

# BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

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## The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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Book the Third.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

I.

OF THE ARRANGEMENT MADE BY THE ADMIRAL WITH THE MASTER OF THE MINT  
AT BRISTOL.

SEVERAL months flew by, during which no further difference occurred between the Lord Protector and the Admiral. A semblance of good understanding was maintained between them, both being exceedingly careful to do no act to betray the secret animosity they still nourished towards each other. Somerset strove to conciliate his brother by fresh favours, but ineffectually. The Admiral's greedy ambition was not to be thus easily satisfied, though he professed unbounded gratitude.

Towards the end of August, 1547, the Protector had completed his preparations for his long meditated warlike expedition against Scotland. The invading army comprised about twenty thousand men, more than a third of whom, however, consisted of German, Spanish, and Italian mercenaries. Some apprehension being entertained of an invasion from France, aid having been promised by the reigning monarch, Henri II., to the Scots, all needful precautions were taken for the security of the English shores. The Admiral was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the South, and the defence of the whole south coast was entrusted to him. He had indulged the hope that during his absence his brother would delegate his powers to him, but the Protector was far too wary, pre-

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ferring to place the temporary government of the kingdom in the hands of the council. Consequently, the chief management of affairs was entrusted to Sir William Paget, principal secretary of state, in whom Somerset had entire reliance.

All arrangements being made, and a numerous and well-manned fleet, under the command of Lord Clinton, designed to attend the army on its march along the coast, having set sail, the Lord Protector, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, as second in command, took formal leave of his royal nephew, and set forth on the expedition.

By the departure of his brother, the stage was left free to the Admiral, and he availed himself of the opportunity to prosecute his machinations more actively than ever. Aware, however, that he was surrounded by the spies of the council, and that all his proceedings would be reported to his brother by Sir William Paget, he observed extreme caution. In a scheme so gigantic as that on which he was engaged, the possession of large supplies of money was indispensable, but how were these to be promptly obtained? At last he hit upon an expedient which he put in practice without hesitation. Having received private information from one of the officers that Sir William Sharrington, master of the mint at Bristol, had been guilty of certain fraudulent practices, he judged him to be a man fit for his purpose, and accordingly despatched Ugo Harrington to him with a letter, ordering him to come up to London at once. Sharrington complied, and, returning with the messenger, immediately waited on Seymour.

He was received very coldly, the Admiral's object being to work upon his fears. Motioning him to take a seat, Seymour forbore to address him till they were alone.

Sir William Sharrington was a man of middle age, tall, well proportioned, sallow complexioned, bald, with a black beard slightly tinged with grey. His eyes were dark and quick, and though his features were good, there was something equivocal in his look. He was plainly but handsomely attired in a murrey-coloured velvet doublet, over which he wore a gown of the same colour, lined and faced with sable. Eyeing the Admiral keenly, he perceived that mischief was intended him.

"Sir William Sharrington," said Seymour, in a stern tone, and with a severe look, "your mal-practices have been revealed to me by your assay-master. You have alloyed the gold and silver entrusted to you. Attempt not to deny your guilt, or I will have you taken to the Tower, where the torture will soon wring a full confession from you."

"Have mercy upon me!" cried Sharrington, in extremity of terror. "I will repair the wrong I have done—I will give up all my possessions. Do not let me be put to the torture."

Seymour shook his head sternly.

"All thy possessions will be confiscated by the crown," he said, "and thou thyself wilt be hanged."

"Pity me! pity me!" cried Sharington, falling upon his knees before him. "Take all I have, and let me go."

Having sufficiently terrified him for his purpose, the Admiral said:

"Thou seest that thy life is in my power. What wilt thou do if I save thee?"

"I will do whatever your highness commands," replied Sharington, beginning to breathe more freely.

"Well, then, I have occasion for ten thousand pounds. Canst thou procure it for me?"

"Ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed Sharington, in despair. "Your highness is too hard upon me. I have not the half, nor the third of that sum. Will not less content you?"

"I tell thee I must have ten thousand," rejoined the Admiral. "Nay, before I have done with thee, I must have forty thousand."

"Better send me to the Tower at once," groaned Sharington. "'Tis impossible for me to comply with your highness's conditions."

"Hark ye, Sharington," cried the Admiral, altering his tone, "I will trifle with you no longer. It is true that your life is in my power, but I do not mean to harm you. Let us understand each other."

"I am all anxiety to learn your highness's wishes," said Sharington, eagerly.

"You are master of the mint at Bristol. The whole of the officers are under your control. The pix is in your keeping, and you have charge of all the gold and silver in bullion."

"All this is true, your highness."

"'Tis plain you are not overburdened by any foolish scruples, therefore what I have to propose will not shock you. You have already alloyed the gold for your own benefit—you must continue to alloy it for mine. Nay, you must do more. You must clip all the gold and silver pieces, the rials, angels, rose-nobles, and marks that fall into your hands. Moreover, you must coin base money."

"All this I would willingly do to pleasure your lordship. But such practices, if long continued, would be sure to be discovered by the moneyers, melters, and blanchers."

"Your present officers must be dismissed, and others more tractable found. I will silence the assay-master who has dared to denounce you. He shall pass a few months at the Fleet."

"Nay, if I have your highness's support, and I can find cunning artificers to aid me, I doubt not but it may be done, and that I may be able to provide you with the large sum you mention. Forty thousand, I think your highness said?"

"Forty, or fifty thousand, Sir William. You will employ your time badly if you make not as much for yourself."

"I will do the best I can, your highness, but there will be heavy fees to the moneyers and melters, and such as sweat and pare the coin. They will not do the work for nothing."

"It cannot be expected. But you may proceed without fear, Sir William. Ere another year is over our heads the government of this realm will be in my hands, and I will take good care you are not molested."

"Ah! if your highness should be once at the head of affairs all will be well," cried Sharington. "Meantime, you will not, perhaps, object to give me an order."

"An order for what?"

"For the money you require. It will prevent my being called in question hereafter."

"You are a cunning knave," cried the Admiral. "Well, you shall have the order."

And he wrote it out, and gave it him.

"I shall preserve this carefully," said Sharington, securing it in his doublet.

"Return to Bristol," pursued Seymour, "and commence operations forthwith. Within a week I shall expect ten thousand pounds."

"I hope to be able to satisfy your highness, but if any unforeseen difficulties should arise——"

"I will have no excuses. If you are not punctual, I will enforce payment in a manner that may not be agreeable to you. I have a long arm, and can easily reach those who displease me. The next time you are sent for it will not be to talk matters over thus."

Sharington made no reply, but, bowing respectfully to the Admiral, withdrew.

"I have found a useful instrument in that man," thought Seymour, as he was left alone, "but I must keep a wary eye upon him. He looks treacherous."

Shortly afterwards, Ugo Harrington entered the cabinet.

"How now?" demanded the Admiral. "Any more wrecks seized?"

"No, your highness; but Captain Hornbeak, whom you liberated, has arrived at Gravesend with a large booty, and requires an order to land it."

"Well, let him have the order," replied the Admiral. "Assign him his portion of the spoil, and see that the remainder be safely bestowed. As soon as his pinnace is fitted out again he must sail for the Scilly Isles."

"Your highness has then got possession of those long-coveted islands?"

"I am about to take possession of them," replied Seymour, with

a smile. "I have already despatched a small fleet of pirate vessels thither under the command of Captain Blades, and as the bulk of the navy is now employed off the coast of Scotland, they are not likely to meet with interruption. I mean to make the Scilly Isles a depository for stores and arms."

"No safer place could be found," replied Ugo; "and, as your highness once observed, those islands may prove a refuge for you in case of need."

"Such a necessity, I trust, will not arise," replied the Admiral. "I ought to go down to Holt to see that the castle is kept constantly provisioned; but I must trust to my deputy-governor, for I like not to be absent from London at this juncture."

A sudden interruption was here offered to their conversation by the discharge of ordnance, evidently proceeding from the Tower. Immediately afterwards the guns of the palace responded, the bells of all the churches began to peal merrily, while shouts and acclamations were heard.

"Those sounds denote that a victory has been won by our army in Scotland," cried the Admiral. "An engagement, I know, was imminent. Hie thee forth, Ugo, and let me know what has happened."

The esquire obeyed; and during his absence the ringing of bells and shouting continued, increasing Seymour's impatience to learn the news. After a while, Ugo returned, with looks plainly indicating that he had most important intelligence to communicate.

"A great victory has been gained by the Lord Protector," he said, "over the Scots on the field of Pinkey, near Musselburgh. The Scottish army is totally routed, about fourteen thousand of them being slain, and fifteen hundred made prisoners, among whom is the Earl of Huntly, with many gentlemen. The Protector is master of Edinburgh, except the castle, which must speedily surrender."

"My brother's star is in the ascendant," observed the Admiral, moodily.

"The news runs, that his highness will return at once to London, and leave the command of the army to the Earl of Warwick," pursued Ugo.

"What brings him back so suddenly, I marvel?" said the Admiral.

"Possibly he may have received some intimation of your lordship's proceedings, and may deem his presence necessary to check them," said Ugo.

"It may be so," rejoined Seymour, thoughtfully. "At any rate, the enterprise must be deferred to a more propitious opportunity. 'Twill not be the moment to cope with him when he comes back covered with glory."

"Had he been defeated, your highness's chance would un-

doubtedly have been greater," observed Ugo. "The whole realm will ring with his triumphs for some time to come, and his name will be uppermost in all men's minds. The lord mayor and the citizens will, no doubt, give him a magnificent reception. Your lordship is discreet to bide your time."

"When his popularity wanes, the blow shall be struck," said the Admiral. "But I must to the palace, and offer my congratulations to the king on the glorious victory of Pinkey."

As he went forth, he found the whole populace astir, and making extravagant demonstrations of delight. His brother's name was on every man's lips. Somerset's reputation had risen to such an immeasurable height as to render any immediate attempt against him futile.

## II.

### SUDLEY CASTLE.

ABOUT a year must now be allowed to elapse with very brief mention of what occurred during that interval. The brilliant victory gained over the Scots at Pinkey, alluded to in the previous chapter, consolidated the Lord Protector's power, and his popularity rose to such a height as to defy all opposition.

During the twelve months to which we refer, considerable progress had been made with the Reformation, and strong coercive measures put in force against the Romanists. Great opposition was made to these changes by Bishops Gardiner, Bonner, and Tunstal, and the Princess Mary declared herself strenuously against them, but Cranmer proceeded zealously in his task, being aided by Doctor Ridley, who was now made Bishop of Rochester, and by Doctor Hugh Latimer, who had resigned the bishopric of Worcester during the late reign because he would not sign the obnoxious statute of the Six Articles, but who had lately been called from his retirement.

A general visitation of the churches throughout England was commanded by the king. A book of homilies was compiled, and placed in the hands of every minister. The paraphrase of the New Testament by Erasmus was translated and appointed for use. All images, statues, and ornaments profaned by superstitious rites were ordered to be removed; the Holy Scriptures were enjoined to be read only in English; and efforts were made to render the lives of the clergy more exemplary. The terrible statute of the Six Articles, passed by the late king, was repealed. Many old superstitious rites were abolished. An order of the council was procured by Cranmer against the carrying of candles on Candlemas-day, of ashes on Ash-Wednesday, and palms on Palm-Sunday. The whole church service was appointed

to be in the vulgar tongue, and the liturgy was compiled. Notwithstanding all this, a good deal of discontent prevailed throughout the country, and insurrections were threatened in several counties.

Bonner and Tunstal found it necessary to conform; but Gardiner, who was made of more stubborn material, resisted, and was first of all imprisoned in the Fleet, and subsequently in the Tower. After a long confinement, however, he was liberated, but threatened with the deprivation of his bishopric if he continued contumacious. Two other recusant prelates were sent to the Tower, —Heath, Bishop of Worcester, and Day, Bishop of Chichester.

During this time, as may be supposed, the pious young king had devoted himself sedulously to the work of religious reform, and leaving secular matters altogether to his uncle the Lord Protector, passed his time chiefly in conferences with Cranmer, in listening to the homilies of Ridley and Latimer, and other zealous Protestant divines, and in devising means to free his dominions utterly from the errors of Popery, and the establishment of pure doctrines in their stead.

Edward had now been nearly two years upon the throne, and during that space, through his instrumentality, much good had been accomplished. Though the war with Scotland was still carried on in a desultory manner, the great bone of contention had been withdrawn, by the removal of the young Queen of Scots to France, where she was subsequently betrothed to the dauphin, François de Valois. This latter circumstance was satisfactory to Edward, as it left him free to make his own choice of a consort.

And here we may mention that his attachment to the Lady Jane Grey continued undiminished. Never was he so happy as in her society. He frequently consulted her on measures of religious reform, and always found her counsel wise and good. The marked preference exhibited by his royal nephew for the Lady Jane could not escape the penetration of the Lord Protector; but though he had formerly been averse to the possibility of such an alliance, he now seemed to view it with more favour, and it began to be whispered that ere long the young king would be contracted to the Lady Jane Grey. But this event never occurred.

Not for a moment during the twelve months to which we have adverted had the Admiral abandoned his secret designs, though forced to defer their execution. All his plans were systematically carried on. Through the agency of Sharington and of the pirates whom he employed, he hesitated not to defraud the government to an immense extent, and in this unscrupulous manner possessed himself of large sums. He turned his office to the same account; took bribes, and extorted money on various pretences. All wrecks that fell into his hands helped to enrich his own coffers. Though complaints for these wrongs

were frequently made, such were his craft and audacity that redress could never be obtained. Several of the gentlemen and grooms of the privy-chamber were in his pay, and regularly reported to him what passed in the royal presence. Already, as we have seen, he had a vast number of retainers, but he was constantly adding to them, and always sought to have young gentlemen of good family for his esquires. By every means in his power he strove to ingratiate himself with the old nobility, and secretly sided with all those who were disaffected towards the Lord Protector or jealous of his power. But it was chiefly in the country that he sought to extend his influence. Contriving to get an extraordinary number of lordships into his hands, he appointed stewards to them who were in his interest, and whose business it was to strengthen his party. By these and like means, were the ramifications of the gigantic conspiracy he was hatching extended. He could now fairly estimate his adherents at ten thousand men, but in the event of a rising, he felt sure he should be able to muster double or treble that number. With this design, he counselled all the discontented nobles to retire to their country residences, and there strengthen themselves as much as possible, holding themselves in readiness for any emergency. The manner of his proceeding will be best exemplified by relating a discourse which he had with the Marquis of Dorset previous to the departure of the latter for Bradgate, in Leicestershire.

"Make yourself strong, marquis—make yourself strong," he said. "There is no saying what may happen. If a rising should take place, you will be prepared. Have you many friends about you?"

"I have many retainers, gentlemen of no great means, who are content to serve me," replied Dorset.

"Trust not too much to them," rejoined the Admiral, "but secure, if you can, the yeomen and the franklins—they will aid you best. Find out the ringleaders and those who have most influence with the commonalty, and spare no efforts to win them over. Be familiar with them. Go to their houses. Flatter their wives and daughters. Take with you a flask or two of wine, a venison pasty, a cold eapon, or such matters, and sit down with them. In this manner you will win their hearts, and have them at your commandment. D'ye note me, marquis?"

"Right well, Admiral," he replied. "You are a rare plotter."

"You will find the plan efficacious," said the Admiral; "and so well do I think of it, that I intend to pursue it myself."

Other hints were given, which Dorset promised to turn to account. As usual, he was in want of money, and before taking leave of the Admiral, had increased his debt to him by another five hundred pounds.



Pursuing the plan he had recommended to Dorset, Seymour spent a portion of his time at Sudley Castle, in Gloucestershire, where he kept up a princely establishment, and by his hearty and engaging manner won the good opinion of all the yeomen and franklins in the neighbourhood.

Situated about a mile from Winchcombe, amid the beautiful hills of Gloucestershire, this magnificent castle was erected by Lord Boteler, who subsequently assumed the title of Sudley, in the reign of Henry VI., on the site of a still more ancient edifice, constructed by Radulphus, Earl of Hereford, at the time of the Conquest. "The Lord Sudley who builded the castle," says old Leland, "was a famous man of war in King Henry V. and VI.th's days; and was an Admiral as I have heard on sea; whereupon it was supposed and spoken, that it was partly builded *ex spoliis Gallorum*; and some speak of a tower in it called Portmare's Tower, that it should be made of a ransom of his. One thing was to be noted in this castle, that part of the windows of it were glazed with beryls. King Edward IV. bore no good will to the Lord Sudley, as a man suspected to be in heart devoted to King Henry VI., whereupon, by complaints he was attached, and going up to London, he looked from the hill to Sudley, and said, 'Castle of Sudley, thou art the traitor, not I!' Afterwards, he made an honest declaration, and sold his castle to King Edward IV."

This splendid structure, described by another quaint old writer, Fuller, as "of subjects' castles the most handsome habitation, and of subjects' habitations the strongest castle," continued in the possession of the crown till the accession of Edward VI., when it was bestowed, as we have seen, upon Lord Seymour. Large sums were expended by the Admiral upon its enlargement and improvement, and, while heightening its beauty, he contrived, at the same time, materially to increase its strength. It contained many noble apartments, all of which were furnished with the gorgeous taste characteristic of its possessor. The chapel attached to the castle was exquisitely beautiful; the windows of the lovely fane, as mentioned by Leland, being filled with beryls.

Sudley Castle, as we have just stated, was within a mile of the ancient and picturesque town of Winchcombe, which up to the time of Henry VIII. had boasted a mitred abbey. Its domains were watered by the little river Isborne. Surrounded by lovely hills, and embosomed in stately groves, from the midst of which sprang its lofty towers, the princely edifice commanded enchanting prospects. Its size, strength, and the richness and beauty of its architecture, rendered it one of the noblest specimens of a castellated mansion to be met with in the kingdom. Unluckily, but few remains of its former grandeur are left. Taken by the Republican party in 1642, it was partially destroyed by them, its

halls dismantled, its beautiful chapel unroofed, the windows of the fane rifled of their beryls, and the repose of the dead lying within its walls profaned. Still, though the castle is now but a ruin, and the stars look down into the roofless aisles of the desecrated chapel, enough is left to attest its former grandeur and magnificence; while a glorious western window, with a canopied niche on either side, shows what the chapel must have been when beautified by Lord Seymour.

In this noble castellated mansion, which he maintained with truly baronial splendour, the Admiral passed a certain portion of his time—not inactively, as we have shown. But he had another and yet more important stronghold to which he sometimes repaired, and where his preparations had been made on a still more extensive and formidable scale than at Sudley. This was Holt Castle, in Denbighshire. Built on the banks of the Dee, which offered facilities for the introduction of arms and stores, this second fortress was of great size and strength, pentangular in shape, with a bastion tower on each angle. On all sides, except that of the river, which formed a natural defence, it was surrounded by a broad deep moat, and was approached by a drawbridge, protected by a strong square tower, provided with porteullises, and flanked with machiolated parapets. The possession of such a stronghold as this was of the last importance to Lord Scymour. He kept it in a constant state of defence, garrisoned it with a large number of men, virtualled it with wheat, malt, and provisions as if for a long siege, planted ordnance on its walls, and converted it into a complete depository for warlike stores. He was in constant communication with the deputy-governor of the fortress, on whose fidelity he could rely, but he now and then paid it a visit, when least expected, to satisfy himself that all was going on according to his orders. As no events, however, connected with this history occurred at Holt Castle, it will not be necessary to describe it further, and we will, therefore, return to the proud and beautiful castle of Sudley, where a tragical circumstance took place.

