever he fell into the power of either, was mercilessly slain, and neither women nor children ever spared; nay, in their bloody feuds, the Hottentots, according to their own statement, carried barbarity to such a pitch, that the fiendish cruelties they perpetrated on their captive females will not here even admit of description.*

These three tribes were the first with whom the Dutch appear to have had intercourse after their arrival. The “Strandloopers,” as has already been observed, were the natives they then found in occupation of the shores of the Bay; the “Saldanhers” so called, or rather miscalled, because they came from the direction of Saldanha Bay, appear—judging from the long intervals between their periodical visits—to have annually migrated from a much more ~~remote~~ point, perhaps, from the neighbourhood of the Kamiesberg mountains, or some of them might even possibly have formed a portion of the “Great Namaqua” nation, driven from their parched and sandy deserts by the burning heat and long summer droughts of that inhospitable ~~climate~~, to the verdant pastures and clear gurgling streams at the foot of Table Mountain.† However, from whatever part of the coast they may have come, that they were of a common stock with the “Strandloopers,” appears evident, for, although described as “bolder and livelier men,” they are said to have had the same language and clothing as the latter.

Lastly, the “Vishman, or Bushmen,” so called by Herry, but whose native appellation was that of “Obiquas,” or “Soaquas,” were from their (more than common) plundering propensities, regarded by the two former clans as outlawed banditti, and moreover the objects of their peculiar enmity and aversion.

I have alluded to the exploratory excursions undertaken into the interior by the Dutch. In the prosecution of these expeditions, they were chiefly incited by the hope of discovering mines of metallic ore, and of opening a trade with a great nation, called “Chobona,” whom the Hottentots represented as inhabiting stone dwellings, as being ruled by a powerful king, residing in a large city called Monomotopa, and moreover possessed of ~~immense~~ wealth and riches, amongst which were to be enumerated both gold and precious stones.

These native romances—backed by the statements of a certain German priest, named Martins Martiny, who came from Batavia to the Cape, and had apparently, in the course of his numerous wanderings, visited the Por-

* See “Van Riebeck’s Journal,” June 20th, 1659, at p. 172, of the “Authenticated Records of the Cape.”

† See, in corroboration of this opinion, the account of Pieter Meerhoff’s expedition from the Cape in 1661, as related in Moodie’s “Records,” p. 230.

tuguese settlements on the eastern coast of the Mozambique—excited to the last degree, the cupidity and spirit of enterprise of the Dutch, and their hopes of being able to open commercial relations with the inhabitants of this supposed region,—which, Van Riebeck observed, “many maintain to be the true Ophir whence Solomon imported his gold,”—were, moreover, raised by the inspection of Linschoten’s map of Africa, in which towns, lakes, and rivers appeared—as in many modern charts—liberally sprinkled over the interior of Africa, most of which probably never existed, save in the imagination of this old geographer; whose map, published at Amsterdam, in 1623, may still be seen in the Dessiniana collection at Cape Town.

Though thus misled, the deception had the advantage of causing more attempts by the early settlers at inland discovery, in quest of this phantom species of “Prester John”* and his imaginary kingdom or capital of Monomotopa, than were ever made for many subsequent years. Notwithstanding repeated attempts they were ever disappointed in the main object of their enterprises; yet these were, nevertheless, attended by the advantage of dispelling some of the fables invented by Mr. Herry and his associates, and making them acquainted with the real state of the surrounding Hottentot tribes, whose information about the Chobona and the “Great City,” had probably reference to the Bechuanas, and to the far inland, though now well known, town of Latakoo.

Some of these expeditions, headed by “the experienced amateur adventurers,” Pieter Meerhoff, Lieutenant Cruse, and other Bruces and Mungo Parks of that time and place, were frequently for months together absent from the Cape, and succeeded in penetrating on one side nearly as far as the Orange River, and on the other beyond the present district of George, whilst several voyages of research were undertaken along the eastern and western coasts; but it is needless to say that neither the discovery of the Emperor of Monomotopa, that of the Ophir of Solomon, or the then much talked of St. Helena Nova, † rewarded their hardships and labours either by sea or land.

These hardy navigators, however, in small vessels of from twenty to fifty tons—though at the expense of several shipwrecks—boldly skirting, as far as the tropics, both the western and eastern coasts, appear to have then—or a very few years after—acquired nearly a complete knowledge of those shores as we possess to the present day, and had besides, on more than one occasion, the satisfaction of saving and bringing back in safety to the Cape, the crews of vessels wrecked along the shores of Delagoa, Natal, and the country near the mouth of the river Kye; the latter territory now in possession of the Kaffirs, but then occupied by the Quaiqua, or Hottentot race.

But these rough-spun mariners of the olden time appear to have been either more venturesome, more ignorant of danger, or more fearless of its consequences than the scientific navigators of the present day; for it was then (towards the latter end of the seventeenth century) no unusual

* “Prester John” was an imaginary Christian potentate, who, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was supposed to rule over some very undefined part of Central Africa or Asia; and in quest of whom several travellers of those days spent many years in vain. The real origin of the fable of “Prester John” may probably be traced to Christianity being then, as it is now, prevalent in some of the remote parts of Abyssinia.—See Harris’s account of his Mission there.

† An imaginary “Isola Fortunata,” which long continued to haunt the imagination of the navigators of old.

thing for English vessels not exceeding fifty or sixty tons, to double the Cape, cruise up the dangerous channel of the Mozambique in quest of gold, ivory, or slaves, and then in their frail barks to carry their living freight across the whole length and breadth of the Atlantic, as far as our sugar islands in the West Indies!

It is uncertain how far in those days, the Hottentot race extended towards the north-east, but as nearly a hundred years subsequently the Kaffirs do not appear to have encroached on them beyond the boundary of the Kye, it is not a matter of surprise that none of the "amateur adventurers" by land, should have then fallen in with that ferocious race,—a race to this day, more truly barbarous and savage than even that of the Hottentot of old.

In these expeditions of barter and discovery, accompanied as they then were (and as people still to this day continue to be, whilst travelling in Southern Africa) by cumbrous waggons and large trains of oxen, which must have greatly impeded their progress, the travellers, generally speaking, experienced little opposition from the natives, who were always too happy—for beads, tobacco, and brass, to exchange their sheep and cattle; and in the course of their wanderings the Dutch became gradually acquainted, not only with numerous hordes of Hottentots similar to those at the Cape, but likewise with a few varieties of the same race,—such as the Namaquas, the Soaquas or Obiquas (a sort of professional banditti), and also a tribe which, although possessed of many Quaiquæ characteristics, were of pigmy dimensions, if possible more brutalised in their habits, and led a far more wretched state of existence than the latter, who, in short, were found to be the very outcasts, or Pariahs, of Hottentotism. This miserable set of beings—from their mode of life being so similar to that of the beasts of the field—received from the Dutch, even at this remote period, the expressive appellation of "Bosjesmans;" and were neither more or less than the progenitors of those modern "Bushmen," concerning whose origin such calumnies and fables have of late years been set afloat.*

So much mawkish affectation of feeling and philanthropy—such a degree of mistaken sympathy has of late years been excited in favour of the "ill-used and oppressed" native tribes of Southern Africa, and this, moreover, at the expense and to the detriment of the Dutch colonists, and of our fellow-countrymen more recently settled in that part of the world. It has, moreover, been so generally the approved fashion, ever since the time of Le Vaillant and Barrow, who were the first to set the example, for many subsequent authors to descant on the Arcadian and pastoral state of primitive felicity, in which the Dutch (according to their accounts) found the "unoffending, mild, and gentle race of Quaiquæ," to extol, in such extravagant terms, the virtues and qualities of these and of the modern Hottentots,* that I feel bound—after having attentively read nearly *all* that has been written on this topic, and from the opportunities I have had of personal observation on the subject, to place on some future occasion before the reader—in what I consider their

* According to the "Exeter Hall" doctrines, the Bushmen were not formerly a distinct people, for the Missionaries have pronounced them to be the remains of the Hottentot race, which, say these veracious gentlemen, has been nearly exterminated by European barbarity and oppression. There appears to be some doubt as to the identity of the Soaquas, or "Banditti," with the "Pigmy" race here alluded to, but of the existence of the latter at that period, there remains not now the slightest doubt.

true colours—a full length portrait of the Hottentot of the time of Van Riebeck, together with an outline of the “Totty”* of the present day.

Of the “mildness and gentleness” of the primitive Quaiquæ tribes towards each other, we have already given a specimen, by hinting at the nature of their internal wars, in which not only were the men, according to their own statements, mercilessly and indiscriminately put to death, and cast to the dogs, but even women and children, as before observed, were treated with the greatest atrocity. With them a spirit of cruelty appears to have been so innate (as it is to this day amongst the generality of African savages) that we find it predominant even in their mode of slaughtering their sheep and oxen; the unfortunate beast being held on its back, ripped up, and disembowelled whilst alive—that these unfeeling savages might gratify their bestial gluttony, by lapping like wolves or jackals, without the loss of a drop, the warm and reeking life-blood of their victim, which was, says the old chronicles, “laded out in pots” from the living carcase, whilst the smoking and still quivering entrails were torn asunder, greedily devoured, and nought escaped their goul-like voracity save the contents of the latter, together with the animal’s hide.

Whenever the culinary art was put into requisition for the preparation of their food, it was fully on a par with the barbarous manner in which the viands themselves were procured for these revolting feasts. “Having,” says Barrow, “cut from the animal a large steak, they enter one edge with the knife, and passing it round in a spiral manner till they come to the middle, they produce a string of meat two or three yards in length. The whole animal is presently cut into such strings; and while some are employed in this business, and in suspending them on the branches of the shrubbery, others are broiling the strings, coiled round and laid upon the ashes. When the meat is just warmed through, they grasp it in both hands, and, applying one end of the string to the mouth, soon get through a yard of flesh. The ashes of the green wood that adhere to the meat, serve as a substitute for salt. As soon as a string of meat has passed through their hands, they are cleaned by rubbing over different parts of their body. Grease thus applied from time to time, and accumulating, perhaps, for a whole year, sometimes melting by the side of a large fire and catching up dust and dirt, covers at length the surface of the body with a thick black coating that entirely conceals the real natural colour of the skin. This is discoverable only on the face and hands, which they keep somewhat cleaner than the other parts of the body by rubbing them with the dung of cattle. This takes up the grease, upon which water would have no effect.”

After relating the more than bestial gluttony and voracity characterising the Hottentot race, it will not be a matter of surprise to find this fully equalled by their propensity for intoxication, a habit which even prior to the arrival of the Dutch, was frequently carried to excess by the use of the “dacha” plant, the fumes of which, inhaled like those of “bhang” in India, had the power, similar to opium, of exciting to madness and frenzy, and subsequently stupifying to the last degree of insensibility such as placed themselves under its pernicious influence. A fermented drink composed of honey and certain bulbous roots, and producing, when partaken of to excess, nearly the same effects as our stimulating liquors, appears likewise to have been much in request with them; but after having once tasted European spirits, both these stimu-

* The colonial abbreviation of the word “Hottentot.”

lants fell with the Hottentots into utter disrepute, and urged by their natural propensity for drunkenness, no sacrifice was considered too great to obtain this article as well as tobacco.

After a successful barter of cattle, or other particular occasion, it appears to have been the custom of the Dutch, as a wind up of the transaction, and an encouragement to future traffic, to give their customers and allies a farewell repast; an account of one of these "banquets" from the oft-quoted "Journal" of Van Riebeck may, perhaps, be found worthy of perusal.

"May 6, 1660.—This morning, before the sermon, the said chiefs of the Gorackouwas, and their train, were presented, in return for their gift, with brass, beads, tobacco, and pipes of more than double the value of their said thirteen cattle; and after service, they were entertained with food and drink, and a tub of brandy and arrack, mixed, was set open in the middle of the Esplanade of the fort, with a little wooden bowl, from which those people made themselves so drunk that they made the strangest antics in the world, with singing, dancing, leaping, and other wild pranks, one falling down drunk after the other, whom those who were still a little passable carried out of the fort and laid on the grass to sleep, all but the said chief, who kept himself somewhat decent, being not above half drunk, and three or four of the oldest of his people, but even of these some could not resist dancing; and the women sang and clapped their hands so loud, that they might be heard 150 roods from the fort, so that they seemed to be holding, after their own fashion, a great triumphal rejoicing for peace."

The above scene, with Van Riebeck in the back ground, mounted, as he is described by some old author, on his "big chestnut horse;" the sturdy and phlegmatic Dutch soldiers, armed with their long matchlocks, in the quaint and formal costume of the day, quietly smoking their meerschaums, and looking on unmoved at the scene, but keeping all the while a sharp eye on the lately purchased herds and flocks, and the rest of their goods and chattels—would have formed an inimitable picture, and one worthy of the pencil of Hogarth.

Captain Maryatt ironically remarks, in writing about the United States, that there is "something grand in a national intoxication," if so, the Hottentots ought, indeed, as a nation, to be considered great, for, to the present time, every one of them would, each day of his life get drunk, if he had only the means of so doing.

Though these scenes of debauchery always occurred, whenever during their visits at the fort the opportunity was afforded them, still, however intoxicated they might be, they generally managed to purloin something or other from their entertainers; for, drunk or sober, this propensity to theft was, in the Hottentot, quite irresistible; and so prominently on them was the bump of appropriation developed, that no sense of gratitude for past favours, or fear of punishment on detection, could keep this people from "picking and stealing," and, to their shame be it said, that "lying," if not slandering, was with them an equally prevailing vice.

So much for the Hottentots of the good olden times, nor can it be matter of surprise if the first governor of the Cape, after having been, against his will, kept in such select company for more than ten years of his life, should joyfully have hailed the arrival of the vessel bringing out his successor, and which, on the 7th of May 1662, bore Van Riebeck and his fortunes—not back to his fatherland—but to the remote eastern settlement of Batavia.

PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERIOUS SINGER.

"PUNCTUAL enough was the young man to the very hour at which I myself had appointed to deliver up his purchase. He appeared enchanted, but I examined him closely, and thought that he looked paler and more haggard than before, and it was with bitterness that he asked me if there was aught beside to pay. From the tone in which the poor youth asked the question, I could not have demanded more, even had the bouquet cost me twice as much as I had charged him.

"It was late that same evening when I hastened to seek Paquerette. No one had ever thought of her festival, and I rejoiced by anticipation in the delight which the surprise would occasion her, for, as Melanie had often observed, '*her saint was not to be found in the calendar,*' and none were sufficiently interested in the solitary orphan to notice the affinity between the festival of Easter (Pâques) with the name of Paquerette. But I little dreamt of the toilsome task which the self-imposed duty would exact from me. The mansion of which Françoise was portress, was an old ruined pile of building, vast and magnificent in its extent, but tumbling to decay, for the owner, one of the old aristocrats, not to be wheedled into forgetfulness of the past, and disgusted with the new order of things, had vowed never to appear in Paris, nor to occupy his residence there while it lasted. He resided entirely upon his estate in the country, nor heeded the state of decay and ruin into which his town mansion was gradually falling.

"Paquerette was lodged on the seventh story of the building, while Françoise, as is generally the case with those of her office, had no other lodging than the little *loge* at the bottom of the court next the great gate, wherein she herself with her daughter Melanie dwelt and slept.

"Thus Paquerette went and came as best besemed her; none greeted the poor orphan when she returned to her solitary chamber, none watched her footsteps when she departed.

"It was a wearisome task to toil up the countless steps of that dark and dirty staircase, and I thought with pity of poor Paquerette, with her slight attenuated form and delicate habit, having to toil up day after day. As I drew nearer to the chamber it seemed even darker and more deserted. Long tiled passages, so long and dismal that you could not see to the end of them, stretched right and left in every direction, and the footsteps echoed with a hollow sound as they paced each broad deserted landing. Ere I mounted the last flight I was compelled to pause from sheer fatigue, and I seated myself on the stairs panting for want of breath, and perspiring at every pore. It was almost dark without, and the dusty and cobwebbed windows, admitting even in broad day but little light, were now scarcely perceptible. The whole place seemed so silent

and lonely, that as I sat thus alone I could not help wondering at the courage which enabled Paquerette to spend the long days and nights there in solitude, far from the cheering sound of human accents, and beyond the reach of aid in case of danger.

"As I sat thus musing amid the darkness, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the sweet, clear tones of a female voice, which broke the stillness and reverberated through those long, mysterious corridors with an effect almost unearthly! Presently they ceased, and ere I had recovered from my astonishment the strain was caught up by the rich, deep accents of a man's voice, so sweet and passionate that I stood transfixed with admiration. They ceased in their turn, and then again did the feminine notes pour forth with redoubled energy, and were again answered as before, until at length they both swelled together in one wild delicious harmony, and as the echo of their voices rose and fell amid the silence, it seemed like the distant chant of unearthly spirits!

"I stole softly, almost with a feeling of awe, and fearing to break the spell which I deemed was upon me, up the remaining flight of stairs. It was not till I had almost gained the top, that I recognised the voice of Paquerette, and then could not forbear laughing outright at the strong beating of my heart, and the trembling of my limbs; but even in the short space of time necessary to reach the door of her chamber, a thousand ideas rushed through my brain. A sudden faintness came over me at the thought of what I might discover. I now almost regretted having thus intruded upon her privacy, and, for an instant, thought that I had better leave my offering at her door, and depart. But no—she could not be unworthy; she was too young and innocent, and withal, too proud, despite of that same youth and innocence: and this second reflection made me angry with myself for suffering a moment's doubt of her perfect rectitude to cross my mind. Was she not the daughter of the Count de Fontenay? What! though her ancestors had left her nought but a blighted name, one that now 'twas neither honour nor joy to bear, yet had they transmitted too, the peculiar pride which had formed the great reproach of the old aristocracy, and with her this sentiment was turned by adversity into a jealous self-respect, and into scorn of all that was base or unworthy.

"The door was ajar, which circumstance made my heart leap for joy, for it at once dispelled all my suspicions. I pushed it gently open, and looked in. The apartment was small and ill furnished; one glance sufficed to take in its whole extent. Her small white bed stood in one corner of the room, and an antique music-stand, doubtless the spoil of some pillaged chapel, in another; and save these, there was little else within. The ceiling was so low that, excepting in the centre, it would have been impossible for any person of moderate height to stand upright, and yet, even with all this poverty, the flowers which she had gathered there, and which occupied every vacant space, gave to the apartment an air of elegance, while a strange and heavenly odour, so sweet and delicate that I panted for an instant to inhale it, issued through the open door.

"The little room was dimly lighted, and at first I could not even discern Paquerette. I gave one look around; that look sufficed to convince me that the maiden was alone! She was kneeling, and so absorbed, whether in meditation or in prayer I could not tell, that she did not even perceive my entrance. How beautiful she was as she knelt thus! one

hand supporting her head, and the other hanging listlessly by her side, grasping, as was usual with her when alone, a freshly gathered bunch of flowers, which from time to time she carried to her lips, while her pale face and dark hair were thrown out in the obscure light by the worn-out velvet-covering of the old arm-chair upon which she was leaning, one of those antique pieces of furniture, the outcasts of palaces, then to be met with in every garret.

"It was not till I called her by her name that she became aware of my presence. She did not start or tremble when she saw me, but advanced to meet me with the frank affection that was her wont, and thanked me sweetly for my visit to her lonely chamber.

"'Tis to greet you, and wish you all blessings upon the occasion of your fête, Paquerette,' I said, presenting her my offering. She was evidently moved by this attention, and flinging her arms around my neck, embraced me warmly.

"'Tis like my own Georgette,' she said, with a kindly smile, 'thus to remember the poor orphan, whom none seek to — but what am I saying, I am ungrateful to Providence for thus complaining. See, kind as thou art, thou art not yet the kindest — early as thou art in thy congratulation, yet there has been one before thee!'

"She held up, as she spoke, the bunch of flowers I had before observed in her hand. The cold rays of the April moon were just streaming through the little casement, so bright and vivid as to quench the light of the taper on the hearth, and as she raised the bouquet up before me, I recognised, in an instant, the one which I had copied from the picture, the one which had been paid its weight in gold, the fond tribute of a first fresh artist love, embalming, with its rare and precious Eastern odours, the lonely *mansarde* of the poor and portionless orphan — the friendless Paquerette!

"I almost staggered backwards as she playfully held it up and shook it in my face, exclaiming gaily, 'Canst thou rival with all thine art, with all thine skill, the dream of the painter-poet? Canst thine imagination wander thus to distant climes, and set before our eyes the produce of other lands? Look, Georgette, doth not thy heart beat at the sight of these delicate flowers? Mine did this evening when I found them beneath my window.'

"I knew not what to think. I felt sick and giddy at witnessing her delight. There was something mysterious in the coincidence that quite unnerved me. The dark and bitter disappointment of the youth, and his generous self-denying love; then the voice which I had heard as I approached her chamber, mingling its accents with her own, and yet the utter solitude in which I had found her on my entrance, the isolated situation of the chamber also, where many a long tragedy might have been enacted, unknown to all save those engaged therein, every thing combined to impress me with an indescribable feeling of sadness, as of one about to witness some long expected scene which he felt must surely end in woe.

"I at length found courage to ask her, but hastily and almost in a breath, who had given her this beautiful bouquet, and whose voice I had heard singing as I came up the stairs. Even by the light of the moon I could see a deep blush rise to her pallid cheek, but she did not avert her eyes from my fixed and ardent gaze, nor did she hesitate in her speech as she answered, sweetly; —

"'It was Louis who gave me yonder flowers. Are they not most beau-

tiful? It was Louis whose voice thou didst hear as thou camest up the stair. Does he not sing most sweetly?"

"I felt at that moment as if I had been the sport of some malicious fiend, and once again I gazed around the chamber, expecting still to find my first suspicions realised. Once more the calm pure moon could not look in upon a scene more calm and pure than that. There stood the maiden pale and placid as before, for even the blush upon her cheek was gone; there she still stood, gazing with the look of innocence into my face, and yet with a stranger's love-wrought offering in her hand, and the name of Louis hovering on her lips!

"'But where is Louis?' I exclaimed, gaspingly. 'I see him not.'

"The maiden laughed with a light and joyous laugh. 'Oh, no! surely thou canst not see him, Georgette,' she replied, 'for he hath retired to rest ere this. He always retires when our prayer is done, and we have sung our hymn to the Blessed Virgin. It is my custom, also,' she added, with a slight yawn, 'only thou hast kindly come to visit me to-night.'

"I was more and more bewildered. A moment's doubt of the maiden's sanity did once cross my mind, but, alas! there was the accursed bouquet, which but too plainly proved that there was no delusion, and the sweet rich tones of that tenor voice were yet ringing in my ears. I was painfully perplexed, but endeavoured to appear composed, and used the same sort of caution that one does in questioning a child or a mad person as I asked, 'Where, then, was Louis when I heard him sing just now?'

"'There!' she exclaimed, proudly; and, rushing to the window, opened it, and showing me the low parapet which ran all along the roof; 'tis there he kneels and prays with me. It is from thence his hymn ascends to Heaven with mine!'

"I could scarcely credit my senses as, following her example, I jumped upon the old arm-chair and looked from the casement. We seemed strangely near the moon, the stars seemed larger and more numerous, while, below, the dark abyss yawned with a black and frightful depth. I knew not which to admire most, the love or the bold spirit of that brave young man, as I gazed first upon that narrow parapet, and then downwards from the dizzy height, whence a single glance made the brain reel. I descended, however, without speaking, for, to say the truth, so great was my astonishment that I could find no words; but once more fairly within the chamber, I began to consider what had best be done, and drawing her to the bed, I sat myself down, and gently taking her hand while using every endeavour in my power to disguise the horrible anxiety which beset me, I said, with as much calmness as I could assume, 'Now come, dearest love, be kind, and tell me all concerning Louis.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE ORACLE OF LOVE.

"THEN did that pale maiden unfold a tale of such wild impassioned love, of such fond belief and mad adventure, that to me, who already knew the world, it seemed like listening to the narration of a long and beautiful dream; and as she gradually went step by step through all the mazes of her attachment, sobs were all the answer I could give.

"She told me that Louis was by profession a painter, and occupied a room on the same floor as her own chamber, in a house in the street at the corner of which stood the mansion. That a long time before, she could not remember how long, but it seemed already an age ago, he had been

engaged in the painting of some oriental subject, and had procured for the purpose one of those beautiful blue Mecca pigeons whose wings are tinged with the colours of the rising sun; that one day the bird had strayed from its owner, and had flown in at her window; that she had caught it and was endeavouring to soothe its alarm by fond caresses, when the youth himself appeared upon that very parapet before the casement. She owned that she felt some alarm at that moment, the more so, as when she raised her head and looked at him, still holding the affrighted bird upon her finger, he started so violently as almost to throw himself from his balance; that he had, however, quickly recovered himself by catching at the stout branches of her geranium, for which reason she had since then felt more attached than ever to the dear plant; that after she had restored the bird, and Louis had thanked her and was gone, she began to feel more alarm than when he was actually before her eyes, hanging as it were between earth and heaven. And sometimes when alone she would weep at the thought of what might have been the consequence had he really fallen; that some time after this adventure, having drawn the old music-stand near to the open window, she was practising some airs which she would have to repeat at the Conservatoire, when she had suddenly fancied the room somewhat darker than usual, and advancing to ascertain the cause, she had again beheld the owner of the pigeon, calmly seated there upon the dizzy parapet, where any other would scarce have dared to place a hand, yet there he was with his *carton* on his knees, quietly occupied in taking her portrait! Yes; he had it already sketched before him,—there she stood before the old carved *lutrin* with parted lips as she had been singing, and with up-raised hand marking the measure. It was so like, she said, that to her it seemed as if done by magic.

“It was then that Louis had told her at once with burning eloquence of the sudden yet wild impassioned love with which she had inspired him; a love which suffered him to know no rest; that he had of late spent much of his time upon that aerial parapet, watching and waiting for the least sound which should indicate that she was in her chamber; that having at length heard her voice he had profited by the attention with which she was studying, to sketch another portrait of her which should be more to his satisfaction than the one which he had already done from memory, as she had first burst upon his sight like a vision of heaven, holding to her bosom the fluttering dove. He told her that he could no longer paint or study, that his soul was bound up in memory of her beauty; that his whole time was occupied in contemplation of that portrait, which, however faulty, still bore some resemblance to her that he sat sometimes watching it till the shades of evening shut all things from his sight, and that he rose to contemplate it long before the daylight could penetrate his modest casement to enable him to distinguish its graceful outline. For he was an orphan, he said, and being poor had no friends, but passed his life in solitude; that before the fatal day on which he had first beheld her he had managed to earn a scanty living by making drawings for the printsellers on the quays, but that since then he had lost all taste for labour; that he had long proposed putting an end to the torment which he endured by the avowal of his passion, by letter, in order to ascertain if he might dare to hope, but that since he had had the good fortune to meet her once more he would not waste the time which such a measure would necessarily occupy, but would at once put the question to herself.

““Oh, Paquerette,” I exclaimed, full of alarm and doubt of the youth’s integrity, ‘and what answer did you make to this bold question?’

“‘I asked for time to consider,’ replied she meekly, ‘and this, not because I felt perplexed, but because my heart was too full to answer him just then.’

“‘And how did he receive this decision?’ I returned, quickly.

“‘At first he seemed alarmed and disappointed, but I fear that he saw in my face what was passing in my mind at sight of his anxiety; indeed, I have always feared that my own wild joy was but too apparent in my troubled accents and in my tearful eyes. They say it is wrong for maidens to display such happiness, but, Georgette, I had ever lived a lone unheeded life, and none had taught me how to feign. Louis smiled then when he left me, for I had told him that if on the morrow’s dawn the broad leaves of my geranium still hid my casement from his sight that his suit would be rejected, but that if, on the contrary, it had disappeared, and my window was open that he might come, and that I would look upon him thenceforth as one—the one only, one to whom my heart and soul—my waking, sleeping thoughts—my first fond hopes—my first fresh dream of love should all be given!’

“I trembled so violently at this avowal from the lips of Paquerette, that I almost sank at her feet, but she did not perceive the agitation in which I listened, for she had grown as if inspired while proceeding, and I could judge, if the bare memory of these events had power to move her thus, what must have been her exaltation at the moment of their occurrence. She resumed, after a slight pause; ‘He left me with a smile of rapture, but the memory of that smile made me shed tears of bitterness when he was gone, for it had told me that he *knew* that my heart would answer in his favour; but then, alas! he could not tell that I had instantly determined not to listen to its dictates!’

“I started at this abrupt conclusion, but Paquerette continued, mournfully, ‘Georgette, I had no friend in the wide world, no guide, no counsellor, so I resolved at once to trust to Providence, and beg some sign whereby I could judge of what I ought to do. I had thought of many things when my eye fell by accident on my dear, my cherished geranium, and I resolved to choose its bursting blossoms for my oracle. There might be sympathy, I thought, between this plant and me. I had given it as it were a second life by my unceasing care and attention; in return, had it not saved the life of Louis upon the occasion of the truant bird? and by mere chance, too, I had held it forth to be the sign between him and me of the success or hopelessness of his love. I approached the beloved tree with a beating heart, and examined it minutely, when, lo! upon the very branch which had saved the youth from an awful death, perhaps because I had pruned and watered this branch more carefully than the rest, did I perceive a whole clustre of coral-tinted buds, all ready to break their verdant prison and issue forth in their bright beauty. It was strange; there was not a single one on any other branch but this! So I extended my hands over the plant and took a solemn vow before the Almighty God of heaven that if one single blossom had burst by the morrow, that I would yield to my love for Louis, while as solemnly did I swear that if, on the contrary, no blossom had broken forth, so surely would I reject his suit. Well, Georgette, now that these events are over and I fear no more, I may own to thee, that not for a kingdom would I pass such another day and night as those which followed the breaking of that rash vow. I did nought but pace my little chamber in agony, stopping at each turn to examine more and more closely, and with straining eyes, the closed buds upon which hung the fate of this the first fond affec-

tion of my hitherto joyless, loveless life ! Twilight came, but I watched and watched until I could scarce discern the outline of the tree, and at length night descended—dark, moonless night ; and then I could see it no more. But I could not rest in my bed, so I remained seated by the window the whole of that long night, for I would not take away the plant lest it might be a forestalling of what I had brought myself to consider as the decree of Providence ; so I clasped the noble stem, and sat tranquil and resigned to abide my fate.

“ ‘ Never shall I forget that night ; first, how the hurrying of torches to and fro, the noise of carriage-wheels, the loud note of the home-seeking reveller, made it differ but little from the day. How, these dying gradually away, left the street so still and silent that I felt as if I were alone, the only watcher in this wide metropolis ; then the low twittering of some nestled bird upon the house-top, giving notice that the dawn would not be slow to appear. I scarcely felt the time pass. I wept and prayed, and sought for courage to support my patience should it be against me, for God, who heard me then, and hears me now, knows well that not for wealth, nor long life, nor happiness, nor honour, would I have broken the solemn oath I had voluntarily taken.

“ ‘ I know not how it happened, but I had watched so long for some single line of orange-coloured light which should give me notice of approaching day, that I had grown heart-sick and weary, both in mind and body, and in spite of all resistance, I fell into a deep and heavy slumber. How long it lasted I could never tell. I can only remember that I was awakened by the cries and sounds of labour from without, and that when I raised my head, the bright beams of the morning sun were already streaming through the dark green leaves of my geranium ; and Georgette—dear Georgette, give me thy hand, feel how my heart is beating even now—there was a whole bunch of the scarlet flowers bathing in the sunlight, and shining behind the shadow of its dark green foliage, bright and dazzling as rubies !

“ ‘ My presence of mind did not forsake me ; and although my heart beat violently, and my limbs trembled so that I could scarcely stand, yet I did not feel confused or perplexed, but on the instant, and without a moment's reflection, pausing but to put back the long hair which impeded my view, by a strong effort I dragged the plant aside and opened wide the casement. On that very instant, I heard a low cry from without. Louis was already there. Georgette ! he was already there. He, too, had watched the live-long night. As I had done, and when he saw, by my haggard looks and swollen eyes, that I likewise had not slept ; he stretched forth his arms in silence, and I jumped upon the window-sill. Then he clasped me with fervour to his bosom, and, as he whispered in my ear his faint and faltering thanks, I felt the long meshes of my braided hair wet and dabbled with his tears ! And then I knew by all these signs that his soul was like my own, desolate and blighted, having had no affection whereon to rest, that his heart had yearned till it was withered in his bosom, and that the bright season of his youth had hitherto been spent in solitude and tears ! I say, that I knew all this by what was passing within my own soul at that moment ; and I felt as if I had known him from my birth, and although but little conversation passed between us in that first interview, yet, ere we parted, each event of our solitary lives had become familiar to each other, and we might have fancied that the ties of home and kindred had bound us from our childhood.’ ”

LEGENDS OF GASTEIN.

BY JOHN OXFORD, ESQ.

GASTEIN is a town near Salzburg, famous for its mineral springs. These springs, which are surrounded by forests, wild mountains, and all the agreeable terrors of uncultivated nature, occupy an important situation in the legends of the place.

The discovery of the springs dates back as far as the seventh century. Prior to that event, the valley itself, in which they are found, was scarcely known to the inhabitants of the district. The wild deer sported about, heedless alike of men and of minerals. Two pious hermits, who had sought solitude in the secluded valley, were alone acquainted with the valuable waters. One day a knight, engaged in the chase, pursued a stag and wounded it, not to the death, with his arrow. The wounded animal fled to the valley, and the hunter followed, when lo! he saw it tended by two men, who washed it in a warm spring. These men were the hermits, whereof we have spoken, and it is delightful to be able to record that their names were Primus and Felician. Good, kindly souls; they pointed pathetically to the wounded deer, exhorted the hunter to abandon a profession which might injure even the meanest of God's creatures, and begged him to adopt a religious life. Informing him of the wonderful spring, they resolved to take him as their partner in the charitable office of making its virtues known among men.

* * * * *

One day, in the vicinity of Gastein, *three* men, total strangers to the inhabitants, unexpectedly made their appearance. Their manner was dignified, and their aspect was venerable. Not only did they tell the gaping multitude that a healing spring lay concealed among the mountains, but they showed a comfortable path that led to the beneficent waters. The spring was used, and wonders followed. Weak men became strong, lame folks recovered the use of their legs, buds held over the water, blossomed, green fruit ripened, and withered flowers bloomed anew. Opera *danseuses*, who had had bouquets thrown to them on the previous evening, dipped them in the spring, and then bore them to their friends, that they might be flung fresh as ever on the morrow. This last fact, by the way, is doubtful, nor will it be cleared up till we learn the state of the *ballet*, near Gastein, in the seventh century.

The pious inhabitants soon erected a chapel in commemoration of the blessings they had received, and represented, by a picture, the hermits Primus and Felician, attending the wounded deer. A picture in another chapel exhibited the three holy men showing the way to the spring.

The originator of evil will not let well alone, and it is no doubt that he filled some of the inhabitants with discontent, because the spring was somewhat inconveniently situated. Once they were delighted to have a spring that would cure lameness and ripen windfalls, but now, forsooth, they grudged the trouble of walking to it. The emissaries of Satan are not slow at their work, so a certain magician promised to dispel the cause of dissatisfaction, by removing the spring from Gastein to St. John's, which, we assume, was a more commodious spot. This he was unable to

do of his own strength, so he adopted the course of making a compact with the Evil One, who was to do it for him.

Now even the devil should have his due; and it must be confessed that he did a marvellously clever thing on this occasion. He picked up the spring as you would pick up a dropped pocket-handkerchief, and carried it all the way to the Arlbäd. But the old hermits, though they had been dead some time, had no notion of seeing impious intruders dabbling in their spring. So their two ghosts suddenly appeared to Satan, who let the spring slip between his fingers, and flew away, howling. It was a very handsome thing on the part of the two ghosts that they did not take the spring back to the original spot, but let it remain just where the devil had dropped it, giving it, by their blessing, a continuance of its power, and a perpetual exemption from diabolical interference. So much for the spring.

A notability of the valley of Gastein was a countryman, named Erasmus Weitmoser, who lived in the fifteenth century. His crops ran short, and, therefore, he turned his attention to mining; but this proved such a wretched speculation, that within three years he had spent all his property, and sunk to the depths of poverty. One Easter Eve he found himself so reduced, that he could not even buy a piece of meat for the coming festival. But his wife, Elizabeth, knowing the solemnity of the day, and feeling how impious it would be to go dinnerless on such an occasion, sold her veil and her wedding-dress, and bought meat and wine. An act of such exalted piety as eating a dinner at Easter could not fail of its reward. The worthy Bishop of Salzburg heard the circumstance, and marvelled to think that such goodness existed. He sent at once for Weitmoser, lauded him for the dinner he had eaten, and lent him a hundred dollars to carry on his mining operations.

Weitmoser and luck became synonymous; vein after vein of gold was revealed to him; he grew important in the eyes of the neighbourhood, and the emperor, raising him to high dignity, granted him the arms of nobility.

We are proud to reflect that instances of piety like that recorded of Weitmoser are not uncommon in our own country. The numerous operatives, who, provided they may have a jollification at Greenwich on Easter Monday, do not mind pawning their clothes for a whole week, seem to imitate as nearly as possible the act which gained the approbation of the good Bishop of Salzburg.

Erasmus Weitmoser left above a million of *guldens* (florins) to his three sons, and seventy-five thousand to each of his daughters, but the prosperity of his descendants did not equal his own. The mining business fell to the lot of his son Christoph, who built a fine castle, and various other imposing edifices, about the site of his occupation.

A lump of gold, weighing a hundred pounds, was one day found in the mines, and created the greatest joy among the miners, who thought this was a mere drop from an abundant vein. Most people, it is said, have their heads turned by prosperity, and the miners, who were a strange compound of brutality and stupidity, did not form an exception to the general rule. That they ate too much and drank too much was natural enough; but that they flayed a fatted ox alive—this was carrying things to an extreme, nor can we conceive how it improved the festivity. One miner suggested that it was cruel thus to torture an inoffensive animal,

but the others shouted aloud, that they were rich enough to pay for twenty such oxen, as the gold could no more decrease in the mountains, than the flayed ox could bellow and run from the spot.

The barbarous miners could not have uttered a more unfortunate speech: for, lo! the flayed ox bellowed three times so loud, that he made the rocks echo again, and then, with great agility, ran to the edge of a precipice, from which he sprang. At this strange spectacle, the miners looked at each other with marvellously stupid countenances, nor did they appear more lively, when, on the following morning, they found that the newly discovered vein had—vanished.

This knack of uttering unlucky speeches seems to have been peculiar to the Weitmosers and their dependents. Christoph had a wife, who dressed in amazingly fine clothes, and was any thing but condescending to beggars. A poor woman, who sat by the road-side, and saw the haughty dame pass on horseback, asked for alms, and received a haughty refusal.

“Ah,” said the beggar-woman, “you look proud enough now, but, perhaps, to-morrow you may be a beggar like me.”

“Nonsense,” exclaimed the lady, “a Weitmoser beg!—that can no more come to pass, than this ring can come to light again.”

So saying, she took a valuable ring from her finger and flung it into a roaring stream, which flowed beneath the path. In a few days, a large trout was caught in the stream, and served up at a feast given by Christoph. When it was opened, the ring was discovered in its belly.

From this moment, every thing went wrong with the Weitmosers. The works fell in, the veins of gold were lost, the family became poorer and poorer, and the very castles went to decay. A few picturesque ruins alone remain to record their former wealth and importance. Who is not reminded of the ring of Polycrates?

Like the Untersberg, at Salzburg, the Gastein mountains have a large population of spirits. There is one called Schranel, and another named Donanadel, and there is the evil earth-spirit, Gangerl, and one Dusel, who creeps into houses by day and night, and steals little children; and Butz, a famous misleader of travellers; and Perchtl, the terrible wild woman. The best of the lot seems to be one styled the “Capuchin,” whom many of the miners profess to have heard, if not seen. His voice is said to resemble the crackling of a glacier, and when it is heard, a rich vein of gold is sure to be near; so that the sound may be considered lucky, though it is dangerous to curse or swear at the time.

When a miner is a good sort of person, the “Capuchin” is rather a friend than otherwise, and if he teases a little now and then, he never does any serious damage. One day a miner crossed a hill, with a loaf of bread hanging by a string over his shoulder. The “Capuchin” took upon himself the nature of a gust of wind, and whisked the bread away. On another occasion, the same miner went the same way, and carried two loaves, when the “Capuchin” again blew away one of them, and rolled it down the hill.

The good-natured miner taking the other loaf, flung it after the first, saying, “As you have got one, you may as well take the other.” This trifling act of benevolence gained him the friendship of the “Capuchin,” and he became immensely rich.

To close effectively, let us sacrifice unity of place, quit Gastein, and

approach the Kahlenberg, near Vienna, where we shall find a nice horrible story.

Close to the Kahlenberg is a pointed mountain, on which stand the ruins of a convent, founded by a knight named Herrmann, from whom the mountain derives its appellation of "Herrmannstein."

When the convent was in full force, a beautiful nun, who was one of its inhabitants, saw, through a grating, a spruce young huntsman, dressed in green, and with a plume of feathers in his hat. He beckoned her, and she contrived to slip through the convent gate. Many fond meetings took place, and it is said, that the nun was even more anxious to reach the spot of assignation, than the huntsman.

Once he stopped away longer than usual, but when he came he told the nun that he had found a large treasure in a neighbouring forest, and that if she would help him to carry it away, they might both fly from the spot and live together comfortably. The deluded nun followed her lover, but as soon as they had both gone beyond the consecrated precincts of the convent, and had reached the dark wood, the lovely sinner saw a horrible sight.

And what was that? Why all at once the beloved huntsman rose to a gigantic stature, his hands became claws, his feet were changed to hoofs, the feathers in his hat were converted to horns, and his cloak was transferred to an elegant habiliment composed of bats'-wings. The poor nun fainted, as well she might, on seeing her lover altered so much for the worse, and the hideous demon tore her to pieces. Since that time, people have not much liked the "Herrmannstein," for the nun's ghost is in the habit of flitting about the spot, and, what is more unpleasant, is occasionally heard to scream.

Who is not reminded of Bürger's Leonora and her skeleton bridegroom?

ST. GEORGE AND MERRY ENGLAND.

St. George and merry England: 'twas our fathers' cry of old,
That nerved them to those gallant deeds, the minstrels oft have told;
'Twas the rallying shout at Agincourt when victory was theirs,
And it led them on through Crecy's fight, and nerved them at Poitiers!

St. George and merry England! 'twas the Paynim's fearful knell,
On the blood-stain'd fields of Ascalon, where hosts unnumber'd fell;
When the banner of the cross waved high on minaret and tow'r,
And the Moslem bit the dust before the might of Christian pow'r.

St. George and merry England! 'twas the signal for regale
In stately halls, that echoed oft the sounds of deep wassail;
And the yeoman in his lowlier home would raise the goblet high,
And call upon the patron-saint of England's chivalry.

St. George and merry England! at tournament or joust,
It was the herald's charge to arms—the champion's hope and trust:
And on the scarf the victor wore, the motto was enshrined,
With many a quaint device of love by fairy hands entwined.

STEAM WARFARE IN THE PARANA.*

EVER since the rich and fertile provinces on the Rio de la Plata, or river of silver, and its great tributaries, the Parana, the Paraguay, and the Uruguay, declared their independence of the mother country, they have been in an almost constant state of anarchy. The chief who could command a few hundred soldiers, frequently commenced a revolution, which, in a few weeks, days, or hours, as the case may be, completely upset the former government, and placed himself temporarily in the seat of supreme power, when he was in his turn expelled. These civil wars have been assuming every year a more bloody and brutal character, and no intervals of repose, in which to draw forth the abundant resources of this most favoured country, have presented themselves by any accident.

The last whom ambition and genius have raised to power—Juan Manuel de Rosas—surpasses even his predecessors in the mixture of cunning and violence, by which he curbs and rules the half-savage people among whom he holds sway. When this Rosas, so distinguished by his severity, which may, however, originate in part with the character of the people he has to deal with, had consolidated his power at Buenos Ayres, he next turned his attention to the subjugation of the province called Banda Oriental, the capital of which, Monte Video, was torn by civil dissensions. The inhabitants were divided between the two leaders—Don Fructuoso Riviera, and General Oribe—the latter of whom, being worsted and obliged to fly, threw himself into the arms of Rosas, who, with a view to draw Monte Video ostensibly into the Argentine Confederation, but virtually under his own despotic rule, supplied Oribe with men and money, and thus enabled him to overrun the Banda Oriental, and take possession of the whole country, except Monte Video itself, which has now for many years been suffering all the horrors of a prolonged siege. The extent to which the ferocity of civil dissensions are carried being sufficiently attested by the fact, that Oribe has issued a proclamation to the effect that neither life nor property should be respected on the capture of the city.

In the meantime, the English and French governments having guaranteed, by an old treaty, the integrity of the Banda Oriental, Rosas was formally summoned by these governments to withdraw his troops from the territory. As he took no notice of this summons, his squadron, assisting the siege of Monte Video, was taken from him, and a blockade was commenced about the middle of 1845, which has continued—at least, nominally—ever since.

Rosas on his part, in conjunction with Uruquieza, governor of the province of Entre Rios, closed the navigation of the great river Parana, by which act, the province of Corrientes, under Maderiago, and the independent territory of Paraguay, were alike shut out from water-communication with the coast. In order to force the navigation of the Parana, these states collected a considerable army, which they placed under the command of General Paz, a rival of Rosas, but their efforts were not attended with much success until the mighty, and hitherto in these waters, unheard-of powers of steam, appeared to unfold the beauties and

* Steam Warfare in the Parana: A Narrative of Operations by the Combined Squadrons of England and France in Forcing a Passage up that River. By Commander Mackinnon, R. N., 2 vols. Charles Ollier.

capabilities of these great streams, and to laugh to scorn the formidable preparations of Rosas.

At the commencement of the blockade of Monte Video, that is to say in 1845, three steamers, the *Alecto*, *Harpy*, and *Lizard*, were despatched to join the force under Sir Charles Hotham and Admiral Trouart. Colonia and the island of Martin Garcia (the key to the united streams) had been previously captured, and the fleet had proceeded up the stream till it was detained by the appearance of heavy works and batteries at Obligado, which were only silenced after an engagement of the most gallant kind. After the successful issue of this battle, the men-of-war proceeded up the river, protecting at the same time a convoy of merchant vessels. This was, however, rendered a task of difficulty and danger by Rosas, who took care to annoy the vessels whenever the channel of the river approached the Argentine shore near enough for artillery to take effect. The two chief batteries were Tonneler and the Barrancas, or cliffs of San Lorenzo, at both of which several gallant actions took place.

The account given by Commander Mackinnon of the navigation of these great streams by the steamer *Alecto*, is a most important and interesting publication. It opens a new and almost boundless field to commerce, it at once removes the veil of obscurity that hung over these great and fertile regions, it for ever decides their easy access and the future adaptation of these great streams to steam navigation, and it suggests a thousand new fields of inquiry in all that appertains to civilisation, to geography, and to natural history.

At the time when the *Alecto* entered the Rio de la Plata, the old system of incessant murders and outrages were going on at Monte Video. Buenos Ayres was blockaded by H. M. brig *Racer*, while on the other hand, Colonia, which was held by the allies, was so effectually besieged by the enemy that no person could show himself outside of the walls without great risk.

The Parana pours its waters into the Rio de la Plata, by several mouths, and the navigation is, in consequence, at first intricate and difficult. The *Alecto* threaded its way through numerous little islands, the width of the channel varying from a few hundred yards to a mile. Occasionally the vessel steered close to the trees on one side, then, as the channel varied, shot across to the other. The scene from La Plata was changed, as if by magic, from comparative desolation to the most beautiful, fairy-like prospect it is possible to conceive. The first entrance of the river, Captain Mackinnon says, had a most wonderful effect upon the imagination. The water was smooth as a sylvan lake, while the fragrance of the air, the exquisite verdure of the trees, and the half-submerged jungle, formed a captivating contrast to the wide Atlantic. These islands are very low, covered almost entirely with fruit trees, among which peach and apricot, and in the shade of which grows a very thick and entangled jungle, with here and there large masses covered by long reeds or sedge, and filled with strange aquatic birds.

As the river increased in width, except a beautiful fringe of trees on each bank, beyond was a boundless plain of vivid green, upon every little plot of ground rising from which a clump of trees shot up. As they emerged into these vast savannahs, the feature that most struck the imagination was the awful, almost speaking solitude. This, however, was soon

broke upon by the Pamparos, which resembled, in their intensity, their brief duration, and other phenomena, the hurricanes of the West Indies. Captain Mackinnon says he held out a new silk kerchief to the storm, which was torn to shreds in a moment.

Large flocks of paroquets and other small birds were feeding upon the abundant fruit of the passion-flower. A party having landed to procure some of these, they were severely stung by large flying ants, which flew at them from nests hanging from the branches of the trees. At night-times lizards and insects made the most varied and extraordinary noises. Mosquitoes were most annoying; at times so much so, as to be quite insufferable, and to produce serious illness and inconvenience among the ship's crew.

Before reaching San Pedro, the *Alecto* was joined by the *Firebrand*. The latter town was seen about three miles' distance on the savannahs. The enemy's cavalry was likewise seen with the glasses, appearing to be quite astonished to see two great, black, smoking machines, going swiftly up their river and against the current. The steamers arrived the same evening at the dismantled batteries of Obligado. It must be a matter of regret to learn that these batteries were served chiefly by *Englishmen*. The appearance of the enemy in the distance was very picturesque, as they were continually galloping about in their red ponchos and caps. Immense troops of horses and cattle were feeding in the immediate vicinity, but, alas! out of reach of the hungry sailors. The moment an attempt was made to cut out any of these animals, hordes of wild cavalry immediately sprang up in all directions and drove them inland.

As the *Alecto* proceeded on her way up the river, the same countless herds of cattle and horses were everywhere seen grazing upon the boundless savannahs. Occasionally an estancia, or farm-house, generally a miserable hovel, was passed. The ground was beautifully diversified by clumps of trees. Carpinchos, or river-hogs, abounded; and wild turkeys and other birds were seen close at hand. It is needless to describe the slaughter made from the paddle-boxes and gang-ways by the officers' rifles and guns. The game thus procured was a very welcome addition to the daily fare.

The beauty of the scenery was rendered more engaging by the novelty and constant changes which the rapid progress of steam continually brought before them. At length they descried a body of the enemy's cavalry taking guns down to a low, sandy cliff, which they would have to pass within 400 or 500 yards, and a white puff of smoke from the mouth of the first gun visible, announced the commencement of an action. The shot had not reached the ship before it was returned by the *Alecto's* thirty-twos, and the firing became general. The *Alecto* ultimately passed out of shot, having been twenty-five minutes under fire, and not without receiving some severe injuries and having several men wounded, in return for which, so advantageous was the enemy's position, that they appear to have punished them little if at all; the batteries having given a similar reception to the *Firebrand* as it came up in the wake of the *Alecto*.

A vidette, or patrol, of the enemy's cavalry, kept company with the steamer from General Moncillia's encampment, which they passed about six miles from the batteries, and which the *Firebrand* afterwards dispersed by throwing a few of her large shells into it, to Rosario, where it

was relieved. The greatest forbearance was shown to these horsemen, who might have been easily put to flight, but with whom, on the contrary, a kind of intimacy was established. As they advanced, the islands became more elevated, and the channel approached the cliffs, which terminated in the formidable battery, called that of San Lorenzo, the last point in the Argentine dominions. San Rosas' preparations were not, however, yet completed, and the *Alecto* passed with a mere exchange of musketry, the firing of a few guns, and the very successful discharge of a rocket, which alone dispersed a body of cavalry, and set a farm-house in a blaze. A hurricane that came on immediately after this skirmish; was preceded by an extraordinary flight of locusts, which came upon them like a cloud.

The next day the *Alecto* arrived at Parana, speaking the French corvette *Coquette* on the way, and casting anchor close to H.M. ships *Philomel* and *Dolphin*. Parana is the capital of Entre Rios, and on the left bank about three or four leagues up a creek, is the city of Santa Fé, capital of the province of that name. Sir Charles Hotham had gone up as far as he could in the *Gorgon*, and had then proceeded in the prize schooner *Obligado* to Corrientes. General Paz was also retreating before Urquieza, so that poor *Alecto* had to go up with the cliffs again in possession of an enemy.

On the first day's journey the *Alecto* reached the spot where the *Gorgon* and the *Fanny*, tender, were lying. The tender was made fast to the *Alecto*, to be towed up the river at a reduced speed. Captain Sullivan, of the *Philomel*, had charge of the pilotage. This was now the twelfth day of steaming to the utmost of the *Alecto's* power and speed. The country began to assume a more tropical character, and the heat likewise to increase. The vegetation also became darker and more luxuriant, and the river alternated between a clear channel with elevated banks and most perplexing labyrinths of islands. At times, again, the river expanded into open shallow lakes of several miles in width. At night time the seine or net was hauled with immense success, as the river swarmed with the finny tribe, and fresh water gulls were bagged by the men by hundreds. Stately palms were now becoming plentiful, and wherever a landing was effected the sand was found completely covered by foot-prints of tigers, some of enormous size. Clumps of bamboos also now adorned the river's edge, monkeys were seen in the forests, and the Guarani Indians lit their fires where the latter was partly cleared.

As the *Alecto* proceeded upwards it passed a number of the merchantmen who had come up under convoy, and who were suffering much for want of fresh meat. The steamer took some of their boats in tow, up to a large estancia well stocked with cattle, where plenty of provisions were obtained. They were now in the friendly province of Corrientes. Large clusters or clumps of orange-trees were frequent. On the 18th of February, the *Alecto* having struck upon a shoal, Captain Mackinnon landed, and with difficulty discovered a village, whence horses were obtained to carry on the mail to Corrientes, a distance of thirty-two leagues.

The gallant captain had a long and a rough ride before him. He was accompanied only by two men as an escort and a guide. The horses were at first but wretched animals. Occasional troops of banditti diversified the scene, which otherwise appears to have been made up of

alternate forest and grassy plain, with ponds most luxuriously stocked with wild fowl. The plains were studded with horned cattle, horses, and sheep. There were many villages tenanted by nearly naked Spaniards and Guarani Indians. Around these villages were orange-groves, full of noisy parrots, which, with the heat, the mosquitoes, the chirping lizards and insects, the fitting fire-flies and domestic tigers, rendered sleep a thing quite out of the question. At length, after no small amount of exertion and annoyances, Corrientes was attained, and the mail was delivered over to Sir Charles Hotham.

Corrientes is situated at the junction of the rivers Parana and Paraguay, and is irregularly laid out in squares, but the streets have a ruinous and wretched appearance. Possessing a soil that without labour will produce almost any thing, the river swarming with fish and the woods with game, the people care for nothing but the cattle, with which the country swarms to so enormous an extent, that Captain Mackinnon says that the hides are actually lying by rotting in millions. Well may he exclaim what a country would this be if opened to the enterprise and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race!

Captain Mackinnon soon returned, to bring up the *Alecto*, in the gig of the schooner *Obligado*. This was the first time a steamer had ascended the river to so great a distance, and the whole town turned out to see the ship that could sail against wind and current. While at Corrientes, the following curious incident occurred to the captain, which we shall leave him to relate in his own language:—

As I passed a very substantial house, a short distance out of the town, a grim-looking senor touched his sombrero to me, and said, "Good morning, sir." "Why you are a Scotchman," said I. "Yes, I am," replied he. "Will you walk into my poor abode?" I did this willingly, and entered into conversation with him. He told me that his name was Thomas Paul, and that he had been at Corrientes forty years. I suspect he was formerly in Whitelock's army. Whatever he may have been, he is now a shrewd old chap, very civil, and anxious to converse with a countryman. He offered me a horse whenever I chose, and, during our stay, I frequently took advantage of his politeness.

From him I learned much about the country. He acknowledged that, as a currier, he had saved a good deal of money; but I could not fish out how he had invested it; certainly not in any local security, as he had too much Scotch caution to lend it on such precarious responsibility; and as I discovered that he had no communication with any other place, I shrewdly suspect he had hoarded his treasure in some spot known only to himself.

"I have often heard of a steamer," said he, "but I never expected to see one up here; I always looked forward with great interest to be gratified by this sight, when I got back to the awd country."

Like all British settlers, old Paul doubtlessly intended to return some day, though, poor fellow, quite oblivious of his age and enormous distance from home.

"May I beg a favour, sir," said he.

"Oh, certainly," replied I, "a dozen if you like."

"The fact is, I have often told my men that in my country they burn black stones. The Ladrones, although they know I never lie, will not believe me; and you will confer a great favour if you will give me a piece of coal the size of a walnut."

"If that is all you request, it is easily done," said I; and seeing the Dingy puffing past, I hailed her: "Dingy, there, go on board and ask the chief engineer to send me a bucket of coals immediately."

Whilst the little boat was absent, my friend Thomas Paul, or, as he was called

by the inhabitants, Don Thomaso Paulo, collected all his people, and told them that he was going to prove his former assertion of the black stones burning. This completely put a stop to all work; the men lit their cigarettes, and composed themselves in that lazy manner which is peculiar to people of Spanish descent.

In a few minutes the boat returned with the coal, and as, for the credit of my friend, I wished to make a sensation, I undertook the formation of the fire myself, and carefully prepared a little pile of wood and coals. It speedily lighted. The workmen looked on with great curiosity. For some time the wood burnt in vain; the coal would not kindle; a smile of contempt passed over the faces of the men, as they looked at one another significantly. At length, as the wood burnt up, the coals began slowly to ignite, and, after a short time, commenced blazing furiously.

"Caramba!" was repeated frequently by the men, who looked on intently until the whole mass was consumed. The Scotch don, meantime, watched the effect with a triumphant smile.

I then engaged him to dine with me the following day, and returned on board.

On quitting Corrientes the *Alecto* had in charge envoys from Paraguay to Monte Video. Before parting, Don Thomas asked for an English paper. *The Times*, for November 10, 1845, was given to him. He was overjoyed. "What enjoyment in store!" he exclaimed. "I shall read it again and again; it will last me the rest of my life." Prices are rather curious at Corrientes; a horse may be purchased for 3s. 6d., horned cattle average 10s., sheep and hogs vary in price from 6d. to 1s. each. A small coarse embroidered towel, on the other hand, was worth nearly 4l. sterling. This is the locality to which to convey English manufactures, and bring back skins in return!

As the *Alecto* proceeded down the river with the accumulated velocity of steam and current, the bends of the river were so suddenly turned, as to enable them to see many more wild animals than on the ascent, and among them several tigers. The tops of the trees were now covered with a profusion of bright golden flowers, like laburnum blossoms. As lower down would be enemy's country, every morning large parties sallied out in pursuit of game, and the slaughter was prodigious. The enemy's country was, however, passed through, at such a pace, without any obstruction; and the *Alecto*, after shipping marines, on her way down, from the *Gorgon* and *Firebrand*, ultimately returned in safety to Monte Video, from which she had been thirty-nine days absent, Corrientes being by the river, in round numbers, 1000 miles from Monte Video. To the horror of poor *Alecto*, she received orders to tow three schooners; two deeply laden with stores, and one with soldiers for General Paz, up the river. She, accordingly, proceeded but slowly up the Bocas of the Parana. On passing the batteries of Tonnelero, the *Alecto* opened fire upon them, and drove the workmen away in all directions. As they approached the batteries of San Lorenzo, the people in the schooners became so terrified that they sent a deputation on board the *Alecto*, to insist upon being lashed alongside the steamer, so that its hull should shelter them from the enemy's fire!

"Sir," said the dons to Captain Austen, "if you don't lash us alongside, to protect our men, we will cut the two ropes, and return to Monte Video."

Captain Austen replied,—

"I have orders to take you up the Parana; and up the Parana you go, in spite of any thing."

The men of the *Alecto* went to quarters when the ship was about a mile and a half from the batteries. The engagement was for a short time very severe, and the steamer being trammelled by the schooners in tow, was exposed to the fire of the batteries for a much longer time than she otherwise would have been. The poor vessel was, consequently, much mauled, but luckily none of the men were hurt; the only person touched being Captain Austen, who received a violent blow on the thigh from a spent grape-shot. Captain Mackinnon remarks, that on going into action, the men appeared to take it as a matter of course; but, as the plot thickened, and they warmed at the work; they tossed the long guns about like playthings, and, indeed, managed them in an admirable manner. This he attributes entirely to the system taught in the *Excellent*, and we are happy to see by the daily papers that the advantages of the instruction in gunnery to be obtained there is going to be made far more general than hitherto.

On this occasion great numbers of people, including ladies, had come as they would to a review, to see the English steamer sunk by Rosas' batteries. Upon the arrival of the *Alecto* at Parana, Admiral Trehouart justly expressed his sorrow that the steamer should have been thus exposed to such imminent danger merely to bring up a few spare stores for the French fleet.

"Why didn't you cut them adrift?" said he; "they only contain spare stores for us, which we can easily do without; they and the whole of their cargoes are not worth the trouble and risk they have caused you."

The river was now falling rapidly, and on her further ascent the *Alecto* was several times ashore, and the engines suffered seriously from the strain. When they got into friendly waters half a ton of fish was sometimes caught in an evening, and the fowls were proportionately successful. Captain Mackinnon relates a curious incident that befel him while wading after a large flock of flamingoes:—

Suddenly (he relates) my feet slipped from beneath me: I staggered, and had much difficulty in keeping my gun free from contact with the water. On recovering my equipage I perceived the stream agitated all round. It immediately struck me that an alligator lay concealed close at hand. I must confess I did not like it at all, and expected every moment to find one of my legs in the brute's jaws. I therefore brought my gun instantly to my shoulder, prepared for any attack. Thus I remained for about a minute; but all was quiet, the water having subsided into its usual placidity. I then called one of the dingy boys to bring a boat-hook and grope all round my position, to try and poke the brute out, whatever it might be.

After one or two digging probes the same agitation was renewed, and a huge broad brown back appeared for a moment on the surface; quite long enough, however, to receive the large shot with which both my barrels were loaded. The agitation now increased in violence, and the splashings on the surface mixed with blood, showed that some severe wound had been given. The report of my gun attracted all the spy-glasses in the *Alecto*.

A boat was immediately despatched to our assistance with a couple of boarding-pikes. The brown back was speared by them, and borne towards the shallow water, where the creature was despatched. It proved to be an enormous sting-ray; the fish was so heavy that we were obliged to tow it off to the vessel and hoist it in with a whip. When cut up and served out to

the ship's company the solid meat weighed 135 lbs. without offal or other waste parts.

Upon the arrival of the *Alecto* at Goya, all the English and American settlers were killing their cattle and making every exertion to wind up their affairs and leave the province by the next convoy. Sad results of anarchy in a country which holds out such extraordinary promises of prosperity under a stable government! Numerous vessels were loading hides, salted beef, horse-hair, and other commodities in a desperate hurry, to enable them to go down under protection of the men-of-war past the batteries of San Lorenzo. One English settler was converting his whole stock, which consisted of *four thousand head of cattle*, into hides, tallow, salt and jerked beef, marrow, and hair! "It was," Captain Mackinnon remarks, "a melancholy thing to see English, American, and other foreigners, with all their enterprise, capital, and industry, working day and night to clear out their property from this most productive, most beautiful, and most healthy soil and climate."

Ten days were given to the convoy to get ready. So unmarketable was the stock of these poor emigrants that thousands of mares could be obtained at a shilling ahead. At length the *Alecto* started, the Cerito of Santa Fé being the place appointed for the general rendezvous. The waters were falling rapidly, and the navigation of the river was now replete with difficulties. At Esquina the *Alecto* came up with two English and two French ships, and learnt that the *Obligado* prize schooner had been captured by the enemy, from an English officer under the Lorenzo batteries. H.M.S. *Lizard* had also suffered severely in passing the same batteries. The little *Harpy* had, however, made her way up by hugging the cliffs closely, although accompanied by a numerous cavalcade, and several carriages and four, to see her sunk at San Lorenzo.

While the convoy was getting ready, Captain Mackinnon was commissioned with the important task of planting a masked battery of Congreve rockets on an island opposite the principal position of the enemy, on the heights of San Lorenzo. As the details of this dangerous and difficult undertaking and of its successful issue, have already appeared in the daily papers, we shall not dwell here upon the otherwise very interesting account of the steps taken to insure secrecy and success. The suspense and anxiety of the little party previous to the signal given by the booming of the great guns of the *Gorgon*, which came down in the van of the convoy, and of the Anglo-French fleet, must, however, be read in Captain Mackinnon's words to feel all the interest of the action. The *Gorgon* was followed by the *Fulton*, *Alecto*, *Firebrand*, and *Gassendi*, training their great heavy shell guns as if at exercise. At the same moment Lieutenant Barnard stepped out from the rocket battery and stuck the British ensign firmly into the sand under the very nose of the cliff, and the rocket-tubes opened from right to left.

The surprise and consternation created by this unexpected assault among the enemy can be imagined. The whole space was cleared in a moment, add to which the *Gorgon's* large shells were falling at the same time amongst them. Thus covered, the fleet and convoy passed the dreaded batteries with little loss. An English barque unluckily ran aground, and three other vessels that were stranded were obliged to be burnt. The rocket party, after performing a variety of services to the ships aground, were received, much fatigued, on board the *Firebrand*.

In the further descent of the river, the *Gorgon*, the *Gassendi*, and the *Alecto*, with springs on their cables, and their broadsides bearing on the embrasures, soon silenced the batteries of the *Tonneler*, and left a free passage to the convoy; and after Captain Mackinnon joined his own ship it was at once despatched to announce to the English admiral at Monte Video the safe passage of the fleet and convoy, without the loss of a single man.

The *Alecto* was next sent upon a trip up the river Uruguay, with provisions and despatches for H. M. S. *Acorn*, and the French ship *Pandour*. The account of the scenery, of the abundance of game, fertile lands, and rich vegetation, and of the cruel warfare going on, on the banks of this great river, abounds in a mingled melancholy and picturesque interest.

Upon his return to Monte Video, the *Alecto* was engaged to convey Mr. Hood to Buenos Ayres. Thus, with the white flag hoisted, she had free communication, with the capital city of the country, against which, for the preceding six months, she had been constantly fighting. "The contrast," says Captain Mackinnon, "between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video was striking. In Monte Video, with all the civilisation that the chiefs, civil and military, of the two great European powers, would be supposed to bring, the town was excessively dirty, the police worse than useless, murders committed constantly in open day upon the inhabitants, and upon the European seamen and soldiers. At Buenos Ayres, on the contrary, the utmost security of life and property prevailed. A strict and efficient police rendered the town as safe, or safer, than the streets of London; a rigorous government commanded due and proper respect to the laws, and British officers felt themselves not only more secure in person, although in an enemy's city, but more courteously treated than at Monte Video. Whatever may be the faults of Rosas, he may safely assert, that whilst his city was in perfect order and security, Monte Video, under other influence, was the scene of anarchy."

Mr. Hood's mission to Rosas having been attended with no beneficial results, the *Alecto* conducted the convoy back to Monte Video, from which place Captain Mackinnon (active service in the Plata being considered to be at an end, and his health beginning to fail him) took a berth home in H. M. brigantine *Dolphin*, and thus ends the eventful history of what great nations ought not to enter upon, "a little war," and which, when entered upon like that in Syria, in 1841, appears to have been carried on against the only man who has shown himself capable of keeping a murderous and treacherous population in proper control and subjection.

Captain Mackinnon's work is published by Mr. Charles Ollier, of Southampton-street, a name associated with the best efforts of Shelley, Keats, Barry Cornwall, and other modern poets. It is pleasant to see Mr. Ollier's name again on a title-page, recollecting the charming books he used to produce, and we heartily wish him success.

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

CONCLUSION.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

M. G. Lewis—Noble Trait of Filial Affection—Romance of the "Monk"—Outcry it excited—His Dramatic Writings—The "Castle Spectre"—His Premature, and Unnoticed Death.—William Stewart Rose, Translator of "Amadis de Gaul," "Partenopex of Blois," &c.—Characteristic Anecdotes—Joseph Pecchio, Author of "Osservazioni sull' Inghilterra"—Sir Charles and Lady Morgan—Miss Hawkins—Her strange Design for a Scriptural Novel—Thomas Hood—William Godwin—Summary and Conclusion of the "Graybeard's Gossip."

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.—Of this gentleman I knew but little, not having encountered him half a dozen times after my introduction to him at the house of Nat. Middleton, the banker. With a short, thick-set figure, unintellectual features, and a disagreeable habit of peering, being very short-sighted, his aspect was by no means prepossessing; but as he had "that within which passeth show," he recovered the ground lost at starting as rapidly as Wilkes could have done. As the author of "The Monk" still labours under some degree of stigma for that irreverent publication, and as numerous good actions in his private capacity are much less known than his two or three published peccadilloes, I shall begin with the former. When he entered Parliament, his father, who held a high situation in the War Office, allowed him 800*l.* a year, which he immediately divided with his mother, from whom her husband had separated himself, assigning her a very inadequate stipend for her support.

"If my son can live upon 400*l.* a year," said the father, "I shall reduce his income to that sum," which he did accordingly. At the risk of a second reduction, and even of being disinherited by his obdurate father, the son again divided his fortune with his mother, continuing to visit her, and to pay her all the attentions that affection and duty could dictate.

At a later period, when he came into possession of his patrimony, a portion of which consisted of a sugar estate, he made a voyage to the West Indies, with a view, among other objects, of making arrangements for improving the condition of his negroes, and of satisfying the qualms of his own conscience by rendering their slavery rather nominal than real. Having accomplished this benevolent purpose, he left the island, and being attacked by a slight illness on the homeward voyage, administered to himself an over-dose of James's powders, which speedily occasioned his death. His censurers would have done well to remember these amiable traits, to which many others might be added, when they condemned him so severely for a juvenile escapade.

A short time before he left England, I met him at the office of James Smith, his solicitor, whom he named one of the executors in his will. He was then anticipating the mode of life he should adopt after his return from the West Indies. He was to engage handsome chambers in Albany, and to have a dinner party of ten or twelve once a week, inviting none but wits, literati, and pleasant fellows. Kind-hearted Matthew Gregory! The Muses should have guarded thee, for they loved thee well, and blind indeed must have been "the Fury with the abhorred shears" who prema-

turely cut short a life which, if longer spared, would have diffused so much social happiness around it.

Although the romance of "The Monk," written for the author's amusement when travelling, and published soon after his twenty-first birth-day, appeared so far back as the year 1795, well do I recollect the hubbub it occasioned—an outcry aggravated by the insertion of the author's name in the title-page, with the initials that showed him to be a member of Parliament; and not even mitigated by the incontestible genius it displayed, and the exquisite beauty of the poetry. To readers of the present day, who have revelled, or rather wallowed in some of the French romances, the objections made to a single scene in "The Monk," certainly too warmly coloured, will appear prudish and puritanical. Some there were who objected to the very groundwork of the story, forgetting that, with the exception of the *diablerie*, it was manifestly founded on the tale of the *Santon Barsisa*, in a work so decorous and moral as "The Adventurer." The author's religious offences, however, were those which excited the most clamorous indignation, though these also were limited to a single startling and offensively-worded passage. His heroine is described as reading an *expurgated* Bible, her mother, while she admired the beauties of the sacred writings, being convinced that many of the narratives are improper for the perusal of a young woman, not only from their general tendency, but from the indecency of their expressions. This charge was much too broadly adduced, while its phraseology was coarse and intemperate; but when the author of "The Pursuits of Literature," in his usual style of dogmatic vituperation, says, "The falsehood of this passage is not more gross than its impiety,"* he establishes nothing but his own want of argument and of courtesy. Previous modifications of the Scriptures might have forewarned him that the language current among an unrefined and comparatively barbarous people of a very remote age, is not always adapted to the delicate, perhaps the fastidious conventionalities of modern civilisation. It may be urged, that to the pure all things are pure, and that the moon can shine upon a dunghill without being contaminated; but may it not be as well, if we can, to spare the former the contemplation of subjects which must give pain even where they do not pollute; and to withdraw from the rays of Diana such objects as she can have no pleasure in illuminating? The author of "The Pursuits," in the spirit of the man and of the times, calls aloud for prosecution, pains, penalties, imprisonment, and the utmost rigour of the law. Mr. Lewis made quick amends, as far as he could, for his indiscretion, by omitting all these justly censurable passages in a second edition; and the demure public immediately bought up all the remaining copies of the first at twice the original cost!

In variety of metre, and facility of versification, the poems of this writer have rarely been surpassed; but he was more popularly known as a successful dramatist. "The Castle Spectre," of which I witnessed the first representation, in 1798, when it was in imminent risk of condemnation, had subsequently a prodigious run, and few of my theatrical readers will be unfamiliar with Sheridan's joke on this subject. Towards the end of the season he had some dispute in the green-room with the author, when the latter, in confirmation of his argument, offered to bet all the money "The Castle Spectre" had brought, that he was right. "No," said

* "Pursuits of Literature." Part. IV., p. 4.

Sheridan ; " I never wager more than a trifle ; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you *all it is worth.*"

Though M. G. Lewis was a very popular writer, and his society was much sought by an extensive circle of acquaintance, his premature death excited little notice at the time of its occurrence, and his memory has since been suffered to remain " without the meed of one melodious tear."

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.—The unenviable immortality which Pope inflicted upon the heroes of the " Dunciad," Cervantes conferred upon the doughty " Amadis de Gaul," who would long since have fallen into comparative oblivion, had he not been embalmed in our memories as the prototype of the renowned " Don Quixote de la Mancha." After having been thus made " sacred to ridicule," by a burlesque representative, for a couple of ages, he had the good fortune, about the commencement of the present century, to enjoy a double resurrection *in propria personâ*, Mr. Southey having then published an English prose version of the knight's exploits, from the Spanish of Garciordeñez de Montalvo ; while Mr. Rose gave to the world " Amadis de Gaul," a poem, in three books, freely translated from the French version of Nicolas de Herberay. To the young scholar who has been dosed with the classics at school and college, there is an irresistible charm and freshness in the romantic literature of the middle ages, and I have not yet forgotten the delight with which I devoured the last-mentioned poem, for I eschewed the prose version as hardly consistent with the wild imaginativeness of romance ; nor was I less gratified by Mr. Rose's beautifully decorated quarto of " Partenopex of Blois," which appeared a few years later. The old romances of " Arthur," " Lancelot," " Roland," " Oliver," " Charlemagne," and their compeers, must have been as dear to the feudal barons, in the piping times of peace, as are the remains of " Ossian" to every genuine Caledonian of the present day. Nor need the questionable authenticity of " Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem," diminish its influence north of the Tweed, if there be any truth in Dr. Johnson's averment that the Scotchman who would not prefer his country to truth, must be a sturdy moralist indeed ! The old knights and barons depending upon their minstrels for amusement, when their swords rested in their scabbards, seem to have been not less emboldened by their martial songs in time of war, than were the ancient Lacedemonians by the similar strains of Tyrtaeus. As it is well known that William the Conqueror, in his attack upon King Harold, was preceded by the minstrel Taillefer, singing the famous song of Roland, the chivalrous peer of Charlemagne, in which the whole army joined, it is not impossible that he may have won, by this exciting chant, the same kingdom which James II. was said to have subsequently lost by the famous song of " Lilliburlero." So trivial are the causes which sometimes decide the fate of mighty empires.