Neglected, as we have seen, by her careless and ambitious husband, Queen Catherine Parr passed a life of great seclusion, and Sudley Castle offering her a retreat even more to her taste than the manor-house at Chelsea, she withdrew thither altogether. Removed from the great world in which she had once occupied so exalted a position, she gave herself up entirely to quiet pursuits, to reading, and to the exercises of devotion; and if she was not perfectly happy, at least she was tranquil. It must not, however, be imagined that she led a solitary life. Parsimony formed no part of the Admiral's failings. Though paying his consort little personal attention, he abridged none of her rights, but treated her in every respect like a queen, kept up a household on a perfectly regal scale, had a number of gentlemen to attend

upon her, with pages, ushers, marshals, grooms, and other servants. She had also her chaplain. Her chief companions were the Lady Jane Grey, for whom she entertained an almost maternal attachment, and Lady Tyrwhyt. The latter had been her attendant during the lifetime of her former husband, King Henry, and had remained with her ever since. Hers was the only bosom into which she could pour her secret sorrows.

Early in the summer of 1548, Queen Catherine proceeded to Sudley Castle, and she remained there until the end of August. Daily expecting to become a mother, her removal, under such circumstances, was out of the question. But she did not even desire to remove. She loved the lordly castle, the woods that sheltered it, the beautiful hills encompassing it, and delighted to wander at morn and eventide by the banks of the Isborne. The Lady Jane Grey had recently left her, having been summoned to Bradgate, but Lady Tyrwhyt was in constant attendance. Catherine, whose love for her husband could be changed by no neglect, persuaded herself that anxiety as to her well-doing would bring the Admiral to Sudley. But in this natural expectation she was doomed to disappointment. He came not. Messengers were despatched to him, but in vain. He did not even write, but sent Ugo Harrington to make his excuses. The queen had fretted so much, and had wrought herself into such a state of anxiety, that her attendants were almost apprehensive of the consequences. They did their best to calm her, but their efforts produced but little effect.

"What message bring'st thou from my lord?" she demanded, as Ugo presented himself before her. "Will he not come?"

"His highness charged me to commend him most tenderly to your majesty," replied Ugo. "Had he been his own master, he would have flown to you on the wings of swiftness, but he is compelled to be in attendance upon his majesty at Windsor."

"That is a mere idle excuse," rejoined Catherine, angrily. "The king would never detain him against his will. There must be some special attraction at Windsor at present. Ha! thou smil'st."

"Nay, your highness, I meant nothing if I did."

"Is the Princess Elizabeth at Windsor? No equivocation, fellow. Answer me truly."

"I would rather not answer the question," he rejoined.

"She is, then!" exclaimed the queen, passionately. "This, then, is the reason why he will not come to me. "Oh, Tyrwhyt!" she added, with an hysterical burst of affliction very painful to witness, "I am indeed most miserable."

"A pest on thy tongue, thou false knave!" exclaimed Lady Tyrwhyt to the esquire. "Seest thou not what mischief thou hast done?"

"'Twas wholly unintentional on my part," said Ugo, with an appearance of great concern. "I knew not that her highness disliked the Princess Elizabeth."

"Hold thy peace, fellow!" exclaimed the queen. "Mention not that detested name again."

Upon which, her agitation became yet more violent. She uttered wild shrieks; and in this alarming state was borne to her chamber.

"If any calamity happens, as I fear it will," observed one of the attendants to Ugo, "thou wilt be to blame for it."

"I deplore my inadvertence," replied Ugo. "But how was I to know that her majesty was so jealous?"

The queen's condition was very serious, and for some hours she was in great danger. Her physician, Doctor Hewke, was never absent from her for a moment. That night she was prematurely delivered of a daughter. Her anxiety to see her husband increased, and the impossibility of gratifying her desires, or even soothing her, brought on fever, and rendered her condition very precarious. Her women, who were devoted to her, were in despair, and Lady Tyrwhyt was almost distracted.

Next day, Ugo was summoned to the chamber of the suffering queen. The cloth of gold curtains were drawn so closely round the bed that the esquire could see nothing of its occupant, but he heard her moans and feeble accents.

"Is he come?" she inquired.

"Ay, your majesty," replied Lady Tyrwhyt.

"It is well," replied the queen. "Leave us alone for a moment."

Upon this, Lady Tyrwhyt, with Doctor Hewke and the rest of the attendants, withdrew.

"Ugo," said the queen, "thou must go instantly to my lord and husband, and bid him come to me without delay, if he would see me again alive. Take the best horse within the stable, and ride for thy life."

"I will do it, madam," replied the esquire.

"Fail not to bring my lord to me," she continued, in an agonised voice. "Thou dost not doubt his coming?"

"I am sure he will come," replied Ugo.

"Blessings on thee for thy comfortable words," she exclaimed.

"Tell him I have brought him a beautiful daughter. She hath his features, Ugo. If he cares not to behold me, he may wish to see her."

"I pray your majesty not to excite yourself," said Ugo. "I will not fail in my commission."

"There should be a ring with a great ruby in it on that table," said the queen. "Dost perceive it?"

"I do," he replied.

"Take it," pursued Catherine, "and let it quicken thy zeal for me."

"I need not such a gift to quicken it; nevertheless, I am greatly beholden to your majesty."

On a small table near the couch stood a silver flagon, evidently containing a potion intended for the queen. On this cup Ugo had for some time fixed his gaze. As he advanced to take the ring bestowed upon him by Catherine, he hastily drew from his doublet a small phial, and poured a few drops from it into the beverage.

"She is scarcely likely to live," he thought; "but this will make all secure."

"Begone, and summon my women," cried the queen. "Why dost thou linger? Each moment is precious."

As Ugo stepped towards the door, Lady Tyrwhyt and the others entered.

"Give me to drink," said Catherine, in a faint voice.

Drawing aside the curtains, Lady Tyrwhyt took the goblet and held it to her lips. Ugo could not help looking back, and saw that the poor queen drank with feverish avidity.

"She little recks that acqua tuffania is mingled with her potion," he muttered. "There will soon be no obstacle to my lord's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth."

### III.

#### HOW THE LORD ADMIRAL BECAME A WIDOWER.

UGO HARRINGTON, lost no time on the road, but, on reaching London, found that his lord had suddenly departed for Holt Castle, and at once followed him thither. Owing to these delays, though the utmost expedition was used consistent with the mode of travelling at the time, more than a week elapsed before the Admiral arrived at Sudley Castle, and when he did so, the queen was in a very alarming state. Doctor Hewke was wholly unable to account for some of the symptoms she exhibited, and was perplexed to find that his remedies were ineffectual. She appeared to be gradually sinking. No sooner, however, was her husband's arrival announced, than new life seemed imparted to her, and she sent her physician to entreat him to come to her instantly.

As the Admiral entered her chamber, she arose from the chair in which she was seated, and, with a cry of delight, which went to the hearts of all those who heard it, threw herself into his arms.

Though love had long since been extinct in Seymour's breast, it was impossible he could be unmoved by this display of affection, and as he gazed on his consort's altered lineaments his heart smote him. Catherine, indeed, was wofully changed, and looked the mere shadow of her former self. But there was now a flush in her pale cheek, and an almost unearthly brightness in her eye, that lent a strange beauty to her countenance. She tried to speak, but words failed her, and she sank, sobbing, on her husband's shoulder.

"Calm yourself, sweetheart, I implore you," said Seymour. "This agitation will do you harm."

"Oh! I am so glad you are come!" she cried. "I feared I should never behold you again. I will not reproach you, but you have been long—long—in coming. I have counted the hours since Ugo left. Methinks if you had used despatch you might have been here four days ago."

"And so I should, sweetheart, had I not unluckily started for Holt before Ugo's arrival in London. Believe me, I have hurried to you on the wings of love and fear."

"Heaven be thanked you are not too late!" exclaimed Catherine, in a voice that thrilled through her husband's frame. "But you must see our babe, Seymour. 'Tis a pretty flower!"

"Does your majesty desire me to bring the little cherub here?" asked Lady Tyrwhyt.

"Ay, do," rejoined Catherine. "My lord must see it."

On this, Lady Tyrwhyt left the room, and shortly afterwards returned accompanied by a nurse bearing a large velvet pillow in her arms, on which the infant was laid, very richly attired. As the Admiral bent down to gaze upon its tiny features, it opened its eyes and seemed to smile upon him.

"Bless its dear heart!" exclaimed the nurse. "It seems to know your highness."

"'Tis a very pretty infant!" said the Admiral. "But I would rather have had a boy."

"I am sure your highness has no cause to complain," cried the nurse, sharply. "A sweeter babe was never seen."

"How shall we name her, Kate?" said the Admiral. "After yourself?"

"No, not after me," she rejoined. "Nor yet after the Princess Elizabeth," she was about to add. But she checked herself, and a blush overspread her pale features, and betrayed her secret. "Let her be called Mary. 'Tis a name I love. You will be a fond father to her, Seymour, when I am gone."

"I trust you will live to see her come to years of womanhood; ay, and well married."

"May she be happily married!" exclaimed Catherine, with a sigh. "Better she should die single than wed to grandeur and misery!"

She then gazed wistfully at the child for some moments, and exclaimed,

"Heaven bless thee, my babe! May thy lot be happier than thy mother's. Take her hence, good nurse. And leave me, all of you," she added to the others, "I desire to speak with my husband."

Her women having placed her in her chair, and arranged all matters for her convenience, quitted the room. For some little time

after they were alone there was a profound silence, which neither seemed inclined to break. At last, the queen said,

"I shall not live long, Seymour. This will not be very afflictive news to you, for I am certain you are anxious to get rid of me."

"Nay, sweetheart, you wrong me! On my soul you do," cried the Admiral. "I have no such wish."

"I am not to be deceived," said Catherine, looking at him fixedly; "you want to get rid of me that you may wed Elizabeth. Do not seek to deny it. I know it is so. But mark me, Seymour! mark what I say to you. That unhallowed marriage will never be!" And with a solemnity which awed and almost appalled him, she added, "In her dead father's name I forbid it—in my own name I forbid it! If you proceed farther in this matter you will incur Heaven's vengeance. Delude not yourself by the supposition that by crime you can accomplish your purpose."

"By crime!" exclaimed the Admiral. "What mean you by that dark suggestion, Catherine? Surely you do not suspect that I would harm you?"

"I have not been fairly dealt with," she replied.

"Say by whom! Give words to your suspicions at once," cried the Admiral. "What has been done to you?"

"Poison has been administered to me," rejoined Catherine. "Heaven pardon you if it was done by your order."

"Poison!" exclaimed Seymour, horror-stricken. "Is it possible you can suspect me of so foul a deed? So far from desiring your death, I would lay down my life for you. But it is a delusion by which you are possessed. You are labouring under a severe and torturing illness, and attribute your sufferings to wrong causes."

"It is no delusion, Seymour," she replied. "I am certain that poison has been given me."

"But by whom?—whom do you suspect?"

"My suspicions attach to your confidential servant, Ugo. 'Twas by his hand, I am sure, and no other, that the subtle poison was administered."

"But, even supposing him capable of such a crime, how could he find the means of accomplishing it unobserved? No, no, Catherine! You wrong him—indeed you do!"

"Heaven forgive me, if I do wrong him!—and Heaven forgive him, if he be guilty as I think him! But he had the opportunity of perpetrating the crime. Before starting on his journey to you, he was alone with me for a few minutes in this chamber. The cup containing my potion was within his reach; and I am certain—as certain as if I had seen him do it—that he mingled poison with the drink, for I had not long swallowed it when I became a prey to dreadful tortures."

"But did you not mention your suspicions to Hewke?"

"No," she replied. "I bore my sufferings in silence, because I felt that if I accused Ugo, the charge would fall on your head. What motive could Ugo have for my destruction? Why should he desire my death? He is merely your instrument."

"Oh! Catherine, I implore you not to think me capable of injuring you! But I still believe you are in error. You will speedily get well again, and then you will acquit Ugo and myself of the terrible crime you impute to us."

"If I *do* get well, I will acquit you, my lord, and humbly implore your pardon. But there is no hope for me. I am sinking fast. Ere many hours you will have no wife to trouble you."

"I trust your fears will not be realised, Catherine, but that you may live for many years to bless me."

"Such words, earlier uttered, might have effected my cure. But they are too late now. Let me speak to you while strength is left me, and may Heaven give you grace to profit by my counsel. That I owe my death to your expressed wishes is, I fear, too true."

"Oh! Catherine, I beseech you to dismiss these cruel and unjust suspicions!"

"I cannot dismiss them. They have grown to conviction. Listen to me, Seymour. You know how deeply I have loved you, and what sacrifices I have made for you. You know that I have ever been a faithful and obedient wife."

"You have!—you have!" he exclaimed.

"I will not reproach you. I will not recal your harsh usage—your neglect—almost abandonment. I refer to your treatment of me only to say that I forgive you. But my latest words to you must be words of warning. I know you are conspiring against the state—that you meditate some desperate attempt against the government—and that by plunging the kingdom into civil war, you hope to overthrow and supplant your brother. Be warned by me, Seymour. If you persist in these criminal designs, you will come to a terrible and bloody ending. Be warned, I say, and abandon them while there is yet time. Devote yourself to Heaven, and strive by penitence and prayer to expiate your many and deep offences! Obey no longer the impulses of pride and ambition, which will lead you to certain destruction, but give yourself up to holy meditation. Will you do this?"

"I can make no such promise, Catherine. If I did, I might not keep it."

"Alas! alas! then you are lost. Yet let me try to move you."

"You will try in vain," he rejoined. "My purpose is fixed."

"And what do you hope to gain, Seymour?"

"The second place in the kingdom. Perchance, the first."

"You deceive yourself," she rejoined, with a solemn and almost



prophetic look. "Your efforts will only conduct you to the scaffold. Bethink you of my warning when you are brought thither."

"I am not to be deterred from my course by idle fancies," he rejoined. "I know the risk I run, and am not appalled by it. I learned to consider life uncertain in the days of your former husband, Catherine. What fate may have in store for me I cannot tell. It may be increase of power—or it may be the headsman's axe. But my resolution is taken. I go on."

"Heaven pardon you! and soften your heart!" murmured Catherine. "But do not refuse my dying request, Seymour. 'Tis the last I shall ever make to you."

"What is it?" he rejoined.

"Abandon all thoughts of Elizabeth. Seek not her hand. Promise me this!—oh! promise it to me."

But Seymour was silent, and averted his head.

"Will you not promise it?" she cried, imploringly.

"I cannot," he replied.

The poor queen fell backwards, and for some moments remained silent.

"Have you any further injunctions for me, Catherine?" inquired Seymour.

"Only this," she replied. "Be kind to the little innocent I have so lately brought into the world. I do not think it will live long to trouble you."

"While I am spared to watch over it, it shall never want a father's love. But you indulge in sad forebodings, Catherine, none of which, I trust, will be realised. Have a better heart in regard to yourself. You are not so dangerously ill as you suppose."

"All is well-nigh over with me, Seymour," she groaned. "Give me your hand. Mine has been a wretched life, and I am not sorry it draws to a close. Vainly have I looked for happiness in the married state—in each instance I have been disappointed, but in none so deeply, and so wofully, as in the last. The disappointment has been all the more bitter because I expected so much. Who would believe that one so richly graced in mind and body as you, Seymour, could be so faithless, so cruel? Even Henry's tyranny has been less terrible than yours."

"What have I done, Catherine?" cried Seymour, distractedly. "What have I done?"

"You have killed me," she replied, raising herself by a last effort, and fixing her eyes upon him, "if not by poison, by unkindness."

"Oh! unsay your words, Catherine," he exclaimed. "Recal that dreadful accusation."

But it was out of her power to recal it. The fierce light that burnt for a moment in her eyes became suddenly extinct—the hue

of her features changed to that of death, and with a groan she sank backwards. The unhappy queen's troubles were over.

With a loud cry Seymour flung himself on his knees beside her, and, clasping her hand, cried in a lamentable voice, "Look down upon me, Catherine, and forgive me!"

His grief was real. His nature was not all evil, and the good within was for the moment touched. A prey to keenest self-reproach, if it had been in his power to recal his unhappy wife to existence, at that moment he would have done so.

So overpowered was he by anguish and remorse that he was unconscious of the entrance of the physician, accompanied by Lady Tyrwhit, and others of the queen's women. Instantly perceiving that all was over, Doctor Hewke communicated the sad intelligence to Lady Tyrwhit and the rest, praying them not to give loud expression to their grief. But they were too strongly attached to their royal mistress to be able thus to control themselves, and the chamber resounded with doleful cries.

At last, Hewke approached the Admiral, and said, "If your highness will be governed by me you will withdraw for a while to your own chamber, and leave the care of what was the queen to her women."

"I will obey you, good master Hewke," replied Seymour, rising.

"Her grace, I trust, had an easy ending?" said Lady Tyrwhit, speaking through her tears.

"A very easy ending," replied Seymour. "Heaven have mercy upon her soul!"

"As Heaven assuredly will," replied Lady Tyrwhit. "A worthier lady never trod the earth."

"You are right," rejoined Seymour. "I discern her merits more clearly since I have lost her. I commit her to your charge."

With this he withdrew to his own chamber, and shut himself within it for some time. At last, Ugo ventured to present himself, and inquired whether he could do anything for him. Seymour sternly replied in the negative.

"Hath your highness no directions to give me?" pursued Ugo.

"None whatever," replied Seymour.

"Hum! I expected to see your highness in a different frame of mind, now that you are freed from your fetters."

"Out of my sight, caitiff!" exclaimed Seymour, fiercely.

"Is this all the return I am to get for serving you?" demanded Ugo.

"Thy reward ought to be the gallows," rejoined the Admiral. "Begone! and come near me no more."

On this Ugo withdrew, muttering as he went away, "He will be in a different mood to-morrow."

Whether the Admiral really felt the profound affliction he continued to display may be doubted. But, at all events, he imposed

upon his attendants, who believed that he sincerely deplored the consort he had lost.

The remains of the unhappy queen were interred with much ceremony within the beautiful chapel appertaining to the castle, and many a tear was shed upon the marble slab covering her grave. The pretty babe she had left was most carefully tended; but though the little creature survived its father, it was nipped in the bud.

The Admiral remained at Sudley Castle in retirement for a month, at the expiration of which term he returned to Seymour House, accompanied by Ugo, who by this time was fully restored to favour.

#### IV.

##### HOW THE ADMIRAL PROPOSED A SECRET MARRIAGE TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

EDWARD had been much grieved by the death of Queen Catherine, to whom he was sincerely attached, and immediately after his uncle's return to Seymour House he called to condole with him upon his loss. The Lord Protector likewise paid his brother a similar visit, as did all the principal nobility. Unfeigned regret, indeed, was felt by the whole court, as well by the public at large, for the queen, who was greatly beloved and respected.

The whole of the Admiral's large household was put into mourning, and he himself appeared clad in habiliments of deepest woe. But whatever external symbols of grief he might assume, and however much he might profess to regret the queen, it is quite certain that by this time his chief anxiety was to provide himself with another bride, and that his thoughts turned towards the Princess Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was then residing at Hatfield, and thither, about a month after his return to town, the Admiral rode, attended only by Ugo. His visit was not unexpected, the princess having been prepared for it by a letter. She received him very graciously, and after some little discourse, Mistress Ashley, by whom she was attended, discreetly withdrew. No sooner were they alone together, than the Admiral, flinging himself on his knees before her, and seizing her hand, exclaimed, in passionate tones, "I am come to claim you, Elizabeth. There is now no obstacle to our union. The bar that stood between us is removed. You will be mine—mine!"

"Not clandestinely, as you propose in your letter, my lord," she rejoined. "I will never consent to secret nuptials, such as took place between you and the queen. On that I am decided, so you will strive in vain to move me."

"Your decision amounts to a refusal," cried Seymour. "Were

I to demand your hand formally in marriage, neither the Lord Protector, nor the council, nor even the king, your brother, would consent. Such an attempt would be madness, and would effectually frustrate our object. You have often told me you hoped the time would come when we might be free to wed each other. The happy moment has arrived. Why postpone it? If you love me as much as ever, why should we not be secretly united, and await a favourable opportunity of avowing the marriage?"

"Because such a course would be unworthy of a daughter of Henry the Eighth," replied Elizabeth, proudly. "A secret marriage brought little happiness to the queen, your late consort, and might bring less to me; but be that as it might, I will not make the experiment. My hand must be formally demanded."

"Of whom?" said Seymour.

"Of the executors of my royal father's will."

"And what answer do you expect them to return? Such a demand on my part would be treated with scorn, and I should be sharply rebuked for my presumption."

"Do you not perceive, my lord, that you are arguing against yourself? If your demand is sure to be treated with scorn, by the council and the Lord Protector, ought I not to adopt a like tone? Ought I not to treat your offer as presumptuous?"

"Princess!" exclaimed Seymour.

"Ought I not to say, 'You forget yourself, my lord. You are no fitting husband for Elizabeth Tudor, daughter of Henry the Eighth, of glorious memory, and second inheritor of the crown? This is what I ought to say—and what I *shall* say, if you continue to urge your insulting proposition—for such I must regard it—of a clandestine marriage."

"Then there is nothing left for me but to withdraw altogether," said Seymour, rising. "That I have been presumptuous I own—but it is your encouragement that has made me so. You told me you loved me—and promised—solemnly promised—to be mine."

"And so I will be yours, my lord, when you dare claim my hand in the face of the world—not otherwise," rejoined Elizabeth.

"What would you have me do?" cried Seymour. "Show me the way to win you. I will shrink from nothing—I will dare anything so that my guerdon may be your hand. But it is idle to make a demand which will only be met by a refusal."

"Place yourself in such a position, my lord, that your demand must be acceded to," rejoined Elizabeth. "You once told me your ambition soared to such a height that you would be second to no one in the realm, except the king. That point attained, the council could not withhold their consent, for they must necessarily do your bidding, as they now do that of the Duke of Somerset."

"And by Heaven! I will attain it," cried the Admiral. "Nor

will I renew my proposition till it can be certainly carried out in the manner you desire."

"In that case my hand shall be yours," replied Elizabeth; "and my promise will be as binding to me as if I were solemnly affianced to you. I have never loved any one but yourself, my lord, and am not likely to change. If I wed not you, I will wed no other."

"And I will either win you for my bride, or lay my head upon the block," cried Seymour. "Hear me, Elizabeth! I have a great and daring project in hand, which, if it succeeds—and that it *will* succeed I nothing doubt—will set me in the position you would have me occupy. It is not needful that I should be more explicit. You will understand the sort of enterprise on which I am engaged."

"You have said enough to satisfy me it is full of peril."

"All such enterprises must be hazardous. But I have no fear. And I have now a double incitement to go on. My preparations will be speedily completed. When they are, you will hear of events that will surprise you."

"In this enterprise, you have no design against the king, my brother?"

"None," rejoined Seymour. "My sole aim is against the Lord Protector. I want his post. And since he will not yield it peaceably, I mean to take it. 'Twill be a death-struggle between us."

"And you mean to strike this blow speedily?"

"As speedily as may be. In a few weeks—perhaps in a few days. We must not meet again till the struggle is over. I would not have you compromised. Should I fall, will you sometimes bestow a thought upon me, Elizabeth?"

She made no reply, but fell upon his bosom. Straining her in his arms, he bade her a passionate farewell; then tore himself from her embrace, rushed out of the room, mounted his steed, and returned with his esquire to London.

## V.

### HOW THE ADMIRAL SOUGHT TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE TOWER.

WE must pass on to the early part of January, 1549. Ever since his interview with the Princess Elizabeth, which had lighted an inextinguishable fire in his breast, the Admiral had been actively engaged in preparing his plans, and had now, as he conceived, well-nigh brought them to maturity. The daring nature of his project will be understood from a conversation which occurred about this time between him and his confidant, Ugo, who had just returned from Bristol, where he had been to procure a large sum of money from Sir William Sharington.

"How much hast thou brought me, Ugo?" demanded the Admiral; "the whole ten thousand pounds, I hope?"

"Only a thousand pounds, I am sorry to say, my lord," replied the esquire. "But Sir William promises the remainder in a few days."

"Curses on him for the delay!" cried the Admiral, with a look of disappointment. "I want all the money I can get together. I am drained at every pore, and unless I continue to pay them, my adherents will drop off. My coffers are well-nigh exhausted, and how to replenish them I cannot tell. That wreck on the Cornish coast only produced a few hundred pounds, and the Spanish galleon, which Hornbeak and Blades ought to have secured, has slipped out of their hands. I lack treasure, Ugo, and must have it."

"Your highness must be content to wait till Sharington is able to supply you, or till some prizes fall into your hands. We have been rather unlucky of late; but doubtless fortune will change."

"I cannot afford to wait. Ten thousand men are ready to rise when I give them the signal—but I want wherewithal to pay and maintain them."

"You have enough for present purposes, methinks, my lord," rejoined Ugo; "and your men will pay and maintain themselves, if you will let them."

"I would not have them plunder," said the Admiral. "Yet I see not how it can be avoided. I have an important post for thee, Ugo, and I know thou wilt discharge it well."

"What is it, my lord?"

"No less than the command of Holt Castle. Thou must hold it in my name when the rising takes place. The fortress has five hundred men, and is well provided with stores and ammunition."

"I am aware of that, my lord, and feel the importance of the trust you confide in me."

"I have partisans in Cheshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, who will rouse the disaffected in those counties," pursued the Admiral. "My adherents are also numerous and strong in Norfolk and Suffolk; and in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, as thou knowest, there are hundreds who will flock round my standard when it is raised. The insurrection will be general and simultaneous."

"But how is the signal for it to be given, my lord?" inquired Ugo.

"Thou shalt hear. My first object is to secure the person of my royal nephew—as from him all decrees must emanate—and having the king with me, I can defy opposition. At one time I thought of carrying him off to Holt, but there are many, and almost insuperable, difficulties in that design, which compelled me to abandon it, and I have since conceived a bolder plan. I mean to obtain possession of the Tower, Ugo, and to keep the king within it till all shall be accomplished."

"A bold plan, indeed!" exclaimed Ugo. "But how does your highness hope to obtain possession of the Tower?"

"Through the instrumentality of Sir John Gage," replied the Admiral.

"What, has Sir John Gage joined your highness?" cried Ugo.

"He will do," replied the Admiral, smiling significantly. "We will suppose the Tower gained—no matter how, or by whom," he said, "and the king secured within it. My first business will be to issue a proclamation to the effect that, it having been discovered that the document purporting to be the will of his late majesty is false and fraudulent, the council appointed by that instrument is dissolved, and the Lord Protector deposed from his office. Furthermore, that the Lord Protector being charged with high treason and other heinous crimes and misdemeanours, shall, with his abettors, be brought to speedy trial. This proclamation will be the signal for the rising."

"Should it be made, it will doubtless produce the effect anticipated by your highness—but how will you prove the charge you intend to make against the Lord Protector?—how will you show that the king's will was fraudulently prepared?"

"By producing the confession of Doctor Butts, who aided in the scheme," said Seymour. "Thou mayst remember that I entrusted a packet to thee some while ago, Ugo, charging thee to deliver it to the queen in case of need. That packet contained the confession."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Would I had known it!" he added, to himself.

"Butts's confession did me some service then," continued the Admiral, with a laugh. "But it shall do me more ere long. What will the people say, think you, when they learn that the Lord Protector has risen to greatness by means like this? Will they support him? No! his cause will instantly be abandoned; his followers will shrink from him, and deliver him up to justice."

"It may be so," rejoined Ugo, thoughtfully.

"May be!—I tell thee it *will!*" cried the Admiral. "Let Somerset look well to his seat, if he would keep it, for many hands will ere long be eager to pluck him from it."

"Your plan promises well, I must needs own, my lord," said Ugo. "But you have not—as far as I understand—yet gained over the Constable of the Tower."

"But I shall do so," rejoined the Admiral. "I will forthwith set about the task. Sir John is now at the Tower. I will go thither at once, and thou shalt accompany me."

"I pray your highness to excuse me. I have some slight matters of mine own to see to."

"Well, as thou wilt. But get thy business done, as on my return I may need thee."

Ugo bowed, and assisted his lord to put on his cloak, after which the Admiral, attended by a dozen stalwart retainers armed to the teeth, without whom he now never stirred abroad, proceeded to Whitehall stairs, where his barge was waiting for him, and entering it, ordered the men to row to the Tower.

On arriving at the fortress, he found that Sir John was at the Lieutenant's lodgings. Proceeding thither, and stating that he desired to speak with the Constable in private, he was shown into a large chamber, wainscoted with black oak, where state delinquents were usually examined, and where Sir John shortly afterwards joined him.

After a little preliminary discourse, the Admiral opened his business.

"It is a matter of the utmost importance on which I have come to you, Sir John," he said, "and concerns the welfare of the king and the security of the realm. You may remember that you and I were excluded from the late king's presence when the will was signed, or rather stamped?"

"I remember the circumstance well enough," rejoined the Constable. "What of it?"

"At that time Henry was insensible," pursued Seymour, "and the document was stamped without his orders—nay, contrary to his previously expressed wishes."

"How know you this, my lord?"

"From one who had a share in the transaction, but who has since gone to his account—Doctor Butts. He wrote down his confession, and delivered it to me. That the truth of the statement could not be denied by Somerset will be apparent when I tell you that it enabled me to make terms with him when he threatened to send me here as a prisoner. If Henry's will falls to the ground, all that has been based upon it falls likewise. All the arrangements made by the Protector burst like a bubble. His acts are illegal, and the council is at an end. In fact, there are no council and no Protector."

"Then let the matter be," cried the Constable. "Things have gone too far to be set right now."

"You are mistaken, good Sir John. It is my intention to set them right, and I want your assistance in the task."

"Let me hear what you propose to do," said the Constable.

"I mean to strike a blow which shall annihilate Somerset's usurped authority. But while this is done, regard must be had to the king's safety. We must have him in the Tower, Sir John, under your charge."

"And when you have got him here, what step will next be taken?"

"A proclamation will be issued in his majesty's name, disclosing Somerset's false practices in regard to the will, and charging him



and his abettors with high treason—annulling all their acts, depriving them of their posts, and appointing others in their stead.”

“Chief amongst whom will doubtless be your highness?”

“Certes, Sir John. Who else could be Lord Protector? But you shall not be forgotten. You shall be Grand Master, or Lord Great Chamberlain, with a peerage.”

“As the price of my desertion of your brother and his friends? Umph!” exclaimed the Constable.

“To adhere to them would be treason to the king,” said Seymour.

“Nay, I can scarce view it in that light,” rejoined the Constable. “But you do not think that such a change as you propose will be accomplished without a struggle—that the Duke of Somerset will surrender his post without an effort to maintain it? Most like the army will stand by him, and he has a large band of foreign mercenaries on whom he can certainly count.”

“There you are wrong, Sir John. The foreign mercenaries can be bought. As to the army, we must take our chance. I have plenty of partisans who will rise when I give them the signal.”

“Why, this is downright rebellion!” cried the Constable. “We shall have a civil war.”

“Rebellion against whom—against an arch-traitor, who has too long usurped the chief place in the state. ’Tis in the king’s behalf that we shall fight, and not against him. We shall free him from those who have assumed a control over him for which they have no title. We shall unmask treason, and punish it.”

“Still, I am not satisfied,” rejoined the Constable. “I like not the plan you propose.”

“But if I bring the king hither—will you deliver the fortress to him? Will you close the gates—and put the place in a state of defence?”

“Were his majesty himself to command me to do this, I must needs obey. But I do not think he will.”

“You do not know the king as well as I know him, Sir John. I will bring him here ere many days are over our heads. Be prepared to act as he shall direct.”

“I make no promises,” rejoined the Constable; “and if my advice were likely to be listened to, I would recommend your lordship to proceed no further with your design.”

“You will breathe no word of what has passed between us, Sir John?” said Seymour.

“Fear no betrayal on my part,” rejoined Gage. “I will say nothing till I have seen the king.”

Seeing that nothing more was to be done with the Constable, Seymour soon afterwards took his departure, and, re-entering his barge, was rowed back to Whitehall.

## VI.

IN WHICH UGO HARRINGTON APPEARS IN HIS TRUE COLOURS.

WHILE the Admiral was engaged at the Tower in the manner just related, Ugo Harrington repaired to Whitehall, with the design of seeking an immediate interview with the Earl of Warwick. In this object he was successful. At the moment when the esquire sought him, Warwick, to whom, as lord great chamberlain, a suite of apartments was assigned in the palace, was alone and in his private cabinet. Some understanding seemed to subsist between Ugo and the henchmen, since they did not detain him a moment in the waiting-chamber, but ushered him at once into the earl's presence.

Warwick, who was seated at a table, writing, received his visitor very formally, but the moment they were alone together his manner changed to one of great familiarity.

"I see by the expression of your countenance that you bring me important intelligence," he remarked.

"I do, my lord," replied Ugo. "My lord is gone to the Tower to endeavour to prevail upon the Constable to deliver the fortress up to him."

"Ha!" exclaimed Warwick. "Does he aim at that? But he will fail. Sir John Gage is as true as steel, and will never betray his trust. But how stand matters now? Is the time come for the explosion?"

"It will not be long delayed, my lord," rejoined Ugo.

"So much the better," cried Warwick, rubbing his hands gleefully. "The Admiral has been so long about it that I have got quite tired with waiting."

"With all deference to your lordship, I think you are wrong in your calculations," said Ugo. "You intend to let this rising take place?"

"I do," replied Warwick. "I would have the Admiral commit himself irretrievably, so that his fall may be certain."

"Tis on that point I differ with your lordship. Have you never considered that he may succeed? His plans are well or ganised."

"May be so," rejoined Warwick. "But the insurrection will be instantly crushed."

"I do not think so," said Ugo, "and I will give you the grounds of my opinion. The Lord Protector, as you know, has lost all the popularity he acquired by the Scottish war. That is one point in my lord's favour. In the struggle which is likely to arise between the brothers, the king is certain to side with his younger uncle. This alone will give him an immense

advantage. But as I have just said, my lord's plans are so well taken that he is likely to come off victorious. He himself is confident of success. He has an army of ten thousand men, ready to rise at his signal, and friends who will treble that number. The leaders of the German lansquenets are corrupted, and will bring over their men. Moreover, my lord has two strong castles, Holt and Sudley, the former strongly garrisoned and well stored, and he has the Scilly Islands to retire to in case of need. With all these advantages, if he is able to secure the person of the king, I cannot doubt his success."

"Ay, if he could secure the king, I grant you he might succeed," rejoined Warwick; "but that he never will do."

"Your lordship underrates his power. You will find him a far more formidable foe than you imagine. If he should gain the day, he will not be merely content with supplanting the Protector, but will overthrow the whole government. What if he should be able to set aside the late king's will, on the ground that it was stamped while his majesty was dying and incapable of speech? Will not all subsequent acts become illegal, all appointments void?"

"Undoubtedly. But he cannot prove this."

"He has Doctor Butts's confession of the whole affair, the production of which will condemn the Lord Protector to the block, and will drag all his partisans—your lordship amongst the number—down with him."

"Confusion!" exclaimed Warwick, rising from his chair, and hurriedly pacing the room. "You are right, Ugo. The outbreak must never take place. My intention was to let the mine explode, certain that the explosion would destroy him, and perchance the Protector likewise; but I now see it would be dangerous to myself."

"I felt sure your lordship would come round to my views. That confession is a terrible weapon, and has already been used with great effect. Your lordship will easily understand on what occasion."

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed Warwick. "Bring that document to me if you can, Ugo; bring it, and name your own fee. Immediate steps must be taken with the Admiral. I will consult with my colleagues forthwith. He must be arrested, and his papers seized."

"But the document in question may fall into wrong hands," said Ugo. "Your lordship must proceed with the utmost caution. My lord is vigilant and alert, and will not be easily taken. He never moves without a guard, and has more than three hundred armed retainers at Seymour House, who will defend him to the last. If he escapes, and flies to Sudley or Holt, the insurrection will break out, and the whole country will be in a flame. A civil war will be the result. His arrest should be made when he is wholly unprepared."

"It shall be so," rejoined Warwick. "Yet, if he be arrested

now, what proof shall we be able to bring of his guilt? Will you bear evidence against him?"

"If I am interrogated by the council I must needs answer," replied Ugo. "But the best course to pursue will be to arrest Sir William Sharington, master of the mint at Bristol, and question him as to his dealings with my lord. If he proves obstinate, the rack will make him speak, and you will then have good grounds for arresting the Admiral. Sharington has clipped gold and silver, coined base money, and committed other frauds at my lord's instance and for his benefit."

"You are right, Ugo. We will begin with Sharington. Officers shall be despatched forthwith to Bristol to arrest him, after which he shall be clapped in the Tower."

"Be careful not to alarm the Admiral, my lord, or your plan will be defeated. I must now take my leave, or I myself may incur suspicion. Rely on my watchfulness. If I can purloin Butts's confession, your lordship shall have it."

So saying, Ugo withdrew.

## VII.

### HOW SIR WILLIAM SHARINGTON WAS EXAMINED BY THE COUNCIL AND PUT TO THE TORTURE.

FEELING that no time ought to be lost, Warwick sought out the Lords Russell and Arundel, Sir William Paget, and some other members of the council on whom he could rely, and without further explanation at the moment than that he had discovered that Sir William Sharington had been guilty of treasonable frauds, which were likely to implicate a personage of importance, he at once obtained their sanction to his arrest.

The warrant was signed, and given by Warwick himself to the officers, with special instructions, and such despatch was used, that ere the following morning Sharington was brought up to London and lodged in the Tower.

On the same day, Warwick and the council repaired to the fortress, and assembling together at the Lieutenant's lodgings, had the prisoner brought before them. He resolutely denied the charges brought against him, and could not be got to make any admission tending to criminate the Admiral.

Determined, however, not to be foiled, Warwick, who, as we have said, conducted the examination, menaced him with the rack, but as even this threat proved ineffectual, he ordered him to be taken to the torture-chamber, and the question ordinary and extraordinary, to be applied.

On this Sharington was removed by the officers.