Every one knows that Partenopex de Blois was beloved by the fairy Melior, who, in spite of her name, was no better than she should be ; and nobody doubts that he was conveyed by invisible elves to her castle, in the hall whereof a goodly banquet was displayed, to which he was about to pay his respects, when the viands, anticipating his wishes, came to him of their own accord ; a golden goblet filled itself with delicious wine, which, in spite of his frequent quaffings, never sank below the brim ; an unseen songstress accompanied herself on the harp while he was thus regaling ; and, finally, a party of self-moving wax candles ushered him into a bower, where stood a bed, over which was flung

A rare-wrought coverlet of phoenix-plumes,
Which breathed, as warm with life, its rich perfumes.
Here the quaint elves the wond'ring child undrest,
And on the snow-white ermine laid to rest.

And there will we leave him to his repose, having good authority for believing that fairy favours "are lost when not concealed."

At a subsequent period, Mr. Rose published his "Letters from the North of Italy," which, in their amusing details and graphic power, were only inferior to the description of the same localities and social habits by Walter Savage Landor. Little did I dream, while perusing these poems and letters, that, at a later period, I should become a near neighbour of the writer, in the provincial town to which he had retired, and enjoy a close intimacy with him up to the time of his decease. Some years previously to our acquaintance, Mr. Rose, then travelling in Italy, had been attacked by paralysis, which left him sadly and permanently crippled in his limbs, while it had rendered him very deaf, and had partially affected his speech. His faculties, however, remained perfect, enabling him to continue, with undiminished talent, his translation of "Ariosto;" and though his spirits were occasionally depressed, his general cheer of mind was buoyant and vivacious, giving him at all times a keen enjoyment of society, especially where the conversation assumed a bantering and jocose strain. Pleasant was it to witness the triumph of mind over matter, when the victim of so many corporeal ailments could not only relish the jests of others, but make large contributions of the same sort from his own ample treasury of wit. His infirmities, indeed, sometimes supplied him with food for laughter, and I remember his setting the table in a roar, by describing the risk he ran on an inauspicious fifth of November, when, as he was riding on a donkey, the only quadruped that he could safely bestride, his crippled figure, battered hat, and crutch-headed stick, occasioned some mischievous urchins to set up a cry of "Guy Fawkes;" and to pursue him with a shower of pebbles—a sport to them which might have been death to him, had the animal taken fright, in which case he must inevitably have been precipitated to the ground.

On another occasion, when chatting with our mutual friend and fellow-townsmen Pecchio, Mr. Rose questioned the necessity of Southey's apology for not translating the proper names in "Amadis de Gaul," since we habitually adopt Barbarossa, not Red-beard; Bocanegra, not Black-muzzle; St. Peter, not Stone, the Apostle. There were names, he added, where the baptismal and patronymic terms translated each other, as in the case of the Rev. Blanco White; and titles which were contradictory, as in the instance of the Spanish count, Florida Blanca; while there were others of which the etymology was lost in the lapse of ages.

"How few people are aware," he continued, very gravely, "that Apollonius Rhodius was so named because he was the first who introduced the practice of planting apple-trees along the high roads!"

This may be thought mere foolery, and for such, indeed, it was meant; but he improved upon it next day in a letter which, after accusing me of not having laughed sufficiently at his bad joke, thus concludes—"I forgive you, though I could not have done so twenty years ago.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixos cupidos protervæ.
Non ego hoc ferrem callidus juvenâ
Consule Planco.

I, prone to stir and strife, forbear,
Admonish'd by my whitening hair,
Yet ill, forsooth, should I have borne
Such peremptory slight and scorn,

When Wood was mayor.

Mr. Rose occasionally collected a few pleasant friends at his dinner-table, when he would feast them on a Milanese *Risotto*, *Polenta* and cheese, and other Italian condiments, cooked by his factotum, a German, who had lived with him for many years, and who, after preparing the viands, waited at table in his culinary badges of white cap and apron. When it was hinted by a friend that this functionary abused the confidence reposed in him, his master replied—"Very likely; I dare say the fellow is feathering his nest at my expense, but I make a point of winking at little irregularities in his accounts, well knowing that no man can go comfortably through the world who will not submit to be moderately cheated. Besides, sir, the fellow is a character, and has collected a library of his own. Moreover, there is something classical about him, for when I was travelling in the Troad he fell into the Scamander, and would infallibly have been drowned, had there been water enough in that celebrated but shallow stream. If I were to discharge him, where should I get another man who had been dragged out of the Scamander?" Bacchanalian indulgences, however, which not even classical authority could warrant, eventually compelled his dismissal, when it was found that he had purloined money and valuable volumes to an extent much beyond "moderate cheating." His good-natured master, even upon this occasion, could not forego an extenuating joke, saying to a friend—"Well, if the man is proved to have been a bad accountant, you must confess that he is a good *book-keeper*."

Mr. Rose delighted to relate, and our patriotic friend Pecchio was not less gratified to hear, the particulars of a hoax which he had successfully played off upon the Austrian authorities in Italy. A Milanese exile had published in London a pamphlet stigmatising, in no very measured terms, the usurpers of his native land, and urging his countrymen to seize every chance for shaking off so barbarous a yoke. This work Mr. Rose was anxious to transmit to a friend then residing in Italy, an object which could only be accomplished by a *ruse de guerre*, its admission being expressly and strictly prohibited. Removing, therefore, the original title-page, he had a new one printed for the occasion, containing the following words in the German language—"AN ESSAY ON SOUR-CROUT, showing its wholesome and nutritious qualities, and detailing the various modes of preparing it for table." This he forwarded in a parcel, which was opened as he had anticipated; but the Tudescan inquisitor, probably smacking his lips as he read the title, seems to have pryed no further, for it reached its destination in due time, mystifying the party to whom it was addressed as completely as it had cajoled the literary censor who unwittingly gave it his passport.

Mr. Rose's last production was a diminutive volume, printed in 1837, for distribution among his friends, under the title of "Rhymes," with the Horatian motto of *Stans pede in uno*, in playful allusion to the unpremeditated manner of their composition, and to his own lameness. In a letter to his friend Mr. Frere, then at Malta, he describes his lonesome rides upon the downs in pastoral strains not unworthy of Theocritus—

Over this tumbled bed of thyme and turf,
I lounge and listen to the rumbling surf,

Or idly mark the shadows as they fly,
 While green earth maps the changes of the sky,
 When, at the passing of the summer cloud,
 The frightened wheatear runs in haste, to shroud
 Its body in some sheltering hole, and there,
 (Poor fool!) is prison'd in the fowler's snare.
 Here, when the sun is low, and air is still,
 And silence broods upon the sea and hill,
 Well-pleas'd I mark the rampant lambs unite
 To race, or match themselves in mimic fight,
 Or, thro' the prickly furze adventurous roam,
 'Till, by the milky mothers, summon'd home,
 They quit their game, and ply their nimble feet,
 In quick obedience to the peevish bleat.

"The Dean of Badajos," a pleasant tale from the Spanish, is inscribed to his friend Samuel Rogers, while, with a malicious pleasantry, he dedicates to his medical adviser the very significant story of "The Talisman," setting forth how a genie of Tifflis, in reward of some good service, gave his benefactor a talisman—

Which, as its only wonder, show'd the ghost
 Of any one that any one had killed;
 The spirit watching at his door by whom
 The body had been hurried to the tomb.

The possessor of this magic necroscope, happening to fall ill, hastened with it to the most fashionable doctor, when lo! a ghastly, ghostly troop of men, women, and children instantly thronged around "their murderer's den." The doors of other practitioners were similarly haunted, though in diminished numbers, until the sick man, pursuing his quest, reached a portal at which only a single spirit mounted guard. Inspired with confidence at this cheering sight, he boldly entered the house, when, upon cross-questioning its occupant, a young Esculapian, he found that he had never had more than a single patient!

Alas! the faculty of England have no more power than their brethren of Tifflis to ward off the dart of Death when he has once taken aim at his victim. Mr. Rose's infirmities gradually increased, until this gifted and kind-hearted man, completely losing both health and spirits, found a not unwelcome refuge in the grave.

With Count Pecchio, to whom I have made passing allusion, I had the happiness to enjoy a close intimacy, which continued up to the time of his decease. Previously to his condemnation to death by the Austrian government, for his participation in the Piedmontese insurrection, a sentence which he happily avoided by flight, he had published a valuable work on the "Finances of the Kingdom of Italy." In the year 1824, he put forth "A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq.," exposing the oppressive nature of the Austrian domination in that unhappy country. In 1831, appeared "Osservazioni sull' Inghilterra," and at a subsequent period he wrote the life of his friend Ugo Foscolo. Far from sharing the opinion of the Austrian emperor who told the Hungarian deputies, in very imperial Latin, that in seeking free constitutions "*totus mundus stultizat*," Pecchio had taken a prominent part in endeavouring to emancipate his native land and expel its invaders. The treachery of some of the princes and leaders who were pledged to support the insurrection, and the unfortunate dissensions among the Liberals themselves, not only disgusted him at the time, but quite destroyed his confidence in the success of any future struggle for Italian freedom. When Belgium separated from Holland, and popular movements simultaneously occurred in other places, I asked

him whether these demonstrations would not have a sympathetic effect in his own country. "Ah, yes, certainly, a great effect," was his reply. "I had made up my mind that it would require 2000 years to shake off the Austrians, but I now think we may do it in 1500!"

Having made a very advantageous marriage in Yorkshire, Pecchio was enabled to mix freely in society, to the pleasure of which he largely contributed by his abundant stores of information and his ever cheerful manners. A sparkling effervescence will seem to impart flavour even to a vapid beverage, while a stronger and more valuable one, wanting that frothiness, will sometimes fall flat on the palate; just as the animation of a foreigner's manner gives a certain raciness to the most frivolous sallies; while the more solid discourse of an Englishman loses a portion of its effect from his phlegmatic undemonstrative manner, for an unexcited speaker will rarely interest his hearer. That the subject of this notice was a man of sense and information his works abundantly testify; but even his lightest chit-chat rivetted your attention by the sprightliness and corporeal energy that it conjured up in himself. Dryden says of Achitophel that his fiery soul

Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay,

but it seemed as if the lively body of Pecchio vivified his mind, enabling him by his elaborate workmanship to enhance the most common-place materials. This amiable and intelligent man had brought with him from Italy the seeds of a complaint which carried him off in his forty-ninth year, and I saw his remains deposited in the rural churchyard of Hove, where a handsome monument records in a Latin inscription his noble Milanese birth, and his death in the year 1835.

If writers themselves may be reckoned among the "Curiosities of Literature," the lady to whom I am about to devote a very brief notice, may certainly be entitled to a niche in Mr. D'Israeli's next edition of that work. Such of my readers as are well-stricken in years and possess good memories may recall a certain Miss Hawkins, the authoress, if my own failing recollection serves me truly, of "Gertrude and the Countess," "Rosanna; or, a Father's Labour Lost," "Heraline," and other novels, which found special favour with serious people many years ago. The lady in question had been perusing a romance written by myself, founded on some incidents recorded in the scripture history of the Jews, in consequence of which she addressed to me the following letter, from the publication of which I am not withheld by its encomiastic nature, since I have already declared that I would not suffer any false modesty to interfere with the frankness that may well be privileged in a "Graybeard's Gossip."

"Dear Sir,—It is with difficulty and hazard that I attempt to write or indeed to use my eyes in any way, but the call to write to *you* is irresistible, for Miss Mitchell, whose endeavours for me are unremitting, is reading to me your new work, and I must express more than my delight, for delight is a transient feeling—mine is perfect and permanent satisfaction—I cannot read only to get rid of time. I am, perhaps, culpably prejudiced against embellishments, *i. e.*, falsifications of History or Fact, but *your* work is elucidation, impressive and of the most serious benefit. I want greatly an hour's conversation with you. *Before* I saw your novel I wished it on a matter of some importance to me, and *now* I wish it much more.

"When you can spare me so much time at an early hour of forenoon, or at any other you will appoint in any other part of the day, I should be thankful if you would come to me. I am not fit to be seen out of doors, and seldom go out without being the worse for it. With due respect, I am, dear sir,

"Yours greatly indebted,

"L. M. HAWKINS."

Surprised as I was at receiving so flattering a letter, and so urgent an invitation from a lady whom I had only once seen, still more was I astonished when she stated that the purpose for which she had been so very anxious to obtain an interview was to consult me respecting a religious novel in which she had made considerable progress, the principal personage whereof was Jesus Christ! Not only as I learnt had all the incidents of the Saviour's life been introduced, but wherever his actual expressions were recorded in the Scripture narrative they were given verbatim, and where this authority was wanting the authoress had not scrupled to assign to him such language as she deemed the most appropriate for the occasion. A third volume was still wanting, and my colloquist, after expressing her fears that she had broken down under a task too mighty for her powers, asked me to read over the manuscript, and favour her with my opinion as to the propriety and most fitting means of completing the book. Had I not known that the venerable lady was profoundly pious; had I not seen by her excited manner that she watched with an intense earnestness for my reply, I could hardly have supposed that she had been really employed in an undertaking so totally unmanageable and so repugnant to all proper feelings of devotional respect. It is hardly necessary to state that I declined the perusal of the manuscript, and earnestly recommended its discontinuance, assuring her that however reverent and religious might have been her intention, all persons of good taste would deem it an unwarrantable profanation if so sacred a subject were made subservient to a work of fiction. My advice was taken, though not, I believe, until it had been confirmed by another literary friend. Miss Hawkins died not very long after our interview.

Bereavement of associates is one of the ordeals through which old age must inevitably pass, and I have already expressed my opinion that we should rather be thankful that they were given to us at all, and spared to us so long, than vainly repine at their removal: yet must I confess that neither this consideration, nor the lapse of time, nor the callousness which the frequency of such privations is apt to engender in a Graybeard's heart, have reconciled me to the loss of my dear and invaluable friend, Sir Charles Morgan. Well may the readers of this periodical sympathise in my regret, for he was one of the oldest and ablest contributors to the *New Monthly Magazine*. Blessed as I still am with literary acquaintance, I fear that I might seek among them in vain for that perfect congeniality of feeling and opinion which existed between myself and Sir Charles Morgan. Easy were it and pleasant to my heart to enlarge upon the merits of this good and gifted man; but as I have already paid a tribute to his memory,* I must leave that testimony, however inadequate, to express my cordial regard for the deceased, while this passing notice may certify my undiminished sorrow for his loss.

That I am still rich in surviving acquaintance among the sons and daughters of genius has already been gratefully acknowledged, and in spite of the restraint which delicacy imposes upon me in referring to them, the present apt occasion, and an old man's pride, must plead my excuse when I honour myself by stating that I still possess the friendship of the Corinne, the De Stael, the De Sevigné, of London. Readers may differ as to which is the most appropriate of these appellations, but every one will know that the only individual to whom, from her varied talents, each or all may be fittingly applied, is Lady Morgan. Let me, however, put a restraint upon my feelings and upon my pen, for it is difficult to speak of her ladyship in language which shall at once be strictly true, and yet not wear the semblance of studied panegyric.

To Thomas Hood, whose friendship I long enjoyed, and who is specially entitled to a niche in this Magazine, since he was its editor during several years, I must devote a brief notice, were it only to record my respect for his memory, and my regret that he should have been snatched away from us in the prime of life. His father, a bookseller in London, had intended him for an engraver, a drudgery which was soon abandoned for the more pleasant occupation of illustrating his own "Whims and Oddities," "Comic Annuals," and similar productions, the popularity of which seemed fully to justify the choice he had made, though his permanent reputation will, probably, be based on the much superior merit of his serious poems, most of which are truly admirable. Unprepossessing in appearance, sickly, shy, and deaf, poor Hood was not much calculated to win favour from those who prefer social brilliance to the sterling qualities of the head and heart; but none could know him intimately without respecting his virtues and admiring his talents. Not hearing all that was said in conversation, he pounced upon the sounds that did reach his ear, and endeavoured to turn them to comic account. Hence his incurable addiction to punning and word-catching, a colloquial propensity which extended itself to his writings. In illustration of this habit, I may mention that after we had been walking together for some time, he suddenly stopped where some workmen were building a house, and asked,

"What are those men about?"

"They are carpenters laying down the floor of the drawing-room."

"Sad waste of time and labour!" exclaimed Hood, shaking his head. "From the flimsy way in which you build houses here, you have only to wait for a high wind, and they will *floor* themselves."

He then walked unsmilingly forward, nor spoke again until he was provided with a new jest or quibble, each deriving additional poignancy from the grave dryness of his look and manner.

I give the following unpublished production of his muse, written in a young lady's Album at my request, because it exemplifies at once his readiness to oblige, and the great elaboration that he was ready to bestow upon the lightest trifle.

A pretty task, Miss —, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page's span,
But be correct, and recollect
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think for pen and ink
 How hard to get along,
 That may not turn on words that burn
 Or Love, the life of song !
 Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
 May woo all i●a clan,
 But one Miss S—— I daren't address,
 I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head
 May eke it out with heart,
 And in their lays it often plays
 A rare first-fiddle part.
 They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
 But if *I* so began,
 I have my fears about my ears
 I'm not a single man.

Upon your check I may not speak,
 Nor on your lip be warm,
 I must be wise about your eyes,
 And formal with your form.
 Of all that sort of thing in short,
 On T. H. Bayley's plan,
 I must not twine one single line
 I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
 To keep you off its *beat*,
 And I might dare as soon to swear
 At *you* as at your feet.
 I can't expire in passion's fire
 As other poets can—
 My life (she's by) won't let me die
 I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
 Forbidden bow and dart,
 Without a groan to call my own
 With neither hand nor heart ;
 To Hymen vow'd, and not allow'd
 To flirt e'en with your fan,
 Here end as just a friend I must,
 I'm not a single man !

THOMAS HOOD.

This name is to be added to the long list of authors who, after living in strict economy, and sending forth works that the world has received with acclamation, have helped to enrich their publishers without benefitting themselves. Mr. Hood left his family in such destitute circumstances that a subscription was raised for their immediate relief. His widow has since been placed on the pension-list for a trifling annuity.

That I should disregard chronological sequence in these notices has already been announced ; no apology do I, therefore, make for indulging in a Parthian glance at my old acquaintance, William Godwin, the author of "Political Justice," whose name, though it no longer arrests public attention with the tenacity of former years, must ever occupy a high position in the annals of English literature. It was in the years of his second marriage, and in his later life, that I first had the honour of becoming known to him. A rather short and solid figure, a large bald head, in which a phrenologist would have seen manifest proofs of intellectual development, a benevolent resigned look, expressive of calm submission to the scorns and contumelies—"that patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

combined with a gentle voice and manner, gave him rather the semblance of some ancient philosopher—of Socrates after his unjust condemnation, or of Aristides, after his iniquitous ostracism—than of a modern and not undistinguished author, keeping, as he then did, an inferior shop for stationery and children's books in Skinner-street, not far from Holborn-hill. He was then writing elementary school-books, under the assumed name of Mylius, for his own would have been fatal to their success. Nay, so bitter was the ban and proscription of bigotry in those days, that he did not inscribe his own name over his own shop-door, substituting the figure of a hunchback, under which was written, in black-letter characters, to puzzle the ignorant, the word *Æ S O P*. Here have I sometimes shared his frugal early dinner, which, nevertheless, was luxurious enough for 'one who had rather partake of filberts with a philosopher than of venison with a fool. Sooth to say, however, he spoke but little, seemed averse from discussion, and was somewhat prone to somnolency, unsocial habits, partly attributable to his age, partly, perhaps, to the state of his affairs; for my visits had generally reference to his pecuniary embarrassments, which were of constant recurrence, spite of the frequent and munificent assistance he had received from his son-in-law, Shelley. His total ignorance of the tradesman's art must have occasioned these difficulties, for he lived in an almost primitive simplicity, and had no expensive habits. Though we rarely met except upon such unpleasant occasions, I never left him without feeling a deep regret at his uncongenial and painful position, and a sincere admiration of his talents and his virtues; which impressions may, perhaps, plead my excuse for republishing the following honourable testimonial from a contemporary who knew him well, and who was not likely to pronounce an eulogium upon any man unless it was fully merited.

"All observation on the personal character of a writer, when that conduct is not of a public nature, is of dangerous example; and, when it leads to blame, is severely reprehensible. But it is but common justice to say, that there are few instances of more respectable conduct among writers, than is apparent in the subsequent works of Mr. Godwin. He calmly corrected what appeared to him to be his own mistakes; and he proved the perfect disinterestedness of his corrections, by adhering to opinions as obnoxious to the powerful as those which he relinquished. Untempted by the success of his scholars in paying their court to the dispensers of favour, he adhered to the old and rational principles of liberty, violently shaken as these venerable principles had been, by the tempest which had beaten down the neighbouring erections of anarchy. He continued to seek independence and reputation, with that various success to which the fashions of literature subject professed writers; and to struggle with the difficulties incident to other modes of industry, for which his previous habits had not prepared him. He has thus, in our humble opinion, deserved the respect of all those, whatever may be their opinions, who still wish that some men in England may think for themselves, even at the risk of thinking wrong; but more especially of the friends of liberty, to whose cause he has courageously adhered."—*Ed. Review*, vol. xxv., p. 489.

It was my purpose to devote a brief notice to Mr. Maurice the author of "*Indian Antiquities*," to William Hazlitt, to Sir Robert Ker Porter, and his two gifted sisters, to Haydon, the artist and author, to Miss Landon, to Thomas Haynes Bayley, to Charles Lamb, to the Dibdin brothers, to Laman Blanchard, and other deceased literary persons with

whom, at different periods of my life, it has been my privilege to be acquainted; but I know not that I could furnish any information with reference to these parties that would be either new or interesting. I feel that I have already occupied sufficient space in a miscellany which requires variety of subject as well as of contributors, and I must guard against the garrulity of old age. With this number, therefore, the Graybeard will close his gossip. Before I do so, however, let me gratify myself, and perform an act of justice to my literary contemporaries, by declaring that my own lengthened experience, instead of confirming, completely repudiates the charge of their being an irritable race. Horace, their original accuser, may have found them so in the days of Augustus; but my observation, including the reigns of four English sovereigns, gives not the smallest warrant to the stigma, as applicable to modern times. To me the professors of literature have been a friendly brotherhood, ever ready to perform good offices, ever affording me courteous, urbane, instructive, and delightful society. Even against the reviewers who have noticed my humble attempts, I have no complaints to make. When they were severe, which happened but rarely, I endeavoured to benefit by censures which I generally felt to be just; when they noticed me with favour, their praises were not unwelcome; but I am not naturally sensitive, and I soon became indifferent to criticism when I found that it exercised little or no influence upon the opinion of the public.

A fragment of Simonides recommends us not to call to mind the dead, if we think of them at all, more than for a single day. This advice I have not adopted, and notwithstanding the obituary character which must inevitably pervade a Graybeard's reminiscences, I have found nothing melancholy in my retrospective gossip. Mine has rather been the feeling of Seneca, who found a solemn delight in recalling his departed friends, not looking upon them as lost—" *Mihi amicorum defunctorum cogitatio dulcis ac blandis est; habui enim illos, tanquam amissurus; amissi tanquam habeam.*"

One duty yet remains to me, and it is rather of a painful nature; for I purpose giving a summary of the results of authorship, so far as they have been brought within my own personal observation. Alas! how abundantly will they confirm Sir Walter Scott's dictum that literature may be a good walking-stick, but that it can never be depended on for a crutch! How wofully will they confirm the still more ominous warnings of other writers. "Sons of Parnassus!" exclaim the authors of the "Rejected Addresses,"

Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce, in rags, the rags ye blot in song.

Wordsworth pathetically ejaculates—

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and sadness!

Burns chants the same strain—"There is not in all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so rueful a narrative as that of the lives of poets."

Shelley thus echoes back the doleful statement—

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry from wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

And mark in what a prophetic spirit poor Chatterton denounces the syrens

who lured him to his ruin. "D—n the muses ! I abominate them and their works : they are the nurses of poverty and insanity ;"—a prediction which has been verified by scores of "mighty poets in their misery dead."

"I am not sure," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "that the life of an author is a happy life ; but yet if the seeds of authorship be in him, he will not be happy except in the indulgence of this occupation. Without the culture and free air which these seeds require, they will wither and turn to poison." Envidable alternative for a scribbler, to dedicate himself to an unhappy calling, or to see his mind wither and turn to poison !

If to the list of *deceased* writers commemorated in these pages, I add the names of R. B. Peake, the dramatist, and J. T. Hewlett, for both of whose destitute families subscriptions have latterly been made, I find that four are known to have committed suicide ; five are known to have died in a state of mental derangement ; two passed many years, and one breathed his last sigh, in the rules of the King's Bench prison ; ten, after a long struggle with poverty, escaped from life, some of them leaving families in such necessitous circumstances that subscriptions were made for their temporary relief ; a few have obtained a moderate subsistence where their literary labours have been incessant ; a few have derived from their occasional writings a trifling addition to the means they previously possessed ; one single individual, Sir Walter Scott, realised, although he did not retain, a large fortune by his pen, accomplishing this unprecedented miracle not so much by his stupendous genius and unparalleled industry, as by his refusing to submit to that system of spoliation which monopolises the lion's share of the spoil for the rich publisher, and tosses the orts and offal to the poor scribbling jackal.

In the long term of years over which this melancholy recapitulation extends, I can only recall the bankruptcy of one eminent publishing firm—that of James Ballantyne and Co., of Edinburgh, occasioned by peculiar circumstances, with which the public are well acquainted. In the same course of time it were easy to mention the names of many publishers, who after splashing the tramping authors as they dashed past them in their carriages—after enjoying a life of luxury, of mental ease, and of perfect freedom from every intellectual exertion, have died not simply in independent circumstances, but in the possession of great and absolute wealth.

Oh, my dear brother scribblers ! Oh, youthful candidates for an author's martyrdom ! "Look on this picture and on this"—the genuine presentment of two classes. If ye would despair of realising the independence of Simonides, who said that he had rather leave money to his enemies after his death than borrow it of his friends when living ; if ye would avoid the frightful chances of suicide, madness, imprisonment, wretchedness, living toil, and dying destitution, devote not yourselves to literature as your sole profession. Verily, however, ye may still find your reward, for though the world would probably refuse ye a maintenance, perchance it may grant ye a monument. Ye ask for bread, and it will give ye a stone !

So fares the follower in the Muses' train ;
He toils to starve, and only lives in death ;
We slight him till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland wreath,
And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe.

T I C K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR
THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER IX.

It was not long before I received an illustration of the practice of 'fagging' in my own person. The morning after my arrival, I was 'tting down to breakfast with my companions of the same room when my ears were suddenly assailed by a stentorian cry of "Lower boy!"

The cry came from the opposite side of the passage, and seemed to have something of the same effect on my companions as the roar of a wild beast in the woods. Linden, who was in the very act of conveying to his mouth a crumby portion of his hot roll, liberally buttered and judiciously salted—an epicurean morsel—at this terrible summons suspended the operation; but after a brief mental soliloquy he resumed his pleasing occupation, applying himself at the same time diligently to a plate of sausages, which smelt particularly savoury, and on which I was casting tender glances, for I was as hungry as a hunter.

Presently the call was heard again; but this time in a tone of more determined authority:—

"Lower boy!"

"I believe you must go," said my new friend.

"Go!" said I; "go where?"

"Don't you hear 'lower boy' called?"

"Well—but what is that to me? If any one likes to call 'lower boy,' let him call as much as he pleases—only I don't see the fun of making so much noise. But it's nothing to me."

"It's just this to you, my fine fellow—you are the lower boy that Green major is calling for; that's all."

"And why am I the lower boy more than any one else?" said I.

"Because you happen to be the lowest boy in the school in our house. Don't you see? You were put in the 'second' yesterday; that's Yonge's form—your tutor, isn't he? That's a bit of a bore sometimes, because it's not easy to shirk your own tutor. Now, there's no other fellow in the 'second' but you: I'm in the third—There goes Green major, again! he seems to be in a bit of a rage. You had better go before he comes for you."

"Indeed," said I, "I shall not go and leave my breakfast for Green or Brown, or any body else; and at any rate," said I, digging my fork affectionately into a sausage that looked so brown and crisp, and with such a graceful curl at one extremity—evidencing that it was fried to a turn—that it quite made my mouth water with sensual emotions, "not before I have disposed of this beauty."

As I uttered these words, our door was violently opened, and Green major stood before us! He had a very red face, and seemed very much excited, and he held in his hand a hazel-stick, which seemed to have seen some service.

Our senior, Elmes, beheld the apparition unmoved; but Linden changed colour and continued his chewing with a subdued air. As for me, I held up the sausage which was appended to my fork, with a little wonder, but with an innocent look such as that with which the lamb regards the butcher advancing with drawn knife to cut its throat.

"Pray," said the member of the upper fifth, for Green major was of no lower rank, "pray," said he, looking at Linden with by no means a smiling expression of countenance, "why didn't you come when I called 'lower boy?'"

Here he gave a little flourish with his hazel-stick.

"Because," replied Linden, colouring up, but speaking with a forced calmness, and keeping his eye fascinatedly on the stick, "because I am not the lower boy."

"When you heard me call twice it was your duty to come," said Green major, menacingly.

"Not when there's a lower boy in the same room," said Linden, trying to preserve an unconcerned air before the boy of authority.

"How's this? Oh! I see," said the upper fifth, "a new boy! And pray," he said to me, "why didn't *you* come when you heard 'lower boy' called?"

"I didn't know I was to come," said I; "besides," I added, in my innocence, "I was at breakfast."

It is impossible to describe the air of astonishment and scorn with which the member of the upper fifth heard my plea of "being at breakfast," as a reason for not obeying the peremptory summons. It actually seemed to take away his breath! Such an excess of insolence exhibited with such effrontery by any boy, old or new, was astounding to his faculties, and argued some monstrous depravation of intellect surpassing ordinary audacity. Green major remained for a brief space overcome by his outraged feelings; but quickly recovering himself, he was about to put the hazel-stick into immediate exercise on the object of his indignation, when Elmes good-naturedly interposed and acquainted him that I was a "new boy" and had arrived only yesterday.

"That's no excuse for his not answering the call," said Green major, "but as this is his first fault, and as he is a new boy, I shall look it over for this time. Here," he continued, speaking to me, "go to Sutler's and bring me a 'potted beef;' and be quick."

I did not fully understand at that time my new obligations as one of the juniors liable to be fagged, nor did I sufficiently appreciate the immense difference of collegiate rank between a member of the second and a member of the upper fifth. It was owing to this happy state of ignorance, that I replied in my simplicity, pegging into the sausages all the while, that "I would go directly I had done my breakfast."

Elmes and Linden laughed outright at this, and seemed to enjoy the scene amazingly, although for my own part I could not see where the joke was; as nothing, as it appeared to me, was more simple and natural than that I should postpone doing the little favour which Green major requested of me, until I had finished my breakfast. But the upper fifth

was not one to allow the rights and privileges of his order to suffer degradation in his person. He proceeded to inform me, in very laconic terms, that if I hesitated a moment longer, he should consider himself under the necessity of applying the hazel-stick to my shoulders without further notice; and although I could not comprehend why I was to leave my breakfast and the hot sausages to go after Green major's potted beef, as Elmes and Linden now both assured me that I must comply with the custom of the school, I prepared to start, and put on my hat, which Green instantly knocked off, desiring me not to take the liberty to put on my hat in the house in his presence; and when I had picked it up again and stood submissively with it in my hand, he repeated his order "to go to Sutler's and get a shilling pot of beef."

"Yes," said I, without stirring.

"Well!" said he—"Go!"

"You haven't given me the money," said I.

"The money!" repeated Green major: "you little dirty rascal, do you suppose that I pay money for what I have? Say it's for me—for Green major."

"I don't like to buy any thing," said I, doggedly, "without the money."

"The creature is an idiot!" exclaimed Green; "I see nothing will do for him but the stick!"

"You had better go at once," said Elmes. "You must go at last, and so you had better submit good-humouredly. You don't understand that Green major 'ticks' at Sutler's; all you have to do is, to ask for a shilling pot of beef in his name, and they will give it to you directly."

"The sooner you are off, the sooner you will be back," added Linden; "and the better chance you will have of another sausage before we finish them."

The unanswerable logic of this latter observation struck me so forcibly, that without waiting for further instructions, I started off and ran down stairs with all the expedition possible, repeating to myself, that I might not forget the name, "a shilling pot of beef at Sutler's," and making sundry juvenile reflections on the philosophy and practice of "tick," which seemed to open to my view a new field of inquiry, and to present advantages into which I began to have a dim insight in perspective. However, I did not philosophise on the matter at that time, but made haste to execute my mission, and the image of the sausages dwelling in my memory, not without some obscure misgivings in respect to the hazel-stick, which seemed to possess a sort of official character in the hands of the first-fifth, I was soon back, and opening Green major's door, I clapped the pot of beef, without ceremony on the table.

"Stay," said Green major, who was sitting at the table with his brother, Green minor.

I remained standing.

"What did I tell you," he continued, "about your hat?"

I instantly doffed my beaver with great respect; at the same time I plumped myself down—for I was a little fatigued with my run—on a vacant chair.

Green minor stared at this liberty with much astonishment; but recognising me as one of the party of the evening before, he was kind

enough to intimate to me, in a mild tone of voice, that such familiarity was not permissible.

I stood up again, therefore, a little confused, and Green major, continuing his breakfast as I stood longing to go to mine, proceeded to examine into my capabilities :

“What’s your name?”

“Leander,” said I.

“Is that your surname?”

“No,” said I; “it’s my Christian name.”

“Who could be such a fool as to give you such a name as that! However, I’m glad to hear you’re a Christian; but it’s not your Christian name that I want to know—we have nothing to do with Christian names here—but your surname. Be pleased to decline your patronymic?”

“What’s your father’s name?” said Green minor, seeing that I did not understand the question.

“Castleton,” said I.

“Castleton:—well—Castleton, what can you do? Can you run fast?”

“Yes,” said I, “I can run very fast.”

“That’s good; then you shall run about for me: there, you shall be my own fag; and if any fellow wants you, you can say you are fagging for me.”

“Thank you,” said I, going away.

“Stop,” said he; “run down stairs and see after my shoes.”

I ran down, accordingly, and was fortunate enough to hit on them immediately, among several other pairs, the name of Green major being legibly inscribed on the inner leather. I ran up stairs with them in a moment.

“Good,” said my master; “you are quick; that’s an excellent quality in fagging, and saves a fellow from many a licking. But how’s this? They are not cleaned!”

“No,” said I, “they are not cleaned;” and, in fact, they were very dirty.

“You ought to have cleaned them before you brought them up,” said he, with an air of some severity.

“I clean them!” said I, “I clean shoes!”

“I clean them! I clean shoes!” repeated Green major, mimicking me with an angry countenance; “yes, sir, you will clean shoes, and these shoes.”

“I never cleaned shoes in my life,” said I.

“Then it is high time that you should begin. You will take these shoes and clean them; and mind you do them well, and take care you don’t black the strings as Lackrent did the last time; or else”—and here he pointed to the stick in the corner.

I was exceedingly indignant at having to perform this menial office, but as Green minor gave me no encouragement to refuse, and I saw no help for it, I wended my way down stairs in a very dolorous mood, and tears of mortification and humiliation fell from my eyes as I blacked and polished the shoes to the best of my ability. The blacking being applied profusely to my hands during the operation, owing to my inexperience, and transferred from my hands, as I brushed away my tears, to my face, my visage presented a semi-negro appearance when I carried up my shoes to my master, which prompted him to remark, that, “when he ordered me to

black his shoes he had not intended to extend the order to my face. However," he was pleased to conclude, "you have done them pretty well for the first time. Now, you may finish your breakfast."

But when I returned to my room I found the breakfast already finished, and Linden with his books under his arm ready for second school. There was no time to linger; so hastily thrusting a buttered roll into my pocket to eat before the masters came in, I followed my companion disconsolately to the school-room, under no slight fear of punishment for not knowing my lesson, which I had not had time to learn, and by no means relishing my first experience in the practice of fagging.—But this is too important a subject to be dismissed with this brief illustration, and demands, so far as my space will allow, a more extended development.

CHAPTER X.

IN what year fagging first came into practice at Eton school it would be difficult and perhaps impossible to discover; but that it is a very ancient practice there can be no doubt, for it has existed so long that even the traditional memory of the boys "goeth not the contrary." With respect to the cause of its introduction it is not necessary to seek for any other than the natural propensity of the strong to tyrannise over the weak; and the exercise of this authority being unchecked, the practice in course of time became a custom, which gradually grew into a system, and finally assumed the form of a vested right. The prerogative of the older boys to make slaves of the younger being thus firmly established, it became a task of great difficulty to root out an abuse which it was the interest of the most powerful and least easily controlled portion of the community to maintain.

It has struck me that the continuance of this most oppressive and demoralising system may be, in some part, attributed to the circumstance of all the masters having been bred at the college, and to their having preserved the remembrance of only the last stage of the system—that of the *exercise* of the power of fagging. I remember when I was a little boy at the school, I made a mental vow that if I ever should have the opportunity of interfering to put down the practice of fagging I would devote my whole energies to the task of its abolition; but I remember, also, that when I tasted the sweets of power in my own person, and became the fagger instead of the faggee, my sentiments underwent a remarkable change, and I came to the opinion that there were advantages attendant on the system which ought not to be hastily dispensed with.

It may be that the masters of the college, without whose assistance it would be impossible to abolish the practice, may have preserved a fresher memory of the pleasure of fagging others than of the pain of being fagged; and that not being moved to interfere by any pressing inducement, they allow things to take their course. There may be another reason also for their supineness; the king's scholars are not exposed to the same inconveniences in respect to fagging as the oppidans, and all the masters must have been king's scholars; so that they could not, personally, have had the same experience of the oppressions practised by the fagging system, as those have who have not been king's scholars; I am the more desirous

to bring forward this latter reason, as it seems to offer some excuse for a line of conduct which otherwise might be considered more reprehensible.

Those who have not had actual experience of the fact can have no idea of the length to which this privilege of fagging was sometimes carried. Besides being obliged to act as the servants of those entitled to exercise the power at their dame's houses, the boys liable to be fagged were employed by their elders on all sorts of errands and offices. Between first and second school, which comprehended only a short interval of time, but I forget how long (I rather think it was three-quarters of an hour), the fags were often obliged to wait on their masters at breakfast; to set out their breakfast things; see that their kettle was boiled; and run on errands for them into the village, or up town, for whatever they wanted. I will note here, to assist in forming a history of fagging, that all the boys in a dame's house liable to be fagged, were parcelled out individually among the faggers, each taking for his own particular fag the boy which his rank entitled him, in turn, to select; so that every fag had a particular master to whom he was obliged specially to attend, and was open, besides, to be fagged by all the other boys who had arrived at that privilege.

With respect to the call of "lower boy," which I have briefly illustrated, it was the practice of those entitled to fag, as they sat in their rooms (as there were no bells), to call "lower boy," when they wanted any thing to be done or fetched for them; and it was the bounden duty of the boy lowest in school-rank instantly to fly to the party who called; sometimes in the eagerness to avoid the licking which was the consequence of disobedience to the summons, two or three would rush out together; in which case, the lowest was left by the others to do the work.

The oppression of this system on the younger and weaker boys is not to be conceived by those who have not witnessed it, nor could I hope to convey an accurate knowledge of it without entering into descriptions and details which would exceed the limits which I am obliged to prescribe for myself in the apportionment of these papers. I remember a boy having been fagged to carry his master's great-coat from Eton to Salt-hill, because, as the day was warm, it was not agreeable to the master to encumber himself with that article of apparel in the middle of the day, but as the evenings at that season were cold, it was desirable to have that comfortable addition to his wearing apparel at hand on his return at night. But, as I have said, the liability of the fag was not confined to the dame's house, or to servile domestic ministrations. The fag was liable to be fagged at all times, and in all places, and for all purposes. If one having the privilege wanted a boy to run about for him at cricket, or at fives (against the wall of the old cathedral) he fagged a boy to attend on him. If he wanted any article which could not be obtained within the village bounds, or which could be obtained better elsewhere, he fagged a boy to get it for him. And it is to be borne in mind, that these compulsory services were enforced without regard to the duties of the fag, either in respect to his learning his lessons, or to his observance of the rules and regulations of the school.

It is not my purpose to write a lengthened treatise on the subject of the evils of "Fagging" at public schools; but I could not well avoid touching on the question in memoirs professing to relate to Eton College. Besides, I am not without hope, that even these few brief observations

may be of use in directing attention to a subject which is imperfectly understood ; for, although there is a general vague condemnation of the system of fagging as practised at nearly all our great schools, the public are not acquainted with the facts of the case as they actually exist ; for I have reason to believe that at some schools the evil is still as rampant as when I had experience of it forty years ago.

It must not be disguised, however, that there are arguments adduced in favour of fagging by the supporters of the system, which it may be well to notice in this place. They say that the practice is beneficial, inasmuch as it helps to break down the proud and domineering spirit which prevails among the children of the aristocracy ; that it teaches them to obey ; and that it effects a moral purpose by giving them some insight into the hardships and rigours of life, of which, otherwise, they would have no opportunity of gaining experience. They say, also, that the practice habituates the boys to pay deference to the grades of rank and power which they will afterwards have to encounter in other shapes in real life. Besides, they maintain that the system is necessary for the self-government of so large a number of boys ; and that without its influence the younger portion would run riot in their impertinence and impudence, and that the older ones would have no means of coercing them into good behaviour except by hard knocks, the continual repetition of which is, doubtless, objectionable. They add, that the evil, if it is an evil, is a necessary one ; and whether necessary or not, that being once established it is impossible to eradicate it without breaking up the school.

To the first of these averments it may be replied, that admitting that the practice of fagging has some effect in breaking down proud and domineering spirits, and that it has in some degree the good moral purpose alleged, the question remains whether this good is not attained at too great a cost and at too great a risk : for there is no slight danger that in breaking down the proud and domineering spirit you may break it down too much, and destroy the proud and independent spirit which it is desirable to preserve. Besides, there are positive evils attendant on this process, which must be evident to every thinking person. Is there not great risk that in making the boy a slave you may infuse into him the vices of the slave ? and is it not a sure way to teach him the low cunning, the equivocation, the deceit, and the lying which in all ages and in all countries have been observed to be the concomitants of the slave's condition ?

And with respect to the experience which it may give them of the hardships and rigours of life, is not such a plea very like insisting on the benefit of children being allowed to burn themselves in the fire and to have their legs and arms broken occasionally, for the purpose of making them acquainted with the sensations which such occurrences are calculated to afford to them !

As to the supposition that fagging is of use for habituating a boy to pay deference to rank and power, it may be answered that it is more likely to produce subserviency than deference ; besides, nature establishes a difference of grade among boys in their age, their strength, and their personal skill, which will always command deference, and induce others to have regard to their superior power, without its being necessary to superadd a system of recognised master and slave in aid of it. That the superior power naturally possessed by one boy over another requires

to be watched, checked, and controlled by the masters in authority, is as evident as that the superior power of one set of men over another, in maturer life, requires to be controlled by a superintending government. But with respect to what is called the self-government of so large a number of boys, if a system of fagging can be so called, one thing is quite certain, that it is much easier to let the boys govern themselves after that fashion, than to take the trouble to govern them by a watchful and assiduous system of superintendence.

But on this point there is a defect in the constitution of the college; it is not the masters' business, nor the tutors' business, to look after their pupils in their dames' houses; nor have they the opportunity to do so, if it were. That care is necessarily left to the dame; and the mischievous and fiery spirits of thirty or forty boys, some of them bordering on eighteen years of age, are obviously beyond a woman's control. To be sure, it is her duty to report mal-practices to the college authorities; which sometimes, in flagrant cases, she does; but if such reports were frequent, it would give her an ill-name among the boys; and as her emoluments are derived from the number of boys whom she can attract by her popularity to her boarding-house, it requires no lengthened argument to show what must necessarily be her leaning.

There is only one other plea on the part of the supporters of the system of fagging that remains to be noticed; and that is, the impossibility, as it is alleged, of eradicating a practice which has become so deeply rooted.

There can be no question that this operation would be exceedingly difficult; but it is not impossible. The difficulty, in my opinion, would consist, mainly, in the deficiency of the necessary instruments to carry so laudable a design into execution. The head-masters might issue their decree; but, like a police act of Parliament, it would be a nullity without authorised agents to carry its provisions into effect. The dames could not assist much in its execution; their sex and their position preclude it. The tutors, who are also the masters in the schools, have as much as they can do in attending to the scholastic education of the boys. A something more is wanted: either more masters, to allow time for them individually to attend to the moral discipline of the boys; or some distinct officers, similar to the proctors in the universities, to attend to this specific object. Then, fagging might be abolished at once. But even as it is, much might be done to check its abuses; but care must be taken that the system of fagging be neither openly connived at, nor tacitly permitted by the college authorities. And the prohibition must be total, positive, and unrelaxing; no hole must be left for the abuse to creep in at again; no pretext must be allowed for any boy to exercise authority over another.

It is to be observed, that fagging was not, strictly, permitted; if Goodall or Keate had been asked the question, he would have replied,—“No, it is not permitted.” But Goodall and Keate knew very well that the practice existed most oppressively; and neither of them ever did any thing to put it down. I remember when Goodall became head-master of the Upper School, a little boy ran across him as he came out of the quadrangle, at the moment when a fifth form called out, “Here, you sir, come here!” “Run away!” said Goodall; “run away! say you're fagging for me.” Now, Dr. Goodall was a most amiable man; he was

remarkably mild and indulgent, and the boys had a great affection for him; and I should be sorry to say a single word calculated to reflect on him even in his grave. But the desire to speak on this subject truthfully, and to assist so far as my humble endeavours may assist, to put down a practice which is so prolific of evil consequences, obliges me to disregard all minor considerations.

Now, I remember it struck me at the time, and it has struck me more forcibly since, that if Dr. Goodall, on that occasion, or on some similar occasion, had taken on himself to make some inquiries as to where the boy was going, what he had to do, and what time he had at his disposal, he might have checked in some degree the indiscriminating and tyrannical practice of the elder boys in fagging the younger ones on all occasions, without regard to their duties or avocations. But this trifling anecdote is sufficient to show that the practice of fagging was tacitly sanctioned by the college authorities. If it had not been sanctioned, what was more easy but for the kind and good-natured Goodall to say, "What is the meaning of this? By what right do you (the big boy) call this little one to you against his will and to the interruption of his duties?" But Goodall had been fagged in the same way in his own time, and he in a like manner had fagged others; and the last remembrance that he had of the practice was in his quality of fagger not faggee, which did not, perhaps, leave in his mind any unpleasant remembrance of the system. So that following in the ancient routine of the school, all he could do, when he saw the practice in action before his eyes, was indirectly to sanction the system, by telling the boy to "run away and say you are fagging for me."

This little anecdote may seem trifling in itself; but to my mind it illustrates forcibly the laxity of the college authorities in respect to the repression of the power exercised by the higher over the lower forms under the practice of fagging at our public schools; and of their tacit and indolent sanction of a system which can be characterised only as the slavish degradation of the weak to the licentious tyranny of the strong.

Nor can it fail to strike those who reflect on the evil consequences of such a system, in which the children of the aristocracy are thus trained—those children, be it remembered, who are destined for the most part to fill offices of high command, and in whom will be vested, principally the government of the country—that the practice of fagging with the despotic ideas of irresponsible authority which it is calculated to engender, is a most dangerous preparation for the exercise of authority in manhood, whether as commanders of regiments or of ships, or as legislators sitting to decide on the rights and liberties of their inferiors in rank, in wealth, or in station; or in determining the numerous questions which arise between the governors and the governed, the nobles and the serfs, the rich and the poor.

CHAPTER XI.

It has sometimes been a matter of surprise to me that the Eton boys, exposed as they are to the demoralising influences of the vicious practice which I have briefly described, should be, as a body, so eminently distinguished for the exhibition of all the higher and nobler qualities which excite admiration. But on further thought this proves only that the high sense of honour and the general good feeling which prevails in the

college is too strong for even the demoralising practice of fagging to destroy. Nor must it be supposed that the oppressions practised under this system are general; the evil system is general, but its violent abuse occurs only among a few.

Neither does the possession of despotic power at all times utterly deprave the minds of those who exercise it; it allows scope for the exhibition of the virtues of generosity, clemency, and self-moderation. So that the possessor of unlimited authority has opportunities for the display of certain virtues which are not within the reach, in so great a degree at least, of ordinary persons. As it is with kings and with nations of men, so it is with the anomalous republic of boys of Eton school; the existence of despotic power furnishes occasion for the display of great vices and of great virtues.

I remember the reply of an old gentleman who was asked to describe the characteristic feature of an Eton boy; he reflected for a few moments and then replied, "I should say that an Eton boy was essentially a gentleman; that is to say," he added, "a gentleman not only in manners but in mind, and which title, when properly understood, is the highest which can be conferred."

And no one will deny the justness of this description, notwithstanding the existence of fagging; for the predominant sentiments of honour and high feeling which stamp them with this characteristic is so general as to overpower even the evil effects of the fagging system which is so much to be deprecated.

Some may consider this, at first sight, after what has been said on the demoralising effects of fagging, as a contradiction; but, on closer examination they will find that it is not a contradiction, but rather an enhancement of the good and high qualities which the boys bring with them, and which are fostered at the school; they preserve their character of gentlemen, in spite of the demoralising influence of the fagging system. Unquestionably, some of them become very despotic gentlemen; for unhappily this quality adapts itself admirably to the exercise of unbridled power. Indeed, the most despotic characters of ancient and modern times, by all accounts, were most gentlemanlike persons; and if they did like rather to have their own way, and had a trick of bending all other men's minds to their own purposes, it was done in such a polite fashion, and with such a well-bred air, that it was impossible not to admire the finished and refined manners of the despots who made servitors and slaves of the rest of the people.

To be sure there are some cases in which grossness of mind and brutality of manner accompany the possession of power whether kingly or otherwise, but these are exceptions.

The same old gentleman maintained, also, that an Eton boy was always to be recognised by certain signs and tokens, which, although difficult and, perhaps, impossible to describe to strangers, were not to be mistaken by his fellows. He added, that he had remarked through life, that always, and under all circumstances, he preserved his character of "a gentleman," and, with a subtle distinction which struck me as not less a characteristic of the old Eton boy than those which he was enumerating, he declared, "that, although an Eton boy might commit a foolish, and even a wicked action, he would never do a mean one."

He commented much, also, on the imaginative tendency of their minds,

and their general disinclination to the exact sciences, and on their general distaste of the elementary studies relating to the matter-of-fact matters of trade and commerce—instancing their aversion to figures, and generally to the mathematics. He bestowed unbounded praise, however, on their predominant qualities of liberality and generosity; and wound up his eulogistic harangue by averring emphatically, that an Eton boy was never known to neglect another in difficulty, on any occasion.

It is not my purpose to pursue this part of my subject to any length, but it may be observed, that a variety of causes concur in creating, and in confirming this character of the Eton boys. They are, for the most part, the sons of the most highly educated, as well as of the most wealthy portion of the community; they are sent to the school at an age when they are young enough to have their tendencies moulded by the predominant sentiment of the establishment; the masters with whom they come into communication are all well-bred gentlemen, of superior classical attainments, whose discourse is never of the vulgar arts of trade and commerce, nor of the matter-of-fact figures of statistical economy; but only of scholastic and poetical subjects of classic interest, of the high achievements in love or war of the heroes of ancient times; of Grecian fable, of Roman valour, of Spartan self-devotion, and of mythical exploits of exalted heroism, which address themselves rather to the imagination than the judgment, so that the imaginative and poetical faculties are cultivated to the neglect of the logical and reasoning. Indeed, the students at Eton may be said to exist in an atmosphere of poetry and imagination; and thus it is, that Eton College has bred many great scholars, many great poets, many great orators—but few great statesmen.

I find that I am insensibly drawn into some passing comments on the scholastic and moral education of the boys at Eton; but it is one of the advantages of inditing memoirs, that the writer is not bound down to a strict observance either of the order of time or of the consecutiveness of argument; he is permitted to be discursive, and it is his privilege to set down his recollections as they occur, without much regard to order or arrangement; and to record his thoughts as they arise, and may be suggested by the association of ideas prompted by some chance expression. These papers do not put forward the pretensions of a grave and methodical work which requires, for its due execution, leisure and the absence of daily cares; and which ought, also, to be subjected to the process of the “*nonum prematur in annum*,” recommended by Horace; a practice which is so much neglected in these days of rapid writing, when thought and composition are expected to proceed at some mental rate of rapidity corresponding with the locomotive velocity of the steam-engine, or the communicative power of the electric telegraph.

Availing myself of my privilege, therefore, I shall conclude this portion of my memoirs with some anecdotes illustrative of the manners and customs of Eton; and, especially, of an ingenious idea conceived by one of the boys to establish a domestic system of “*tick*” of a novel nature. But first, I must tell a story illustrative of the character of the Etonians, which many who may chance to read these papers will, doubtless, remember.

There was a certain horticultural enthusiast at Slough, a village a few miles from Eton, who was the happy possessor of a luxuriant garden, in which, like his great ancestor Adam, he loved to dwell, until the devil, in the shape of an Eton boy, came to disturb his earthly paradise. It may

easily be conceived that the fruit-trees of this garden were particularly choice, a circumstance which the Eton boys arrived at the knowledge of from that ardent thirst for information for which those young gentlemen are so peculiarly distinguished.

Now here I am very much inclined to make a digression, which I consider I have a perfect right to do if I please, on the subject of the natural propensity of all boys to rob orchards whenever they can find the opportunity; it is almost enough to convert one to Kant's modern exposition of the ancient doctrine of "innate ideas;" the robbery of orchards seems to be an "innate idea" of boys. The reflective reader will at once perceive how much might be said on the circumstance of their being descended from one common mother, from whom the propensity might fairly be said to be derived; in this idea alone there is suggestive matter enough for another Kant to form another system; but I shall content myself with merely this slight allusion to the point, and go on with my story.

In point of fact then, the Eton boys did, following the impulses of their fallen natures, rob the gentleman's orchard of his most cherished fruits; for the rogues, by a sort of instinct, always chose the choicest and the best. The garden was surrounded with brick walls reasonably high; but what availed brick walls against audacious descendants of Eve outside who coveted the fruit within? It was in vain that the gentleman watched and that his gardener patrolled; the boys watched the watchers, and eluded all their vigilance. The proprietor of the garden was at a loss what to do to preserve his last apple-tree from depredation.

In his desperation, he hoisted an enormous placard on the three salient walls of his enclosure, bearing warnings of dreadful purport; innumerable spring-guns, it was announced, were concealed all over the garden, destruction from which was inevitable; and man-traps set, of so powerful a description, that, as some one has humorously expressed it, "if a man got caught in one of them, it would break a horse's leg!" Vain threats! Verba inania! The apples and pears disappeared as before.

At last the mortified horticulturist hit, as he flattered himself, on a most ingenious device; he resolved to try the effect of an illustrated placard, which should display in a manner the most striking and impressive the actual effect of one of the stupendous man-traps which he had provided, or pretended that he had provided, in defence of his premises. To this effect, he procured from a London hospital the fore-leg of a human subject, which was exhibited the next morning on the top of the wall, ferociously clasped by the teeth of one of the man-traps described in the placard below! This, he thought, would effectually terrify the juvenile marauders from further aggressions.

It was of no use; the boys laughed at the exhibition; and in mockery of the threat, they contrived to convey away the amputated leg, which they packed up and forwarded to the exasperated old gentleman at Slough, in a hamper. Vexed, and wearied out with the unremitted assaults of his persecutors, the poor horticulturist had serious thoughts of leaving the neighbourhood and the county altogether; when, as good-luck would have it, he chanced to mention his misfortune to an old Eton boy, who had more knowledge of the character of his former associates than the unsophisticated grower of pears and apples, and who, out of compassion for his sufferings, addressed to him the following exhortation:—

"You don't understand the Eton boys," said he; "the more obstacles and dangers that you throw in their way, the more will their adventurous spirits be roused to defy and to overcome them. Take away your spring-guns and your man-traps, if you really have any set, and remove all your threatening placards from your walls, which only provoke to mischief and retaliation."

"What, then," interposed the wretched man, "am I to do nothing; but lose all my fruit year after year, without help or redress?"

"Do this," said the old boy; "hang up a polite invitation to the Eton boys, addressed to them exclusively, and informing them that they may have free access to your garden, and eat as much fruit as they please, at all times, WITHOUT PAYING!"

The old gentleman pondered on this counsel, and liking the conceit, did even as he was advised. The next time that a marauding gang appeared, the first thing that caught their eyes was the "paper," inviting them to eat as much of the fruit as they pleased, "WITHOUT PAYING."

"Confound the fellow's impudence!" exclaimed Lackrent, "do you see that? He says we may eat his fruit without paying! I'll be hanged^o if I'll eat the fellow's fruit without paying! Would you, Linden?"

"No, indeed," said Linden. "By Jove! what does he take us for? Does he suppose that the Eton boys eat people's fruit without paying for it? What mean fellows he must suppose us to be! It's an insult to the college!"

"I vote that we get a lot of fellows, and smash his windows for it," resumed the indignant Lackrent, who had ever been first and foremost in the marauding expeditions; "who cares for his confounded apples and pears? When we want them we can buy them. What are we to do now?"

"It's a bore," said Elmes, who was one of the party, "and the fellow ought to be well thrashed for his insolence; but it's clear we have no right to spoil the garden in the old way now that the owner invites us to walk in and eat as much as we please, 'without paying'—the old rascal."

And so said they all; the old Eton boy knew their tempers well; they were checkmated; they could not take by force of arms what was freely offered—there was no fun in that; they could not degrade themselves by eating the man's fruit without paying for it; that was a meanness not to be thought of. Cursing the old fellow, his apples and his pears, and themselves for their disappointment, they returned back to the school, *re infectâ*, and from that time the old horticulturist never lost an apple or a pear by the hands of the Eton boys; the principle of honour which animates them, preserved his garden as if it was an enchanted castle, from all future college marauders; and although the old gentleman has long since been gathered to his fathers, his premises are held sacred even unto this day.

THE PARIAHS OF FRANCE.

If it was necessary to show with what an invincible persistence prejudices master mankind, and how powerless the law is to change those manners which it reproves, the history of the accursed races of France would suffice for that purpose. It is easy to comprehend how the Jews, viewed as the descendants of the murderers of a Saviour, became objects of hatred and contempt among the more zealous Christians. It is equally easy to understand why the gipsy race, without law or faith, have been from all times proscribed by the nations among whom they rather wander than take up their permanent residence ; but there are races who resemble neither of these, who live in fixed abodes, who profess the same religion as their neighbours, who gain their livelihood by useful and honourable industry, and yet who mingle not with their neighbours by marriage or otherwise except in few and rare occasions, and who always preserve some features of physiognomy, language, dress, habits, or manners, which stamp them with the seal of difference of race and origin.

Many examples might be quoted in illustration of this state of things existing in a slight extent in our own country, but we have to do at the present moment with France, in parts of which, the deep-seated prejudices which were more particularly entertained during that long and uncertain period of semi-barbarity, designated as the dark or the middle ages, have been less effaced by the general diffusion of that civilisation which softens manners and rubs off the asperities of human prejudices, than in this country.

The small and discarded race called that of Oiseliers, or Ogelies, has almost disappeared from the Duchy of Bouillon, whose ducal castle they had once seized possession of, but being brought into subjection by the bishops of Liege, were reduced to the vilest offices within and around the same castle ; till they were erroneously looked upon by their neighbours, as descendants of those Jews who had been most clamorous for the Crucifixion, and who had been sent over by Godfrey de Bouillon as captives to the Christians.

But there exists in the present day, in the suburbs of St. Omer, called Haut-Pont and Lyzel, a community considerable as far as regards numbers, who, without being oppressed, sedulously keep themselves apart and distinct from their French neighbours. The language of these people is like that of the Hellgolanders, a mixture of Flemish, German, and English, in which it has not yet been determined which of the Saxon elements most prevail, but which dialect is not comprehensible to the Flemings of the same neighbourhood.

The physical position of this peculiar race of people attests that they spring from a colony which originally recovered its territory from the great marsh that up to the eleventh century extended from the sea to the neighbourhood of St. Omer. The main thoroughfares of Haut-Pont and Lyzell are in both cases water, and many a time have we taken boat from the latter village to shoot wild fowl, or to visit the once celebrated floating islands and the picturesque monastic ruins in the now royal forest of Clair-marais.

Most various, however, have been the theories advanced to explain the

origin of the Hautponnais and the Lyzelards. An existing tradition traces them back to the epoch of the first invasion of England by the Saxons; another refers them to a herd of Saracens, who carried their devastations into Artois. A. M. Gudes makes them descendants of the Saxons dispersed by Charlemagne; M. Legrand de Castelle argues that they are descendants of the ancient Morini. General Vallongue asserts that they spring from a colony of Flemings, who took refuge beneath the walls of St. Omer from the fury of the Normans; and, lastly, M. Lesbroussart sees in them the descendants of those German soldiers whom Baldwin V., Count of Flanders, reformed after having made peace with the Emperor Henry III.

There exists more in the interior of France, at a village called Courtilsols, near Chalons-sur-Marne, another race of strangers, whom the misfortunes of war, or other circumstances at present unknown, led to their settling at that particular spot. The tradition of the country is that these people are of Swiss origin, but this view of the case is not, in the opinion of qualified persons, corroborated either by their language or customs.

Still more centrally, at a little town called Paray le Monial, in the Charolais, as also in the department of Lozère, there exists a race designated as Polacres; it is supposed from the kind of vessels in which they attained the coasts, who have also been supposed to be Moriscoes or Jews, chiefly from their burying their dead in grottoes open to the east.

There is a still more considerable population scattered over the department of l'Ain, known by various names, as Chizerots, Burins, and Sermoyens, who are as much discarded by the peasantry of their neighbourhood, as are the few Waldenses still to be met with in the same districts. A tradition makes them descendants of the Saracens who invaded France in the eighth century; but the learned Orientalist, M. Reinaud, has demolished this theory. These poor people were subjected in feudal times to all the miseries of serfdom, such as main-morte, &c. Among other duties that devolved upon them, one was to beat the ditches round the ducal mansion of Pont-de-Vaux to prevent the frogs from croaking and annoying the lordly inmates.

There also exists a small population with dark hair, and sun-burnt physiognomies in the peninsula formed by the union of the Loire and the Vienne, a spot which is designated as Le Veron, and which people have been supposed, but upon equally untenable grounds, to be descendants of the Saracens. It does not appear, however, that these poor people, who suffer much from malaria, are rejected in marriage, or contemned and despised like the discarded races of l'Ain, who speak of the country they inhabit as France, and of its inhabitants as Frenchmen, as if they did not consider themselves included in the same category.

But curious as in an ethnological point of view is the existence of small communities thus dwelling in the heart of a great nation, and yet more or less discarded by their neighbours; such a strange and anomalous picture of long enduring prejudices is far exceeded by what is presented to us by the history of the race of people called Cagots in the Pyrenees, Gagos in Gascony, and Caquets in Brittany—the true Pariahs of France.

This unfortunate people, degraded by popular opinion, and bearing the invisible stamp of malediction, have been held in aversion, banished,

and repudiated everywhere as pestiferous beings, contact with whom, or even the sight of whom was a thing to be dreaded. They had no name, or if they had one their neighbours affected not to know it, in order to designate them solely by the humiliating epithet of *Crestiaa* or of *Cagot*. Their huts were erected at a distance from the villages, to which they only repaired to obtain their salary as carpenters or tilers, and to attend divine service at the parish church. They were only admitted into the latter by a little door, which was exclusively reserved for them; they partook of the consecrated waters from a particular vessel, or it was distributed to them at the end of a stick. Even in the church itself they had a corner in which they were obliged to keep themselves apart from the rest of the faithful. People were even apprehensive that their ashes should contaminate those of purer races, and they were assigned a particular locality even in that place where all are reduced to an equality.

The populace was so imbued with the idea that the *Cagots* did not resemble other races of men in any one particular, that a father reduced to the last degree of misery would rather a thousand times have seen his daughter stretch forth her hand to ask charity, than to bestow that hand upon a *Cagot*. This prejudice passed from the people to the higher classes of society, and both Church and State united to expel from all honourable employment, the victims against whom they were so cruelly and obstinately prejudiced. They were persecuted with such minuteness of detail, that they were only allowed to draw water from particular wells, and to the present day, there is scarcely a village in the Pyrenees where there is not a well or a spring designated as the "Fountain of the *Cagots*."

Can we be surprised then, that under the influence of such ideas, the most calumnious imputations, and the most discreditable suspicions were attached to this unfortunate people? They were denounced as witches and magicians; the odour of their persons was declared to be infectious, especially during the great heats; their ears had no lobes, like those of leopards; when the south wind blew, their lips, their jugular glands, and the goose's foot with which they were branded on the left arm, swelled up. The old traditions to which people give faith in the present day, represent the *Cagots* as luxurious and irascible, as greedy, proud, haughty, and full of pretensions. One old tradition asserts that when the epithet of *Cagot* was given to any member of this caste, branded by opinion, he had the right to exact a reparation before the magistracy, but he could only receive this on condition of bearing the mark of a duck's foot on the arm. It is certain that up to the end of the seventeenth century the *Cagots* of the Pyrenees, the *Gahets* of Gascony, and the *Caqueux* of Brittany, were obliged, by the laws then in force, to bear a distinctive mark, called a goose's or a duck's foot in the parliamentary verdicts of Navarre and Bordeaux.

We must ourselves personally plead guilty to having, when in the Pyrenees, confounded this condemned race with the *Cretins* of the valleys. *Ramond* was at that time our guide, and although we full well remember to have seen *Gahets* in the *pinades* of the *Landes*, who bore no moral or physical disqualification, who, on the contrary, were of goodly stature, firm in their flesh, their features strongly marked, and their heads well developed; still it was not till we read *Doctor Francisque Michel's* elab-

orate work just published,* that we felt how we also had allowed ourselves to be carried away by the stream of popular opinion.

It appears from Dr. Michel's learned work, that the first author who undertook to describe the Cagots was the physician Laurent Joubert, who designates them as "white lepers." Next came Francois de Belle Forest, who wrote in 1543, and spoke from actual examination. He recorded a variety of opinions upon the origin of the race, some of which have been handed down, with little change, to the present day. Some, he says, refer the bann that weighs upon these people to the curse of Elisha upon his servant Gehazi, and that they are of the race to whom the curse of Naaman must cling for ever and ever. (Hence he calls them Giezites for Gehazites.) Others say that they are the remains of the heretical Albigenses, excommunicated by apostolic censure.

Florimond de Rœmond, a magistrate and counsellor of the parliament of Bordeaux in the sixteenth century, appears to have first traced the origin of the name Cagots to *Cans Gots*, or "*Chiens Goths*," "dogs of Goths." Two Jesuits, who were missionaries in Bearn, called them Gascigothi. This opinion continued to receive favour till Pierre de Marca gave, in his "*Histoire de Bearn*," Paris, 1640, the result of his personal researches, and expressed his belief that they were descendants of the Saracens, who remained in Gascony after the defeat of Abd-el-Rahman by Charles Martel, from whence sprang, he adds, the name of Gezitains, the imputation of leprosy, and the braud of the goose's foot. This opinion of De Marca's was received as so satisfactory, that it remained unquestioned for a whole century, till several Spaniards, having returned to the old opinion that the Agots, as they are called in Basque and Navarre, were descendants of the army of Alaric II., dispersed by Clovis; the witty Rabelais cut the Gordian knot by attributing to one race of people a double origin, asserting that they descended from the Goths and Saracens, and that they were "*aussi puants que peu orthodoxe*."

One of the most curious opinions emitted upon the origin of the Cagots, was that of a solicitor of the parliament of Toulouse, who thus expresses himself:—

We read in the universal history of Charron, that the valorous Yezith, or Gizith (Yezid), had filled the whole world with the glory of his name by the brilliant defeat of Hocmen (Husain), son of Ali, and son-in-law and nephew of Mahomet. Here is all the mystery that the word Yezite contains unveiled, and which no longer permits us to doubt that the Cagots descend from the Saracens, since the word Yezite is a compound from that of Yezith, grand emir, or khalif of the Saracens.†

Doctor Francisque Michel has not noticed that the opinion here emitted would establish a relationship between the Pariahs of the west and those of the east, at least of Anterior Asia, where the Yezidis, or I'zedis, so called after the renowned Yezid, live under the bann of the oft-repeated calumnies of devil-worship, of midnight extinction of candles, &c., &c. It is curious, also, that mysterious hebdomadal meetings are also laid to the account of the Cagots.

oire des Races maudites de la France et de l'Espagne, par Francisque Michel, en lettres, &c., &c. 2 vols. Franckfort.
 * *Dissertations sur les Anciens Monumens de la Ville de Bordeaux, sur les Gahets, etc.*, par M. l'Abbé Venuti. Bordeaux, 1754.

The learned Abbé Venuti added to the confusion of opinions already existing, by asserting that the Cagots were descendants of Christian pilgrims to the East, and of Crusaders who had returned to their own country infected with the white leprosy—the Al Guada of the Arabs, and Al Baraf of the Jews.

As the Albigenses, the Waldenses, and other people who had rebelled against the church, and even Queen Bertha herself, had been branded with the mark of the goose's foot, there were not wanting many who upheld a similar origin to the Cagots.

Ramond, whose beautiful work on the Pyrenees was published in 1789, was the first to overthrow the supposed Saracenic origin of the Cagots—a theory which has since been satisfactorily dismissed by the orientalist Reinaud.

“Is it possible,” he says, “that Arabs, left to themselves in remote and secluded spots, should have preserved no traces of their language, their religion, or their manners?”

The popular opinion—that of the people of Basque, Navarre, Bearn, and other provinces among whom these races, doomed to infamy, have been chiefly located—has always been in favour of their Gothic origin, some looking upon them as Arians, others as descendants of the Visigoths. Many who have participated in these opinions—medical men residing in the country, and, still more, especially the well-known Palasou, have also satisfactorily shown that it was an error on the part of Ramond; and others, to confound the Cagots with the Cretins and the *goutreux*—people afflicted with infirmities almost peculiar to mountainous districts.

But still there have not been wanting, in modern times, new opinions struck out by able men, and supported by all the strength of learning and research. Count de Gebelin, in his etymological dictionary of the French language, considers the Cagots to be the true aborigines of the country. In 1833, the distinguished geographer, Walckenaer, lent the authority of his name to a new theory, which was, that the Cagots are descendants of the Christians of Novempopulania, who first received the Gospel in the third century. Lastly, Dr. Francisque Michel, who has devoted far more attention to the subject than any who preceded him, believes that the Cagots are descendants of Spanish refugees, who fled from the persecutions of the Moors to submit to a yoke, a thousand times more insufferable; and who are indebted for their long-enduring misery to a political error on the part of Charlemagne, Charles the Bald, and Louis le Débonnaire, which has been perpetuated up to this time.

Taken numerically, we find that, up to the present day, out of fifty-two published opinions, collected by Doctor Michel's industry, fifteen are in favour of a Gothic, and eleven in favour of a Saracenic origin. Three have advocated the opinion of their being Jews, a similar number their being Giezi, or Gezitains (Gehazites), and about the same number their being Crestiaa, or primitive Christians. Two have considered them as Albigenses, one as Yezidis, one as Celts, and one as pilgrims and Crusaders. Seven again have accounted the race as lepers, strictly, or only partially so speaking, and three have confounded them with the Cretins. Many attribute to them an origin in which two or three of these opinions are involved at the same time; and others, as Michelet, for example, content themselves with designating them as the “Pariahs of the West.”

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

"If you're a gemman, you'll behave as sitch."—(CABMAN *loquitur*.)

It has become an universal axiom that there is no royal road to knowledge, but that he who would acquire it must earn his qualifications by dint of the severest study.

We are not going to dispute the truth of this proposition in a general sense, for our own experience reminds us of only too many occasions on which we have most signally failed—simply because we have not taken the trouble to go through the preliminary course of training.

The first time we ever went out shooting (we were forty years of age, and had never had a fowling-piece in our hands before), we equipped ourselves in a russet coat, with unnumbered pockets, undeniable gaiters for quickset hedges, the stoutest water-proof shoes for heavy land and wet turnips, a game-bag of the widest capacity, a double-barrelled gun of the best make, and the finest assortment of percussion-caps, patent cartridges, and other paraphernalia that ever was possessed by sportsman. It is an old saying, that *cucullus non facit monachum*, and it was perfectly true on this occasion. Externally, we were (or thought ourselves) a model for stubble-rangers, and we glanced somewhat contemptuously at the old velveteen coat of the gamekeeper who followed the party.

As we got over the first gate, our pride, like Acres's valour, began to ooze out at our fingers' ends, and by the time the dogs began to quarter the ground, a strong internal conviction assured us that we had never made so great a mistake in our lives as when we fancied that, to be a sportsman, it was only necessary to perform the simple act of pulling a trigger. We accomplished that part of the business easily enough—too easily, indeed; for, instead of confining ourselves to one trigger, our eager fingers clawed simultaneously at both, and off went both barrels at the same moment. This would have been of little consequence if we had fired (as that literary guide-post, the *Athenæum*, which always points wrongly, says), "in the right direction;" but, unluckily, the explosion took place as we were bringing our gun up to the shoulder, and the contents, if they did not actually lodge in the person of the Reverend Montague Blazer (the crack shot of the county), most severely galled his nether man, and he owed his escape from serious damage rather to the stoutness of the cords which he wore, and to the distance at which he stood, than to any act of skill on our part, or want of unanimity in the two charges of No. 4, "warranted not to spread."

An accident may happen to the most experienced, but when it became known in the field that both barrels had gone off together, we were by common consent declared "unsafe;" the gamekeeper, revenging himself for our superciliousness, refused to re-load our gun, and being left to ourselves, in our anxiety, we put the cartridges in the wrong way, were ashamed to acknowledge our mistake, so pretended to have sprained one of our ankles, hobbled out of the field, and then walked briskly home, satisfied, in our own mind, that there was no royal road to partridge-shooting.

Our success in hunting, making our maiden attempt about the same eventful period of life when, as the poet says, if a man be a fool he is "a fool indeed," was much on a par with the sporting experiment already described. It was not the first time we had been on horseback, though our seat was none of the happiest, but our previous equestrian performances—and they were *longo intervallo*—had been confined to a little bone-setting along the turnpike road, with an occasional canter in the enclosure opposite Kensington Gore, and we were therefore not perfectly master of the routine of the "field," or acquainted with all its conventionalities, to say nothing of never having faced "timber" or taken "raspers" in the course of our casual rides. Nevertheless, with a courage that did more honour to our hearts than the judgment we displayed did to our heads, we ordered "a bit of pink" from the "mart of Moses," and (we may as well acknowledge the fact) got the rest of our equipment from the knowingest of "tiles" to the downiest of top-boots, at the same establishment, and thus prepared, trotted off one fine morning in December to join the meet of the Cut-and-run Hounds at Tumbledown-spinney, two miles on the other side of Galloper's-Green, a spot which is so well known that we need not further particularise the locality.

"That man rides well up to hounds," is one of the most complimentary remarks that can be made on a fox-hunter; but the slight alteration of a preposition in the same sentence has a meaning which is any thing but complimentary. It was our misfortune (for in those days our zeal invariably outran our discretion) not only to ride "up to," but "into" hounds, and this occurred at the very first check, partly because our horse was fiery and unmanageable, partly because we are short-sighted, and partly (we may say principally) because we had no idea there was any thing in it that was unsportsmanlike. We certainly had no intention to lame, as the huntsman said, "two couple of the best hounds in the pack," nor did we think we had deserved the epithets of "muff" and "tailor," accompanied by some very violent adjectives which saluted our ears on all sides; neither did we take in good part the advice of the master of the hounds, to ride home again as fast as we could, "and never get on the outside of a horse again." Although such advice was unpleasantly intimated, we might perhaps have followed it, had we been perfectly free agents; but we were not, for the scent having been recovered, and the view halloo given at the very moment, the nag which had been recommended to us at Mr. Elmore's as "a thorough good 'un," was resolved to justify his owner's opinion of him, and without any reference to our inclinations in the matter, set off at a racing-pace and took us with him, as far as the first fence, where he left us plauted in 'as nice a bed of thorns as any early Christian martyr could have selected for the exhibition of his patience and powers of endurance. After this it needed no very extraordinary stretch of sagacity to perceive that there was no royal road to hunting.