The council remained where they were, awaiting the result of

the application; but more than an hour elapsed before the gaoler reappeared.

"Well, have you subdued his obstinacy, good Master Tombs?" cried Warwick. "Will he speak now?"

"Ay, my lord, we have made him alter his tone," replied Tombs. "But it required some shrewd turns of the rack to shake him. Your lordships must needs go to him if you would interrogate him, for his joints have been so stretched by the engine that he cannot move."

Upon this, the council adjourned to the torture-chamber; a large vault, constructed of stone, and situated midway between the Beauchamp Tower and the Devilin Tower. It was approached by a subterranean passage communicating with the Lieutenant's lodgings.

This damp and dismal chamber, the aspect of which was calculated to inspire horror, was dimly lighted by an iron lamp, suspended by a chain from the keystone of the groined roof. Dull as it was, however, the light sufficed to reveal many frightful objects. At one side stood the hideous apparatus on which the prisoner had been stretched—a wooden frame, containing a leathern couch, and furnished with a wheel, cords, and roller. The walls were garnished with thumb-screws, pineers, knives of strange shape, saws, and other horrible-looking implements.

On a wooden stool, adjoining the rack, was placed the unfortunate prisoner. The whole of his habiliments had been removed when the torture was applied, and they could not now be restored, but a cloak was thrown over his limbs. His ghastly—almost death-like looks—showed the severe suffering he had endured. His joints had, in fact, been wrenched from their sockets, and his sinews almost cracked by the terrible application. He was supported by the chirurgeon, who was bathing his temples with cold water, and near him stood the tormentor—an uncouth, powerfully-built varlet, with savage features, and a great fell of red hair. There was another person, who with the gaoler had been present during the proceeding. This was Mauger, the headsman.

As the council entered the vault, Sharrington made a vain attempt to lift his head. The effort was so painful that a groan burst from him. None of the council, however, seemed moved by the unfortunate man's appearance, but regarded him with stern and inflexible looks.

"Are you now disposed to answer our questions without equivocation or reserve?" demanded Warwick.

"I am," replied Sharrington, with a groan.

"You confess, then, that you have defrauded the king's majesty of many thousand pounds by clipping and otherwise tampering with the gold and silver entrusted to your charge, and by coining base money?"

"I own it," rejoined Sharrington, faintly.

"By whom have you been instigated to these great and treasonable frauds?" pursued Warwick.

"By his highness the Lord High Admiral, to whom the greater part of the money was given," answered Sharrington.

"This is your solemn declaration?" demanded Warwick.

"I swear it to be the truth," replied the prisoner.

"Let his confession be taken down," said Warwick to a secretary, who was in attendance with writing materials, and who sat down on the edge of the rack to fulfil the earl's behest.

When drawn up, the confession was presented to the prisoner, who with the greatest difficulty signed it. This done, the council quitted the vault.

"Sharrington's accomplice must be next arrested," observed Warwick, with a grim smile to Lord Russell, as they tracked the subterranean passage.

## VIII.

### THE COUNTERPLOT.

HITHERTO, Warwick had abstained from disclosing to the Lord Protector the discoveries he had made relative to his brother's treasonable practices, as he feared the irresolution manifested by Somerset on a former occasion might be again displayed; but now, being armed with proofs positive of the Admiral's guilt, he resolved to lay the whole matter before him.

Accordingly, a special meeting of the council was appointed for that night, intimation of which being given to the Duke of Somerset, he of course attended, when full particulars of this gigantic conspiracy were laid before him.

Confounded and amazed by the details, Somerset almost refused to credit them; but when Sharrington's confession was read he could no longer doubt. Warwick's statements also were corroborated by Ugo Harrington, who was brought forward, and who revealed all he knew concerning his lord's proceedings.

A long deliberation followed. By the Earl of Southampton (who, having regained Somerset's favour, had again joined the council) and Lord Clinton, it was proposed that Somerset should be at once arrested, and brought before them for examination; but against this it was urged, chiefly on the representation of Ugo Harrington, that the most determined resistance would be offered by the Admiral—and that probably he might escape. If he did so, and succeeded in reaching either of his castles, an insurrection, which it might be difficult, if not impossible, to crush, was sure to arise, and civil war ensue.

"If your highness will be guided by me," said Ugo, addressing

the Protector, "I will show you how you may take him without difficulty, and effectually prevent any popular disturbance."

"Let us hear thy plan?" rejoined Somerset.

"Under pretence of showing his majesty some new pieces of ordnance, my lord hath obtained the king's promise to accompany him, to the Tower to-morrow. Once there, he will use all his efforts to induce his majesty to change his present government, and he hopes to succeed by representing to him that his royal father's will was fraudulently stamped——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Somerset.

"Such is the assertion he will make," pursued Ugo; "and he proposes to support it by some confession he pretends to have obtained. Be this as it may, he hopes to prevail upon the king to remain within the Tower, and to give him the command of the fortress and the custody of his person."

"A boldly-conceived project, on my faith!" cried Warwick; "and, if the king consented, might prove successful."

"But his majesty never would consent—of that I am certain," said Somerset.

"But should persuasion fail," pursued Ugo, "my lord will resort to force, and will seize upon the person of the king, and possess himself of the fortress."

"Ha! does he meditate this desperate treason?" exclaimed the Protector. "But 'tis a rash and insane design, which none but he would conceive."

"'Tis not so rash as it seems," replied Ugo. "He will go to the Tower with a large and well-armed escort—and he has many friends in the fortress who will lend him their aid. For my own part, I nothing doubt his ability to execute his design."

"What, to seize upon the king, and hold the Tower?" cried Somerset.

"Ay, your highness, hold it long enough to change the government," rejoined Ugo. "But with proper precautions there will be no danger, and my lord can be taken in his own toils. Here is a list of his adherents in the Tower. Let all these be removed without delay, and trusty officers substituted, and no fear need be entertained. It is not for me to point out to your highness and to the lords of the council how the arrest should be made. You will make your own decision. But once within the Tower, my lord ought never to go forth again—except to the scaffold on Tower-hill."

"The trap will be well baited," said Somerset, "and if caught in it, he shall not break loose. We owe thee much for thy serviceable disclosures. Thou hast made ample amends for any share thou mayst have had in this conspiracy, and mayst calculate not only upon pardon but reward."

"I care not for reward, your highness," replied Ugo; "I shall be satisfied if I bring Lord Seymour to the scaffold."

"What hath thy lord done to incur such deadly animosity on thy part?" asked Lord Russell.

"Ask me not to publish mine own shame," cried Ugo, fiercely. "Enough that he hath inflicted an injury upon me which can only be washed out by blood. He should have died by my hand long ago, but that I preferred that he should die on the scaffold."

"Thy desire will be gratified," said Warwick.

"After the disclosures we have heard," said Somerset, "there can be no doubt of the existence of a great and terrible conspiracy, contrived, I lament to say, by my own brother. But I shall close my heart towards him, and judge him with Roman stoicism and severity. Many arrests will have to be made to-morrow. Are there any others whom thou canst denounce?" he added to Ugo.

"There are several in the royal household who are in his pay," replied the other, "but the chief of them is Fowler, a gentleman of the privy-chamber."

"What! has Fowler played me false?" cried the Protector. "He shall be arrested."

"If your highness will cast your eye over this list," said Ugo, delivering him a paper, "you will find the names of all such nobles as belong to my lord's faction, and are disaffected towards yourself."

"Foremost among them I find the Marquis of Dorset," returned Somerset, glancing at the list. "He shall undergo examination, as shall all the rest. Hast thou aught more to disclose?"

"No, your grace. I have revealed all I know."

"Thou art free then to depart," said the Protector. "I need not bid thee be cautious, since for thy own sake thou art sure to be so. To-morrow thou wilt accompany the Admiral to the Tower."

"I have already received my orders," replied Ugo.

"On thy arrival there I will find means of secretly communicating with thee," said Somerset. "None of us will appear until the right moment, and then only when least expected."

"I understand, your grace." And with a profound obeisance to the Lord Protector and the council, he departed.

"That fellow is a double-dyed traitor," observed Warwick; "but he is serviceable. Without him this conspiracy would never have been detected."

"Strange that the Admiral should place such faith in him," observed Lord Russell. "Traitor is written in his countenance."

"Is it your highness's intention to disclose this plot to the king?" inquired Southampton.

"No, my lord," replied the Protector. "My deeply-designing brother hath obtained such a hold upon his royal nephew's affec-



tions, that there is no telling how he might act. His majesty must be kept in profound ignorance both of the plot and counterplot to the last. Any efforts he may then make to save his guilty uncle will be vain. To-morrow, my lords, we must all secretly assemble at the Tower."

On this, the council broke up, but the Protector and Warwick remained for some time longer in deep debate.

## IX.

### HOW THE KING WAS TAKEN TO THE TOWER BY THE ADMIRAL, AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

THE important day arrived which was to mar or make the Admiral's fortunes.

Though he had no misgivings as to the result of his daring project, and entertained no suspicion that he had been betrayed, he was weighed down by that extraordinary depression which is not unfrequently the forerunner of dire calamity. His slumbers had been disturbed by ominous dreams, and quitting his uneasy couch at an early hour, he occupied himself in writing many letters, which he subsequently sent off by trusty emissaries.

Amongst those to whom he wrote was the Princess Elizabeth, and his letter to her was full of passionate love. Without entering into particulars of his project, which it might not have been safe to communicate, he told her that she might soon expect to hear important news, and that he hoped, ere long, to be in a position to claim fulfilment of her promise.

This correspondence finished and despatched, he sent for the principal officers of his household, and gave them such instructions as he deemed expedient. Other necessary business occupied the early part of the morning. Before the hour had arrived when he had appointed to attend at Whitehall, his gloom and despondency had given way to ardour and impatience.

Clad in a suit of black armour inlaid with gold, having a black plume in his helmet, and mounted on a powerful steed richly caparisoned, he repaired to Whitehall at the head of an escort of some fifty or sixty well-armed and well-mounted men. A retinue so numerous would have excited astonishment and roused suspicion as to its object in any one but the Admiral, but he had been so long in the habit of moving about with an almost royal guard, that little surprise was manifested at the number of his attendants.

It was remarked, however, that the escort was more completely armed than usual, most of the men being provided with corslets with steel skirts and morions, and all of them being furnished

with arquebuses or demi-lances. Close behind his lord rode the treacherous Ugo Harrington, secretly exulting that his hour of vengeance was well-nigh come.

The day was raw and dull, a frost of some weeks' duration having just broken up, and it seemed just possible that the king might put off his visit to the Tower on account of the unpleasant state of the weather. Any apprehensions, however, which the Admiral might have entertained on this score, were dispelled by the appearance of Edward himself, who, wrapped in a purple velvet mantle, embroidered with gold, and lined and bordered with ermine, met him as he entered the palace.

Mounted on his milk-white palfrey, and defended by his well-lined mantle against the cold, Edward rode by his uncle's side to the Tower. He was unattended by his own body-guard, the Admiral's large escort appearing sufficient for his protection. Little did he anticipate the strange part he would be called upon to play; little did he think that he was being led almost as a captive to the Tower, and that it was his aspiring uncle's intention forcibly to detain him there unless he complied with his wishes. On his part, the Admiral was so eager to secure his prize, that he hurried on his royal nephew almost faster than was quite consistent with etiquette. An advanced guard cleared the way for them, so that no delay occurred. But though the Admiral rode on thus rapidly, and compelled the king to keep pace with him, he did not fail to notice certain personages stationed at the corners of particular streets in the City, with whom he exchanged signs.

Half an hour brought them to Tower-hill, and as the grim old fortress rose before them, Seymour's breast beat high. Could he have foreseen what awaited him there—could he have suspected the snare laid for him—he would never have entered those gates, but, turning hastily about, and calling to his men to follow him, would have clapped spurs into his steed, and ridden for very life. The grey walls of the fortress looked stern and menacing, but they had no terrors for him. Beside him were the tall wooden posts of the scaffold, but he would not even have noted them, had not the king called his attention to a dark figure standing beside them, remarking, with a shudder, that he thought it was the headsman.

"It is Mauer, sire," replied the Admiral. And he added to himself, "I will find him work to do anon."

Passing through the two outer gates, and crossing the bridge across the moat, the young monarch and his uncle were met at the By-ward Tower by Sir John Gage and the Lieutenant of the Tower.

After reverently saluting the king, the Constable looked earnestly at Seymour, and seemed very desirous of saying a word to him in private, but the Admiral gave him no opportunity

of doing so, but rode after the king into the lower ward. Here, however, Sir John overtook him, and coming close up to him, said, in a low tone, "Be advised by me, and go back. There is yet time—I will help you to retreat."

"I have no intention of retreating, Sir John," replied Seymour. "You can guess why I have brought his majesty here."

"You have brought him to your own destruction," muttered the Constable. "Fly instantly, if you would save yourself."

"You think to frighten me," rejoined Seymour; "but I am not to be turned from my purpose."

"The gates are closed—it is too late," said Gage. And he moved on towards the king.

Edward rode on towards the palace, where he dismounted, and, attended by the Admiral and the Constable, entered the building.

The palace had a gloomy air, being almost unoccupied at the time, but a large fire was lighted in the great tapestried chamber, to which they proceeded, and gave it a more cheerful look. Having warmed himself for a moment at the fire, Edward turned to his uncle, who was standing at a little distance from him, and observed,

"You have something to say to us, gentle uncl. Was it necessary we should come to the Tower to hear it?"

"Your majesty will judge," rejoined the Admiral. "The real motive of my bringing you here shall now be disclosed. I would have you in a place of safety, where you can issue your decrees without coercion. At Whitehall you are under the control of the Lord Protector and his officers. Here you can do as you please. Once before, I made an effort to free you from your uncle's thralldom. I was baffled then, but I shall not be baffled now, if your majesty will but stand firm—and never had you more need of firmness than at the present juncture."

"I will summon up all my resolution when I know for what emergency it is required," said Edward, regarding him fixedly.

"Listen to me, sire, and rest satisfied that the statements I am about to make to you can be fully substantiated. Since your august father's death all acts and appointments have been made by his executors. By them a president has been appointed, invested with almost sovereign powers, under the title of Lord Protector; by them and by the Protector councils have been held, and affairs of state administered. But all their authority was derived from the royal testament."

"True. The king my father' ordained that the sixteen persons whom he named as executors should form the privy council, and execute all the authority of the crown during my minority."

"Your royal father so intended, sire, but——"

"But what?" demanded Edward. "Have not his intentions been fully carried out?"

"Listen to me, sire. The king your father had his will care-

fully prepared and written out, but being of a somewhat changeful temper, he delayed the signing of it—till too late.”

“Too late!” exclaimed Edward, in amazement. “Was not the will signed?”

“It was stamped while his majesty was incapable of speech or movement—in fact, expiring. The will is consequently void, and, being void, all acts founded upon it are likewise void. There are no executors, no privy council, no Lord Protector. Failing the will, the crown and all authority attached to it devolves upon the king’s undoubted heir, your majesty. You are uncontrolled by guardians or executors.”

“But is my uncle the Lord Protector aware of this fatal defect in the testament?” demanded Edward.

“Aware of it!” cried Seymour. “’Twas by his contrivance that the will was stamped. All his hopes of power and aggrandisement were based upon this document, and finding himself bereft of them by the king’s neglect, he took this desperate means of remedying the error. He was aided in the fraudulent proceeding by Doctor Butts, whose conscience, borne down by the weight of his heinous crime, could only be relieved before his death by a written confession, which confession is in my custody, and shall be laid before your majesty.”

“This is a dreadful accusation to bring against your brother, my lord,” observed Edward. “But you say you can substantiate it?”

“In all particulars. Butts’s confession is most ample. Sir John Gage and myself entered the royal chamber the moment after the will was stamped, and we can both testify to the king’s appearance. He must have been long insensible. Was it not so, Sir John?” he added to the Constable, who was standing at a respectful distance.

“I cannot deny it,” replied Gage.

“This is sad indeed!” observed Edward.

“’Tis a great wrong, and must be set right,” pursued the Admiral. “To that end I have brought your majesty hither. The Lord Protector must be hurled from his place—the council dismissed. Leave the management of the business to me. Popular disturbances may occur, but by the energetic measures which I propose to adopt, they will be speedily quelled. Your majesty must consent to remain within the Tower till all is over. At most, ’twill only be a few days’ restraint, and you will then enjoy a freedom such as you have not as yet experienced.”

“Then you would not have me go back to Whitehall?”

“Not till the work be done, sire,” replied the Admiral. “Here, in the event of tumult, or of any desperate attempt on the part of the Protector or his fautors to obtain possession of your person, you will be in perfect safety. I have prepared a mandate for your signature, empowering me to act for you. This is all the authority I need.”

And he produced a scroll and laid it before the king.

At this moment Sir John Gage, who had hitherto remained standing at a respectful distance, advanced and said, "It is time I should interfere. Your majesty must not sign that mandate."

"Must not sign it, Sir John!" exclaimed the Admiral. "Do you dare to dictate to your sovereign?"

"At such a moment I dare advise him. As to you, my lord, I am bound to tell you that you stand on the brink of a precipice, from which another step will plunge you headlong."

"You are thinking of the Lord Protector, not of me, good Sir John," rejoined the Admiral, in a contemptuous tone.

"His highness has a firmer footing than you suppose, my lord," replied the Constable. "But you have spoken of a confession by Doctor Butts. Can you produce it?"

"I can," replied the Admiral, searching the velvet bag depending from his girdle. "Ha! it is gone."

"That is unlucky, my lord," observed the Constable. "The production of the confession might have set all doubts at rest."

"Have you any doubts of the truth of my statement, Sir John?" cried Seymour, fiercely.

"Such a terrible accusation ought not to be made without proof," observed the Constable.

"That is true," said the king.

"The document has been abstracted from my person," cried Seymour.

"Again I say, its loss is unlucky—most unlucky—for such a document might have helped you at your need. My lord, let me urge you to throw yourself upon the king's protection, and implore his grace. Without it, you are utterly lost."

"What mean you, Sir John?" cried Seymour, fiercely. "Have you betrayed me?"

"You have been betrayed—but not by me," replied the Constable. "The Lord Protector and the council are here. I warned you when you entered the Tower. But you would not listen to me."

"Fly, dear uncle!—fly, while there is yet time," cried Edward.

"Flight is impossible, sire," said the Constable. "If the Admiral leaves this room he will be arrested. Guards are placed within the ante-chamber and in the corridor, and all the outlets of the fortress are closed by the Lord Protector's command."

There was a brief and terrible pause. Notwithstanding the extreme peril in which he stood, the Admiral's courage did not desert him, and he seemed to be preparing for a desperate effort. At last the king spoke.

"Sir John Gage," he said, resolutely, "my uncle, Lord Seymour, shall not be arrested. D'ye mark what I say, Sir John? Lord Seymour must not be arrested. You must prevent it."

"Alas, sire! you ask more of me than I can perform," rejoined the Constable. "The Lord Protector is omnipotent here."

"You hear that, sire?" cried Seymour. "'Tis as I told you. The Lord Protector is everything—your majesty nothing. I would have delivered you from this bondage, but I must now pay with my life for my devotion to you."

"You shall not fall into his power if I can prevent it, uncle," rejoined Edward. "Sir John Gage, on your allegiance, I command you, to obey me. Aid the Admiral to fly."

"Beseech you, sire, to forgive me," cried the Constable, flinging himself at the king's feet. "I cannot—dare not obey you."

"Dare not! Sir John. Little did I expect such an admission from you."

"My head would pay the penalty of such violation of my duty. That I will freely give. But I cannot assist treason and rebellion. A warrant has been issued by the council for the Admiral's arrest, and I dare not oppose it."

"Sir John," continued the king, authoritatively, "I command you to set him free."

"But, sire——"

"I will have no refusal. If the Tower gates are shut in the Lord Protector's name, cause them to be opened in mine. Let him go forth."

"It will be useless, sire. My orders will be disobeyed. The guard will refuse to open the gates."

"Not if you show them my signet," he replied, taking the ring from his finger, and giving it to the Constable.

"I will obey your majesty," said Sir John Gage, rising; "but only on the condition that the Admiral pledges me his word, that, if I set him free, he will relinquish his designs against his brother."

"I will give no such pledge," cried Seymour, fiercely. "It is for you to obey the king's orders, Sir John, and not to impose conditions."

"Waste no more time in these objections, Sir John," said Edward, "but do as I command you. You are in no danger. My signet will protect you."

"I heed not the danger," said the Constable. "Since your majesty will have it so, I obey."

"Give me my horse, Sir John. Go with me to the gates—that is all I need," cried Seymour.

"I know not if I can find your steed," replied the Constable. "Most probably your escort has been dispersed. Orders, I know, were given to that effect."

"But my palfrey must be there," cried Edward. "Take that, or any horse you can obtain. Go—go!—we shall have them here."

"We cannot pass through the ante-chamber; 'tis guarded, as I have said," remarked the Constable, stepping towards the side of the room, where, raising a piece of tapestry, he disclosed a secret door.

"Farewell, my gracious liege!" cried Seymour, with a profound obeisance to his royal nephew. "You shall hear from me ere long."

With this, he passed through the secret door with the Constable, and the hanging fell to its place.

Scarcely had the king time to seat himself, when the great door was thrown open, and the Lord Protector, followed by Warwick and the rest of the council, entered the room. Behind the latter came a guard of halberdiers, at the head of which was Ugo Harrington. Astonishment and dismay were painted on the countenances of the whole party when it was discovered that the king was alone. Somerset could not conceal his rage and disappointment.

"Where is the traitor?" he cried, furiously.

"If your highness refers to the Lord Admiral," replied the king, calmly, "he is gone, under my safeguard. I have charged Sir John Gage to see him safely out of the Tower."

"Sir John will answer to the council and to myself for this gross disobedience to our orders," rejoined the Protector. "He knew that a warrant had been issued for the Admiral's arrest."

"He obeyed my orders," said Edward, with dignity.

"Your majesty is not aware of the heinous offences of which the Admiral has been guilty, or you would never have aided his escape," said the Protector.

"Are those who make these accusations against him themselves free from guilt?" rejoined Edward, sternly.

"What would your majesty insinuate?" cried the Protector.

"We shall find more fitting opportunity of speaking our mind," said Edward. "Meantime, your highness will do well to examine your own breast, and see that nothing be hidden within it which you would blush to have drawn forth."

Somerset looked embarrassed, and knew not what reply to make. At this juncture, the Earl of Warwick advanced towards him, and said, in a low tone, "While we talk, the Admiral escapes. If he gets out of the Tower, an insurrection will assuredly take place, and then I will answer for none of our heads."

"What is to be done?" replied Somerset, in the same tone. "The king has set him free."

"Heed not that," said Warwick. "We shall share with you the responsibility of his arrest. If he escapes, we are all undone."

While they were thus conferring, Ugo Harrington came up to them.

"Pardon me for interrupting your highness," he said, "but each moment is precious. If you desire it, at any hazard I will arrest him."

"Do it at once, then, good fellow," cried Warwick. "His highness will thank thee, and reward thee. Here is the warrant—go!"

"Ay, go, and take a guard with thee," said the Protector.

Upon this, Ugo, ordering half a dozen halberdiers to follow him, quitted the room.

## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## NO. IV.—CRIME.

THE statistics of crime in France date from 1825, when they were created by M. Guerry de Champneuf, then director of criminal affairs at the ministry of justice. Up to that period there were only incomplete returns of little utility.

There are three classes of tribunals in France for the judgment of offences: assize courts, tribunals of correctional police, and tribunals of simple police. The cases brought before the two former tribunals are first submitted to the investigation of the public prosecutors and *juges d'instruction*, whose duty it is to decide whether they present sufficient importance and probability of culpability to require them to be sent for trial, and who, in that case, get up the evidence against the prisoners. Bail being virtually unknown in France, persons arrested on suspicion are detained in prison until the charge against them is decided; and as the "instruction" or preliminary examination of each case is gone into in great detail, and lasts sometimes a long time, the preventive imprisonment is necessarily equally long.

The returns since 1826 establish, that while the number of prisoners brought before the assize courts for grave offences has materially diminished of late years, those tried by the tribunals of correctional and simple police have largely increased. The number of prisoners brought before the assize courts averaged 7400 per annum from the quarter of a century, included between 1826 and 1850; but from 1851 to 1855 the average fell to 7104, while in 1856 there were only 6124 prisoners for trial, and in 1857 only 5773. This diminution, if confirmed by the returns since 1857, is a very satisfactory feature in the present state of France, and it is the more striking when the simultaneous augmentation of population is brought into account. The 7400 culprits of 1826 represented .023 per cent. on the then population of 32 millions, while the 5773 prisoners of 1857 show only .016 per cent. on the 36 millions of people who then inhabited France. The diminution of the crimes brought before the assize courts, calculated per cent. on the population, amounts therefore to the large proportion of nearly one-third during the period in question.

And while this remarkable diminution has occurred in the whole number of serious crimes committed, their nature and composition have undergone an equally remarkable change. Since 1826 the general proportion of crimes against persons has regularly increased, while that of crimes against property has simultaneously decreased. The following table of the number of cases tried per annum (which is naturally lower than the number of prisoners implicated) shows the exact variation which has occurred in the two categories of crime:



	Crimes against persons.	Proportion of the whole.	Crimes against property.	Proportion of the whole.	Total.
1826 to 1830 . . .	1824	25.6	5306	74.4	7130
1831 to 1835 . . .	2371	31.8	5095	68.2	7466
1836 to 1840 . . .	2153	27.3	5732	72.7	7885
1841 to 1845 . . .	2186	30.3	4913	69.2	7104
1846 to 1850 . . .	2438	32.8	4992	67.2	7430
1851 to 1855 . . .	2353	33.1	4751	66.9	7104
1856 . . .	2108	34.4	4016	65.6	6124
1857 . . .	1966	34.1	3807	65.9	5773

In round numbers the proportion of crimes against persons has increased by one-third (25.6 to 34.1) in 32 years, whilst crimes against property have diminished by about one-seventh (74.4 to 65.9). It is, however, difficult to attribute this movement to any definite cause, for the augmentation of crimes against persons does not apply equally to all the various offences included under that general head; and certain classes of crime increase during one period to diminish again during another. For instance, from 1826 to 1850, wilful murders increased 22 per cent., and infanticides 49 per cent.; parricides doubled, and rape of girls under sixteen tripled; the increase of the latter crime being especially observable in the towns and manufacturing districts. But since 1851 all these crimes, excepting infanticide, have fallen again, the variation from 1851 to 1857 having been as shown in the following table:

	Number of Cases tried.				
	1851.	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.
Murder . . . . .	280	215	210	202	184
Manslaughter . . . . .	196	87	94	95	99
Poisoning . . . . .	38	36	40	30	36
Parricide . . . . .	20	14	13	13	12
Infanticide . . . . .	164	198	173	190	208
Accidental homicide . . . . .	130	75	74	76	61
Assaults, wounds, &c. . . . .	267	142	117	116	104
Rebellion . . . . .	51	23	18	23	15
Rape, &c., of grown women . . . . .	242	174	160	181	188
Rape of young children . . . . .	615	581	582	650	617
Perjury, &c. . . . .	82	68	61	45	51
Coining . . . . .	72	72	50	58	52
Forgery . . . . .	462	532	559	499	471
Serious robberies (vols qualifiés)	2233	2768	2187	1886	1822
Incendiarisms . . . . .	218	286	216	206	239
Fraudulent bankruptcy . . . . .	62	103	121	117	105
Sundry crimes . . . . .	155	151	132	148	135
Totals . . . . .	5287	5525	4798	4535	4399

While, however, as is shown by this table, certain classes of offences have diminished since 1851, others have simultaneously increased; while murders, manslaughter, poisonings, and parricides, all of which had augmented from 1826 to 1850, fell from a general total of 534 in 1851 to 331 in 1857, and while accidental homicides, assaults, rape of women, and robberies largely diminished, infanticide, incendiarism, and fraudulent bankruptcy sensibly increased. Incendiarisms by the proprietors themselves, in the hope of gaining their insurance, rose from 14 per cent. of

the whole number of incendiarisms in 1826 to 34 per cent. in 1850, while rape of children got up from 83 cases in 1826 to the above shown total of 617 in 1857. With the exception of the year 1854, serious robberies have regularly diminished, and it should be explained that their sudden augmentation in that year was caused by the famine and distress which then prevailed in France. This is proved by the remarkable circumstance that robberies of corn and flour, which were only 161 in 1851, rose to 502 in 1854.

The geographical distribution of crime in France shows on an average about twice as many criminals (proportionately to the population) in the north as in the south. On the average of the twenty-five years between 1826 and 1850, the Department of the Seine had 1 assize court prisoner per annum for every 1385 inhabitants; Corsica, which comes next in the scale of criminality, had 1 to 1672; while in the Ain there was only 1 to 10,523: the average for all France being 1 to 4568. In 1857, after the general reduction of crime already indicated, there was 1 prisoner to 3225 inhabitants in the Seine, 1 to 2894 in Corsica, and only 1 to 15,493 in the Creuse: the average for the whole country being 1 to 6242.

But while the assize cases are relatively so much more numerous in certain parts of France than in others, there is an equal local diversity in the composition of the crimes judged. Attacks against persons are always most numerous in the southern departments, which are mainly agricultural, while the cases presented by the northern districts, where manufactures are comparatively general, offer a great majority of robberies and other offences against property. The most striking example of this distinction occurs, strangely enough, in the very two departments which present the largest proportion of crime—Corsica and the Seine. On the average, from 1826 to 1850, 83 per cent. of the crimes committed in Paris (Seine) were robberies, forgeries, &c., while in Corsica, where the hot blood of the south and the effects of the vendetta bring out the knife, assassinations and attacks against persons constituted 87 per cent. of the cases tried; so that these two departments, the most criminal in France, present the exact inverse of each other in the composition of their offences.

Divided according to their occupations, the prisoners tried at assizes from 1826 to 1850 give the following averages:

	Proportion to the whole.	Proportion against persons.	Proportion against property.
Agricultural labourers . . . . .	32.2	40.8	59.2
Farm servants . . . . .	4.6	31.8	58.2
Workmen in wood, stone, and iron . . . . .	22.9	29.5	70.5
Millers, bakers, and butchers . . . . .	3.4	28.9	71.8
Tailors, bootmakers, &c. . . . .	6.1	31.8	68.2
Carters, canal-men, and commissionnaires . . . . .	4.3	28.3	71.7
Merchants, tradesmen, and their clerks . . . . .	6.8	17.0	83.0
Inn and café keepers . . . . .	2.0	32.1	67.9
Domestic servants . . . . .	7.2	14.5	85.5
Liberal professions and government ser- vants . . . . .	5.8	41.6	58.4
Beggars and vagabonds . . . . .	4.7	22.4	77.6

The results indicated by this table are curious and instructive. The agricultural classes, which constitute 66 per cent. of the total population, produce only 37 per cent. of the whole number of criminals, while the manufacturing population, which amounts to only 17 per cent. of the whole, furnishes 32.4 per cent. of the offenders : these two facts strikingly confirm and explain the disproportion previously alluded to in the number of criminals found in the northern and southern departments. Domestic servants, whose total does not reach 3 per cent. of the people, supply 7.2 per cent. of the prisoners; while, worse than all, the liberal professions and public servants, whose total number, including their families, cannot be estimated at more than 700,000 at the very outside, or about 2 per cent. on the whole population, produce 5.8 per cent. of the criminals. It is therefore precisely the educated classes who present the worst results, the scale descending from them through domestic servants and manufacturing workmen to its minimum among the agricultural population.

While this disproportion reveals itself on the whole, there is also a marked inequality between the various classes named in the composition of the crimes committed by each. Of the offences attributed to the liberal professions and public servants, 41.6 per cent. are against persons; but of the offences of domestic servants, 85.5 per cent. are against property, and only 14.5 per cent. against persons. These two classes present the extreme limit in each direction, and the divergence between these results indicates the differing nature of the temptations to crime which specially beset the two classes in question.

Crimes against persons are proportionately most frequent in the spring and summer, while those against property rise in number under the pressure of the cold of autumn and winter. The exact comparison is as follows :

	Against persons.	Against property.
January to March . . . .	22.9	26.5
April to June . . . .	27.9	23.3
July to September . . . .	36.7	23.2
October to December . . . .	22.5	27.0
	100	100

The proportion of female criminals is diminishing : they averaged 20 per cent. of the whole number from 1826 to 1830, and only 16 per cent. from 1841 to 1850, rising again to 17½ per cent. in 1857. In Corsica there are only 4 per cent. of women among the culprits, while in the Côtes du Nord the proportion gets up to 27 per cent. There are generally more female prisoners in the north than in the south, because the former is the principal field for offences against property, which are precisely those which women commit most easily. Of the crimes against persons committed by women, the most numerous, after infanticide and voluntary miscarriage, are poisoning, for which women amount to 48 per cent. of the accused, and parricide, for which they show 30 per cent. It is especially observable that the great mass of female crime is committed in-doors; indeed, of the total of domestic robberies, women commit the large proportion of 37 per cent. It is remarked, as might be expected, that the abandonment of virtue frequently precedes the perpetration of crime by women; one-fifth of the female prisoners, on an average, either have natural children or live in concubinage.

Age exercises a marked effect in the nature of the offences committed. Up to sixteen years old the tendency is three times greater in favour of offences against property than against persons: the same disposition continues to exist in a decreasing degree down to forty, when crimes against persons take the lead, their majority increasing with age up to the proportion of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 per prisoner above sixty.

The motives of crime are sometimes difficult to ascertain, but as regards murders they are given exactly in the statistics of 1850, which assign the following proportions for each of the motives named :

Hatred and revenge . . . . .	30.0
Cupidity . . . . .	16.6
Domestic dissensions . . . . .	12.0
Love and jealousy . . . . .	11.9
Gaming and drinking quarrels . . . . .	10.0
Other causes . . . . .	19.5
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	100

Murders from motives of cupidity have constantly increased during the last twenty years.

The motives of robberies are, of course, always the same, but it is singular that people can be found to risk the galleys for such small sums as appear to be stolen. On the average from 1826 to 1850, the annual value of all the robberies brought before the assize courts was only 51,000*l.*, which gives a mean of 12*l.* 7*s.* per robbery; and as all the large robberies are included in this total, it is evident that the amounts ordinarily stolen are far under that average.

It has been stated, that while the serious crimes brought before the assize courts have diminished of late years, the less important offences judged by the tribunals of correctional police have largely increased. The number of prisoners of this class has augmented from 178,021 in 1826 to 229,467 in 1857, which constitutes an increase of about one-third.

The composition of the correctional police cases, on the average from 1826 to 1850, was as follows :

Assaults and attacks on persons . . . . .	10.8
Offences against morality . . . . .	0.6
Ditto against public order . . . . .	9.9
Trifling robberies and larcenies . . . . .	14.4
Offences against special laws . . . . .	7.0
Breaches of the forest and game laws, and other similar offences classed together under the title of "contraventions fiscales" . . . . .	57.3

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100

While, however, these averages show the general proportion in which the correctional police cases stand to each other, they do not indicate the movement of the various classes of offences. Almost all have increased in number, but mendicity was nine times as frequent from 1846 to 1850 as from 1826 to 1830, its annual average having risen in the interval from 966 cases to 8317; robberies more than doubled, and breaches of game and weapon laws rose from 5961 to 22,330, while offences against the forest laws somewhat diminished. Since 1853, however, mendicity

has fallen again from about 8000 annual cases to 4365 in 1857; breaches of the forest and octroi laws diminished also; but offences against morality, larcenies, frauds of all kinds, breaches of the laws on keeping arms, and use of old postage stamps, have increased in various proportions.

The most striking feature in the composition of the correctional police cases is the very large proportion (57 per cent.) of what are called fiscal offences; indeed, it is difficult to understand, for those who are not acquainted with the minute and annoying rules of the French code on all matters connected with forests, rivers, roads, sporting, and possession of arms, how such an amount of trifling offences can be committed at all. But though the French law includes an immense variety of acts in the category of correctional offences, a large part of them cannot be considered to indicate any criminal intention; smuggling a bottle of wine through an octroi gate, or killing sparrows with a pistol without leave, though pursued correctionally, cannot be seriously regarded as indicating criminal perversity, and it is probable that a considerable part of the correctional cases do not present a much more serious character.

The third category of French tribunals, those of simple police, have also a constantly increasing number of cases submitted to them for judgment. From 97,568 in 1826, they rose to 197,343 in 1850, and to 404,333 in 1857, involving in the latter year 536,134 persons. This increase, however, is rather a good sign than a bad one, for as the classes of offences judged in simple police are generally limited to matters of order and health, their augmentation is only a proof of the growing watchfulness of the magistrates in all that concerns public security. The simple police cases average as follows:

Breaches of rural regulations . . . . .	29.3
" of the regulations for health and cleanliness . . . . .	10.6
" of the regulations on public security and quiet . . . . .	44.9
" Sundries . . . . .	15.2
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	100

One-seventh of the simple police cases occur in Paris alone.

Suicides form a subject apart in the general question of crime. They are rapidly increasing in France. Their progress has been as follows:

1826 to 1830 . . . . .	1739
1831 to 1835 . . . . .	2263
1836 to 1840 . . . . .	2574
1841 to 1845 . . . . .	2951
1846 to 1850 . . . . .	3446
1851 to 1855 . . . . .	3639
1857 . . . . .	3967

They have, therefore, more than doubled in the last thirty-two years.

The seasons exercise a perceptible influence in the number of suicides:

From January to March the proportion is . . . . .	22.1
" April to June " " . . . . .	30.7
" July to September " " . . . . .	27.2
" October to December " " . . . . .	20.0
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	100

The largest number occur, therefore, during the summer months, the period at which crimes against persons also attain their maximum.

The proportion of women is 24 per cent. on an average of 25 years.  
The means of suicide employed by each sex are as follows, calculated on the year 1850 :

	Men.	Women.	Total.	Rate per cent.
Drowning . . . . .	631	379	1060	29
Hanging and strangling . . . . .	1075	241	1316	37
Suffocation by charcoal . . . . .	161	142	303	8½
Fire-arms . . . . .	533	8	541	14½
Knives, razors, and swords . . . . .	121	25	146	4
Poison . . . . .	35	30	65	2
Leaping off heights . . . . .	89	44	133	4
Other means . . . . .	23	4	32	1
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	2723	873	3596	100

This table, being based on a single year, includes an unusually large proportion of women; but for that very reason it shows more clearly what are the forms of voluntary death which women prefer and avoid. They may be said not to use fire-arms at all, while, as regards suffocation by charcoal, their number is nearly equal to that of the men who employ that means of suicide. Charcoal is the most frequent form of suicide in Paris; 214 of the 303 cases shown above for 1850 occurred in Paris alone.