These instances, which might, if necessary be multiplied, particularly with reference to other bodily accomplishments, such as salmon-fishing, when we were pulled into the stream ourselves owing to the liveliness of the fish, the strength of the tackle, and our extreme unwillingness to part with the rod; skating, at which amusement we broke three of our ribs in the mad attempt to achieve the outside edge before we could fairly stand upright in our skates; fencing, when pretending not to stand in need of

a mask, we had our left eye nearly poked out ; dancing, when we tried an impromptu polka, and had to apologise, or run the risk of being shot next morning for kicking an unoffending gentleman in the most frantic manner ; these are illustrations which might be added to prove how impossible it is to discover a royal road to knowledge even in mere physical attainments.

What shall we say of that to which the proverbial expression is meant more particularly to apply, excellence in mental endeavour ? There are many familiar examples at hand to declare its truth, no less striking than those which we have deduced from our own personal misadventures.

Our friend Brainless imagines that he is able to write a first-rate novel, chiefly from hearing that first-rate men have failed in some particular attempt ; he tries the experiment, and produces something equal, in brilliancy of style, raciness of expression, and vigour of delineation, to a washerwoman's bill, or the filling up a turnpike ticket.

Botchall had visited most of the picture-galleries in Europe, attended every sale at Christie's, gave the loudest opinion at every exhibition in London, and in an evil hour whispered one day to himself, "Ed anchè son' io pittore!" He plunged *in medias res*, and took for his subject "The Judgment of Solomon," but the judgment which he showed in doing so bore no resemblance to the quality of mind which the monarch of Israel evinced on the occasion referred to.

That accomplished young gentleman, Augustus Howler, the musical critic of a distinguished weekly paper, "devoted to the fine arts," in the way that Curtius "devoted" himself for his country, by leaping headlong into a gulf whose profundity he could not fathom, this youth by dint of a constant attendance at operas and concerts, a good store of lacquer (brass was a flight beyond his feeble assurance) and, we incline to think, on the strength of a pair of red whiskers, gave a musical party, "at which he proposed in a literal, as well as in a figurative sense, to play "first fiddle," and charm his guests with his unheard of powers of vocalisation. The evening came and the next day he was indicted for a nuisance and bound over in a heavy penalty to keep the peace towards all her majesty's subjects for the next two years, at the expiration of which time, it was hoped, he might be brought to his senses.

But although in point of fact there is no royal road to knowledge, no method of getting at it *per saltum*, the appliances in this age of improvement are many. There is no art or science, trade, accomplishment, or professional pursuit that is not attainable by every one, and that at the most moderate outlay. There are "Hand-books" for everything, from the most abstruse to the simplest subject, presented in the most condensed form and adapted, as the saying is, "to the meanest capacity," and it is certainly for no want of instruction if the world is not made wiser. Literary reputation too, may be had, almost for the asking. Here, for instance is an advertisement that has lately been going the round of the daily papers, in reading which we can arrive only at the conclusion that the writer who thus offers his services is the most self-denying genius that ever existed. With exquisite modesty he thus addresses the "inglorious Miltons" whom he is anxious (for what "consideration" he does not state), to raise to the pinnacle of fame :—

"To Gentlemen of literary taste. FAME and Confidential Assistance.

Manuscripts critically corrected. A quarterly reviewer, classical scholar, and political writer of considerable experience, *whose successful productions in various departments of literature have been reviewed in the strongest terms of commendation by the most authoritative periodicals of the day, pledges himself to enhance or to create the reputation of authors and diffident aspirants in any branch of the Belles Lettres.* Poems, Satires, Essays, Lectures, Speeches, Prefaces, Prospectuses, Leading Articles, Sermons, or Romances, of *sterling value*, composed to order and transferred. Works prepared for the Press. Inviolable secrecy. By post, care of X. Y. Z."

We omit the address to preserve the paragraph from the advertisement duty.

What an invaluable fellow must this be, and as generous as his powers are great! Caleb Quotem was a fool to him! Alexandre Dumas, with all his myrmidons, could not get over the ground at the pace of this phoenix. The French writer, indeed, with all his versatility must yield the palm to X. Y. Z., for our Englishman sticks at nothing. Like Tom Thumb's passion for Huncaununga,

Nought is for him too high, nor ought too low!

All's fish that comes into his net. He resembles that joyous spirit whom the poet has made to sing in the following strain :

Say, what shall be our sport to day?
 'T here's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
 Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,
 For spirits like mine to dare!

One doubt only obtrudes itself in reading his advertisement. We never dream for a moment of questioning the range of his genius. He of course *can* run

Through each chord of the lyre and master them all.

This we have no difficulty in believing. Our only misgiving arises from the collocation of his subjects. "Lectures" and "speeches," "Prospectuses" and "Leading Articles," "Sermons" and "Romances." In spite of their "sterling value" we fear, "when composed to order," that they may bear rather too strong a family resemblance; that we might mistake a speech for a lecture, a leading article for a prospectus, a sermon for a romance, or even more unfortunately confound a romance with a sermon. We dread lest he should be likened to the celebrated Dr. Hill, of whom the epigram says

For physic and farces
 His equal there scarce is.
 His farces are physic,
 His physic a farce is.

However, there he is, for any man's money, and a rare bargain, no doubt he will prove. He has led us a little away from our immediate subject but we now return to it, believing that he was worth the digression.

Three little volumes, got up in the neatest manner, and suitable for the waistcoat-pocket or reticule, for which, no doubt, they were originally intended, are now lying before us, the sight of which has led us into the train of thought which we have exposed (together with our own imperfections) to the reader. They bear the following titles: "Etiquette for Gentlemen;"

“Etiquette for Ladies;” and, as a natural consequence of observing the laws of etiquette in all their rigour, “The Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage.”

The first work is already in its *twenty-ninth* edition! We question if X. Y. Z. can say as much, even of the palmiest of his “successful productions,” backed by the superlative commendation of the “authoritative,” but anonymous periodicals, to which he refers. This says a good deal for the public desire to eschew the gent and become the gentleman, but when we turn to the title-page of the second volume, and see that it has flourished through *thirty-five* editions—(*bona-fide* ones, of course)—we are at a loss for words to express the delight we feel in thinking how many of our fair countrywomen must be on the high road to gentility. There is, by-the-by, an appendix to the “Etiquette for Ladies,” which may, in some degree, account for the larger sale of the work. It treats of presentations at court, and thus sets a very tempting goal in view for those who are entered for the race. The success of “The Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage” is not announced by “editions,” but by “thousands,” and the issue for 1846, the last published, has on the title-page, “Seventh Thousand,” a very fair result, supposing the two first works introductory to the third. The author of the latter says, in his preface, that those “excellent little publications (Mr. Bogue, of Fleet-street, is the godfather of the whole family) suggested his own.” They could scarcely fail to do so, for to any one who chooses matrimony as his momentous theme, and has the doctrine of harmonious proportions in his thoughts, it was but the working of an ordinary rule of three: as the finished gentleman is to the perfect lady, so is courtship to marriage; it was impossible to miss the conclusion. The close of 1847 did not herald the birth of another “thousand,” but this, perhaps, was owing to the panic; let us hope, as the present year is leap year, that the ladies will avail themselves of their quaterennial privilege.

We will now turn to the contents of these “excellent little publications.” We shall take them in the order already named, and begin with the gentlemen, premising (though, perhaps, there was no necessity for saying so), that the author is one, for he announces his pages as “some of the results of his own experience.” He deprecates criticism, from which he thinks his work is “almost apart.” We are not quite of the same opinion, but we will endeavour to be as gentle as possible. And our task is the easier, for with many of his observations we entirely agree, nor have we been unamused by the anecdotes occasionally thrown in. He is not, however, scathless, and valuable as his lucubrations may be to some, they still serve to show that Job had not a bad idea of what was requisite in a critic, when he so fervently wished that his enemy would “write a book.”

The first subject discussed in the “Etiquette for Gentlemen,” is “dress,” and here we start with a very consoling assurance. “However ugly you may be, rest assured that there is some style of dress which will make you passable. If, for example, you have a stain on your cheek which rivals in brilliancy the best Château-Margot (Margaux); or are afflicted with a nose whose lustre dims the ruby, you may dress so that the eye, instead of being shocked by the strangeness of the defect, will be reconciled at least, if not charmed, by the graceful harmony of the colours.”

Claret stains are certainly not beauty-spots, nor are "jolly noses" an object of admiration, *save in song*, and it is a comfort to think that these violent hues may be toned down, but what we object to in this passage is the vagueness of the remedy hinted at. You "*may dress so as to make a red nose harmonise with your garments*"—but how? We should like to have acquired the information from the author's "own resources." Is it by wearing a fireman's jacket or scarlet plush inexpressibles? We should really be under serious obligations to the author if he would speak out in the *thirtieth* edition, for to tell the truth we are ourselves occasionally inconvenienced by a little more brilliancy in the tip of our nasal organ than is altogether becoming. Perhaps, however, we are wrong in concluding that our Mentor is not explicit, for in the next page we read,—“Almost every defect may be concealed by a judicious use and arrangement of the hair.” Those who have the same passion for whiskers as the celebrated Queen of Navarre, who could never disassociate them from her ideas of beauty, will agree that, like charity, they may be made to cover a multitude of sins; but neither in wig, whiskers, nor even moustaches do we find any cure for the “burning lamp” which made Bardolph so conspicuous when he ran up Gadshill in the night to catch Falstaff’s horse. And we should be glad to discover what “judicious use” of hair can neutralise the expression of a pair of eyes that squint. But these, perhaps, are the exceptions alluded to. The strength of Samson lay in his locks, and there are not a few of the present generation who may not put in the same claim for consideration.

There are, we learn, two things absolutely necessary to be done when the gentleman has arranged his hair and dressed himself after the author’s pattern. This is the first:—

“Before going to a ball or party you must be personally inspected by your servant or a friend.” For want of this precaution the author “once saw a gentleman enter a ball-room, attired with scrupulous elegance, *but with one of his suspenders curling in graceful festoons about his feet!*” It was well for this gentleman, whose pantaloons, by-the-by, must have set rather awkwardly, that it was so harmless a part of his attire as one of his “suspenders” (*vulgo voc.* “braces.”)

And the second is as follows:—

“Upon this subject” (the effect of dress) “the ladies are the only infallible oracles. Apart from the perfection to which they must of necessity arrive *from devoting their entire existence to such considerations*’ (hear this, ye “Women of England,” taught by Mrs. Ellis, exemplified by Mrs. Somerville, Miss Martineau, &c.); “they seem to be endued with an inexpressible tact, a sort of sixth sense, which reveals intuitively the proper distinctions. That your dress is approved by a man is nothing; you cannot enjoy the high satisfaction of being perfectly *comme il faut*, until your performance has received the seal of a woman’s approbation.”

There is a difficulty here which our author does not clear up. What he writes is intended chiefly for bachelors, who are not always in a position for consulting the “infallible oracles,” nor would it be very convenient for a man to be obliged always to order his cab to set him down at Miss Eliza Smith’s on his way to a party, that she might “course o’er his exteriors.”

If any misadventure similar to that recorded above should have chanced, the gentleman must feel as much shocked

To see the bright eyes of the dear one discover

the mistake, as if it had been exposed in a crowded room.

However, we have got our gentleman on his legs ; now, to set him in motion, the first step is "the salutation." It is as important and difficult an act as Lord Burleigh's shake of the head.

"According to circumstances, it should be respectful, cordial, civil, affectionate, or familiar : an inclination of the head, a gesture with the hand, the touching or doffing of the hat." As Dangle says, "There is a vast deal to be done by dumb show and expression of the face."

We are not, in this instance, limited to formalities ; here are special instructions.

"If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the *dorsal vertebrae of your body*, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a bishop."

Like Hamlet, he commends the hat to its right use ; in the case of an Osric he says,

"If you meet a fop, whose self-consequence you wish to reprove, you may salute him *in a very patronising manner* ; or else, in acknowledging his bow, *look somewhat surprised*, and say, 'Mister—eh—eh?'"

That is to say, reprove folly with greater folly. Our author must have learnt this rule in the school of Brummell.

Introductions are to be effected "with mathematical simplicity and precision. Mr. A., Mr. B. ; Mr. B., Mr. A." Somewhat priggish this, but our friend is rigidity itself in this matter.

On "visiting" he thus advises :—"You must not talk about literature in a visit of condolence, nor lecture on political economy in a visit of ceremony."

We certainly should not recommend the latter in any case.

The "gentleman" must be a martyr to his word. "If you have an invitation to a party, never fail to keep your promise." Well or ill, you must go, even if, like John O'Connell, you die on the floor of the house. "You may be certain that many others will break their word." How ! In the society frequented by our gentleman ! Etiquette, then, has been written in vain. "By going, you will confer a real benefit." This is sometimes doubtful.

When the "gentleman" is invited to dinner, the author says, he must "arrive at the house *rigorously* at the hour specified." We agree with him here, though we are not always prepared for such consequences as these in being too early. "You find every thing in disorder ; the master of the house is in his dressing-room ; *the lady is still in the pantry* ; the fire not yet lighted *in the parlour*." This is being "rigorous" with a vengeance, but there is balm in Gilead—there is still a remedy. "If you arrive too soon, you may pretend that you called to inquire the exact hour at which they dine, having mislaid the note, and *then retire to walk for an appetite*." We particularly recommend this plan in wet weather,—say in the month of November. The man who arrives "too late" is spoken of in terms of justifiable severity.

A good host is, in our author's estimation, a creature unmatchable.

“To perform faultlessly the honours of the table, he must have the genius of tact to perceive, and the genius of finesse to execute; ease and frankness of manner; a knowledge of the world that nothing can surprise; a calmness of temper that nothing can disturb, and a kindness of disposition that can never be exhausted. When he receives others, he must be content to forget himself; he must relinquish all desire to shine, and *even all attempts to please his guests by conversation* and rather do all in his power to let them please one another. He behaves to them without agitation, without affectation; he pays attention without an air of protection; he encourages the timid, draws out the silent, and directs conversation without sustaining it himself. *He who does not do all this, is wanting in his duty as a host; he who does, is more than mortal.*”

We are entirely of the same opinion; at the same time, we should like to dine with our author, for we shrewdly suspect he thinks there is one Amphitryon who is “more than mortal.”

The Carthusian principle is one a host is strongly enjoined to obey:—“When the master of a house carves a dish, he should not ask his guests whether they will allow him to help them, but *should supply a plate in silence* and give it to a servant.” This may be very polite, but it strikes us as not very social; it is the very embodiment of Timon’s prayer;—“Make the meat be beloved more than the man who gives it.” We would rather drink wine (if our author will allow us) with the statue of the Commander of Seville than with so stony a host.

Here is a delicate piece of advice with regard to the lovely Thais who may happen to sit beside you:—“If the lady be something of a *gourmande*, and, in over-zealous pursuit of the aroma of the wing of a pigeon, should raise an unmanageable portion to her mouth, you should cease all conversation with her, and look steadfastly into the opposite part of the room.” If the fair *gourmande* should be a reader of the “*Etiquette for Ladies*,” we hope she will never be placed in so false a position, but we admit that nothing more gentlemanlike can be imagined than “the gentleman’s” behaviour, who does not even glance at “the lady” with the tail of his eye.

The following rules are slightly *rococo*:—“Before the cloth is removed, you do not drink wine unless with another.” Woe be to him then who refuses the sherry and hock handed round by the butler! “Champagne is drunk after the removal of the *first* cloth; that is to say, between the meat and the dessert.” Again we say we pity the man who is compelled to wait so long. We would rather dine somewhere else. A high authority (Grimod de la Reynière) says;—“*Buyez du Champagne pendant le dîner*,” but the dinner is over if we adopt our author’s rule.

We are by no means disposed to quarrel with him for objecting to the introduction of children after dinner. He calls them “lovely nuisances,” and—at this particular moment—he is right.

But the cloth is not yet off the table,—we are only halfway through the gentleman’s code,—and our pen is at the bottom of the page, beyond which we cannot venture. We must reserve what more we have to say on “*Etiquette*” till another month.

THE OPERA.

THE unknown often hath a value above the known, inasmuch as the latter is comprised within certain bounds, so that the mind can grasp it readily; whereas the former not being so limited, the fancy may disport itself, and fill up the void as it listeth. Thus, he who fancies he is admiring an actual object, often really marvels at nothing but the creatures of his own brain. Hence have political theorists, when they would sketch some country of perfect excellence, chosen some land that never existed, as the site of the beautiful state. Thus did Utopia and Eldorado become famous among men.

Our dearly beloved Burton had never tasted coffee; nay, he even terminated its name with an "a," and he wrote concerning it in this fashion:—

"The Turks have a drink called *caffa* (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot, and as bitter (like that black drinke which was in use among the Lacedæmonians, and perhaps the same), which they sip still of, and sup as warm as they can suffer; they spend much time in those *caffa*-houses, which are somewhat like our ale-houses and tavernes, and there they sit chatting and drinking to drive away the time, and to bee merry together, because they find by experience that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion, and procureth alacrity."

Now, we who know what coffee is, with what a smile of benevolence do we look back upon the crude conjectures of old "Democritus, junior." Right pitiable appears to us his floundering between the Spartan black broth and the modern tankard of ale. We imagine that he rather lent to the latter direction. Yes, he deemed coffee a sort of hilarious drink, a jollification-promoting beverage, wherewith he and those amiable bargemen, whose jests relieved his melancholy, might have refreshed their spirits and promote! new pleasantries. Oh, beloved Burton! collector of oddity, and immortaliser of melancholy! "Cui vitam et mortem dedisti!"* Coffee is a very good thing in its way, but it is not the thing which you surmised. There is no fear that any brown-coloured divinity, his temples wreathed with the berries of Mocha, will supplant the vine-crowned Dionysus, nor that the rapid stir of the coffee-spoon will cause the clash of the Bacchic cymbal to be forgotten.

Coffee follows dinner, and the opera follows coffee, and thus we are working up to our title in regular progression of time. And we also wished to illustrate the state of mind in which an audience is placed, when an opera-bill is laid before it on the opening night of a season. A succession of new names,—what a field for conjecture!

Very often—(mind, not *this* season)—the expectations concerning præ-paschal vocalists have been doomed to disappointment. This was shown by the fate of the singer Melodioso, who appeared at the Opera in the year 18—.

Early in the year, Melodioso came from the fair city of Neapolis to the foggy banks of the Thames, and delighted the barbarous natives by

* "Paucis notus, paucibus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus junior, cui vitam didit et mortem melancholia."—*Burton's Epitaph.*

his sweet notes. And Melodioso thought that he was another Orpheus, and that having moved mankind, he would also inspire brutes and trees with his music. Yea, he would often times swell with the ecstasy, which we discern in that Orpheus which Barry painted to decorate the room of the Society of Arts.

But every night, when Melodioso retired to rest, a little elfin figure stood by the side of his couch. The words "Buona fortuna" were inscribed on its girdle, but yet its face was melancholy. Occasionally, the little figure would attempt to smile, but no permanent hilarity could illumine that sad countenance. The reality of sorrow ever broke through the semblance of content.

"Thy name is of good omen, but thy aspect is mournful," said Melodioso.

And the figure pointed to a tall veiled form behind it, and clapping its hands with despair, it cried, "Alas, alas, that I was born so soon!" And he could get no other answer.

Day succeeded day; the delight of the natives at the notes of Melodioso went on increasing, but the face of his nocturnal visitant became more and more sorrowful, and the tall veiled figure became more and more conspicuous.

Suddenly, a voice of thunder exclaimed, "Easter," and the tall figure threw aside its veil, standing before Melodioso with all the majesty of an august beauty. And with a wreath of cypress it struck the minute elf, which gave a shriek of intense agony, and then disappeared in vapour.

The next day, Melodioso again sang to the natives, but they regarded not his song. The old wagged their heads as they looked upon him; the young surveyed him with indignant scorn.

And the heart-broken Melodioso said, "Truly the small genius '*Buona Fortuna*' was a type of a success before Easter."

So it was in former days, but, we repeat, out of a parenthesis, there is nothing of the sort this year. Mademoiselle Cruveli, if not a singer of immense power, has an extensive voice of very even quality, and is a graceful actress while she is a delightful vocalist. She does not at once astound her public, but she pleases every body, and she is more likely to take a permanent place in the Opera company than any female vocalist, previously unknown, who has made a *debut* at Her Majesty's Theatre since Moltini. Signor Belletti, the new baritone, has every qualification to be a most useful addition to the establishment. He has a good firm voice, and acts with uniform taste and judgment. Mr. Lumley is eminently fortunate in securing two vocalists of such decided merit for the commencement of his season.

As for the *ballet*, it is always admirable at Her Majesty's Theatre. The glories of "*Alma*," of "*Esmeralda*," of "*Giselle*," shed an unfading lustre upon those Haymarket boards, and from them new brilliancies must inevitably spring.

This year we have a superb Terpsichorean entertainment called "*Fiorita et la Reine des Elfrides*." What an "*Elfride*" is we have not the slightest notion; our French dictionary cannot tell us, our French friends cannot tell us. For us it is sufficient that Marie Taglioni, the younger, is the sovereign of the beings so called. The only thing of which we complain is, that she is supposed to be a spirit of evil. No,

Mr. Lumley, you may do what you like—you may people your stage with the most bewitching *danseuses*; you may adorn it with your most gorgeous scenery and most subtle mechanism; in short, employ all those dazzling means which you so well know how to handle, but you shall never convince us that there is any evil in Marie Taglioni. That juvenile innocence of countenance, that charming *gaucherie* of movement—that—that—that—“Marie-Taglioniism” (for there is no other word), convinces us that she can never be an evil elf. Has she not a fear, that even against her will, her hair may throw itself out, and become, as it were, a snare to entangle the hearts of mortal men, and does she not therefore bind it back, and keep it harmless? Back to the printer with your programme, Mr. Lumley; alter, erase, transpose—what you will—but do not try to persuade us that that dear *naïve* Marie, who bounds about in manner so unsophisticated, is a spirit of evil.

The accomplished Rosati, who, as we demonstrated last year, can put her feet in several places at once, is the heroine of the *ballet*—the young peasant, whose lover is snapped away by the evil (pshaw!) fairy. Rosati is the very personation of brilliant dancing, and of that confidence which the artist feels when she has thoroughly mastered the difficulties of her art. Those intricacies, which to many *danseuses* would be a goal they could scarcely hope to reach, are to her mere play-work, trifling riddles which she can sportively solve with her nimble little feet.

Then how beautiful is the scenery! Never has real water been employed with such excellent effect. The jets of water rise, and intertwine, and blend, and sparkle, so that a prettier appearance cannot be conceived.

Very different was the ancient use of water upon the stage. If any of our readers can number years enough to comprise the old aquatic glories of Sadler's Wells, they will perfectly remember that when the boards were removed an inky surface was presented to the sight. The actors in those days were not magnificent.

“Sir,” said Smith to Jones, in the pit of Sadler's Wells, “that water seems to be Styx.”

“Sir,” said Jones to Smith, “those performers seem to be *sticks* likewise.”

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THERE has probably never been a more striking instance of a sudden change for the better than in the case of the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at the Haymarket. Prior to that event, boxes scantily filled, and pit benches meagerly occupied; subsequent to that event, boxes and pit both full.

Mr. Lovell, already known by several successful dramas, has made a play which is the very thing for its purpose, and which Mr. Kean has very wisely made his own property. A wife who by her endeavours to save a brother, excites the suspicion of a husband, and the husband, who being devoted to his wife, is the more alive to feelings of jealousy—

these are the personages of the play, and by describing the personages we have almost described the plot.

The groundwork of the drama is not new, but the manner in which the subject is worked out, so as to produce curiosity, notwithstanding the transparency of the plot, is most admirable. The audience are kept in a state of excitement, which does not cease until the curtain has descended.

However, the success of the *Wife's Secret* is as much to be attributed to the excellence of the acting as to its own intrinsic merits. Mrs. Charles Kean, who plays the tender, devoted, but dignified wife, has a more truly feminine manner than any actress on the stage. The character is most delightfully played; beautifully mild in the calmer portions, terribly impressive when energy was required. And Mr. Charles Kean, as the doating but suspecting husband, exhibited a genuine pathos. Before his jealousy is aroused there is an air of honesty which at once commands sympathy, and the sorrow which is forced upon that manly nature is visibly and eloquently marked in his desponding gestures.

The play has been followed by a farce called *Dearest Elizabeth*, from the pen of Mr. Oxenford. The infidelities of a married "fast" man, who having lost a letter that may compromise him, uses every effort to regain it, form the foundation of the piece, which, with Mr. Keeley as the sinner, and Mrs. Keeley as the pert housemaid, keeps the audience in a roar.

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

BY CHARLES ILRVEY, ESQ.

"Les Délassements Comiques aux Enfers"—M. Dumerson—Le Couplet de Mademoiselle Daucier—Variétés—Mademoiselle Potel—Théâtre Français—"Le Puff"—Opéra National—"Le Brasseur de Preston"—"La Fin du Monde"—Mademoiselle Boutin—Théâtre Historique—"Monte Christo"—"La Cle dans le Dos"—Arnal—"Notre Dame des Anges"—Montdidier—Madame Guyon—"Théâtre de Madame Ancelet"—"Gracilis."

TALKING of *revues*, I have just seen a very amusing one at a remote Boulevard theatre, the *Délassements Comiques*. The *salle* alone is worth a visit, being, though of small dimensions, neatly and tastefully arranged; and I wish I had never been doomed to see worse acting than that of the major part of the company. One cannot expect *very* first-rate pieces in a theatre where the remuneration of authors is necessarily limited; nor, indeed, would the refined wit of a Scribe or a Rosier be so much to the taste of the audience as are the broad and somewhat unclassical sallies and repartees of Guénée or a Çouailhac.

The vaudevilles of the *Délassements Comiques* but rarely find their way into print; they appear on the *affiche* for a certain number of days, and then vanish without any one's asking why or wherefore. It is only when a piece has been brought out with some attempt at scenic display that the performances remain unchanged for weeks together, and such a

piece has been lately produced, bearing the singular title of "*Les Délassements Comiques aux Enfers*." In it Lucifer, thoroughly *blasé*, and unable to shake off that most pertinacious of all night-mares *ennui*, resolves on self-destruction; and after vacillating between the dagger, the pistol, and poison, determines on brewing for himself a deadly draught, composed of the most appropriate materials he can collect, viz., a parcel of the past year's unsuccessful pieces, including Eugène Sue's "*Martin et Bamboche*." These are all by turns thrown into the cauldron, and properly stirred about by his demon satellites, but lo and behold, just as he is about to raise the fatal bowl to his lips, a gong sounds, and a plump little fairy in blue and silver, with a profusion of light corkscrew curls, glides in from behind the cauldron. This is Mademoiselle Esther, otherwise the genius of the *Délassements Comiques*, and the object of her visit is to prevail on the would-be suicide to postpone for a time his dark design, and to accompany her to Paris, where she promises to protect him from his dreaded foe *ennui*.

"Je veux bien!" says poor Lucifer, who, being evidently a bit of a coward, is by no means sorry to give life another trial.

Off they go in some peculiar special train patronised by the genius, and in less than no time step out of the terminus in the Rue St. Lazare, as quietly as if they had only come from Mantes or Rouen, at furthest. Then begins the regular *revue* business; all the events, inventions, and improvements of the by-gone year; all the remarkable novelties of the different theatres, nay, even *la Grippe* itself, ether, and chloroform, are in turn personated by the several male and female *artistes* of the company. Here is "*Cleopâtre*," here "*Jérusalem*," here the Opéra National, and here the Château des Fleurs; and all these successive apparitions are enlivened by smartly turned *couplets* and *calembourgs* so outrageously absurd that you cannot for the life of you help laughing at them.

Nor are there wanting episodic performances in the *salle* itself, which are almost as amusing as those on the stage; in the smaller boulevard theatres the *avant-scènes* are, on all grand occasions, frequented by parties of third-rate *lions*, who, in humble imitation of the tenants of the once celebrated *loge infernale* at the Opera, consider themselves sovereign judges, from whose decision there is no appeal. This inferior variety of the leonine species may be described as generally sporting pink or blue striped shirts, waistcoats which in make and pattern resemble those marvellous specimens of art exclusively manufactured for and worn by Grassot, of the Palais Royal, and stout watch-chains, to which are attached as many keys, seals, and even pencil-cases as would weigh down the most solid *châtelaine*. These exquisites regard the remainder of the audience with the utmost contempt, and show it by interrupting the performances exactly at the moment when every body but themselves is deeply interested in what is going on upon the stage. This is resented, as a matter of course, by the *utis* in the gallery, and cries of "*A la porte les avant-scènes!*" "*Qu'on les mette dehors, les tapageurs!*" varied by divers personal allusions of any thing but a flattering nature, proceed from the remote heights of *paradis*.

These popular demonstrations making but little impression on the offending *lions*, one of whom ejaculates very audibly and very sarcastically the word "*canaille!*" the uproar in the gallery increases in

violence, and this time the pit and even the *orchestre* take part against the *avant-scènes*, who, finding themselves in a decidedly small minority, direct withering looks at their adversaries, and relapse into a contemptuous silence, leaving the actors (who have been perfectly inaudible during the preceding quarter of an hour) to resume the dialogue wherever they think fit.

After Mademoiselle Esther, who, though possessing a Jewish name, has any thing but a Jewish face, the leading actresses of the *Délassements* are Mesdames Bachelet, Virginie Mercier, and Bergeon. The first of these has a pretty face, and a pair of such marvellously arched eyebrows as to reflect the greatest credit on her pictorial talent; the second, though a pains-taking performer, is no beauty; and the third—alas! that it should be so—is positively plain. Yes, Madame Bergeon, the once *puquante* representative of dashing pages and gallant *mousquetaires*—Madame Bergeon, whose saucy eyes were once fatal as those of Kate Kearney, is now a quiet, sedate personage, condemned henceforward to twelve-line parts and ten-franc costumes. “’Tis true, and pity ’tis ’tis true.”

Leriche, Sevin, and Emile are lively, spirited actors; and Sagedieu is an amusing *comique*; nor must Christian be forgotten, a new recruit, but a very droll one.

The *vaudeville final* of the *revue* consists of about twenty *couplets*, nearly half of which were encored, the choruses being sung by the entire gallery. And all this with a *stalle d’orchestre* into the bargain, for thirty sous. Prodigious!!!

I spent an hour very pleasantly the other day with M. Dumersan, one of the oldest and best of France’s innumerable dramatic authors. He is now in his sixty-ninth year, having been born early in 1780, since which period he has written from 250 to 300 pieces for the theatre. The majority of these have been very successful, some immensely so; in support of which assertion it is only necessary to mention “*Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*,” “*Madame Gibou et Madame Pochet*,” and “*Les Saltimbanques*,” immortalised by Odry. M. Dumersan is also at the head of the medal and coin department at the *Bibliothèque Royale*, and has himself written several works on numismatics. He is slightly made, and his countenance is thin, but strikingly intelligent and most prepossessing. I have rarely met with a man of more polished or more agreeable manners; he has all the courtesy and politeness of the *ancien régime*, mingled with a frank, yet modest *bonhomme*, peculiarly his own.

“*Je sens bien*,” said he, to me, “*que je ne suis pas de mon siècle*; my sympathies, my tastes, my habits, are those of the eighteenth, not the nineteenth century; and I regard, almost without interest, the love of change and thirst after novelty which characterise the present generation.” Speaking of his own literary productions, he observed, that the public had often been pleased to find merit in them, where he himself had perceived none; but added, with a smile, “Do not think me vain, if I tell you that I have discovered a resemblance between myself and four of the greatest men France has ever produced.” I will quote his own words.

“*Je ressemble à Voltaire, parceque je suis maigre; à Molière, parceque j’ai l’estomac mauvais; à Rousseau, parceque je suis timide; et à Lafontaine, parceque je suis naïf et bête.*”

Few of those who know any thing of M. Dumersan or his works, will be disposed, I imagine, to admit the correctness of the latter simile.

On the production of "Geneviève" at the Gymnase, about a year and a half ago, the music of one of the *couplets* was composed expressly for Mademoiselle Rose Chéri, by Mademoiselle Garcin. The piece was deservedly applauded, and so was the *couplet*, to which Scribe had written some very pretty words; but its popularity was for some time confined to the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Early in May, 1847, however, "La Vicomtesse Lolotte" being about to be produced at the Vaudeville, for the *début* of Mademoiselle Darcier, one of the authors accidentally be-thought himself of Mademoiselle Garcin's air as likely to suit the voice of the *débutante*, and forthwith introduced it into his piece. The *couplet* was received with enthusiasm, and became Mademoiselle Darcier's *cheval de bataille* during the entire run of "La Vicomtesse Lolotte."

Since then, it has gone the round of all the vaudeville theatres: we find it in "Un Cheveu Blond," in "L'Ordonnance du Médecin," in "Aïné Patin," in "Lavater," and even in the "Banc d'Huîtres." Nay, to this day, if an author be anxious to render Mademoiselle Telle-ou-telle thoroughly contented with the part he has written for her, and endeavour to ascertain her wishes on the subject, he will probably receive the following *ultimatum*.

Mademoiselle Telle-ou-telle (lognitar).—Que mon rôle soit beau.

Que les autres soient mauvais.

Qu'on me fasse chanter le *couplet* de Darcier.

By the way, any curious reader may judge for himself as to the merits of this famous *couplet*, by making one of the audience at the St. James's Theatre, when "La Vicomtesse Lolotte" is performed there. It is sung in the first act, and the words run thus:—

Moi, sans détour et sans hypocrisie,
 Je répondis, monseigneur, embrassez,
 Cette faveur, qui vous fut tant d'euvie,
 Je vous la donne au prix que vous fixez,
 De ce marché qui vous semble frivole
 Je pourrai bien un jour m'autoriser;
 Et si le roi me manque de parole,
 Eh bien! le roi me rendra mon baiser.

The *troupe* of the Variétés is now *au grand complet*; the names of Bouffé, Dejazet, and Lafont appear nightly in large letters on the *affiche*, nor is the appeal to the public made in vain. Lafont, especially in Kosier's charming comedy, "Une Dernière Conquête," is a potent magnet of attraction; one rarely meets with a piece and an actor so exactly suited to each other. After these come Hoffmann, Bardou *jeune*, brother of the clever performer of the Vaudeville, Dussart, Laba, Charles Pérey, Rébard, and Mesdames Flore, Marquet, and St. Marc, all, more or less, *artistes* of talent, of whom I may probably have occasion hereafter to speak more fully. But for the present my business lies with Mademoiselle Pauline Petel, the *soubrette* of the company, and one of the liveliest, pleasantest, and most painstaking actresses in Paris.

I remember some two or three years back visiting the Théâtre Beaumarchais in company with a clever young painter, and being struck with

the natural acting and *gentillesse* of a little *paysanne* in a sugar-loaf *coiffure* and *sabots*. My companion did not, or would not, see any thing remarkable in her, and at length, piqued at his indifference, I boldly prophesied that she would *faire son chemin*, and that we should soon find her rapidly mounting the ladder of dramatic celebrity. The curtain fell, and actress and prophecy were both ere long forgotten; nor was it till a year ago that accidentally dropping into the *Variétés*, I beheld my little *incognito* of Beaumarchais playing *Anais* by the side of Vernet, in "Le Père de la Débutante," and what is more, receiving almost as much applause as the immortal *Gaspara* himself.

Since then Mademoiselle Petel (for such, on consulting the *entr'acte*, I found to be her name) has become a prime favourite with the public, and every author who wishes his piece to succeed, takes care to intrust her with a part in it. She cannot be called pretty, but her countenance is radiant with intelligence and good-humour, and there is a pert sauciness in her twinkling eyes which is most *piquant* and attractive. Moreover, she does not amuse herself in exchanging glances with the occupiers of the *avant-scènes* and stalls, like Mademoiselle — ahem! like some of her *camarades*; on the contrary, she is always *en scène*, always ready with her *replique*, and always the same merry, smiling, unaffected little creature as when I first saw her at Beaumarchais. Verily, have I not reason to applaud my own discernment and penetration, and to look henceforward with supreme contempt on Vates, Bunbury, and even Miles's Boy.

M. Scribe's new comedy, "Le Puff," though undoubtedly a clever and witty production, is not, I think, destined to occupy a permanent place in the *répertoire* of the Théâtre Français. The personages are mere sketches, admirably lit off, it is true, but crude and unfinished; the gradual development of character, which can alone excite and keep up the interest of an audience, is wholly wanting. The plot is of the flimsiest, and the *dénouement* is abrupt and far from artistic; from the beginning of the first to the close of the fifth act we are induced by the piquancy of the dialogue and the brilliancy of the details, to suspend our critical judgment, in hopes of something occurring to waken our sympathy, and it is not until the fall of the curtain that we reluctantly own to a thorough conviction that if M. Scribe's object has been to put his own theory into practice, to prove *in propria persona* that "il n'y a maintenant de vrai que le puff et le reclame," he has, in his selection of a title for his comedy, been even more than usually happy.

The cast of "Le Puff" includes several of the best actors of the company, Régnier, Provost, Brindeau, Mesdames Allan, Despréaux, and Judith. To their united efforts the author owes much of his success, nor could the most *exigeant* writer desire to see a production of his pen done more justice to. It must be owned, however, that Madame Allan, clever as she is, appears more at home in M. de Musset's *proverbe* of "Le Caprice" than in a five-act comedy. Why, I hardly know, *mais c'est comme ça*; possibly the personage represented by her in the latter is less pleasing, possibly the extraordinary toilette adopted by her, a white dress almost covered with black lace, and ornamented with red rosettes, with a *coiffure* to match, may have had its share in rendering the public less gallant than usual; be this how it may, the result is decidedly unfavourable to Madame Allan, and the general feeling of the audience may be summed up in the

following short soliloquy of my neighbour in the stalls, while the curtain was in the act of falling—" *Cette femme-là est bien heureuse d'avoir débuté dans Le Caprice!*"

* * * * *

"Le Brasseur de Preston," one of Adolphe Adam's most agreeable productions, has been recently revived at the Opéra National; Madame Henri Potier, formerly of the Opéra Comique, taking the part of *Effie*, originally created by Mademoiselle Prévost. The music is so delightful that, however indifferently it may be sung, it must always be listened to with pleasure; but in this instance the execution was highly creditable to the fair *débutante*, who is in far better voice than I ever remember to have heard her.

The rôle of the *Brasseur*, one of Chollet's great triumphs, is most ruthlessly massacred by a young actor (I really have not the face to write *singer*) of the name of Cabel, who has without any exception the strangest and most unmusical voice mortal lungs ever sent forth, neither tenor nor baritone, but something *intermediate*, as poor John Reeve used to say. How M. Adam can endure such a nightly infliction passes my comprehension; as for Chollet, he is luckily out of the way, at Bordeaux, or I am confident that M. Cabel would ere this have driven him to Charenton.

I am more convinced than ever that this operatic speculation cannot possibly succeed; on the occasion of the tenth representation of "Le Brasseur," the receipts did not exceed 400 francs; and bets have been already made that in six months the Cirque will be re-established in its old *local*. Nay, it is even said that the manager, finding the musical organisation of the *titis* in a less advanced state than he had expected, lately demanded permission to transport his theatre to a more central part of the town; an application peremptorily refused by the Minister of the Interior on the ground that a *popular* theatre ought to exist, if it exist at all, in a *popular* quarter, and that, as the license for the establishment of the Opéra National was granted on the express condition of its being a place of popular entertainment, it would be unfair to exclude the people from the *enjoyment* they might derive therefrom. Poor people!

* * * * *

The *revue* of the Porte St. Martin, "La Fin du Monde," would have been more attractive had it preceded instead of followed the "Banc d'Hûîtres" at the Palais Royal. These pieces must always bear some resemblance to each other, and therefore the one which is first in the field has invariably the best of it. But in one respect the Porte St. Martin has no reason to envy M. Dormeuil's *bonbonnière*; it can boast among its actresses as pretty a woman as ever trod the stage of the Palais Royal. Yes, you *may* look indignant, Mademoiselles Lambert, Brassine, Durand, and Ozy, Mademoiselle Boutin, may safely challenge comparison with the fairest among you; and were I Paris, and held in my hand the golden apple, I should not be surprised if it fell to her share.

Oh! Messrs. Cogniard, whenever you accept a new piece, stipulate, if you should find favour in the sight of your *habitués*, that the *dramatis personæ* shall include a nymph—whether wood nymph, fountain nymph, nymph of the air, or nymph of the sea, never mind, so that it be a nymph of some kind or other; make your *costumier* prepare the lightest and

most ethereal garments imaginable, gauze, *tulle*, silk stockings, and spangles, and Mademoiselle Boutin will do the rest. *N'est-ce pas, charmante Marie ?*

* * * * *

The first representation of an important piece is generally regarded by those Frenchmen, who have *assisted*, to use their own phraseology on the occasion, as a most remarkable era in their lives. Thus, if you join a group of old playgoers, assembled in the public *foyer* during the *entr'actes*, you will perhaps hear one affirm, with an air of conscious superiority, that he was present at the first performance of "Les Mystères de Paris," whereupon a second will allude to the first and only representation of "Le Roi s'amuse," of which *he* was an eye-witness; and a third will chime in with *his* having seen "Vautrin" likewise played once, and only once. Wait a few years, and the same thing will be said of the apparently interminable "Monte Christo," the first two *soirées* of which now proudly alternate on the *affiche* of the Théâtre Historique. How many more yet remain behind, no one but Dumas himself knows; one thing is certain, viz., that as yet we are only on the threshold of the story, the second evening terminating with the return of the *Pharaon*, and the recompense of the worthy *Moril*.

After all, such a first representation is really worth remembering, not so much on account of the piece or acting as for the sake of the audience. Never, perhaps, was a goodlier assemblage mustered together in a French theatre; never, perhaps, did eyes feast on more astounding incongruities than were to be seen in profusion on those two eventful nights. Boxes, stalls, pit, *balcon*, nay, even the second gallery and the entrance to the musicians' orchestra were thronged with celebrities, fashionable, political, literary, and dramatic; the *foyer* and *couloirs* were crowded in each *entr'acte* with peers of France, academicians, *lions*, authors, critics, and actors, jostling one another in stern equality, and all (to say the very least) as eager to be seen as to see. The worst places in the house were sold for fifty francs, and one box, for which a pretty vaudeville actress had offered 300 francs, was knocked down for 500 to a Russian *boyard*. Dumas *avant-scène* was occupied by Princess Mathilde Demidoff, Jules Janin tenanted a *loge de face*, Léon Gozlan and Eugène Guinot were my near neighbours in the *orchestre*. Madame Ancelot was perched in a little upper box, almost invisible to the naked eye; the *deuxième balcon* was embellished by Mademoiselle Duverger, who took care to appear each evening in a different *toilette*; and near her was seated a lady in a perfect blaze of diamonds, which would have been magnificent had they been real. The stones might, however, have possibly passed muster, had not the wearer's predilection for Palais Royal jewellery been pretty generally known; as it was, they originated a clever *mot*, which soon made the tour of the theatre.

"Après tout," said the witty Madame — to her neighbour, "les diamans de cette dame ont quelque rapport avec la pièce."

"Avec Monte-Christo? comment donc?"

"Puisque ce sont des cristaux montés!"

Mélingué plays *Edmond Dantès* most ably; the different disguises assumed by this important personage are cleverly sustained, and the character, as traced in the novel, is, in every respect, well and faithfully ren-

dered. Boutin looks *Caderousse* to the life, and Mademoiselle Person (*La Carconte*) falls dead like O. Smith in "Victorine;" "right down and no mistake," as Jack Brag says. Indeed, the general acting is good, and the *mise en scène* admirable. What more can be required to fill the theatre for two hundred consecutive nights!

* * * *

Arnal's first creation at the Gymnase, "La Clé dans le Dos," is an unlucky one, both for himself and the management, being neither likely to increase the reputation of the former, or to benefit the treasury of the latter. The *habitués* of the ancient Théâtre de Madame seem at a loss to comprehend the peculiar phraseology invented by Messrs. Duvert and Lauzanne, nor is it to be wondered at, that those who for years have been charmed by the refined wit of Scribe, should be, to say the least, startled by the singular language in which Arnal's cleverest *faiseurs* especially delight.

In Paris, an actor, if he wish to maintain his popularity, should never leave one theatre for another; every first attempt to win the sympathies of a new public is sad up-hill work, nor among the many *artistes*, male and female, who have of late years thus transmigrated, can I instance more than one who has been a gainer rather than a loser thereby. That one is Déjazet, who has made for herself as snug a berth at the Variétés as she ever enjoyed at the Palais Royal. Neither Bouffé, nor Achard, have been so fortunate, nor is the engagement of Arnal at the Gymnase likely to prove an exception to the general rule.

And yet this actor is indisputably the very *best* comic performer on the French stage; there is a refinement, a delicacy in his humour, which we look for in vain elsewhere; nor does he, even in his most absurd impersonations, ever "o'erstep the modesty of nature." But all these qualities are thrown away on the good people who frequent the Gymnase; I really felt for him the other evening, he did his best to make them laugh, but in vain; they looked at him with a sort of vague wonder, as if he were a curious animal exhibited at so much a-head, a kind of prodigy, "the like of vich," as the showman used to say, "vos never seen." Nay, though the avowal be a humiliating one for M. Montigny's patrons, it cannot be denied that whereas they only stared at Arnal, they laughed heartily at Sylvestre, whose humour consists in lifting both his hands and both his shoulders as high as he can, and letting them fall again.

Of a truth, Scribe showed that he knew his audience well, when arguing in favour of *les mariages bien assortis*, he said, "Les grands avec les grands, les Babiote avec les Joblot." I am not quite certain whether M. Sylvestre can fairly be called *Babiote*, but it requires no great stretch of imagination to identify the Gymnase public with *Joblot*.

* * * *

"Notre Dame des Anges" is the title of a new and tolerably successful drama at the Ambigu. It is neither better nor worse than the generality of pieces produced at the *boulevard* theatres, and would, therefore call for no especial notice, were it not for the admirable acting of Montdidier and Madame Guyon. The first of these represents a most unhappy personage, who is miserable from the beginning of the prologue down to the end of the fifth act, making, exclusive of the *entr'actes*, nearly five hours of woe. On this very account, the rôle is monotonous in the extreme, and requires

the greatest judgment on the part of the actor, in order to keep alive the sympathies of the audience. This *tour de force*, the real difficulty of which few but professionals can fairly appreciate, is accomplished with perfect ease by Montdidier; he contrives, without rant, superabundance of gestures, or exaggeration of any kind, to concentrate in his own person the main interest of the piece, and to render impressive and effective passages which, in any other hands, might have seemed improbable, if not absurd.

In a former paper, I expressed a hope that this excellent actor would ere long be engaged at the Théâtre Français. *C'est fait.*

As for Madame Guyon, she is *la passion incarnée*; if ever acting can be said to resemble nature, it is hers. When she weeps, she makes her audience weep with her; and when she embraces her child, every mother in the house is moved to tears, so full of maternal tenderness is that embrace. Madame Guyon's acting is neither poetic nor graceful, but it is genuine and touches the heart; her gestures may, at times, be inelegant and wanting in correctness, but they are always spontaneous and earnest. *Enfin*, M. Wititler's description of his lady-spouse may be fairly applied to the Grisi of the Ambigu—"she is all soul."

Madame Ancelot, one of the cleverest French authoresses of the present day, has just published a complete edition of her dramatic works, illustrated with *vignettes* and portraits, designed by herself, and prefaced by an announcement (which I hope, on second thoughts, she will retract) that, as a writer for the stage, "elle a dit son dernier mot." Most of the productions contained in these volumes have been performed with success, and some have attained great and deserved celebrity. "Marie, ou les Trois Epoques," may fairly rank among the best modern creations of Mademoiselle Mars, *Isabelle* was a favourite part of the charming but inconstant fugitive, Mademoiselle Pléssy, and *Loïsa* and *Marguerite* still maintain a high and attractive position in the *répertoire* of Madame Doche.

The new ballet, "Griseldis; ou, les Cinq Sens," has come too late to be noticed in detail. Suffice it to say, that in it Carlotta dances as she rarely, if ever, danced before, and that her pantomime, graceful, expressive, and dramatic, is in every respect equal to her dancing. The piece is got up splendidly, as all pieces should be which are destined to run a hundred nights, and it needs but a very cursory glance at the scenic magnificence of the *spectacle*, and at the *queue*, long as that of the sea serpent, which extends from the doors of the Opera, as far as the *boulevard*, to assure one not only that Messrs. Duponchel and Nestor Roqueplan have adopted the old motto of "Set a sprat to catch a herring," but also that, however often they may renew their bait, they will always find fresh fish to nibble.

Paris, February 21, 1848.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.*

ANNE MARIA LOUISA, of Orleans, better known as Mademoiselle de Montpensier, born in Paris in 1627, was the daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and the niece of Louis XIII., vain, clever, ambitious, and daring, her whole life was one succession of restless acts of ambition and intrigue. There are within the whole range of French literature few other works which possess so great an interest as the eight original volumes in which the details of this life are recorded, and which are now presented to us in a perspicuous and most available shape.

As a child, mademoiselle was a pet, both of Louis XIII. and of Anne of Austria, and she used to call the little dauphin (afterwards Louis XIV.) her husband, till the austere Cardinal de Richelieu interfered, upon which occasion she says, even at that early age, she scrupled not to show him that she was very angry at what he said. This was, however, only the budding ambition of this haughty young princess. Upon the death of the Empress of Austria she became desirous of taking her place, and the idea of an empire so occupied her mind that when the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II.) who had taken refuge at the French court, paid his court to her, she intimates that she looked upon him as an object of pity. But even these two affairs on hand did not prevent her at the same time carrying on an intrigue with the presumed heir to the crown of Spain, through the medium of a certain Saujon, who suffered imprisonment for his matrimonial officiousness.

The war of the Fronde fills a chapter in French history which, from its little defined and trifling objects, its unsteady progress, its armies in feathers and silk stockings, and its pretty women at the head of factions and with mere gallantry at once originating and dissolving cabals, contains quite as much that is ridiculous as of any thing that is heroic or creditable to national character. Mademoiselle de Montpensier is, in her vain and flippant memoirs, the true and proper chronicler of such events. The Duke of Orleans having deserted the court and joined the Frondeurs, mademoiselle followed in the same direction; a line of conduct to which she appears to have been no less impelled by some remote thoughts of becoming the wife of the great Condé, than by any actual feelings of hostility to Mazarin or the court.

Again, after the battle of Worcester, did Charles seek refuge in France, and again did he renew his attentions to mademoiselle; but the lady had now altogether a new project in view, no less than becoming wife of Louis XIV. and Queen of France. This was not, however, a project of easy accomplishment. Louis XIV. was wandering with his mother and Cardinal Mazarin from province to province. The only hopes of the royal family were placed in Turenne, who was stationed upon the Loire, and the court was seeking to unite their forces with his. At such a conjuncture, Condé being in the south, Gaston of Orleans, who has been described "as a soldier in spite of Mars, and a statesman in spite of Minerva,"

* *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Grand-Daughter of Henri Quatre, and Niece of Queen Henrietta Maria. Written by Herself. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.*

put Paris in a state of defence, while mademoiselle now first exhibited the more prominent characteristics of her nature, by treading nobly in the steps of Joan of Arc, and defending the city of Orleans with equal courage and success.

After this heroic act mademoiselle was received on her return to Paris with all due honour, and here another occasion to display her gallantry soon presented itself, and by her promptitude in going to the Bastille and ordering the guns to be turned upon the royal army, she saved her party from defeat and destruction. Nor did she manifest a less remarkable energy of character in appeasing a riot in the Hotel de Ville. These acts of vigour and courage were mixed up in a manner most characteristic of the age, with the play of the softer sentiments. The mere illness of the Princess of Lorraine was sufficient for the commencement of an intrigue between M. de Lorraine and mademoiselle. Ever, however, on the eve of wedding a great personage, and destined, ultimately, and it would appear not altogether undeservedly, to marry a very humble one, mademoiselle was soon, by the success of the court party, and the timidity of her father, compelled to leave Paris, and to live for a time in comparative seclusion.

It is vain, however, to attempt to sketch the career of so extraordinary a personage, even in its more superficial details. Every act of life involved some other one of greater or less importance. To understand by what delicate manœuvres the heroine of the Fronde became reconciled with Mazarin and with Louis XIV., and her subsequent progress at the court of the greatest monarch of his age, it is absolutely necessary to peruse her own spirited narrative. The passionate love which, after her numerous princely and royal intrigues, she permitted herself to entertain for a mere courtier, M. de Peguillin, afterwards Count de Lauzun, the indifference which she met with on the part of the object of her attachment; her perseverance under the ban of the court, and that of both king and council; the imprisonment of the count, and his deliverance through her personal exertions and sacrifices; present details which are full of that interest that is only to be met with in the romance of history, and that to in its more gallant and brilliant epochs.

ANGELA.*

THE just delineation of character has ever been held as one of the chief excellencies of a successful work of fiction; but it has been doubted by many if by tracing the origin and growth of a master passion, we always arrive at a correct estimate of that character. The author of "Emilia Wyndham" entertains no doubt whatsoever upon the subject; like Joanna Baillie, she is of opinion, that "this clue once found, unravels all the rest;" or, like a still higher authority, she deems, perchance, that "Affection, mistress of passion, sways it to the mood of what it likes or loaths;" and she sets boldly to the task of working out a single idea into all its possible bearings; "a brave heart struggling with the storms of fate," and the "master passion" triumphant over all difficulties and adversities.

* *Angela. A Novel.* By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," "Two Old Men's Tales," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

There is nothing to our mind, however, half so touching or so beautiful in the story of Angela, as the few days of sunshine which gladden her early career. There may be more to win interest, or to excite apprehension in her subsequent perplexities and trials, but there is nought to compare with the few and simple details with which affection is made to weave its chains round her young heart. Angela is the almost penniless daughter of a half-pay officer. She lives with a much loved and young step-mother, who is dying of consumption, in an old-fashioned farm-house in one of the midland counties of this dear little island. The family is further composed of three little children and a nurse—a greater scold and a better heart than even the “rude ragged nurse” of the poet. Angela is as sweet, attentive, pretty, and resigned, as it befits a heroine to be.

The young heir of Sherington, the very ideal of the English youth, with ingenuous eye, thoughtful brow, and “soft, silken moustache, just to give character to the upper lip,” comes down upon this secluded farm-house, like the wolf on the fold. Chance first directed his steps to the spot, admiration soon led them thither again. Feigning a name and a profession, he wins the friendship of both ladies, as Carteret, a young artist, and he is in this character allowed to give lessons in drawing to the fair Angela. It is singular that the author, who is particular in her adherence to nature in all that refers to character, and is so strict in her attention to details, should overlook the impropriety of an unknown youth being thus admitted to familiarity; and still more so the impossibility of that youth paying daily visits to a fair maiden at a farm-house, within an hour's walk of his father's estate (admitting that Lord and Lady Missenden are in Italy), without his person being discovered, or even an inquiry being made by any of the village gossips, as to what roof shelters that “beautiful head with its carelessly waving hair.”

But proprieties and probabilities are alike disregarded by love and fiction. Carteret, the artist, has obtained a footing in this small family circle, described by their landlady as composed of people without money or friends; he has defended Angela and the children from the attacks of a furious bull; his pet dog has been hurt in the encounter, and it is left at the farm to be tended. It must be seen again. These visits reveal to the youth the position of his new friends. On the one side a young and beautiful girl, taxed beyond her powers in tending a sick mother, in anticipating the wants of three little children, and, worse than all, in toiling by midnight lamp to gain some addition to their small pittance; on the other hand, a youth of spirit, but indolent, because hitherto deprived of every wholesome stimulant which could invite him to development and exertion.

That stimulus now for the first time presented itself. The words “they have neither money nor friends” kept ringing in his ears, and when, on his return home, he looked at the contrast, and the luxuries by which he was surrounded, his heart froze as it were together. It was a contrast certainly, and a strong one. There sat, or half lay, the *man*, extended in a most comfortable arm-chair, after a delicate repast. All with him was vague, imaginative, easy, pleasant. (We are stealing snatches of description from our author to save extracts at length.) She, was holding a little faded purse in her hand, and slowly counting and dividing its contents. She had supped, or endeavoured to sup, upon the sour-leavened bread. She was occupied in calculating

how she should provide bread enough of any kind for those she had to feed.

Cheerily and pleasantly rose the sun. All nature was in her holiday dress that day for Carteret, for he was wending his way across the fields, with a little basket, in which he had ventured to place, with infinite self-satisfaction, a few things for his new friends.

"The weather is so hot, that I have taken the liberty of bringing you a little fruit, which I have procured," addressing Margaret; "and for you, Miss Angela, a few flowers."

"Fruit!" exclaimed the wasted and thirsty invalid, her eyes almost sparkling with a feverish pleasure.

"Fruit!" cried Angela, her countenance beaming with gratitude and delight. "Fruit! and at this time of the year! Oh! thank you, thank you, a thousand, thousand times."

"There are a few strawberries, and two or three peaches," said he, beginning to open his basket, and putting the nosegay upon Angela's lap, who bent her head over it, and hid her face a moment among the flowers.

I believe she kissed them.

He took out the little basket of strawberries, and handed them to Margaret.

I believe he never in his life afterwards forgot that moment; the look of pleasure with which she applied them to her parched lips,—the exquisite gratification which this little treat—this little alleviation of her sufferings—seemed to afford her.

It was a lesson to him which he remembered; and from henceforward he knew better how to dispense his superfluities.

How soon people, in such circumstances, become acquainted! There was nothing to prevent their young hearts from running together. He was so enthusiastic and romantic, and she so simple, and so filled with charity that thinketh no evil; and there was no jarring feeling upon either side to prevent it.

They sat, day after day, at their drawing, side by side; together they carried out the table, and arranged the midday-meal under the shade of the walnut-trees; together they tended the invalid; together they played with the children. He had been one who disliked children before, but he learned to love these. His visits were daily. At first they lasted only a few hours; these hours became more and more numerous: at last he did not go away till the evening. The mother watched what was going on with attention. At first her pride had been a little alarmed at the idea of an officer's daughter marrying an unknown artist; but when she considered now the many good qualities that young man possessed, and the position of that officer's daughter, she began to take herself to task for these scruples.

Time passed on. Happy in that best and most blessed of lives, where useful daily occupation is combined with all the sweetest ideal of passion; the two became as one soul. "They loved," exclaims the "Old Man," "as lovers should, as lovers used to do!" and they were betrothed to one another.

Such was the sunshine of Angela's young existence. As it was cloudless, and fair, and bright, so were the days that followed, the more dark and stormy by very contrast. From the very day that Carteret had told his love, and that he had promised to give to the mother some more satisfactory information, the young man never came again to the farmhouse. The reason for this is not satisfactorily explained. There is passing mention made of a letter and of money that must have gone

astray; but all we definitely learn is, that Carteret repaired to Italy to join his parents, and also a Miss Darby, a cousin of Vavasour's, which was Carteret's real name, and with whom it is the wish of the two families that the young heir should be united.

Alas, poor Angela! She deemed him dead. Disbelief or doubt could not find its way into a heart so pure and so trusting. She had found, sometime afterwards, his pocket-book near a pond, and she was satisfied that he lay there. It was a sad thing to contemplate that real mourner of the heart—a fair girl, mild, suffering, and serene. The mother did not long survive, and Angela had to commit the body of her last friend to the earth. It was a sore struggle, but she strove to bear it, as she had borne so much before. She must now provide bread for the children,—the widow's pension had ceased with her life; and to afford a chance of procuring employment, she repaired with nurse and the children to London, where they took up their abode in the house of a cousin of nurse's, in a back-street in Westminster.

The trials to which a young, gentle, and educated person is inevitably exposed in the situation of a governess—one which holds so undefined a position between the menial and the equal,—have been so often pictured forth, and that generally with the good intention of shaming society into a better line of conduct, that it is difficult to present such, in any new or more interesting light than that in which they have been already often exhibited. Angela's lot, in the house of the ignorant, vulgar, penurious, and yet ostentatious, Mrs. Usherwood, and of her spoilt and rebellious daughters, is, it is grievous to say, a familiar picture; only relieved, in this instance, by the sympathy and kindness of the correct-minded, but somewhat formal, Miss Joan Grant.

A happy relief comes to this first great trial in positive life, when one of those accidents which, Sterne says, only happens to the sentimental, but which we believe exists most in works of fiction, brings Angela into contact with Miss Darby, more as a companion than a governess; and nurse and little children are removed from a poor, dirty, unhealthy neighbourhood, to a pretty cottage near Newmarket. For Mr. Darby and Lord Missenden are both *habitués* of the turf and gamblers; both their fortunes have also suffered irretrievably from these habits, and it is the fact of Miss Darby's fortune being settled upon herself, and in the safe hands of trustees, which has given so much importance to the intended marriage of Vavasour and Augusta Darby.

The Missendens followed quickly in the wake of the Darbys to England. Immediately on his return, Vavasour repaired to the old-fashioned farm near Sherington, to which so many fond memories were attached. But by that time the story as to whom the young artist really was had got abroad; and the farmer's wife, in the laudable hope of curing the young heir of what she deemed to be an improper connexion, told him that Angela had wedded a young officer and had gone off to India.

In the passion of revenge Vavasour wrote to Augusta Darby that he was ready to fulfil the pledge made by their parents. Augusta was no ordinary girl; she was a fine, clever, and determined, although undisciplined, and somewhat romantic creature, and a strong attachment had grown up between her and Angela. Each had told to the other the tale of her love. But Angela spoke only of her Carteret as of one gone from this world; while Augusta spoke as much of the waywardness and the melan-

choly of her Vavasour as of his affection. Little did they dream that Carteret and Vavasour were one and the same person! At length Mr. Vavasour arrives at Donnington, the seat of the Darbys:—

They were all talking away; there was quite a hum of voices.

Mr. Vavasour had now retired a little from the rest, and, leaning upon the back of Mrs. Darby's sofa, was silently watching the door and wondering when Augusta would come down.

The door opened suddenly, and wide. He started from his position, and turning a little round, stood upright, and fully displayed before it.

Two figures appear: the one is in dark velvet, with the crimson leaves of the Virginian creeper in her hair; the other in white, robed like some angel, as it appeared to him,—for his eyes were dazzled as with a sudden radiance—it was as if bright rays of light were shining all around her.

His poor head is swimming—he knows not what he sees.

But she! A faint shriek! A faint cry! An impassioned rush forwards!
“Carteret! Carteret!”

And a heavy fall upon the drawing-room floor!

He was no longer master of himself; he forgot where he was—who he was—what he was.

He sprang forward, fell down on one knee beside her, and caught the lifeless body in his arms!

The terrible struggle that follows upon this discovery is ably told. Angela, whose heart had been so long with the imaginary dead, was the first to come to a decision. She would not allow her affections to stand in the way of the happiness of her friend. And she hastened to communicate her resolve to the passionate but kind-hearted Augusta, and to her more worldly-minded mother. Vavasour, however, when he finds that he has been deceived, returns to his first love. Lady Missenden is in a frenzy; Joan Grant is called in; Augusta falls sick and wavers. An infinitude of sorrow and suffering is crowded into a few pages, but goodness and truth triumph; it is Augusta that finally yields her lover to her sweet friend, so long-suffering, so patient under all her afflictions. “Angela” is, indeed, a noble attempt to portray the supremacy of the affections; it sketches their various moods with rare power and skill, and traces all their mysterious by-play and workings with a masterly hand. Above all it attests, by truly eloquent example, that the habit of affliction does not diminish the feeling, and that in a heart properly disposed frequent trials and disappointments cannot affect its tenderness.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.*

It has been justly remarked that Prince Talleyrand has left a name in Europe, among the greatest ever achieved by any man (even in the country of Richelieu and Mazarin), who has devoted himself exclusively to the civil offices of the state. He has rendered himself, in the present century, as great an authority in statecraft and diplomacy, as was Machiavelli in the sixteenth. Throughout the varying situations in which he was placed, much as he may be charged with duplicity and selfishness, one prevailing sentiment may be remarked in this great man's

* Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand. Edited from the Papers of the late M. Colmache, Private Secretary to the Prince. By Madame Colmache. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

character—a strong and unceasing interest for his country's greatness. His sincerity was always questionable; but his firmness of character, his diplomatic superiority, his infinite resources, the clearness of his views, the brilliancy of his wit, and the elegance of his language, all combined to form a being capable of influencing the destinies of a nation.

The writer of the present work undoubtedly enjoyed opportunities of a rare description; and these opportunities were turned to the greatest possible advantage, by the habit of noting down such revelations and recollections as were from time to time imparted to him. It, therefore, affords such a portrait of this illustrious statesman as could not have been derived from any other source, and which so much exceeds all others in truthfulness, that Mr. Colburn has, in republishing these valuable papers, conferred a real benefit upon the reading public.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.*

It was an unlucky day when the quiet circle of the Chetwodes received a letter from Mrs. Dering, who, on her return as a widow from India, requested only two nights' shelter till she could find lodgings for herself, her two daughters, and a "perfect treasure," in the shape of Victor, once valet, since courier, and then confidential servant to the unprotected trio.

Mrs. Dering was a wonderfully vain, self-possessed, manœuvring mamma. This is sufficiently exemplified by one characteristic anecdote. When on a march with her husband in India, "it happened in the dead of one night, an alarm was given of the enemy. Captain Dering was at his post, and his wife was sleeping like a rock, when an armed man stood by her side, and woke her by seizing her wrist. What do you suppose her first impulse was? Any goose even, would say, to scream, but no, Mrs. Dering saw by the glitter that something splendid was in the tent, and that was enough for her—no noise and no screaming; but she had a redness in her nose, and she covered it with powder at night; her first action was to rub off the powder, which, carefully accomplished, she looked up and screamed!"

That the Derings once established in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, should have converted two nights into two weeks and weeks into months, was only evidence of an ordinary degree of dexterous management; that they should have also filled the house with visitors might for a time have been endurable; but alas! a more fatal plot was in store. Poor Mark Chetwode, the domesticated, excellent Mark, "the paragon of his sex, and the child who had never given his parent a moment's uneasiness since the anxious hours of his babyhood!" was the doomed victim of the beautiful and heartless Theresa, who, to effect that end, received due instructions from her maternal guide, to abandon for the time other more delectable flirtations.

Georgina, the other sister, was not so favoured with outward charms as Theresa, so she had been trained to win a husband by her voice and musical accomplishments; and about the same time that an enthusiastic

* *The Hen-Pecked Husband.* A Novel. By the Author of "The M.P.'s Wife." 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

flute was induced to wed the pianoforte ; Mark Chetwode, notwithstanding the admonitions of a sensible aunt, Mrs. Bellingham, who exposed the characters of the whole party, including that of the rascally intriguer and "perfect treasure," Victor, to open daylight ; also led the beautiful Theresa to the altar.

The genius who stands at the elbow of a lover embellishing every deed and word of the ruling divinity, is a very different spirit to that which takes its place by the side of the husband, aiding his impartial judgment, and brushing out of his eyes any of the glittering dust of delusion that has been left from the days of courtship. Those who wish to be initiated into the history of a hen-pecked husband cannot do better than turn to the pitiful narrative of Mark's experiences. Therein they will see how Theresa, with Victor's assistance, defeated her husband's intentions on all points, and they will trace her in the same wilful career from the first day that, under pretence of a head-ache, she locked her door against her husband, till that final day of retribution when even the mild temper of Mark Chetwode is at length taught to rebel against such heartless profligacy, and to cast the serpent from his bosom.

The day when Mark was reduced, by the discovery of a clandestine correspondence long kept up by his wife, to convey her to her mother's sombre lodgings, Mrs. Dering was making cold cream ! She had taken off her morning horticultural attire, and was arrayed in a yellowish chintz dressing-gown, the pattern on which was a large, round, black wafer ; the sleeves were tucked up above her elbows—in one hand she had an ivory spoon, and in the other a piece of candle, which she had taken out of the solitary candlestick, and with which she was watching a small pipkin, bubbling over a fire composed of about three coals, collected in the corner of the grate.

To this strange figure, of an over-manceuvring mamma, engaged in her cosmetic orgies, a deceived, ill-treated, and indignant husband restored the beautiful but heartless thing that had been imposed upon him as a wife. The history of their previous matrimonial career is lightly and easily told, and is replete with social meanings.

ADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.*

THE career of Robert Douglas, the author of the "Adventures of a Medical Student," was, like that of many other men of genius, remarkable for its brevity. Born in 1820, he died in 1844, at the early age of twenty-four, cut off in the bloom of youth, full of life and hope. Yet always ambitious, even when at college for reputation as a good story-teller, he has left behind him, after so brief a career, enough to fill three volumes of stories and adventures, which we do not hesitate to say are of a very curious and remarkable character. The manifest turn of young Douglas's mind was, to the more mysterious and wonderful phases of our nature, and as an ambitious story-teller he invested these phases with all their usually attendant attributes of the terrific and the fearful. To those who therefore delight in

* Adventures of a Medical Student. By Robert Douglas, Surgeon, Royal Navy. With a Memoir of the Life of the Author. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

such for the mere interest of horror which they excite, the works of Robert Douglas will possess a rare charm—not even the appliances of print are spared to heighten effect—the surgeon's *saw*, *poison*, and other melo-dramatic climaxes of the same character, are brought forth in gigantic capitals; but looking into the spirit that actuated the author in a less superficial manner, studying the more secret influences and deeper principles that guided him in the peculiar direction of his genius, it will be found that there is a wonderful consistency throughout his writings. All his stories are stamped with the same great features of vraisemblance. Each illustrates one or more of the great phenomena familiar to those who have made a study of the more spiritual evidences of our nature, and all consequently contain a moral, which exhibits, in a more or less clear language, the retributive justice of a Providence that ordains all events, and the occasional, and much less rare than is supposed, intervention of spiritual states of mind or of spiritual essences, with the more extraordinary and important events in life.

Take, for example, the wildest and probably most boyish story in the book. The medical student is led by an unaccountable impulse to jump up behind a travelling carriage, by which he is conveyed, in the dead of night, into a gentleman's park, where he becomes the apparently accidental means of saving the life of a gamekeeper, who was about to perish in the grasp of a powerful and vindictive poacher.

"There was one of my friends," says Mr. Douglas, on concluding his story, "a serious, sedate, sanctified sort of genius, old Father Isaacson we used to call him, who told me that night I had merely been an instrument in the hand of Providence for the prevention of a great crime, viz. nothing less than *murder!*"

Sanctified is here the word of a thoughtless youth, "meditative" is what is meant. There is as much philosophy as there is of piety in the conclusions arrived at by old Father Isaacson, although this may not be admitted by those who prefer to draw their deductions from observed or intellectual facts, rather than from inferences of a more spiritual and yet equally reasonable and philosophical character. Some minds are so constituted as only to appreciate broad noon-day facts; others, again, are too fond of wandering solely in regions of the hypothetical, the abstruse, or the mysterious,—minds that participate in both powers of appreciation are most favourably placed to arrive in such matters at the truth.

How beautiful is the death-bed of Maria Garcia's? how touching the last pardon muttered forth of him who had been utter ruin to her, who still loved him amid sin and death. And then the soldier boy's story of treasure found in a beech-tree, of his father's dream that he should be hung under the shadow of the same tree, and of the fulfilment of the dream by the Americans, is it not one more instance of the prophetic power of the spirit occasionally lighted up when temporarily disencumbered of the burden of the flesh? The story of the medical student's attempt to resuscitate his own father, who has suffered the last penalty of the law, by galvanism, is altogether morbid and overwrought; but the story of the widow's child is beautifully told, and the lesson it teaches is highly impressive. We shall extract from this story a remarkable instance of spontaneous clairvoyance, premising that the poor girl cursed by her mother, has, on leaving the parental roof to follow a libertine, been thrown from a gig, by which the limb was so much injured as to require amputa-

tion, from which she might have recovered but for the heartless conduct of her lover.

Next morning (says the medical student) I went to see her again, and was made aware of one of the most singular and incredible phenomena that have ever come under my experience. When I entered she seemed much excited. She motioned me to her, for she was now so weak she could scarcely make herself heard.

“What men are these that came and took me away, Mr. —”

“Took you away, Cheeny! what do you mean?”

“Why, two dark, indistinct men, that came here last night when my mother was asleep. They opened the door, and came with a black board, laid me on it, and carried me away down a narrow, crooked staircase, along a long, cold passage, that sounded strangely and drearily as they walked, till we came to a big black door, marked No. 14, for the moon shone through a little grated window, and I could see it quite plainly, though motionless with weakness, cold, and terror. The door opened, and they bore me into a large, cold, and damp place, with a high window, with iron bars, and having a curious earthy smell. They then laid me on the table, and left me, locking the door as they went. I lay for some time, when another door opened, and I could see into a large square hall, crowded with dim figures. One of them, a tall, dark being, approached me; I fainted away; and on coming to myself, found I had been conveyed back. Oh! Mr. —, this is a strange place, and we trust in you for protection; *did they take me for dead, and were they going to dissect me?*”

She told me this with an appearance of extreme terror. For my part I was thunderstruck, and utterly at a loss. She had described, with the most unerring exactness, the private stair of the ward, a long underground passage which communicated with the cellars, &c., of the hospital, the *dead-house*, the fatal No. 14, on which she said the moon shone through the little window, and lastly, the clinical lecture-room. Now, both morally and physically, it was impossible she could have left the side-room, for the night-nurse sat up in the ward all night, and had observed nothing; besides, in my own pocket was the key of the private door of the ward opening out upon the staircase, which I had locked with my own hands the evening before, this being part of my duty in the house, and which, on examination, I now found as I had left it. Of course sleep-walking was out of the question. But so exactly had she described it! And then, along with that fact, to think that she had never in her life before been in the hospital, in the city, indeed out of Westwater at all, and that when she was brought in, she had entered by the large front door, and up the great stone staircase I at first described, to the ward; that from thence to the operating theatre, and back again to the side-room, comprised the whole of her removals! It was indeed a most inexplicable dream, delusion, or whatever you may call it, and one of those facts that seem to sport with our ignorance of that most mysterious branch of science, the physiology of the nervous system.

It is almost needless to add that the poor girl died, and retributive punishment also awaited the recreant libertine.

In the story called “Oxenford Grange,” we find a very complicated history of the workings of Providence to arrive at certain results; and which it is impossible, in consequence, to give an idea of here. In “The Life of a Genius” the writer gives further evidence of the peculiar sensibility of his nervous system, by confessing to have frequently, when entering a dark room where there was already another individual, felt a vague indefinite impression that there was somebody there—an internal feeling of the vicinity of a person to him whom his senses had not yet perceived.