Accidental deaths, though they do not form any part of the crime of a country, still present a character of violence which justifies their being mentioned here. Their number is rapidly rising in France; it got up from 4781, in 1826, to 10,045, in 1857; 19 per cent. of the victims are women. Drowning is the most frequent cause of accidental deaths, two-fifths of the whole number resulting from that cause. It is worthy of notice, as a source of comfort for the timid people who are still afraid of railway travelling, that the number of people annually killed in France by ordinary carriage accidents is about eighteen times greater than of those killed on railways.

It would be excessively interesting and useful to base on the foregoing details an exact comparison between the movement of crime in France and in England, so as to fix the relative criminal tendencies of the two nations; but, though in both countries the statistics of justice are now kept with great exactness and detail, the differences of classification are so great that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at a correct result.

The number of prisoners brought before the various English courts, after increasing from 1826 to 1840, remained stationary from 1846 to 1855, and then diminished.

In 1857 the number of prisoners brought up	
for indictable offences was . . . . .	20,269
and for ordinary offences . . . . .	369,233

Total . . . . . 359,502

or 1.94 per cent. on the whole population.

In France, in the same year, the assize courts judged . . . . .	5,775	prisoners
the correctional police courts . . . . .	229,467	"
and the simple police courts . . . . .	536,134	"

Total . . . . . 771,376 "

or 2.08 per cent. on the whole population.

Now, if these figures really represented the amount of offenders in the two countries, there would be an advantage in favour of England; but the two totals are composed of elements varying so much in their composition, that the apparent result is altogether inexact.

It has already been observed that the correctional police cases include a large number of offences which imply no criminality, and that the simple police list is almost exclusively composed of infringements of detailed police regulations referring to matters of every-day life. But, in addition to this general fact, allowances must also be made for cases which exist as offences only in one of the two countries. For instance, the 229,467 persons brought before the correctional tribunals included the following number of cases which have no existence at all in England:

Breaking limits by persons to whom a fixed residence was assigned by law . . . . .	3,702
Breaches of the forest laws . . . . .	46,759
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	50,461

These 50,461 cases involved (on the general average between the number of cases and the number of prisoners implicated for them) about 62,000 individuals, and that number must first be deducted from the French total to allow of a comparison with England.

Furthermore, it may be said arbitrarily that at least one-half of the simple police cases have no analogy whatever with any English offences, so that if their total be reduced to that extent, for the purpose of comparison, there would be 268,000 to deduct from it, which, added to the 62,000 culprits already indicated as being in excess on the correctional list, gives 330,000 altogether to take off the French general total of 771,000, so reducing it to 441,000.

On the other hand, the English total of 389,000 includes 75,859 charges of drunkenness, which does not give rise to arrest in France (where, indeed, it is rare), excepting when accompanied by the commission of a legal offence, so that after deducting that number as having no equivalent in France, there remain 313,000 for comparison.

Now, on the population of France, 441,000 culprits give only a proportion of 1.23 per cent., while the 313,000 English prisoners represent 1.56 per cent. of the whole nation, the relative advantage in favour of France being about one-fifth.

But as this calculation is mainly based on an arbitrary deduction of one-half from the French simple police list, it does not really prove anything, though it is probable that, if the nature of the simple police cases could be exactly ascertained, and their number set off against the small proportion of similar charges which constitute offences in England, the deduction from the French list might be larger still, and the comparison in consequence become still more unfavourable to England. This supposition is strengthened by a comparison which it is possible to make very exactly between the numbers of certain absolute crimes committed in both countries in 1857, which were as follows:

	England.	France.
Murders of all kinds, and attempts to murder . . . . .	608	598
Bigamy . . . . .	80	2
Rape . . . . .	248	805
Forgery and coining . . . . .	956	524
Robberies of all kinds, and larcenies . . . . .	54,406	37,559
Vagabonds and beggars . . . . .	31,000	10,639

Every figure in this list, with the exception of rape, is in favour of France, especially when the large excess of population in the latter country is taken into account; and it may therefore be admitted, that if a similar comparison of every class of offences committed in the two countries were possible, an immense mass of the trifling cases tried in correctional and simple police would disappear from the French list, either on the ground that they have no existence in England, or that the English corresponding number is higher than the French, an hypothesis which may fairly be based on the fact just proved, that in many serious crimes the English show such a marked excess.

On one point, however, England attains, contrarily to the generally received opinion on the matter on the Continent, a decided superiority over France. Suicides are absolutely three times more numerous in France than in England, or, in proportion to the respective populations, twice as high. In 1857 there were only 1349 suicides in England, against 3967 in France.

It is a singular fact that arrests before trial are infinitely more numerous in England than in France, notwithstanding the greater personal liberty supposed to exist in the former country, and the system of preventive imprisonment which is applied in the latter. In 1857, 66,626 persons were arrested in France, while in London alone the arrests amounted to 79,364 in the same year.

It would not be safe to form a definite opinion of the moral state of a country from an examination of its criminal records alone; there are other features to examine also; but still the movement of crime furnishes a most important element of the question, and a provisional idea may be based on it of the moral tendencies of a people. Without, therefore, assigning an undue importance to the foregoing facts and figures, they may be admitted to indicate generally that the state of France as concerns outward morality is very decidedly superior to that of England. The comparison between the two countries for such crimes as can really be brought to scale is largely in favour of France; proportionately on the respective populations, rape and violation of children are twice as numerous in the latter country as in England; but murders, forgeries, and robberies are from two to three times as frequent in England as in France.

The greater density and misery of the English population, and its accumulation in manufacturing cities, may be supposed to partially explain these great differences, for it cannot be admitted that they are attributable to a greater degree of wilful criminality amongst the English. The cause, however, is not in question here, the result alone is before us, and it is very bad for England.

The comparatively high moral condition of the agricultural classes in France comes out strikingly, confirming what has already been said of



their relative morality in the preceding article on Population. There is a real importance in this circumstance, for the rural inhabitants constitute two-thirds of the whole nation; but it is somewhat counterbalanced by the excessive proportionate criminality found amongst the educated classes.

The constantly growing tendency to attacks against persons, the augmentation of rape, and the diminution of robberies, would almost seem to imply that violence of character is increasing, while want and dishonesty are diminishing; but this would be too general a conclusion to rest on such slight evidence. The criminality of France, while diminishing as a whole, is simultaneously changing its objects, and, as in all other matters which are in a state of transition, time and experience alone will show the effects of the movement it is making.

#### CONTINENTAL REVOLUTIONS.\*

OUR readers may possibly remember M. Garnier Pagès as member of that provisional government which fretted its brief hour in France, during the troubles of 1848, until the good sense of the nation turned him out among the rest. Since his retirement into private, M. Pagès has been "eating his leek" and swearing most horrible revenge, which he has perpetrated by the publication of a ponderous work, in which he purposes to study the causes and consequences of the tornado of 1848, from his point of view. We are, in so far, thankful to him that he has for the present abstained from offering us any "warmed-up cabbage" about the French revolution (though he threatens his much-suffering countrymen with three other volumes on that subject), and has wisely devoted the volume with which we now deal to the affairs of Italy. In the first place, it is a very taking subject of the hour; and secondly, the author is enabled to show—at any rate, by implication—that France was quite prepared to do in 1848 what she carried out in 1859. Her only mistake was, that, at the former period, she had the modesty to wait for an invitation, which, however, was not given.

We have generally been of opinion that revolution is like cholera, which breaks out suddenly under perfectly normal conditions of society, and dashes over the Continent, spreading desolation and confusion far and wide. But M. Pagès teaches us differently: it is his proud boast that France did it all in 1848. If there be anything to boast about in perpetrating bloodshed and checking the cause of progress for at least ten years, we are perfectly willing to leave France the responsibility. But we deny, absolutely and utterly, that France originated the Italian upheaval of 1848: it must have taken place even had no republic been proclaimed at Paris. For eighteen years the revolutionary volcano had

\* *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848.* Par Garnier Pagès. Tome 1<sup>er</sup>, Italie. Paris: Pagnerre.

been growling in Italy, now and then emitting sharp, short gleams, until the veering of the Pope to the liberal side gave consistency to the wants and wishes of the peoples. It was on the Tedeschi, before all, that the national hatred was concentrated. Austria had gone beyond the authority delegated to her by the Congress of Vienna, and throughout the peninsula employed her troops as *sbirri* to suppress free interchange of ideas. It was impossible for such a state of things to last longer; and though the French revolution of 1848 gave the signal for revolt, even without that event the Italians could not be held back longer from an appeal to the grim god of battles. M. Garnier Pagès, who, by the way, has been largely assisted in his task by the deceased ex-dictator of Venice, Manin, gives the following glowing account of the Milanese glorious days:

The combat has begun: in an instant, men of all ranks, of all trades, women accustomed to rude toil, ladies with delicate hands, even children, all prepared arms and means of resistance. The streets were unpaved, and barricades raised. In default of planks and beams, carriages were dragged up, and everything that presented itself was employed. Some gave their furniture, the poor their only bed, the rich their gilded chairs, while a manufacturer threw in the largest of his pianofortes. At this supreme moment everybody offered, for the common defence, his fortune and his life. Marshal Radetzky had a difficulty in escaping from the torrent that began to overflow, and flying from his palace to the castle, abandoning a portion of his clothes, and even his sword, with which he had menaced the Milanese, and which now became their trophy. . . . . On the 19th, at daybreak, the tocsin was heard, the cry "To arms!" and the sound of cannon. The battle had recommenced. Never, perhaps, had a population found itself in so terrible a situation. Enclosed within walls, flight itself in the event of defeat was no longer possible. They must not expect from foreign and savage soldiers either pity or mercy; their ferocity could only be satiated by pillage, violation, and carnage. Had not the chief himself denounced the sack of the city, if it resisted, and he was the man to keep his word. There was no hope for the city, then, if it succumbed, and the citizens could only count on their courage and their despair. In this gigantic contest, each bore in his heart the sublime resolution, Victory or death!—a supreme moment, a solemn hour for this nation struggling beneath the sword that kills. The historian, while retracing this affecting scene, feels his hand tremble. The genius of deliverance created arms. The theatres and museums were stripped of old carbines and dress-swords; the iron bars of the railways were sharpened; tools fastened to the end of sticks; knives served as daggers; the women heated oil and melted lead; furniture, tiles, bottles, paving-stones, vessels of every description were arranged as projectiles; barricades were multiplied; no arm was inactive; the chemists manufactured gunpowder, caps, and fulminating cotton; some invented destructive agents; the tradesmen supplied vitriol, which was to fall in a burning shower. . . . . The troops advanced along the widest streets, swept them with canister, and pointed their guns at the barricades. The inhabitants poured on the soldiers the piled-up materials; the young men were saving with their ammunition, and each round told, and delivered the city from an enemy.

While Radetzky fell back, like a boar at bay, beneath the walls of Verona, Charles Albert was in a most awkward position. We are glad to find that M. Pagès does not force in the cuckoo cry of treason, so often raised against that monarch: he is disposed to regard him as a weak-minded man, instigated by a strong dose of ambition. On hearing of the fall of monarchy in France, Charles Albert was stupified: on

one hand he was haunted by the demon of republicanism, on the other he did not like the opportunity for aggrandisement to slip. Worst of all, he could not remain stationary, he must move with the tide. After great hesitation, therefore, he resolved to place himself at the head of the Italian movement, and obtain that iron crown which his ancestors had worn with honour for a season.

Lamartine, feeling perfectly aware that the only thing that could support his tottering authority was a foreign war, at once offered the King of Sardinia the aid of the sword of France, but he at once declined it. The president of the provisional government then appealed to Mazzini to accept French help, but he haughtily endorsed the king's memorable reply, "L'Italia farà di se." In fact, the Italians were so astounded at having driven the Austrians out of Milan, that they thought they need only follow up their victory to render their country great, glorious, and free. In truth, circumstances seemed to justify this view: from one end of the peninsula to the other, prince was outbidding prince in his offers of assistance to the popular cause; the Neapolitan troops were hurrying up, the Roman army was on the frontier of Venetia, and that country was torn from Radetzky, with the exception of the redoubtable Quadrilateral, in which the grey-haired field-marshal was fretting his proud heart, and urging on his court the necessity of reinforcements, which it could not offer him. In the mean while, Charles Albert went on from victory to victory, till he was brought up by the frowning walls of Verona, which have since made another conqueror hesitate. During this period treachery was at work throughout the peninsula. Ferdinand of Naples regained his authority on the Continent, and Pio Nono began playing fast and loose with the national cause; but no foe was so dangerous to it as Charles Albert himself. In his jealousy of the volunteers he left them unsupported, and Radetzky was enabled to surprise their column at Curtatone, where they were cut to pieces after a magnificent defence. The perusal of their exploits reads like a page from the history of ancient Greece:

For more than three hours they resisted and performed prodigies of valour. General Laugier sustained the valour of his troops by example and words. The cries of "Viva l'Italia!" gave strength to the weakest and courage to the most timid. The sharpshooters fought in the open, saying that they wished to show their breasts to the enemy. The students' battalion, intrepid in fire, proceeded wherever the peril was the greatest; they fell without giving way, and died as heroes. The learned professor of geology, Leopold Pella, expired with the cry "that he had not yet done enough for his country." . . . . . At this supreme moment an affecting episode took place. Some forty volunteers, led by Montanelli, rushed forward over the dead bodies to a neighbouring mill, and there offered a desperate resistance to the Austrians. Bullets hailed on the sacred battalion, and decimated it. One by one they fell, and their cartridges—glorious heritage of the dying men!—were shared among the survivors. The heroic group, gradually reduced, closed up round the Italian flag. Pietro Parra, a very promising youth, was struck by the side of Montanelli, who threw himself on a man whom he regarded as a brother, felt the pulsing of his heart, and soon after only embraced a corpse. He seized his brave comrade's musket to avenge him, but immediately felt his left arm pierced by a bullet, made vain efforts to continue the combat, and lost his senses as he cried to his friends, who, not wishing to separate from him, surrendered to the Austrians, "You will bear testimony that I fell with my face to the foe."

Another glorious episode of the campaign was the defence of Vicenza by Colonels Massimo d'Azeglio and Enrico Cialdini. At daybreak, black, compact masses of the enemy were seen advancing on the devoted town from every direction. The fire began at four A.M., by an attack of tirailleurs. The column commanded by Culoz rushed impetuously towards the heights, which were defended with equal vigour. Wratisslaw threw himself on the Rotunda, but in vain; and, forced to have recourse to his artillery, directed his attack on the gate, where an obstinate fight was carried on. At this moment, D'Aspre charged in close column the barricade of the Padua gate, but was foiled by the bravery of the Italians. On all sides the contest was furious and sanguinary; the town was begirt by a belt of fire and iron. The general, the officers, the volunteers, the soldiers, the townsmen, endured, without stirring, this formidable assault, which threatened to swallow them up. They fought for six hours, and the Austrians made but insensible progress. The shock of arms was most terrible on the heights, where the Italians and Swiss had concentrated their efforts on Bericocolo. The artillery, excellently served by the Swiss, hurled death into the ranks of the assailants; on either side it was felt that this hill was the key of the position, and that if carried the contest would be virtually at an end. To effect it, the Austrians made a desperate effort, and charged it with twelve thousand fresh troops. The Italians and Swiss resisted desperately, but prodigies of valour could not keep the foe back. The termination of the contest is so brilliantly told by M. Pagès, that it must serve as an apology for an extract:

Durando gave his orders everywhere; no one needed to hear the voice of his chief to be inspired, for his presence sufficed. On learning the retreat of D'Azeglio, he rushed to the reserve, told the Swiss to fly to his help, and himself tried at the head of a column to turn the hill on the opposite side; but the Austrian ranks were so dense that the Italians were compelled to fall back on the town. The enemy, master of the heights, covered them with batteries, and soon shells, shrapnel, and balls, rained on the city. The resistance, concentrated behind gates and barricades, became through this only the greater; peril heightened audacity in their hearts and did not affect them. Night came, to add the horrors of its darkness to all the horrors of the engagement. For six-and-thirty hours the Italians had been under arms: exhausted by the hunger and thirst they had not found time to appease, by fatigue and bloodshed, they still did not feel their courage exhausted. But could such heavy sacrifices save the city? After the loss of the heights it would soon be but a pile of ruins. The Swiss artillery was partially dismounted; should Vicenza be exposed to all the disasters of a city taken by storm? The general examined sadly, but coolly, this mournful situation. He had neither promise nor hope of succour from Charles Albert; perhaps he could obtain an honourable capitulation for the inhabitants and his army. At about six P.M. he informed the committee of defence of his resolution, and gave them a quarter of an hour to reflect. The committee repulsed, in the name of the city, all capitulation. The general received this reply as the frenzy of patriotism, and took on himself to hoist the white flag. At this sinister sight a terrible crisis was produced by despair: hearts revolted, transports of anger seized on the minds; the volunteers, the inhabitants, preferred death to surrender. The flag, pierced by bullets, fell, and the firing began again on all sides furiously. But the general saw the certain danger, and the impossibility of defence: he might still save the army and city from complete destruction. He accepted the responsibility of the capitulation, hoisted the white flag again, and sent messengers to the enemy's camp.

In this way Radetzky compensated for the fall of Peschiera by gradually extending his grasp of the Venetese, and ere long reinforcements began pouring in. Charles Albert had dislocated his forces by attempting the siege of Mantua, and there was a chance of the old field-marshal being able to "blot" the king's weak point. In this actual state of affairs Lamartine once more offered the sword of France to the patriots, and with the determination to cross the Alps at the first cry for rescue, raised an army of five hundred thousand men. Looking back through the past, it is instructive to find Lamartine speaking in the following way to the National Assembly: "In no case will Italy fall again under the yoke she has so gloriously shaken off. In no case will France fail in that fraternity for twenty-six millions of human beings, which has been her law for the past, and will be her duty for the future." But the Italians, in one point, if in no other, displayed wisdom: they would not accept French aid; and all Lamartine could do was to send a French squadron into the Adriatic, and wait the course of events. In fact, at that moment an external war could alone prove the salvation of the French provisional government, and Lamartine was eventually hurled from power because he listened to the promptings of his better self and avoided it.