It cannot be expected that in a series of stories written as contribu-

tions to the *New Monthly Magazine*, sometimes very hastily, and without sufficient consideration, all can be equally good and philosophical; still there is sufficient to be gleaned from a careful perusal of the whole, to attest that, under the cloak of telling wonderful stories, the author shielded a heart and head alive to the most profound and interesting principles of our nature, and that he mainly kept these in view when he wrote from experience, or from records of instances no doubt variously obtained, or even from what have been apparently the mere impulses of a mind whose imaginations were tinctured with fancies all from the same mould.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

THE historians of the present day take great pride in having availed themselves of old chronicles and other materials, which have hitherto been overlooked or thrown aside. By means of these hitherto neglected resources, the spirit of partisanship and the passions of the time, which so much influenced contemporary writers (and whose works have since been handed down in one form or the other, with little of either careful or adequate revision), have been sifted and judged of with the combined advantages of the impartiality of the present day, and of various versions of the same facts to consult and to appeal to.

But the labours of writers of this class, as Messrs. Guizot, Thierry, De Barante, Sismondi, Michelet, H. Martin, and others, who have done so much towards determining many questions that have been a long time matters of discussion and controversy, are consigned to voluminous works which all have not the time to study and compare with one another. A general resumé of the "History of France" which should incorporate all that has been so recently done, was a real desideratum, and it is with sincere gratification that we welcome the work of Messrs. Roche and Philarète Chasles, as precisely adapted to fill up this void in literature.

Whether it is the direct result of the particular light in which events are thrown by the new system of investigation, or of the method of considering historical incidents, which is induced from that system, it is scarcely our province to inquire here; but certain it is, that such has entailed a power of generalisation and a happy co-ordination of facts, which is quite different to any thing that existed previously.

In what concerns the origins of nations, so much light has been thrown by modern investigations, that it is not surprising that both have operated to produce the same result. The first epoch in the history of the territory now occupied by the French, presents to us a nation much better understood than formerly, the Gauls of Asiatic origin, Gaul overrun by the Kimri and Teutonic races, Gaul subjected by the Romans. The second epoch records the invasion of the Franks of Germanic origin, the rise of Christianity, and the establishment of three kingdoms; the Celtic, the Burgundian, and the Frank, with Armorica independent.

After these epochs, so very distinct in themselves, we have in bygone histories a simple succession of French monarchs, beginning with Clovis I., but Clovis in reality only governed the dominant race. Long time after death had put an end to the conquests of the son of Childeric, the

* *Histoire de France, depuis les Temps les plus reculés, par MM. A. Roche and Ph. Chasles. 2 vols. Firmin Didot, frères.*

Austrasian Franks disputed with the Neustrian Franks, an ascendancy which was not decided till the times of Pepin. This makes a third epoch in the history of the territory now occupied by the French—a first epoch in the history of France, strictly speaking.

The succession of the Carolingian race to supremacy among the Franks established the new nation in that power which has been upheld to the present day. Charles Martel was already strong enough to hurl back triumphantly the invasion of the almost indomitable Saracens; and the great Charlemagne at once warred against Germanic barbarism, and sought to re-establish Roman civilisation. The feudal epoch took its rise with the good, but weak, Louis le Debonnaire, a system against which royalty cannot be said to have struggled with success, till the time of Louis Le Gros (1108). With the succession of the Valois, the rivalry of France and England attained its acmé, and this great epoch in history is made to terminate with Charles VII. and of his inspired lieutenant, Jeanne d'Arc.

The deliverance of France from the dominion of the English was however, by no means beneficial to the Franks themselves. The monarchy established without an apprehension of control from without or within, at once assumed the character of a pure despotism, and the results were the formation of leagues, and continued civil dissensions. The wars with Italy and with Charles V. are made to constitute at this period of history, an epoch of themselves. To these succeeded that most dismal of all periods in French history, that of the civil religious wars which terminated with the succession and the apostacy of Henry IV. Louis XIV. fills up a whole epoch with his great name. As if also monarchical government had attained its zenith under that powerful yet immoral prince; royalty declined from the same period, and the convocation of the states-general lead the way to the final revolution.

Such is a general view of the system and method upon which Messrs. Roche and Philarète Chasles, have conceived and written their "History of France," which is at once concise and philosophical, and is admirably adapted for the purposes intended—to instruct the young or to correct many of the historical notions wrongly entertained by the old.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A TRAGIC POET.*

THERE are many evidences of talent in this work, but the spirit that breathes throughout its pages is an unwholesome spirit of rebellion against all that is, which it is vain to attempt to uphold.

If a person chooses, from the possession of faculties and perfections unknown to the rest of his fellow-creatures, to set himself apart from them, to live a life of discontent, and to set his face against all concession or reconciliation, he can, no doubt, adduce many reasons for persisting in such a course; but to himself, as in the case of Arthur Frankland, the result must inevitably be, a life of insupportable wretchedness, of perpetual vexation, and of disastrous and irremediable defeat.

Luckily, there are two persons in this biographical memoir, the listener and author, and Arthur Frankland the narrator. The author professes to entertain common-sense notions of the duties and rights of humanity, to which we could concede greater applause if they were not tinctured

* Arthur Frankland; or, the Experiences of a Tragic Poet. A Tale. Saunders and Otley.

with the same leaven of scepticism which embitters Frankland's character.

Since we are brought into existence without our tastes being consulted, and since the condition of humanity is undistinguishingly and inalienably imposed upon us—whether we will or not—certainly, seeing we have so little choice in the matter, it is both wiser and better to make the most of the gift thus unceremoniously bestowed upon us, and live out our day with as small an infusion of vexation and misery, as our philosophy or our religion may suffice to secure us.

This is better philosophy than Arthur Frankland's; but still, if such was all the advance the human mind has made, it were almost as well to return to the nonentity from whence we came. Arthur Frankland is admitted "with all his rich intellectual endowments, and his vast and varied experiences," to have been deficient in that chief quality of wisdom—the knowledge of how to be happy. But then again, we are taught that he was compensated for this want, by his skill "in that lore which the privileged disciples of various Nature are alone initiated into." Not only is such a privilege as opposed to the duty, or as Dr. Johnson would say, "the business of a wise man to be happy," not to be envied, but it cannot be called a privilege at all—it is a sad and perverse frame of mind, melancholy to contemplate, and much to be repudiated.

What are these "vast and varied experiences" of this much-favoured intellectual being, Arthur Frankland? That he received "his patent of nobility immediately from Almighty God;" that he trained the poetic genius thus bestowed, with "the savagery of nature untamed at his heart;" that with him the poetry of sentiments was regarded as false taste or "babyism;" that he was a sceptic, who denounced as "blasphemies against Nature what priestcraft has so long enforced;" that he loved much, and more, than well and wisely; that publishers having refused his poetry, he resolved to combat his mission and destiny by the drudgery of an almost mechanical employment; that he was soon disgusted, and that he returned to his love and his literature; that his maid's father rejected him as an enthusiast, and that the publisher would have no more to do with his philosophy than with his poetry; that these anxieties and failures fevered and inflamed a too excitable cerebral organisation, and laid him on the bed of sickness; that a kind friend lent him a hundred pounds to set him up again as veterinary surgeon; but "genius" was too strong, and he perished in the fight, and succumbed in a delirious fever.

These are tragic experiences of a poet, rather than the experiences of a tragic poet; and it is to be hoped that they will serve as a beacon to warn, as no doubt the author intended; yet he sums up his view of his hero's career, "as one successful warfare against fate, at once disastrous and profitless; and when he fell, as in early life he did fall, the only miserable reflection to console him was, that though he sunk destroyed before his opposeless destiny, at least he preserved his mind unconquered to the end."

Unconquered by whom? Arthur Frankland had no enemy but himself, and a most uncompromising, vindictive, fiendish enemy that was. "*L'homme*," says a distinguished French writer, "*qui désire en cette vie nous une telle vie, est un orgueilleux qui blasphemé et un ingrat qui souffre*," and the career of the tragic poet, replete as it is with fine fancies, and eloquent ambitionings, is still gloomy even in its majesty; hopeless in its highest triumphs, and in its fall Satanic.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.*

It would appear to be impossible to Mr. G. P. R. James to write a story that shall not be highly interesting and amusing. The "Last of the Fairies" (it would scarcely be so deduced from its title) is a tale of the Rebellion. It opens with the Battle of Worcester, from which a noble prisoner, Charles Brooke, Lord Eustace, escapes through the instrumentality of his attached daughter, the Lady Catherine. A change then comes over the scene. Lord Eustace is a proscribed refugee in the ruinous old castle of Landleigh, and the Lady Catherine is living as a peasant girl at a certain Roger Brownlow's in the same village.

Denzil Norman, Lord Blount, who had fought as a child at Worcester, by the side of Lord Eustace, arrives at the same village in disguise. As Denzil Norman he woos and wins Alice Brownlow, to whom he had in childhood been attached as the Lady Catherine. But the fairy of Landleigh Castle conducts the youth to its supposed ghostly tenant, who despatches him to General Monk, to convey news of the declaration of the troops in London in favour of Parliament, and of the adhesion of Desborough and Fairfax. When Denzil, after suffering many inconveniences at the hands of the rough Parliamentarians, returns to Landleigh, armed with powers from General Monk, he finds that before quiet little village in the hands of the fanatical party, under one of its vilest leaders, Colonel Okey. Denzil arrived in time to save many from plunder and ill-treatment, and others most dear to him from still grosser outrage. The triumph of parliament and the restoration of the king, permit at the same time Lord Eustace, to leave his subterranean hiding-place and appear once more in the world, and the last of the fairies, and Alice Brownlow, re-appears in the most touching manner in her real character, that of a devoted daughter, to assume soon afterwards the no less honourable one of an affectionate wife. Trials and adversities, narrated with a talent so peculiar to Mr. James, had by this time taught to both a stern and wholesome lesson, that "worth is better than wealth, and goodness greater than distinction." The illustrations and coloured ornamental borders, it is proper to mention, of this little book are exceedingly pretty and tasteful.

THE LIFE OF A FOX-HOUND.†

THIS is a beautifully illustrated, and a carefully as well as pleasantly written, book. It is what it purports to be, the life of a brave fox-hound, narrated by himself. We do not profess to be adepts in hunting, or ever to become oracular in a red coat; but it always strikes us as very singular that sportsmen should be so extremely jealous of the merits of brother red-coats.

"You will find out in time," said the old hound Trimbush to our young hero, Ringwood, "but may as well profit by my experience, and learn it at once, that most men who go with us to the covert-side, know little about hunting and less about hounds." *

* The Last of the Fairies. By G. P. James, Esq., with Illustrations from Designs of John Gilbert, engraved by Henry Vizetelly. Parry and Co., London.

† The Life of a Foxhound. By John Mills, author of the "Old English Gentleman," with seven illustrations on steel. H. Hurst.

Wherefore do they go at all then, we should ask, to be called muffs, or to receive, according to the historians of field exploits, occasional reproofs such as few men can put up with? Be this as it may, Mr. Mills is learned in hounds. He narrates how they occasionally eat up one another, and sometimes, but that more rarely, eat up the whipper-in. He further, as the biographer of Ringwood, not only narrates some runs with a spirit that interests us as much as if we were participators in the thing itself, but he also unfolds in his canine reflections much concerning the treatment and training of hounds, which will be valuable information even to the initiated.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE FORMATION OF A VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.*

THE regulations for the proposed Corps are drawn up so as to suit the general convenience of professional men; four hours' attendance at drill only in the week, out of a selection of thirty-six, is required for a few weeks till the member is efficient; and the subscription is but 3*l.* per annum: the uniform being very simple, and estimated to cost about 6*l.*, so that at a very slight sacrifice of time and money, by the adoption of a similar plan every man in England who has the welfare of his country at heart may learn how to defend all that is most dear to him.

It would be well, to avoid the chance of any catastrophe which might occur should we be attacked in our present unprepared state, that our countrymen in every town throughout the kingdom should at once imitate the example of the London Volunteers. Let them raise subscriptions, band together, select officers from among the retired military men in their neighbourhood, and at once send up their offers of service to the Government, or communicate with the mother association in London, and we will answer for it, that in the course of the spring, such a force will be prepared for action: that peace may be insured, and the whole country may adopt the motto of the Queen's Own Volunteer Rifle Corps,

“In Utrumque Paratus.”

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

A SPLENDID table-book is *Boyd's Book of Ballads, from the German*. True, some of these ballads have already appeared in this country, but as in the case of Uhland's beautiful poem, “The Dying Girl's Serenade,” in a different dress. “The Rhine” is, however, familiar to most persons, and “The Midnight Review” is, we suspect, of French not German origin; but still the collection contains many very pretty things, in tasteful versions, in highly ornamental typography, and with characteristic illustrations. Mr. James Wilyams Grylls has embodied his spirited sketches of tropical sports and amusements in a little volume, with the old title of *The Out-Station; or, Jaunts in the Jungle*. This amusing little book will most assuredly meet with a favourable reception.

* Rules and Regulations for the Formation of a Volunteer Rifle Corps, which it is proposed shall, with Her Majesty's gracious permission, be denominated, “The Queen's Own Volunteer Rifle Corps.” Parker, Furnival, and Parker; Ollivier, Pall Mall; and Bosworth, Regent-street.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MONSIEUR GUIZOT.

I.—THE REVOLUTIONARY STORM.

EUROPE has just been struck by one of those extraordinary shocks which defy all the powers of foresight to provide against them. For century after century, the philosopher has not ceased to declaim on the mysterious inscrutability of the workings of Providence, and it has been as constantly the task of the historian to demonstrate the truth of what he taught; yet it requires now and then an event like that which has just taken place before our eyes to impress it upon us in present and deep conviction. It was but yesterday that Europe reposed from one end to the other in apparent security, with no visible cause to threaten its general tranquillity; and now, without any foreseen cause, every European state is filled with fears and apprehensions of no ordinary description. A powerful monarchy, strong in its resources, and busy in strengthening and extending its friendly alliances with the nations around, has in an instant been changed to a democracy, internally weak and confused, its external relations broken up, or regarded with suspicion, and even with terror. A few hours have sufficed to throw from the summit of prosperity a great monarch, rich beyond the ordinary wealth of his brother sovereigns, surrounded by wise and able counsellors, with a numerous army at his beck, and happy in a promising family of princes and princesses, to become an almost penniless wanderer, shrinking from the gaze of his own countrymen, and seeking shelter in the hospitality of a foreign land. Princes and princesses, friends, counsellors, are in a moment divided and scattered to the four points of heaven, and the throne, of which they were the ornaments and support, is levelled with the dust, to be trodden under foot by the very lowest of those who bowed before it.

We have seen such catastrophes produced by the disasters of long and sanguinary wars, or the result of a continued reign of oppression and tyranny; but in the great and sudden revolution which has just taken place in France neither of these causes existed. The government of Louis Philippe has been mild and patriotic, favourable to the development of the national resources, and of that true national glory which consists in being respected and trusted by other nations; the commercial prosperity of France has been rapidly increasing; its industry has been encouraged; the patronage shown to literature, science, and art, had made it a model for the rest of Europe; the social condition of the people was everywhere improving; and constitutional liberty was every day better understood by the middle and higher classes, and thus becoming more firmly established. But unquiet people were also busy instilling the poison of political discontent into willing ears, and the spirit of evil had spread widely among that class of the population where it is most difficult to provide against its effects. The encroachments of the

crown had been effectually put a stop to in 1830; the danger then lay on the other side, and the history of France during the last eighteen years has been that of a continual struggle between constitutional liberty and a turbulent revolutionary spirit, which, by unforeseen events, has for a moment gained the mastery, and has at once overthrown the constitution of the country, and dislocated the whole frame of society, in one of the most important members of the great European confederacy. It is a fearful state of things to contemplate, and one which must, by its paramount importance, absorb for some time public attention even in this country, to the exclusion of almost every other subject; the more so since England has become the haven of refuge for the fugitives. For we have now amongst us nearly all those who have so long and so firmly protected the institutions of their country against the encroachments of unprovoked revolutionary violence—both the court, and the king, and the ministers are here, and among these no single name excites greater interest and sympathy, both for his own greatness, for the prominent part he has acted in the late events, and for the greater personal danger from which he has escaped, than Monsieur Guizot. During the few days while we were ignorant of his fate, people in London inquired for news of the statesman as earnestly as though he had been a friend or a relative.

This feeling, however, although so widely prevalent, has not saved the ex-minister of France from the bitter attacks of a considerable portion of the English press; and many of the journals of the day continue to hold him up to popular odium, as the reckless champion of illiberal governments, or as a man who obstinately persisted in a senseless system, without the experience or foresight to carry it out. These are the cries of prejudice with regard to the past, or of blindness with regard to the significant language of the present. The events which are now rapidly passing before us, so full of deep and fearful meaning, must already have opened the eyes of most of the advocates of the French Revolution of 1848 in this country; and perhaps we may assist in strengthening the conviction which these events carry with them, by our slight historical review of what preceded it.

II.—MONSIEUR GUIZOT BEFORE 1830.

Few men have been so nearly connected with all the great political convulsions which have agitated France since the last century, as M. Guizot. Born at Nîmes, in 1787, of an old Protestant family, he was but an infant when the first revolution burst over his country, and his father, an advocate in that city, perished on the scaffold, a victim of the popular ferocity of that fearful period. His mother, who still lives to share, after an interval of half a century, in this new flight from revolutionary resentment, retired with her child to Geneva, and there he pursued those youthful studies which laid the foundation of future celebrity. He returned, while still young, to his native country, and distinguished himself by his literary activity during the later years of the empire.

In 1814, the Bourbons were restored to the throne, and then M. Guizot was first brought into the ministry, with his friend the Abbé Montesquieu, under whom he took place as under-secretary of state (or, as it was then termed in France, *secrétaire général*) for the Interior. When a new revolution, produced by the re-appearance of Napoleon, again

drove the Bourbons into exile, and the great object of emulation seemed to be who should first desert the sovereign to whom they had so recently sworn allegiance and promised devotion, the under-secretary of the Interior continued faithful to the principles he had espoused; he remained at Paris till towards the end of the Hundred Days, when, the return of Louis XVIII. being already foreseen, he went to the king at Ghent, to convey to him the advice of the constitutional Royalists and to declare to him the ameliorations which that party considered to be necessary in the charter. When the fate of Napoleon had been finally decided by the battle of Waterloo, and the king returned to Paris, M. Guizot took office again, and from this time till 1820 he continued to act with the government as under-secretary of Justice, and as counsellor of state, and it was his influence and devotion to the cause of constitutional monarchy which contributed most to give the comparatively liberal character that distinguished the earlier years of the reign of the new king. His exertions chiefly led to the establishment in France of the liberty of the press and the trial by jury, and to the reform of the electoral system which was accomplished in 1817. The principle upon which the latter was then established was identical with the one consecrated in England by the Reform Bill, namely, the fixing a limit of general franchise so low as to include all the intelligence of the country and that portion of the population which represented its political interests, and to exclude that class whose voice was most likely to be influenced by corruption or by ignorance. A variety of circumstances, which distinguish the state of society in the two countries, caused this franchise to include a smaller number of electors than come within a similar plan in England.

In 1820, the internal policy of France underwent a total change, and the government was placed in the hands of the ultra-aristocratic party and the clergy. The liberal party was now in disgrace, and from this date until 1830, M. Guizot again devoted himself to literary pursuits. As professor of history in what was then called the *Ecole Normale*, he continued during two years to deliver a course of lectures on the history of France, which were already laying the foundation of that grand school of historical literature and research which has since extended itself over Europe. But M. Guizot's liberal views of history were as distasteful to the Jesuits, who then ruled in France, as Victor Cousin's doctrines in philosophy, and the lectures of the two professors were placed under interdiction at the same time in 1822. Instead of being silenced by this act of persecution, the professor of history threw himself with redoubled energy upon literature, and besides being connected with several journals of influence, he produced, during this period, some of his most important works. His "*Essays on the History of France*," from the fifth to the tenth century, excited considerable attention. It was during this period, also, that M. Guizot laboured to make his countrymen better acquainted with the history and literature of England, as a step towards effacing those old international prejudices which had so long formed an obstacle to any cordial friendship or alliance between the two countries. One of his publications, undertaken with this object, was a new translation of Shakespeare; and in 1827 appeared the two first volumes of his "*History of the English Revolution*," which extends to the death of Charles I.; the continuation of this work was interrupted by political events.

During the whole period of which we are now speaking, M. Guizot acted firmly with the Opposition to the government, but in an opposition strictly constitutional and legal, having no connexion whatever with the secret societies which have scarcely ever ceased to exist in France, or with their plots. He also assisted the cause of constitutional liberty with his pen in many ways; and four pamphlets, published with the object of supporting these liberal views, commanded especial attention.—1. “*Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration* ;” 2. “*Des moyens de Gouvernement et d’Opposition dans l’état de la France* ;” 3. “*Des Conspirations et de la Justice Politique* ;” 4. “*De la Peine de Mort en Matière Politique*.”

M. Guizot was restored to his professorship of history in the April of 1827, and he then commenced that series of lectures on the history of European society which were rendered so attractive by the novelty and profundity of their views, as well as by the eloquence with which these were enforced. Many of his numerous audiences still remember them with feelings of delight. These lectures, as far as they went, were subsequently published collectively, and form the two works so celebrated throughout Europe under the title of “*The History of Civilisation in Europe*” and “*The History of Civilisation in France*.” They were cut short by a new political convulsion.

III.—THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

THE court since 1820, under Louis XVIII., and still more under Charles X., had been making rapid strides on the road to arbitrary power, and was breaking down one after another all the fences which the restoration seemed to have raised round the constitution. The Liberal party looked upon the different ministries since the date just mentioned as so many attempts at effecting a counter revolution, which should liberate the throne from the conditions of the charter of 1814. At last, the ministry of the Prince de Polignac, heedless of the discontent which prevailed throughout the country, and of the threatening character which it had already assumed, seemed resolved to set at defiance all opposition, however constitutional in form or objects. It was found impossible with the system of election established in 1817 to procure a parliament which would consent to any unconstitutional encroachments of the crown; and the partisans of the measures which the latter was then pursuing talked openly of the necessity of abolishing the system of election. They appeared even to hold out threats of governing without parliaments. The Opposition journals spoke out boldly in defence of the constitution, and the ministers commenced a persecution of the press: The public agitation increased, and every thing threatened a great catastrophe; yet the king and his ministers persisted in their blindness. In March, 1830, when Charles X. met a parliament in which the Opposition had a decided majority, the king’s opening speech spoke of that Opposition as malevolent and perfidious; and a few days after, without allowing it to proceed to business, the king prorogued the Chamber with the well-understood intention of dissolving it as soon as he had taken measures to secure the election of one more pliant to his will. A portion of the ministerial press openly recommended that the executive should take all power into its own hands, that it should abolish the existing electoral system, and that

a new one should be established, in which all the electors were to be immediately dependent on the court.

Without at first going the whole length of these recommendations, the king and his ministers prepared for a system of interference and intimidation in the elections on such a scale as was, perhaps, never practised on a similar occasion, if we except what seems now to be going on under "the Republic." All the prefects of departments who were suspected of not being sufficiently devoted to carry out the views of the cabinet, were dismissed, and instructions were issued to use every influence, and even to put in practice every sort of trickery, to secure a return of none but royalist deputies, and then, in the middle of May, the Chamber was dissolved. The prefects and their inferior agents did the work of the government with which they were charged by the king's ministers without any hesitation, yet the court party was completely defeated, and the Opposition majority in the new parliament was much greater than before. Instead of yielding to this significant demonstration, the language of the ministerial organs was more violent than ever, and the intention of the king to govern by his own will was publicly hinted at. They talked of the insolence of parliaments that pretended to curb the authority of the crown, and spoke of the charter, by which the sceptre of the restoration was held, as no longer binding. The Opposition journals defended the constitution with warmth, and the press was attacked as an incendiary to rebellion.

The new parliament, though called for the 3rd of August, never met under Charles X. On the 25th of July the king signed three memorable ordinances; the first destroyed the liberty of the press; the second dissolved the new parliament before it had met; the third prescribed a new mode of election, by which the deputies were to be such only as would be agreeable to the court. These ordinances appeared in the *Moniteur* on the morning of the 26th of July. They amounted to an abrogation of the constitution of the country; it was a declaration of war to the knife against all opposition, and as such the challenge was accepted, for there was a universal determination to resist. The deputies of the Opposition who were in Paris held a meeting the same day, and towards evening the agitation in Paris was rapidly increasing. The first open resistance was made by the newspaper proprietors, who refused to obey the ordinances on account of their unconstitutional character, and on the 27th they were visited with the punishment threatened for disobedience. This was the signal for an insurrection of the populace, which soon became general; and during the two following days the struggle between the people and the soldiers was carried on with unabated fury, until the restored branch of the Bourbons was hurled from the throne, of which it had deliberately violated the constitutional bonds. Within a few days after the promulgation of the ordinances, the ministers who had signed them were in custody as criminals.

The deputies in Paris had again met on the 27th of July, and they continued to hold frequent meetings at the houses of one or the other during the troubles of the following days. M. Guizot was one of this small section of the legal representatives of the nation, and his example of calmness and moderation amid the perils with which they were surrounded, contributed not a little to give confidence to the others. It was he who drew up nearly all their acts and resolutions. At the meeting of the 27th, which was held at the house of Casimir Perier, the number of deputies present

amounted to thirty-two. Men were killed in the street before the house during the time they were assembled. They met next morning in the house of M. Audrey de Puyraveau, when the number was reduced to twenty. It was at this meeting that the ineffectual attempt was made to open negotiations with the court, with the object of putting a stop to the bloodshed which was going on in the capital. The king, in spite of all warnings, remained obstinate. M. Guizot drew up the "declaration" of the deputies, which was brought forward at this meeting, and which was finally agreed to at another meeting in the afternoon. At a third meeting, held at night, only a dozen deputies reached the appointed place, for the war between the insurgents and the troops was then at its greatest violence. The house was, as usual, guarded by strong bodies of the populace, for, besides the inevitable dangers attendant on such a turbulent scene, orders had been given by the government to seize upon the persons of the Opposition deputies who attended these meetings. The latter now determined to assume the direction of the popular movement and to risk their lives on the result; and they only separated at midnight to meet again the next morning (July 29) at Lafitte's. That day decided the contest in favour of the populace.

There was a considerable party who, finding the power for the moment in the hands of the mob, would have taken advantage of the popular victory to proclaim a Republic, and thus hurry the country into the same disasters with which it is threatened at present. But the men who had taken the lead in the movement, and who had been unwilling to proceed to the last extremities so long as there remained any hope of inducing the king to listen to moderation, had rallied round the constitution of their country to defend it, and not to destroy it, and, when it was secured, they conceived that the work was ended. They had relieved France from the tyranny of the crown, and they now stepped forward to rescue it from the violence of the mob. They insured the triumph of moderation by recalling into existence the National Guard, which, being chiefly composed of people of the middle class in society, who understood the necessity of public tranquillity, formed a counterpoise to the sudden power of the populace. It was M. Guizot who drew up the proclamation announcing the success of the Revolution, and recommending the choice of the Duke of Orleans as king. The majority of the intelligent classes approved of the choice, and the constitution of France was allowed to proceed immediately in its usual working, without having received any injury, either from the encroachments of the crown on one side, or from the violence of the revolutionary spirit on the other.

The latter party, however, remained disappointed and gloomy, and made several attempts to recover the superiority it had held for a moment, which led to disorders in some parts of the country, and to the formation of a number of secret societies and clubs of a dangerous tendency.

On the 1st of August, 1830, M. Guizot was appointed Minister of the Interior, in a cabinet composed of the most respectable leaders of the former Opposition. He began with a determined resistance to the revolutionary spirit which had manifested itself, and one of his first acts was to suppress the political clubs. The mob demanded clamorously that the ministers of Charles X. should be brought to the scaffold; and it was M. Guizot's bold and generous advocacy of the principle in support of which he had formerly written, that political offences should not be visited

with death, that by disappointing the thirst for blood, first rendered him unpopular. The cabinet was, however, not unanimous in these sentiments of moderation and resistance to the democratic movement; and the contrary principles gaining for a moment the upper hand, M. Guizot resigned on the 3rd of November, along with the Duc de Broglie, Casimir Perier, General Sebastiani, the Count Molé, &c., after having held office only three months.

IV.—MONSIEUR GUIZOT AS MINISTER OF STATE.

THE party which advocated the policy of listening to the clamours of the mob, by which in fact they were supported, was now for a while in power; but the continued antagonism between conservatism as regarded the constitution, and republicanism (for those were in reality the two contending principles in the state), made it difficult to form a ministry of any degree of stability or efficiency. M. Guizot, whose three months in 1830 may be considered as little more than a provisional ministry, continued to uphold in the Chamber of Deputies the cause of resistance and order within, and of peace without, and was the uniform supporter of Casimir Perier, until the autumn of 1832, when this policy gained the ascendancy. In the new cabinet formed on the 11th of October, 1832, he was named Minister of Public Instruction, which office he held (with the brief interruption from February 26, to September 6, 1836) till the 15th of April, 1837.

The Ministry of Public Instruction is an important division of the government, and has to deal with some of the most delicate questions in the internal policy of the country. When M. Guizot entered upon it, many of its branches were in great confusion, and had been long neglected or mismanaged; but his accession to power opened a new epoch for literature, science, and education in France. The encouragement which he gave to the development of learning and knowledge, and the discernment and impartiality with which it was given, were things quite new in that country. One of his first acts as minister was to re-establish by a royal ordinance, dated the 26th of October, 1832, the old Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the History of France, which had been abolished in 1802 by Napoleon, then First Consul, as dangerous to the government on account of its free discussion of political questions. By the law relating to primary instruction, passed on the 28th of June, 1833, he insured the foundation of a school in every commune in the kingdom, and provided the necessary funds for its support. In 1834 he established the grand Historical Commission attached to the Ministry of Public Instruction in Paris, and supported by branch commissions throughout the country, which laid the foundation for that eminence in historical and archæological science for which France has since become so remarkable.

These were the three more prominent acts of M. Guizot as Minister of Public Instruction; his administration, as we have just stated, ended in 1837, on the breaking up of the Conservative cabinet, which was again followed by several short-lived ministries of different colours, while he remained altogether out of office. His return, at least partially, to his favourite literary pursuits, was marked in 1839 by the appearance of his "*Life of Washington*," which, though but a comparatively brief essay, attracted so

much notice that it was immediately translated in England and Germany. On the 10th of February, 1840, M. Guizot was sent as ambassador to London, for the purpose of labouring to preserve a good understanding between the two countries amid the difficulties attendant on our policy in the East. The favourable impression which he then made personally in this country is remembered everywhere. He was recalled suddenly and unexpectedly to join in a new cabinet, when the rash policy of M. Thiers had nearly produced a European war. From the 29th of October, 1840, to the 23rd of February, 1848, while holding the ministry of foreign affairs, M. Guizot has been virtually prime minister of France, although Marshal Soult held the nominal premiership. M. Guizot succeeded to the latter as president of the council in 1847.

During this long period—much longer than any ministry had hitherto been able to sustain its ground since the Revolution of 1830—M. Guizot persevered in one uniform policy of supporting constitutional order and resisting the revolutionary spirit which ambitious and designing people were labouring to spread among the lower and even among the middle classes. With this object he raised up the Conservative party in the Chamber of Deputies; and the strength of that party among the better classes of society in France is fully demonstrated by the fact that two successive general elections—in 1842 and 1846—gave it a large majority in the Chamber. This policy was indeed, the only one which assured the stability of the throne of Louis Philippe, and as a safeguard against the dangers with which that policy was likely to be threatened on the event of the king's demise, the law of the regency was passed on the sudden death of the Duke of Orleans. During the whole of the period of which we are now speaking, the national riches and prosperity were advancing rapidly; extensive public works, executing in all parts of France, railways, roads, monuments, furnished a sufficient proof of this; and during late years the public revenue was regularly progressing with an annual augmentation of about a million sterling. All these were advantages derived from the general and individual security that was beginning to be felt throughout France under a free constitutional government. This security had just been increased by the final reduction of Algiers and capture of Abd-el-Kader, which had at least taken away one element that might interrupt the peace of the foreign relations of the country.

The foreign relations of a country are naturally those which can hardly, under any circumstances, be looked upon among neighbouring states, whether friendly or hostile, without a division of opinion, inasmuch as, some way or other, they must affect conflicting interests. A principal aim of M. Guizot's foreign policy was evidently to strengthen the constitutional throne of 1830. Within a short period after his accession to power, he succeeded in restoring the good understanding with the rest of Europe which had been gravely compromised under the ministry that preceded him; and in spite of a number of serious difficulties in the mutual relations of France and England, arising from the question of the right of visit, the affair of Otaheite, the war with Morocco, and, more especially, the Spanish marriages, they have all been arranged in a pacific manner, and M. Guizot has laboured with success to preserve the friendly relations between the two countries. We believe that he regarded the Spanish alliance chiefly as a new safeguard to the constitutional monarchy existing in France.

V.—THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

FOR eighteen years the party which was disappointed in its hopes of establishing a republic in 1830 has never ceased to agitate the masses against the government of Louis Philippe. The political clubs were suppressed, but they gave place to a multitude of secret societies, which were equally, if not more dangerous in their tendency, because the secrecy of their movements made it more difficult to provide against them. Some of those which were less cautious in their proceedings were from time to time detected and put down, but others managed to keep out of the reach of the authorities. It was their action on society which produced so many attempts on the life of the king, as well as a number of scattered and partial insurrections. Their field of action was most extensive among the lower orders; and the revolutionary spirit which has so long been characteristic of the French populace was now combined with wild Utopian schemes of a change in the social relations which could not fail to flatter and seduce the working classes, in a country where the operatives are far more accustomed to entertain and discuss such theoretical questions than in England. The specious doctrines of "communism," and other such like schemes, which were ostensibly to place the operative classes on an equality with, but in reality to make them masters over, the other orders, were spreading widely through that portion of society in France which they promised more especially to benefit. Persons were found, indeed, among the more intelligent classes, weak enough to believe that such schemes would benefit society; and there were others, too wise to be deceived in this respect, who took up the cause merely as an instrument for gratifying their personal ambition.

It was this which gave its dangerous character to the Opposition in France. In outward appearance constitutional, its concealed and ultimate object was to overthrow the constitution then existing; it was the mob of Paris for which they were working, and this was perfectly well known even to those who had themselves no intention of going so far, but who engaged this dangerous ally in the vain belief that when, by its assistance, they had succeeded in bringing themselves into power, they would be able to control its further operations.

That portion of society which chiefly possessed an interest in the preservation of order and national security, felt in general the necessity of resisting this movement from below, and showed this sentiment by their support of the government, which, in the constitutional body to which the welfare of the state was more especially intrusted, had a continued and substantial majority. Thus the revolutionary Opposition found that, with the increasing prosperity of their country, their strength became diminished.

From this moment the extreme Opposition took precisely the same position with regard to the constitution which had been occupied by Charles X. when he was deprived of the throne. In the one case, the king demanded a parliament which should act in obedience to his own will; when he could not obtain this, in the ordinary course of elections, he tried to subvert the legitimate operations of the electoral system; and finding this also unavailable, he determined to abolish, by force, the electoral system itself, and with it, of course, the constitution. The revolutionary Opposition under the reign of Louis Philippe demanded

in the same way a Chamber, which should not be a calmly deliberative assembly, but one that would act under their control and carry out only their views ; when they could not obtain this under the free action of the constitution, they clamoured for an electoral reform, by which they meant an alteration of the constitution that should throw the right of electing almost entirely into the hands of those who were under their own influence and guidance ; this not being granted, they resolved to obtain it by force, even to the destruction of the constitution. The arbitrary monarch and the arbitrary mob aimed equally at tyrannising over France ; each in its way had recourse to coercion, but what the former was hindered from doing by the Revolution of 1830, has been at length effected by the latter in the Revolution of 1848.

The electoral system was no grievance, unless it be a grievance to confine the possession of political power to that portion of the people which knows how to use it, and whose interest it is to use it for the advantage of the Commonwealth. It was the same constituency which returned the Chamber that so firmly resisted the encroachments of the crown under Charles X., except that the franchise had been considerably extended after the events of 1830 ; and it was not likely, therefore, that it would now choose a Chamber that would betray the interests of the country under Louis Philippe. But the demand for electoral reform was the most popular cry that had yet been raised by the Opposition ; and many joined in it without perceiving the real end at which its violent supporters aimed. In every country it is the same—constant agitation will invariably produce converts, whether the object be good or bad.

In the same manner, personal attacks, incessantly repeated, seldom fail in the end to draw odium upon those against whom they are directed. The abuse with which the Opposition journals for eighteen years loaded the name of M. Guizot, was unbounded. He had been from the first the most persevering and the most energetic supporter of the constitution of his country—a main bulwark of the throne which had been confirmed and established in 1830, and even his unexceptionable character for probity and public virtue seemed only to render him more obnoxious to the multitude, because it added to his moral force. Knowing perfectly well what the Opposition really aimed at, he determined to stand by the throne and the king he had so long supported, to the last. He refused to bend before the clamour for electoral reform, because, in the first place, he believed that it was not necessary, and because he saw perfectly well that it would turn to the profit, not of constitutional opposition, but of revolutionary anarchy. At the same time, he announced his willingness to take the subject into consideration at a future period, providing the Conservative party could agree on the question. The obstinacy with which M. Guizot has been charged, was not an unwillingness to listen to any reasonable demands, but a determination not to surrender up to popular violence what it was his most sacred duty to defend.

M. Guizot was perfectly well aware that at the same time, and before this question of reform was so violently agitated, the revolutionists were preparing for a desperate attempt to overthrow the existing constitution, and establish a republic in its place ; it was even known that the death of Louis Philippe was the period which had been fixed upon in the secret societies for striking the decisive blow, against which event the govern-

ment had taken what measures of security it could. That period, it was supposed, could not be very remote ; but whether the agitation by the reform banquets had any reference to it, we are not prepared to state. It appears to us, however, quite clear, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, that these reform banquets were essentially seditious meetings, and, in the position of parties, dangerous to the tranquillity and safety of the state, especially when they were to be held in the capital. The government, unwilling to have even the appearance of trespassing upon the liberty of the subject, as long as the danger did not seem serious, allowed them to take place in the provinces without interfering ; but it felt obliged to prevent the monster banquet at Paris, on account of the grave consequences which it was foreseen must arise from it. The Opposition itself can hardly have expected that it would pass without seriously disturbing the peace of the metropolis ; intended, however, as a threat, it could not be too menacing. In the end, the minister came to an understanding with the Opposition, to bring the question of the legality of the banquets, on which they placed so much stress, before a court of justice for decision ; and it was not till the committee of the Parisian banquet had issued a proclamation, giving directions for a grand manifestation, in terms which its most violent advocates in the Chamber did not venture to avow, and which were both dangerous to the peace of the capital, and a usurpation on the legal power of the state, that he found it necessary to forbid it altogether.

The result is but too well known. For two or three days before the determination of the ministers to forbid the banquet, the agitation had been going on ; and on Tuesday, the 22nd of February, the day fixed by the committee for holding it, the mob of Paris began to assemble in a riotous manner. The government looked forward to disturbances, and had made preparations for repressing them. On the morning of the 22nd, M. Guizot left the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and passed that and the following day at the Ministry of the Interior, from whence were issued all the orders against the insurrection of the populacc. The Opposition however, had not itself expected, that on this occasion the disturbance would have assumed so decisive a character ; and we are enabled to state from the highest authority, that on the morning of the 23rd of February, nothing indicated that the revolutionary party had changed its intention of waiting for the death of Louis Philippe as the period for its attempt on the constitution. But the king showed hesitation at a fatal moment ; and the announcement of petitions for electoral reform, signed by the National Guards, decided Louis Philippe at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday the 23rd), to change his ministry, in the belief that his would effectually appease the discontented Parisians. There is every reason to believe that it was the dismissal of the cabinet which, taken as a proof of the weakness of the crown, decided the revolutionary party to display its whole force and strike the definitive blow for which it had been long preparing. The king sent for the Count Molé, who, in the night between the 23rd and the 24th, declined undertaking the formation of a new cabinet. During the night the king had an interview with M. Guizot, and then he sent for M. Thiers, who, with Odilon Barrot, undertook readily to form a ministry and restore the capital to tranquillity ; but they demanded as a preliminary step that orders should be in-

mediately sent to Marshal Bugeaud to cease from employing any force against the mob, promising that they would appease the latter by persuasion, and by their own influence. The troops, who might have preserved the throne and constitution, were thus restrained from action; while almost the only persuasion employed by the new ministers to silence the mob consisted in placarding on the wall a proclamation announcing that the king had dismissed his old ministers, and charged them with the formation of a cabinet. Paris was thus at once thrown into the hands of the revolutionary party, and the troops having been once countermanded, they could no longer be brought to act with efficiency, but seemed to have allowed themselves to be borne on with the irresistible course of events. M. Guizot saw the king for the last time in Paris at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of the 24th, when there was no thought of abdication. But within three or four hours Louis Philippe, deserted by those who had now undertaken to support him, was obliged to secure his personal safety by a hasty flight. The remark which the English journals put into the king's mouth on his landing in England, that the French people had deposed Charles X. for attacking the Charter, while he was now driven away for defending it, is strictly true—the constitution, which was saved by the revolution of 1830, had been destroyed by the revolution of 1848.

After quitting the king on the morning of the 24th, M. Guizot returned to the Ministry of the Interior, and remained firm at his post of duty until about twelve o'clock, when a body of five or six thousand of the insurgents burst in, and he was obliged to seek refuge in the house of a friend. He there remained concealed six days, without any communication with the exterior.

VI.—THE FLIGHT.

ONE of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the Revolution of 1848, was the extraordinary mystery which for some days enveloped the fate of the fugitives. The king, his family, and his ministers, suddenly disappeared, and nobody could even guess the route they had taken. Nearly all that was known of Louis Philippe for a week after his disappearance was, that he had proceeded from Paris to St. Cloud; and so completely were people in ignorance of his subsequent movements, that he was reported almost at the same time in the newspapers to have been drowned in the Channel, to have been dead of chagrin in France, and to have been alive and well at Brussels. As to M. Guizot, according to these same journals, he seemed to have succeeded in solving an old and difficult problem of one person being in five or six different places at the same time. We are enabled to give the particulars of their escape from the most unquestionable authority.

Louis Philippe was more unfortunate than Charles X. in this, that having sought his only personal defence in the protection of his own subjects, he had no strong body of foreign guards to cover his retreat. When he found that his palace was on the point of being invaded by an infuriated populace, he made instant preparations to quit it and to leave Paris. The royal party, consisting of the king and queen, the Duchess of Nemours and her children, and the Duchess of Coburg and her children, descended from the palace of the Tuileries into the garden, and

waited within the railings looking on the Place de la Concorde for the arrival of their carriage. This, however, was detained by an unexpected accident, for one of his piqueurs and three of the horses had been killed by the populace, before it could leave the court of the Tuileries. The news of this disaster perhaps made the king's flight more precipitate; he called for two broughams, which happened to be standing on the place for hire, and, entering into one with a part of his family, and placing the rest in the other, he drove off in all haste to St. Cloud. His retreat was protected first by a detachment of cavalry and a party of artillery, which occupied the alley and the place, and another party of cuirassiers served him as an escort on the way to St. Cloud. The king at this time was without any money on his person; for, in his hurried departure from the Tuileries, he had forgotten to take a sum of about 12,000 francs in gold which was deposited in his *secrtaire*. One of his officers, however, who subsequently joined him, happened to have 1000 francs in his pocket, which he immediately handed to his royal master.

From St. Cloud the royal family went to Versailles, and thence to Trianon; and then, having disguised themselves as well as they could, they proceeded by an ordinary conveyance to Dreux, undetermined as yet to which point on the coast they should direct their steps. The Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier had now joined them, but quitted them again to take a separate route, and arrived in England before them. The royal party remained at Dreux that night, and next day the king resolved that they should proceed to one of his forests, in the neighbourhood of Evreux, for the purpose of consulting with the steward of his property there, a man in whom he placed great confidence. This was Friday, the 25th of February. When they arrived there, they found that the steward was absent, having gone upon business to Evreux; upon which a messenger was sent in search of him, and the whole party sought a temporary refuge in a farm-house by the road-side, the inmates of which, entirely ignorant of the quality of their guests, gave up to them two private rooms. This farm-house proved in the sequel a second Boscobel. When the steward arrived, he had a private interview with the king, in which he strongly recommended him to trust himself to the loyalty of the farmer in whose house he was a guest, for he was well known for his warm attachment to his person and government.

The farmer was immediately called in and presented to the king, who found in him all the devotion which he had been led to expect; the royal fugitives remained in his house in perfect security, until they had resolved on the direction in which it appeared safest to continue their flight. The farmer's offer to be their guide was willingly accepted, and as the king had a friend on the coast of Grasse, above Honfleur, in whom he could place confidence, it was determined to proceed thither. The principal difficulty lay in finding any kind of conveyance across the country, for the distance was upwards of thirty leagues; but the farmer had himself some very strong horses, with which he offered to try to go the whole distance without changing. In order not to excite suspicion in the country through which they had to pass, the royal party was divided into three. The king, with one of his grandchildren and the farmer, went first in a kind of cabriolet belonging to the latter, and reached the coast with-

out stoppage or accident. Two or three hours after came the queen and some others of the royal family; and a third carriage was equally successful in carrying to the place of rendezvous the remainder. At this place they found there was no chance of meeting with a vessel of any kind bound for England, and they, therefore, proceeded to Trouville, where they remained two days and two nights, with no greater prospect of success. At length they reached Honfleur, and there found a small steamer ready to start for Havre, on which, still preserving the strictest disguise, they obtained a passage. At Havre, as it is well known, the king found one of the English steamers which Queen Victoria had sent to the coast for his use, should he arrive there, and, after a rough voyage, he landed with his family at Newhaven, in Sussex, on Friday, March 3rd. The Duke and Duchess of Coburg, the Duke of Nemours, and the Duchess of Montpensier, who had separated from them at an early stage of their journey, were already in London.

The last of the royal family who left Paris was the Duchess of Orleans, who, on the disastrous Thursday which had driven her father-in-law from his throne, made an effort to recover it for her child, by throwing herself on the protection of the Chamber of Deputies, to which she went with her two children, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres, accompanied by the Duke of Nemours. The Chamber was confused and hesitated; Odilon Barrot made a feeble appeal for the heir to the throne, which only brought upon himself suspicions of being less warmly affected, than it was supposed, to the sovereignty of the mob. Other members called for the formation of a temporary and Provisional Government, which should take the responsibility off their shoulders; and the question was decided by the hostile irruption of the populace into the Chamber, whose *gallantry* did not extend so far as to show respect for princesses, and their attitude was so threatening, that the duchess and her party made their way through the crowd and escaped. After a journey, which was not quite so chequered with adventures as that of the king, she reached Ems, in Germany, with her two children, wearied and moneyless.

The danger which threatened the ministers of the crown was doubtless more real than that of the royal family, though it is difficult to say what might have happened even to the king, had he fallen into the hands of the mob, either in the capital or in the provinces. The threats were loudest against MM. Guizot and Duchâtel. The latter, after having escaped from the Ministry of the Interior, disguised, and bearing a false passport, went direct in a post-chaise from Paris to Beauvais. As soon as he arrived at that city, he quitted the conveyance which had brought him, and turning off from the direct route, he made his way across Normandy to Havre, where he embarked for England without meeting with any difficulty. But he found the country through which he passed full of a variety of rumours; and when he entered a small town named Méru, he was arrested by a body of rough fellows who called themselves the National Guard, and who demanded a sight of his passport. After examining this, and finding, as far as they could judge, that all was right, they allowed him to pass; but they informed him that their reason for stopping him was, that two strangers had passed through the town the day before, who had not been examined, but who, they had since

been told, were the Duke of Nemours and M. Guizot; and they added, that if they had known it, they would immediately have taken them into the middle of the street and shot them.

M. Guizot we have left in safe concealment in the house of a friend in Paris, while a hundred reports were spread abroad as to the route which he had taken in his flight, which were in some instances apparently confirmed by the friendly fictions of those who were anxious to prevent any suspicion of his being in Paris. One person, on his arrival in London, wrote back to a correspondent in Paris that he had just met the president of the council in a street of the English capital. There was also a circumstantial account that he had been saved from the mob by a member of the Chamber of Deputies, that he had been carried secretly to the country house of a friend near the coast of Normandy, and that he was there waiting *incognito* an opportunity to pass over into England. At Paris it was universally believed that he was in London; while at London it was as generally supposed that he was at Brussels.

In the midst of this uncertainty as to his fate, M. Guizot left his friend's house without exciting any suspicions, on Wednesday afternoon, the 1st of March, and took his place in the railway-train to Brussels, where he arrived with no other hindrance than that caused by a difficulty of passing the river at Valenciennes, the populace having destroyed the bridge. From Brussels M. Guizot proceeded immediately by railway to Ostend, where he embarked on an English steamer which landed him at Dover about mid-day on Friday, March 3, and he arrived in London the same afternoon. He there found his two daughters, who had arrived with their governess on the previous day, and who had not seen or heard any intelligence of their father, except such as was conveyed by the ordinary newspapers, since the first outbreak of the insurrection in Paris. M. Guizot had removed his family from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to the house of a friend, where they were more secure from danger or insult. After remaining till the tumults in the capital were somewhat pacified, the two young ladies, accompanied by their governess, with no other luggage than they could carry in their hands, left the house, and, not daring to leave Paris publicly, made their way on foot through the town, and, unknown, were assisted over the barricades by the very men who had so recently been vociferating vengeance against their father. When they got clear of the town they entered a public conveyance, which carried them to Senlis. There they took the railway, and proceeded direct to Boulogne, where they passed over to Folkestone, and so immediately to London. They were followed in the space of a few days, first by their brother, and subsequently by their grandmother.

VII.—THE REPUBLIC AND ITS PROSPECTS.

FRANCE has at length obtained her much longed-for republic, and M. Guizot's constitutional struggle is at an end. We have yet to see exemplified in that unhappy country the blessings of universal suffrage, and the advantages of national poverty and bankruptcy over national riches and prosperity. We have endeavoured to speak of the past in the light in which it will be viewed by the impartial historian at some

distant period; the future is too full of uncertainty, and the movement of events too rapid, to allow us to speculate upon it. The picture is the more dark to our eyes, from the inextricable confusion of the present.

In many of its characteristics totally dissimilar from the great Revolution of the last century, the Revolution of 1848 has one point of resemblance—the mob of Paris is again the despotic master of France, and it has only as yet shown more moderation than formerly, because it has met with less resistance. The old Revolution raised the lower classes on the ruins of an ancient, rich, and proud aristocracy, and thus gave them the power to tyrannise over the middle classes. The present Revolution is, in one of its points of view, a development, on an immense scale, of what occurred in the Flemish towns during the thirteenth century—the combination of the operatives to coerce and use the rest of society to their own advantage. The suddenness of the change makes it more difficult to foresee in what direction it will be carried, but it is advancing with no common rapidity. One day overthrew the throne of Louis Philippe; the next saw the previous leaders of the movement, Odilon Barrot and his party, who had been willing to stop at an intermediate point, thrown aside and neglected. A provisional government nominally rules France, but it is only at the beck of the populace, and by the toleration of the clubs; it has only appeased them by making condition after condition, and promise after promise, none of which it can by any stretch of possibility fulfil, until these promises are becoming absolute absurdities. The members of this government, no doubt, expect to be continued in power by the result of the elections, but the moment must soon arrive when the mob will find their incapability to perform the conditions imposed upon them, and will turn them off ignominiously, to substitute more violent agents in their place. They appear, in fact, to be already undermined. It is hoped that the moderate party will be strong in the first republican chamber; but the mob of Paris is stronger than the chamber, and will enforce its obedience. The National Guard is already in disgrace, because it demanded that influence should be given to the *bourgeoisie*. The mob will have no class of society superior to itself; the interests of the "*ouvrier*" alone are to be consulted; and who is there, as far as we can see at present, to coerce it. There are men among those who at present appear to rule the destinies of France, who are no doubt generous and humane; but when the time comes, which it certainly will, that the mob of Paris demands victims, these men must either comply, or give up their places to those who are less scrupulous.

Liberté! égalité! fraternité! Liberty in France is at present a mockery of the word. There is no liberty of the press; there is liberty neither of thought, nor of word, nor of action. Equality there apparently will be at last; but it is to be feared that it will be an equality of universal poverty and degradation, and many are the miseries and convulsions through which France will have passed before that equality arrives. What sort of fraternity it may bring with it, we dare not predict.

THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER III.

THOUGHTS UPON MATRIMONY—THE QUALITY BALL.

It is a wonderfully obliging world this if people did but know it. There are people quite as ready to deceive themselves as there can be others anxious to deceive them. How often do we see good-natured souls helping themselves on to disaster, aiding some enterprising youth in his designs against themselves. In the grand game of matrimony there is no species of gullibility too gross to go down. Not only do the enamoured couple appear quite "beside themselves," but the whole connexion seem to be carried away by a species of infatuation that renders them perfectly blind to what would be palpably apparent in the case of any one else. Old women never doubt that the man in hand is "every thing they could wish,"—a ten thousand a yearer in short. "True," they will say to their organ of communication, for they all have their speaking trumpets, through whom they send forth their manifestos, "true, I may appear to some to be acting imprudently, but I have good reason to know *hem*," &c., which, with a purse of the mouth, and a significant nod of the head, means he's all right, and can stand inquiry.

People like to encourage flirtations, they make a sort of ripple on the calm ocean of society that serves them to talk about. "Well how are Captain Sash and Miss Dancewell getting on?" inquires old Mrs. Lumberton, who, perhaps, has never seen either of them, but has depicted the pair in her mind's eye. Then some officious busybody, knowing how the parents wish it to be, volunteers to get them information—particulars of the gentleman's "ways and means," which is generally about as accurate as an auctioneer's puff.

There is one peculiarity attending the hunt matrimonial, namely, that up to a certain point there is nothing too good for a man—that point missed—and there is nothing too bad. The same ears that imbibed the most wholesale fulsome flattery will suck in the most atrocious calumnies that ever were uttered. Then it is, "O what an escape dear Angelina has had! Can never be sufficiently thankful; will make me most suspicious and cautious in future;" and they immediately cast about for some one else to play the same game over again with.

But we will descend from generalities to the parties introduced at the delightful watering-place of Glauberend. Our last left the subordinates, that is to say, the valet and lady's maid, enlightening each other on their respective masters and mistresses. Shocked as De la Tour was at the first mention of the Doocy's connexion with trade, he yet continued to listen, and his sensitive mind seemed relieved by the assurance of their enormous wealth. He finally parted with the fair maid, satisfied that whatever the ladies were like, she, at all events, was worth looking after.

After a French cook there is nothing carries so much weight in the world as a French valet. It seems extraordinary that they should, for though we by no means deny the ability of a Frenchman to dress a dinner, we have seen very few with any idea of dressing themselves. Still there is no denying that there is a certain importance attached to the keeping a French valet. "O, he's a regular swell, French valet, and

all that sort of thing," we frequently hear said, the French valet standing in the same relation to the bachelor that the French cook does to the householder.

Perhaps the importance may partly arise from a conviction that a French valet is, to all intents and purposes, a valet, a mere coat-brusher and nothing else, while an English "John" may be required to turn his hand to many things that the aristocracy of servitude could not tolerate.

The rule of service is, the more wages the less work, upon which principle the laziest servant of course is the finest gentleman. We read in the paper the other day of a butler who considered it beneath him to make punch, though the unfeeling magistrate before whom he appeared did not sympathise in his reasonable objection.

The second wire in Mrs. Dooley's electric telegraph was Mrs. Dripping, her housekeeper. Through her she thought to get her information in a more dispassionate reliable form than direct from the lips of a person whose own feelings might be mixed up in the matter. In the course of its filtration through Mrs. Dripping's mind, she calculated upon its losing any little over-colouring; accordingly, she waited until the afternoon following the ball before she made any inquiries on the subject.

"And what sort of a dance had Lucy last night?" at length asked she, having toiled through all the intricacies of housekeeping and eating, by way of a blind to her eagerness.

"Oh, very nice dance, indeed, ma'm," replied Mrs. Dripping,— "made the acquaintance of the gentleman; of that smart young gentleman,—oh, dear, what's his name—shall forget my own next—who's stayin' at the Imperial."

"Mr. Rocket?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Dooley.

"Rocket's the name," replied Mrs. Dripping,— "danced three or four times with him—a French gentleman—very pleasant gentleman—great admirer of the English—English merchants, in particular," added the cunning fat one, with an inward laugh at the "d—d base mechanic" story which Lucy had retailed with all its incidents.

"And what sort of a master does he say he's got?" asked Mrs. Dooley.

"Oh, *such a nice gentleman*," replied Mrs. Dripping, rubbing her hands down her apron; "*such a nice gentleman*—never wears his gloves twice—pays his bills without looking at them—*quite the gentleman*, in short," added she, a servant's idea of gentility being strongly associated with "standing cheating well."

"Is he rich?" asked Mrs. Dooley.

"*Enormously!*" replied Mrs. Dripping. "I really forget the immense sum Lucy said his valet told her his master had; it was French money, to be sure, but it sounded almost impossible."

French money certainly has that effect, and it is rather important to know whether a person talks in pence or in pounds.

The result of all this was, that new dresses were immediately written off for, to be down the day after but one; so Mrs. Furbelow's poor apprentices were kept stitching all the Sunday, the only day of the week in which they ever get a mouthful of fresh air, and this notwithstanding Mrs. Dooley is a subscriber to the distressed needle-woman's and other female protecting societies, though, like many of the subscribers, she seems to consider that her protection of them against others entitles her to persecute them herself.

The ball was to be on the Monday; and both on that and the previous day or two, certain "dear friends" dropped in, and drew the bait of the "smart stranger" quietly past Mrs. Dooley's nose, to see whether she would "rise at it" or not. Mrs. Dooley, however, was a marvellously prudent woman—in her own estimation, at least; and if there was one thing she prided herself on more than another, it was being able to hold her tongue, and Mrs. Bouncer and Mrs. Porker, and even Mrs. Downey herself, went away with the full conviction that Mrs. Dooley knew nothing about him, and that they would "start fair," at all events. Our friend, Tom Rocket, therefore, enjoyed that momentary popularity and exemption from "pulling to pieces," so rare, and generally of such short continuance; for, let but the glove be thrown, and a man is immediately outlawed by the ladies. As it was, not an inquiry was made, not a hint hazarded, not a suspicion raised that he was not "every thing that could be wished," and we have been informed by competent calculators that there were thirty-two young ladies put into the "slips,"—that is to say, their best dresses,—to run for so unwonted a prize. One of the advantages of watering-places undoubtedly is, that these sort of things are put into training much sooner than they can be elsewhere.

London is a good place for angling for men, for keeping two or three in tow until an anxious mamma finds out what each has; but for quick and ready returns, as Dooley would say, there is no place like a regular, idle, lounging, kill-time, meet at every turn, watering-place, where a man is almost driven into adopting some girl to protect him from the rest.

We will now pass on to the all-important evening of the ball.

Mr. Hornblower's celebrated band of eighteen performers had puffed and blown through two quadrilles and a *gallope*, when a noise of rustling dresses rose above the pump pattering of the promenaders, and presently the Miss Dooleys entered the room in all the pride of pink satin dresses, trimmed and flounced with an extraordinary quantity of labour, and most tastefully decorated here and there with bunches of roses of a somewhat deeper blush than the dresses. The sneers and frowns of the dowagers had hardly subsided, ere our friend, Rocket, himself was seen pulling on a pair of kid gloves at the door. The pompous Major Slooman, the all-important master of the ceremonies, was presently before him, offering his services. Our friend, like a good general, first claimed the hand of little Miss Downey—a doll-like little thing, extremely amiable, of course, but of no interest to any, save her parents.

"So glad!" burst from half-a-dozen faded wall-flowers, who had been watching the proceedings with intense interest.

Poor Mrs. Dooley's crimson cheeks would hardly accommodate her face with a smile.

Terrible are the trials of a chaperone! Distraction abroad, and contention at home. Mrs. Dooley, however, was a woman of quick mind and ready decision. She had seen too much of the men to believe the game lost because she did not gain the first move.

"Girls," she said, in an under-tone, pressing their arms to her side as she spoke, "*don't engage yourselves beyond this dance.*" She would have added, "and, if you can, dance in the same quadrille as Mr. R.;" but young Mr. Catlap, a very promising young gentleman, lately emerged from Doctor Cantwell's academy, full of the usual stories of school-boy pranks, that being greatly interesting to himself were presumed to be so to the world at large, claimed Maria's hand; and old Mr.

Hoppey, a demure, bald-headed gentleman, who goes dancing on from year's end to year's end, looking for all the world as if he couldn't help himself, took Amelia, bespeaking the others a *vis-à-vis*.

Great was Mrs. Dooeys's exultation when, having returned little Miss Downey to her ecstatic mamma, she saw Mr. Rocket indicating in the distance his desire to make the acquaintance of the ladies "under the mirror;" and delighted, indeed, was she to see all eyes fastening upon the portly major, as he steered his great stomach through the crowd to obtain her permission.

There was a visible depression of the "Rocket funds" throughout the room, especially among the holders of "stock" in the shape of daughters, though some of them tried to carry it off with a high hand—just as candidates do who lose the show of hands before the hustings. "Nothing in it," say they, "nothing in it, all the world knows there's nothing in it." When, however, they gain, they never fail to make a pretty crow.

If we may judge of the ladies' disappointment by their previous exultation it must have been very considerable, and these first steps of the stranger must have been considered of much greater importance than to the uninitiated are apparent.

Having made his best Parisian bow to mamma and her daughters, Mr. Rocket selected Miss Dooeys (Maria), who sat on her right, and they were presently in place at the top of a quadrille.

The new dress fitted and floated marvellously; it was quite a beauty of a dress. Even old Mrs. Curmudgeon, who seldom said a good word for any thing, admitted that it would have been well enough if they had not forgotten to take the basting-threads out of the back. Another—Miss Shallow, we believe—quoted the familiar saying that "fine feathers make fine birds," an admission that the dress, at all events, was good. Let the unprejudiced narrator, however, declare that it was all good, dress, figure, flounce, and every thing.

Maria, too, did her best to carry it off, and with head well up and arms well turned, she footed and floated, a perfect impersonification of smartness and activity. Sorely, right sorely, did her agile ease tell upon the countenances of the surrounding spectators.

Having danced her, Mr. Rocket gave Miss Porker a turn before he claimed the hand of the fair Amelia, and having in turn deposited her, he gave Miss Hogg, Miss Jane Fletcher, and Miss Kidd, each a quadrille.

At the close of the ball Mrs. Bite, the great broker's wife, declared she didn't think there was a quarter per cent. difference in any of their chances.

Mr. Rocket carried the diplomacy evinced in the ball-room into his subsequent conduct. Though extremely polite—perhaps rather attentive than otherwise—he neither evinced a stronger partiality for one sister than for another, nor yet carried his attention for the Dooeys beyond what he evinced for sundry other girls. Hence the fat horses and jaunty cockade were quite as often seen scattering the Kensington gravel within the palisades of the drive up to Woodbine House, where the Porkers lived, as pursuing the more straightforward, backwards and forwards course before Belvidere-terrace. All this was greedily noted by the gossips.

The Dooeys' enormous money reputation, coupled with their own good looks and stylish appearance—stylish, at least, when there was nothing

really stylish to contrast them with—made them much too formidable rivals to be favourites with any of the anxious mammas, and many were the calls and ingenious the stories people were good enough to invent for their special annoyance. Mrs. Downey even asserted that Mr. Rocket had offered to Jane Porker and been accepted, hoping to get Mrs. Dooev to expose her own disappointment by abusing him; but Mrs. Dooev, as we said before, was a marvellously prudent woman, and had played the game too often to be caught in that way.

Then Miss Jaundice, the resident gossip and “know-every-body’s-affairs” of the place, who Mrs. Dooev unfortunately had not been able to dine, would drop in to tease her by saying what a nice young man Mr. Rocket was, and how glad she would have been if he had taken a fancy to one of her beautiful daughters, adding, with an air of indifference, “though, to be sure, in a pecuniary point of view, it was better he should take Miss Downey, who, poor thing, had nothing,” which hurt Mrs. Dooev excessively, for, next to a title, there was nothing she was desirous of accomplishing as a man of money, as well on account of the importance wealth gives, as the *éclat* it confers on successful matronly management, to say nothing of the fact that if one sister marries well, the other is sure to do so also. The marriage of the one pitches the tune, as it were, to which the other is to play up.

The common observation “she needn’t mind money, she can afford to marry for love,” is meant to apply to our friends and not to ourselves. Mrs. Dooev, we say, was hurt at the observation—or rather at the intimation that a “desirable” had slipped through her fingers, and in the agony of the moment she inquired if “Miss Jaundice was acquainted with Mr. Rocket?”

“Why, yes—no—yes—not personally, that’s to say I’ve a half-cousin who was particularly intimate with his family.”

“And what does she say about it?” inquired Mrs. Dooev, unable to restrain her anxiety.

“Oh, most respectable family,” replied Miss Jaundice.

Respectable may mean any thing; there cannot be a more vague description than simply saying a man is respectable. Why a chimney-sweeper is respectable if he sweeps our chimneys properly and does not steal the spoons. A young man is respectable who pays his tailor and walks arm-in-arm with his sisters to church.

Mrs. Dooev felt all this, and though dreading the answer, she could not refrain from uttering the all-important word “rich?”

“*Enormously!*” exclaimed her tormentor; “in fact, they say he’s the *richest commoner in England*,” added she.

CHAPTER IV.

STATE OF THE DOOEY HEART-MARKET—CHARLES SUMMERLEY.

It is now time that in the exercise of our peculiar privilege, we should let the reader a little more into the state of the Dooev heart-market at this interesting period. Market, we may well call it, for it was a good deal a matter of money.

Maria—Miss Dooev—had had thirteen sweethearts of one sort or another, eleven of whom had yielded offers, and three out of the eleven had been passed on to Dooev and rejected.

Of the remaining two, one was still in "tow," and the other was one of those hopeless sort of spoonneys that no girl can make any thing of, even in Leap-year. The one in tow, however, was of the troublesome order; and therefore, though Maria had two more men through her hands than Amelia, which, even making allowance for seniority of birth, was more than she was fairly entitled to, Mrs. Doocy was extremely anxious to let her have the run at the Richest Commoner, were it only for the sake of "shaking t'other chap off." As we have already said, Mr. Rocket had not shown any decided preference for either, and as they were both pretty equal in point of attractions, both fat, fair, and about twenty, Mrs. Doocy calculated, not unreasonably, perhaps, that one would suit Mr. Rocket as well as the other.

Independently of the pertinacity of the youth in tow, Mrs. Doocy had another strong reason for wishing to get rid of him quietly. She had encouraged him unknown to Doocy, and was afraid if she gave him his *congé* herself, he might appeal to the higher powers; while if he was supplanted, he would just die out like a flower, whose hour of existence is spent, and be no more heard of.

Maria, following the bright example of her mother, had established a secret correspondence with him through the medium of her maid, our friend Lucy Green, unknown to either parent, so that altogether things were rather in a tangled state at the Doocy country house at Glauberend.

Despite all the assertions of Miss Jaundice and other callers to the contrary, Mrs. Doocy had satisfactorily established to her own mind that Mr. Rocket was still in the market. That he called at other houses where there were girls, was true, but she had it from Mrs. Dripping, who had it from the servants of the respective families, that in no case had the mammas begun to leave the room when he appeared.

That being the case, our fair readers will readily admit that he was clearly any body's game.

Maria, we need hardly say, was desperately in love with Charles Sumnerly, for such was his name—as desperately, at least, as a girl can be who has been equally attached to a dozen others, and who is perfectly ready to resign the thirteen at her mother's bidding in favour of a fourteen, should the fourteen appear more eligible, *but not otherwise*. Charles was one of those vivacious, idle, good-looking youths, the delight of the young and the terror of the old, with which London abounds. Some men are made by their good looks, others are ruined by them—the men who are made by them being generally those who lay the foundation for the superstructure of success in the way of a profession, and not as many suppose, those who rush indiscriminately upon the world with no recommendation but fine features, fine clothes, and agreeable conversation. Women are not caught that way. The most elegant and fascinating man stands no chance whatever if a great molten image of a golden calf of a fellow intrudes himself alongside.

But even without a rival, the mere good-looking idler is liable to rejection at any time.

Papa gives mamma a hint—"it won't do—the young man has nothing—never will—no profession either." Mamma then tries a little banter—asks her daughter what they mean to live upon—how she'll like to sweep the passage—whether she thinks she'll be able to cook a dinner, &c., winding up, perhaps, with some bright illustration of unappropriated

happiness that the young lady may consider not altogether uncatchable. Duty then steps in. The loved one writes a perfect model of a letter—so touching, so tender, so natural, only mamma has a finger in it. The pang is a dreadful one—deep and lasting regret—duty to parents, *such* parents, too, &c. His letters having been duly copied for future winter evenings' recreations, are returned with an intimation, perhaps, that her ardent affection prevents her parting with the presents.

And oh! how sweet and typical of future bending to the conjugal will is that heart-breaking submission to the paternal one!

Sweet young creatures! We wonder how many men have been humbugged that way.

If, however, the lady-killer has a profession, even though at present it may be a losing one, such as the law—one half of the bar being notoriously out of pocket—still, we say, if the lady-killer has a profession, and the lady sees no better prospect in the distance, she may stand out; and if she and her swain do eventually become one, then the profession acts as a sort of lever for the whole family connexion to apply their strength to, and hoist the owner into the chancellorship, a bishopric, or any stray trifle that may happen to be going.

Charles Summerley was a nice-looking young fellow. Men never allow each other to be good-looking; indeed, women very seldom do, unless they have "hooked them," and then they are perfect Adonis's—such eyes, such a nose, such a lofty commanding forehead, such an intelligent countenance, above all, such prepossessing manners.

A very moderate article is then worked up into a perfect beauty, *especially if he's rich.*

Charles, however, *was* a nice-looking young fellow, and, in order that our readers may not be compelled to take him on our word alone, we will tell them somebody he was like. In a not very old number of our amusing friend, "Punch," is a portrait of a young fellow at whom a piece of antiquity is making a dead set at the conclusion of a quadrille, that he has been victimised into dancing with her. He is a nice, tall, slight, dark-haired, dark-eyed youth, apparently about that ridiculously-named period of life, called years of discretion, though, in this instance, he certainly does not show any want of discretion. The wrinkled veteran is leering in his youthful face, with,

"I dare say you think me a giddy thoughtless creature—indeed, mamma often tells me that I am so," &c.

While the youth in consternation replies, "Oh, indeed, I think I see a vacant seat over there;" or words to that effect, as the lawyers say, for we have not the number to refer to.

The sketch, however, is so life-like and truthful, so much what most men's experience will help them to, that we doubt not we have sufficiently described it to recall it to our reader's recollection, and so give them an idea of what Charles Summerley was like.

His history is not quite so easily given. There are youths constantly appearing on the great stage of London life of whom nothing is known or heard until they proclaim their own existence—youths, who not only appear prosperous at the present time, but whose past lives have been lives of comfort and enjoyment.

Charles Summerley was one of these. He had been educated at an expensive private tutor's in Devonshire, where his bills were most punctually paid by a solicitor, had had a year at a German university, and been finished

off with a tour through Italy, and back by way of Switzerland and France. On his return to London, he was established in lodgings in Jermyn Street, and furnished with a credit for three hundred a year on Drummond and Co. He was, also, furnished with the name of a gentleman who he was henceforth to call "Uncle," the same solicitor (Sharpset, of Thavies Inn), who had managed his early bills, making the subsequent arrangements, and intimating that it would be well "to cultivate the uncle."

The uncle's name was Brown—John, of course—John Brown, he lived in a second floor in Craven Street, Strand, and was the most niggardly of the penurious. No one to look at him would suppose he was worth fifty pounds, for he was old and lean, and looked most miserably poor. He wore a little old, shrunk, sun-burnt scratch-wig, that might keep his head warm, but no more concealed his gray locks than does the forensic one of that eminent counsel, Mr. M——n, Q. C., who generally sports a large amount of hair on his forehead.

Brown's coarse, yellow-coloured linen showed the absence of country washing, while his rusty, scanty threadbare suit of black was in keeping with the poverty of his wig and the lack lustre meanness of his patched shoes. A greater contrast could not be imagined than between the frowsy poverty-stricken looking uncle and the young, fresh, healthy, wholesome-looking, elegantly-dressed nephew.

The people of the house in Craven Street knew nothing of the uncle; they had bought him with the lease some twenty years before, and though he paid his rent punctually to the day, he was a most unprofitable lodger in the way of perquisites, for what he took in the house was got in such small quantities, and so carefully patent-locked, as to afford no scope for the exercise of their peculiar talent. Indeed, they looked upon him rather as an object of charity than otherwise, therefore the reader may suppose that any inquiries made of them on the subject of the uncle's means would not meet with very satisfactory answers. Of his out-of-doors habits or acquaintance they knew nothing, simply because they had not thought it worth their while dodging such a seedy old codger.

Your real rustic, who fancies there is no society in London but what he reads of in the *Morning Post*, or your out-and-out swell, who looks with disdain on all beyond the pale of his exclusive "set," will be surprised to learn that there are parties in London, and pleasant parties, balls in London—and pleasant balls, where neither crowned heads, court company, dukes, duchesses, diamonds, marchionesses,—not even a "my lady," grace the scene, but where beauty, elegance, good manners, gaiety, and good cheer reign triumphant without the poor benighted people ever missing absent greatness, or ever wishing for any thing better than what they are in the enjoyment of. That there are sensible people, in short, who are content to amuse themselves without feeling it necessary to parade their happiness or their hospitality, and it was at a house of this sort, at Mrs. James Dumps's, of Mecklenburgh Square, (a locality which may perhaps be best described as in the regions of the Euston Station), the lady of Mr. James Dumps, the great back-maker, that Maria Dooley first encountered Charles Summerley.

Lest the reader should be ignorant of the existence of such a calling as "back-making," or fancy that we are coining a trade—indulging in a little romance, like Mr. James, or some of those writers who are not altogether to be believed, we may state that back-making has something

to do with brewing, with which help the pleasant light-mouthed reader will readily connect Dooev's hops, and see why Dooev and Dumps should be on the best of terms.

Well, it was at Mrs. Dumps', as we will call her for shortness, though she always puts "James" on her cards, that Maria fell in with young Summerley. He was there, as many young gentlemen are at London balls, brought by somebody who knew somebody who knew Mrs. Dumps. He was introduced to Maria in much the same sort of way—presented by some one, to whom he had just been presented a little before.

There isn't time at balls for people to ring partners as suspicious tradesmen do shillings, moreover (and we say this without intending the slightest disparagement to the selectness of the assembly) moreover, as it did not include even the questionable fashion of a pair of moustaches, a well-looking, well got up youth, with the true German whirl, in his waltz, was sure to be in request and appropriated to the best girls, foremost among whom we need hardly say were the Miss Dooev's, as well on account of their looks and their dress, as of their western extraction and consequent elegance. Say what people will there is an interest attaches even to the male possessor of wealth, let him be old and ugly in the extreme, how much more so then must be the excitement when the parties are in the first blow of womanly beauty, with the spring tide of life set off by the adornments of the best London milliners, aided by all the little airs and graces that practised womanhood know so well how to use.