Still, there was sufficient in the debates of the French House to alarm Austria as to intervention, and she would have been glad to come to a satisfactory settlement with Sardinia if she could do so with honour. Radetzky had by this time an army numerically superior to that of Charles Albert, and before resuming the offensive there was no disgrace in trying to put an end to the war, especially as its continuance rendered it more than probable that France would step in and act the part of the lawyer in the fable of the oyster and the shells. Hence the court of Vienna sent M. de Hummelauer to ask the intervention of England in the quarrel, and Lord Palmerston was disposed to listen. The Austrian envoy strongly urged the advisability of a union between Austria and Piedmont, "because in that way their forces could be combined in a system of common defence against French invasion." The first proposition was to constitute the Lombardo-Venetese into an independent state, with its own army and government, but still remaining under the sovereignty of the emperor. This Lord Palmerston declined, and then M. Hummelauer presented a second memorandum, by which Lombardy would be rendered independent, while the Venetian state would remain under the sovereignty of the emperor, with a national administration. Here, again, Lord Palmerston hesitated in face of the strong Italian feeling evidenced in Venetia, and evidently did not wish to accept the responsibility. Hence the negotiations were broken off, as Austria, under present circumstances, did not feel disposed to surrender the line of the Adige, which was necessary to protect Trieste. At any rate, these negotiations deserve not to be forgotten, as they formed the basis of the treaty of Villafranca, and show that by the exercise of a judicious pressure the British government could have obtained in 1848 all that the Emperor of the French was enabled to secure after a campaign of more than usual severity. We cannot help thinking, then, that Lord Palmerston, on this occasion, did not display that acumen which people are generally agreed to credit him with in matters relating to foreign policy. Still, the Venetese court was not beaten yet, but made the provisional

junta at Milan the same proposition—namely, the liberation of Lombardy—if she would throw Venetia over. To their honour, this was at once refused, and henceforth arms could alone decide.

The chances were greatly favourable to Radetzky: Charles Albert had extended his front from Peschiera to Mantua, while the Austrian field-marshal held his thoroughly in hand. At the end of May and the beginning of June, Charles Albert honestly wished to save Venetia, and only treat with Austria on the condition of Italy being entirely emancipated from the foreign yoke. Doubtless politicians had already begun to whisper to him the immediate and brilliant advantages which a new treaty of Campo-Formio would offer him; doubtless prudent councillors were already whispering in his ear ideas of abandonment and treason to Venetia; but for all that, at this moment he was as resolute as an undecided character can be to yield no inch of his Italian country. But by the beginning of July a change began to come over the king: he had but sixty thousand men, while the Austrian army, after the junction of Nugent and Welden's corps, amounted to eighty-five thousand.

Charles Albert, in presence of these forces, supported by the fortresses and the Adige, in a formidable position, felt his impotence, and could not make up his mind whether to advance or retire. Daily different places were suggested to him: he studied them carefully, but could not fix on any one. He heard the cries of all Italy, which excited and urged him forward, and he heard, too, the voice of prudence, which pointed out the danger and held him back. Fearless for himself, he trembled for his sons' property. A battle risked, a battle lost, was a crown that disappeared before it had been seized! It was his own throne menaced. Italy disarmed, the French Republic in Italy! At this moment, clever people brought before his undecided mind the advantages proposed by Austria and repelled by him. But he had pledged himself too deeply. No! he would never sign a treaty of Campo-Formio: a hundred times better fall on the battle-field arms in hand.

At last, however, the king gave way to his advisers, and on July 7 he wrote to Radetzky offering to accept the Adige as the eastern frontier of the state; but it was too late. The terms were not equal: Radetzky by this time held the whole of the Venetese but the capital, and Austria was in honour bound not to listen to any negotiations until she had gained some signal successes over the foe. That signal success was the battle of Custosa, where Radetzky completely outmanœuvred the Piedmontese, and took them between two fires. The king was only able to bring twenty-two thousand men into action; and though they fought with great bravery, they were eventually compelled to retreat. This fight became more fatal to the Italian cause through its consequences than through its result. The Piedmontese, hitherto superior in every action, lost their self-confidence.

The combat had been glorious, but the defeat was overwhelming. Demoralisation seized on the bravest and fear on the cowardly; there were pitiable terrors and criminal desertions; the commissariat, badly organised, left the army without provisions; the exhausted soldiers could not repair their strength; disorder reigned everywhere. To their terrified minds Radetzky constantly appeared, menacing with his victorious army. What complaints, what groans! It was a frightful spectacle of human misery! Faces were gloomy, hearts in despair. The very prisoners, the result of their successes, became an embarrassment, and seemed a mockery of destiny. The generals knew not how to justify their

reverses : they cursed the commissariat, accused each other of faults of commission and omission, and underwent the effects of the general despondency.

Still the king stood at the head of forty-five thousand men, and his field artillery was intact. He was advised to ask for an armistice, but the insulting terms Radetzky proposed aroused his pride, and he fell back on Milan, under whose walls he arrived on August 3, with only twenty-five thousand men left. It was at this time that the most inexplicable thing of all his career occurred, and which will ever cast a deep shadow over the king's memory. All the time he had been fighting, the Sardinian government had not taken possession of the authority at Milan and Venice ; but on August 2, Lieutenant-General Olivieri arrived in the former city to depose the provisional government, and take possession in the king's name. On the 4th the last decisive action took place under the walls of Milan, and on the same night the king capitulated. Can we blame the republicans that they alleged he had only seized the authority at Milan in order to ransom his own kingdom by surrendering it to the Austrians, and that he preferred seeing Radetzky hold Lombardy than a French army come to the assistance of the junta ?

There was a scene of frightful confusion in Milan when the news of the capitulation spread on the morning of August 5. Charles Albert explained his motives, his wish to spare the blood of the people ; but his explanation was received with murmurs, which struck Charles Albert to the heart. " Well," he exclaimed, " if the conditions do not suit you, try to obtain others that are better ; and if you will not surrender at any price, I will remain with you, and be buried beneath the walls of your city." But discouragement and anarchy had seized on the army ; the soldiers, probably obeying previous orders, began leaving the city. The archbishop, the podestat, and two other citizens, considering defence impossible, went to Radetzky's camp and signed a new agreement, which was ratified by the chief of the staff, in the name of the king. When this became known the saddest scene of the whole sad history occurred :

Suddenly, as if seized with madness, the mob returned to the palace, and raised barricades around it. The night, slow in coming, covered with its darkness a fearful scene : cries of death against Charles Albert were heard ; shots were fired at the windows, provoked by the shots of the servants, who wished to clear the palace ; the mob attempted to enter the apartments, and were repulsed ; it was proposed to fire the palace and the city, and thus leave Radetzky nought but ashes. If darkness permits every crime, it facilitates flight. The troops were far away ; A de la Marmora got down from a window and returned at the head of a detachment of carabinieri and bersaglieri, who effected the king's liberation. Charles Albert, crushed and tortured, went off through the Vercellina gate, with his two sons and the staff, hearing behind him the sound of fire-arms, the knell of the tocsin, and cries of fury and malediction. Charles Albert, four months previously, only dreamed of entering Milan to receive the honours of a triumph and the testimony of public gratitude. Instead of this, he arrived to endure an atrocious moral punishment, and offer to the world a fresh example of the versatility of peoples who adulate and crown success, and do not pardon misfortune.

On August 7, the Sardinian commissioners, by a strange mockery, took possession of Venice in the king's name, but the news of the capitulation of Milan put an end to their authority, and the republican flag again floated from the walls of the devoted city. At this moment the oppressed

nationalities turned their eyes to that generous nation which had offered its sword before : after all, the French were not more foreigners than were the Austrians. But it was too late : the sword of France had slipped from the nerveless grasp of the provisional government, and for want of a foreign war the nation had devoured its own children. When republican troops eventually marched into Italy, it was for a very different purpose than Lamartine had ever thought of. The troops of one republic went to suppress another republic, and produce that anomalous state of things from which Italy still suffers.

The events of these troublous times are, we allow, fully and fairly discussed by M. Garnier Pagès, and we are willing to consider with him that the provisional government meant fairly by Italy. At the same time, however, we cannot refrain, if we may judge from recent lessons in history, from thinking that Charles Albert acted wisely in declining French assistance. His son, who accepted it, has not much to boast about, after all ; his troubles have yet to come, if, indeed, they have not already commenced. For a season the Italians will remain quiet, but already even Naples is growing a thorn in the side of the new King of Italy. When the taxation comes into operation we shall see whether Victor Emmanuel is equal to his post. At the same time, however, we cannot help repeating that Lord Palmerston incurred a deep responsibility when he declined accepting the mediation between Austria and Italy, for, humanly speaking, he might have in that way prevented the campaign of 1859, and the complications which may yet result from it. The best reparation he can offer is his hearty co-operation in the settlement of the Roman question, which is earnestly calling for a settlement, without which it is impossible for Italy to be pacified.

We offer our readers no apology for making M. Garnier Pagès's volume occasion for what may seem a twice-told tale. Not only have we been enabled to lay before them some new passages in that episode of Italian history, but we think it wise now and then to institute comparisons between past and present, as offering a tolerably trustworthy gauge of the future. In conclusion, it would be unjust did we not mention that this volume offers invaluable materials for the student, for it gives the story of all the insurrectionary Italian movements of 1848, fully and without prejudice. In his next volume, M. Pagès proposes to investigate other phases of that wonderful year, and we hope ere long to be enabled to lay the result of his researches before our readers.

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

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

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## § 3.

WILLIAM HABINGTON, whose life comprised just about the first half of the seventeenth century, and whose poetry has been said to have all the vices of the "metaphysical school," excepting its occasional and sometimes studied licentiousness—balances with discretion and impartiality the comparative merits and drawbacks of Town and Country. His Epistle to a Friend, "his noblest friend, J. C., Esq.," contains lines of sense and strength hardly to be looked for in one who elsewhere talks, as Jeames of Berkeley-square might, of meadows wearing a "green plush," of the fire of love being available to cleanse the air of a plague-stricken city, and of a luxurious banquet being so rich that heaven must have opened its flood-gates and rained down showers of sweetmeats, as if

Heaven were  
 Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner.

Not Mr. Alexander Smith, nor Mr. Stanyan Bigg, nor any other modern proficient in star imagery, can quite match *that*.—Surfeited by bonbon diet of this sort, the reader of Habington's poems the more gladly welcomes a plain statement like the following:

I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet  
 I love the silence; I embrace the wit  
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,  
 But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.  
 No place each way is happy.\*

This is terse and well-balanced. The poet could discriminate justly, and so shape his verses as to make *pros* and *cons* rhyme together, without offence to reason, or prejudice to themselves.

The poets generally (Herrick being a notable exception) are all one way, in this question. They feel bound over, *ex officio*, to write up the country, with all its imperfections on its head. And people who don't write poetry, but who wish to be, at any rate to be thought, poetically disposed—susceptible to the skyey influences, tasteful in the beauties of Nature, and unsophisticated if not altogether unspotted by the world—are apt to affect an unconditional enthusiasm for whatever is rustically out of town. Very few people, in fact, have the courage to acknowledge the indifference so many of them really feel, to hedgerow elms and hillocks green, and the whole cycle of country life. How comes it, asks Mr. Plumer Ward's "man of refinement," that all, even of the most illustrious rank, all that are eminent for powers and talents, as well as

\* Habington's "The Mistress and other Poems" (1634): Epistle to a Friend.

the most beautiful poets and the soundest philosophers, have alike concurred in the praises of retirement? The question is meant as a poser for Dr. Evelyn—who answers, however, “Praises, if you will; but who really practised what he recommended? Horace, with all his charming rhapsodies about Lucretilis and the Sabine farm, and his

*O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?*

was always sneaking to town, and then wrote to his steward that he was a very absurd fellow for not liking to stay in the country.”\*

Volney had from the Baron d’Holbach an anecdote which portrays two very different personages, Diderot and Delille, as regards their rural aspirations and sincerity of spirit. Some one had been praising up the happiness of country life, in Diderot’s presence. Denis was caught by the picture thus painted. His enthusiasm was excited. He was all for groves and glens: he would go at once and spend a good while in the country: the only question was, where should he go? About this time, the Governor of the Château de Meudon arrived on a visit; he was acquainted with Diderot, and learnt this new desire of his: so the Governor courteously assigned him a room in the Château. Diderot hurries away to see the room and the neighbourhood: he is enchanted; he can never be happy anywhere else. He comes back to town, however, and somehow the summer slips away without his returning to Meudon. There is the one only spot on the face of the earth upon which, *ipse dixit*, Denis Diderot can live; and yet the summer is past, the autumn is ended, and he is not there. Another summer comes—and goes—but Denis Diderot revisits not the Château de Meudon. In September he happens to meet the poet Delille, who makes up to him, with earnest looks and careworn expression, and says: “I was looking for you, mon ami; I am quite taken up with my poem, and do so want to get a little solitude, that I may work at it as I would. Madame d’Houdetôt tells me you have a nice little room at Meudon which you never go there to make use of.” “My dear Abbé,” exclaims Diderot, “listen to me: we all of us have some chimera that we place at a distance from us; if we lay our hand upon it, it makes off altogether, for other quarters. I do not go to Meudon, but I am every day saying to myself, To-morrow I’ll go. If I no longer had it to go to, I should be unhappy.”† M. Sainte-Beuve shrewdly suspects that Delille would have been a little embarrassed, had Diderot taken him at his word, and that he would soon have found *cette chambre solitaire* a terrific bore. The country was “always, if one may say it, the *dada* of the Abbé Delille, who talked about it, even when blind, as of a charm actually present.”‡ Berdardin de Saint-Pierre, in a letter to his wife, relates how Delille came and sat beside him at the Institut, and says: “I found him so amiable and so in love with the country, and he paid me compliments so extremely gratifying, that I made him an offer to come to Eragny.” Delille would have rivalled Diderot, it is likely, in procrastination and excuses, had the offer been pressed. Even Voltaire, hardly come of age, and just arrived in

\* Tremaine, ch. xxvii.

† Lettres inédites de Volney, dans Bodin, *Recherches sur l’Anjou*.

‡ Sainte-Beuve, *Portraits Littéraires*, t. ii.: “Delille.”

Paris, pines for retirement, and swears he was born to be *faune ou sylvain*! He don't add, though we do, *ou satyre*.

One of Sydney Smith's letters, from Combe Florey, says: "I do all I can to love the country, and endeavour to believe those poetical lies which I read in Rogers and others, on the subject; which sad deviations from truth were, by Rogers, all written in St. James's-place."\* The London canon's favourite poet must have been that renowned table-talker, the crumbs and droppings of whose table-talk were dearer to Sydney than any pretty warbling choir of bird-voices, Henry Luttrell. Sweet to those canonical ears must have been this urbane minstrel's urban apostrophe—

O London, comprehensive word!  
Whose sound, though scarce in whisper heard,  
Breathes independence!—if I share  
That first of blessings, I can bear  
Ev'n with thy fogs and smoky air.  
Of leisure fond, of freedom fonder,  
O grant me in thy streets to wander;  
Grant me thy cheerful morning-walk,  
Thy dinner and thy evening-talk.  
What though I'm forced my doors to make fast?  
What though no cream be mine for breakfast?  
Though knaves around me cheat and plunder,  
And fires can scarcely be kept under,  
Though guilt in triumph stalks abroad,  
By Bow and Marlborough-street unawed, . . .  
What signify such paltry blots?  
The glorious sun himself has spots.†

"When I go to Margate," says the stockbroker in one of Reynolds's effete comedies, "it's for the sake of the raffling, the dancing, and the card-playing; and what with being in the rooms all the morning and in the libraries all the evening, hang me if I think I ever saw the sea."‡ *Bonus* is so far honest, that he at least says what he goes into the "country" for and what he enjoys when he gets there. A passage in Professor Masson's Chatterton monograph, which he calls *A Story of the Year 1770*, shows us the Margate hoys of that year in full activity, conveying their annual freight of sea-sick London tradesmen, and their wives and children, and packets of superfluous sandwiches, to "that greedy coast-town of Kent," where the bathing-machines were out on the beach, and the shop-windows were resplendent with plates of prawns, and the dancing-saloons were in full play. "Even men who were never happy out of London streets, yielded to custom and forsook them now. . . . The clubs were all broken up, and their scattered atoms were wandering melancholy among green fields, smelling the fresh hay, amusing the farmers by their ignorance of crops, and saying it was so pleasant to get away from town, but really longing for the time when they should again come together in their familiar rooms in the courts round about Temple Bar, and sit down, reconstituted for another year,

\* Sydney Smith to Lady Holland, Jan. 3, 1841.

† Letters to Julia, III.

‡ Laugh When You Can, Act III. Sc. 2.

to their punch, their gossip, and their oysters."\* We must draw again on Mr. Luttrell as a ready draughtsman of this state of mind:

The spark whom Norfolk squires are courting  
Has, ten to one, no turn for sporting.  
Detests a gun, likes London better  
Than woods or stubbles, bird or setter,  
And would not, if he dared, be seen,  
Beyond Kew-bridge or Turnham-green.†

One of Sir Bulwer Lytton's early heroes owns his little faith in the permanence of any attachment professed for the country by the inhabitants of cities. If we can occupy our minds solely with the objects around us,—if the brook, he says, and the old tree, and the golden sunset, and the summer night, and the animal and homely life that we survey,—if these can fill our contemplation, and take from us the feverish schemes of the future,—then, indeed, he can fully understand the reality of that tranquil and happy state "which our elder poets have described as incident to a country life. But if we carry with us to the shade all the restless and perturbed desires of the city: if we only employ present leisure in schemes for an agitated future—then it is in vain that we affect the hermit, and fly to the retreat. The moment the novelty of green fields is over, and our projects are formed, we wish to hurry to the city to execute them."‡

Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,

says Cowper, in his *exposé* of sham sentiment and pseudo-pastoralism,

Be quelled in all our summer months' retreats,  
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,  
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,  
Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,  
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!§

Cowper's ruling is, that They love the country, and none else, who seek  
For their own sake its silence and its shade.

A nymph and swain—the former, however, rather deluding than self-deluded—of this town-bred sort, Mr. Thackeray exhibits to us, shut up together in a country house, where their chief occupation is love-making and philandering, the live-long summer's day. Pendennis comes across Blanche Amory seated in the village school, instructing the children, and fancies to himself how patient she must be, how good natured, how ingenuous, how really simple in her tastes, and unspoiled by the world. "And do you really like the country?" Pen asks her, as they walk together. "I should like never to see that odious city again," she protests. "O Arthur—that is, Mr.—well, Arthur, then—one's good thoughts grow up in these sweet woods and calm solitudes, like those flowers which won't bloom in London, you know. The gardener comes and changes our balconies once a week. I don't think I shall bear to look London in the face again—its odious, smoky, brazen face. Heigho!" Of course Pen asks for a translation of that sigh. Anon *Mes Soupires* are laid

\* Masson's Essays, Biographical and Critical.

† Letters to Julia.

‡ Godolphin, ch. xiv.

§ The Task, book iii. : "The Garden."

aside, and *Mes Larmes* begin. And then, "Ah! what answer is given to those in the eyes of a young woman? What is the method employed for drying them? O ringdoves and roses, O dews and wild flowers, O waving greenwoods and balmy airs of summer! Here were two battered London rakes, taking themselves in for a moment, and fancying that they were in love with each other, like Phillis and Corydon."\* In fine, when Mr. Thackeray thinks of country houses and country walks, his only wonder is that any man is left unmarried.