Some men take fright at money. To tell them that such a girl has fifty or a hundred thousand pounds is enough to deter them from making her acquaintance, while others only require to be shown where she is to make them run open-mouthed, as though they would eat her. Charles Summerley's acquaintance commenced in a happy medium between these two extremes. He liked Maria's looks at first sight, and his early impressions improved upon acquaintance. It is wonderful how all early objections gradually disappear as a man glides imperceptibly into love, and again how striking they become when an engagement is ratified between the parties. But we are getting in advance of our subject. Charles was of the dancing, not of the mercenary, age. His thoughts ran on kid gloves, pumps, and polkas. So long as he got pretty girls to dance with him he was quite content, and it is but justice to him to say, that he had known Maria for a week, met her on two band days at Kensington Gardens before he was aware of what every body knew. Meanwhile, the Dooev affection for the Dumps's had increased so amazingly, that the quarterly calls were converted into weekly ones, when of course the little delicate soundings that ladies think they make so dexterously as never to have it suspected what they are driving at, took place, and equally of course, Mrs. Dumps promoted the thing and made the best she could of the anonymous young gentleman whom Miss Dooev had picked up at her house.

To give the ladies their dues, we don't think there is any thing in the shape of a man that they won't give a help to—they go upon the principle that admiration is good, and there is no harm in an offer; but having now worked our Richest Commoner up to a certain point, and introduced this mysterious, dangerous, dancing, three hundred a-year youth, we call upon the whole body of our readers to grant Mrs. Dooev a rule *nisi* to show cause why she should not supplant one with the other.

NATURE'S MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHIES.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Hamlet.

DISMISS your apprehensions—close not the volume, gentle reader!—we purpose not to be scientific; we swear by our ignorance, a comprehensive oath! that we had no such stuff in our thoughts. Thou shalt read us and be none the wiser, so far as material knowledge is concerned. Into nature's physical secrets we are not qualified to pry. Unquestioned by us shall be the secret correspondence between the magnet and the steel—the needle and the pole—the moon and the tides. Neither will we be altogether metaphysical. Our intermediate course seeks to draw attention towards some of their mutual relationships—some of the singular accordances between sensation and thought, mind and matter.

That these have not been altogether unnoticed by the million, some of our homeliest adages attest. "Handsome is as handsome does," is literally and physiologically true, for the face reflects the mind, and to do well is to look well. Virtue, indeed, has been defined as interior beauty, and beauty as exterior virtue; a definition which may be thought to push somewhat too far the theory of the constant approximation between the two. Similar relationships and dependencies exist in the moral world, apart from material associations; a fact well understood by the ancient philosopher when he maintained happiness to be the chief good, and virtue the chief happiness. In fact, they produce each other, for we are never so happy as when we are virtuous; seldom so virtuous as when we are happy. In our twofold nature a double action is ever at work. The mere contemplation of charming objects, by awakening a pleasant sensation, stimulates our amiable propensities, and this feeling imparts a pleasing expression to the face. Ay, and something more than pleasing. A delighted admiration, in reflective minds, will be hallowed into an embellishing reverence; for if art be man's nature, nature is God's art; and whether we be enraptured by the sight of a landscape or a statue, we look through both up to the Divine Author of both, and our piety manifests itself in the uplifted and irradiated countenance.

Yes.—To be easily pleased is an easy way to be good-looking, a precept which may be as easily illustrated by example. Have I any fair readers whose features have not been cast in the mould of Venus? O my plain ones! read trustingly on, be well satisfied as ye proceed, place yourselves in magnetic sympathy with the writer, and anon two auctorial eyes will seem to be gazing into yours with love and admiration for pleasure, nature's rouge, will have embellished your features; and from amid the book leaves, even as if he breathed through his own laurels, ye shall hear the voice of the author gently whispering—O my beauties! suffer yourselves to be thus easily attracted, and ye cannot fail to look attractive! A smile, the sunshine of the heart, will give a grace to the plainest: a frown will take it from the handsomest lineaments.

There is more mind in matter, more life and soul in the inanimate, than the unimaginative and the unreflecting may readily believe, or even

be qualified to comprehend. When Phidias had conceived the idea of his awe-inspiring statue of Theseus, the block of marble had already received a sort of earthly apotheosis. Spiritualised by the soul of the sculptor, the life of beauty and divine majesty was already enshrined in it, awaiting vivification from the artist's hand, even as the finished statue of Pygmalion panted into life when touched by the finger of Venus. Battered and mutilated as the Theseus now is, never do I approach that master-piece of Grecian art without a thrill of devout homage. Well may it excite a feeling of religion, for by such only could it have been produced. What but a soul-felt enthusiasm could have prompted the sculptor to lavish all the resources of his art upon the back of the figure, which, from its position in the pediment of the Parthenon, was never meant to be seen by man? Enough that it was imagined to be visible to the gods.

These are the upliftings that sublimise and deify art. Tell not me that reverent admiration of a Pagan statue savours of idolatry. A man may be pantheistic in his worship of art, and yet be only the more confirmed in the monotheism of religious faith, for he will trace all heavenly aspirations and inspirations, and all the divinities they have evoked, to one heavenly source. The statue itself is but a second-hand product; to find its original we must ascend to the divine Artist who fashioned the sculptor, inspired him with a conception of majesty and grace, and enabled his hand to eternalise it in marble. The gravitation of high art is always upwards.

In the sympathy that pervades all our feelings, moral and material harmony become always associated. Madame de Staël calls beautiful architecture frozen music; Goethe adopts the phrase, and Coleridge improves upon both by pronouncing a Gothic church to be a petrified religion. As combinations of brick and stone are but materialised ideas, it would seem natural that sacred edifices should be typical of the religion to which they are consecrated; that the handwritings on their walls should be doxologies composed by the mason and carpenter; articles of faith penned by trowel, chisel, and hammer. Their respective characters may seem hieroglyphics to the million, but they are not undecipherable to a thoughtful mind. Take the Egyptian temples for instance. Is it not manifest from the time and treasure lavished upon their construction, that the government was a priesthood, commanding all the resources of the country? Mark how the pyramidal form prevails, how the structure grows less as it ascends, even as the religion itself was gradually brought into a narrower and meaner compass, until the broad and grand conception upon which it was based dwindled to a paltry type; and beasts, birds, and reptiles, originally the mere emblems of nature's various attributes, came to be worshipped as indisputable and puissant deities. Making a menagerie of their heaven, the temple and the mythology, in the sympathy between the material and the spiritual, contracted as they drew nearer to the sky.

Durability, no doubt, was one great object of the pyramidal architecture, the pious builders seeming to think that the faith would be perpetuated by the time-defying structure, a mistake which the world has been making ever since its birth. The granite fanes remain, but Isis, Apis, and Osiris — where are they? Gone to the lumber-room Olympus, whose unsphered deities, when not altogether forgotten, have become a scorn, a mockery,

and a jest. How many shrines have outlasted the religions that reared them ! In theology, nothing seems certain but its uncertainty ; nothing immutable but its constant mutability, for as the world grows older, it invariably throws aside the spiritual toys that amused its youth. Pass we from the Paganism of the Egyptians, who animalised the divine, to that of the Greeks, who deified the human, and we shall find the same affinity between mind and matter manifested in the earth's morning by the primeval shepherds of Arcady :—

They when their yearning hearts required a god
 Sate on their mountains musing till the dawn
 Of inspiration bade them recognise
 A mighty spirit breathing through the whole
 Infinitude of ocean, earth, and skies,
 The world's creator, and its living soul ;—
 A self-existent, ever-flowing stream
 Of light and life, pervading, blessing, ALL,
 And hence, ejaculating PAN, with fall
 Of reverent knees, they hail'd him god supreme.

In the emblematic deity eventually formed out of these first conceptions, the upper portion typified mankind, the lower part the brutes, the out-bent horns the diverging rays of the sun and moon, his seven-reed pipe the music of the seven-*infolded* spheres. This unattractive idol could not long satisfy a people so naturally æsthetic, and with such refined perceptions as the Greeks. Fashioned themselves in the most perfect mould of symmetry, and all their environments harmonising with this exquisite human model, nature had furnished them with such materials for a correct and elegant taste, that to become matchless artists they had only to imitate what they saw. To such worshippers of the charms of form, earthly gracefulness suggested all their conceptions of heavenly grace ; they showed their adoration of spiritual and invisible beauty by endeavouring to render it visible ; without quitting earth they soared into the empyrean of the superhuman, realising their sublime aspirations in marble, and bequeathing to an enraptured world, in their statues of Jupiter, Venus, Apollo, and other deities, master-pieces of majesty and grace which succeeding generations have never attempted to rival, and which future ages will never cease to admire.

Fascinating nymphs, and goddesses, and all the bewitching visions of poetry and enthusiasm, brought down from Heaven to irradiate the romantic hills, and dales, and fountains of Greece, and made terrestrial, tangible, almost companionable, by multiplied statues of enchanting loveliness, could not fail to exercise a civilising, a gladdening, not to say a religious influence upon so sensitive a people. To stand in the constant presence of his deities, even in their graven images, must have thrown a moral halo around a Pagan of those days. The poorest wayfarer kept august company, in whose very silence there was a soul-stirring eloquence ; he celestialised his thoughts, whithersoever he might wander, not only by the marble divinities that graced his path, but by the spiritual ones brooding over it in unseen beauty ; for every locality had its tutelary genius, every tree its hamadryad, every fountain its nymph, every sea its nereids, and by the tongues of winds, and waves, and woods, their voices were heard, whispering the secrets of the invisible world, or thrilling the imaginative hearer with melodious hymns and canticles. An enthusiasm thus kindled was not likely to cool when the votary approached a noble tem-

ple, crowning some picturesque eminence, flanked on either side by stately groves, the dark blue sky behind it, as it reposed in marble majesty, looking down upon the vale beneath, at once its sanctifier, its guardian, and its grace. A worshipper, preceded on his way to the altar by such graceful harbingers, gazing at embodied aspirations, and sculptured thoughts with wings that wafted his soul to empyrean heights, could hardly fail to be devout, for the sympathy between material and moral beauty is ever accompanied by a religious effusion. This is one of the harmonies of our common humanity; all the suggestions, even of inanimate nature, are fraught with similar associations. Blame not, then, the unenlightened Pagan, when he exclaims—

Estque Dei sedes ubi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cælum, et virtus; superos quid quærimus ultra?

For his pantheism was natural piety, and infinitely preferable to the Anthropomorphic mythology as it then existed.

Preposterous as was the theory of Paganism in Greece, and immoral as were many of its observances, Athens will testify that it was not unfavourable to intellectual development; while it cannot be denied that it tended, wherever it prevailed, to refine and gladden its votaries, one of the main purposes of all religion. To this extent it was a hallowed and beneficent falsehood. More true and more rational systems have occasionally presented less favourable results. Mark the contrast in the devotional tendencies of the northern nations! Rough climates, unlovely scenery, frowning and inclement skies, stunted and ungraceful figures, reflecting themselves in the spiritual mirror, have conjured up an equally unattractive faith and doctrine. Christianity itself, the product of a southern clime, became gradually blighted in the chilling atmosphere to which it was transplanted, until the religion of love was made to assume an aspect not only frowning but ferocious. God made man in his own image; bigots have reversed the process, selecting for deification the very worst specimens of humanity, and even demonising the fiction they had thus impiously imagined. Instead of bringing down the spirit of Heaven into themselves, they have distorted their own spirit into a monster, and projecting it into Heaven, brand as infidels all those who refuse to acknowledge this hideous idol as a deity. Let us not, however, judge them too harshly. In the sympathy between body and mind every man unconsciously helps to fashion his own God. Bile, indigestion, and a defective organisation, or a hale constitution and sound frame, respectively impart a hateful or a loveable character to the object of their worship. The mind is the body's pulse; faith is the mind's pulse. Tell me a man's creed and doctrine, and I will tell you the state of his health.

In our early church architecture, which, as already observed, may be termed petrified theology, a literal illustration of Shakspeare's "Sermons in Stones," the same striking contrasts are traceable. With the massive but not ungracefully ornamented columns, the semi-circular arches and roof, and cheerful interior of the Saxon places of worship, were blended frightful heads of monsters, fiends, and chimeras, supporting corbels, terminating spouts, or appearing to be crushed and tormented beneath ponderous transoms; types of the demons, whom none but an orthodox church could trample down.

At a later period the long observance of Eastern models, facilitated

by the crusades, introduced that oriental style which eventually assumed the name of Gothic, and which adapts itself beyond any other to the requisite aims and influences of a religious edifice. The subdued window-light, hallowed by oozing through painted saints and angels, and losing itself in the mysterious recesses of the lofty roof; the tall, clustering shafts attracting the eye heavenward till it is baffled by the distant twilight of apparently interminable arches; the long aisles upon which every footfall, reverberating from the charnel vaults beneath, sounds like a mournful knell; the out-stretched figures upon the monuments with praying hands, that seem to give a voice to their motionless lips of marble; the tranquil air, never disturbed by any other echoes than those of prayers and hymns, combine to awaken feelings of the deepest and most impressive devotion. In all this there is a pleasing harmony between the material and the moral elements, between the structure and the sentiment it evokes; but, alas! the harsher features of theology must also be preached by the mason, we must have litanies in limestone, sculptured superstitions, and oh! what a contrast between the *diablerie*, the demon monsters, tortured saints, and grim martyrs of a mediæval cathedral, and the exquisite statues that gladdened and beautified a Grecian temple! The genius of the north and of the south are here presented in striking opposition to each other. The religion of the former realised and demonised ideal monsters; that of the latter idealised and celestialised real beauty.

If there be a constant sympathy between the spiritual and the material, there exists a no less certain approximation between the intellectual and the moral; between the developments of the head and the tendencies of the heart. For my own part I receive implicitly the recent wonderful discoveries in science, and the more perfect subjection of the elements to human purposes, as a guarantee for a commensurate improvement in human happiness, fully agreeing with Sir John Herschel, when he asks "Why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest, and ultimately find some means of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down these obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted and the fairest prospects marred?" Why indeed? To despair of such a blessed consummation were to doubt the beneficence of the Deity.

"What!" methinks I hear some critic exclaim, "are we dealing with a dreamer, a visionary, an enthusiast, a believer in the advent of the millennium?" Patience!—"I am not mad, most mighty Festus!" Without putting faith in the perfectibility of man, may I not cherish the conviction of his almost limitless improvable? What so pious, what so heart-cheering?—ay, and in spite of sneers, what consummation so probable? The very trust in such a glorious destiny tends to realise it, and man's past history justifies his loftiest hopes of the future. If gabbling savages, crouching in mud hovels, could in a few centuries perfect the Greek language, compose the Iliad, and build the Parthenon, what may not be accomplished in ten or twenty times as many centuries? God, who is the master workman, having eternity in his hands, need not hurry in his operations. Our time is not his time. Who shall reckon the great geological cycles during which the earth was devastated by fire and

water, by earthquake and convulsion, until it became fitted for the habitation of man? Even so may virtue and vice, the fire and water of the moral world, and the angry passions, which are its disturbing forces, be destined to undergo a gradual subsidence, and man eventually fulfil his glorious mission by effecting constant though slow meliorations and advancements, until our moral nature shall better harmonise with the absolute perfection of the material world.

Mine be the precious, mine the lofty, mine the exhilarating faith that a beneficent Providence is constantly, however slowly, leading us towards this blessed consummation. Mine be the consoling belief that, when years, or even ages, seem to pass without human progression, the destinies of man are but gathering strength for a fresh and more decided advance. Mine be the hallowing creed which renders the whole moral world a forward—moving, God-directed scheme of gradual improvement—which makes every day a sabbath, every sod an altar, every visible object, and every passing event a preacher of good tidings to man.

Oh, glorious aspirations! Oh, beatific hopes! cease not to hover around and to cheer me with your holy and your gracious influences! Ye have shed an additional radiance upon bright hours, ye have diminished the gloom of dark ones; ye have been my solace in life, ye will be my consolation and support in death!

H.

T I C K ;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD ETON BOY.

BY CHARLES ROWCROFT, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE COLONIES; OR THE ADVENTURES OF AN EMIGRANT."

CHAPTER XII.

It was with no small amount of mortification that I, Leander Castleton, who as an only son, had been considered an important personage at home, found myself compelled in my capacity of a fag to perform the multifarious offices of cook, scullion, footman, butler, valet, errand-boy, shoe-black, &c.; and although I endeavoured with juvenile philosophy to turn to profit various sentences in elegant and epigrammatic Latin implying that "use is second nature," and that "habit reconciles us to every thing," I found that in the present instance, the habit of being fagged by no means reconciled its practice to me.

But the state of bewilderment into which my new experiences at a public school plunged my unsophisticated faculties, gradually subsided as time went on; and if I could not accustom myself to fagging, and had an invincible objection to take the "mos pro lege" in that particular, I found in myself a remarkable adaptation to the ways and usages of the place in other respects; and especially as regarded cricket, foot-

ball, boating, and shooting ; but it was not until I had gained more than a year's experience in all sorts of mischief and unlawful practices, that I had the boldness to break bounds for the sake of enjoying the latter most severely forbidden pastime.

To the college custom of "tick" also I took most kindly from the first ; indeed it came to me as easy and natural as mischief ; it was as if I had been born to it, which in fact, perhaps, I was, if the portents attending my entrance into the world are to be taken into account as having influence on my future destiny. The air of scorn also with which the aristocratic Green major had treated the idea of a gentleman paying ready money for the things that it pleased him to become possessed of dwelt in my memory, and like an ill weed cast on congenial soil, it grew apace, and flourished into an abundant growth of evil habits. In short, the spirit of "Tick" possessed me like an evil genius, and in spite of the warnings which I received in its progress, and the sufferings which I endured from its consequences, it continued to pursue me through life as a destined victim.

It is due to myself, however, to say, in mitigation, that I was surrounded by bad examples on every side ; the getting into debt was the habit of the whole school ; and to this the pernicious facilities afforded by the tradespeople gave tempting encouragement. I think I may venture to affirm that most of the boys were always in debt ; the course was this ; during the current half year they incurred debts on the understanding that the tradespeople were to be paid with the money given to the boys by their parents on their return to school after the holidays at the beginning of the next half year ; and these debts were always scrupulously paid, although their amount in many cases exhausted all the boys' pocket-money, and not unfrequently exceeded it. From this prompt exhaustion of the exchequer, however, it resulted, that, in order to procure the same luxuries he had to incur similar debts again. Thus he was never out of debt ; indebtedness became a habit ; gradually it assumed the character of one of the conditions of his existence ; and at last he grew resigned to the evil as one of the ills of life, to which boys as well as men are heir to.

Nqr was the condition of having debts without the present means of paying them deemed disgraceful ; on the contrary, it was considered rather as the criterion of a boy's personal consequence and pecuniary means in proportion as his debts were large or small ; and I remember well that in this their quasi-embryo state of profitable debtors, their creditors, the purveyors of tarts and cucumbers, had a most astute perception of how far they might go in giving tick to this or that particular customer according to the degree of liberality or indiscreet profuseness with which his parents or guardians were accustomed to supply him with money, or in the technical and expressive phraseology of the school "to pouch him."

Thus, as I say, the boy was always without money, and always in debt ; so that to be in debt became the habitual state of his existence ; and if I may be allowed to repeat what I have written elsewhere, the Eton boy, in pursuance of his training in definitions, came at last to reject the definition of the French philosopher who described man as a cooking animal ; as well as that of the ingenious Monboddo who persisted that man was originally of the monkey kind with his tail worn off ; and regardless also of the more sublime definition of the poet, that man was the only animal with the power to lift his eyes to the contemplation of the heavens ("os

sublime dedit cœlumque tueri"); I say, rejecting all these definitions of the animal man, we determined on considering his distinctive characteristic to be "an animal who has debts." With this principle in the ascendant, and seeing that the sons of the noblest and richest in the land got in debt as a matter of course, no wonder that the circumstance of being in debt was taken as one of the characteristics of a gentleman; for the argument stood thus:—a poor and mean fellow cannot get tick; *ergo* to get tick shows that you are not a poor and mean fellow; so that tick is the measure and the test of true gentility; there exists then a sort of moral or at least politic necessity to be in debt; q. e. d. Tick, therefore, was the order of the day at Eton.

It was not long before I had to reduce this theory, which was vaguely present in my mind, to practice. The money which I brought to school disappeared so rapidly, that it was quite wonderful to me how it went; but tarts are so expensive. I shall never forget the sensations which I experienced one afternoon when, inserting my hand into my breeches pocket in pursuit of some stray coins which I expected to find there, I plunged it into a vacuum! The disappointment was so great—for I abhorred such a vacuum as much as Nature herself does—that I could hardly believe the fact! In my surprise I turned my pocket inside out, although it was in the street and in the midst of the much-frequented space that separated Mother Trott's from Thackeray's. It should be observed, that the domicile of the lady on whom that affectionate appellation was bestowed, was an emporium of fruits and other refreshing comestibles, which juvenile tastes do most delight in; and it stood most invitingly at the salient angle of the road which all the boys could see from the long wall, and which many must necessarily pass on their way to their dame's or tutor's house. I was in this dramatic attitude when my friend Linden came up, to whom I forthwith unfolded the cause of my embarrassment:—

"By Jove!" said I (we found the heathen deities very handy to swear by, and I readily adopted the practice); "by Jove! I thought I had some money in my pocket, but . . ."

"I see," said he, "hiatus maxime deffendus." That fellow, Linden, was always spouting his scraps of Latin, and I remember the recollection of his quotation occurred to me in after-life on a different occasion.

"There's not a shilling left!" said I, pinching and shaking the folds of my pocket with a very disconsolate air.

"Then you must go on tick," said Linden.

"How is that done?" asked I.

"Oh, it's very easy; I'll introduce you to Mother Trott; I tick there myself."

It was no sooner said than done; the boy of eleven and a half years of age introduced the boy of ten and three-quarters, with great gravity, to the aforesaid Mother Trott, and I was duly entered on the spot in her books, or rather on her slate, which was suspended conveniently on the wall. From that fatal hour I date all my disasters. I had now taken on myself that distinctive characteristic of man—"an animal that has debts." I was now in debt; and, from that day to this, I have never been out of it.—Some describe their existence as having been one long probation; others as one long sorrow; some very few as one long enjoyment; mine has been one long debt; and I now see that the germ of

that bad habit was planted in my early youth at school. Those who ascribe the habit of profuse and improvident expenditure prevalent among the English aristocracy to the practices of the universities do not go deep enough into the matter; in most cases the habit is formed before the student goes to the university; it is begun at the public school; it is only practised on an enlarged scale at Oxford or Cambridge, in proportion as the temptations to vicious expenditure in the man are greater than in the previous boy; in this, as in other points of education, it would be well if those in charge of our youth would bear in mind the old adage, which is not the worse, but on the contrary, the better for being old—“Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW months after my initiation into the mysteries of “Tiok,” being “hard up” for marbles, my inventive faculties were stimulated to the realisation of a most ingenious idea, which at first floated vaguely in my mind, but which my necessities rapidly developed; and the remembrance of which sometimes suggests to me that Nature must have originally intended me for a banker, so vast and precocious were my conceptions on the use and value of credit. The case was this:—

At a particular period of the year, as successive games came into season, according to the immemorial custom of the school, that highly interesting pastime was taken up in its turn, called “Eggs in the Bush.” This game, for which we are indebted to the ingenious Chinese, and which it may be useful to describe, for the benefit of the “outer barbarians,” is very simple, and, at the same time, delightfully gambling. It consists in holding, in one or both hands, a quantity of marbles, the number of which it is the other player's part to guess. If his guess be right, he wins the marbles; if wrong, he pays the difference between the number of his guess and the number of the marbles which, it may turn out, is contained in the holder's hand; nearly in the same way as they play at Eggs in the Bush on the Stock Exchange, only there they do it on a larger scale. This process is repeated by the two players alternately, like two brokers or others with Spanish or American scrip, until one of them is “cleaned out.” By this happy contrivance the youngest boys at a school may be self-instructed in the rudiments of gambling with the greatest facility.

For my own part, my character being of a particularly imaginative cast, I became passionately fond of the game, and Nature, in her liberality, having bestowed on me a tolerably large fist of my own, I practised it most successfully with my schoolfellows. At first, I remember, I won considerably, and I had heaped up in one of the drawers of my bureau (as in a Frenchman's strong-box), a prodigious quantity of marbles, which only excited my cupidity for more. This treasure being deposited in its keeping-place like so much bullion, and occasionally displayed for the contemplation of envious admirers, like the gold and silver bars in the cellars of the Bank of England, invested me, among my schoolfellows, with a sort of “moneyed,” reputation as a boy of capital who was able to pay his way at Eggs in the Bush, or in any other pastime in which the possession of marbles was necessary. Thus, when I happened to be without

marbles in my pocket—for, like other rich persons, I used to be fond of indulging in the boast of being poor—I had no difficulty in finding an antagonist with whom I could play “on tick,” my known wealth affording me, in that respect, unbounded credit.

Wealth and credit, as I have observed, have a reciprocal action; credit increases wealth, and wealth increases credit. The Bank of England is not altogether an invention; it is a growth;—so it was with me.

As marbles in large quantity, like gold and silver bullion, were heavy and inconvenient to carry, I frequently made use of the convenience of my credit when I walked abroad, or paid visits to other boys’ rooms, to play my favourite game of Eggs in the Bush on tick; and, as I occasionally lost without having the ready marbles to pay with, I used to give a memorandum on a bit of exercise paper, of the sum to be paid out of my exchequer when I got home, amounting to five, or ten, or twenty marbles, or more, as the case might be. As these memoranda were always liquidated without delay on presentation, they gradually came to be considered by my companions as representatives of value as good as marbles themselves, and infinitely more convenient for use, as being more portable; so that they became current throughout the whole of the lower school, and performed the functions of a regular paper currency. In this way there was a floating amount of notes passing from hand to hand among the public to the extent of a considerable sum of marbles, which I neglected to take an exact account of; all that it seemed necessary for me to do, was to issue my promises to pay, which I found very easy and agreeable; and as I received, for the most part, actual marbles for my winnings, while I paid my losses in notes, I rapidly got rich, and bid fair to monopolise all the marbles in the school.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,” as Shakspeare says, “which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;” I may say, in a parenthesis, that the exact point of flood which leads to fortune, is, for most people, very difficult to hit; however, on this particular occasion, I did take advantage of the tide referred to, and grew amazingly rich; positively, as the saying is, I rolled in marbles. But I must say it, to my credit, that I did not betray much of the insolence of wealth, but took Fortune’s favours meekly; and I had a pleasure in assisting boys who had lost their taws, and in lending marbles to my friends, without interest, on their own security. I was at this time very happy; success makes all things around us, as some one has said, or sung, all *couleur de rose*. A vision of immeasurable tick arose before me! The song of marble halls had not then been composed, or, doubtless, I should have sung it with variations; but I sang all the other airs that I knew, from morning till night—when, suddenly, “a change came o’er the spirit of my song.” The wheel of Fortune, which the ancient mythologists invented for man’s consolation, cannot, as is well known, remain at rest (indeed, what is the use of a wheel if it isn’t to turn round?) and as I was, at this time of prosperity, at the top, it followed as a necessity that, unless the wheel stood still, its revolution would bring me to the bottom. I found myself there sooner than I expected!

There was a fellow whom I used to meet at Hexter’s (the writing master), who was a regular sap. I shall not mention his name, as I do not wish to expose him to the obloquy of an adult community; but, it is

a fact, that he was always reading and studying; and, contrary to the spirit of the school, he was everlastingly poring over his Euclid, and drawing strange and uncouth figures of angles, and oblongs, and rhomboids, which it was a bore to look at; and although he was a little fellow, he was the greatest dab at arithmetic in the whole school, and could not only multiply interminable rows of figures by other rows equally interminable, but he could also multiply the letters of the alphabet by other letters, which to my mind, at that time, was as incomprehensible as multiplying a bushel of coals by the fender and fire-irons. He used to pretend, too, that he could find out an unknown quantity by another quantity which was unknown, and talked a quantity of nonsense about a "something less than nothing" that was quite disgusting. I little thought that the latter predicament was, shortly, to be my own! But with all his algebra and mathematics, he had no more idea of making Latin verses than a cow has of quadrilles.

Well, this fellow—we used to call him "Squarehead,"—paid me a visit one day for my sins, when, as ill-luck would have it, I was playing with Linden at "eggs in the bush;" and a friendly conversation took place between Linden and Lackrent on the amount of my store, Linden observing, good-naturedly, that it did not matter to me whether I won or lost, as I had such an immense quantity of marbles in the drawer of my bureau, besides the power of issuing notes without limit, for which any boy would readily give marbles, or even taws and allies (according to the rate of exchange), to any amount.

Master Squarehead looked on very attentively, and, as I thought, was taking an interest in the play; but, as it turned out, the wretch was all the time calculating how many marbles were contained in an inch cube, which was the only idea that the game suggested to his vulgar understanding. Having determined this question satisfactorily to his mind, the creature transferred his calculations to the drawer of my bureau, in which I kept my marbles like a stock of bullion, to meet the demands of my outstanding notes. I regretted afterwards that I did not give him a knock on the head for his officiousness, although it would have been of little use, perhaps, as I verily believe his head was harder than the marbles, the number of which he was mercilessly computing.

Presently, he rubbed his great forehead with his dirty hand, and, as if he was speaking his thoughts aloud, said, in a reflecting sort of way:—

"If one cubic inch contains so many marbles, then, that drawer consisting of so many cubic inches, contains such a number; so that, taking the amount of marble notes in circulation to be such an amount, there are ten times and a fraction more promises to pay than there are marbles to pay them with."

"What's that you are talking about," said Linden, "with your cubic inches, and your mathematical stuff, that you are always making us sick with? Come and play a game at 'eggs in the bush,' and I'll give you first go!"

But Squarehead, without being at all disconcerted at my friend's vivacious remark, immediately set himself to prove arithmetically, algebraically, and, to my feelings, most impertinently, that his calculation was strictly correct, averring that if there was any truth in figures, the number of marbles contained in the drawer in question (presuming it to

be full) could be no more than he had computed from the data admitted ; and also that the said number presented a proportion to the number of promises to pay extant which had been avowed, of one to ten (with a fraction) ; and which, as the wretch proceeded further to demonstrate, would leave the holders of the said notes, supposing them to be presented next morning for payment, minus nine marbles (and a fraction) out of ten ; and he defied us all, in a very brutal manner, to prove by figures, that we could come to any other conclusion.

The conclusion came too soon! Squarehead repeated his calculation to all who chose to question him, and he took a pleasure in demonstrating it in his disagreeable way, by a series of outlandish marks utterly unintelligible to me and others at the time, purporting to be an algebraic formula of the fact, and the truth of which his hearers took on credit more readily even than they had taken my notes. The news spread ; ill tidings travel fast ; alarm was taken speedily ; there was a panic ; the next morning there was a run on the bank. The quantity of notes brought in for payment astonished me! I had no idea of the extent of my liabilities! As long as there was a marble in the draw, the notes were honourably paid ; but the stock of marble bullion was quickly exhausted, and then arose a cry of long, loud, and deep vituperation that I shall never forget to my dying hour.

The shouts of anger and derision from the angry troop was terrible. I was assailed with every epithet of contumely that the ready invention of boys could call up for my humiliation. The burden of their complaint was, that I had no right to issue promises to pay without having the material in hand to pay them with. It was in vain that I declared on my honour, that I did not know the amount of my promises to pay, or I would not have issued so many ; my creditors swore that I ought to have known it, and that not to know it was only an aggravation of my offence. I offered to place my hoop, cricket-bat, a broach of a hare hunted by hounds—in short, all my property, in the hands of trustees for the liquidation of their claims. I was answered only by a yell of “marbles!” “marbles!” I promised to write home immediately to my friends to obtain assistance, but my enemies only shouted out the more “marbles” and “gammon” with the most insulting pertinacity. Hemmed in on every side and assailed with hostile cries from all quarters I stood like a young stag at bay, but the fury of my assailants and the desperation of my position increasing every moment, it was necessary for me to come to some prompt decision.

In that moment of peril, fortunately, I called to mind a passage of history which illuminated me like a ray of light in the darkness of my despair. I recollected that once upon a time, a certain king discoursed with his minister on the ways and means of repaying a loan which was due to a neighbouring state. The minister said, there was only one difficulty in the way, but that was an awkward one—“there was no money to pay it with.” The king suggested more taxes, the minister shook his head—“the people were over taxed already.” The king proposed a loan; the minister objected that no one would advance a penny. “We must persuade our creditor to wait then,” said the king. The minister referred to the last despatch, which insisted in the most positive terms that their creditor could wait no longer. “Then by Jove,” said the king, “we will go to war with them.”

Happily, I say, this anecdote recurred to my memory in the moment of my extremity. Singling out one of the most vociferous of my enemies, who was considerably more than my size, but who was a lean and hungry-looking chap, I offered to fight him! This spirited conduct on my part, as it was considered by the battle-loving assemblage, was received with an unanimous huzza, and a ring being immediately formed as well as the smallness of the space and the crowd of spectators would allow, a *monomachia*, as Linden classically termed it, took place worthy of Homer's heroes. As this fight, however, closely resembled that between Dares and Eutellus as described in Book V. line 387, et infra, of the "*Æneid*," I shall not detail the particulars in this place, but refer the classical reader to the graphic account of a set-to recorded by that distinguished reporter Publius Virgilius Maro. It is enough for me to state, that whether it was that despair inspired me with unusual energy, or that my antagonist was only lukewarm in the cause for which he was the involuntary champion, and was not like me, who being in my own room and in the presence as it were of my household gods, might be said to be literally fighting "*pro aris et focus*," the victory on the present occasion was to the smaller party, and I remained master of the field.

Nothing captivates the imaginations of the Eton boys more than personal prowess, and success in feats of arms. My victory on this occasion had the same favourable result that national wars have sometimes had—it absolved me from my debts. Lackrent who was an admiring spectator of the fight, instantly proposed, "that in honour of the exploit all the holders of marble notes should make a bonfire of them on the spot," a proposition that was responded to enthusiastically by all present, my beaten antagonist generously contributing his own securities to crown the pile. The impromptu holocaust having been duly celebrated with antique dances, and concluded with no other accident than that of setting fire to one of the turn-up bedsteads, the multitude dispersed, and I was left alone with my glory, including two black eyes, and an immense bump on my nose, which Linden assured me gave me a dignified resemblance to a noble Roman.

It is proper to record in this place, that after this memorable combat, I and my antagonist became the best friends in the world, a result which I have almost invariably observed to follow such gladiatorial encounters; and if I had room to philosophise I might take occasion to dilate on the resemblance between individuals and nations in this particular, after each has had experience of the other's pluck and capabilities; but to return to my story.

The reflections of my solitude, while the smart of my humiliation and of the pummelling which I had received, were fresh on me, were salutary. One thing I determined on with mental resolution, and that was, never to issue any more notes for marbles! and I resolved also, although I did not see clearly how the intention could be accomplished, never to incur another debt; for the "*Tick*" on the grand scale which I had experimented on, and which had proved so signally disastrous, was a bitter lesson to me on the subject of debtor and creditor. Referring, also, the final consummation of my misfortune to my fatal passion for "*eggs in the bush*," I vowed never again to be tempted into any sort of gambling; a vow which, with the exception of an occasional game at "*odd and*

even," or such trifling, I have religiously kept; as I have enough fault to find with myself for other matters, I record this to my credit, for "eggs in the bush" is a fascinating game, and I was sometimes sorely tempted.

Would that I had kept my other virtuous resolutions as I did this! But "*manent immota meorum fata mihi!*" The demon of Tick presided over my birth, and with the viscous tenacity of a judgment creditor, continued for many a weary year to keep his gripe on me.

To borrow a few hints from the classical dictionary, I must say, that when the Fates took distaff in hand to spin the web of life of Leander Castleton, they must have been in a spiteful or capricious humour, for they mixed their threads of good and evil most abominably; not only did they make the latter predominate in a way that was most unfair, but they left them for the rest of his life in an inextricable ravel! Well might it be said of him as it was said (*parva componere magnis*) of the wanderer of the "*Æneid*," "*multum ille et terris jactatus et alto*," and that he passed "*per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*," with other remembrances not necessary at present to particularise.

But the length to which these boyish recollections have led me, although I trust that the recording of them will not be altogether without their utility, warns me that I must hasten to the more important transactions of maturer life, and shew the fatal effect which the habit of Tick, contracted in early years at school, had on my future fortunes. Passing over, therefore, the remainder of my time at Eton, and omitting my extended experience of Tick at the university, I come to the period when great changes took place in my circumstances and feelings. The age of boyhood was passed; the career of incipient manhood had now commenced; and with man's estate came man's cares, his passions and his troubles, with all the chequered adventures of busy life.

CHAPTER XIV.

It must not be supposed, however, that the heart of an Eton boy, whose imagination had been artificially cherished by the animated descriptions of the loves and intrigues of the gods and goddesses in Homer and Virgil, the details of which are alphabetically arranged for the student's convenience in one of the first books of the classics placed in his hands; it must not be supposed, I say, that a heart, whose natural inflammability had been aggravated by dint of Lemprière's education, could have gone on beating all these years in the regular and quiet way which is desirable in that excitable piece of mechanism. In point of fact—as the confession must be made at some time, it may as well be made at once—the heart of the said Leander Castleton had experienced some violent irregularities in its motions at various times, and also some most extraordinary bumpings, for which it was impossible for him to account from the pulsific perturbations produced by cricket, or rowing, or fencing, or hunting; it was something different from them all! In truth, it was (at first) a strange sensation, although in course of time he got used to it, which caused him to regard all the amusements above mentioned in an inferior light, and prompted him to conjecture that there were more curious things in life than youthful philosophy ever dreamed of.

But all the casual and preliminary agitations, which are here hinted at, were nothing compared with the terrible bumping that took place on one particular occasion which had a most important influence on my future destiny. But here, upon my word, I am embarrassed ; I believe that I should have no difficulty in describing how I fell down stairs, or out of the window ; but, really, I don't know how to describe how I fell in love. After all, I fancy that these recollections are not interesting, except to the parties concerned ; but, certainly, there was a novelty about my own case which may, perhaps, form an exception. And it must be admitted, that these events, or rather, this event, in the singular—for it is an axiom of sentimentalism that it can happen only once—is the great and important accident which most influences a man's future destiny ; and that, in such confessions as these, to say nothing about such an important matter, especially as it has close relation with the principal title of these papers, would be an unpardonable omission. I must do violence, therefore, to my excessive modesty, and get through the difficulty as well as I can. But I must first describe the beginning of it ; not the beginning of the end, but the beginning of the beginning.

I will explain, therefore, briefly, the origin of the family feud which existed between the house of Castleton and ——— but I will not prematurely introduce that inharmonious name ; I will premise only, as a curious fact, that there was a family feud and that a woman had nothing to do with it ; at least, in the commencement.

It was in the year ——— but that don't matter ; it was just before I was twenty years of age, that a small estate about seven miles from our house was to be sold by auction. The auction, by-the-by, as I remember, was a very lively affair ; the gentleman whose estate was to be sold had been ruined by I don't know what speculation, and was to be “sold up,” as the phrase is, and had gone abroad ; but as is usual on such occasions, no one seemed to care what had become of the extinct proprietor. There was a rumour of the unfortunate bankrupt having attempted suicide ; all the company said it was very shocking ; and then they set about appropriating the spoils of the victim in the cheapest and most advantageous manner to themselves.

Now, my father, who took me with him, had a great desire to become possessed of this property ; and he had arranged with his bankers for a loan to enable him to purchase it, intending to repay the advance by a fresh loan on a mortgage of the land, according to a common practice in such cases. As he was much liked in the county, he caused his intention to be known, trusting that no one of his friends or acquaintances would be so ungentlemanlike as to bid against him, as it was a little bit of land (it had a nice house on it besides), which particularly suited him, as being at no great distance from his own estate ; but an unexpected accident disconcerted all these hopes at the moment when he thought he was successful.

The auctioneer, after having expatiated on the beauties and capabilities of the estate, which “he was proud to offer to the competition of the very respectable assembly which he had the honour to see before him,” in a speech more eloquent than I conceived it possible to be made on such an occasion ; and having pointed out advantages from its purchase which its next neighbours were astonished never to have observed before, flourished

an ivory hammer from a sort of rostrum which enabled him to overlook the company, and invited us to commence the bidding. For some time no one spoke, those most coveting it endeavouring to look most unconcerned—all except my father, who glanced round with an air of confidence, as if to signify that all bidding against him would be useless, as he had made up his mind to have the land at any cost. At last, however, after a second address from the auctioneer of an earnestness and a pathos to move the very stones—beseeching the company, almost with tears, not to lose the opportunity of becoming the fortunate purchasers of an Elysium, the neglect of which might embitter, with a never-ending regret, the remainder of their comfortless existence—the biddings began.

When the ice was once broken, the matter went on merrily, my father bidding in an authoritative and decisive manner to intimate that he would not be put down, and that he regarded the biddings against him somewhat in the light of personal affronts. At last, his determination seemed on the point of being successful, when, just as the fatal hammer was coming down, as the auctioneer said, in a solemn manner “Going, for the last time !” its descent was arrested by a low, quiet voice, which pronounced, amidst the awful silence, “Fifty.”

The sudden interruption produced a sensation among the company; the auctioneer looked a little surprised, and seemed to question whether the sound was real; my father turned indignantly to the side from which the sound proceeded; and then the attention of the crowd became fixed on the unexpected bidder.

He was a little man, beyond the middle age, dressed in a brown coat, with drab breeches and gaiters. His hat, which he held in his hand as he stood by the table, was rather broad in the brim, and he bore on his head an indubitable wig, which, moreover, was a brown one. I am particular in this description of his person, as he will fill an important place in these memoirs, as will presently be made evident. What I particularly noticed at the time, was his quiet and self-possessed air. He seemed quite at ease with himself; but there was nothing assuming or vaunting in his manner, and there was a something in his look and appearance which was decidedly consequential—although his drab breeches and gaiters were calculated to excite a prejudice against him. His wig, too, was a doubtful affair, both in its cut and colour. Altogether, the prim old gentleman did not look like a purchaser of estates, and he was an entire stranger, as it quickly appeared, to every one in the room.

The auctioneer, who had remained in the dramatic attitude of uplifted hammer and inquiring look already referred to, gazed at the little man in the brown wig for a brief space, and then repeated the last bidding made by my father:—

“Nine thousand nine hundred—going for nine thousand nine hundred—going”

“Fifty,” said the little man in the brown wig.

“You cannot bid fifty,” said the auctioneer to the brown wig, for whom it seemed he had not conceived a profound respect, and speaking in a tone partly condescending and partly pettish, as if he had been unnecessarily interrupted in the admirable flourish with which he was on the point of concluding the business of the day; “if the gentleman will be pleased to consult the ‘conditions of sale,’ he will see that the biddings may not be less than one hundred.”

The old gentleman received this communication without speaking, and, as far as I could observe, without moving a muscle.

My father looked confident, and smiled round to his friends, conveying the assurance that there was no fear from such an antagonist.

The auctioneer began again :—

“Going for nine thousand nine hundred pounds”

“One hundred,” said the old gentleman.

My father looked at the old gentleman angrily.

“You mean to bid ten thousand,” said the auctioneer to the old gentleman, to make sure.

The old gentleman nodded.

“Ten thousand,” repeated the auctioneer, with surprise, looking at my father.

“Ten thousand one hundred,” said my father, in a loud and firm tone, intending to crush his opponent with an emphatic demonstration of determination.

“One hundred,” repeated the old gentleman.

The contest was now between this mysterious stranger and my father. The company looked on with some excitement, as spectators of a sort of duello. My father, however, did not allow any delay to give rise to a doubt of his determination. He went on, therefore, in a louder voice than before :—

“Ten thousand three hundred.”

“One hundred,” repeated the old gentleman.

My father’s anger now began to be intensely roused ; he regarded the little old gentleman, that had started up as a sort of demon between him and his purchase, with a look of intense hate, when I, partaking of his feelings, and seeing his excitement, whispered to him to demand the stranger’s name.

My father caught at the suggestion with avidity.

“It is usual, Mr. Auctioneer,” he said, “is it not, for parties bidding for estates to give their names?”

The auctioneer, who had his doubts of the social position of the stranger, and who did not like to be losing time, and to expose himself perhaps to ridicule, immediately suggested to the old gentleman the propriety of favouring him with his name, as it seemed to be the general wish of the “highly respectable meeting whom he had the honour of addressing,” &c., &c.

“Henry Hase,” said the old gentleman.

“Henry Hase!” exclaimed the auctioneer, who was struck with the well-known name then subscribed to the notes issued by the Bank of England.

“Henry Hase!” repeated my father, who had a positive remembrance of the name, although he could not bring to mind, at the moment, where he had seen it before.

“Henry Hase!” re-echoed the company, on most of whom the well-known signature, suggestive of crisp bank notes, produced a powerful effect. Is it, thought they ; can it be Henry Hase himself? The curiosity of the company was extreme.

“Have I the honour,” asked the auctioneer, with a sort of awe, while the company listened for the reply in breathless expectation ; “have I the honour to speak to the real Mr. Henry Hase himself !”

"It's all the same," replied the old gentleman; "they who have got plenty of Henry Hase's signatures may call themselves Henry Hase, or any thing they please. What I buy I can pay for; and no one can say that I ever bargained or bid for a cabbage or an estate without having the money in my pocket to pay for it. That's more than some folks can say that make more show."

Saying this, the old gentleman put his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, and drew out a plain black pocket-book, of an enormous size, and secured with a piece of tape. From this receptacle he extracted a parcel of bank-notes, one of which he handed to the auctioneer, pointing at the same time to the signature at the bottom:—

"Henry Hase," said the old gentleman.

"A thousand pound note!" exclaimed the auctioneer.

There was a renewed sensation among the company. A thousand-pound note is a rarity not to be seen every day of the year. All eyes were fixed on it admiringly, and the old gentleman instantly rose a thousand per cent. in public estimation.

The old gentleman dealt out another note to the auctioneer.

"Another thousand-pound note," said that dignified functionary, with profound respect.

The old gentleman dealt out a third. The company now became intensely excited; presuming that each of the parcel of notes which the old gentleman held in his hand to express the same amount, here was a man with a large fortune in his hand! Who was he? Who could he be? Was it the god of wealth himself? Was the mysterious "Henry Hase" a myth, a fictitious personage, a symbol, a conventional association of letters necessary to complete the hieroglyphics of a Bank of England note; or was he a real personage, and now actually before them in bodily presence, the type and representative of the incalculable wealth of the great money-distributor of the empire? They now looked on the person of the old gentleman so plethoric of bank-notes with intense curiosity, mingled with a sort of veneration—so great and so profound is the subserviency of respect which the possession, or the supposition of the possession, of enormous wealth commands! His coat, albeit that it was brown and by no means of a fashionable cut, now appeared to them superior to the most aristocratic of Bond Street habiliments; his very gaiters were regarded with affection; and in the eyes of the subdued spectators, his old brown wig assumed the character of sublime! A man of wealth stood before them; of real money wealth; not of the hypothetical wealth of mortgaged acres, but of *bonâ fide* ready money:—they bowed themselves before Mammon!

"Three thousand pounds," said the man of bank-notes, breaking the silence for the first time, in a lengthened speech, "will more than cover the deposit of twenty per cent., according to the conditions of sale; and I presume the name of 'Henry Hase' at the bottom of the bills will be satisfactory" (the auctioneer bowed his assent), "not that I mind giving my own name" (and the old gentleman said this, as I thought, with a sort of effort); "it's not a bad one, I'll take it on myself to say, to be written across a bill."

The old gentleman ceased; the crowd murmured its applause; for words that fell from so rich a man, all felt, had a hallowed meaning.

Even my father, I observed, was struck with the quiet predominancy which the old gentleman had acquired over the assembly; and whether it was that he could not make up his mind at the moment to bid further against so powerful a competitor, or that he had already exceeded the sum which he had calculated on borrowing for the purchase of the estate, I do not know, but he saw the auctioneer's hammer descend for the last time in favour of "Henry Hase," without any further attempt at competition; being filled, however, with so intense a hate of the successful competitor, that he could not trust himself longer in his presence, from the fear of betraying in an unseemly manner the excess of his mortification—ready-money and bank-notes being a principle in direct antagonism with my father's habits and prepossessions—he left the room precipitately, followed of course by me, and we mounted our horses in silence to return home.

For the first four or five miles my father trotted on briskly without speaking a word, as if desirous of shaking off the recent disgrace of his defeat in having been outbid by a stranger, in the face of the whole county, and, as it were, close to his own door. Then he pulled up; took off his hat; wiped his forehead with his handkerchief; and gave brief vent to his feelings:—

"Who can that vulgar-looking old brute be?"

"You mean the old gentleman in the brown wig?" said I.

"Of course I do; who else should I mean? And then the vulgar ostentation of pulling out that heap of bank-notes! As if any one could care for his bank-notes!"

"No one could care," said I.

"But they did, though," said my father, suddenly contradicting himself; "did you see how the grovelling fools were ready to worship him for his money?"

"Did you remark his gaiters?" said I.

"His gaiters!—depend on it," said my father, with warmth, "he is some retired cheesemonger, or grocer, or fishmonger—he had an air of red-herrings about him."

"His wig," said I, "was very funny."

"Funny! it looked like the cast-off wig of a hackney-coachman. Not that I wish to turn any person's appearance into ridicule, which is wrong, very wrong; and I trust, Leander, that you will never be guilty of that impropriety. But there is one thing that I must particularly caution you against, and that is not to form any acquaintance with this person if he should come to reside here, for his appearance is so decidedly vulgar that I am sure your mother would object to it, and of course all his family must be as vulgar as himself."

"Of course," said I; "but has he any family?"

"The devil a bit do I care," said my father, spurring on his horse.

"Nor I," said I, merrily, as I put mine into a smart canter. On this point, however, I was mistaken;—the man in the brown wig had a daughter! Certainly, no one who asked the Etonian question of "under derivatur," in relation to such a daughter, would have expected to be referred to the proprietor of that brown wig!—But the introduction of a lady in these pages demands the respect of a new chapter.

THE CAGOTS.

DOCTOR MICHEL has lately visited personally the generality of the villages inhabited by that persecuted race of people called Cagots—the Pariahs of France—who have been supposed by many to be extinct; and we borrow from his statements the following curious details. He relates that at Bozate, the chief place of the Agots of Navarre, they were not formerly allowed to loiter on the square, to sit upon the public benches, or to join in public amusements or in dancing. At Saint Gaudins, in the Haute Garonne, where they are called Capins, they lived in a particular district of the town, and their private church-door and particular vessel for holy water, still exists. At Saint Beat there is a street called “*Ech goûté des Cagots.*” At Montrejean, the Cagots were also designated as the “short-eared,” but Dr. Michel says, that it is the Cretins who are deficient in the lobe of the ear, and not always the Cagots; among whom he mentions having seen some who had the ears covered with hair.

In the Hautes Pyrénées, the little church door-ways and vessels for holy water are met with in three different places. Throughout these districts, the Cagots so generally ply the trade of carpenters, that the word Cagot is, as it is, also, in some other places, synonymous with the branch of industry which they profess. These poor people dwell in huts built in the hollow of valleys, so surrounded by trees that the sun can never reach them. It appears as if they wished to withdraw themselves from the eyes of the superior castes. They once possessed in the hamlet of Mailhoc, a little church of their own. At Terranère, in the same district, a wall separated the cemetery of the Cagots from that of the other inhabitants. The Cagots of Lourdes are described, by a M. Arrou, as having the lower limbs shorter in proportion than the upper, small blue eyes, and very small ears without any lobes. According to some, this type is only lost by intermarriage. At Saint Pé, the Cagots were only admitted into the vestibule of the church.

Some centuries back, a quarrel having taken place between the Cagots of this latter place and the inhabitants of Lourdes, several of them were slain, and their heads were cut off, and rolled about like bowls in the square of Saint Pé. In consequence of these misdeeds, the Cagots were condemned, by the parliament of Toulouse, to enter Lourdes by only one street, to walk only in the gutters, and not to remain there after sunset, under penalty of two ounces of flesh being cut out the whole length of the spine, for each offence.

So dreaded was the door-way of the churches frequented by the Cagots, that the trick of a peasant, who put gravel into the key-hole of the ordinary door-way to oblige the priest to enter by the accursed passage, was only wiped out by bloodshed. These times are, however, now gone by; the priests themselves set the example of passing through the door-way of the Cagots, and these separate passages are now walled up in the generality of churches.

It is related at Campvern, that a number of Cagots took refuge in the castle of Mauvezin, the ruins of which are still seen close by that place, and that they lived by plunder, and totally separated from the other inhabitants of the country, and that they protected themselves from popular enmity by means of a drawbridge. At length, a man of Mauvezin, who led his flocks daily to pasture near the castle, succeeded in establishing an intimacy with them, and in obtaining their confidence: He succeeded

so far, that one day, after having concerted the matter with the principal inhabitants of his village, he induced the Cagots to go forth out of their castle, even to one who was lame, and whom he bore on his shoulders, to play at bowls in a neighbouring field, which is still designated as that of the battle. After having played a short time, he pretended to be thirsty, and went to the castle to procure drink. Once in, however, he raised up the draw-bridge, and shouted out to the villagers, who rushed in a body upon the Cagots, and these being unarmed, were every one slain on the spot.

At the church of Tarm, in the neighbourhood of Pau, there still exists a blue stone in the centre of the door-way, which served as a mark to distinguish the passage of the Cagots from that of the other inhabitants. At Lespielle there is a spring on the estate of M. de Saint James, commonly called "La Houm deus Cagots." At Bordes the repudiated doorway which is common to most of the churches in the Pyrenees and the Landes, is surmounted by a monogram of Christ, X. P. S., accompanied by the A and the Ω according to the Roman style of the twelfth century.

A tax called *rancale* was levied in the parish of Lescar up to the period of the Revolution, and the tax-gatherer was accompanied by a dog, for whose benefit he had the right to exact a bit of bread. An anecdote is related of Henry IV. in reference to this parish, which would show that the monarch's inclinations were stronger than his prejudices. Suing a young girl of Bilhères in this parish, the latter declared amidst her tears that she was not worthy of his attentions, or of the feelings which he flattered her she had inspired him with.

"Why so?" exclaimed the prince.

"Because I am Cagote."

"And I also," immediately answered the *verd galant*, "*et jou tabe qu'en soy, au Dion biben.*"

At Jurançon, parish of Pau, the Cagots were obliged to have the figure of a man, sculptured in stone, above the door of their houses, and it would appear that the receptacle for holy water used by the Cagots was always distinguished by particular sculptures, but of what kind has not been determined, as being of an insulting character, they were either mutilated or destroyed at the period of the Revolution.

At Pau itself the Cagots monopolised the profession of chimney-sweeps, but in other places they exercised the trade of weavers, as well as that of carpenters and joiners—their most common pursuits. It appears that the discarded races also enjoyed certain privileges. Thus it is stated that if a loaf of bread was by any accident placed on the table upside down, it became the property of any Cagot who might be present, and this is even said to have extended to the load of a mule or a donkey if the said load happened to be placed mouth to mouth. They have also held responsible situations in some places. Thus a Cagot was admitted into the brotherhood of White Penitents at Pau, in 1756. The head of a family at Momas was elected into the municipality of that place, and the mayor of Neivailles still adds the epithet *Chrestian* to his name. They have also often become farmers and freeholders, and held small properties. Thus Antoine de Peyré was, in virtue of his marriage with Anne de Saint Abit, lord of the place of the latter name. A Cagot was also mayor of Loubossa near Bayonne. The Cagots are very numerous around Oléron. In that neighbourhood they are more enterprising and

more courageous than the other inhabitants, and are much engaged in smuggling. They often become officers, in the municipality and of the national guard; but the enmity entertained towards them by the pure races is as strong as ever. The use of the epithet of Cagot always leads to quarrels, in which sticks are freely resorted to, and blood is very often shed. Some of the wealthiest inhabitants of Eacon and Herrière are descendants of these pariahs.

Mountainous countries being essentially conservative of institutions, habits, and manners, it is not surprising that in the Landes and the department of Gers, the Cagots are less numerous than in the Pyrenees. But still they are by no means uncommon. There is scarcely a town that has not a suburb bearing the name of Cagots or of Genits; every church had once its particular door and holy water basin, and there still exists to this present day the same repugnance to any alliance by marriage with the repudiated races as is to be met with in the mountains. It is related that in the first year of the reign of Louis XVI., a rich Cagot of the Landes having been seen upon three different occasions making use of the holy water vessel of the pure races, an old soldier repaired on the ensuing Sabbath to the church, and lay in wait with a drawn sword. At the moment when the pariah was about to violate the injunction established by religious prejudice against him, his hand was struck off, and the bystanders immediately seized upon it, and nailed it to the door of the church as a warning to others of his race.

The Gahets of Bordeaux were consigned from time immemorial to a particular suburb, where they had their own church, called that of St. Nicolas de Graves, or of the Gahets.* The race extended thence by Poitou to Brittany. Several notices exist of their residence in the latter country in the fifteenth century, when they were called *Caguins*, and their villages *maladreries*. Wherever they went, however much Doctor Michel may wish to pass it over slightly, the opprobrium of disease clung to them. In this maritime country these poor people particularly affected the business of rope-making, and the rope-makers of Trebison, at Lannilis, in Finistere, are still, according to Dr. Michel, contemptuously spoken of as *Cacous*. The race was held in similar aversion throughout Brittany as elsewhere, and was looked upon as attainted with leprosy. It was not till after the Revolution that they were permitted to bring a bench near the porch of the church of Pontivy in Morbihan. The Bretons preserved themselves from the spell of the *Caqueux*, by hiding the thumb under the four fingers, and saying, as they passed one or more of them, *ar garet*. In Brittany, however, as in other parts of France, the prejudice against these people is allowed to be considerably diminished since the Revolution, and the fusion with other races is rapidly removing all traces of their former existence.

The pariahs of France have not only been made the subject of many historical dissertations, but, although a degraded race, they have also furnished heroes for romance. The novel called "*Corisande de Maulen*," by Madame de Montpezat, is founded on an incident in the history of Bearn which has reference to this unfortunate race. In "*Le Cagot, nouvelle Bearnaise*," the author, M. J. Bada, has made use of many popular traditions in reference to the same race. A novel called "*Le Pariah des*

* The Gahets were at one period forbidden by an act of the Bordeaux parliament to appear in public without shoes, and without a piece of red cloth attached in a visible manner to their clothing, under the penalty of getting a beating.

Pyrenées," was published at Toulouse, as also a smaller composition in "La Revue de Bretagne" called "Les Caqueux," whom the author designates as "a kind of pariahs of the middle ages." The most remarkable work of fiction, in which a Cagot figures as a hero, is "L'Andorre" of Elie Berthet. In this romance the Cagot is described as a true descendant of the Goths, with light hair, blue moist eyes, expressive of a certain degree of timidity, fair skin, and athletic form.

Popular songs and poems, composed by Cagots, or having reference to them, are by no means common. Doctor Michel attributes the poverty of the national *romancero*, so different to what is presented to us by Greece, Spain, and Scotland, to the neglect which has attended this branch of literature in France, but it is also possible that the subject may never have been a popular one. Still the doctor's industry has supplied him with some curious specimens. One which originates from the Landes, and which discusses the origin of the Gahets, dates from the sixteenth century. Another more amusing one, called the "Wedding of Margaret de Gourrigues," dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. It seems to have been mainly written as a vehicle wherein to notice the names of the chief Cagots of the day, and it begins spiritedly enough. "Twenty-five Cagots are gone to Orthez, mounted on horseback like so many cavaliers. They are gone to Pau, to the bridge of the Franciscans," &c., &c.

Some of the Cagot songs are full of repinings at their miserable condition, but most are indicative of a truly praiseworthy resignation, while others, again, celebrate in triumphant language their contests with the Franks. One of the most characteristic is a Breton ballad. It relates that when Jannik Kokard, of Plirmelio, "the handsomest peasants' son in the country, went on Sunday to church, with his light hair floating, more than one young girl was heard to sigh tenderly. One day he said to his parents—'Father and mother, in the name of God, if you love me, do not send me to Lannion, for fear you have trouble afterwards, from what may happen to me there. I never see Marie Tilli but that I am obliged to go in; they give fine oats to my horse, and to me every honour; they place before me barley bread, and a vessel full of fresh butter. Bordeaux wine, and of the best too; hydromel, mead; nothing is wanting. Marie, seated by my side, fills my glass to the brim, so much so, that I often leave the market to go and look at her eyes.' His parents answered him angrily—'My son, you shall still go to market, and you shall pass free before the door of Marie; you shall no more enter her house; for that girl you shall not have her, nor her, nor the daughter of any Caqueux.'

"Marie came about a week afterwards to the village of Jannik. 'Give me a seat to sit down and a white napkin to wipe my brow,' she said, 'for your son has said to me that I shall be his wife.' The old head of the family answered her in a mocking tone. 'Young girl, a foolish fancy brings you here, for my son you shall not have, nor you, nor the daughter of any Caqueux.' When Marie heard these harsh words, she said, amidst her tears, 'I never had so much grief as when I heard my father spoken of as a Caqueux; my father has never made ropes; he is a wholesale dealer in white linen,' and as she went out of the house, 'let it be so! I will go to the fair,' she said; 'I will go to the fair of Plouaret; I will there cleave off my little finger, and it shall be seen by my blood that I am not of the race of the Caqueux!'

"Marie Tilli said to Jannik Kokard that day : 'The sun is hot, let us go and sit in the shade.' Jannik followed the young girl, and when he got up he did not know, unfortunate young man, what had happened to him. He did not know that, poor young man, he was infected, that he was leprous ! But as he returned home, swellings big as peas came out on his skin ; it was painful to see him !

"The miserable youth, overcome with grief, said to his parents, 'God has punished me because I did not obey you. Father and mother, I must bid farewell to the threshold of your door. The poor Caqueux has neither friend nor parent on the earth ; the priest forbids him to approach the door of Christians, or to draw water from the well ; he is dead to the world. He must keep at a distance from his fellow-creatures, even from little children. The poor Caqueux has on earth nothing but anguish and suffering.'"

It is impossible but that a tradition so long received and so widely and uniformly diffused in connexion with the Cagots, must have had some foundation in truth, whatever may be their origin historically. It is to be hoped that by the intermixture of races, as now permitted, the malady will be gradually exterminated, which was only permanently upheld by obliging the unfortunate afflicted to intermarry with one another.

The word Cagot and Cagoterie was first introduced into the French language as expressive of bigotry and hypocrisy, by Clement Mant, valet to Queen Margaret of Navarre, and that curiously enough in connexion with other Gothic names familiar in this country. In his epistle of a cock to an ass, written in 1536, to Lyon Jameb, he says :—

*Ils sont de chaude rencontre
Bigotz, cagotz godz et magodz,
Fagotz, escargotz eb margotz.*

This word was afterwards much affected by Molière, as in the "Tartuffe" (Act 1, Sc. 1), where he says :—

*Quoi ! je souffrirai, moi, qu'un cagot de critique
Viene occuper chez moi un pouvoir tyrannique ?*

and also as *cagoterie* and *cagotisme* in the same play.

Since writing the above, we have received several communications from Mr. W. Hughes, long time resident in Brittany, and well known by his popular legends of that country, published in *Ainsworth's Magazine*. Mr. Hughes thinks the word Caqueux may be derived from ΚΑΘΕΙΣ, distemper, and that they were afflicted with the leprosy, brought into Europe by the crusaders. Mr. Hughes quotes the opinions of Lobineau, who wrote in 1707, of the "Dictionnaire des Sciences," of De la Villemarque, Souvestre, Pitre Chevalier, &c., as to their supposed infection, and the malediction that lay upon them. At the same time, Mr. Hughes states distinctly that the Caqueux are no longer to be met with in any part of Brittany, not even in the Bishopric of St. Malo, which, according to Lobineau, they particularly affected in the time of Francis II., Duke of Brittany (1477). Mr. Hughes further adds that he never witnessed that in the present day any great prejudice existed against rope-makers, the trade which we have seen the Caqueux chiefly followed in Brittany. Mr. Hughes also quotes "Murray's Handbook," to the effect that even in the Pyrenees, the proscribed and outcast race of Cagots seem to exist more in tradition than in reality. Dr. Michel's learned work throws, however, much light upon the actual distribution of the Cagots, even to the number of families in each district of that country.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

PART II.

MR. GLUE'S SCHEME—LUCY'S COUNTER-PROJECT—CAPTAIN RHATIGAN'S TRIUMPH.

OF all the gay tribe of annuals which once used to blaze in the book-sellers' windows, there are now but few survivors ; such as still hold their ground are devoted to purposes rather of utility than amusement, though in some of them the attentive reader may gather the materials for works of far greater entertainment than he was in the habit of deriving from the "Keepsakes," and "Forget-me-nots" of a former day. They consist, it is true, only of long columns of names, but the list is a variously suggestive one, and there are few whose memory may not supply the incidents of romance, even in one little page of these unadorned volumes.

Not to make a further mystery of these Sybilline books, we may as well say at once that we speak of those agreeable periodicals which belong to the family of the Directories, and are devoted to the enumeration of the members of the several professions. Amongst them is one to which we wish at this moment to direct particular attention. It has little external beauty to recommend it, a dull, red calf-skin forming the cover of the casket which contains—in its way—so many gems. It is labelled as briefly as may be "Law List," and this is the only brevity with which the law has any thing to do, except indeed when a client has turned the corner, and is going down hill ; then brevity is the soul of the law as it is of wit, and makes incalculably short work of him.

If the reader refers to this tome, he will find amongst a host of attractive names, arrayed like so many loadstones, the firm of "Easum and Glue." It figures in the section reserved for London attorneys (or solicitors as they are now more generally called), and the place of business indicated is Essex Street, Strand.

This street, which, like a mouse-trap, has a narrow neck and a very capacious stomach, abounds with lawyers whose names are written on both lintels of every doorway, so that whether a pedestrian goes up or down the street, the greeting is the same. The offices of Messrs. Easum and Glue were situated on the left hand side, about half way down, and through the open portals passed daily many a wretch who, entering there, left hope behind. In the passage two doors confronted him : on one was a brass plate inscribed "Mr. Glue," intimating that the worthy gentleman so named had taken up his private residence there ; on the other was the important announcement conveyed by the word "Offices." Beyond the latter was a dusky room of moderate dimensions, one half of it railed off, and behind the rail at a desk which stretched from one side of the room to the other, were usually seated half a dozen pale-faced clerks, quill-driving to the utmost extent of their abilities, and only interrupting that interesting pursuit to ask each other lively questions, such as whether Bolter's writ had been served yet ; whether judgment had been obtained in the case of

Newcome ; or whether it was at all likely that Cribbit and Co., the bankrupts, would pass their last examination. Occasionally the attention of one or other of these pallid myrmaids was specially bespoken by a sepulchral voice, which issued from a tube above the desk, requiring his presence upstairs to answer a particular question or receive some private orders. The owner of this voice was Mr. Glue, whose den was on the first floor, and at the sound every tongue was hushed, the individual summoned disappearing like lightning, though rapidly as he performed his exit, it was not too speedy to prevent him from twisting his mouth with a grotesque expression at his brother clerks, as much as to say he wondered what the old file was after now. Passing through a green baize door studded with brass nails, and having an oval-shaped pane of glass set in the upper part, which afforded a full view of the room from the outside, the applicant for Mr. Glue's professional services ascended a private staircase, leading into another room, where in the midst of piles of parchment and ponderous law books, sat two more clerks, to whom were intrusted the more weighty concerns of the office ; at the further extremity of this apartment were double doors, and these opened, the sanctuary of Mr. Glue himself was exposed. The heavy bookcases, the faded curtains, the dusty papers, the lumbering furniture, imparted a sombre aspect to the place, which the appearance of Mr. Glue did not tend to diminish, as he sat in his large arm-chair with his back to the light and his gloomy eyes intently fixed on whoever entered. Had the windows undergone only a moderate amount of cleaning, a glimpse of something cheerful might have been obtained even there, for the room looked over that part of the Temple which lies below the Middle Hall, where one or two large trees still waved their spreading branches, green, in spite of the smoky atmosphere in which they were brought forth. But it was no part of Mr. Glue's system to inspire cheerfulness in any who came near him, and for this reason alone, if motives of thrift had no share in it, the dusky panes were never washed save when there came a shower of rain. Grim, and dark, and solitary he sat in his web, weaving the meshes with which he entangled the unwary.

We have made mention of Mr. Glue only,—and for this reason ; his partner, Mr. Easum, had retired from the firm. The name, however, was still retained, for it was looked upon by Mr. Glue as not the least valuable part of his stock in trade, there being a soft attraction about Easum, which veiled the adhesive properties belonging to his own name and nature. The combination was typical of what befel the fool who got into their respectable clutches ; Easum courteously and smilingly lured him into the snare, and Glue kept him there as long as there remained any thing worth sticking to. But Glue was now alone in his glory, and he made the most of it ; nor did the amount of his business decline.

One morning in the month of November, or, to speak with a technicality better suited to the subject, a few days after the commencement of Michaelmas term, when the grand battue of the law begins, Mr. Glue was seated in his office absorbed, not in the preparation of briefs, though several claimed his attention, but in the perusal of the *Times* newspaper. It was not the leading article that interested him, bitter and personal though it was against a high legal functionary whom he hated ; it was not the list of insolvents, several of whom had arrived at that condition through his agency, which attracted his attention ; it was not on the

obituary that his eyes were then fixed, as they so often were, in the hope of seeing there the names of friends ; neither did he scan the arguments of counsel in the report of a case tried only the day before, where he had been a winner ; the leading article was a *bonne bouche* which would keep till after dinner ; the insolvents, the dead, and the defeated antagonists were *des faits accomplis*, which nothing could change. His eager eye was directed to the movements of the living, to a battle which was still to be fought, and greedily did he devour the first half-dozen advertisements that appeared in the second column of the *Times*.

Having taken them all in at a glance, he slowly examined them, one by one, reading and commenting upon them aloud.

“Next of kin. If the nearest male relative to the late Matthew Thimblewell, Esquire, of Buckram Lodge, in the county of Westmoreland, will communicate with Mr. Joseph Parkes, No. 28, Bury Street, St. James’s, he will hear of something GREATLY TO HIS ADVANTAGE.’ That’s simple enough ; the nearest male relative to old Thimblewell is his nephew Tom Skirts, a spendthrift, in every body’s books, and thanks to the acceptances which I have here,” laying his hand on a tin box, “got cheaply enough, God knows,—deepest in mine. He must have his uncle’s property one of these days, not yet though, for the old tailor is still alive ; but he keeps out of the way, and may manage to do so a thought too long. I must secure him and make my own terms. He has been looking out for his uncle’s death, *that* I know, so this bait will probably catch him. He little thinks who Mr. Joseph Parkes is ! Let me see, what is the next ? ‘Should this meet the eye of any kind-hearted, benevolent lady or gentleman—’ bah ! that’s none of mine ; my benevolence takes a different shape. What’s this ? ‘Notice. The persons inquiring three or four months ago for a youth named Augustus Brown,’ yes, that’s right, ‘will obtain positive information as to his whereabouts, *with all necessary particulars in other respects*, on application by letter, post paid, to A. B., Jerusalem Coffee House. Peculiar reasons prevent a personal interview in the first instance.’ That was a lucky discovery of mine ! I’ll make it worth 500*l.* at least. Parents who can afford it ought to be made to pay well for the recovery of an only child. He might have stayed in the union till he was old enough to go to sea, or have died there for that matter, if I hadn’t ferreted him out. ‘Bank of England. Unclaimed dividends.’ Yes, I turn a pretty penny that way too—a very good per centage. —To A FRIEND. YOURS HAS BEEN RECEIVED ; give an address, and your friend will write to you AS A FRIEND. Write direct and soon.’ And a good friend I am to the scoundrel. I could transport you, Mr. Morley, but—I won’t. The money’s more useful to me than justice satisfied is like to prove. He offers half-profits. Um ! it’s worth two-thirds. We shall see.”

Mr. Glue read one or two more advertisements of the same description. From all of them he looked to derive, more or less, of personal advantage ; indeed, since he had hit upon this expedient, the second column of the *Times* had proved a little fortune to him.

A grim smile had puckered the corners of his hard mouth while he read these advertisements ; but the moment he had ceased, the expression vanished, and his features wore their accustomed rigidity. He was thinking of something else.

“That scamp, Fitz-Mortimer !” he muttered, “I wish I could manage to catch him ! So near as I was, too. Half an hour later, and he would

have been safe in the Bench. It's one comfort, however, that he can't be far off. He wants wings to fly with, and knows, too, that London after all is the safest place to hide in. I'll be bound he has only put the river between him and the last trail. Come in!" he continued, interrupting himself, and hearing a gentle tap at the inner door. "Well! what do you want, Griper?" he asked, sharply, as the head and shoulders of one of the clerks from below became visible.

The answer was given in a tone as wiry as his own, though the speaker made an effort to subdue the effect, by a distortion of countenance intended for a smile, the result of which, however, was simply the exhibition of a row of yellow fangs as unlike human teeth as possible.

"I've got some news you'll be glad to hear, sir," said Mr. Griper.

"Good news? come in then; don't stand there grinning like an idiot. Now, what is it! Who does it concern?"

"You, sir, and another person."

"Is it Mor—stuff, what am I thinking of! He knows nothing about *his*. Who is the other?"

"Major Fitz-Mortimer, sir!"

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Glue, rubbing his hands joyfully. "So soon! Is he nabbed?"

"No, sir, not that exactly, but I think I'm on the scent. Indeed, I'm sure I am."

"That's well. Come, tell me all about it. November, a gloomy month! Psha—It's the pleasantest of all the year. I always find it so."

"You remember, sir, that on Saturday afternoon you sent me up to Basinghall Street, about Cribbit's bankruptcy?"

"Yes;—go on!"

"As I was coming back—it was getting dark at the time—but there was light enough left for any one to see, who knows how to make use of his eyes; just as I was crossing over by the end of Bridge Street, I caught a glimpse of a tall, strongly-built man, with a large pair of red whiskers, going into the *Sunday Times* Office."

"Fitz-Mortimer hasn't red whiskers," said Mr. Glue. "Perhaps it was a disguise, though."

"No, sir, *he* hasn't, but a friend of his has. You recollect Captain Rhatigan, sir?"

"What, the Irish, half-pay fellow, who knocked down Levy and Solomons when they were trying to get into the house in Lambeth last week. But he's not worth powder and shot. Poor as he is, there's nothing out against him. The sheriffs' officers must settle the assault amongst 'em. However, you watched this Rhatigan?"

"I followed him into the office, for it struck me if I could find out his business there, it might lead to the discovery of the major. At any rate I could keep him in sight, and dodge him home perhaps. Well, sir, the captain marched up to the counter, and putting his head over the rail, though it stands nearly six feet from the floor, shouted out to a clerk who was busily casting up an account.

"This is the *Sunday Times* office?" said he.

"Yes," replied the young man, without raising his head.

"For advertisements?" continued the captain.

"To be sure!" returned the clerk.

“What do you charge for this?” said the captain, pulling a paper out of his waistcoat-pocket and handing it over the rail.

“It’s too late,” answered the clerk, still at work on his book. “The paper is just going to press!”

“Man alive!” exclaimed the captain, with an emphasis that made the clerk jump, “look up, can’t you? D’ye see this?”

“The young man raised his eyes, and seeing Captain Rhatigan’s huge fist on the rail, mistook his meaning, and quickly snatched at the paper.

“It may be in time yet,” said he, “but only for the town copies; the country edition is worked off.”

“It’s for the town I want it,” cried the captain, “What’s the damage?”

“Matrimonial advertisements,” replied the clerk, in a low tone of voice, but not so low as to prevent me from hearing him, for I was listening close behind the captain—“matrimonial advertisements pay double!”

“I could understand that,” was the reply, “if the other party had to pay too. How much is it?”

“Two guineas, and cheap enough it is.”

“That’s a stinger!” said the captain, pulling out his purse; “but to the divel with that consideration! Here’s the money! Mind you put it in conspicuous.”

“It shall head a column, sir,” replied the clerk, won over to civility by the captain’s ready payment.

“That will do for me,” thought I; “now just to see where he goes to.” But I was very near never seeing any thing again, for as the captain was putting his purse in his pocket he gave his elbow a devil of a flourish, and caught me in the left eye, nearly knocking it out.”

“Ah, I see,” said Mr. Glue, coolly, “you’ve got a black eye, but it hasn’t disimproved your appearance!”

Mr. Griper looked rather surly at this polite intimation, but went on.

“The captain apologised for the accident.

“There’s little good comes of shaking one’s elbow at any time,” said he. “I’m sorry I didn’t hit you somewhere else, particularly as to-morrow’s Sunday.”

“You’re a big brute,” thought I, but I merely rubbed my eye, and said ‘it didn’t signify.’ He then left the office, and I kept at his heels down Fleet Street, along the Strand, across Leicester Square, and into Regent Street, where he hailed an Atlas omnibus for St. John’s Wood. I meant to have got in too, but there was only room for one, so I was obliged to return here, and you were out when I came in.”

“But that isn’t all you have to tell me,” said Mr. Glue.

“No, sir,” replied Griper, with another of his amiable grins. “Yesterday I bought the last edition of the *Sunday Times*, and there it is, all plain enough, as you’ll say when you see it.”

With these words, Griper produced the newspaper from his pocket. It was instantly clutched by Mr. Glue, who turned at once to the advertisement which had so severely taxed the inventive powers of Captain Rhatigan. He commented upon it as he read:—

“‘Unblemished morals’—the blackleg! ‘Possessed of a handsome independence’—very; ‘mercenary motives’—oh, no! ‘expects an ample fortune’—I dare say he does; ‘high birth;’ ‘lovely bride;’ ‘station less exalted’—trash! ‘Personal resources suffice for the necessities of a single life’—for the necessities of a garret! ‘Marble halls;’ gilded

palaces ; ' jewelled precincts '—humbug ! and yet there are women fools enough to be taken in by such stuff as this ; ' Elysium '—yes, sir, you shall find an elysium in the Queen's Bench before you're many days older. ' F. P., ' of course that's Frederick Pierrepont. I've seen the rascal's signature too often not to know it. ' Post Office, Curzon Street, Mayfair '—so ! Well, young gentleman, I shall have you at last. Griper," continued Mr. Glue, turning to his clerk, " you've managed this matter very cleverly. The next time there's an execution at the Old Bailey, you shall have a holiday. A little recreation of that sort will do you good."

To judge by Mr. Glue's general expression, one would have thought an attendance at the infliction of capital punishments was a private amusement of his own.

Mr. Griper neither refused nor accepted the obliging offer, but silently retired, confident, however, that he now stood high in his master's good graces.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Glue read the advertisement again.

" My fellows below, that Griper himself, can imitate all kinds of official writing, but their hands are too round to be taken for a woman's ; besides, their style would betray them. No ! I must pretend to make a joke of it, and get Emma to answer the advertisement. She'll never suspect my real motive. Her handwriting and my dictation will just do."

Having settled this matter in his own mind, he laid down the paper, and turned to his ordinary occupations.

The lawyer's daughter was the very opposite to her father. When Emma was born, Nature felt that some indemnification was due to the world on account of her parent, the more particularly as by that daughter's birth he was left an uncontrolled widower. She endowed the child accordingly, and instead of transferring the meanness, malevolence, worldliness, and suspicion which marked the father's character, she gave her a kind heart, a liberal mind, a frank, honest, gentle, and generous disposition ; she gave her beauty also, and framed her intellect to profit by all that education might offer, so that at two-and-twenty she was as charming a young person as one could hope to meet with. Nor did those who knew her like her the less for a dash of romance which marked her actions, the impulse which prompted her being always pure. Much of what was attractive in Emma, she no doubt owed to the rarity of her intercourse with her father, who was too much occupied by his personal schemes to give himself time to graft his principles on one whose sex prevented her from cultivating them after his own fashion ; but she was still greatly indebted to the care her aunt, a sister of her mother, bestowed on her. She was an amiable, benevolent woman, and the instruction she gave was not thrown away on Emma, for whom Nature had already done so much.

With a pleasanter manner than was his wont, Mr. Glue encountered his daughter at dinner, on the day when the scene above described took place. As far as his nature permitted him, he was even jocular, and told one or two good stories. It is true, they were wholly professional, and the point of them consisted in showing with what admirable dexterity he had circumvented certain of his brother attorneys, or effected the ruin of certain clients—but these results constituted their value in his opinion, and made them good stories. Having prepared the way, he then turned

the subject, and while affecting to look over the newspaper for the first time, pretended to stumble upon Fitz-Mortimer's advertisement.

He read it out aloud, and, perceiving that Emma was greatly amused by it, said it would almost be worth while to hoax the writer.

The idea of a hoax originated by one so grave and saturnine as her father, made Emma stare with astonishment, but, finding that he really meant what he said, and not having the slightest notion that harm could come of it to any body, she was easily induced to adopt his view of the matter, and, laughingly said, she would herself put the gentleman's sincerity to the test.

Instead of disapproving, Mr. Glue said, "It would serve the coxcomb right to send him on a fool's errand, and keep him shivering in the fog." So Emma immediately sat down to write a very sentimental epistle in reply to the high flown composition which her father had just read—Mr. Glue himself dictating, while he seemed only to listen.

When she had finished and read it over, Mr. Glue, a rare thing, indeed, with him, was actually moved to laughter. He patted Emma on the cheek, even kissed her—nay, more, in the fulness of his unaccustomed mirth, his paternal heart expanded, and he absolutely promised to make her a present of a new guitar.

"If you should happen not to like it when you've got it, Emmy," he said, "you can send it to F. P., to amuse himself with, at the corner of Berkeley Square, the next time he keeps his appointment there. Give me the letter; I'm going to the club to-night, and will post it myself. We have a meeting to draw up a petition to Parliament to restore *mesne-process* for any amount, and rebuild the Fleet Prison at the public expense. I shall probably be late, so you need not sit up for me—good night."

However she might be surprised at her father's unusual good temper, Emma was too much delighted to find it fact to speculate about the cause, and with a lighter heart than had throbbled in her bosom for many a day, she went that night to rest. Had she been aware that the joke to which she had lent herself was intended to bring ruin on one whom she had more than once thought of with feelings of the strongest sympathy for his evident but unrevealed misfortunes, no pleasure would have danced in her bright eye, no smile have parted her rosy lips.

The reason for the existence of this sympathy requires a word of explanation. In the course of the previous summer, while on a visit with her aunt to the Isle of Wight, Emma had been introduced, at a ball, to a very handsome and distinguished-looking officer—a Major Fitz-Mortimer, with whom she had not only danced, walked, and rode, as occasion permitted, but had entered into a degree of intimacy which wanted but little to ripen at once into a warmer sentiment. The declaration which should have brought about this consummation, was unmade, she inclined to think, in consequence of some concealed sorrow, which, even when his spirits were at the highest, would suddenly check his gaiety, and leave him silent and melancholy, the saddened image of his former self. Their intercourse, moreover, had been abruptly broken off, at the very moment when she had hoped to have had the satisfaction of seeing him presented to her father, who had announced his intention of joining Emma for a few days in the long vacation. From that time she had never seen or heard of Fitz-Mortimer, but it is not certain, that she had ceased to think of him.

Though a niggard in most things, Mr. Glue was sufficiently liberal when his daughter was concerned. He allowed her many indulgences which fathers frequently withhold. Amongst them was the permission to have her own maid.

Lucy Smith was a smart, pretty, intelligent, and somewhat voluble specimen of her class, who, by the way, seldom lack either intelligence or volubility in certain situations, affairs of the heart, for example, in which they are personally concerned or trusted. Lucy had only two reasons for liking her place, but they sufficed to keep her in it; first of all she was fond of her mistress, and then Miss Emma was very generous. Without the inducements she would scarcely have been content, as she said, "to put herself up amongst a parcel of withered clerks," not that she saw much of them, except when they casually encountered in the common passage, for her inclinations would scarcely have led her to where they were, and their occupations were much too closely watched to admit of the relaxation necessary for flirtation.

But events that are predestined take place whether we will or no, and on the morning but one after the letter of assignation had been written, it chanced that Lucy found herself near the office-door, which, standing ajar, enabled her, without any violent exercise of curiosity, to overhear the sounds of unusual mirth among the clerks, and coupled with it the name of Fitz-Mortimer, which seemed to provoke their laughter.

Much as she despised "the persons in the office," none of whom had ever said a civil thing to her, she would have been less than woman had she gone on her way indifferent when any thing affecting one whom she firmly believed to be her mistress's lover was in question. She therefore paused to listen, and presently heard the voice of Mr. Griper detailing the full particulars of his adventure of the previous Saturday, of his interview with Mr. Glue, and of the steps subsequently taken by that gentleman. The latter we shall give in Mr. Griper's own words.

"So says the governor to me, 'Griper,' says he, 'I think we shall cook that young feller's goose. I've answered the advertisement and appointed a meeting with him at the corner of Berkeley Square, just opposite Hay Hill, at seven o'clock this evening, when, as he supposes, a lady in a plaid shawl is to be there who has been taken with the account the major has given of himself. You,' says the governor, looking hard at me in the way we've seen him do, 'you, Griper, are the best looking of all my clerks (there was a general expression of dissent here, but Mr. Griper took no notice of it), and you must personate the young woman. But first of all go down to Cursitor Street, and tell Sloman to have Hemp and another ready this evening to make a caption, for as judgment has been entered, of course I shall go to work at once. You'd better say it's very likely there'll be some resistance, as I dare say the major will show fight.' So I'm off to wake up the captivators," continued Griper, with his agreeable grin, "and when I come back, maybe I won't make myself up in a captivating way, neither. I'll bet any body a hat he does not find out I'm a man for the first five minutes."

"You must wear a devilish thick veil, then," said a surly old clerk in the corner, with an expression of countenance like an envious wolf.

"So I should," retorted Griper, "if I was in the habit of using your looking-glass."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the other clerks, "he has you there,

"But tell us," continued one, "did the governor himself write the letter?"

"No," said Griper, "and that part of the joke is as good as any of it. He persuaded Miss Emma to do it, that it might make it seem safe to come from a lady. He's a cunning old dog is our governor to get his daughter to play at cat's-paw for him."

Lucy stood transfixed with rage and astonishment. To hear her young mistress made the jest of a scum of pettifogging quill-drivers, and, worse than that, to think that she had been rendered instrumental in procuring the arrest of the very person whom she would most willingly have saved from her father's machinations! It was too vexatious, and she was half tempted to go into the office and give it roundly to the whole set, from the grinning Mr. Griper to the gray-headed Mr. Badger, but reflection came opportunely to stay a proceeding which could have no useful result, and she resolved at once to go and inform her mistress of all she had heard. Noiselessly, therefore, she stole away, and in a few moments was in Emma's presence, where, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, she told the tale of treachery.

Emma was as much excited as her maid, though in a different way. Anger at having been duped for such a purpose contended in her mind with shame at the knowledge of Fitz-Mortimer, of whom she had thought so highly, having had recourse to such a disgraceful expedient as advertising for a wife.

"If no such person," she said, "as myself had ever existed, if nothing had passed between us—if our intercourse had been limited to the merest acquaintance, Frederick is the last person I should have believed capable of taking such a step. But after what he said the very last day we rode out together, and worse than that, after what I replied, when he could not but feel that the terms we were upon were not those of common intimacy. It is much too—too—too cruel to think of!"

And here, truth compels us to state, that the fair Emma shed a flood of tears. They appeared, however, to have relieved her, and perhaps gave her thoughts a different turn.

"After all," she continued, "if I should have wronged him! He may have been driven by distress to perform a deed which his soul abhors. Could he indeed have been serious? No!" she exclaimed, after a brief pause, "it must have been a mere act of levity, one scarcely pardonable, but still only a jest—the wording of the advertisement plainly shows it. He never could have supposed that any woman in her senses would listen to the rhodomontade my father read to me. He never could have intended it. But yet the consequences of his folly may be fatal to him; my father's avarice, his vindictiveness—that I should have to say so—where money is owing, will never rest till he has thrown him into prison and extracted the uttermost farthing! These embarrassments, then, were the cause of his melancholy, of his silence. Why did he not speak of them to me? He did not know that I have a fortune independent of my father, and yet, perhaps, he was not ignorant of it, but his delicacy prevented him from opening his lips on the subject. He was wrong, very wrong, not to have confided in me, after all that passed between us, but still more wrong to have placed himself in this equivocal position. I must endeavour to prevent his falling into this snare—but how? Lucy, my dear girl, you must help me with your counsel."

This was a course of proceeding very much after Lucy's heart, for, next to managing an affair of her own, there was nothing she so much delighted in as putting matters *en train* for another, and, we believe, she is not a solitary instance of this kind of devotedness, the sex generally having a *penchant* that way.

"If your case was mine, Miss Hemmer," said she, "I know what I should do."

"Suppose it is so," returned Emma, "and tell me how you would act."

"I would keep the appointment, myself, miss, that was made in a hoax, warn him of his danger, reproach him with his perfidious conduct, and banish him from my sight for ever!"

"Alas!" sighed Emma, "he would then be overwhelmed with misfortune, and might be driven to some desperate act! Warn him I certainly will; reproach him I possibly may; but leave him a prey to misery—no, Lucy, that I can never do!"

"When I said 'banish him for ever,' Miss Hemmer, in course I didn't mean to be literary. One says that sort of thing just to keep young men on their good behaviour. If one didn't sometimes make believe to be inaccessible there would be no bearing of 'em!"

Emma had none of the *finesse* of seeming to be inexorable, as Lucy meant to have said, but that question occupied her thoughts less than the way in which she could contrive to put him on his guard in time to prevent the meeting with "the false Duessa" and her bailiff attendants.

"For you may be sure," she observed, to Lucy, "that they will be punctual for fear of his escaping them. If we did but know which way he would come he might be stopped."

"Yes, miss, that's the worst of it; but if the major does expect to see any body you may be sure he'll be early, and the others daren't show themselves till he's on the spot for fear of scarring of him. Any one a standing at the corner of the Markis' of Langsdown's gardening-wall can see both sides of Berkeley Square and Hay Hill, too, without ever stirring a bit round the corner, and I'll lay any thing the baileys will hide in the passage and wait till he comes up, so what I advise is this:—for you and me, Miss Hemmer, to muffle ourselves well up and take a cab to the square at half-past six; you can go into Mr. Gunter's hicc-shop and wait while I place myself at the corner and watch. I know the major by sight as well as you, miss, and if once I set eyes on him, you may rest assured he won't come anigh them low ruffins!"

It was not without considerable hesitation that Emma consented to adopt this plan, but her fear for her lover's safety at length overcame all her scruples, and it was agreed that Lucy's advice should be followed.

We now return to Fitz-Mortimer and his friend Rhatigan.

Fitz-Mortimer had been busy writing during the absence of his Irish friend, who had gone down to May Fair in the full persuasion that something would turn up from the advertisement, when the latter suddenly entered, and with a burst of exultation not very unlike an Indian war-whoop, threw a letter upon the table.

"I told you how it would be, Fred," he exclaimed; "such language as that wasn't likely to be thrown away. I hope your fortune's made."

Fitz-Mortimer took up the letter, and changed colour as he looked at the superscription; he tore it open hastily and began to read. An ex-

pression of disappointment passed over his features ; he put it down ; again he took it up and carefully scrutinised the writing, but not a word escaped him.

Captain Rhatigan eyed him attentively.

"What the devil's the matter with the man?" ~~asked~~ he said; "he changes colour like the French flag, first white, then red, and then both at once with a dash of blue in it. Sure your old grandmother hasn't come to life again and appointed a meeting. Come, tell us what the letter says, and don't keep turning it over and over as if it was a pancake."

"Upon my word, Rhatigan, I don't know what to say to it. The letter isn't from my grandmother, that's certain, but I could almost swear to the hand-writing; I should be sure of it if it weren't for the style, but the contents are as absurd as the advertisement itself."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the captain, "that's mighty ungrateful of you, Fred. After all the pains I've taken to get you a wife—let me see it."

We shall not trouble the reader with the contents of the high-flown epistle beyond observing that the captain pronounced it a finished specimen of feminine tenderness.

"But," asked he, "what did you mean just now, when you said you thought you knew the hand-writing?"

"Oh, it was only an absurd accidental resemblance I am convinced—you remember Emma! Her I told you of in the Isle of Wight last summer?"

"What, the daughter of the old lawyer who has been employed so often against you, and who frightened you out of the island just as you were going to propose!"

"The same.—This hand-writing is as like hers as a duplicate is to the original, but it's utterly impossible that she should read the *Sunday Times*, or if she saw it that she should answer that advertisement. No, it must be purely accidental; but absurd as it is the mere sight of lines resembling hers disgusts me with the idea of a venal bargain at the altar. To tell you the truth, Rhatigan, I have actually been writing to her this very morning while you were out, and there my letter lies on my desk. I had nothing to tell her but my unhappiness, but I thought I would at least say farewell."

"If I had begun a correspondence," soliloquised Captain Rhatigan, "only to say I was going to break it off, I should never have heard the end of it. But an Englishman may take the bull by the horns or the tail, just how he pleases. But your sowl in a bowl, Fred, you don't mane to disappoint the lovely girl who tells you she's waiting for you to-night in Berkeley Square."

Fitz-Mortimer felt very much inclined to say that he wished to have nothing to do with it, but he was fearful, if he refused to go, of offending his good-natured, hot-headed friend, who evidently thought he had hit upon an infallible plan for restoring his decayed fortunes. He assented therefore, with as good a grace as he could assume, and after they had despatched a frugal dinner, which the captain insisted on crowning with a bottle of expensive wine "for luck," the two friends set out for the place

As Mr. Glue had anticipated, it was a foggy night; not so dense, however, as to prevent one from seeing some twenty or thirty yards round—

a rare boon when London fogs are rife; and thus it happened that Lucy, who had stationed herself at the corner already indicated, caught a glimpse of the two tall figures approaching just as the clock was striking a quarter to seven. The gait of both the new comers was so decidedly military and the air of one so familiar to her, that she felt sure it was he whom she expected. With a rapid step she approached them, but as she did not wear the plaid shawl named in the letter, they were passing by without noticing her, when she laid her hand on Fitz-Mortimer's arm. Hastily whispering to him to turn back, she led the way for a short distance and then stopped where the light of a lamp fell full on her features.

"Good God, Lucy!" he exclaimed, "how is this? You here—what can it mean?"

"I dare not tell you the story while we remain here," she replied, "for in a few minutes those will be on your track who are seeking to have your liberty, but while we are walking round the square in this direction you shall know all."

She kept her promise, and by the time the three had reached the crossing at Bruton Street, Fitz-Mortimer was aware of the plot, and better still that Emma was in Gunter's shop waiting and willing to speak to him.

"How many are there of them, do you think, Lucy, my dear," said the stalwart captain, chucking her under the chin, "you've fine eyes, that's plain, no fog can put such lights as them out,—how many, my darling?"

"Two, sir, I think," replied Lucy, smiling, "very strong men, too, and then there's the clerk, Mr. Griper, he that's disguised like a woman, but he's not much!"

"Bad luck to 'em, but I'll bother 'em; here, lend me your cloak, Fred, we're both of a height, and in the dark all cats are gray; they'll take me for you, I hope, and I'll give 'em lave after I've throttled the lawyer's clerk. I'll make Mr. Glue pay the piper."

The arrangement was made as soon as proposed, Fitz-Mortimer and Lucy glided unperceived into Gunter's, while Captain Rhatigan walked boldly on to the corner of the square. After waiting a minute or two, seven o'clock struck, and as he looked in the direction of Berkeley Street, he perceived two stout fellows lounging along who turned into the passage that divides Lord Lansdowne's garden from that of the Duke of Devonshire. At the same moment he observed a female figure descending Hay Hill with a very unfeminine stride. She crossed over and coughed as she passed the end of the passage, and the signal was answered by a gruff voice in response.

"If the fog don't choke ye," thought Captain Rhatigan, "may be something else will."

The figure approached, habited in a plaid shawl; the wearer had taken Mr. Badger's advice, and put on a thick black veil, so that none of her features were visible.

She passed close by Captain Rhatigan, and without turning her head said in a low voice, "Are you F. P.?"

"Yes," replied he, in as subdued a tone as he could command.

"You got my letter, then?" said she.

"I did," was the reply, "and you see me at your feet; that is to say," he added, *sotte voce*, "I'll soon see you at mine."

"Step this way," said the lady, "we may be observed. I'm all of a tremble."

"You're beginning too soon," said the captain to himself.

He, however, gave his arm to the deluder and walked with her down Berkeley Street; but just as he had reached the place of ambush out rushed Mr. Hemp and his follower and fastened on his collar. The captain was prepared for them, and with his famous elbows gave them each a staggering blow in the chest, which made them loose their hold.

"That's him," said the lady, defying grammar, and consummating perfidy at the same instant; but it was all she had time to say, for in the same moment fire flashed from both her eyes and a stream of blood flowed from her flattened nose, the illumination and the flattening process arising from a well planted "one, two" on the part of the captain; and, as if these were not sufficient, his ready foot simultaneously tripped up her heels and sent her flying against the wall with a damaging effect to her (Mr. Griper's) headpiece.

It is a marvellous thing, but no less marvellous than true, that if a row occurs in the streets of London, the place, wholly devoid of human beings a moment before, becomes instantly populous as a bee-hive. Before the officers had well recovered from their surprise, and had renewed the attack, a crowd gathered round the combatants, crying loudly against Captain Rhatigan for ill-treating a woman.

"He's bin a beatin' of his wife," said one, "vot a beast he must be!"

As this remark came from a gentleman in red shorts, and a fan-tailed hat, who nightly indulged in the same amusement, it is to be presumed he was able to define the outrage with tolerable correctness.

"To go for to strike a fee-male!" said another, "vy vere's his manhood?"

These observations quite deprived Captain Rhatigan of any sympathy he might have enjoyed, had the mob known that his enemies were bailiffs, so he was left to fight it out by himself; but after administering one or two rather severe punches on the head to Mr. Hemp and his follower, he made a show of being beaten, and those gallant officers completed the caption, Captain Rhatigan allowing himself to be walked off by them to the nearest cab-stand, from whence he was driven to the abode of Mr. Sloman, in Cursitor Street. Mr. Griper, who had picked himself up as well as he could, limped after the party, and, with an aching head, bruised limbs, and battered face, got into another cab, and made the best of his way to Mr. Glue's club to communicate the news of the arrest of Fitz-Mortimer to that gentleman.

It was joyfully received, and the lawyer immediately proceeded to Cursitor Street to indulge himself with a sight of his victim. Mr. Hemp was loud in praise of his own valour:—

"A tougher cove," said that functionary, "I've seldom had to deal with. My eyes! how he pitched it into your little clerk. But we've got him under 'atches."

"I thought," replied Mr. Glue, "that he would not suffer himself to be taken easily; but I did not think he was such a Tartar! Why, Griper's face is more like a toad's back than any thing else. I'll just say a few words to the young gentleman, though it's no use, for I won't take bail."

Mr. Hemp led the way to an upper floor, where the prisoner had been established, and ushered Mr. Glue in.

"This is the wrong room, Hemp," said Mr. Glue, "I suppose you're very full just now?"

"No we ain't," replied the sheriff's officer, "we've not got another in the 'ouse!"

"You don't say so," said Mr. Glue, in a tone of alarm.

"Yes, I do," returned Mr. Hemp, doggedly.

"Then, by Jingo," exclaimed Mr. Glue, "you've taken the wrong man."

"That's true for you," said Captain Rhatigan, who had overheard the colloquy, "and out of this I'll not go till I'm indemnified."

That he stuck to his word, brought Hemp on his knees, and resolved Mr. Glue into something weaker than water, need hardly be said, if the reader has formed an accurate estimate of Captain Rhatigan's character. A very handsome sum was paid him by way of compensation, and Mr. Glue consented to stop all proceedings against Fitz-Mortimer.

In the meantime, what became of the lovers at Gunter's?

Is it "a question to be asked?"

Did not Fitz-Mortimer succeed in making his peace with Emma, did he not tell her how he had merely yielded to the whim of the moment to oblige his friend Rhatigan, did he not honestly acknowledge the state of his affairs, confess to the vice of play, which he sincerely promised to abjure, and then elicit from her an acknowledgment of her regard for himself, coupled with the surprise that she was her own mistress as far as fortune was concerned, and that she freely promised him her hand?

Old Glue was eventually softened, when he found he should gain nothing by standing out; Fitz-Mortimer was thoroughly reclaimed and once more restored to society; the wedding took place, and Captain Rhatigan, who officiated as groom's man, whispered to Frederick, as he walked into the vestry after the ceremony,

"Didn't I tell you that luck would come of your 'Advertising for a Wife?'"

J E N N Y.

Tenuissimum carmen ancillæ, probæ, pulchræ, ornatæ, alteri denique philomelæ, ad scriptum.

TRIM gardens of pink and carnation,
 With temples, and fountains that play,
 Are a highly refined recreation,
 And pretty enough in their way.
 There are sweet flowers grow in wild places,
 Pure rills from wild regions that run,
 True beauties that draw all their graces,
 From air and the natural sun.

Not all that is bright and endearing,
 And worthy man's care and esteem,
 Has been form'd by the trick and veneering
 Of dancing and French and a theme.
 There are hidden in earth's common places,
 As choice as a peach or a plum,
 Who bear the most exquisite traces
 Of Nature's fore-finger and thumb.

H. L. M.

A FEW MONTHS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

CHAPTER IV.

A "TREK"* IN LOWER ALBANY.

Let Englishmen boast of the speed of their steam,
 And despise the dull life that we drag on,
 Give me my long "roer,"† my horse, and my team,
 And a well-seasoned, tight bullock-waggon.

KLIPSPRINGER.

AFTER nearly a week's delay at Port Elizabeth, a sufficient number of waggons were at last assembled for the transport of our baggage, together with the numerous commissariat stores, ammunition, and treasure, destined for the use of the army, then *supposed* to be carrying on active operations against the Kaffirs.

The 18th of October was fixed on for our departure to Graham's Town; but though so early as daybreak, we were awakened by the deep lowing of oxen, the loud creaking of ponderous whips, the jabber of Hottentot drivers, and expressive expletives of the waggon owners, the sun had reached the meridian ere any symptoms of a start were at all discoverable.

At last, by dint of incredible exertions of whips and lungs, of blows and oaths, the cumbersome vehicles gradually got under-weight, and then moved off in slow and sleepy succession. As the waggons were some twenty in number, each dragged by from twelve to sixteen oxen yoked in couples, and as moreover these conveyances progressed in "single file" and did not care to tread too closely on each other's heels, it is not matter of surprise, that when the whole convoy was fairly in motion, it should have extended the entire length of the long straggling lane of houses of which Port Elizabeth is composed, in other words, have covered a space of ground nearly a mile in length!

But it is matter of surprise that such a slow inconvenient mode of conveyance should still continue in use for military operations, more especially in a country—like the present seat of war—broken by hills and dells, water-courses and rivers, covered in many places with dense jungle through which, as these sluggish convoys drag their long and weary length, they are at every step in danger of being cut off by an active, unseen, and lurking foe; and it is still more matter of surprise that during this, and former campaigns against the Kaffirs, a single waggon with its contents, should have ever escaped the fate which befel those at Burn's Hill, and Trompeter's Drift!

But such is the force of prejudice and habit; and because Van Riebeck's followers travelled in days of yore with these unwieldy conveyances, not only do they continue to be used by their descendants, but the English settlers must needs follow the example; and still more strange to tell, the same mode of carriage is likewise adopted in military operations, for the

* A Dutch term, generally pronounced "track," meaning a journey.

† The long gun used by the Dutch Boers.

removal of the stores, baggage, camp equipage, and commissariat of an army; a system entirely subversive of every thing like expedition, certainty, or celerity in the movements of a force.

I have during the course of my wanderings been driven to many strange modes of transport and locomotion, from a donkey to an elephant, from a dooly to an express-train. I have given each a fair trial, and have often moreover been reduced to my own long legs for the means of conveyance; but whether with the caravan of the desert, the muleteer of Spain, or knapsack on back, plodding solitarily on foot, along some wild and dreary waste, never in all my peregrinations did it ever fall to my lot to meet with such "slow coaches" as the aforesaid bullock-waggons of Southern Africa.

Though celerity was therefore by no means the characteristic of our convoy, it possessed—at least in our eyes—the attraction of novelty, and as slowly emerging from the dirty, straggling and unpaved precincts of "Little Elizabeth," it crept along the plainly defined track—showing like a white thread cast on a green carpet—which traversed the grassy, though otherwise bare and undulating plain before us, the lengthened train certainly presented not only a novel but picturesque object to the sight.

The colonists gazed from their thresholds with a vacant look of desponding apathy at our departure, as much as to say that on this, as on many similar occasions, little good was likely therefrom to accrue to them, their blasted hopes or ruined fortunes; but the Hottentot population gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to have a jubilee on this event, and the exhilarating effects of "a parting glass" were obvious not only in the men, but likewise on many of their gentle partners, who, surrounded by swarms of nearly naked young "Totties," and in all their drunken and picturesque array of tattered, dirty, and gaudy finery—as they preceded the waggons, shrilly sang and wildly danced with fantastic attitudes, often—thanks to a good ear and pliant limbs—not wholly without a certain degree of grace and softness.

Whilst the jovial, reckless Hottentots thus gave way to unbridled mirth, the more sedate Fingoe women under the heavy burdens they gracefully bore on their woolly heads, halted for a moment to regard us as we passed, drawing meanwhile, the only garment, a leathern kaross, more closely around their finely rounded, statue-like shapes; grinning from ear to ear, they displayed their magnificent teeth, white as purest ivory, and which, glistening in the wide opening rents of their black hideous faces, resembled bright rows of orient pearls, skilfully encased on some dark, grotesque, and barbaric idol!

In addition to the above specimens of the two great distinctive races of Southern Africa, of the Quaiquæ and Bechuana genus, our troop on this occasion was composed of the most varied and motley set, to contribute which, the furthest extremities of the old world appeared to have been ransacked in succession.

The escort consisted of a body of Malays, a portion of one of the native levies from Cape Town, and headed by a pseudo naval officer. Moreover, for the especial protection of the ammunition and treasure forming part of our investment, a serjeant's party of the 90th Light Infantry was ordered to accompany us to Graham's Town.

This gallant corps, whilst on its way home after a lengthened term of
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service in the East, had been unexpectedly stopped at the Cape, and after years of exile, when, on the eve of re-visiting their country, their friends and all that man holds dearest on earth, these poor fellows' hopes were suddenly dashed to the ground, by being called upon to participate in the toils and hardships of an inglorious war, in which no laurels were to be culled, no honour to be gained, and which might only prolong their already protracted banishment to a most indefinite extent!

Such is the lot of the British soldier! Such is the common fate of men who are too often repaid for their heroic fortitude and devotion by coldness and neglect, by detraction and calumny!

I have seen many British regiments, but never beheld a finer corps than the gallant 90th—the bold, soldier-like bearing, the veteran look, the bronzed and bearded* countenances of these noble specimens of our troops, arrayed in a plain austere and military garb, and boldly grasping their glittering arms, offered the strongest contrast to the slight Asiatic forms, and sharp tawny features of their Malay companions. The difference was not less marked between the latter and the swarthy, thick-lipped African, or the unwieldy Dutch Boer, who passively sat in front of his waggon enveloped in the mantle of national phlegm, and the dense smoke of his pipe—to him a never-failing companion.

Nor, maybe, were the "seven field officers" before alluded to, the less picturesque part of the array; some in the waggon, some on foot, others mounted on sorry jades, and in every variety of colonial costume, they would verily have cut a curious military figure at a review in the Phoenix Park or on Hounslow Heath!

As a specimen of the whole party on this occasion, I shall beg to introduce myself to the reader in my burgher dress and equipment.

To commence with the charger I had brought round from Cape Town, he was a strong, active, wiry animal, though certainly no beauty, and moreover, bearing such evident affinity to Pharaoh's lean kine, that this, my Bucephalus, had already been dubbed "Nagpore" (nag-poor) by Colonel Punall,† the acknowledged wit of the party.

A pair of holsters in front of my saddle, one of them containing a double-barrelled pistol for offensive, the other a well-filled brandy flask for defensive measures; the former in case of need against the Kaffirs, the latter for the purpose of guarding against cold, colic, or other disagreeables, incident to the roughing we were likely to encounter during the ensuing campaign; the above, together with a tourniquet, some bandages, and a few medicines condensed in small compass, constituted a sort of portable commissariat, arsenal, and dispensary.

Behind the saddle, compactly rolled up, was stuffed a good patent water-proof great-coat, of the latest and most approved manufacture, which often, on subsequent occasions, proved a staunch and warm friend, one moreover possessing an infinite quantity of dry humour, and by whom my feelings were never doomed to be damped; the saddle itself was

* In this "musquito" war, as there was not often time for the pipe-clay observances of the "regulations," the beard and moustache were in our division of the army suffered to grow, and formed useful appendages as a protection to the face, against the blistering effects of a tropical sun and dry cutting wind, two inconveniences often combined in this part of the world.

† It is needless to observe that for obvious reasons, many of the names of persons mentioned in the ensuing narrative are fictitious.

studded in front and rear after the usual colonial fashion, with semicircular rings, which, from their shape, are here called : "Ds".

This circumstance elicited from our inveterate punster, the observation, that by coming out on this expedition we were all fairly D---D, that we must, moreover, not only now be on our Ps and Qs, but look well to our Ds, as much depended on (from) them. From mine hung on one side a huge Indian scimitar, too heavy to be with comfort suspended from the waist, once the property of a renowned Deocitee, or river-pirate; but, divested of its Asiatic attributes, this roving blade now appeared in the civilised garb of a regulation hilt and brass scabbard, whilst, to counterbalance it on the other side, was hooked a Spanish "Botta," or leathern flask, which often had carried a supply of water, and may be, more frequently of good "vino seco" amidst the Sierras of Andalusia, or across the wild heaths of Estremadura.

So much for the means of transport, commissariat, &c. Now for the personal part of the equipment: a broad-brimmed beaver, with a bit of ostrich feather, "à la Charles the First," a shooting-jacket, containing capacious pockets, a pair of (pardon, fair reader, the vulgar term) brown courderoy breeches, terminated by the lately invented "Antigropelos," or, as P--- termed them, "Antiscrofulous" boots; (which, by-the-by, I found on all occasions most invaluable, and, therefore, take this opportunity of making honourable mention of their inventor, Mr. Warne), a long Indian bamboo hog-spear in hand, a grisly unshorn beard and moustache, which, "like stubble-field at harvest-home," was certainly no adornment to a weather-beaten phiz, but which time subsequently rather improved in appearance, and lengthened to respectable Mahomedan dimensions—such was the outward man and horse of one of the "seven;" and—always excepting the hog-spear—I did not (whatever they might aver to the contrary) see much difference as to a similar brigand-like appearance in the rest of my companions; though from them I occasionally heard certain vague and distant allusions to Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe. However, whatever the resemblance I might have borne to either of those worthies, I was certainly not better provided with an esquire, or attendant, for my Sancho Panza was a drunken, unwieldy, discharged, Irish soldier; whilst the man "Friday" was personified by a young Hottentot, rejoicing in the name of Jacob, who was as fond of "Cape smoke,"* sleep, and idleness, as any of his tribe.

Such was the general appearance of the party, which, on the 18th of October, 1846, left Algôa Bay to "trek" towards the frontier. The hour of departure had, as I observed before, been fixed early in the morning, but, owing to innumerable delays, it was late in the afternoon ere the last waggon cleared the "turnpike gate" which marks the entrance of that unprepossessing assemblage of straggling colonial habitations, known as Port Elizabeth.

Let not the word "turnpike" deceive the unsophisticated reader, or lead him to imagine a smooth even progress over Macadamised roads; for the public thoroughfare from the only sea-port in the eastern province to its capital, a distance of one hundred miles—to the disgrace of the colonial government be it said—deserves about as much the name of a road, as the mule tracks and dry water-courses in Spain are entitled to the high-sounding appellations of "Camino reales."

* A sort of coarse cheap brandy, made in the colony.

Over stones, rocks, and deep fissures, formed by rain and sun, did the ponderous vehicles, like distressed vessels in a storm, painfully toil along, whilst the vehement cries and execrations of the drivers, the twisting of tails, and "knout"-like application of the huge whips, could not urge the dull lean teams into a quicker pace than about two miles and a half per hour!

One of the officers of our party was accompanied by his wife, but all efforts being unsuccessful at Algoa Bay, in procuring a horse to carry this lady; the waggon became, therefore, her only alternative wherewith to reach Graham's Town, and the hardships and privations she endured (without a murmur) would—had they but witnessed them—proved a wholesome warning to all young misses—however desirous of matrimony—to eschew, with that intent, every red coat, as they would avoid the scarlet-fever, or any other fatal disease.

Beware, therefore, oh! most amiable, fair, and beloved countrywomen, how you sprinkle with laurels the nuptial couch—for instead of then finding it a bed of rest and roses, it may, alas! prove one of toil, thorns, and trouble!

"This advice," young ladies, you will no doubt exclaim, "should, Mr. Mentor, have been bestowed on the lady who was simple enough to marry *you!*" But, my dear girls (excuse the familiarity of a gray-headed old soldier), there are, you must be aware, exceptions to every rule; *my* wife is one of a thousand, nor has she yet—and I hope never may—experience the joltings through the rough journey of life, in a rude baggage-waggon!

But return we to the caravan: owing to the lateness of our departure, combined with the above-mentioned delays, scarcely had we progressed three or four miles towards our destination, ere the setting sun warned us of the necessity of a halt for the night. The spot fixed upon was in a classical neighbourhood, for we "out-spanned" near the residence of Mr. Chase, the talented author of the "History of the Cape of Good Hope and the Eastern Province;" nevertheless, preferring a comfortable bed in the very comfortable hotel of Mr. Dryars, at Port Elizabeth, to an uncomfortable one in the waggon—albeit on such historic ground—two or three of us preferred returning for the night to our aforesaid old quarters, with the intention of next day overtaking the convoy.

After emerging from that slip of land running between a bare and barren ridge of hills and the shores of Algoa Bay, on which stands Port Elizabeth, the country suddenly expands into a succession of open, undulating downs, here and there dotted with low brushwood, but, generally speaking, covered solely with grass, which, though growing in small detached clumps—like the wool on a Hottentot's head—had, thanks to the recent rain, now assumed an appearance of universal verdure; and, under the exhilarating influence of the bright sun, cloudless sky, and clear atmosphere of a beautiful spring day of these southern regions, we gave our horses their heads and galloped gaily forward, over ground—once covered with tall forests—the former abode of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and hippopotamus; of the lion and panther; but now affording excellent pasturage for sheep and cattle, that is to say, when the latter are not swept away by those wild beasts, which so often prowl over this fated district, in the shape of savage Kaffirs!

We pulled up, to breathe our horses on the banks of a small, clear, inland lake, reflecting with pictorial distinctness on its smooth bosom, the undulations of the surrounding green knolls and hillocks. Its waters were

bright and pellucid, but our thirsty nags refused the inviting draught, which proved to be salt as brine. This sheet of water was, in fact, what the Dutch term a "Zout Pann," a feature of common occurrence in this part of the country, and by means of which the inhabitants are abundantly supplied with the finest and whitest salt. This phenomenon has been variously accounted for and explained by the different authors who have written on the subject.*

We overtook the waggons on the banks of the Zwartkops river, about twelve or fourteen miles from the Bay, as Port Elizabeth is always, in colonial phraseology, called "par excellence." They had "out-spanned" for the mid-day meal of both man and beast, and as this said "out-spanning" and "in-spanning" was incessantly dinned with sickening frequency into our ears during the ensuing "trek," I shall endeavour to initiate the reader into the mysteries of its signification.

A "Spann" means, I believe, in Dutch, a team of oxen or other draught animals, hence the terms "in-spanning" and "out-spanning," or yoking and unyoking. Another term of colonial import is that of *saddling-up*, and *off-saddling*. If you pull up at a farmer's house, after inquiring your name, vocation, and destination, he requests you to "*off-saddle*," which literally means to partake of his hospitality; and when you wish to depart, your order is to "*saddle-up*."

In "treking" the waggon is, in fact, to the Dutch boer, neither more nor less than his house placed upon wheels, he and his family sleep there by night, the latter travel in it by day, whilst the boer himself, mounted on his hardy galloway, with his "roer," or long gun in hand, strikes off from the direct line of march, in quest of provender, and generally his unerring aim brings down a *düiker*, a *springbok*, or other game, for the mid-day meal, or evening repast.

As the oxen are provided with no other food, save what they can pick up by grazing whilst "out-spanned" during a march; in dry weather and when the grass and "vleys"† are scorched up, these poor animals often suffer the most dreadful privations from hunger and thirst, being sometimes kept without food or water for two or three consecutive days; and it is astonishing how long they, as well as the Cape horses, can endure such prolonged periods of abstinence from all kind of food.

In the morning, at daybreak, the oxen—which, for security, are during the night, kept fastened near the waggons—graze about for a couple of hours, when they are "in-spanned;" the driver, with creaking crackers,‡ and cracking whip, then takes his seat; a little ragged Hottentot-boy leads the way in front of the team, and thus they plod on till about eleven o'clock—then a halt, next "out-spanning" and feeding again, till two or three in the afternoon; once more in-span, and proceed till near sunset; another out-span, till night closes on the scene. The bullocks are then driven to the camp, either fastened to the waggons or confined

* See Barrow, vol. i., pp. 124—126.

† Shallow pools of rain-water, which shortly dry up in hot weather.

‡ Two peculiarities of the colony are the sheep-skin trousers, which, from the sound they make at every movement of the wearer, are called "crackers," and the waggon whip, which consists of a long lash fastened to the extremity of a pliant bamboo, some eighteen or twenty feet in length; this, in experienced hands, is a dreadful instrument of punishment, as with it the bullock's hide is often deeply gashed as with a knife.

in a "kraal" or enclosure made of the branches of thorny trees and shrubs, which encompassing them like a magic circle, prevents at once their escape, and protects them from the nocturnal attempts of wild beasts or pilfering natives.

This important duty performed, the Hottentot servants, drivers, &c., crowd round their fires to recount the adventures of the trek, and if they can only muster amongst them a jew's-harp, or cracked fiddle, these thoughtless merry rogues will often end a day of toil, by a night of mirth, dance, and revelry ; or, if sleep at last overtakes them, rolled up in a sheepskin, on the bare ground, beneath the shelter of a bush, or under the bottom of the waggon, they quietly doze away the hours of darkness, until the dawning morn calls them again to renewed exertions of fatigue and travel.

Meanwhile the boer, with his "vrow and kinder" (wife and family), after a good and substantial supper—generally provided by means of the long gun aforesaid—seasoned with sheep's tail fat, and washed down with a "soupje" (dram), comfortably "turn in" for the night, securely protected from wind and weather by the canvass roof of the waggon, and spite of the plaintive wails of the hyæna, the yells of troops of jackals, or the subdued roar of some prowling lion, snore away till daybreak, and then awake with fresh zest, for the morning cup of coffee—may be, for an early "soupje."

This sort of life, led sometimes for months together by the wandering colonist (for *settler* would be a misnomer) amidst the wild wastes of Southern Africa, where time is no object, and where habit renders a little roughing immaterial, has undoubtedly its charm, and is not inaptly described in the following lines, extracted from a colonial publication of the day.

THE TREKBOER AND HIS WAGGON.

Let Englishmen boast of the speed of their steam,
And despise the dull life that we drag on,
Give me my long roer, my horse, and my team,
And a well-seasoned tight bullock-waggon !

Through Afric's wild deserts expanding to view,
I'm then ever ready to lag on,
Who's more independent, the Trekboer or you,
As he slowly moves on with his waggon ?

The race to the swift isn't always secure,
Nor the fight to the strong, who may brag on ;
The "Tortoise and Hare," though a fable, I'm sure,
Has a moral that points to my waggon ?

Full two miles an hour, do not call this dull life,
'Tis a pace I'm contented to lag on,
For I bear independence, my children and wife,
In my castle, my home, in my waggon !

Should the weather be hot, to forms I'm unbound,
I may wander with scarcely a rag on :
In light marching order I'm oft to be found
"Al fresco," at ease in my waggon.

If venison's wanted, no licence I ask,
Quick, presto ! you'll find me my nag on ;
At eve I return, 'tis no difficult task,
With a springbok or gnu to my waggon.

If butter I lack I have milk at my beck,
 My churn is a goodly-sized flagon,
 'Tis worked without labour whenever I trek,
 Being tied to the wheel of my waggon.

From the smouch I obtain coffee, sugar, and tea,
 As for raiment I scarce want a rag on,
 Then tell me who's more independent than he—
 The Trekboer confined to his waggon !

From Kaffir or Bushman no insult I brook,
 If they steal, gad, they find me a dragon ;
 So long as they're civil they get a kind look,
 And share what I've got in my waggon.

But my vengeance is quick as the Englishman's steam,
 And gives them few minutes to brag on ;
 What matters palaver ? I not only seem,
 But prove that I'm king in my waggon !

Oh, would other drivers but follow my plan !
 With common sense measures to fag on ;
 Shun Ex'ter Hall leaders. Then might they out-span,
 And save both their team and their waggon.

* * * * *

As we crowned an eminence over-looking the green valley of the Zwartkops, a pleasing scene — though none frequently met with in Southern Africa—presented itself to our sight ; on the banks of the stream which lazily rolled its dark waters to the neighbouring ocean, were irregularly dispersed the now teamless waggons, which, with their white-canvass roofs, looked like huge gondolas stranded on a verdant shore ; and the whole encampment, as seen from a distance, bore somewhat the appearance of an English country fair—some of the parties “pic-nicking” on the green sward, some wandering along the river with their fowling-pieces in quest of game, or luxuriating *al fresco* in the coolness of its waters ; others might be seen stretched on the grass in every attitude of quiet and repose, whilst the “knee-haltered” horses,* and “out-spanned” oxen, were busily engaged in gathering, from the green flower-enamelled carpet under foot, their principal meal for the day. It was altogether a pleasing and peaceful sight that mid-day halt, in the quiet seclusion of an African glen ; but arms piled in regular and glittering array, involuntarily reminded the spectator of war's alarms, and that this pastoral scene was enacted in the vicinity of a savage and relentless foe, who, even at that moment, might perhaps be lurking unseen, amidst the densely-wooded heights which crowned the opposite banks of the stream.

On arriving at the camp, we found the party making preparations for a move ; the Hottentot drivers wielding with both hands, their huge bamboo whips, were cracking them with a sound, which, reverberating along the valley like the reports of a musket, was faintly re-echoed back from the neighbouring hills. At this well-known signal, the obedient oxen might be seen slowly returning from the green pastures around, meekly to bow again their necks to the galling yoke ; the tractable steeds were without difficulty caught and “saddled up,” the convoy gradually moved off the ground, and, amidst the discordant sounds of

* The horse's head being fastened down with a “reim,” or leathern thong, to his fore-leg, he is then suffered to graze at large, and, thus fettered, can be always easily caught.

deafening Hottentot cries, the successive teams were next rapidly urged down the steep bank of the ford, and thence into the bed of the river.

We watched waggon after waggon, as they toiled across the stream, now jolting over large rocks, now sinking into a cavity, or quicksand, sometimes completely brought to a stand-still; and the whole progressing so slowly, that we began to speculate on the chance of their all reaching the opposite shore, ere night should have cast its dark shadow around; nor ceased to wonder at the negligence and apathy of the government, which could have suffered the only communication between the coast, and the capital of the Eastern Province, to remain for so many years, in such a shamefully neglected state, without a single bridge to span the numerous rivers that so frequently intersect it, and which, without any warning, and at the most uncertain times, are frequently so suddenly swollen by a single thunder-storm in the mountains, that in ten minutes they sometimes become impassable torrents, and occasionally remain so for days and weeks together.

Having "off-saddled" and "knee-haltered" our panting steeds, which, ere commencing to graze, first rolled luxuriantly on the still young and tender herbage (a preliminary, I may remark *en passant*, universally practised on a journey by the horses of the Cape), we produced from our holsters a brandy flask, and a few sandwiches—the leathern "botta," with its supply of water, was also put in requisition (for that of the stream was found to be rather "brack,") and having attached a handkerchief to the long hog-spear, and planted it on the elevated bank of the river as a signal to the stragglers behind, we—after a plunge into the Zwartkops—sat down to our simple repast, whilst watching the convoy, which, like some huge reptile, now laboriously dragged its slow length along the white-shining track so distinctly chiselled out on the steep side of yon opposite dark and thickly-wooded heights, over which many a herd of colonial cattle had, ere this, been driven by plundering Kaffirs, and as often hotly pursued by the plundered and exasperated colonists.

Time thus imperceptibly glided by, till casting our eyes on the waters beneath, we were not a little surprised to observe that they had suddenly and most unaccountably increased. In fact, the river here, by its vicinity to the sea, was evidently within the influence of the tides; we lost not therefore a moment in saddling up, but just saved our distance, and avoided a swim, for the water as we crossed, reached to the very flaps of our saddles. On arriving at the further bank, after bestowing a hearty "blessing" on the want of a bridge, we cantered on smartly in pursuit of the waggons, for the slanting rays of the sun warned us that another hour would see him close to the western horizon. We had to traverse the densely wooded heights before us; it was known that parties of Kaffirs who had evaded our troops were then in the colony, and in our situation, an encounter with these gentry might have been attended to us with most unpleasant consequences.

As may therefore be imagined, on entering the Zwartkops' bush we were tolerably on the *qui vive*, but neither this circumstance, nor the celerity of our pace as we clattered up the rugged pass, could prevent us from noticing and admiring the—to us—new and varied specimens of the wild vegetation which now at every step met our wondering gaze.

The character of the South African "Bush" has features quite peculiar to

itself, and sometimes strangely unites, whilst strongly contrasting, the grand and the sublime, with the grotesque and ridiculous. When seen afar, from a commanding elevation, its undulating sea of verdure extending for miles and miles, with a bright sun shining on the green compact, unbroken surface, it conveys to the mind of the spectator naught save images of repose, peace, and tranquillity; he forgets that like the hectic bloom of a fatal malady, these smiling seas of verdure oft in their entangled depths conceal treacherous death-dealing reptiles, ferocious beasts of prey, and the still more dangerous, though no less crafty and cruel Kaffir.

On a nearer approach, dark glens and gloomy "kloofs"* are found to furrow the mountain sides; these often merge downwards into deep ravines, forming at their base, sometimes the bed of a clear gurgling brook, or that of a turbid, raging torrent, generally shadowed and overhung by abundant vegetation, in all the luxuriance of tropical growth and profusion.

Noble forest trees entwined with creepers, encircled by parasitical plants and with long gray masses of lichen, loosely and beard-like, floating from their spreading branches, throw the "brown horrors" of a shadowy gloom o'er these secluded dells; but jabbering monkeys or large satyr-like baboons, with their grotesque antics, and unearthly yells, grate strangely against the solemnity of the scene, and sadly mar the sublimity of its character; whilst tall, leafless, and fantastic branches of the Euphorbia, like huge candelabra, shoot up in naked profusion from the rocky cliffs, pointing, as it were in mockery their ghastly skeleton limbs at the dark and luxuriant foliage with which they are surrounded. Other plants of the cactus and milky tribes—of thorny, rugged, or smooth, fleshy natures—stretch forth their *bizarre* shapes, and as in frantic gestures, wave aloft their mis-shapen arms from the fissures of yon gray crags, crowned by the graceful nojebboom, or drooping palm-like leaves of the tree aloe,† whose waving crest gently responds to the oscillating movements of a tall, flexible, slender, and leafless stem, imbedded, maybe, in masses of the thorny *mimosa nilotica*.‡

Emerging from these darksome ravines to the more sunny side of the mountain's brow, we find it still clothed with a dense thicket, but of an entirely different character; a sort of high, thorny underwood, composed chiefly of the *mimosa* and *portulacaria* tribes, taller, denser, more impenetrable, and of a more rigid nature than even the tiger's lair in an Indian jungle; but withal, so mixed and mingled with luxuriant, turgid, succulent plants, and parasites, as to be totally impervious, during even the driest weather, to the destroying influence of fire.

The bush is therefore, in peace and war, the Kaffir's never-failing refuge; in his naked hardihood, he either, snake-like, twines through and creeps beneath the dense tangled mazes, or securely shielded in his kaross, defies its most thorny and abrading opposition. Under cover of the bush, in war, he, panther-like, steals upon his foe; in *peace*, upon the farmer's

* A colonial term, implying the re-entering elbow or fissure in a range of hills, and whatever be the character of the adjoining country the "kloof" is generally clothed in dense bush.

† The *aloe arborescens* strongly contrasting in form and appearance with the more common and stunted kinds, called by botanists the *aloe ferox*, and *aloe lineata*.

‡ So named by Barrow, and which the author of these pages has often seen growing on the banks of the Nile.

flock. Secure in both instances from pursuit, he can, in the bush, set European power, European skill, and European discipline at defiance; and hitherto, vain has been every effort, even by "tarring" and firing, to destroy this his impregnable—for it is to all save himself—an impenetrable stronghold.

Of the latter description was the general nature of the country through which lay our present course, but the beauties of its details would baffle the attempts at delineation of a far abler writer; and merely to enumerate the gems and treasures of plant, shrub, and flower, which everywhere met our eye, would alone require the pen of a practised botanist, and even *he* might perchance become bewildered amidst the vast profusion so bountifully scattered around.

Geraniums of every colour, jessamines redolent of perfume, and numberless other sweet-scented flowering shrubs and plants, thickly shadowed the thorny, twisted, or gnarled stems peculiar to those sterner and more rigid denizens of the verdant wilderness, which, carpeted at this genial season of the year with innumerable bulbs and flowers, looked the very temple of that gay and prolific goddess, the South African Flora.

For underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
'Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

* * * * *

On crowning the pass of the Zwartkops' heights, and emerging from the thick bush which clothed its sides, a novel and splendid sight suddenly burst on our delighted view. We found ourselves on—what is a common characteristic of South African scenery—a high level table-land, commanding the whole of Algoa Bay and its widely-extended shores, which, gilded by the evening sun, lay spread out at our feet in all the richly-burnished, and detailed distinctness of a highly coloured pictorial plan.

At one extremity of the bay, near the rocky dangers of Cape Receif, faintly rose to the sight, a small "forestry of masts;" whilst on the adjacent shore might indistinctly be seen a few white specks, denoting the locality of Port Elizabeth, that lasting memento of British industry in this distant part of the world. In an opposite easterly direction, along the dim outline of the far watery horizon, we discerned the small cluster of the Chaon Isles, on one of which the immortal Bartholemew Diaz, the first discoverer of this remote part of Africa, erected, in 1486, the sign of the cross, hence bestowing on it the appellation of Santa Cruz.

Since that period, how many various passing events have intervened! how often has Southern Africa changed its different possessors! Churches, edifices, towns, and harbours have in many parts sprung up; civilisation is advancing through its wilds, with slow yet unerring steps; but the spot first consecrated by the symbol of our Holy Creed, that ground first trodden by the great Lusitanian navigator and discoverer, still continues the same; to this day a barren, deserted, and nearly unknown rock—frequented alone by the seal, the cormorant, or the penguin!

Thus long did we gaze and moralise on the wide-spread landscape before us, but turning in an opposite direction, as we beheld the sun fast sinking behind the high mountains in the far west, now clad in a mantle of darkest and deepest blue; that sight reminding us of the lateness of the hour, whilst it hastened our unwilling departure from this fairy spot, recalled to the memory of the old Dutch colonist who accompanied us, the cruel

massacre, most treacherously perpetrated amidst those hills during the war of 1812. He related how the father of the present Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, then heading a colonial force, having been invited by the Kaffirs to hold there a friendly conference, was by these savages mercilessly butchered, with nearly all his followers.

Strange, that in the son of the murdered man, this robber race should ever have found so warm and staunch a supporter !*

As our informant entered into all the details of this sanguinary transaction, describing the wild demon yell, the quivering assegai, the bleeding victim, and stripped mutilated corpse, we involuntarily looked around, and pressing with armed heels our jaded horses' flanks, quickened their pace, and instinctively felt our weapons ; for those strange fantastic forms of the stunted aloes, which now thickly covered the plain, and loomed largely and indistinctly in the approaching darkness, were readily, by our excited imaginations, converted into sable groups of Kaffir foes ; nor did we, it must be confessed, repine when a sight of the waggons, and of the white bell-shaped tents, standing out in strong relief against the deep obscurity of the surrounding underwood, together with the bright flickering radiance of the camp fires, announced a near approach to its precincts, together with the speedy termination of our toils for the day.

PAQUERETTE: THE STAR OF A NIGHT.

A STORY OF PARIS LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

A HIGH FEVER.

" 'Louis told me upon this same occasion,' Paquerette continued, 'that he was poor, had no father, no friends, no family; that he had been reared by his uncle, an artist of some repute, who had taught him, together with his own son, the profession he now exercised. Upon the death of this kind relation, the two cousins had for some time struggled to bear their lot together, but poverty had at last, some months before, compelled their separation; when his cousin, possessing lighter spirits, and less perseverance than himself, had enlisted for a soldier, since which time he had heard nought concerning him. Louis had hitherto been enabled,' she added, 'by the efforts of his own industry, to cope with his wants from day to day, and, although in poverty, had never as yet been in actual distress. But now we join in hope of brighter days,' she said, while a tint, like the inner leaf of the white rose, spread itself over her pale cheek; 'for Louis has, at length, succeeded in painting a picture, which cannot fail to bring him wealth and reputation. It is a "Study of the Queen of Sheba;" he consulted me in the choice of the flowers which she holds, because I had read so much concerning the flowers of different climes. I combined them for

* Captain, now Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, was, in opposition to Sir B. d'Urban, one of the greatest advocates of Lord Glenelg's border policy, by whom he was appointed lieutenant-governor of the Eastern Province.

him, and he was so well pleased, that he tells me kindly that they form the greatest beauty of his picture. And see, he has brought me the very counterpart. Say, is it not a sweet reward ?' She held up again the well-known bunch of flowers, but not for worlds could I have spoken. She paused, and mused for a moment, during which her fancy evidently wandered fondly back to her first interview with Louis, for she resumed :

“ ‘ He did not ask me, when we parted, if he might come again, but I *knew* that on the morrow, at the self-same hour, I should see him at my window. I was not deceived, Georgette, he came to the very moment, and I was up and watching for him ; and ever since that day, he fails not, morn and eve, to be at my casement, and together, as thou hast heard, our orisons ascend to Heaven. It is he who wills it so. He tells me that the sight of my face at morn, enables him the better to bear with the solitude and labour of the day—that the sight of my face at eve, makes him forget the pain and disappointment he has undergone, and he retires to rest more calm and happy. Twice each day does he risk his very life but to behold me !’ She paused again, and, looking in my face, added, in an impassioned tone ; ‘ Now, is not that a noble, true, and generous love ?’

“ ‘ It is, indeed, poor children !’ I exclaimed, as yet in complete bewilderment with the strange story to which I had been listening, for I could not have believed that here, in the very hot-bed of the corruption of Paris, there could have existed a passion so strong, so fervent, and withal so guileless and so pure, as that which bound these two poor innocents together, and as I thought of the probable consequences, the blighted hopes, the disappointment, the despair, which must ensue, a sudden terror overcame me, and, as I clasped that pure and gentle maiden to my bosom, I sank upon my knees, and raised my voice to Heaven in supplication for blessing and for guidance in the stony way into which she had thus so thoughtlessly strayed.

“ But Paquerette had no fear. She had not even the suspicion of wrong. But with that gentle confidence so conspicuous in her character, she proceeded in her praises of Louis and of his faith and truth, deeming it a natural conclusion that she should thus admire where all appeared so admirable.

“ It was well nigh midnight when I left that little chamber, with what impression on my mind I can hardly tell. Would it not be right to acquaint Françoise of this little innocent intrigue, and so by causing Paquerette, under some pretext, to remove to some other chamber, thus to put an end to all communication between the lovers ! But no ; there would be tears and heart-break on the one hand ; there might be recklessness and despair on the other. Besides, it might have been regarded as a breach of confidence, for although Paquerette had in nowise enjoined me to secrecy, never deeming it shame to act as she had done ; yet, in spite of myself, I felt intrusted with a secret which, notwithstanding all my scruples, I should have felt it most difficult to disclose.

“ The next time I saw Paquerette, she never even waited to be asked for news concerning Louis, but was the first to speak herself, and without embarrassment concerning him. She told me with sadness that she feared his health was declining, and that he laboured too long and too assiduously at his profession, for although he strove to appear gay and unconcerned for the few moments he was in her presence, yet

her love for him had rendered her too clear-sighted not to perceive that some hidden evil was undermining the dauntless spirit and extravagance of hope with which he had hitherto endured all the bitterness and privation, forming the woful heritage of poverty. He spoke no more with the ardent enthusiasm heretofore, of his painting; and this made her unhappy, for she knew that there had been no bounds to the golden visions with which he had bedecked the future. And she began to fear that the disposal of his picture would be a work of greater time than he had imagined it might be.

"I had never mentioned to her the circumstance of the bouquet, nor of the disappointment which the student had experienced in the sale of the painting, which circumstance would, perhaps, without seeking further, have accounted for this change in his manner, for I felt a melancholy presentiment that such wild, such mad idolatry, *must* end in woe, to Paquerette, and cared not to risk the self-reproach I should have to endure by adding fuel to this flame, which seemed already to burn with lustre too intense.

"I was several days after this without seeing Paquerette, and to all my questions concerning her, I could gain no satisfactory answer. Melanie was so much occupied about this time turning over in her mind the rival merits of the young trombone player of the opera band and the hautbois player of the Feydeau, that it was no wonder if she represented Paquerette as being strangely altered in temper and disposition, as having grown peevish and factious, and more solitary than ever, loving now to retire to her own chamber, immediately on their return from the Conservatoire, never even staying to take supper, wherein she was much to blame, as there always came plenty of company at her mother's every evening: such nice young men too, that it was absolutely a crime in a portionless girl, without talent, like Paquerette, to throw away such chances. Her mother, the good Françoise, was too busy also, working and striving morning, noon, and night to add to the pile of silver crowns which she kept hoarded in an old hat upon the kitchen-shelf, and which she regarded as an embryo *dot* for Melanie, to take much heed of what was going on beyond the walls of her own little lodge, and heeded not the frequent absence of the poor maiden so long as she knew she was within the mansion.

"It came at last, for Paquerette it came at last—the deep, the undreaded misery—and fell, as I had foreseen, like ice upon her young and ardent spirit! She came to seek me one day, panting and fatigued, and told me as abruptly as she had before disclosed the story of her love, never heeding the presence of my poor old grandmother:

"'Louis is ill, Georgette—he is dying—he may be dead ere the night has passed away! Thou hast a true and noble heart, and will not refuse thy succour. He is dying for want of all that is fitting in the state in which he lies. Money I have none, neither has he, and Georgette, who has ever said she loves me well, must show that friendship now.'

"I was somewhat staggered at this abrupt tax upon my good offices, nevertheless did not feel alarmed, neither did I draw back. Now, I thank Heaven, that I can say so now! And my resolution was taken at once."

The bouquetière blushed slightly, as she added,

"I was very young at the time, and this little episode of romance somewhat pleased me. It was refreshing to the soul to turn for a moment

from all the petty intrigues, the mean spites and jealousies, the odious machinations to which in the course of my profession I was so often made the confidante, to the warm and glowing love of these two children of solitude and poverty.

"I did not hesitate an instant, but, bidding my old grandmother come with me, I led the way down our steep and narrow stairs, and had passed the *porte cochère* of our house ere I would venture to communicate my intentions, lest they should meet with opposition on the part of my grandmother, although she had accustomed herself to look less, upon me as a sort of world's wonder, and to consider that all I did was just and right.

"Once in the street, there was not much difficulty in persuading her to grant assistance, and, by the time we had turned the corner of the street, and drawn near the house where Louis resided, and I had told her the strange story of true love of which he was the hero, the dear old creature had become as warm in her admiration of the lovers, and as ardent in her desire to assist them by every means in her power as I had ever been myself.

"My first thought was to shield from calumny the good name of Paquerette, so I insisted upon her instantly seeking her own home, as the night was coming on. It required all my influence to make her act as I desired, for she saw no harm in going to see Louis, nor in taking charge of him during his sickness, and she could not understand why she should be talked of for so doing any more than I, who had no love for him further than that to which my friendship for her might have given rise. But the porter of the house where I lived was used to my return from the Opera and Masquerade at all hours of the night, while Françoise would have been half-crazed had Paquerette not made her appearance at the gate before nightfall. By dint of hard persuasion we induced her, at length, to act with the prudence required, and we left her weeping at her own door. We hurried on alone—my aged grandmother and myself—and ere we had reached the young man's dwelling, we had agreed that dear granny should present herself as sick nurse, and I knew that to get her instantly accepted by the poor invalid, I should have but to whisper in his ear the name of Paquerette. It was easy to perceive on our very entrance, how the world stood with the poor student, for the porter scowled as we asked for Monsieur Louis, and said, in a surly tone :

"'Well ; so ye have thought fit to come at last to see the stripling ; ye have done well, for if he had died last night, our proprietaire told us to convey him to the Morgue, as he knew of no relations that he had, nor of money to pay his funeral.'

"These words sank into my very soul as I mounted the stair, nor was the bitter impression which they had conveyed at all diminished on our entrance into the young man's chamber. We found him seated, or rather reclining, in a large arm-chair before his easel. There was a candle attached to it above his head, to assist him in his work, and its light fell wan and sickly upon his pale and careworn features. He was handsome—this could not be denied—with a soft fair complexion, and large blue eyes, while a luxuriance of yellow hair, parted on the forehead, and falling in thick ringlets over his shoulders, after the manner of the German students, gave to the expression of his countenance something so meek and gentle, that it seemed almost girlish. I no longer wondered at the thralldom in which he seemed to hold the very soul of Paquerette, but to me

there was something wanting in his countenance. I missed the arched line above the eye, the lofty brow—token of long and proud descent, telling of firm and high resolve and scorn of base thoughts, which was so conspicuous in the actions and face of Paquerette, and there was a sharpness too about the outline of his features, and many deep furrows about the mouth, doubtless, the fruits of anxiety and disappointment, which, at that early age, had no business there.

“He was attired in a loose dressing-gown of faded brocade, and his shirt and neckcloth were left open at the throat, doubtless, to enable him to breathe more freely, for his respiration was hard and irregular, and every breath appeared to be uttered with pain and difficulty. He started from his seat, evidently in alarm and trepidation, as we entered, and still holding his palette and baguette, advanced a step or two to meet us, but the effort was too much, he again sank upon his chair trembling and exhausted, and had I not assisted him, would have fallen upon the floor. As I drew near, I observed it was still the portrait of Paquerette which occupied his easel, and the blue Mecca pigeon, of which she had spoken, was perched, sleeping with its head beneath its wing upon the back of the chair wherein he was seated. The bird was adorned with a gilt collar round its neck, and a golden chain attached its leg to the arm of the chair; yet there were no curtains to the bed, nor fire on the hearth, but, as I had often been told of the prodigality and recklessness of to-morrow which distinguish the Parisian artist even above all others, and I, therefore, felt no surprise. I found myself compelled to speak first, for poor granny had not yet recovered her breath from mounting so high, and the youth was still panting from the slight effort he had made on rising to meet us.

“‘We have been told’ that you were sick and ill, Monsieur Louis,’ I said in as gentle a voice as I could assume; ‘and that you needed skilful care and attendance. My grandmother here is a sick-nurse by profession, and would be happy to attend you, and, never fear, she will soon enable you to get abroad again; she has great good fortune with her patients.’

“‘And who told you I was sick and ill?’ exclaimed the youth, impatiently, while I could see that if he had not interrupted us before, it was for want of strength; ‘who told you I needed care and attendance—and who sent you here, I pray, to intrude upon my privacy, with offers of service which I neither seek nor require?’

“‘It was Paquerette de Fontenay who sent me!’ I replied, without appearing to notice his passion; ‘she it was who told me you were ill, and required nursing and repose.’

“The effect of these few words was instantaneous. The youth started convulsively, while a deep blush suffused itself over his pallid cheek, as he repeated faintly the name of Paquerette, and, gasping for breath, he rose, and leaned his head against the open casement, for he seemed almost choking with the violence of his emotion.

“I advanced and laid my hand upon his arm—‘Come,’ said I, ‘courage, Monsieur Louis, I know all; I, too, love Paquerette with all my soul, and she, in return, loves me well enough to confide in me, and she has told me more than even you can know, for you can scarcely dream of the treasure you possess in her affection.’

“He seemed softened, and said more gently, ‘But you are wrong in

coming hither, for I have not wherewithal to pay your services. I am poor, very poor.'

" 'Oh, say not so,' exclaimed my grandmother, starting from the edge of the bed, where she had hitherto been seated, in silence, watching the scene; 'say not so,' she continued, advancing into the light, and extending her arms with prophetic effect; 'say not you are poor, young man, you are rich in all that makes life of value—in all that makes riches themselves valueless. You are rich in youth, in hope, in talent. And, oh, more than this, you are rich beyond all things in the affection of a young and generous heart, whose love could not be bought, and is a pearl beyond all price.' She paused for a moment, and added, though while she gazed steadfastly into his face; 'it is when you shall have outlived all these—it is when you shall have replaced all the fresh feelings of your youth, all the fond trusting of your love, ay, though it be with wealth, and fame, and honour, it is then that you shall find that you are poor indeed!'

"The youth bowed his head, as if those words had reached his very soul, and, taking the withered hand of my dear grandmother within his own, he pressed it to his lips, as he said, in a faint and trembling voice; 'Thus Paquerette herself will sometimes speak. I am, indeed, a fool to reject all that life has yet to offer. I once had these visions too. But, see you, it is the fever which has thus unmanned me, and drawn as it were a dark shade betwixt me and the dreams of glory in which but a short time since I would so love to indulge. But now they are all over, and have given place to disappointment and distrust; and I sometimes think that I were better—far better in my grave!'

"As he concluded, his head sank upon his bosom, and the tears trickled slowly down his face, while his whole frame trembled with such violence from head to foot that I grew terrified, but granny, taking him gently by the arm, led him to the bed, while I hurried to fetch the doctor according to her bidding.

"It was near midnight when I returned. I found my grandmother much alarmed, for the fever was at its height, and Louis in that state of delirium so frightful to the beholder. Yet, in the midst of it, the name of Paquerette was for ever on his tongue, and now and then snatches of the hymn to the Virgin, which I had heard the lovers sing together, would burst from his parched lips and vibrate like a funeral dirge through the chamber. The doctor arrived soon after I returned. He was a kind and generous young man, himself at that time a poor student struggling against poverty, and if he has since risen to honour and riches, and his name has grown familiar to all, none should envy him who do not feel the courage to strive as he has striven, and to undergo what he has undergone. He, too, had already felt the world's bitterness and the world's scorn, and the whole of that long night did he sit by the bedside of that raving sufferer, listening with tender interest to the story of Paquerette.

"The unceasing care and attention of this good young man, aided by the youth and strong constitution of Louis, soon succeeded in getting the better of the fever, but it was when convalescence, with all its train of nervous terrors and of wayward fancies came on, that the horror of his position was felt the most. My grandmother returned home; I, myself, had to make up for lost time, and for unforeseen expenses; the doctor returned again with redoubled ardour to his profession; and, once more, Louis was left to solitude and poverty. He could not even live from

day to day, as he hitherto had done, upon the hope of a few moments' interview with Paquerette, for it would have been madness to have attempted a renewal of his aerial visits; besides which, the doctor had expressly forbidden the risking of any violent emotion, so that a kind message, a few words of love, or a flower, conveyed by me each morning, were all that the poor invalid could expect for some time to come. The spirit of the youth gave way, as is often the case after this kind of nervous fever produced by mental agitation, and left him a prey to a dark and silent melancholy. He would still endeavour to work at his easel, and I would sometimes run all over Paris in my endeavours to find a buyer for his productions, but, whether it was that his talent had decreased, or that his imagination had grown feeble, or, perhaps, that the cloven foot of the demon, which is ever found to press more heavily upon the neck of him who falls and seeks to rise again, weighed with greater force upon his faculties; I know not the reason, but I met with but slight success, and he was often compelled to refuse himself what was absolutely necessary to his cure. Our resources were, by this time, all exhausted. Even the blue pigeon, sole memento of Paquerette, was sold, in spite of his grief on parting with it. I, myself, disposed of it for half its cost, to a bird-fancier on the Quai de la Megisserie. I dared not tell all this to Paquerette, although, at times, I felt some embarrassment when she asked me for minute details concerning Louis, and about his health and renewed prospects of glory and of happiness.

“At length my visits to the chamber of the poor young man grew every day more rare, for, to speak truly, I grew at last unwilling to go, for I could no longer afford any further relief than a few kind words of encouragement and hope, with such little pecuniary aid as could be spared from my sick grandmother, who was taken ill about this time with the malady whereof she soon after died.”

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF TRINITY AUDIT ALE.

BY C. V. LE GRICE.

ONE drop I seek not from the sparkling spring
Of Helicon, since, from the cloister'd hoard
Of Trinity, full in my cup is poured
The mantling audit—friendship's offering.
Fancy! I woo thee not, thou magic Queen;
Since, waken'd by this draught to ecstasy,
Rapt mem'ry shows to the unclouded eye
Life's early drama, with each by-gone scene.
A world not of the world:—the gay-throng'd hall
Light with bright faces;—and the shady grove,
Where they of college-heart, deep musing, rove;
The social converse, till the Vesper call:—
The student's nook, chamber of anxious fears;—
Enough, enough,—my cup is dew'd with tears.

REVOLUTIONARY PARIS.

So much is said upon the excitement of a successful revolt, of intellectual and political progress, that many unthinking minds are carried away with the idea that something new, something that will insure greater happiness and greater prosperity to all classes of society has really been discovered. Yet never was the turbulent and democratic capital of France more signally mistaken, than when it holds itself forth, through the organ of its new republic—the *National*—as being at the head of either intellectual or political civilisation.

The elective franchise of the Parisians dates from the earliest period of their monarchy. At the time when Clovis first fixed his residence in Lutetia, the Franks assembled every year on the Champ de Mars to make laws, or name their king—still, notwithstanding numberless insurrections and several revolutions, France did not possess, up to the Revolution of 1848, nor will it possess now, so free and constitutional a government as that of Great Britain. The extreme to which the same country has now gone in adopting universal suffrage, will, by bringing in as representatives of the people, the uneducated and the prejudiced, tend inevitably to lower the intellect of its metropolis. And the subsidizing of nine hundred, probably for the most part ignorant senators, will only place a large and incommodious household in the pay and at the bidding of a small executive government.

It is impossible, however, to understand in what this boasted intellect and civilisation consists, and where this long and proudly anticipated progress (“a progress,” it is triumphantly said, “which would have advanced with the step of a man in each century, with the systems of yesterday; but which will proceed with the step of a giant in every year of the system of to-day”) is to be sought for, without tracing back the movements of the intellectual and revolutionary mind of Paris from its earliest development; and more especially from the time that modern philosophies got mixed up with political ideas and tendencies. Such cannot be, at the present moment, either an uninteresting or an unfruitful task. It will lead to a better appreciation of the actual political condition of Paris, and of its future political prospects, than any consideration of the hastily got up proclamations of a Provisional Government, or the daily accidents produced by the collision of parties and factions. It is the history of the national mind developed in its literary, political, and revolutionary aspects.

The first titular kings of France were, it is well known, shut up by their mayors, after the Oriental system, in their own palaces, till the latter became strong enough themselves to assume the purple. But even then, the first of the regal mayors—Pepin le Bref—referred all matters of importance to those national assemblies, which held that the law is made by the consent of the people, only to be promulgated by the king. But Pepin introduced an element of subordination into these national assemblies, by appointing the clergy as a distinct political order.

Charlemagne introduced schools into France, and, with the assistance of an English monk, the first literary institutions were founded in Paris.

By the time of Louis le Débonnaire, the clergy had already attained greater power than royalty, and the alternate attempts to throw off the growing abuse, and an abject submission to its will, entailed a succession of conflicts which made one long and bitter struggle of the imperial reign. At this period the most stupid barbarism corrupted the free course of justice. It was thought that God would rather perform a miracle, than allow an innocent person to suffer: to be cleared of an accusation, it was necessary to plunge the arm into boiling water, or to grasp a red-hot iron. At other times crimes and differences were arranged by duel. Men of law, and the clergy even, were obliged to have their champions.

The burning of Paris by the Danes, like its temporary subjection by the Normans and the English, are events in its history as a city, which have little or no connexion with the history of its people, and of the progress of the Parisian mind and intellect; to which, matters attach themselves of far greater importance to the world at large, and to the progress of civilisation, than the temporary triumphs of princes or the ever-varying fortunes of mere military enterprises.

The Parisians may be said to have first signalled that personal bravery which has since so often characterised their history, when under the Count Odon, or Eudes, they so gallantly defended their city against the Normans for two long years. In the time of Louis le Débonnaire, the bishops had dethroned and nominated kings; in the time of Charles the Simple, of Louis IV., or Lothaire, and of Louis V., it was the turn for the feudal barons to exercise the same privilege of a power that had grown up to be superior to that of the monarchy itself. At length feudalism assumed itself a monarchical form, when the Counts of Paris, having seized upon the richest abbeys, and for a long time nominated the kings, allowed Hughes Capet to be proclaimed by his friends and vassals. The people of Paris were now serfs. Their condition was little better than that of cattle. A serf could be beaten, or even killed, with impunity. The clergy, at war with the barons, despoiled the people who were called vilains in the country, bourgeois in the towns and boroughs; castles and abbeys were alike independent principalities and fortresses. But the right of carrying arms was the exclusive privilege of the barons. A noble on horseback, covered with his iron armour, made a whole population tremble. The church alone succeeded for a time in obtaining what was called *la paix de Dieu*. It, was, however but a temporary relief to this frightful anarchy of the sword, that could not even be tempered by anathemas.

But apart from this social point of view of feudalism, which failed in founding either legal order or political guarantees, it still remained a system which was indispensable to give a new commencement in Europe to a society so utterly dissolved by barbarism, as to be incapable of a more regular or extended form.

The third feudal King, Henry I., solemnly proclaimed the universal sovereignty of the pope, an amount of submissiveness to the church, which William the Conqueror, when he introduced the feudal system into England had the courage to resist. There can be no doubt but that the church has aided from the earliest times in giving an extension and variety to the development of the human mind which it had never

attained previously. In the East, intellectual progress was altogether religious; in the Greek society it was almost exclusively human. In the modern world again, the religious spirit has mingled with all things, without excluding any. Human sentiments and interests hold a material place in our literatures, and yet the religious character of man, that portion of his existence which is directed to another world, appears at every step therein; insomuch that the two great sources of the development of man, humanity and religion, have flowed abundantly and at the same time; so that in spite of all the evil and all the abuses mixed up with it in an intellectual point of view, the church has always exercised the most beneficial influence on the progress of the human mind.

In a political point of view, M. Guizot in his "History of Civilisation" considers the matter to be different. In that which affects the relations of governments with subjects, of power with liberty, that able writer does not believe that upon the whole that the influence of the church has been beneficial. He says the church has always come forward as the interpreter, and defender of two systems, the theocratical and the imperial, that is to say, of despotism; sometimes under a religious form, sometimes under a civil. But the abuses of the system are here placed in the position of the thing itself. It is impossible but that that system which by softening feelings and manners, by denying and suppressing a great number of barbarous practices, contributed so powerfully to the amelioration of the social state, must have also benefited the political condition of the people. Every thing in human affairs tends to abuse, and abuse leads to resistance and to revolution. Theocracy is an abuse of the avocation of the priesthood; but is a whole people without abuses? The error of modern Parisian dialectics is, that they expose so ably, the corruptions and abuses of parties, factions, and institutions; and yet they seem to think it impossible that a nation can unitedly commit an error. A pure democracy appears to them in the light of an illumination of mind and intellect of almost heavenly purity, and a pinnacle in the progress of political societies. The opening made for abuses of all kinds, and consequently the chances of falling back into a state of barbarity, are instead of that, as infinitely multiplied, as the number of opinions exceed in such a state, the conflicting sentiment that guided parties under the previously existing institutions.

The Crusades relieved Europe to a great extent of feudalism, but the church gained in temporal power by the same events; and royalty, which also profited by the same movement, was more than ever shackled by an ambitious and turbulent theocracy. Louis VI., who could not avoid being excommunicated by the Bishop of Paris, had still sufficient constitutional spirit to establish little democracies of people independent of their feudal lords, under certain conditions, and which were called *communes*, a political distinction which has been handed down to this present day. Feudal barons began also at the same time to barter liberty to their serfs for money; in other places the people themselves rose up against the barons and established their own *communes*.

At this time, however, men, driven to extremities by the pride and the excesses of the clergy, began to preach reform. The University of Paris had attained a celebrity at that time unrivalled in the world. Three thousand students listened in the open air to the lessons of the dialectician

Abailard ; but at that time truth was sought for not in nature or in reason, but in the corrupted precepts of Aristotle. The progress made by the human mind was very slight. Berenger, and Arnaud de Bresce were exceptions ; they were the forerunners of reform. The troubadours were singing the praises of love and beauty throughout the provinces ; chivalry flourished in the castles, and the people were oppressed by the most polished and gallant men in the world.

The epoch of Louis IX. was that of great political and judicial ameliorations. Philip IV. convoked the national assemblies, then called *les états généraux*, in order to obtain their succour against the fulminations of an irate pope, and he made the parliament sedentary at Paris. The introduction of the *tiers-état*, or deputies of the middle classes, into parliament was adopted from what had already taken place in England. The new parliament also adopted the code of Justinian, in opposition to the clergy ; made the study of the principles of Roman law a matter of necessity, and for the first time enabled men of education and letters to enjoy that authority and influence which had hitherto been usurped by men of arms and the clergy. The mind now took some steps in intellectual progress. The great impulse had been given by Roger Bacon. A library had been formed in Paris in the time of Louis IX. The Sorbonne was founded ; the *bourgeoisie* derived habits of anti-feudal independence in the very disorders of the university, and the corporations or brotherhoods imparted to them the power of political organisation.

The reign of Henry X. was marked by the memorable enfranchisement of the serfs. Philip V. carried out further administrative reforms, more especially expelling the too-powerful bishops from parliament. Under Jean, son of Philip VI., the parliament first assumed an attitude of independence, and opposed the fiscal demands of the court. The court then endeavoured to raise taxes, without reference to the parliament, but the people refused. Paris revolted under Marcel, the provost of the merchants. But Paris was ultimately obliged to give way, many deputies were executed, Marcel was slain, and the power of the court was re-established. The first Parisian revolt was a fiscal one—the last has been a social one.

Charles V. never re-assembled the states-general. He could not forget the opposition they had presented to the wishes of the court. Philosophers have blamed Charles as a prince who was opposed to the liberty of the people. But it is the inevitable tendency of royalty to wish to strengthen its authority, the most reasonable aristocrats ever desire an increase of influence or of privileges, as the most moral and intellectual people allow themselves to be carried to excesses when they endeavour to repair the injustices of the social state and the inequalities of fortune by force : good laws alone are incorruptible and incapable of the abuses of passions suddenly aroused. The progress of mind at this period was slow but steady. The universities were increasing in number, although their teaching was confined to theology and dialectics. The monks, however, were busy translating Sallust, Cæsar, and other works into French. The monks, at least, assisted the progress of the human mind as librarians and copyists, and oftentimes as sensible and ingenious commentators.

In the time of Charles VI. the Parisians again revolted, and refused to

pay taxes. The government intimidated, pretended to suppress them by an ordinance, and convoked the states-general. The latter granted supplies: the court wished to obtain others in an arbitrary manner,—the people slew the collectors. The king entered Paris at the head of an army, the suburbs were delivered over to plunder, many rich citizens were put to death, and the city only escaped by paying a large sum. During the same unfortunate reign, *Jean sans peur*, Duke of Burgundy, obtained the ascendancy in Paris, by siding with the people; there was only the Count of Armagnac and the young Duke of Orleans to oppose him, and Paris was delivered over to the factions of the *Armagnacs* and the *Bourguignons*, and civil war paved the way for the occupation of the metropolis by Henry V. of England. This was not till after those frightful massacres known to history as the *Septembrisades*, when 3500 persons were put to death during three days in the prisons, and the streets and the court of the palace were bathed with blood. There seems to be something fatal in the period of three days in the history of Parisian revolts. Either that is about the term that the excitement of the people can be kept up at the insurrectionary point, or resistance cannot be prolonged to a greater period. This time it was the nobles and men-at-arms who presided at the internecine struggle, and the Luxembourgs, the D'Harcourts, the Chevreuses, enriched themselves with the spoils of their victims.

Under the English, the parliament which was before named for a year became permanent, and the counsellors obtained the right of presenting to the king the new members for election. The power of this body dated from this time, but it was a power which they were not long in abusing. The university kept up the spirit of disorder, by its numerous and turbulent young spirits, who, by an absurd privilege, characteristic of the times, were held unamenable to the civil authority.

John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, the precursors of Luther, had been burnt by the Council of Constance. Religious exaltation attained its acmé, in the influence produced by the Maid of Orleans. Jacques Cœur opened to France the commerce of distant countries, for which he was repaid by exile and spoliation. A *gendarmerie*, or permanent cavalry, and a body of foot archers, were instituted and provided for without consulting either the people or their representatives. An assembly of the clergy at Bourges enacted a charter of independence for the Gallican church.

Louis XI., having manifested a wish to discard the nobility, the latter formed a league against him, which, after the model of all other factions, was called that of the public good. Louis protected the citizens, stimulated industry, and established a post. In the minority of the eighth Charles, the parliament decided the question of the regency, decreed a diminution of taxation by two-thirds of its former amount, and declared the sovereign power to reside with the people. The human mind was now making gigantic progress. Columbus had discovered a new world: Vasco Gama had doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But, above all, a German had, by the discovery of printing, rendered the greatest service to humanity. By facilitating the diffusion of sound doctrine, barbarism, fanaticism, and despotism must one day be expelled from the world. People dispute yet, and will for a long time continue to do so. From

age to age, nations will continue to fight for questions of policy, religion, or opinion. But with the progress of time, the sum of observations and of experiences will keep increasing, doctrines will become less imperious, creeds will become less exclusive, and men will think more of their real destination on earth : that they must work to produce, and that they must understand in order to enjoy. The determination of some few social problems may be hastened by revolutions ; but the union of all to produce the greatest amount of liberty and happiness among the greatest number, can only be retarded by events which are neither more nor less than great social and political catastrophes.

The states-general were only once assembled during the reign of Louis XII., but parliament kept despotism in check by its legal forms. Louis was, nevertheless, a popular king, he kept the nobility in control, and diminished taxation. During the next reign, that of Francis I., the religious schism, at the head of which was the great Luther, gave a new impetus to the progress of the human mind. Francis burnt the Protestants by a slow fire to amuse his courtiers. This, and the massacres in Provence, only added fanaticism to reform. Calvin suppressed the ceremonies of the church, and opened up the Holy Writ to the intellect of man. Erasmus at the same period loaded the dogmatism of theologians with ridicule. The progress of the human mind was now attested not only in matters of religion, but also in that of the letters and the arts. Constitutional liberty had peopled Venice, Genoa, and Florence with great men. The Medicis tastefully seconded the movement. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio are great names. England had also its Chaucer, Gower, Littleton, and Caxton. Paris by no means occupied, at this period, a position on an intellectual par with its neighbours. Froissart and Monstrelet are among those who gave most lustre to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But Francis was at the same time substituting an assembly of courtiers for the states-general, and loading the people with unjust taxes.

Charles V. was the most powerful sovereign in Europe during the reign of Francis. Philip II., of Spain, was equally so during the reign of Henry II. Philip Augustus had surrounded Paris with walls. The wars with the English had caused these to be strengthened and extended. In the reign of Charles V., ditches were dug, and the Bastile was erected. Francis I. contributed much to the embellishment of the capital, which, under Henry II., was additionally fortified to resist the all-powerful Spaniards. Under the same reign, woman began to play that important part at court, which has so often been fatal to the French monarchy. The influence of Diana of Poitiers over both father and son afforded food for merriment to the clever but unpolished pens of Brantôme and Rabelais.

Under Francis II. those terrible civil wars began between the Catholics and the Huguenots, which so long devastated France. It was in vain that L'Hopital, a good man and a philosopher, attempted to bring back the public mind to a sense of moderation. Civil war was waged on the succession of Charles IX. from one end of the country to the other. Paris was for ever tarnished by the events of the eve of St. Bartholomew. The results of persecution are always the same. Martyrs only give strength to proselytism. The Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III.,

lost 24,000 men before the walls of Protestant La Rochelle. The ultra-Catholics united to form a holy league under the Guises. The insurrection, called that of the sixteen, from the sixteen quarters of the commune, and which corresponded precisely with the sixteen sections of 1792, broke out. Henry III. fled and left Paris to the league and the Guises. This was the first day of the *barricades*. Factions are always egoistical. The Guise in his success forgot the country, and was assassinated. Henry himself experienced the same fate when marching against Paris, defended by the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of the Protestant party under Henry of Navarre. Paris defended itself with characteristic bravery. Priests and monks fought in the ranks of the leaguers. Famine was dreadful, bread was made with the bones of the dead. The Spaniards came to the relief of the capital. But a new faction was gaining ground in Paris, that of the *politiques*, who associated themselves with the *malcontents* in desiring peace and reconciliation. Henry IV. was willing to abjure his faith for a crown. "Paris," he said, "is surely worth a mass." The league fell beneath that ridicule which the Parisians were always sufficiently egoistical to wield against every thing that was not moulded to the fashion of the day, or suited to the feeling of the moment.

Western civilisation was now beginning to make real progress. Bacon had laid the foundation upon which all true knowledge is based. Copernicus, Galileo, and Torricelli, were applying reason and experiment to the study of nature in defiance of the Inquisition. Bodin and Grotius sought for the laws of the social system in the Bible and in the literature of the ancients; and Montaigne carried the spirit of independence into the study of man. The Calvinistic *politiques* of 1575, even attempted a constitutional organisation, but the time was not yet ripe for such.

Henry IV. was the first of the kings of France who embellished Paris with regular squares. Having nearly finished the Pont-Neuf, he laid out the Place Royale and the Place Dauphin. Several handsome streets were also built, and this great city began to lose its irregular and Gothic aspect. Henry reigned, however, as an absolute monarch. The states-general were not convened till the minority of Louis XIII., and then never afterwards till the great revolution. Richelieu founded the Academy, or "Institut," which continued for 150 years to read an annual *éloge* of the inflexible and absolute minister.

During the minority of Louis XIV., the people sided with the nobles against Mazarin and the court, and barricades once more obstructed the streets of Paris. Factions assumed their peculiar Parisian characteristics; the more they fought, the more the people laughed and grew witty at one another's expense. The war of the *Fronde*, it has been truly observed, fills a chapter in French history which from its little defined and trifling objects, its unsteady progress, its armies in feathers and silk stockings, and its pretty women at the head of factions, and with mere gallantry, at once originating and dissolving cabals, contains quite as much that is ridiculous as of any thing that is heroic or creditable to national character. The natural result of this parade of a revolution, was to render power more absolute. Mazarin died and left despotism in good hands. Louis XIV. declared his intention of reigning in his turn.

He had already visited the parliament in a shooting-dress, with boots and whip in hand, to forbid their interference in matters of state. England was in the midst of revolution and disorder, Philip IV. of Spain was dead, and France was now the greatest European power. A certain class of writers have attributed to this reign, so glorious to France, notwithstanding the reverses it experienced at the hands of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, when royalty had been restored in England, only the attributes of luxury and magnificence. An inquiry into the interests of humanity, and the age of reason and genius, were, it is said, only retarded by this vain splendour of despotism. Yet such names as Corneille, Pascal, La Fontaine, Fénelon, and La Bruyère, adorn the era, and Racine, Boileau, and Molière, produced their *chef-d'œuvres*. It was to literary France, what the Elizabethan age had been to England—always in advance of France in social, political, and literary progress—its Augustan era.

Monarchy became degraded in the person of Louis XV. Interminable religious discussions arose in reference to the infallibility of the pope; the Jesuits persecuted the parliament, scandal reigned paramount at court, *lettres de cachet* punished malcontents. But at the same time the march of mind could not be arrested. Montesquieu followed our Cokes, Seldens, Hobbes, and More, in developing the manners, laws, and beliefs of people. The boldness which the English had exhibited in discussing religious questions was carried to the excess of licence by Voltaire. Massillon rendered for a time Christian eloquence the interpreter of rational ideas. The study of political economy, so effectively pursued by Adam Smith and his followers, found its way also into France. Yet every thing was working towards destruction, nothing towards reconstruction. Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Duclos, Condillac, Marмонтel, Helvetius, were all outstripped by one man, Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, led away by vanity and temper, prostituted the gifts of genius to the advocacy of a state of nature, and of primitive barbarism.

The reign of Louis XVI. opened promisingly, although overclouded by the prestige of new opinions. Turgot, a political economist, and Malesherbes, a good man, were called to the ministry, and projected all necessary and proper reforms. Unfortunately, the king yielded to the opposition of the anti-reform faction, and replaced these able and enlightened men by Maurepas, an old courtier. The success of the American revolution awakened new hopes in the bosom of the anarchists in France. Franklin, the patriarch of the revolution, brought over the court of France to the side of the patriots, and Lafayette became the first volunteer in the new cause.

But how different was the position of France and America? A retrospective glance at what has been just said, will alone bring out that great fact in its true light. The progress of the national mind in France, it will be seen, was extremely slow. It was not till after the time of Charlemagne that France possessed a national language. In the time of Louis VI. the dominions of the kings of France did not extend beyond fifteen or twenty leagues around Paris. The representatives of the people could not at the same epoch sign their names. Law, that is written reason—the expression of the wants and wishes of the greater number—was not introduced into France till the time of Louis IX., in the thirteenth century; and then it had to be sought for in the Pandects of

Justinian. The states-general had scarcely ever been convened in France, from the earliest times to the Revolution, except to pander to the appetites of a faction, or succumb to the will of an absolute monarchy. The parliament kept despotism somewhat in check by the operation of the law; but it was itself alternately the creature of the court, of the aristocracy, of the Jesuits, or of the Jansenists.

The Americans were, on the other hand, the children of men experienced in constitutional liberty. They carried a language, a literature, and a religion with them. They were more civilised at the birthday of their independence, than France is now after eight centuries of factious turbulence. Their revolution was characterised by wisdom and moderation. France was no more ready to profit by popular rule at the first revolution, than it is at the present day likely to prosper under a state of things in which law is represented by the universal will, and the wishes of the majority, by the desires of the needy.

Sieyès had grappled with the question of "What is the *tiers-état*, or third estate of the realm?" The answer was easy—the people. At this time the bourgeoisie, the low clergy, the agriculturists, even a part of the nobility, having no elective franchise, were on the side of the revolutionists; it remained to the present day to see a reform coveted by the same people converted into a revolution for the benefit of the working classes solely, and the formation of what may be called a *quart-état*, or fourth estate, whose representatives are called upon to legislate for an enlightened country which designates itself the centre of civilisation!

At the reform of the chambers, the *tiers-état*, being in the position which will possibly be soon enjoyed by the *quart-état*, received in its modest habiliments the utmost humiliation that the etiquette of pride and affluence could cast upon it. The third estate then formed political clubs in imitation of those existing in England, but which in France assumed a more turbulent character, and irritated by the contempt of the higher classes, constituted itself into a national assembly. The king attempted to control the third estate by force, but Mirabeau, who had been at the Bastille, and bore a deadly enmity to the monarchy, excited them to resistance. 20,000 men surrounded Paris. The king, as usual, dismissed his ministers, but the French troops also, as usual, sided with the people, and the terrible Bastille, the emblem of despotism, was levelled to the ground.

The events of the Revolution of 1792, which followed upon this first insurrection, are of such comparatively recent date, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them here. It is sufficient for our purpose that we have traced out the political and literary progress which led to it, the long series of disorders by which it was followed; the insurrections, the acts of violence, and the bloodshed that flowed in its footsteps, are matters of history. France, which was no more ripe for self-government than Rome was in the days of the social or Marsian war, was soon destined, like Rome, to succumb to a military despotism; but France yielded cheerfully, for the consul and emperor satiated them with mili-

When the bloody storm of the Revolution had subsided, a few poetical voices began to lament the misery of the country, and to depict indivi-

dual sorrows. Delille, in his graceful poem "La Pitié;" Millevoye, in his twilight strains; Michaud, in his "Printemps d'un Proscrit," portrayed the cast of sadness left on men's minds by the reign of terror. It is a curious fact, that two men destined to leave indelible traces of their genius in the nineteenth century, MM. de Chateaubriand and de Lamartine were both much imbued, in their younger days, with the feelings and ideas of him who was called *le grand Rousseau*, a writer who borrowed much more from Sydney and Locke, than he cared to say, but whose system is so exploded by modern French philosophy, that Benjamin Constant was approved of by all when he said, "Je ne connais aucun système de servitude qui ait consacré des erreurs plus funestes que l'éternelle métaphysique du contrat social."*

There was no time for literary progress under Buonaparte's sway; incessant warfare is any thing but favourable to the advancement of human intelligence, and an imperial literature could not rise suddenly at the dictate of the emperor, as he actually desired, like a file of soldiers, the creatures of his will. The Revolution had taken the lives of Lavoisier and Bailly on the scaffold; but Napoleon delighted to draw around him and to honour Laplace, Lagrange, Monge, Fourcroy, and Berthollet. It was, indeed, an era favourable to science, and the Egyptian expedition does honour to the imperial memory. The two greatest literary geniuses of the time, Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, ever kept aloof from the usurpation and tyranny of the conqueror. The great charm of Chateaubriand's writings were, that they awakened the French nation to pious feelings. Yet, like a true Frenchman, we find his object, both in "Le Génie du Christianisme" and "Les Martyrs," to be not so much to vindicate the truth and sanctity of the Christian religion, as to prove that it is poetical and interesting. Amidst great beauty of style, and a gorgeous magnificence of language, Chateaubriand's philosophy is often very shallow; never more so than when in his "Essay on English Literature," he attempts to show that Luther had no genius, and that Roman Catholicism is more favourable to liberty than Protestantism.

Madame de Staël gave to the devout movement imparted by Chateaubriand to thought and feeling, a powerful and happy stimulus. She also became the instrument whereby the sway of German genius was partially rivetted in France. An influence comparatively unknown in other countries, but which has always been very marked in France, is that of women. What chief of the league is better known than Madame de Mayenne? What leader of the Fronde so distinguished as Mademoiselle de Montpensier? The two darkest spots in the modern history of France—the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes—were owing to two women—Catherine de Medicis and Madame de Maintenon. Under Louis XV., the minister, Choiseul, was obliged to abandon the conduct of affairs to Madame du Barry; and the power and interference of Madame de Pompadour are matters of disgraceful notoriety. The parts played by Madame Roland and by Madame de Staël, during the French Revolution, were those of leaders. Few writers of that light literature, which has, for the last few years, been indicative of a diseased

* "Cours de Politique Constitutionnelle," tome I., p. 329.

and convulsive state of feeling, have obtained greater notoriety than Madame Dudevant (George Sand).

In considering, as we are here doing, the development of national and constitutional, in conjunction with literary progress, going thereby beyond that field which the Germans have so pedantically called æsthetic, or literature considered with reference solely to taste and philosophy, it will be necessary to pass over cursorily the powerful reaction against the old school of metaphysics which was brought about by the physiological school, and supported by the able pens of De Tracy, Cabanis, Volney, Gall, Broussais, and others. The legitimist party in France has also always possessed many distinguished adherents, who form a kind of theologic or ultra-catholic school of philosophy. The great leaders of this school are M. de Maistre, De Bonald, Ballanche, Berryer, and the Abbé de Lamennais; but the latter has thrown off the papal yoke since 1830, and proclaimed a kind of religious Catholic republicanism, which spread like a mania by the publication of the "Paroles d'un Croyant," "Le Livre du Peuple," &c.

The scientific school of France deserves, however, a prominent notice. Its literature is decidedly in advance of the contemporaneous scientific literature of England. Nothing can exceed the luminousness and elegance of the writings of Laplace; nothing could surpass the elaborate eloquence of Cuvier's lectures. Bichat has conveyed his splendid discoveries in language scarcely ever surpassed for literary merit; M. Lallemand is as great as Rousseau in narrative eloquence; M. Pariset's oratory has been compared with that of Bossuet. Dumas, Bouillaud, Elie de Beaumont, Andral, are a few of the names of scientific men distinguished by literary pre-eminence among a host. France has, however, no more able scientific writer than Arago. Whatever M. Arago has written on science has a peculiar character of purity and vivacity, and few writings are more admirable or more interesting to every class of readers than his "Eloges Historiques" of Carnot, James Watt, and Ampère.

It has often been asserted that a man of science is not adapted to be a politician. The assertion is as frivolous as it is objectionable. Policy is not a branch of knowledge apart from others, but a rule of action resulting from the greatest amount of knowledge of nature, and of human nature in particular. If we look to France we shall see a multitude of names, and more especially those of Lavoisier, Laplace, Cuvier, Thenard, Dumas, and Arago, equally distinguished by political and scientific pursuits, and all illustrious in both.

Of M. Arago, as one of the most distinguished members of the democratic party in the senate, it has been justly observed, that unlike many who will speak on all subjects, he only speaks on questions that he has studied—questions possessing either the interest of political circumstances or the attraction of science. When he ascends the tribune, his noble figure and fine head awe the assembly into attention. If he confines himself to the narration of facts, his eloquence has the national grace of simplicity; when face to face with a question of paramount importance to the liberty of his country, or with one of science, whether in the Chamber or in the professional chair, he contemplates his subject with earnestness, unravels its subtleties, and evinces a power of compre-

hension and elucidation which bespeaks the superior mind ; proceeding, he begins to employ a splendid phraseology, his voice swells, his style grows richer and richer, and his eloquence rises to the grandeur of his theme. M. Arago's speeches have both generality and actuality ; they equally address themselves to the intelligence and the passions of his audience ; when he enters upon any question or matter, whether scientific or political, he clears it of its difficulties and technicalities, and renders it so precise and perceptible, that the most ignorant and dull are enabled to see it and comprehend. As a member of a republican government M. Arago will now find a capacious field for the employment of his genius, and if in the new social era that will result from the introduction of a new element—that of a fourth estate—intellect is enabled to occupy any position at all, the republic and the people of France can only gain by the devotion of one of the most luminous intellects of his age.

But the most striking and vivid portraiture of the intellectual state of France is afforded by the progress of philosophy in that country, and the part that its philosophers have played in political affairs. During the latter years of Napoleon's reign, M. Romiguière was professor of philosophy at the *Ecole Normale* and he contented himself with expounding the systems of Locke and Condillac. After him came M. Royer Collard who devoted his powerful energies to leading his audience from the beaten track into the heart of the Scottish school, that of Reid, Brown, and Dugald Stuart—then little known on the continent. M. Royer Collard for many years acted a conspicuous part as a leading member of the Opposition which finally overthrew the ministries of Louis XVI., and of Charles X. On the occasion of a general election he was returned for seven different places at the same time—a signal proof of his political reputation. M. Victor Cousin, who succeeded to M. Royer Collard, was the founder of what is called the Eclectic school. M. Cousin had studied in Germany the philosophies of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel ; he had studied the Scottish philosophy under his predecessors, and he had so far initiated himself into the philosophies of Rome and Greece, that he ventured upon the bold experiment of abstracting from each that which appeared to be most congenial to the progress of the human mind, and fusing it into a new and homogeneous philosophy, called Eclectic, because compounded of all other systems. This new school became instantaneously popular, chiefly through the vigorous and persuasive eloquence of its creator, whose exertions have since been nobly emulated by MM. Jouffroy, Damiron, Bouillet, and others.

It is this philosophy which its followers, and they are very numerous, regard with its toleration of all other systems, as the great instrument which is one day to cement a holy alliance among nations, and to knit all tongues and people in a primitive identity, and brotherhood ! Thanks to this eclectic spirit also, it was supposed that the advocates of democracy would be taught to perceive that rational liberty might flourish under the ægis of monarchy, and the upholders of monarchy ; that morality, stability, and happiness might be made to consort with republican institutions. M. Cousin, as an eclectic philosopher, was content to accept a place in the late administration, and was rewarded for his pliancy by a peerage. M. Jouffroy likewise sat in the Chamber of Deputies many years.

It has been justly remarked that worldly advancement is an English-

man's sole study; regard for religion and good sense his characteristics. A Frenchman is, on the other hand, devoured by a craving for glory: during Napoleon's reign it fed on warfare, since that period it has fastened on philosophy, politics, and literature, and in all has led to extravagancies. Hence the influence of letters is all-potent in France. Literature has there a great sway over the community also, through the perpetually increasing mass of readers. Politics have hence become blended with all its forms, even with the national poetry. Till the publication of Paul Courier's pamphlets, and M. de Cormenin's political writings, the influence of Beranger's songs seemed too great to be rivalled.

As it is in science, philosophy, and poetry, so it is with history. The whole generation of Frenchmen, of whatever pursuit or avocation, now meditate to mix themselves up with politics, and always with a strong sentiment of hope of an universal proselytism, and the most extravagant aspirations for the future. The new tendencies of France and of the national mind have been nowhere more strongly exemplified than in the progress of history and historical disquisitions. There are a class of historians in France whose works are purely philosophical. M. Guizot and Sismondi stand at the head of this class. There are others, as M. de Barante, Augustin Thierry, &c., who almost content themselves with pre-eminence in narration and description. But there is also the political, or, as it has been called, the fatalist school, at the head of which are Thiers, Mignet, and Michelet. This school argues, that political events are never, and in no degree, influenced by the character of individuals. Hence they write the history of the human species marching at random, irrespective of individuals, who, on the contrary, remain impassible in the presence of vice and virtue. The influence of this class of writers in France is immense. The works of Thiers, Mignet, and Michelet, have hatched a swarm of *Jeunes Frances*, who vociferate, in their wild aberrations, emphatic eulogies on Marat, Couthon, and Robespierre; and who breath a love of blood and destruction, which they denominate the progressive march of events. It is impossible in a sketch like this, of the literary and political tendencies of France, to notice one book more than another, but it would be leaving a gap in our history not to notice M. de Tocqueville's "Democratie en Amerique," which is, perhaps, the most perfect exposition of the actual political philosophy and tendencies of the majority in France, and which it might have been hoped would have had some influence in preparing the mind to be calm and circumspect under the extraordinary circumstances of a new social revolution.

The constitutional tendencies of France, it will, however, be perceived from this brief sketch, have been almost always slow in budding, and brief in their effervescence. The restoration of the Bourbons, from 1815 to 1830, was considered as the last effort, the convulsive throes of the old system and society. During the first year or two succeeding the Revolution of 1830, the whole country was paralysed by the terror which the effervescence of the victorious masses had inspired; every one felt that a populace howling in the streets would form a very unsatisfactory legislature; a return of former horrors was dreaded, and to avert these a monarchy of the French was made to take the place of a French monarch. As in the present day, all eloquent and enlightened men of the time foretold the progressive and final perfection of political liberty. Yet

no fact has probably been more clearly eliminated by experience, than that a country, to be happy, must be ruled by a few for the benefit of the many; and that law must always be paramount over egotism. "There is no nation in Europe," says M. de Tocqueville, in his "Democracy in America," "among whom the great social revolution I have described has made more progress than among ourselves; but it has always advanced at random. The heads of governments have never thought of preparing any thing beforehand for its advantage; it has always taken place in spite of them, or without their knowledge. The most powerful, the most intelligent and moral classes of the nation, have never tried to superintend its march and regulate it."

How remarkably do these sentences coincide with that which has again so recently occurred? but there is a difference, and a very manifest one in the Revolution of 1848 over all that have preceded it, inasmuch as the least intelligent, and the most immoral classes in the country, are likely to come forward to superintend its march, and to regulate its progress.

M. Guizot who, since 1830, has acted so conspicuous a part in the affairs of his country, belongs also to the fifteen years of the restoration, both by his political career and his political publications. In 1816, he gave to the public his pamphlets entitled, "Du Gouvernement Représentatif" and "De l'Etat actuel de la France," and another on Public Instruction, especially directed against the Jesuits, who were then seeking to monopolise all the branches of education. M. Guizot was at that time one of the organs of the liberal and constitutional party. In his pamphlet "Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration," he avowed the political opinions advocated by the eloquent leaders of opposition—General Foy, Rover Collard, and Benjamin Constant, and he maintained the impossibility of a return to by-gone ideas and principles.

So general was the impression of his political capacity, that, after the Revolution of 1830, he was called upon, with universal applause, to preside over the destinies of the new government. Nor was France disappointed. As Minister of Public Instruction, he obtained grants, and originated measures for the diffusion of knowledge, through all, even the lowest, classes of society; and effected more in that important department during the short time he held it, than his predecessors had attempted in a long lapse of years. In the Chamber of Deputies he became at once distinguished by an impressive and logical style of eloquence, and in conjunction with Casimir Perier, as an ardent and indefatigable defender of the new constitutional government, upholding it as the firmest bulwark against the inroad of anarchy, and the excesses of democracy.

M. Guizot was never one of those rash theorists who shoot far in advance of their age, and entertain impracticable ideas. A man of sagacity and deep learning, deeply imbued with the philosophy of history, and cognisant of the difficulties and impediments that obstruct the path of the politician, he wished to proceed with caution, and hence he soon became the head of a party who, acting upon certain established principles, received the name of *Doctrinaires*.

As the head of this party, M. Guizot's article on "Modern Democracy," published in the *Revue Française*, in 1837, and which may be consi-

dered as the manifesto of his opinions, created a very great sensation. There is much in the following passage, which casts a just reflection upon France as a republic.

“The predominant, urgent necessity, the moral, and, at the same time, the national interest of our present state of society, is to become elevated and organised, since it is in elevation and organisation that it is principally deficient. Ideas, aspirations, customs, social situations, and internal arrangements, every thing among us has need of regulation and expansion. Now, the old fashion of democracy is prejudicial in the extreme, inasmuch as it lowers and degrades every thing—persons as well as things. We are dragging ourselves on the leading-strings of the Revolution, instead of standing upright and advancing. A return of the past is dreaded; let, then, our democracy forget what its past was; let it rise to the altitude of the position it has acquired; then only will it be fit for its present fate—then only can it reckon itself sure of its future.”

It is visible from this passage that M. Guizot had taken up a position which for ever separated him from the ranks of the movement party. Speaking of universal suffrage, he says that it is only necessary in a social crisis; that it is the ruin of authority, and reigns with tyranny when it is absolute. How truly and patriotically M. Guizot laboured in promoting the welfare and prosperity of his country is shown in another article he wrote in 1838, in the liberal and eclectic spirit of an union of peace, and alliance, between antagonist sects in France, under the name of *Du Catholicisme, du Protestantisme, et de la Philosophie en France*. It is, however, almost unnecessary to add, that M. Guizot's ideas on the subject of such an alliance met with simultaneous dissents from Catholicism and Protestantism. Two refutations especially from the latter communion, have been remarked and admired; the one by M. Bouvet of Strasbourg, and the other by the learned and eloquent French Protestant pastor, M. Coquerel.

In 1830, after the Revolution, the electoral basis was considerably enlarged, but it speedily transpired when the more democratic organisation came to be discussed, that such a constitution was not so easily to be framed, and that it would meet with serious impediments. The first indication of this counteracting influence was supplied by the rejection of a proposition for adding to the electoral body the members of all professions requiring intellect and education; instead of which, the possession of property was made a necessary qualification for exercising the right of suffrage. The consequence was that a new party sprung up in opposition to the Doctrinaires, to obtain a new electoral organisation. M. Arago, as the representative of science, and M. Odilon Barrot, as a member of the bar, became the heads of the new party.

M. Odilon Barrot has, in particular, enjoyed since 1830 great individual influence in the Chamber from the exemplary prudence and honesty that have marked his long political career. Nor did his high principles desert him at the late crisis. It was his hesitation between a mere ministerial fall, an abdication, and a final abandonment of the monarchical principle in the rejection of the young Count of Paris for an ultra-democratic constitution that alone prevented his being at the present moment a leader of the republic. M. Odilon Barrot's speeches have always exhibited thoughtfulness and reflection, with a vein of sound

morality, well calculated to make a deep impression. Perfectly master of his own passions, he has ever striven to calm those of others, and he has planned his course of action with a deliberation distasteful to more mercurial temperaments. Hence, he has been accused by his own party of being too backward and circumspect, and with reference to his whole conduct has been generally looked upon as the Fabius of the Opposition.

It is a curious fact, that with the exception of M. Dupont de l'Eure, the few of the great leaders of the Opposition under the restoration have been mostly silent since 1830, and have had to give way before a new race of orators. Such is particularly the case with M. Royer Collard, who has scarcely ever spoken since the Revolution, and with M. Dupin, the elder, who, always a rough, bold, irregular and fanciful speaker, has been almost obscured by the *éclat* of the new generation.

The death of Casimir Perier, in May, 1832, was an irreparable loss to the moderate party and lovers of peaceful progress. His powerful intellect checked the democratic ferment in 1831 in favour of Poland, and his active vigour and zealous exertions, so ably seconded by his destined successor, M. Guizot, restored every thing to its former place, and tranquillised Europe.

The most important ministry that succeeded to the presidency of Casimir Perier was that of M. Thiers, who has been called at three different periods to the head of affairs. M. Thiers possessed neither birth, fortune, nor connexion, before 1830. His name was only known like that of one of those who have risen into notoriety with the Revolution of 1848—Marrast—as a contributor to the *National* and to the *Constitutionnel*, and his "History of the French Revolution," a work more calculated to flatter French vanity and nationality than to relate the events it pretends to record, appeared opportunely to establish his Parisian fame, and stamp his principles. No sooner, however, was M. Thiers returned to the Chamber of Deputies by his native town of Aix, than he made himself alike conspicuous by the sagacity of his views and his dexterity. As a minister, he at once threw aside his strong democratic tendencies, and even undertook to continue the work of Casimir Perier in checking the democratic mania. The Opposition grew furious when it beheld the man it had considered its firmest champion adopting prudent and restrictive measures. But M. Thiers would not go so far in securing France from anarchy as to sacrifice all his democratic principles; twice, when the crown refused to adopt his energetic measures, he resigned. Once more he was called to power, supported by the great democratic leaders, Odilon Barrot, Garnier Pagés, &c., but the ministry fell this time by its warlike tendencies, and ever since, M. Thiers has thrown himself entirely into the hands of the democratic party. M. Thiers, like M. Odilon Barrot, failed to be at the head of the republic of 1848 by one of those mistakes which so frequently arise when events are precipitated in a manner that outstrips the anticipations of the most knowing; and which have earned for the 22nd of February the appropriate designation of *la journée des dupes*. M. Thiers allowed himself, upon the king's tardy and impolitic abandonment of his ministry, to be appointed president of a council of a day's duration, and by that step deprived himself of the eminence that otherwise would most certainly have awaited him at the Hôtel de Ville. In a similar manner, General Bugeaud, the favourite of the democrats, the opponent of the mi-

nistry, the personal enemy of the king, who had recalled an old and tried soldier, to make Algiers a principality; whether through mistaken ambition or some other cause, was led to take the brief military command of a city, already in the hands of the people; and he has thus been superseded in rank and popularity by his juniors, the generals Bedeau and Cavaignac, and the still more formidable Lamoricière, who significantly asks for 100,000 men more. France has always one power opposed to its politics, its philosophy, and its mental progress; and that is one of a purely military nature. American republicanism has never had an element so fatal to national liberties to struggle against; but on that point France, with all her experience, stands in the present day no further advanced in real civilisation than Rome in the time of its Pompeys and Cæsars.

The man who, though a sincere constitutionalist, has undoubtedly imposed the greatest restrictions on the democratic spirit of France, is M. Guizot. The parliamentary life of this eminent man has been one continued and violent struggle. His inexorable perseverance, his firmness and courage, derived from a sincere conviction that his views were the most salutary for his country in passing through the Chambers stringent measures as bulwarks of peace and order, will always be the subject of admiration. One of the most eloquent men of his time, ever calm and dignified, he would refute and parry, with passionless arguments and with austere overpowering reason, the fierce and vehement philippics of MM. Odilon Barrot, Thiers, Arago, Garnier Pagés, Ledru Rollin, Maugin, and others of the Opposition.

M. Garnier Pagés, deputy for Mans, and bred to the law, has especially made himself known in the ranks of the Opposition, by his energetic eloquence, and he now reaps the fruits of his bold advocacy of democratic principles, in the more serious occupation of adopting a limited means and a deranged state of finances to the unlimited demands of an exorbitant population.

In noticing the democracy of France, it is impossible to pass over certain social theories now sometime current among the fourth estate, the more especially as the doctrines have at once assumed a political character, by having two energetic representatives, M. Louis Blanc and M. Hippolyte Carnot, in the provisional government of France. The first of these, the doctrines of Saint Simon, having little or no acceptance at the present moment, may be cursorily passed over. This doctrine as expounded by its followers, more especially since the death of its fanatic, yet much suffering author, contemplated nothing less than the immediate spoliation of one half of the world for the benefit of the other; "to each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its labour;" and the eventual division of property according to every one's efforts and participation in promoting social welfare. According to the Saint Simonians, education was to be adapted to disposition, and law was to reward as well as to punish, or it lacked the essential attributes of Divine justice. Atonement, mental culture, and repentance, were to be substituted for the punishments of penalties and death. The Saint Simonians would also allow of no other tie between man and woman but that of morality and honour. At the Revolution of 1830, Saint Simonianism made the same stand that Communism is doing in 1848. But the Chamber of Deputies was luckily a body conspicuous for wealth as well

as for talent, to whom the propagation of such a socialism as that which advocated community of property, was not likely to be agreeable; and although at this prosperous period the St. Simonians got money, proselytes, and public organs, they soon fell into disrepute, which was followed by discord between the heads of the sect, Enfantin and Bazard, and the sect itself was extinguished by the armed interference of government. A similar fate, it is also to be hoped, awaits the Communists. Charles Fourier, the founder of this doctrine, appeared and wrote before Saint Simon, and contemporaneously with the Scotch Socialist, Robert Owen. Many of the ideas of the Saint Simonians were, indeed, borrowed from the works of Fourier. The "attraction of passions" is the basis of this doctrine. Fourier grants the honour to Newton of having discovered the science of planetary life, to himself that of having discovered the science of human life! The doctrines of the Communists embrace much that is mystical, as for example dividing nature into three external and indestructible principles, viz., God, matter, and justice or mathematics; but the great and paramount theory is the art of organising a well-combined industry, from which will result morality, while harmony will be produced amongst the three classes, the rich, the middle classes, and the poor, by communism of property; and, as a sequence, the impossibility of revolutions, universal unity, and perfectibility. By the Communists, a general elective system is viewed as the germ of all future social development, and every title and every dignity should be, as it is proposed to be by the republic of 1848, submitted to election. Liberty under this theory would exist in its most illimitable form, since, according to it, all passions are legitimate, and equality indispensable through all the ramifications of society. Yet in the enjoyment of this unrestrained liberty, or rather licence of passions and action, there were to be no soldiers or guards, no more tribunals, judges, or executioners. Law, in fact, was to be superseded by individual will. It is a remarkable fact, that in those very points where the most enthusiastic of the French movement party think that they are making most progress, they are in reality only returning more expeditiously to the earliest and most barbarous forms of society.

In that remarkable work which opened for M. de Tocqueville the doors of the Institute and of the Chamber of Deputies—"the Comparison of Democracy in America with Democracy in France"—that able writer has shown, in an unanswerable manner, that every democracy without religion, will never be any thing but a frightful chaos. Without religion, the abolition of privileges and the equality of rights, will only level all intellects and feelings and debase the human heart. "When all is mean in the multitude, how is it possible," asks M. de Tocqueville, "for a nation to be great? Where can heroism exist after the formation of so many petty interests and petty sentiments?" A state of moral slavery, the worst of all servitude, is engendered, the rich dare not openly enjoy their honourably acquired wealth, the intellectual are condemned to conceal their superiority, lest the suffrages of the ignorant and jealous should be denied to them; an odious control is everywhere exercised by a gross prejudiced majority over men's thoughts and tastes. Finally, all dignified sentiments, generous impulses, genius, wit, and cheerfulness, vanish from the country.

To this graphic picture of democracy in France, as given to us by M. de Tocqueville, it has been answered by a few hopeful and poetically-

inspired spirits, that a condition which may be naturally superinduced by the vices, and even some of the virtues, of democratic countries, may be warded off by strenuous efforts, by wise education, and by a judicious use of free institutions. At the head of this party may be placed M. de Lamartine, who holds for a moment in his hands the crucible wherewith to make the experiment—a dangerous and most explosive material he has to operate upon!

M. de Lamartine was born at Maçon, in October, 1791. His family, being ancient and distinguished, suffered greatly during the revolutionary excesses; but he nevertheless received all the advantages of a good education. After residing for some time in Lyons, he proceeded, in 1813, to visit Italy, with Madame de Staël's "Corinne" in his hands. He has himself avowed the influence of her works on his mind. On the appearance of his "Meditations" in 1820, he immediately rose to eminence in the world of letters, and this distinction obtained for him a diplomatic appointment at Florence. In 1830, before the Revolution of July, the government of Charles X. was on the point of sending him to the court of Greece as minister. Shortly after the subversion of that government, he made an excursion to the Holy Land, during which he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. As a politician, he forsook his former friends, the legitimists, and took up a position almost peculiar to himself, standing in a great measure aloof from either of the great parties which divided the state. His perseverance in adhering to this attitude, and the generous and exalted spirit of philanthropy and humanity that breathed in all his works and orations, enabled him to profit by the Revolution of 1848, to a degree that, for a time, places him almost in advance of the very leaders of the Opposition. "Les Meditations," "Les Harmonies," "Jocelyn," and the "Voyage en Orient," embody his claims to the literary celebrity he enjoys. In the more busy world of politics, a far more eventful future, probably, still lies before him.

The other members of the Provisional Government, besides the aged M. Dupont, who owes the presidency of the council to his venerable years, his inflexible integrity, and his consistent democratic principles, as much as to his individual ability, have not yet attained such an European celebrity as Messrs. De Lamartine, Arago, and Garnier Pagés.

Hippolyte Carnot is, however, a name well known in the literary world. He was brought up to the bar, but abandoned it for the pursuit of literature, and was for a long time editor of the *Revue Encyclopedique*. He was formerly a Saint Simonian. Cremieux, the deputy for Chinon, was, before 1830, the foremost advocate at the bar of Nismes. He is said, after the Revolution of 1830, to have purchased the place of *Conseiller à la Cour Cassation* from Odilon Barrot. Since he has been a deputy he has chiefly devoted himself to the advocacy of principles of free trade, and other liberal and democratic measures. Meris is also an advocate by profession. After the Revolution of 1830, he took the place in the Opposition previously occupied by the Dupins, the Royer Collards, and other leaders of the previous democratic party. Bethmont, another advocate, has earned distinction alike at the bar of the Palais de Justice, and in the Chamber of Deputies, where, as a strenuous member of the Opposition, he obtained the honour of representing an arrondissement of the capital, although latterly nominated for La Rochelle. Ledru Rollin is known

in this country for his visit of democratic sympathy paid a few years back to Ireland. He is by his ultra-democratic and republican principles one of the most dangerous men attached to the Provisional Government.

It would, however, be as unjust towards the actual leader of the French Republic, as it would argue a total ignorance of the principles that actuate the enlightened portion of the French nation, not to acknowledge that their intentions are individually good, their patriotism and integrity unquestionable, and their spirit that of a humane, wide embracing, and generous philanthropy. If the patriotism of the ancients was egoistical and jealous, the philosophic spirit of the moderns has rendered liberty cosmopolitan. It was not for France alone that the Bastille was captured in the year 1789, the feudal system abolished, and the *ancien régime* destroyed. Europe joined in the movement, and the chains imposed by the feudal system were everywhere either loosened or broken. Neither was it for France alone that the treaties of 1815 were broken at the Revolution of 1830, for Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal profited by the victory gained over despotism in Paris. So also, already, the Revolution of 1848, which was in this case preceded by constitutional disturbances in Italy, has found an echo from one end of Europe to another. Hungary and Austria insist on constitutional rights; such have already been granted to a great extent in Prussia, Bavaria, and in many of the minor German States. It is difficult to say where and at what the fervour for national rights and liberties will stop from the new impulse that has been thus so suddenly communicated to it. The people of Europe, and especially of all Germany, pant for free institutions, for liberty of the press, and for electoral enfranchisement. It is impossible to arrest a feeling that has assumed the character of a whole national movement, and Germany must ultimately be a greater gainer by properly matured reforms, than Paris itself will be, by those frequent revolutions which always involve social disorganisation.

Parties and factions are mostly made up either of men who ardently desire to see their opinions, that is to say, the theory of government which appears to them best calculated to insure the welfare of the public, in the ascendant; or of men who, preferring to exercise power than to busy themselves with productive labour, seek to live at the expense of the nation by ruling it. As the latter class is an extremely numerous one, and as those who dispose of the public moneys cannot satisfy all at once, the nation is thus divided into two classes, those who have places and those who wish to have them. Already the Provisional Government has committed an immense fault in pandering to the desires of the many. The finances of the country and the whole banking system, even to that of the savings banks—the earnings of the best of the working class—are either in a state of disorder or of actual insolvency. The eclectic spirit which pervades both politics and philosophy in modern France can scarcely be expected to save that country from the terrors of anarchy, from the frantic delusions of the Communists, and from the struggle that must inevitably arise from those parties and factions which, like a hydra-headed monster, ever spring from the special interests, prejudices, and desires of individuals. There is much in the crowds of proclamations and decrees issued on the first burst of change by the executive government, that is only meant

by flattering passions to appease and moderate them. There are other things, as the abolishing capital punishment for political offences, the abolition of distinction of ranks, the proscription of duelling, the abolition of political oaths, &c., &c., that are positive indications of the spirit of the times; but the abstract declarations of the rights of man, fraternisation of men and masters, elaborate schemes of constitutions, and the nation, mistress of herself, called upon to discuss the great problem of a new organisation, may be set down as so much fustian, soon to be replaced either by the sober fact that the government is the expression of the common will, and to enforce that with law must be paramount, or the ascendancy of the lower classes will, by establishing an ochlocracy, trample on all laws human and divine, and engender the most grievous social disasters.

In the present day, as at the period of the first Revolution, it has been fondly imagined by philosophers that the extension of knowledge, the humanising of manners, and the diffusion of education, had provided an antidote to the evils of democracy, and at the same time discovered a remedy for almost all the moral, and even the physical evils of humanity. The doctrine of human perfectibility—the principle that there is an indefinite progress in human affairs, not only in mechanical or scientific acquisition, but in moral and social happiness—is so agreeable to the human heart, so flattering to human vanity, and withal so nearly allied to the generous affections, that it will in all probability, to the end of the world, constitute the basis on which all the efforts of the popular party will be rested, and all the visions of social amelioration justified. The first French Revolution, as it appears also of the present, affords the most decisive demonstration which the history of the world can exhibit of the entire fallacy of this opinion. The sanguine hopes of the believers in the innocence of mankind and in the doctrine of human perfectibility lead them to say that times are changed. If they are so, it is that the principle of human corruption is more powerful than ever. While democracy has always been the great moving power of nations, and it has been justly laid down that “democratic vigour guided by aristocratic direction, is invincible,” still in every age of the world, the triumph of democracy has immediately, or at least shortly, been followed by the destruction of all the best interests of society, and the total ruin, in particular, of the whole principles of freedom for which it itself contended. Such was the case in Greece and in Rome, as well as in France. Democracy has ever been the most biting scourge that the justice of Heaven ever let loose upon guilty man. Nor can it, in an old community, by any possibility, exist for any lengthened period. It is against all reason and against all antecedents, that a system of government, founded on principles utterly subversive of order, security, and property, can maintain itself for any length of time. It must either overthrow national freedom, and pave the way for the government of the sword, or be itself subverted by the aroused indignation of all the better classes of mankind.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

THE Austrian empire has long been the most remarkable phenomenon of the political world. That empire, so populous and fertile, has ever wanted, in the highest degree, that consonance of national manners, and that congeniality of national feeling, which are so essential to ease in governing, and which have so long formed the strength of Great Britain and France. Hungary and Bohemia, which form so large a portion of the imperial dominions, have little connexion or conformity with each other, and still less with the remote provinces of Galicia or Lombardy.

According, however, as this is the case, so much greater is the credit due to the paternal government, and to the wise minister who has been enabled so long to preserve such discordant materials in that control which is essential to happiness and prosperity. The long period of tranquillity and safety enjoyed by the various populations of Austria, is the noblest monument that could be imagined to commemorate Prince Metternich's labours; and, whatever happens, that memorial of his wisdom and of his success, must ever be enrolled in the pages of history.

It is much to be regretted, for the cause of a steady, in opposition to a rash progress, that as abuse creeps into all things human, the long success of the old system, and the natural antagonism that must always arise between age and youth, between growing principles and decaying powers; should have delayed such slight constitutional reforms in this colossal empire as would have obviated impatience and insistance on the part of the people. The evil of prolonged resistance, is that it originates insurrection, and that then those demands, which in their first form were of an exceedingly moderate and constitutional character, are apt to assume a revolutionary and anarchical aspect. It is not that the excesses of democracy are to be anticipated in Austria, to manifest themselves in the form they assume in France. Both the character of the government and of the people is quite different; but, unluckily, the nature of the government differs in the separate kingdoms of which the empire is made up, and the character of the people differs very widely among themselves.

The Austrian national character is marked by the same features as that of the German nation at large. Sincerity, fidelity, industry, and a love of order, are conspicuous in them, and would long since have entitled them to fill a distinguished rank in the scale of European civilisation, had not their beneficial operation been counteracted by a deficient system of education, an illiterate priesthood, and a stationary government. Madame de Staël has said of the Germans, that they are a just, constant, and sincere people, "divided by the sternness of feudal demarcation, into an unlettered nobility, unpolished scholars, and a depressed commonalty." This does not coincide with the impressions we have derived from several visits to Austria in modern times. We have seen nothing but a happy country, with no signs of that striking contrast betwixt poverty and riches which offends the eye so much in our otherwise favoured island. All the inhabitants, those of the capital excepted, appeared to enjoy that happy mediocrity which is the consequence of a gentle and

wise administration. It is to be hoped it will be very long ere the Austrian states dream of throwing off their allegiance to one of the oldest and noblest houses of Europe; one which has obtained for them the power, happiness, and prosperity, which they have so long enjoyed; and one which has so exalted their national character, as to have given fourteen emperors to Germany, besides six kings to Spain, and to have once stood first on the list of European sovereignties.

That the Imperial power in Austria is in danger, from the ever-stirring spirit of democracy, and that this danger is increased by the diversity of its governments and people, there is no doubt. Democracy is the great moving power among mankind. It is one of the most active elements which work out the progress of the moral world, and general government of Providence. Aristocracy is, on the other hand, the controlling and regulating power. As democracy and the lust of conquest is the moving, so aristocracy and attachment to property are the steadying powers of nature. Nor is Austria wanting in this power, or deficient in this great element of national stability.

Alison, in his "History of Europe," makes a very ingenious remark, that the reasonings of the learned, the declamations of the ardent, the visions of the philanthropic, have generally been rather directed against the oppression of sovereigns, or nobles, than the madness of the people. This, he justly remarks, affords the most decisive demonstration, that the evils flowing from the latter are much greater, and more acute than those which have originated with the former; for it proves that the former have been so tolerable as to have long existed, and therefore have been long complained of; whereas, those springing from the latter have been intolerable, and speedily led to their own abolition.

Nothing could be more applicable than this remark to the wise and moderate government of Prince Metternich. It is impossible to understand or to appreciate the principle on which it was founded without entering into details concerning the incongruous political conditions of the different kingdoms of which the Austrian Empire was made up of, which would carry us far beyond any moderate limits. The Austrian Empire contains a greater variety of populations than any other country in Europe. Germans, Slavonians, Wallachians, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Croatians, Italians, and other tribes, form a medley population—all differing in their manners, languages, religion, and customs—mutually strangers to each other, and having opposite views, interests, and constitutions. The Hungarians, Slavonians, Croatians, and Transylvanians, are as different from the Austrians, and these, in their turn, from the Bohemians, as the British are from the French and Spaniards. It is this variety of population, this diversity of language and manners, this collision of interests and opinions, that so long prevented the Austrian Empire from exerting her whole collected strength, and becoming a match for the power of France. Hungary which, with Transylvania, contains as large a population as the Prussian monarchy, did not, for example, at the downfall of Vienna, supply Austria with more than 100,000 men, when Prussia had a well-appointed army of 230,000 infantry, and 34,000 cavalry. The reason of this lay in the circumstance of the Hungarian government being a powerful feudal aristocracy, who deem every measure which the Imperial Government takes against them,

without the consent of the states, an infringement of the constitution. The Hungarian nobility were like their brethren in France, until 1785, exempted from all taxes, and they claimed this exemption as an hereditary right, and an inviolable privilege. But, in 1785, they were subjected to a land-tax in common with the other subjects of the Austrian Empire; and as no levies could be made without their consent, nor supplies granted, this circumstance operated much against the house of Austria in its struggles against France.

The States of Hungary are composed of prelates, the higher nobility, the lesser nobility, and the deputies of the boroughs. The nobility possessed formerly the sole title to holding land and to public appointments, but this is now disputed by the free towns, which can do what an individual who is not of the nobility cannot do—that is sue or bring an action against a nobleman, and can possess or uphold a citizen in the possession of land without a title to nobility. The emperor, who must swear to the constitution in presence of the people in the open air, when he receives from the hands of the primate the crown of St. Stephen, is the constitutional president of the Diet, but he generally delegates the representation to one of the archdukes, who is called Prince Palatine. Although the actual Palatine—the Archduke Stephen forfeited for a time much of his popularity by attempting so grave a *coup d'état* as the dissolution of the Diet, there are still hopes that the people who so bravely upheld Maria Theresa on the throne of her ancestors, will not prefer a feudal tyranny or democratic anarchy, to a wise and tempered monarchical constitution.

The Bohemians who are of Slavonic origin, are, it is well known, more partial to the Hungarians than to the Austrians or Germans. The power of the sovereign has been hitherto much greater in Bohemia than in Hungary, for it comprised the legislative as well as the executive department. Bohemia is the most flourishing of all the Austrian provinces, whether we look to education or to the labours of productive industry. It is also essentially the country of Protestantism. Prague was the city of Jerome and of John Huss. The Bohemians demand with the rest of the Austrian German States, reforms in the system of administration, national rights, freedom of the press, an increase of provincial liberties, and above all, the expulsion of a horde of public functionaries who are the bane and the curse of the Austrian Empire; but there is every reason to believe and to hope that the efficacy of regular habits, and of a compact, educated, and thinking population, will preserve Bohemia from the evils of democracy or from a dismemberment from that paternal government which is at the present moment almost solely upheld in the seat of its power by the affections of the people.

Austria, Silesia, Moravia, and Transylvania are nearly similarly circumstanced as Bohemia, only that the latter is far behind hand in point of civilisation, the chief commerce being still in the hands of Greeks and Armenians. In Galicia, or Austrian Poland, the common people are in consequence of their ancient political bondage, ignorant, idle, dirty, and oppressed in the highest degree. The lower nobility are scarcely to be distinguished from the peasants; and the higher nobility, when refined and educated, partake more of the French character than of the solidity of the Germans. There is not much room here for the working of constitutional reform; Galicia wants as yet many of the most material

elements of civilisation before it can think of self-government. It is needless to enter into the condition of the other Austrian States. At the present moment national rights, and provincial liberties, are the foremost objects with all classes of the population. The intensity of this feeling is increased to an extent of which we can scarcely form an idea, by the existence in these old feudal countries of seignorial dues, of a system of forced labour and other remnants of barbarous times, long since extinct in western Europe, but which in Wurtemberg and Galicia have already produced a peasants' war, and which now threaten all Austrian Germany with a formidable agrarian agitation.

In Lombardy, there is every reason to believe that Austrian domination must give way before the aroused sentiment of nationality. There was only one to whom the people of Italy looked to after Pius IX., to support them in an effort for national regeneration, and that was the king of the men of Piedmont and Savoy. Nor has Charles Albert disappointed their hopes: backed by the Republic of France, he has gallantly thrown himself into the field of contest with the Emperor of Germany. In Austria Proper, by espousing the cause of a timely reform, much may yet be done. All that Austria demands is more political freedom, less administrative control, and above all, more national institutions. It is true that a despotic government may consider the granting these as opening the floodgates of democracy. But this is not always the case. Early concessions may most effectually ward off anarchy. The states which might still be inclined to wait until a system of government could be devised which might conciliate their common interests and their separate institutions, may, if long resisted, enforce their demands at all hazards to the empire.

That Prince Metternich has already relied too long on the torpor of the capital—that the imperial government has been too long rocked by the comfortable assurance, that all popular movements only came to expire at the gates of Vienna, recent events have now fully shown. It only remains then by early concessions to win the popular confidence and to command the popular affections. Sometime back an author before quoted—Alison—said, “No community need be afraid of going far astray which treads in the footsteps of Rome and England.” And the same author, who believes that all efforts at social amelioration will be ultimately shattered by that principle of human corruption which always comes in to blast the best hopes of the friend of humanity, still takes a just pride in that superior love of moderation and order which so pre-eminently distinguishes this country, and which not having failed at this crisis, ought surely now by that history which is “philosophy teaching by examples” attest to the continental states that a constitutional monarchy is the most solid of all political fabrics; and the one which, by opening to the people legal and constitutional modes of redress, is most effectually opposed to the excesses of democratic turbulence and anarchy.

Of the few great ministers whose functions have been extended to almost the utmost limits of absolute power, and at the same time have been protracted beyond the ordinary duration of human life—who have lived in the long and secure administration of one of the greatest empires of the earth, and who retained that high and responsible position amidst events of infinite magnitude and variety—none are so remarkable nor more illustrious, than Prince Metternich.

Prince Metternich was born at Coblenz, on the 15th of May, 1773, of an ancient house, which had in former ages given more than one elector to the Archbishoprics of Mayence and of Treves. The career of the young diplomatist, for he appears to have been born to the profession, commenced at the Congress of Radstadt, and he rose in it with such rapidity, that in 1806, after the conclusion of the peace at Presburg, he was selected for the important post of Austrian ambassador in Paris. Upon the declaration of war in 1809, he hastened to join the imperial Court, which had taken refuge, after the battle of Wagram, at the fortress of Komorn, in Hungary. Metternich was at this eventful period appointed to succeed Count Stadion as minister of foreign affairs, and he inaugurated his ministerial power by concluding a treaty far less humiliating than was anticipated, and the cause for which only became public when the rising diplomatist was heard to be on his way to Paris, with the daughter of the Emperor of Germany, as a sacrifice to the imperial power of France. But although Metternich thus completed with his own hands the not very exalted task which he had undertaken, it is certain that he ever entertained a strong dislike and hatred to the representative of the French Republic.

It was not, however, till the fortunes of Napoleon were on the decline, that Metternich ventured to show these feelings. When the flower of the French army had perished in Russia, when Alexander was resolved upon reprisals, when the King of Prussia had been roused to resistance, and even the French marshal, Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, had with singular ingratitude leagued against his master—then alone was Prince Schwarzenburg sent forth, not only at the head of the Austrian force, but in command of the whole imperial army. We had occasion only lately, in a notice of Mr. Tourgeneff's interesting memoirs in the *New Monthly Magazine*, to detail, at length, how the impetuosity of Alexander had always to take a lead of the prudential tactics of the Austrian general, and how little the policy of Metternich did really second that of the Steins and Hardenbergs of the day. The battle of Leipsic, however, by establishing the freedom of Germany, won for the diplomatist the dignity of prince of the empire.

Prince Metternich took a prominent and active part in the conferences and negotiations which preceded and accompanied the invasion of France by the Allied Armies. He signed the treaty of Paris, by which Germany was made a league of independent states, and he proceeded thence to England, upon which occasion the University of Oxford conferred on him an honorary degree. Prince Metternich, who was then in his forty-second year, was chosen, upon the opening of the Congress of Vienna, to preside over its deliberations; and this species of presidency in the diplomatic affairs of Europe is generally admitted to have been conceded to the illustrious diplomatist, as much out of deference to his personal abilities, as out of consideration for his being the representative of the imperial court. With no principle was Prince Metternich more thoroughly imbued, than with the disastrous effects of democratic influences on society. In this, he was seconded by his able colleague, Gentz. The consequence was, that the promises of constitutional liberty and of national unity, advocated by Stein, Hardenberg, and a few others, received no development at the Congress of Vienna. The national opinion on a

free constitution, as expressed by the most eminent jurists and philosophers of Germany, demanded nothing more than what has long existed in this country—representative assemblies invested with true legislative power, the judicial institution of jury trial, and the freedom of the press. In the act of the German confederacy, concluded at the Congress of Vienna, it was enacted that, “in all states of the confederacy, a representative constitution is to take place.” But the moment of danger past, the rulers forgot their promises, or at least took care never to fulfil them. In the natural horror of democratic excesses, Austria, especially, has hitherto always avoided allowing the slightest admixture of popular rights with a purely aristocratic and imperial form of government.

With such a diversity of forms of government, as Prince Metternich was called upon to mould to the desired form; the task was one of a most formidable character. Still he proceeded in his legislative labours with such steady and vigorous energy that he not only overcame all obstacles, but for a long time he obtained for the system of the Austrian cabinet an indisputable supremacy over the councils of Europe.

The struggle for the independence of Greece, and the intervention of the Christian powers in favour of that oppressed nation, for the first time placed the policy of Prince Metternich at variance with that of the western states of Europe. It was probably owing to this circumstance that Austria did not exhibit more national or imperial energy when Russia was allowed, at the conclusion of the war with Turkey, to establish its ascendancy in Moldavia and Wallachia, and to obtain possession of the chief navigable mouth of the Danube—a result of the treaty of Adrianople, of which Austria never ceases every day to feel the deep grievance and annoyance.

The French Revolution of 1830 restored the three courts of eastern Europe to their original common intimacy and interests. But Louis Philippe soon made known to the Austrian minister that, while constitutional rights should be respected in France, all necessary measures would be adopted to keep down democratic tendencies; and Prince Metternich felt once more at ease. He was enabled in conjunction with Prussia to crush every symptom of popular excitement in Germany; he occupied Northern Italy with troops; Austrian Poland was oppressed more than ever, and he expended vast sums in enabling Don Carlos to carry on a contest in Spain in the name of legitimacy.

But in the meantime, the progress of a material civilisation had been doing more, probably, than any thing else, to undermine the old order of things. The opening of the Danube to the Anglo-Hungarian steamboats, the connexion of Trieste with Vienna, and of the capital with Prague and Northern Germany, by railroads, have had a great influence on the social conditions of the empire. The vast natural resources and the industry of the people, have marched on in advance of an inert government. The strength and unity which Prince Metternich had given to the motley and heterogeneous states, has been gradually undermined. But, above all, the movement taken by Prussia, to give a more liberal character to German institutions, and the accession of Pius IX. to the papal throne, have largely contributed to hasten the downfall of the Metternich policy. The example of the Revolution of France, completed the overthrow of the illustrious statesman—the last almost of his class

and order—sprung from a family which preserved the strict traditions of the German aristocracy, trained in the ideas which have always been most effective against the encroachments of democracy, and fortified by forty years' power and experience.

The progress of liberal opinions in Austria, will, it has been stated, insure peace, by anticipating any opposition that might have arisen under the old system to the progress of democracy elsewhere, but there is no depending for a moment on peace acquired by such concessions. In the meantime, the King of Prussia, as the champion of the liberal monarchical party, and the candidate for imperial rule, has pledged himself to obtain from the confederate sovereigns all the great conditions of national unity. Germany, it is said, is to become a federal and not a leagued state. Her affairs are to be governed by the deliberations of a senate, chosen in part from the constitutional bodies which will exist in all the separate states of Germany. A supreme court of judicature is to be attached to this national power. All restrictions are to be removed from the communications of intelligence, of trade, and of locomotion, amongst the whole German people. The press throughout Germany is to be free. One universal Zollverein is to extend its laws from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Adriatic; an uniform system of money, weights, post-office, &c., is to be established, and a common flag is to be adopted for the nation, by sea and by land.

But while Prussia thus marches in front of the popular movement, the Emperor Ferdinand has been no less received in the densely-crowded streets of Vienna with deafening shouts and acclamations. The people took the horses from the carriage of the Archduke Stephen, on his return from Hungary, and drew it themselves into the palace. Even at Prague the timely concessions of the emperor are said to have produced the happiest effect.

It will remain to be seen, then, which of the rival claims, of the house of Hapsburg, and that of Brandenburg, will be most readily entertained at the general congress of sovereigns to be held at Dresden. The right of seniority and of precedence undoubtedly lies with Ferdinand; the liberal tendencies of Frederick William IV., have, however, as well as his popular concessions at a moment of great emergency, placed him at the head of a purely national movement; and, perhaps, when we consider the superior education and civilisation united to, or rather resulting from, the Protestant tendencies of Northern Germany, we must be prepared to yield to the course of events which will re-establish the ancient Germanic sovereignty under the representative of the electors of Brandenburg, and the successor of the Teutonic knights, to the long-time stationary sway of the descendants of the great Rudolph.

THE FRENCH MODEL REPUBLIC.

Si je crois rien de ce qu'on y rapporte,
Je veux, mes enfants, que le diable m'emporte.—

BERANGER.

PURSUING in another form the subject which, by its extraordinary importance, has induced us to depart from our general rule of not touching upon political matters, we purpose, in these pages, to address ourselves to the task of examining the progress which the French Republic has already made, and what the measures are which have been taken by those at the head of affairs to insure its stability.

One fear alone assails us in making this attempt, and that is, lest the Utopian dream which was proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville on the 24th of February, shall have utterly dissolved before these pages issue from the press—a consummation by no means improbable.

The first step taken by the Provisional Government, after having installed itself, was to make the declaration of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," which was henceforth to be the principle of the new *régime*. No words can be found more attractive to the multitude than these three, but, unfortunately, they run the risk of being misinterpreted: "Liberty," as it is construed by the mob, meaning a release from all lawful control; "Equality," a reduction of all to the same level; and "Fraternity," an unscrupulous appropriation of the property of others.

The more moderate members of the Provisional Government, adopting the pure idealism of Lamartine, did not hold with this acceptance of the terms; they believed, we are persuaded, in the possibility of practically enforcing their amiable theory; but we are by no means so sure that the section influenced by Ledru Rollin entertained corresponding notions; communism was the motive which stirred them to action; that word embraced the other three in the view of those who had all to gain, and nothing to lose, by the establishment of a new order of things. The latter did not directly say with Jack Cade, that "all the realm should be in common;" but if the dial spoke not, it still made shrewd signs, and pointed full in the direction to which events appear to be rapidly tending.

However, the declaration was made, so flattering to the feelings of a nation whose ruling principle is vanity, simple and compound; and the tricoloured motto was blazoned far and wide; it headed every decree, was plastered against every wall, was dinned into every man's ears, and the people, in parrot-tones, re-echoed the cry. The next step was to offer an explanation of the intentions of the Provisional Government in their laudable resolve to restore the golden age; a determination, by-the-by, that seems in a fair way of accomplishment without the aid of the precious metal which has given its name to that fabulous epoch. It was, therefore, proclaimed that every man should, at once, enter into the enjoyment of his full political rights, a condition to which we, as Englishmen, should be the last to object, were it not that our friends over the water put rather too large a construction on their newly-created privilege. It was made, like the magician's tent in the "Arabian Nights," of the most expansive materials; it could be adapted to cover one man, or contain a whole nation. Thirty millions of people were each promised every thing that a Frenchman's heart can desire. The exercise of their "political rights," gave them leave to meet wherever they pleased, say whatever they pleased, and, as a necessary corollary, do whatever they pleased; like Shylock,

they would readily "better the instruction." Jacques Bon-homme was not only to be an elector, but be capable himself of being elected; "his mouth was to be the parliament" of France, and, better still, he was to be paid for his legislative services. That no higher qualification than that of belonging to the soil was necessary to enter into the national convention, was afterwards declared by M. Carnot, the Minister of Public Instruction, who in a circular almost as celebrated as that of M. Ledru Rollin's, to which we shall by-and-by advert, made this announcement:—"The great error against which the inhabitants of our agricultural districts must be guarded is this—that, in order to be a representative, *it is necessary either to enjoy the advantages of education or the gifts of fortune. As far as education is concerned, it is clear that an honest peasant, possessed of good sense and experience,* will represent the interests of his class in the assembly of the nation infinitely better than a rich and educated citizen, having no experience of rural life, or blinded by interests at variance with those of the bulk of the peasantry. As to fortune, the remuneration (*indemnité*) which will be assigned to all the members of the Assembly, will suffice for the maintenance of the very poorest." He was, moreover, to have as much work assigned to him as he chose to do—(no matter how it was to be found)—when not, of course, occupied by the cares of legislation. He was to share his master's,—no, his brother's profits, without contributing to his capital—send as many brats to the Foundling as Rousseau did, go to school or stay away if he liked it, attend church or synagogue as the humour took him, make war with all the world whenever he felt pugnacious, become peaceable when he was sick of fighting, and take the whole human race under his protection.

This is only a mild exposition of the views of the regenerated French republican. It never struck him that they were impossible. He by no means shared the opinions of a clever and profound writer who has recently said:

"Communisme, socialisme, partage des terres et des richesses, organisation du travail! autant de rêves inapplicables, réglemens impossibles tant qu'on ne pourra régler les naissances et les passions de la société humaine! Mais il y a des esprits qui se laissent séduire par la seule forme d'une pensée, quelque absurde qu'elle soit, et qui croient que certains enchaînemens de phrases présagent un enchaînement semblable dans les faits. Ce sont eux qui disent: Le monde a enregistré l'égalité devant Dieu au commencement de l'ère chrétienne, l'égalité devant la loi à la fin du xviii. siècle; il ne lui manque plus que de réaliser l'égalité sociale."

Nor were the authorities slow to decree these impossibilities. Decree followed decree like flashes of summer lightning; well, if they prove as innocuous!

First came the announcement that all objects pledged at the Mont de Piété, to the value of ten francs, should be restored to those who had pawned them; then, that the proceeds of the late Civil List, amounting to a million francs, were to be distributed amongst the workmen of France. One of their number appears, like the Apostle, to have asked himself "What is this among so many?" or, to have been endowed with a feeling of compassion for exiled royalty, somewhat rare in these stirring times. The story is thus told:—

"A knot of journeymen joiners were conversing on the subject of the above donation, when the news reached them that Louis Philippe and his family had reached England in a state of complete destitution. On hearing it, one of the men present said,

“Sacristi ! that is very hard upon them. I tell you what should be done. A million distributed amongst us would be but a few francs a-piece, let it be sent to the ex-king. The alms of the poor do honour to misfortune.”

Se non è vero è ben trovato!”

The conversion of the royal palace of the Tuileries into an asylum for invalided workmen, followed next, but a little difficulty lay in the way here. There were already “men in possession,” and they ably illustrated the truth of the adage which ascribes so much virtue to possession. What kind of people they were who asserted tenant-right, on this occasion, has been variously described—some have affirmed that they were escaped convicts, others, that they were unemployed workmen waiting for the promised wages, and others again (and this is by no means improbable), that the majority were medical students. But whatever name was given to them, that which they gave themselves was the most appropriate. They declared themselves *inamovibles*, and sturdily refused to evacuate.

“They were,” they said, “the real captors of the palace, and had a right to remain.” And to this newly-discovered “right” they held fast, refusing for a long time all terms of accommodation, or demanding large sums of money as the price of their submission. But even the founders of the new Utopia closed their ears to these demands, and, *bon gré, mal gré*, this free and easy band of brothers was at length dislodged, marching off, however, with all the honours of war; that is to say, with as many changes of raiment on their persons as they could contrive to cram themselves into. By a subsequent decree we find that the head-quarters of the National Guards have been transferred to the palace, occupying the Pavillon Marsan, where the former heir to the throne, the Comte de Paris, resided.

Money having been granted and lodging—to a certain extent—permitted, an allowance of food was ordered. The bakers of Paris were desired to place at the disposal of the chiefs of posts of the National Guard one-fifth of their make of bread, to be paid for, however, by checks drawn on the Hôtel de Ville. How long this lasted we are unable to say, but, to judge by what took place during the third week of the Republic, we should imagine not long; when the Bank of France, having suspended cash payments, a check drawn on the Town-hall would probably be about as valuable as that commercial document familiarly known as a draft upon Aldgate pump! But while the body was thus taken care of, mental gratification was not forgotten, and a decree appeared, announcing that the annual exhibition of works of art at the Louvre would take place as usual on the 15th of March. As usual, did we say? We made a mistake. There was a departure from the system of preceding years, made in a spirit truly republican. It was impossible that the principle of “equality” could be carried much further, for it was added that no pictures would be rejected. A jury was named by “election” to receive the pictures, but as nothing could be refused, their critical powers were not subjected to any extraordinary test. The result of such an exhibition answered the probable intention of the projectors, for it could not fail to excite the mirth of “the unemployed,” who flocked to the galleries of the Louvre, and when people are merry disaffection can hardly be rife. While on the subject of the Fine Arts, we may as well observe that the cultivation of other branches besides painting were not idle. Deputations in the inte-

rests of the "singing" and "declamatory classes" waited on M. Crémieux to apply for extended powers, which, of course, he very courteously promised, though, in doing so, we fear, he ventured too far, for no art can improve a Frenchman's voice, nor can any thing be added to his capabilities for declamation.

These appliances, however, were partial, and were quickly succeeded by more extensive ones. It was established as a fundamental principle that every citizen was *de jure*, a national guard, and that he might become so, *de facto*, a decree appeared, informing him that he would receive on enrolment a franc and a half for daily pay. It has been calculated that the whole force of the national guard throughout France, stationary and moveable, might consist of about 2,000,000 of men, and the payment of these gentlemen at the above rate would form rather a lively item in the budget, amounting, in round numbers, to 140,000*l.* a day, or upwards of 51,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. How this was to be paid, the government of the model republic did not pause to consider; it was necessary, at any rate, to make the promise, that the unemployed might be kept in good humour. The scale of remuneration for the deputies sent to the national convention was not likely to prove of so reputable a character, for although the number of members was increased to 900—(a pleasant little debating society, and likely to be very harmonious)—the pay was only twenty-five francs a day, or somewhere about 160,000*l.* a year. No great stress either need be laid on the sums allotted to some thousands of the unemployed, who were at once set to work, a part to repair the devastations caused by the barricades, and a part to change the aspect of the Jardin du Luxembourg, less, of course, with the object of making it more ornamental, than of giving occupation to the labourers.

But while money was thus freely lavished on one hand, a show of economy was made on the other, and a pompous intimation was made that in future the salaries of all employés, ministers of state, diplomatists, and others, would be cut down to the lowest possible sum. It may be observed, *en passant*, that as this measure was intended to apply to men who had never been in the receipt of any salary whatever, the sacrifice was not particularly great. Besides, there are expedients which form very good substitutes for high salaries, as was shown on the occasion of the dispute between M. Garnier Pagés and M. Ledru Rollin, when the former threatened to show to the people a *bon* for 300,000 francs, which the latter had drawn on the treasury, for what purpose is best known to M. Ledru Rollin himself. Some very ostensible displays of disinterestedness were made with respect to these reduced salaries, the most notable, perhaps, being by M. Cottu, who has undertaken the embassy to the Court of St. James's, for "the small charge" of 400*l.* a year! We apprehend he entertains the idea of rivalling his celebrated countryman, who discovered the art of living cheap in London by dining on that peculiar kind of *bouilli*, popularly known as *cat's-meat*!

In making the reduction described, it must, however, be borne in mind that the economy of the Provisional Government was purely prospective. The present moment demanded a vast expenditure, and money, or money's worth, was seized upon wherever it could be found. The crown jewels and the royal plate went first, and as fast as the latter could be melted down it was coined into five-franc pieces, bearing on them the effigy of Hercules—and his CLUB—the emblem of the

But this offered only a poor supply for the necessities of the state, and scarcely was the Republic a fortnight old, when a decree appeared which, while it held out "the guarantee of national royalty," (a very unmarketable commodity) as security for the depositors in the Savings Banks, virtually confiscated nine-tenths of those savings. It is true the interest on deposits was raised to five per cent., but a twentieth part of a poor man's capital is but a sorry substitute for the whole when he stands in need of all he can scrape together. Severely as this measure pressed upon native depositors, its effect was tenfold on hundreds of our unfortunate countrymen, chiefly of the class of domestics who, under the influence of that *fraternal* feeling which characterises the Model Republic, were driven forth from their city by the generous Parisians, penniless and unprotected.

Money was thus acquired by the government "quodcumque modo;" but there is something nearly as useful as money in conducting the financial affairs of a country, and that is credit. But credit became as scarce as coin—some of the leading banks in Paris failed, and then came a panic: the public thronged to the Bank of France to exchange their securities for hard cash; the run was tremendous, the people formed into a *queue*, as at the doors of a theatre (the drama at which they assisted may yet prove a terrible tragedy before the last act is performed), and on the evening of the 14th of March—nineteen days after the proclamation of the Republic—after paying away 110 millions in Paris alone,—the Bank of France suspended cash payments!

In that position we leave it, while we briefly address ourselves to other matters—briefly on account of our want of space, not for want of materials. "Each minute teems with new ones!"

As, according to the declaration of the Provisional Government, the revolution was not only made *by* the working classes, but *for* them, the latter did not suffer the grass to grow under their feet before they deputed a body of two thousand to demand the reduction of the period of labour from twelve to ten hours a-day, with other concessions, which of course were immediately promised by Messrs. Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, Albert (himself a workman), and the other communist members of the "Commission pour les Travailleurs." No matter how greatly this domination of labour impeded the operations of the capitalists who employed the workmen, the measure must be adopted, for the "sovereign people" willed it. They even showed a desire for more when they found how promptly the first demand was acceded to, and thousands of workmen formed themselves into associations, and marched in procession through the principal thoroughfares of Paris, their *mot de ralliement* being "nine hours' labour." At this rate they may speedily come down to the condition of the Utopian workmen, described by Sir Thomas More, who says, "They do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden; but, dividing day and night into equal parts, appoint six of these for work, their other hours, besides those for eating and sleeping, are left to every man's discretion." What the discretion of the Parisian workmen would be, with these terms granted, is a problem not very difficult to solve.

It must be observed that a distinction was made between Paris and the provinces; the *campagnards* gained only one hour in twelve, where the metropolitan labourers gained two; but then the reason is obvious, the one was only half as dangerous as the other. What shall we say of the

concessions which have been demanded by the multitudinous callings in Paris? How the omnibus drivers led the way, taking the initiative, or whip-hand, as it were, and demanding increased pay for their skilful chariotteering; how the citadines, the lutésiennes, and the coucous, trundled off to the Hôtel de Ville to require that they should be placed on the same footing as the London cabmen,—that is to say, ask any amount of fare, and swear as much as they pleased; how the journeymen tailors, in bodies of five thousand, claimed full license to cut their customers' coats according to their own cloth; how the poulterers had a pluck at the previous state of things; how the ladies of the *halles*, who trade in not the freshest fish,—the gentlemen outside the barriers, who adulterate bad wine,—all the members, in short, of the list of professions which begins with “tinker” and ends with “thief,” waited upon the Provisional Government to demand some special remission, which was in every instance unhesitatingly promised!

Amongst the “adhesions” which have continued to fall in, there is one that deserves especial mention, on account of the importance that must necessarily attach to the demonstration. This is the adhesion of the Savoyards,—not the nation so called, but the shoe-blacks, chimney-sweeps, water-carriers, and errand-boys of Paris, the majority of whom are, however, Auvergnats and not from Savoy. This body felt how incumbent it was on them to manifest their political sentiments, and, accordingly, on Sunday, the 20th ult., they paraded along the Boulevards with flags, banners, scarfs, and other attractive insignia, and made for the Hotel de Ville. *En route*, they bethought them that they were in want of a leader, and therefore called out the Sardinian embassy, with the polite request that the ambassador would come out and head the deputation; but he, not being emulous of the fame of Tigellius, declined to marshal the “balatrones,” who thereupon departed, had an interview with the government, and consoled themselves for their disappointment with the honeyed phrases of M. de Lamartine. This newly-awakened importance of classes has been amusingly illustrated in the recent case of the hatter of Toulouse, who addressed the following letter to one of the papers:—

“Citizen editor,—Malevolence has attributed to me language which I have not used. It is false that I have demanded eight hundred heads. There exists no branch of trade or manufactures which has more need of heads than mine.

“CAZALAS, Hatter.”

In spite of his self-importance, M. Cazalas takes a sensible view of his position. We trust he may inoculate others with his opinion!

But a graver matter demands our consideration,—the step taken by the Minister of the Interior for the political regeneration of France. Apart from the rest of his colleagues, M. Ledru Rollin occupied himself in preparing that famous circular which fell like a thunderbolt both on town and country; that manifesto in which he declared to the government commissaries, his Seides, that *their powers were unlimited*, that they were to take orders *only from their own consciences (!)*, to remove, as it pleased them, every man in authority, *whether civil or military*, to make and unmake, according to their will, all that they deemed worthy of erecting or pulling down, to assume a despotic power, in short, which has nothing for its parallel but the instructions given to those who, in 1793, flooded the cities of France with blood, and choked up her rivers with the dead. And this most precious document was “consecrated” by M. Ledru Rollin, as a testimony to “the glories of the French Revolution!”

Heated as were men's minds and adhesive as all classes had proved to the republican form of government, there was something too violent in the circular for all but the clubs, on whose shoulders it was evidently the wish of M. Ledru Rollin to be borne aloft to the dictatorship. The press, hitherto laudatory or acquiescent, once more raised its voice; the *classe bourgeoise*, whom the circular was intended chiefly to intimidate, were roused, and availing themselves of a decree affecting the internal construction of the National Guard, made an open demonstration; and the members of the Provisional Government not only repudiated the sentiments of the Minister of the Interior, (and, *ad interim* enacted a scene of violence amongst themselves which promises well for their permanent union), but neutralised their effect by counter decrees which have, *for the present*, authority.

How long this authority, resting on the *modérés*, will last affords matter for serious conjecture. The pacific demonstration of the National Guards was instantly met by the simultaneous assemblage of 200,000 workmen—and others—around the Hôtel de Ville on the morning of the 17th of March, the significance of which left no one in doubt. Their presence obtained a decree postponing the elections for the National Guard until the 5th of April; and there is good reason for believing that the election for the National Convention will yet, through the same influence, be delayed, in order that time may be given for M. Ledru Rollin to organise his forces, and secure a majority of Communists in the representation. A curious fact relative to this *popular* demonstration has since transpired. It has been ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the whole affair was got up by the Provisional Government itself, and cost *five hundred thousand francs!* Each operative received two francs, and every officer five. Somehow, the principle of *equality* seems to have been lost sight of here.

We have already observed that every thing since the Republic was proclaimed was attempted for the people, or, to speak more "by the card," for the working classes. On the 19th ult. M. Causidière, the Prefect of Police, threw a sop to Cerberus in the shape of an intimation to "foreign workmen," that none such would be allowed to enter France. M. Causidière's decree was couched in such generous language that we cannot refrain from re-producing it textually; the spirit of the document will, moreover, be better appreciated by preserving it entire. It runs thus:—

"The Prefect of Police having been informed that a great number of foreign workmen are quitting other countries, with the view of repairing to Paris, hoping to procure employment at a fixed rate in the workshops opened by the Provisional Government, believes it to be his duty to inform them that *they cannot participate in the labour and wages which the Provisional Government has assigned to native workmen.* He, therefore, informs them that if, notwithstanding this caution, they determine to come to that city, *they will be liable to be turned out forcibly from the French territory by measures warranted under the circumstances.* The Prefect will therefore *make arrangements for expelling from France* all who may be burdensome to the communes and cause inquietude to the people."

There can be little doubt who this was directed against. As the *Times* has justly observed:—

"This is but the story of the outrages of Havre and Rouen upon the English workmen, legalised and dignified by the authority of the Prefect of Police of the young French Republic. What a glimpse does not this afford us of the relation now subsisting between the government and the working population

of Paris,—the government finding wages and labour for the workmen, and submitting to be the instruments of their blindest passions and most selfish prejudices.”

However earnest the Provisional Government is in endeavouring to procure labour for the working classes, it would appear as if the latter were not so exceedingly solicitous to obtain it, since it became necessary for M. Marie, the Minister of Public Works, to issue a decree on the 20th in which he sets forth, that notwithstanding the reduced scale of labour, the national workshops have been again abandoned. M. Marie adopted the most conciliating language to induce the workmen to return to the “active and laborious life, which,” he said, “was an honour to them, and the hope of the country.” But the workmen had discovered a pleasanter amusement than squaring blocks or sawing timber; they would rather rule the state than toil under the porter’s knot or the bricklayer’s hod.

In our hasty enumeration of the blessings conferred on society by the Provisional Government, we omitted to notice the decree for the release of all persons confined for debt; it has, for the benefit of the really industrious, been backed up by another, empowering the tribunals of commerce to suspend actions against debtors for three months, “*provided the debtor wishes it!*” We should very much like to see the debtor who did not wish to avail himself of this kind permission, even a sight of his portrait would be a treat. Meantime, the commissaries despatched into the provinces by M. Ledru Rollin, have been “doing their spiriting” effectually, if not “gently.” The gentleman sent to the departments of the Loiret, Loire et Cher, and Eure et Loire, has signalled his proceedings by some extraordinary measures. The scene of his exploits was Blois, where, in one day, he issued three most notable decrees. By the first he established a national discount bank at Blois, of which the capital was afterwards to be settled. By the second he empowered the bankers of Blois *not to pay the deposits* which proprietors or capitalists might have *intrusted* to them before the 15th of March; but he (kindly) gave the depositors the right, if they chose to avail themselves of it, to require the payment of their deposits, *on condition that they would immediately transfer the whole amount so restored to them to the National Discount Bank!* The third decree *suspended all prosecutions for the payment of debts* till the 15th of May, and enjoined all *huissiers* and *avoués* to *refuse their aid* to those who might wish to enforce the rights which the laws *once* allowed to creditors. Regenerated France has assuredly become a country after Jeremy Diddler’s own heart!

Some of the commissaries have varied the application of the “unlimited powers” granted to them by the Minister of the Interior. At Lyons, for instance, M. Emmanuel Arago, has received an order from his conscience to *double the forty-five centimes* on the franc to which the four direct contributions had been raised by the Minister of Finance. He has even gone further, and decreed that no one shall leave the town carrying with him more than five hundred francs in cash, without satisfying the authorities as to its intended use. At Bordeaux, a M. Latrède, invested, as Commissary-general, with extraordinary powers, has been rejected by the people and obliged to evacuate the city—a symptom of re-action which is not without significance.

The acts above specified are agreeable specimens of the precious kind of liberty which Frenchmen are destined to enjoy under the new *régime*.

They may, if they please, plant a withered stump in the Champ de Mars, the clergy may bless it, and M. Ledru Rollin may hail it as "a glorious symbol of deliverance and liberty"—but the bitterness of its fruit will nauseate all who taste it.

But, amongst the leading organs of public opinion, conducted by the master-spirits of the time, have none been found courageous enough to denounce a system which, within the space of "one little month," has given the lie to the broadest and most emphatic declarations of the chiefs of the revolutionary government?

Yes, the press *has* spoken, and by the voice of its noblest expositor, by that of the man who, if France can yet be redeemed from anarchy, appears destined to perform that glorious part! It is M. Emile de Girardin, who, in the midst of the storm that has whirled every thing along in its furious vortex, has made himself heard. His testimony is beyond suspicion, for no man's political principles have been more openly avowed. It was with no feigned sincerity that he accepted the new order of things, and offered his services to the Provisional Government, to strengthen it in every act that really tended to the public good.

But within how short a space have the hopes and expectations of all who think with M. de Girardin been disappointed! Let us only look at one of the very earliest of the hundred and one decrees that have been issued, in which it was set forth that no system of taxation could be decided upon by the Provisional Government, who used these words: "That it is the part of the delegates of the nation to judge supremely in this matter, and that *any other conduct on its part would imply the rashest usurpation.* The suspension of the most important services would be risked by it, and it would be almost impossible to think of facing events of which France and Europe may be the witness. *All taxes, without exception, will continue to be levied as heretofore.*"

A fortnight afterwards came the decree calling upon the people IMMEDIATELY to make contribution to the state amounting to forty-five hundredths on the total amount of the year's direct taxes!

That the Provisional Government wanted money there can be little doubt, when we find that its expenditure during its month of power has been, according to *La Presse*, *four millions* of francs a day! And the greater part of this enormous sum has been devoted to the purpose of establishing a system which is to prevail by violence alone. Well might M. Emile de Girardin denounce it, in language as truthful as it is eloquent!

In a forcible contrast which he has drawn between the two principles which he names "La Dictature" and "L'Arbitraire," he says:—

"In the name of that Fraternity, too long misunderstood, let the new Power accomplish the social revolution now begun, and our zealous hands will add a stone, however small, to the edifice of the future, to the monument of the people; we shall never protest against it. But if Oppression and Exception are wrought in the name of Liberty and Equality, protest we will. It is more than our right to do so,—it is our duty. The revolution was accomplished in the name of a contested right,—the right of meeting. Throne and Charter have been broken down and destroyed; Kings and Ministers have been carried away. Abuses have remained! But they have changed their name. Yesterday they were called Corruption! To-day they are called Intimidation! Yesterday they were called Prefect! To-day they are called Commissary! Yesterday they draped themselves in the mantle of Royalty! To-day they envelop themselves in the mantle of the Republic! Abuses among us are,

then, like the hydra, from which we cannot strike off one head without another, more deformed, immediately arising. It is, then, impossible for us to protest against an excess without exceeding it; to avenge otherwise than by illegality, violated legality? No! no! Resistance will stop the abuse, if the cry which we utter be repeated from all parts—if it be repeated with such unanimity that all the members of the Provisional Government cannot close the ear against it."

Again, he says :

"Those parties who believe that we are to be intimidated by menaces, are mistaken. They may destroy our printing presses, and thus deprive 500 persons employed at them of their daily bread; but we shall always find a sheet of paper on which to publish our ideas, and readers to peruse what we have written. They may put us to death by two modes—either by the hand of a coward, or by the blows of a multitude which has been led astray. But if the Republic and liberty must dishonour themselves by an act of murder, the sole honour we desire is to be their first victim. Glorious will be the first martyr who will sacrifice himself in order to give the example of resistance to terrorists! All Paris, except cowards and malefactors, should assist at his funeral; and France should wear mourning for him. They may, therefore, kill us without our attempting to defend ourselves, but violence shall never force us to be silent, or to fly."

The man who has the boldness to speak thus, is the man best qualified to grapple with the dangers that surround the Republic. Like another Cassandra calling upon Priam, we are tempted to exclaim :—

Lay hold upon him, Paris ! hold him fast,
He is thy crutch ; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all France on thee,
Fall all together !

POSTSCRIPT, *March 27.*—At this, the latest hour at which the exigencies of going to press permit us to record our opinions, we have but a few words to add. The intelligence received by to-day's post falsifies in nothing the view we have taken of the acts of the Provisional Government. Their consequences, in a financial point of view, are tending inevitably to national bankruptcy,—in a political one, to a reign of communism—synonymous with terror! The banks of Lyons, Rouen, Bordeaux, Nantes, Lille, Marseilles, Havre, Toulouse, and Orleans, compelled to follow the example of the Bank of France, have suspended cash payments. Public credit is utterly annihilated, the manufactories are everywhere closed, commerce is at a stand, and the resources of the government are diminished, according to the last bank returns, published on the 22nd, to less than twenty millions of francs,—a sum considerably less than the expenditure of the previous week! On the other hand, the Provisional Government, so far from repudiating the doctrines laid down in the circular of M. Ledru Rollin, have resolved to accept them. Replying obliquely to an address issued by M. Thiers to the electors of the Bouches du Rhone, the *National* says :—

"We must have new men, and as such we recommend particularly to the electors the operatives and the labourers.....The education of the college is not favourable, nor that of the workshop unfavourable for the eminent function of a deputy of the National Assembly.....With honesty and intelligence, every citizen is equal to his work without reference to his former position and circumstances."

What, let us ask, are the prospects of a nation whose highest deliberative assembly is to be composed of men not only uneducated, but recommended for election *precisely because they are uneducated*, men who are sent to *avenge themselves for past neglect by legislation?*

MR. BROOKE'S LATEST JOURNALS.*

AFTER the opening of the ports of China, the new field presented to commerce and civilisation in the opening of the Eastern Archipelago offers the best possible answer to politicians who, like Mr. Cobden, aver that the trade of this country is no way indebted to its navy. The operations of her majesty's ship *Iris* in that great archipelago have done much towards making us better acquainted with the populous independent kingdoms of a fine island hitherto almost unknown—Celebes—where the rights of free citizens are acknowledged; indeed, the only Mohammedan state known where the people have emancipated themselves from the fetters of despotism, and whose princes are most desirous of forming commercial relations with the English nation. But still the importance of the operations in Celebes, to which we may some day be led to devote a few pages, yield precedence, in point of importance, to the occupation of a lonely coal island, and the appointment by the natives to a local government, of a now well-known and patriotic Englishman—the Rajah Brooke—a mere speck on the confines of the great island of Borneo; yet who shall predict what may hereafter result from the gradual extension of the civilising influence now first planted on that little spot of earth?

In giving the journals of Mr. Brooke to the public, Captain Mundy goes back to the earliest movements of the Rajah in that country; his voyage out in the *Royalist*; his first interviews with Muda Hassim, and his gradual rise to power; events with which the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* have been already familiarised by an analysis previously given of the first journals of Mr. Brooke, of the expedition of her majesty's ship *Dido*, and of the operations of the *Iris*, and of the other ships of Sir Thomas Cochrane's squadron upon the same coasts.

It will be remembered that the *Iris* was not employed in Borneo till after that fatal insurrection at the capital, Brunè, which had entailed the death of almost all of Mr. Brooke's more powerful friends, and at a period subsequent to the operations of the *Dido*. When Capt. Mundy first visited Sarawak in 1846, the town already contained a population of 12,000 inhabitants, whilst before the supreme authority had been vested in Mr. Brooke, it only contained a few mud huts with about 1500 persons, and these either relatives or armed retainers of the native princes! This was at the time that the squadron under Admiral Sir T. Cochrane was preparing to attack Brunè, the capital, and to revenge the massacre of thirteen of the Sultan's relatives and as many chiefs, who fell victims to their friendship to the English, and their honourable adherence to the treaties of commerce and friendly communication previously enacted.

On the way the river Rejang was steamed up in the *Phlegethon*, passing the first day Siriki, the residence of the piratical chief Pating

* Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes down to the Occupation of Labuan: from the Journals of James Brooke, Esq., Rajah of Sarawak and Governor of Labuan. Together with a Narrative of the Operations of H. M. S. *Iris* By Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N.

Abdulraman, whose residence, like most Dyak mansions of great dimensions, was erected on piles about twenty feet from the ground, and these again stuck into a high mound. It is obvious that such a method of construction must be adopted to meet inundations, or to obviate the attack of insects or wild animals. The next day the steamer reached Kanōwit, a remarkable town, built on piles, and situated 120 miles up the river.

Shortly after noon our pilots pointed out the neck of land round which, in a small bay, was situated the village of Kanōwit; and above the trees we caught sight of numerous flags, and the matted roofs of houses. The admiral now ordered the steamer to be kept as close as possible to the overhanging palms; and with our paddle-box just grazing their feathery branches, we shot rapidly round the point, and the surprise was complete; so complete, indeed, that groups of matrons and maidens who, surrounded by numerous children, were disporting their sable forms in the silvery stream, and enjoying, under the shade of the lofty palms, its refreshing waters, had scarcely time to screen themselves from the gaze of the bold intruders on their sylvan retreat.

It would be difficult to describe the horror and consternation of these wild Dyak ladies as the anchor of the *Phlegethon* dropped from her bows into the centre of the little bay selected for their bathing-ground. The first impression seemed to have stupefied both old and young, as they remained motionless with terror and astonishment. When conscious, however, of the terrible apparition before them, they set up a loud and simultaneous shriek, and, fleeing rapidly from the water, dragged children of all ages and sizes after them, and rushed up their lofty ladders for refuge: then we heard the tom-tom beat to arms, and in every direction the warriors were observed putting on their wooden and woollen armour, and seeking their spears and sumpitans.

In ten minutes all seemed ready for the fight, though evidently more anxious to find the extraordinary stranger inclined for peace. Meanwhile, the steamer swinging gradually to the young flood, and so drawing her stern within a few yards of the landing-place, brought into view the whole of the under part of the floor of this immense building erected at the brink of the very stream; for the piles on which it was supported were *forty feet* in height, and although at this short distance, had the savages chosen to attack us, a few of the spears and poisoned arrows might have reached our decks, it was evident that their own nest thus raised in the air, though containing 300 desperate men, was entirely at our mercy.

Our guides or pilots had hailed them from the moment of our arrival, counselling them to desist from any aggressive act, telling them that the strangers were white men from the west, were friendly, and that the Great Sea Lord wished to receive a visit from the chief of the tribe, who might trust himself on board in safety; but the fears of the people were too strong, and the chief not venturing to come forward, the admiral directed a white flag to be hoisted. After some little stir it was discovered that no flag of this colour was in the Indian code, and as no white buffing could be found on board, I had recourse to one of my linen sheets, which was quickly thriced up at the fore, and its effect seemed instantaneous.

In a moment from the large verandah, and from every window, strips of white cloth were hung out, and amidst loud shouts of joy, the men rushed down the ladders, some bringing the flags with them, and others launching their canoes, pulled direct to the steamer without apprehension.

The fame of Mr. Brooke had reached this remote spot, and the atrocities committed at Brunè, by the sultan, were also known; proving that a communication exists throughout the greater part of Borneo Proper. The capture of the metropolis was a short affair. It was accomplished

by the *Phlegethon* and *Spiteful*, with the *Royalist* and the boats of the squadron in tow.

At half-past nine, A.M., the signal was made to proceed, and away we went, telegraphing the soundings. At ten we suddenly lessened the water to *nine feet*; the *Spiteful*, two cables' length astern, drawing fourteen feet six inches; however, she shot out clear of the danger, and I sent my gig down to keep sounding close under the large steamer's bow. At half-past ten, at a short turning of the river, which was here about half a mile wide, we got sight of four batteries, two of which were directly a-head, in a raking position, erected with much judgment, on a rising ground, where the course of the river suddenly changed at a right angle. The other two batteries were flanking ones on either bank, but did not appear manned.

As we neared those a-head, the colours were hoisted (a chequered yellow and white flag), and the artillerymen, dressed in red, were observed standing, with lighted matches, ready for action. The river at this point was staked across, and we were anxiously sounding our way through the pillars, when the enemy's fire opened at a distance of a thousand yards. The shot, round and grape, passed between our masts, over the vessel, and even beyond the *Spiteful*, but did not strike us. We immediately returned the compliment, with rockets and the pivot guns of the ship, the Javanese crew under that able officer, Mr. Ross, behaving admirably. After a quarter of an hour's cannonade, I shoved off in the gun-boats, ordering Lieutenant Patey to pull for the shore and storm the batteries. This was soon accomplished, for so true had been our fire from the steamer and gun-boats, that what little courage or resolution the enemy might originally have possessed soon evaporated, and the gallant crews had no further difficulty in forcing their way through the embrasures than was presented by the naturally strong position of the batteries. They were erected on a precipice, about eighty or a hundred feet in height from the brink of the river, and the pathway leading up to them may be said to have been nearly perpendicular. The flag was captured, and a skirmish took place between the leading party of our force and the rearguard of the artillerymen as they escaped into the jungle, which, at a few hundred yards' distance skirted the land-side of the forts. The ordnance, three of which were brass, of great beauty, eighteen-pounders, with all the magazines and ammunition, were captured, without loss on our side. The guns, excepting those of brass, were spiked, and the magazines and ammunition destroyed; after which, I was directed by the admiral to return to the *Phlegethon*, which I did forthwith, and after passing two other batteries, the steamers, with the *Royalist* and gun-boats in tow, anchored half a mile below the city, and all hands went to dinner.

At half-past one the expedition was again in motion, an ebb tide of three knots rendering our advance very slow. As the *Phlegethon* opened out round the point, the city battery, and the hill forts (the three together mounting eighteen guns), commenced firing. The first thirty-two-pound shot passed through the paddle-box, breaking part of the wheel, and, entering the galley amidship, killing the cook. This was followed by showers of grape and canister so well directed, that in the space of five minutes another man was killed and several wounded; our return fire subsequently upset the enemy's aim, and we pushed on without further loss. We again shoved off in the gun-boats to attack the batteries at close quarters, but the *Phlegethon's* fire had been a settler, and before we could reach the shore the artillerymen fled in every direction.

The view of Brunè, with the steamers sailing up through the heart of the city to attack the upper batteries, and the little plan also given in Captain Mundy's work, impart great interest to this gallant action. Thirty-nine pieces of cannon, mostly of large calibre, fell into the hands of the conquerors. Nineteen of these were of brass, of Spanish manufacture and elaborately ornamented; the longest measured fourteen feet

six inches, was cast in the time of Charles III. of Spain, and Captain Mundy says was certainly the most beautiful specimen of workmanship he had ever beheld. The sultan, his boasted army, and all the inhabitants had fled, not a native was to be found in the capital, and as the full moon rose over the desolate buildings, she showed the white tents of the marines encamped on the heights in strong relief against the dark jungle beyond, and at the same time threw her rays over a city which, having flourished 500 years under Mohammedan rule, now fell before the arms of a Christian power.

The expedition into the interior in pursuit of the sultan, was full of danger, novelty, and interest. We have already given some account of it. The results were of the most pacific and promising character. On the departure of the admiral, the command of the Borneo squadron devolved on Captain Mundy as senior officer, and active hostilities were carried on against the pirates who infest the coasts. After the destruction of the Illanun town of Pandassan, another village of pirates, who would give no promise of amendment, was destroyed, and this was followed up by the capture of the notorious Hajji Saman's position. It was not, however, till after a second excursion to Brunè, and a second hostile visit to the coast, that the incorrigible Illanuns were finally driven from the north-west coast of Borneo.

Having upon a third visit to Brunè, and after prolonged and warm discussions with the sultan, obtained his signature to the treaty for the cession of Labuan, Captain Mundy sailed to that island to take formal possession, and go through the usual ceremonies observed on such occasions. The deaths of Captain Gordon and of Mr. Airey, which took place during the stay of the *Iris* at this important station, do not speak so favourably of its climate as we might wish. Admiral Inglefield, who has visited the island since Mr. Brooke's return to England, appears also to be of opinion that the first step ought to be the clearing and draining of the marshes. Nor do the pirates appear to have finally disappeared from the coast with the dispersion of the Illanuns. The *Nemesis*, stationed at Labuan since its cession, has been attacked by a fleet of so-called Balanini pirates, who were only repulsed after a very severe engagement, in which it would appear that there was a wondrous expenditure of ammunition without producing the effect which might have been anticipated, or that ought to have been calculated upon. In other respects, every new report asserts the immense importance of this new station in the Eastern seas. Its position is most advantageous; it possesses fine timber, a rich virgin soil, good water, and abundant coal. Two hundred men were at the time of the latest intelligence employed in working a seam of this latter valuable mineral, which already supplies the steamers on the station. At the same time, at Sarawak, preparations were already in progress for the erection of the native school-house, and for the reception of those zealous ministers of religion and of education, whom a philanthropic nation has sent out to the benighted Dyaks. May Heaven speed their labour of love!

THE OPERA.

ATTILA, King of the Huns, overran nearly the whole of Europe; he knocked down cities, and he caused a ploughshare to pass over their foundations, and the "Nibelungen-lied" still exists as an echo of his achievements. What fortification could keep out Attila?

We think we could have contrived a defence. We would have planted, at dievrs fitting points, like so many Martello towers, a number of little Opera-houses, each occupied by a London garrison, and then we are sure that the cart of Attila would have inspired no more terror than the cart of Manon Lescaut. No, good Attila, nations [tremble before thee, but not Opera audiences—storks flew away from besieged towns to manifest the distress of your enemies—here the public will fly from you instead—not in terror, Hunnic monarch, not in terror, but for the very tangible and prosaic reason that it does not love you.

N.B.—A theatrical public is like a Parthian—it fights by retreating.

Many years ago—goodness knows how many—we used to amuse ourselves by turning over an edition of Lavater, in three or four volumes, quarto; and we dwelt, influenced by a fascinating horror, on the physiognomy of Attila. It was an evil satyr-like sort of face, scarcely human, and a pair of horns, which good old Lavater himself called ridiculous, stuck out from the forehead. We hated Attila from that time. We had no very clear notion of his enormities; but he was voted execrable at once.

And yet are we sure that you were so very bad, old Attila? Was there not a destiny which wrote its law in your heart, and which you could not resist, and which smothered some kindly feelings within your nature? The whole civilised world was plunged deep into corruption, and you bore the awful name of the "Scourge of God," and felt that it was your mission to whip it into despair, if not into annihilation.

Do not, oh little man, that likest thy comfortable fireside, and the beverage which thou drinkest after dinner, whether it be noble Bordeaux or plebeian grog—thou that thinkest the summit of all excellence is attained, when the smoke of thy cigar forms curves that roll on in defiance of the minutest analysis of the profoundest geometer—do not, little man, sit in judgment on characters like that of Attila, estimating, according to Cocker, the number of lives that he sacrificed, and blessing the benignant fates that no more lives have been lost by thy hand than those of the few, very few, perch and dace, which by accident stumbled on thy hook at the Hornsey Sluice-house, when with considerable difficulty thou hadst obtained thy small holiday. Then, little man, on that occasion, the large green can, tinted with green, was a fearful irony on the smallness of its contents.

There are certain men, into whom the world-spirit rushes with tumultuous force, so that their own individuality is as nought before its impulse. They must go on—on—on, and when they look within them to consult their most internal self, they find no self is there, other than the self of the universe. Yea, the immutable laws, which govern the fortunes of men, are written in little on the souls of these chosen ones, inexplicable to others, inexplicable to themselves. Their mission comes to them not as a revelation, but as a hidden impetus, and they must dash along their course like Götter, when Kronos was his postillion.

The conquests of Attila, where are they? We may as well ask for the possession of whirlwinds. His mission was to destroy, and he fulfilled it,—he married a young wife, and that destroyed *him*. Probably Attila was the original of Sir Peter Teazle.

If you walk into a sort of bazaar in the Strand, called the "Magic Cave," you will see certain revolving boxes, called "wheels of fortune," the ministering priestesses of which are young damsels with very bright eyes, and ringlets curling excessively. If you are a man of a desperate speculative character you will venture sixpence on a "wheel of fortune," and you will probably win a tooth-brush, or a little china extinguisher, in the shape of a nun or some other feminine. Should you, good reader, win the latter, think of Attila, and of the way in which he was extinguished.

Now, Giuseppe Verdi, we have always treated you with kindness—you can't deny it—we have seen you run down pretty lustily, but we have not joined in the cry—we have given you credit for a certain amount of dramatic feeling, and for a power in dealing with stage-masses. Some of those choruses in "Nino" are very effective things. Your contra-puntal knowledge is not great, good Joseph, and you rush to unison as much for safety as for effect, but still you are very well for want of a better. Don't be gammoned into the belief that you have founded a new school, for you have done nothing of the kind. Your illustrious namesake, Joseph Miller, was patriarch of all the jokes in the world, but not every Joseph can be a patriarch.

How excellent is Coletti in this same "Nino." What vigorous declamation, and yet how nicely is all kept within due bounds. Coletti is a firm, forcible, passionate singer; he can boil up with rage, like the water that cooked the limbs of Pelops, he can allow himself to be bent down by despair, like an Œdipus under the weight of undesigned crimes, and yet he never loses himself; we have the sound, steady, self-possessed artist throughout.

"Attila" will not do, though Mr. Lumley—the most princely of managers—has done every thing for "Attila."

By-the-bye, the extensive and transient conquests of Attila bring to mind the equally extensive and equally transient conquests of the Mongols. That refined people had a plan of exterminating prisoners which was at once horrible and convivial. First the Mongols placed the prisoners on the ground with their faces downwards, next they placed a broad platform on the prisoners, and lastly, they placed themselves on the platform and held a sumptuous banquet. Need we describe what the poor prisoners felt on the occasion, how hard an extra squeeze fell to their share when the health of Zingis-Khan was proposed, and enthusiastic feet stamped with ultra force upon the platform. Horrible, most horrible!

But now suppose some benign genius had stepped from the clouds, and told the prisoners that he would grant them any moderate request, what favour would they have desired?

If they had been reasonable, and not particular about their chronology, they would have asked this:

"Let not these rude Mongols,—these savages,—whom, when infants, their mothers have trained to dash out the brains of other infants,—let not these savages trample us to death with their clumsy feet, but there is one Mademoiselle Rosati, let her dance upon the platform instead; the light foot will do us no injury, or if it does, we shall suffer willingly, when we know that our agonies beneath are productive of so much beauty and grace above."

We were among your earliest admirers, Caroline Rosati, and we predicted well of you, when some heads were shaking with doubt. Therefore, do we exult—not unselfishly—at your increasing triumphs. That admirable finish of execution,—that intelligence which peeps out so furtively from those little dark eyes,—are they not certain prognostics of success? If ever the ladder that leads to the Temple of Fame was ascended by Terpsichorean feet, immortality will be yours, my,—we mean *our* Caroline Rosati.

THE THEATRES IN PARIS SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

"Un Jeune Homme Pressé"—Mademoiselle Scriwaneck—"Don Giovanni,"
Madame Castellan Coletti—Variétés, Mademoiselle Page—"Le Marquis de
Lauzun," Déjazet—"Les Filles de la Liberté," Mademoiselle Desirée.

THE revolution has been a sad blow to the theatres in this once lovely metropolis, people in general having no longer either the wish or the means to frequent them. They are of course far better attended than English playhouses would be under similar circumstances, the *spectacle* being considered, by the majority of Frenchmen, as almost a necessary of life, and never having been wholly deserted even in the worst days of the cholera (when a brazier of lighted charcoal was placed in the centre of the pit to keep off infection), or of the Reign of Terror; but, nevertheless, the receipts of the most flourishing and popular houses have been reduced to a *very* low ebb. Many respectable people dislike forming part of a public by whom the "Marseillaise," and the "Chant du Départ" are regularly called for night after night, and by whom, also, every clap-trap allusion to the actual state of things is applauded to the echo. Not ten days ago the treasurer of the Théâtre Français (or Théâtre de la République, as it is now called), counting over his receipts on the rising of the curtain, discovered that they amounted to *twelve* francs, the remainder of the audience being composed of National Guards and the pupils of the different *écoles* admitted *gratis*, and politely thanked for their company into the bargain.

Rachel, however, has succeeded as yet in drawing good houses, not so much on account of her acting as of her singing, or rather declaiming the "Marseillaise," a *tour de force* on her part, which has excited universal enthusiasm. Luckily for Corneille, Molière, and Racine, they can afford to bide their time; at present nothing goes down but Rouget de l'Isle.

The opera has changed both its name and its *habitués*; it is no longer Académie Royale de Musique, but Théâtre de la Nation, and the *avant-scène*, once tenanted by royalty, is now constantly occupied by pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique and St. Cyr. On the re-opening this theatre, Adeline Plunkett danced the Tarantella in "La Muette," wearing a broad tricolour sash, with a bow on one side, almost as large as her pretty self.

Whenever Carlotta dances in "Griseldi" the audience is tolerably numerous, but when the "Favorite," or any other opera is given, even though it be backed by patriotic airs, sung by Alizard and Barroilhet, the result is a "beggarly account of empty boxes." By the way, it is rumoured (I hope incorrectly) that the *subvention* hitherto accorded by government to the principal theatres may possibly be withdrawn; in that case the managers, Messrs. Duponchel and Roqueplan *en tête*, will have no alternative but to shut up shop or be ruined.

Even the Palais Royal (I *cannot* make up my mind to call it Théâtre de la Montensier) is comparatively ill-attended, notwithstanding the production of two new pieces, and the revival of a third. One of these

novelties is rich in the extreme, and made my sides ache with laughter during the forty or fifty minutes which elapse between the rise and fall of the curtain. Fancy Ravel knocking up Sainville at two o'clock in the morning, for the express purpose of asking the hand of his daughter in marriage, the said daughter being already promised to Alcide Tousez, asleep in the next room. Fancy Sainville's stare of horror at being woken out of his first nap by an utter stranger, and at hearing Ravel (whose only description of himself is, that he is *un jeune homme pressé*, and that he comes from Bordeaux) affirm that he has hired and furnished the apartment immediately above that of his intended father-in-law, and has moreover ordered the *trousseau*. Fancy Alcide Tousez coming on, rubbing his sleepy eyes, his voice ten times more *enrouée* than usual, and his slightly, unsymmetrical figure encased in a nondescript *costume de carnaval*; fancy his despair on hearing from Sainville (who, being a glove-maker, has been propitiated by Ravel's ordering of him 40,000 pair at one franc a piece) that he can hope no longer to be his son-in-law! Fancy Ravel's discovering after all, by a peep through the key-hole that the *incognita* he is in love with is not Sainville's daughter, but his niece, it being thereby evident that *four* people may be made happy instead of *two*; then season this slight but amusing plot with jokes and *calemourgs* of every description, and enliven it by the excellent acting of the above-named glorious trio, and (if your imagination, my worthy readers, is as vivid as I take it to be) you will have a faint idea of "Un Jeune Homme Pressé."

One of the best actresses of this theatre, Mademoiselle Scriwaneck, has, since the revolution, taken French leave of her manager and started for England. For this *escapade* she will probably have to pay a fine of 50,000 francs, that is, supposing the engagement mutually agreed on by her and M. Dormeuil to be still binding. What has been the cause of this flight I know not; possibly the fair *artiste* may have imagined one of the natural consequences of a revolution to be the election of a "Déesse de la Raison," and may not have wished, doubtless out of consideration for those less pretty than herself, to be a candidate. If this be the case, Mademoiselle Scriwaneck is more of a coquette than I thought her.

I went the other evening to hear "Don Giovanni," at the Salle Ventadour, and was much pleased with Madame Castellan's *Zerlina*. The fair *cantatrice* not only sang but looked remarkably well, having selected a very pretty and elegant costume; she only wants a little more confidence as an actress to become a general favourite. As for Coletti, he is, if possible, colder and more *disgracieux* than ever. This singer is excellent in many characters, but really, for his own sake, he ought to eschew such parts as *Don Giovanni*, for which he is any thing but physically qualified. The representative of the amorous Don should at all events look like a gentleman, and not like one of those ungainly masqueraders who swell out the *cortège* of the Bœuf Gras. Fornasari, though almost every note he sang was out of tune, contrived to throw a dash of spirit and gallantry into the part, whereas Coletti is an icicle, which all the passion of *Donna Anna*, all the jealous fire of *Elvira*, and all the coquetry of pretty *Zerlina* are unable to thaw.

Mademoiselle Page, who once ventured to compete with Madame Doche for the palm of beauty at the Vaudeville, and whose signal defeat was followed by her departure for St. Petersburg, has lately returned

from Russia, and joined the *troupe* of the *Variétés*. The climate of the north has not been favourable to her, nor has she, during her absence from Paris, made any great progress as an actress; moreover, the agreeable voice she once possessed, has dwindled into a mere chirp, necessitating the substitution, in the characters allotted her, of spoken dialogue for *couplets*. By those who now see Mademoiselle Page for the first time, she will naturally be thought a handsome woman; but my own recollections of her past attractions are still too vivid to admit of my confounding the Mademoiselle Page of 1848 with her of 1843, one of whose numerous adorers commenced a passionate address to her with these words, "Soyez la plus belle page de ma vie!"

I ought to add that in the new piece just produced for Bouffé, "Le Pouvoir d'une Femme," Mademoiselle Page is seen to far greater advantage than in the *proverbe* selected for her *début*.

The vaudeville of "Le Marquis de Lauzun," played nightly by Déjazet at the Variétés, is simply a dramatic version of Eugène Sue's novel "Le Vicomte de Létorière," which title it would doubtless have borne, had not the same actress's *répertoire* already included a piece similarly named. "Lauzun" is in itself a very slight affair, in fact, a mere *canevas*, which Déjazet embroiders with wonderful skill and versatility. Now a grave scholar, passionately fond of Horace (by the way, it is Persius in the original); now an intrepid sportsman; now a timid youth, blushing at hearing himself speak; and now a gay and brilliant marquis, *un vrai muguet de la cour*; she is, in every character assumed by her, equally at home and equally charming. Then her voice, so exquisitely musical, so touchingly melodious in its parting appeal to the audience; and her manner, so full of sprightly grace and vivacity! Well may the *claqueurs* complain that their office is a sinecure when she is on the stage, and that their hired enthusiasm is lost amid the plaudits of the genuine public. Long, long mayst thou enjoy those plaudits, excellent, inimitable Virginie!

A little one-act *à-propos*, called "Les Filles de la Liberté," has just been produced at the Gymnase. Its literary merits are of a very common-place order; but as its principal interpreters are Mademoiselles Rose and Anna Chéri, Désirée, Melcy, Eugénie Sauvage, and Marthe, the public sit it out very complacently. All these ladies play with spirit, especially that merry little sorceress Désirée, who looks *le gamin de Paris* to the life. Verily, she well deserves her name; so pretty and *gentille* a creature could never, even in a less gallant country than France, fail to be *désirée*!

I don't know whether my readers (if I have any) are confirmed anti-punsters, or whether they have a weakness for an occasional *calembourg*. At any rate I must risk one to wind up this brief article, necessarily brief, there being positively nothing to talk or write about.

"*Pourquoi*," said one of my neighbours in the stalls at the opera the other evening, during the performance of some intricate evolutions by a group of *coryphées* in "Griseldis," introduced to give Carlotta time to take breath between the *andante* and *allegro* of her *pas*. "*Pourquoi une danseuse n'a-t-elle pas besoin du souffleur?*"

I gave it up.

"*Parcequ'en dansant elle s'essouffle (se souffle) elle meme.*"

P.S. Adeline Plunkett has just been re-engaged at the Opera. *Très bien*; "Robert Macaire" is in rehearsal for Frédéric. *Encore micux.*

Paris, March 20, 1848.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.*

ONE of the distinguishing features of the antiquarianism of our time is the multiplicity of societies which have risen up in the course of a few years for the publication of the literary monuments of former days. The grand example was set by the Camden Society, founded in London in the year 1838; and this was followed almost immediately by three or four other similar societies, such as the Percy Society, the Shakspeare Society, &c., some of which were more restricted in their objects, and lasted but a short time, while others not only rivalled, but even outshone their prototype. The success of metropolitan societies soon led to the formation of local societies, on the same plan, for the publication of works illustrative of the history or antiquities of particular counties, some of which have also produced good fruits. Foremost of the latter stands the Chetham Society, formed by a small party of Manchester antiquaries in 1844, for the publication of historical and literary remains connected with the counties of Lancaster and Chester, and it has now been carried on through four years with great zeal and judgment, the volume before us being the thirteenth of its publications. The society, we believe, originated with Dr. Holme; Mr. James Crossley; Mr. James Heywood, now M.P.; Dr. Hibbert Ware, the learned author of the "Philosophy of Apparitions," and the historian of the Collegiate Church (now the cathedral) of Manchester; the Rev. Canon Parkinson, author of a delightful little local book, the "Old Church Clock," as well as of a charming volume of poems, to say nothing of his theological writings; the Rev. Thomas Corser, of Stand, a well-known collector of rare books; Dr. Fleming; Dr. Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, and one or two other equally distinguished gentlemen of that neighbourhood. Dr. Holme was the first president, on whose recent decease the presidency was given to Mr. Crossley, whose extensive reading and acquirements well entitled him to the honour.

It is not our intention to make a review of the thirteen volumes that have already issued from the Chetham Society's press, which would far exceed the space we can conveniently devote to the subject. We will only observe that they are mostly of great value as connected more or less with local history, and that many of them are highly interesting to the general reader. Indeed the connexion of some of them with the immediate locality is slight, and consists more in the local connexions of the writer, than in the local character of the work. This is the case with the book last published, to which our attention is at present confined—the first volume of the "Diary and Correspondence of Dr. Worthington," master of Jesus College, Cambridge, in the middle of the seventeenth century, carefully edited by Mr. Crossley, and illustrated by very copious and valuable notes.

Dr. Worthington was a remarkable individual, who held a prominent position in one of our universities during a very eventful period of English history. That university had been recently purged by a severe puritanical visitation; and the strict formalities of academical discipline which had prevailed in olden times, were modified, but rendered almost more intense

* Remains, Historical and Literary, connected with the Palatine Counties of Lancaster and Chester, published by the Chetham Society; vol. xiii.—"The Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington." Edited by John Crossley, Esq. 4to, 1847.

by the new doctrines of the age. Worthington had been made master of Jesus under the Commonwealth; and at the Restoration he was obliged to vacate in favour of the loyal Dr. Sterne, who had been ejected at the commencement of the civil wars, and with this period ends his close connexion with the university; but he still remained a highly respected minister of the Church of England, and continued all his life closely connected with the learning and literature of his country. Worthington was in the habit, like many men of that and the preceding age, of noting down the principal occurrences in which he was concerned on the margin of his almanacs or in other books, probably that they might serve as evidences or as helps to memory in a troubled age, when no man knew for what he might some day be called to account; and these, transcribed originally by the industrious collector, Baker, of St. John's, form what is termed, *Worthington's Diary*. They are extremely brief; and relate either to his own private affairs, or to his proceedings in the university, but they throw much light on university life and on church affairs at the period when their writer flourished. From them we learn that under the reign of the Puritans, students at college were exposed to the same temptations and were led astray in the same manner as in modern times.

On the whole, the most valuable part of Dr. Worthington's papers consists of his correspondence, which Mr. Crossley has, we think, very judiciously thrown into one consecutive series with the diary. These letters display the writer's character and opinions far more than the meagre entries of the diary; many of them relate to the affairs of the church, and to matters now of minor interest; but they contain, here and there, very curious notices of historical events, especially in the latter part, which will be included in the second volume, not yet published, the present volume ending with the year 1661. As perhaps the most remarkable example of such allusions, we cannot resist the temptation of giving from Baker's MS. in the British Museum (MS. Harl., No. 7045, p. 153), Dr. Worthington's graphic account of the confusion attendant on the great fire of London, from a letter to Dr. Evans (one of his friends), dated September 11, 1666, only a few days after the destruction of the city. He had then the cure of the church of St. Benet Fynk. After speaking of some of his private affairs, Dr. Worthington proceeds to say,—

By reason of this late dreadful fire, the church, the house, and the whole parish is consumed, and the people scattered (every one shifting for himself) so that I shall lose in what was due for the two years I preached there, and would have been due at Michaelmas, at least ninety pounds (as I have computed the particulars) which, though it make no great report and sound in the ears of the great and rich to abundance, yet it is as much to me as their thousands to some; nor could I have held out so long, had I not been helped by a little I have, which is little enough for a family of eight persons. By reason of the fire's coming on so suddenly, and the great confusion at such a time, I lost several goods in the house. Some I forgot in this distraction, and some I had not time to remove, having none to help me, but one maid. My wife was not well, and others in the family were to be tended, not being well; so that I had not the hands and help which else I might have had. Some trunks that I removed had like to have been lost in the streets; they were thrown down and trampled in the dirt, and were given for lost, but at last very hardly recovered. The best of my trunks was left to the flames. It stood in a corner, and out of sight; and some things of far better value and price than we carried away, were also lost and consumed. Next to the danger of the fire was the confusion in the streets (in ours especially, being a great thoroughfare), so that, to me, it was a wonder that many were not crowded to

death, or trampled and crushed to pieces by carts and horses. Several lost their goods after they were carried out, losing the porters in the crowd. Sometimes I have seen places in the street all strewn with feathers, which might be the destruction of beds. One burden which I sent, I thought had been lost, the porter not appearing of a long time: and one porter that carried away a chest for me, finding it heavy, left it in the streets in a corner, and we saw him no more, but happily got our chest again. Some porters would go away after the first carriage, and then we were to seek new ones. It is impossible for any one that was an eye-witness to express, or the absent to imagine, the dreadful-ness of this conflagration, the confusion in the streets and at the gates (where people were forced to stay an incredible time to get through with their burden), the consternation and amazement of men's minds. Every one is now ready to say, that they might have preserved more of their goods, or secured more houses from the fire; but at that time their reason and dexterity was half taken from them, that they rather gazed upon the flames, and went about their business in a hurry, than acted rationally. I stayed as long as I could in the house and, night coming on, I was to go to Hackney. Many are quite undone, others almost. *Bec** hath lost 6000*l.*; some say 10,000*l.* Other booksellers 4000*l.* or 2000*l.* Dr. Bates has lost 200*l.* in books. Dr. Tuckney's library in Scrivener's Hall was burnt; Sion College destroyed, and many of the books. Gresham College was preserved by the activity and bounty of some in it. And the fire was stopped in Broad Street: the Dutch minister's houses and Dr. Bolton's house being burnt, but the Dutch Church not burnt, and but a little of Dr. Bolton's on the south end. Sir Nath. Barnardiston, in St. Martin Outwich parish, by the bounty of his purse engaged men to work hard, and stopped the fire there. And so it was stopped at Aldersgate and elsewhere. Of ninety-seven parish churches, there are but twelve remaining. Of the rest, only the walls or some pieces of the steeples. If it were not for these, it could not be known where the streets were. Blackfriars Church (that had no steeple) is so buried in the heaps, that the old clerk, who hath been there forty years, could not discern where the church had stood. The Exchange was gone in less than an hour. I walked over part of the ruined city, that I might be the more sensibly affected, as none can be but by seeing it, and I think that such a mortifying sight is worth a journey, that men may be the more convinced of the uncertainty and vanity of things below.

The portion of these papers which gives most general interest to Mr. Crossley's volumes, consists of the letters from the celebrated Samuel Hartlib (Milton's friend), who furnishes Dr. Worthington with regular and rather full intelligence of all that was going on among the learned men of England and of the Continent, and every one who has seen a letter of Hartlib's knows what a gossiping scholar he was. These, with Mr. Crossley's very laborious and valuable notes, exhibiting every kind of research, make the book a complete epitome of the learned literature of this part of the seventeenth century. The information, indeed, to be gleaned from the notes, is quite remarkable, and will render it a most useful book of general reference. We will only remark, in conclusion, that one of Dr. Worthington's letters to Hartlib contains a curious list of the lost works of the poet Spencer, with some suggestions as to where they then lay concealed; on which Mr. Crossley observes that, "Of these pieces, none of which have ever been retrieved, his conclusion of the 'Faery Queen,' and his 'English Poet,' are unquestionably those the loss of which is most to be regretted." We have been informed that a portion of Spencer's papers, containing apparently several of his poems supposed to be lost, are still in existence in Ireland; and we believe that the late Dr. Maginn had seen among them the conclusion of the "Faery Queen," the destruction of which has been so often regretted.

* A noted bookseller of London at that time.

TRIALS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.*

Mrs. BRAY always tells her stories in a straightforward, honest manner. There is none of that mawkish sentimentality, or pseudo-philanthropy which is crowded into the pages of the fashionable novel of the day. The traditions and incidents of provincial family history have furnished her with such rich materials, that she can afford to set to work with her subject-matter at once; once started, she never deviates from the thread of her history; and thus, from the beginning to the end of her heart-thrilling domestic stories, the interest never flags for a moment. This we should think was the perfection of story-telling, although it may not be a sufficiently refined and high art to satisfy others. There is, however, that which is superior to all art; a sound morality pervading all her writings; and at the same time an earnest desire to preserve those traditions connected with the more mysterious phases of humanity; which are too generally neglected in the more prosaic and matter-of-fact details of life.

Mr. Fountaine was one of that rude race of country gentlemen who, alas, were by no means uncommon, especially in the more remote counties of England, about the time of his standing. His education had been of the roughest and most neglected kind. Coming into possession, when still young, of a great estate, he was accomplished in nothing but a knowledge of horses and dogs. He sought, also, the company only of those who were devoted to similar pursuits, and, by his boisterous energy, he obtained an unenviable pre-eminence, both at home and abroad, over the punch-bowl or in the hunting-field. Yet, with all this, Nature had given to Mr. Fountaine a strong and clear understanding, the most ardent feelings, passions no less vehement, and a resolution which, whether rightly or wrongly directed, nothing could shake.

Mr. Fountaine united himself in marriage with a woman of elegant manners and refined feeling; to whom he was devotedly attached, and yet, to whom he only acted the part of a coarse and tyrannical husband; for, both in his pleasures and his passions, he was alike a despot. His temper became still worse from disappointment at his wife bearing to him successively three daughters, but no son. When, however, Mrs. Fountaine was carried off in the prime of life, the bereavement made a very strong impression upon Mr. Fountaine's character. He especially turned for solace to his daughters, and on Elizabeth, the youngest, who, in person, temper, and character, was most like himself, he especially doated, and she was his openly avowed favourite.

Now, however, came the time to which all the subsequent misfortunes that befel the Fountaine family attach themselves, and with which the moral of Mrs. Bray's story especially connects itself. Mr. Fountaine had not only no pursuits worthy of himself, but he had also no desirable society. His arbitrary manners had driven all the neighbouring gentry, except a few rollicking sportsmen, from his doors, and the few ladies who had been intimate with Mrs. Fountaine found little temptation to continue their friendship at a house where there was no one but such a man as Mr. Fountaine to give them a half civil, half rude reception. The consequences, it can readily be imagined, were most injurious to Mr. Fountaine's daughters. The girls from their very childhood, became accustomed to no better society than fox-hunting, punch-drinking squires.

* *Trials of Domestic Life.* By Mrs. Bray, author of "*The White Hoods,*" &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

Thus circumstanced, the self-willed Mr. Fountaine determined, as he expressed it, that his eldest daughter, Martha, should be his boy, in other words, that she should be the sole heir to the estate, with the exception of 10,000*l.* for Amy and Elizabeth, each; and that whoever should marry her should take the name of Fountaine. Nor was he long in finding what he deemed a suitable match in the person of Squire Dickens, one of his fox-hunting and punch-bowl companions. But with the education she had received, Martha had a will of her own also, and rather than marry the squire, she sacrificed all her prospects in life and ran away with a young lieutenant in the navy. Mr. Fountaine bore this severe stroke of calamity better than could have been expected. He felt that his own tyranny had been the original cause of so much misery, and from this conviction, he did not alter his will, although he had repeatedly threatened Martha unless she married Squire Dickens that he would cut her off with a shilling.

Unluckily after the first burst of surprise and grief had passed by, Squire Dickens began to think that he had been at a great expense in having his house new fitted up and painted, and new clothes made on purpose to be married, and this he told Mr. Fountaine. That gentleman thought that all the squire said was true and fair enough, and so over the punch-bowl they settled it between them that Squire Dickens should marry Miss Amy, a pretty, fair, joyous-hearted girl, and have 10,000*l.* with her, instead of the heirship with the dark-eyed, brunette Martha.

But Miss Amy no more fancied the squire than her sister had done before her; and being detected in an attempt to elope with a play-actor, she fell ill, and stealing away from her bed, while in the delirium of fever, she was found in the morning dead, by the side of the fountain in the garden. Mr. Fountaine's distress was very great, and this time he had the good sense to object to the squire's proposal to take Elizabeth, the third and only remaining daughter.

The cup of the father's misery was not yet full. Great as had been his trials about his daughters, still greater were yet in store for him. Elizabeth had become acquainted, at the house of her Aunt Hartwell, with a Captain Quirk, son of a lawyer of the same name, between whom and Mr. Fountaine there existed an inveterate feud and a feeling of the deepest hostility. It was not long, however, before the young people understood each other, and agreed to be married, let what would be the result. Mr. Fountaine had loved Elizabeth as he had never loved a human creature, and when he heard that she had eloped with the son of his direst enemy, his grief was too deep for anger; it appeared to break him down at once; he was overwhelmed by it. But when he recovered, his stern indomitable will got the better even of his grief—anger, that all his love had been returned by such ingratitude, took pre-eminence over all other feelings, and he cursed her and hers for ever.

The sequel of the story is a fearful and painful fulfilment of this intemperate curse. Captain Quirk died two years after his marriage in a gaol, where he had been confined for debt; the widow returned in rags to her father's house to give birth to a daughter, and die. After the lapse of some time, Mr. Fountaine was, through Squire Dickens' instrumentality (for although a rough man, he is depicted as having a good heart), made to take an interest in his grand-daughter, and ultimately to rear her and love her. But the curse still hung upon the family. Elizabeth would also marry against her grandfather's wishes; she hurried him

to a premature grave, and then perished herself, a wretched creature, disappointed where she had placed her tenderest affections.

This is a sad story, but it conveys a moral that cannot be lost sight of, for it stands out in such bold relief, as a lesson to be derived from these terrible trials of domestic life. There is another story of the Commonwealth, also of a tragic cast, but it has already taken up too much space to give an idea of the first, to allow us to give any account of the second. The reader need not fear disappointment from any thing that comes from the pen of Mrs. Bray.

THE HALF SISTERS.*

IF the sentiments were separated from the incidents in this story of Miss Jewsbury's, we should find in the one no advance made upon a school of novel-writing of a very mediocre class; in the other, we should find, and that only perhaps by the sacrifice of many moralities and conventionalities, a delineation of the world, and of worldly principles, far more accurate and unsparing than is usually to be met with in the field of fiction.

As far as the sentiments are concerned, a beautiful and intellectual actress, working up her way from poverty and friendliness to wealth and fame, guided amid long years of estrangement by one sole motive, one all-engrossing idea, that of proving herself worthy of the love of a young gentleman with whom she has had little or no intercourse, is a mere beau-ideal of romance, that has no more prototype in this sad world of realities, than the priesthood of art—art purified from the sensualism which is inseparable from human efforts. But, as far as action is concerned, the same gifted individual finally devoting herself to another; or Alice Bryant, so repentant and so loving to her husband, when discovered in the act of wronging him; are bold touches of nature, the truth of which will probably find more tacit acknowledgments than overt admissions.

Yet as a story or a parallel, as a sketch of society, or as a vehicle for philosophy or morality, the "Half Sisters" stands in a strange predicament of uncertainty. Even admiration for the easy pen and fluent, superficial philosophy, and sympathy for the unorthodox yet not less genuine realities, are ultimately obscured by a sense of dissatisfaction at the results brought about. Is it a reward to gentleness, virtue, wisdom, and endurance, to be wedded to a title that is respected, in preference to a commoner that is loved? and is the not uncommon and unintentional neglect of a beloved wife, by a man of business, to be punished by sin and the wages of sin—death? It would be a pretty lesson to teach, which is inculcated on the death-bed of Alice, that men are to be reproached for their attention to business, for the want of perpetual "demonstrative" affections to their wives, for the want of words to be ever speaking their love; or that, for the want of more love and more sympathy, woman must dishonour herself, and degrade her sex!

Nothing but the talent for description, and passionate energy of language, and the happy and vigorous sketches of society to be met with in these pages, would make us excuse the pervading tendency of the author to write down all worldly conventionalities, and take a lead among those pseudo-philanthropists, who preach social reform under the guise of the novel.

* *The Half Sisters. A Tale.* By Geraldine Endor Jewsbury, Author of "Zoe." 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Miss Jewsbury's story, as far as story is concerned, is easily told. Bianca is the illegitimate and Italian daughter of a wealthy young English iron-master. She visits England, with her dying mother, to seek aid from the heartless author of her days, but he has gone to his account, leaving behind him a wife and a legitimate daughter, Alice. Alice, tendered and brought up with every comfort and luxury, weds one of her own class, a wealthy manufacturer. It was a marriage founded on mutual love and respect, but business engrosses the time of the husband, that the young wife is led astray by the poetry, light talk, and bad sentimentalism of a young idler, and is on the point of eloping, when discovered by her husband; she falls a victim to her excited sensibilities. Why the lover of the half-sister should be selected to inflict this most grievous injury upon two innocent people, it is difficult so surmise, unless to bring out his character in greater hideousness.

Bianca, in the meantime, had been assisted in her distress by the son of a wealthy barrister, Conrad Percy, afterwards the dissolute lover of Alice, became an actor at a circus, was transferred from thence to the boards of the regular theatre, and ultimately attained the highest honours of her profession, having been supported in her struggles with poverty, in the temptations to vice to which she became inevitably exposed, and in her wondrous progress to proficiency and excellence, solely by her love for Conrad. In the course of this arduous career, she becomes acquainted with her half-sister, but the relationship does not transpire; here the author appears to have only had in view the parallel between the unhappiness that may be the result of the tame and conventional system of society nursed in luxury, and the passion, the energy, and the indomitable self-will that may spring from a life of intellectual trial, and moral independence. Bianca is thus gifted with almost supernatural powers by the play of only one leading instinct, while Alice is depicted as a creature of weakness, and frailty, unsupported by education or example. Miss Jewsbury's idea of the sex may be gathered from a single sentence. "When a woman lives with an engrossing passion, and is by nature entirely ungifted with coquetry, it is ten chances to one but that in a very short time she becomes a great bore to the man on whom she bestows it." This notion of the absolute necessity of a certain amount of coquetry to keep up the flagging affections of men, is several times repeated. We will content ourselves simply with informing Miss Jewsbury, as the old actor warned Bianca of the heartlessness of Conrad, that affections that require the stimulus of coquetry are not worth having, still less of being preserved by such unfeminine and unladylike proceedings. But as we are always running counter with the authoress even in relating her story, we shall break off, merely premising that the rake reforms, and turns sectarian, while Bianca obtains every promise of future happiness by being wedded to a chivalrous young nobleman. The "Half-Sisters" is a novel of such great inequality, that while in some respects it is entitled to high praise, in others it cannot be too severely censured.

THE RUSSIAN SKETCH-BOOK.*

THIS is really what it calls itself—a "Russian Sketch-Book." We have not much partiality for those who are perpetually railing against all

* The Russian Sketch-Book. By Ivan Golovine, author of "Russia under the Emperor Nicholas I." 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

who are set above them, as oppressors and tyrants; and Mr. Ivan Golovine's hatred of his former master, and of the Russian system of government generally, is too well known that it should not be expected not only to give a tone and colour to his sketches, but that also, in most cases, these sketches should be written more with a view to illustrate Mr. Golovine's social theories, than simply to impart an idea of Russia as it is.

Bronine with his perpetual Polish sympathies, always of a more *exalté*, than reasonable character, becomes very tedious; it is impossible to be always at the boiling point of enthusiasm, for a nation which Madame Veroff had the injustice and malice to designate as "deceitful, inconstant, and cowardly." Poor Madame Veroff! she became afterwards a convert to the Polish cause, for which, if we are to believe M. Golovine, she received a most singular chastisement, which chastisement led to fearful reprisals, and entailed the death of two young men, the liberal Bronine and the *employé* Derevnef. "The French Slave" is an affecting story. Like most liberals of Eastern Europe, M. Golovine says of the English that they are most energetic, the French most humane. Is not the love of proselytism of the French too often mistaken for humanity? Was it humanity to expel the English workpeople from France, or was it energy on the part of English not to take reprisals?

"The Spy," "The Maid of Koursk," "The Degradation," "The Revolt of the Peasants," "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," "The Masked Ball," take their turn as sketches of Russian society, we prefer Mr. Zwa-taieff and "The Student of Dorpat" as most life-like, and of a more every day character; but all these sketches are impressed more or less with the same tone of dissatisfaction with all that is, which mars their effectiveness, although it cannot take away from their peculiarly national interest.

MARIE VON ARNHEIM.*

THIS little work is written in that spirit of enthusiastic sentimentalism, which is familiar in this country as essentially Germanic. Why the author should have imagined, that in England, next to her own country, this tone of thought and feeling would find the most perfect comprehension and the quickest response, we are at a loss to say. For our parts, we have little sympathy with such a manifest egotism and morbid excitement.

A daughter, long time an alien, joins the family circle, of which Marie von Arnheim and her dearly-beloved brother, Alfred, constitute, according to her own account, the ornaments. Add to this also, Eugene von Ehrenstein, a lover of Marie's, and a willow-tree, and the scene is complete. The alien sister, Barbara, is coarse, vulgar, and treacherous; she brings with her the demon of discord and jealousy into the hitherto happy domestic circle. At length, Marie von Arnheim allows her feelings to be so far worked upon, that she poisons her sister and flies from her home and her lover. On her travels, she discovers her real sister, who had been supplanted by a foster child—the rude, uncultivated offspring of a boor. This happy discovery comes, however, too late, and days and nights of remorse and anguish, conduct the poor excitable and egoistical Marie to the tomb. It is truly a sad example of the evils of a romantic education.

* *Memoirs of Marie von Arnheim.* Written by Herself. Translated from the Original Manuscript. Longman and Co.

LUCRETIA.*

THIS translation, which exhibits considerable poetic taste and ability, appears at a singularly opportune moment. M. Ponsard's "Lucrèce"—the subject of which is the fall of the Tarquins and the revolution of Rome—has become the popular piece of the French Republic, and has been transplanted from the Odéon to the Théâtre de la République. All the members of the Provisional Government were present on the occasion of the first performance of this successful tragedy at the latter theatre. It was on this occasion that Mademoiselle Rachel, who had performed the part of Lucrece, electrified the audience by at once singing and acting the grand national hymn. Many passages in the play which bore upon politics were also most vehemently cheered; none more so than those which the translator has rendered as

Ere they destroy or change Rome's present state,
First they should know how they would renovate,
Should we expel the Tarquins, in their place,
Shall we exalt the Senate, populace?
Or, shall we give another king his bout?
Whom shall we choose?

And—

Athens hath lately shown
A bright example, hurling from his throne
The base Hipparchus, who for fifteen years
Had reap'd a harvest, moist with slav'y's tears.

RIENZI †

THIS is the first volume of an edition of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's works by Chapman and Hall, which will place those deservedly popular writings within the reach of all classes. The series begins well with "Rienzi," the most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's romances. Nothing, indeed, can be more vigorous or masterly than his portraiture of—

The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy,
Rienzi, last of Romans!

or more faithful and vivid than his sketches of the Roman populace and the Roman nobles in the fourteenth century.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

WE must not omit, amidst the united pressure of business and events, to mention that Mr. Newby has issued the second volume of the *First Year of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth*, by Count C. A. De Goddes de Liancourt and James Manning, Esq., of the Inner Temple. It is a work of a peculiarly seasonable character, and published at an opportune moment. The last published volume of Colburn's Standard Novelists, it may also be

* *Lucretia*: a Tragedy, in Five Acts and in Verso. Translated from the celebrated Play of Monsieur Ponsard. Joseph Onwhyn.

† *Rienzi*: the Last of the Roman Tribunes. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.; with a Frontispiece. Chapman & Hall.

mentioned, contains one of Mrs. Gore's most popular works, *Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination*. It is a curious fact that this story, which denounces the injurious effects produced upon the female character by an extension of the rights and privileges of the sex, was found on the bed of the unfortunate Duchess de Praslin, stained with blood, and she had been left reading it by her attendant at a late hour on the night of her assassination. This circumstance excited so general an interest on the continent as to have called for a double reprint at the time. We have also received an amusing and instructive little work by Mr. Charles Ollier, *On the Fallacy of Ghosts, Dreams, and Omens; with Stories of Witchcraft, Life in Death, and Monomania*, to which we shall refer at a future opportunity, recommending it, meanwhile, as a very interesting volume.

POLITICAL POSTSCRIPT.

It is seldom we occupy ourselves in more than ordinary earnestness with political matters; but at the present moment it would argue positive insensibility on the part of authors or citizens of any class not to be aroused by the events and wondrous scenes that we see enacted around us. At the last moment that it is in our power to record events, which may by the very morrow have been made to change their aspect as if touched by the enchanter's wand, every thing is going on in accordance with what has been anticipated in the elaborate and well-considered articles which are consigned to the body of the Magazine.

The word citizen, we have used above, reminds us of a curious definition of the word as applied to the actual state of unfortunate France, made by the *Times* newspaper. "There," says our serio-comic contemporary, "it is evident that citizen and soldier, citizen and debtor, citizen and defaulter, citizen and idle man, citizen and bankrupt, citizen and state-pauper, mean the same thing." This is very sad, but it contains the epitome of the state of things that has resulted from an ill-considered and hasty revolutionary movement. In Prussia, notwithstanding that many-tongued rumour had expelled a king somewhat dilatory in his concessions, and uncertain in his actions, it appears that Frederick William still holds legitimate sway over the hearts as well as the persons of his brave subjects, and that, therefore, the question of supremacy in the German Confederation remains *in statu quo*. The movement of Sardinia in favour of the people of Lombardy, although not perfectly authenticated, appears to be almost certain; and it will serve to complicate the affairs infinitely. Austria, at a moment that it is so deeply embarrassed with the position and demands of its other various states, will either be obliged to abdicate the Iron Crown, or to defend its Trans-Alpine possessions, sword in hand. The complications that may at the present moment result to Europe at large, by the first unsheathing of the old decider of political questions—the sword—are too numerous to be disposed of in a sentence. At the same moment the German provinces attached to the Danish monarchy are throwing off their allegiance to the north, to unite themselves, if possible, with a more powerful confederacy—that of the great German empire. How darkly and portentously do all these events loom over central Europe? In vain the last of the Cæsars—the Emperor Nicolas—is hurrying his legions towards the frontier; the moment for any thing, save that which would render confusion more confused, is already gone by. And above all, France, which has so enthusiastically upheld the establishment of independence in Germany, into how small a compass as a nation will it sink, before a confederacy formed of all the German kingdoms, principalities, margravates, and states at the same time united into one powerful whole, and assuming a stern and earnest anti-revolutionary attitude!