We must give another picture, to the life, from Cowper, of ill-at-ease rustication, trying to tutor itself into patience with its doom :

Anticipated rents and bills unpaid  
 Force many a shining youth into the shade,  
 Not to redeem his time, but his estate,  
 And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.  
 There, hid in loathed obscurity, removed  
 From pleasures left, but never more beloved,  
 He just endures, and with a sickly spleen  
 Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming scene.  
 Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme :  
 Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime ;  
 The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,  
 Are musical enough in Thomson's song ;  
 And Cobham's groves and Windsor's green retreats,  
 When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets ;  
 He likes the country, but in truth must own,  
 Most likes it when he studies it in town.†

When Lucy Daylmer, to check Ellesmere's mocks and flouts at rural felicity, wishes, in her gentle way, that he would come and live for a little time in the country, "and then you might learn to understand us a little better," that sarcastic gentleman replies: "You had better at once wish all you can against me, Miss Daylmer; and say, as the witty Duke of Buckingham did to the dog that bit him, 'I wish you were married, and went to live in the country.' Is not that a good story, Milverton? One feels how Charles the Second must have liked the Duke's society."‡

Saint-Preux *a raison* when he assures Milord Edouard that "les gens de ville ne savent point aimer la campagne; ils ne savent point même y être: à peine quand ils y sont savent-ils ce qu'on y fait. Ils en dédaignent les travaux, les plaisirs; ils les ignorent: ils sont chez eux comme en pays étranger; je ne m'étonne pas qu'ils s'y déplaisent."§ You should turn villager, he argues, when you are in a village, or not go there at all. The inhabitants of Paris, who suppose themselves to be gone into the country, are never really there, on Rousseau's showing; they take Paris along with them: singers, wits, authors, parasites are the cortège by which they are accompanied. Gaming, music, private theatricals, are their only occupation there. They keep the same table as in Paris, and take their meals at the same hours, and do the same things as in town: why not remain in Paris, then, which they must needs lose something by leaving, while they have gained nothing in return?

There are, indeed, those, says Theodore Hook, who affect to despise

\* Pendennis, ch. lxiii.

† Cowper's Retirement.

‡ Friends in Council, book ii. ch. iv.

§ La Nouvelle Héloïse, partie v. lettre vii.

everything like nature, and who pass their days in the country precisely as they pass their time in London; and who, like Lady Townly in the play, laugh at rurality, and shudder at the notion of an old tree. "But this is affectation—they know better, and their feelings and tastes are better; but, living in awe of ridicule, this scorn of everything divested of art is only a practical illustration of the whole scheme of artificiality."\* That it is not always affectation, a standing proof occurs, however, in the very work whence this remark is taken—in the shamelessly candid Mr. Godfrey Moss, who, when a good-natured lady politely invites him to come some day and see her at Dulham, straightforwardly answers, "Whenever I have committed any crime which the law creturs shall think fit to punish very severely, ma'am, I will. No, no, none of your country houses for me." "I thought, Moss," interposes Maxwell, "you were a great admirer of the social parties at Lord Belford's, and the Christmas festivities at——" "Pshaw, Mack!" the old fellow breaks in, "so I am. I like a handful of London put down in a house full of luxury and comfort, with just as much rurality as you please, and no more; and that in a space sufficient to let every man do as he likes; or give me a tree on a grass-plot with a table under it, where one may smoke a cigar, and drink the ginnums and water, without offending any of your fine folks; either one thing or the other, but not such a place as that old body's."† There is no affectation in this ginnums-and-water old gentleman (drawn from life, by-the-by), at any rate. Nor would Theodore have found it—whatever he may predicate of Lady Townly in the play—in such spirits as the bride in Shenstone's ballad, who, when

From Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,  
To bring down a wife whom the swains might admire,

refused point-blank to resign herself to vegetation on Lincolnshire plains—  
—for,

In spite of whatever the mortal could say,  
The goddess objected the length of the way.  
To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,  
For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall;  
To have neither China nor India to see,  
Nor a laccman to plague in a morning—not she!  
To forsake the dear playhouse, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,  
Who by dint of merc humour had kept her alive;  
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,  
O Heavens! she should faint, she should die on the road!‡

Among the motley guests whom Matthew Bramble and his nephew dine with, at Smollett's table—for Smollett is, no doubt, the S—— of the novel, who "lives in the skirts of the town," and opens his house every Sunday to "all unfortunate brothers of the quill," whom he then and there regales on beef, pudding, potatoes, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer—among these unfortunates, in their Sunday best, is one literary gentleman who "had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden, and, when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table,

\* Maxwell, vol. iii. ch. iv.

† Ibid., vol. i. ch. xi.

‡ Shenstone's Songs and Ballads.

he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting, yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, and had many years run wild among asses on a common." Here is affectation, if you will, and rather broadly caricatured, too. But it is not often that people affect a dislike so common—a false delight in country scenes is affected often enough. All the better is it to meet with a frank avowal, such as the Charles Lambs and Sydney Smiths were ever prompt to make, of anti-rural propensities. They no more mince the matter for themselves than the poet does for his golden-legged heroine, when he tells us that, although she loved Eastern Tales about inexhaustible purses, yet all

Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,  
For Nature with her had lost its hold,  
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold  
Would ever have caught her foot in it.\*

Of this same auriferous demoiselle, when she becomes a bride, and has to spend the honeymoon in the country, the poet her biographer has the same story to tell:

And what were joys of the pastoral kind  
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind  
With simplicity ever at battle?  
A bride of an ostentatious race,  
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,  
Would have trimmed her shepherds with golden lace,  
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,  
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb  
For which she had been such a martyr;  
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,  
And the cows unheeded let it pass;  
And the ass on the common was such an ass  
That he wouldn't have swapp'd  
The thistle he cropp'd  
For her Leg, including the Garter!

She hated lanes, and she hated fields—  
She hated all that the country yields—  
And barely knew turnips from clover;  
She hated walking in any shape,  
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,  
Without the bribe of a mob to gape  
At the Leg in clambering over!

And then the rascally adventurer, her husband—not Peter Bell cared less for primroses, and all that sort of thing, than Monsieur the Count did.

To tell, indeed, the true extent  
Of his rural bias, so far it went  
As to covet estates in ring fences—  
And for rural lore he had learnt in town  
That the country was green, turn'd up with brown,  
And garnished with trees which a man might cut down  
Instead of his own expenses.

\* Hood, Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg.

## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SIR WILLIAM.

WHEN Mrs. Drakeford—or, as her admirer the Doctor, in his most admiring mood, poetically called her, “The Juno of Clerkenwell”—went forth on her secret expeditions, the attractions of her toilette, which she never neglected, were, if possible, more than usually heightened. There are many uses to which a devoted friend may be turned, and amongst others to which the Doctor was made subservient was the monopoly of the brougham, which, in the flush of successful practice, he had recently set up. In fact, the carriage was more at the service of Mrs. Drakeford than of its owner, and every morning at the same hour, the Doctor’s page—a youth in buttons who circulated a vast quantity of the elixir—came for Juno’s orders. Sometimes Esther was her companion, though generally she went out alone, but where she went to on these last occasions was even more than the coachman could altogether pretend to say; for though Smudge, in a laudable spirit of inquiry, made the most of her opportunity in pumping that functionary, throwing questions at him while the brougham stood at the door, she never got more out of him than the fact that “he druv her Missis down to the West-end, where she got out in a pre-miskerous way, and he waited about till she come back again.”

“But Lord!” says Smudge, in an under tone from the door-step, as if she was talking to herself, but still contriving to make the coachman hear, “you *must* see which way she goes.”

“I’m not a bad hand at turning a corner,” replies Jehu; “it’s my profession so to do; but of all the turners of corners as ever I come across, the quickest is your Missis. That there ’andle is turned afore the broom’s well up to the kerb, and tho’ she’s not a light-weight, she’s on the pavement in a second. ‘John,’ says she, ‘there’s a trifle for somethin’ to drink, be here in an hour—or two, as the case may be—and while I puts the money in my pocket blest if she ain’t round the corner.”

The only comment Smudge can make on this intelligence—and she always makes it—is, “Well! She’s no good!” Whereupon Jehu raises his whip elbow, depresses the opposite corner of his mouth, and winks with his off-eye, as much as to say, “You’re not far out there, young ’un;” and having telegraphed this opinion in a dumb-show which Smudge rightly interprets, the countenance of Jehu resumes its customary expression of stolid gravity.

But that which the Doctor’s coachman, with all his knowledge of the ins and outs of London, failed to discover, it shall be our purpose partially to disclose.



It might be that Mrs. Drakeford drew up at some convenient shop where there was a thoroughfare through the premises into a different street—it might be at an Arcade or Bazaar that answered the same purpose—but wherever it was, a quick walk, shorter or longer, as it happened, always took her to her final destination.

Do not suppose that Mrs. Drakeford was a wandering Aspasia, meriting in an Aspasian sense the full application of Smudge's disparaging remark.

No! The past, whatever that might have been, was, with Mrs. Drakeford, the past. Prudence had superseded the condition which formerly, perhaps, was not under the control of propriety, and it was more on her talents than on her personal charms that she now relied for the accomplishment of her objects. If, possibly, still an *intrigante*, it was for the purpose of turning her cleverness to account—no more.

But an abstract statement will scarcely serve to explain Mrs. Drakeford's movements. They must be more distinctly specified; and one particular occasion—the day, for instance, on which the Count made Lorn take the chesnuts out of the fire for him—may be more instructive than a host of generalities.

A confident double-knock at one of the best houses in a street of the uniform, respectable, but dull and dreary architecture of fifty or sixty years ago, the door of which is opened by a servant out of livery, admits Mrs. Drakeford in reply to her question if "Sir William" is at home; and a confident step conducts her straight to a magnificent suite of rooms on the first floor, in the remotest of which she finds the "Sir William" of her search.

He is a tall, elderly man, but his height must be guessed at, for he is a victim to the gout, and sits somewhat doubled up with his swollen foot on a leg-rest; for his countenance—the features are still good—better than their expression, but they also exhibit that tendency towards good living, the consequences of which the swollen foot explicitly declares. A careless observer, noting only the full rosy cheek, sound teeth, and sparkling eyes, would call Sir William a well-preserved man of seven or eight-and-forty—well preserved in spite of gout; but people who look a little nearer, and mark the scantiness of the eyebrows at their outer extremities—a sure sign of the progress of age—would give him five years more at least. The hand, too, is white and soft, and well shaped, but in a certain position it shows innumerable thin lines which cross it in every direction, leaving the surface like a placid stream over which a light breeze has gently swept,—another mark of stealing time.

Sir William cannot rise on the entrance of his visitor, but the soft, white hand is warmly stretched towards her, and is as warmly taken. The spoken greeting is as friendly as the action that accompanies it, and is responded to with equal effusion. No naming takes place on his side, but on hers he is always "Sir William," which shows that though he may be familiar, she preserves respect. An animated conversation then begins.

"I confess," says Sir William, "I am becoming very anxious to see her. You have told me so, many times, but I like to have the assurance repeated. She is beautiful?"

"In all your experience, Sir William," replies the lady, "you never saw a girl more so."

"And her voice is perfect?"

"Perfect! Well, Sir William, it is as near perfection as a voice can be."

"And her inclination for the stage is as strong as ever?"

"Quite. At least it was yesterday."

"What! She has caprices?"

"All girls at her age have, you know, Sir William."

"All women have, at all ages. They begin with them—young, and leave them off—never!"

"Oh, that is too severe, Sir William. I am sure every woman is not capricious."

"I have yet to meet with her, then. If caprice were not the main-spring of a woman's actions, I should be puzzled to account for all the things they do. There are instances enough of caprice in my own family. My sister, to begin with, offers an example of it that I am not likely to forget. Perhaps you would like to hear an outline of her history!"

Mrs. Drakeford said nothing gave her greater pleasure than listening to Sir William, and he went on:

"Agnes was twelve years younger than myself, and at nineteen was certainly the loveliest girl I ever saw—as beautiful, perhaps, as the wonder you were speaking of just now. When at home from the university—while she was still a child—Agnes was my plaything and almost constant companion: spoilt, as a matter of course, by me—by my father, and by our aunt, who supplied my mother's place, her death having occurred when Agnes was only three years old. It was no fault of hers, I dare say, that Agnes was a wayward creature: the inherent objection to control had never been combated, and the habit of doing as she pleased became at last an unquestioned right:—so, at least, she seemed to consider it. I should have proved, very likely, the worst person in the world to form my sister's character, but I had not the opportunity. When I came of age I inherited a fortune of my own, independent of my father—and the enjoyment of it led to the usual consequences; one amongst them being, if not estrangement from my father's house, much less frequency of intercourse. Still, at intervals, I saw my sister, growing into womanhood, increasing in beauty, and not less wilful than when a child. But her wilfulness became her, as much almost as her beauty, and which enslaved the men most it is hard to say. That is another of the problems of life so difficult of solution. Why are men so easily, so unexpectedly made slaves? If beauty, or grace, or wit, or mere softness, had always some share in the transaction, there would be nothing to surprise one; but, in nine cases out of ten, men yield themselves up to the very reverse of all these qualities. Perhaps they think they discover attractions in what the rest of the world call by different names! God knows! Why should I speculate on the matter? You will say—and be quite right in saying it—because I have been as great a fool as the rest! However, it is not of myself that I wish to speak just now. Let me return to my sister. When she was about twenty—how many hearts she had broken before then is more than I can tell you—my father, whose health was feeble, took her abroad, heart whole I am bound to suppose, from what happened afterwards. They did the usual thing: passed a winter in Paris, a summer in

Switzerland, and then a whole year in Italy; in which last delicious country, with its '*dolce far niente*,' which is not quite so innocent a thing as people imagine, the whole affair took place. You guess, of course, what I mean by that? Yes! Agnes fell in love. Quite *selon les règles*, you know, to fall in love at last—provided it happens to be with the right sort of person. But—you will scarcely believe it—Agnes—my sister—my father's daughter—nurtured in the best society, sought in marriage by more than one young man of rank and fortune—she who might have chosen wherever she pleased—literally threw herself away upon a fellow without a *sou*, and with no earthly thing to recommend him; a spendthrift, though he had no inheritance—a gambler, though without the means of staking a crown honestly—a man without religion, though he professed the faith of his country—in one word, a French adventurer, who, I dare say, had no more right to the name he assumed than I have to the crown of England!"

For a man of the world, who piqued himself, as Sir William did, on his philosophy, the temper he displayed in speaking of his sister's husband at an interval of twenty years, a good deal surprised Mrs. Drakeford, who was more accustomed to listen to banter from his lips than words expressive of the slightest serious feeling. It was also something new to her to hear him revile another for gaming and irreligion, when her own experience satisfied her that he was no stranger to those vices. But Mrs. Drakeford also knew the world, and had no difficulty in seeing that something very different from moral antipathy was at the bottom of Sir William's loudly-declared dislike of his foreign brother-in-law. Nor had she to wait long for the key-note to this aversion, for her friend was in a singularly communicative mood, and continued as follows:

"My father naturally opposed the marriage, but, being as weak in mind as in body, and having never before attempted to thwart my sister, his opposition went for nothing. She became the *soi-disant* Comtesse de ————no matter for the name—and the *vaurien*, her husband, knew for the first time in his life what it was to have a shilling of his own, for the ten thousand pounds that my father gave Agnes went into his pocket. At first they all lived together at a villa, which they hired, on the Lake of Como, but after a time, under some pretext or other, the fellow took his wife to France—to his *château*, as he said, but of course he wanted to get back to his old haunts in Paris—and the establishment being broken up, my father prepared to return to England. Unluckily, before he could accomplish his purpose, he died: a sudden attack carried him off in four-and-twenty hours. Then it was that the row began between me and my precious brother-in-law. He was the first to hear of my father's death, and, leaving his wife very near her confinement, hurried to the spot and got possession of Sir John's papers. He pretended that there was a will, executed by my father only two months before, by which Agnes was left twenty thousand pounds. Now, I didn't mean to be swindled in this way—for, with a scoundrelly foreigner to deal with, I felt sure it *was* a swindle—and as I couldn't afford to lose twenty thousand pounds—a man living as I did always has uses for his money; besides, my father had no right to burden the estate with such a payment after Agnes had had her fortune—I opposed the will. There was a good deal of bother—there always is in these matters—but thanks to

my lawyers and the justice of my cause, I gained the day. The will was pronounced against, I got my rights, and my rascally brother-in-law, I am happy to say, went to the devil—the natural end of a man who played in the way as, I am told, he did.”

“And your sister?” suggested Mrs. Drakeford.

“Oh—my sister,” stammered Sir William, somewhat disconcerted by this simple question—“she—she——” He was on the point of adding, in similar phrase, that she accompanied her husband, but he checked himself, and said: “Of course, after a girl had behaved in the way she did, backing her husband up in his iniquitous demands, to say nothing of having, in the first instance, married the scamp, I resolved to have nothing more to do with her, and I kept my word. She wrote to me; but as her letters were refused at the door, there the matter ended.”

“Did you never hear anything more of her, Sir William?”

“Having washed my hands of her entirely, how should I?”

In a general way this question might have been answered by an acquiescent word or look, but Mrs. Drakeford had a notion that, however carefully Sir William might have washed those delicate hands of the sister he said he was once so fond of, something yet remained to be explained about her. The heat which Sir William occasionally betrayed in the course of this revelation led her to conclude—as she had done before—that, ignorant of his sister's fate as he professed to be, he knew more than he chose to say. Mrs. Drakeford, therefore, would not let the subject drop, but observed, in an innocent, sympathising sort of way:

“Poor thing! She died then, I suppose, as well as her husband!”

“Died!” exclaimed Sir William, with an energy that made him quite forget the philosophic caution which was habitual to him—“died! I never said that either of them were dead. They both live to plague me!”

Mrs. Drakeford looked her astonishment, but was too discreet to ask a direct question.

“As I have told you so much,” continued Sir William, “you may as well know the rest—though this is quite foreign to the business we had to talk about: there is another matter sprung up between us. How they have lived all these years, I neither know nor care—that is to say, as far as he is concerned, for you know we can't altogether extinguish the natural affections, and Agnes is still my sister—but so it is: they are alive, and to some purpose. He pretends now to have an estate of his own—though these things are not often picked up at *roulette*—and Agnes has cut me out of a property I expected, which, as the head of the family, ought to have been mine. I mentioned our aunt. She had the proper spirit of a woman in her once, and very properly resented my sister's marriage at the time it occurred; she took my part, too, in that affair of the will, and, to the best of my belief, would have nothing to do with Agnes or her husband afterwards. But there it is! The very thing that led me to speak of all this comes into play again. Caprice—for it can be nothing but caprice and dotage—made her leave all she had to Agnes, when she died the other day at eighty-four. Talk to me about feminine caprice after that!”

From a state of extreme placidity, Sir William, in recalling his wrongs, had worked himself into a very opposite state of mind, and it required all

the skill of which Mrs. Drakeford was mistress to soothe him down to the condition in which she found him. She, however, managed to do so by flattering concessions to his judgment, and then she turned the subject to one which more immediately interested herself. It was that with which the conversation originally began.

To make no mystery of the person spoken of, it was Esther; and though it would seem that Sir William only knew her from the description given by Mrs. Drakeford, he was as earnest in discussing her appearance and accomplishments as if she were the object of his hourly contemplations. The wish which he expressed in his opening remark was repeated, and before Mrs. Drakeford took leave she promised that it should very shortly be gratified, and with a step even lighter than when she entered, though her purse was the heavier for the interview, she took an affectionate farewell of Sir William, and returned the way she came, to flash like an apparition before the meditative gaze of the Doctor's coachman as she turned the inscrutable corner.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A QUARREL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"I HAVE some famous news for you, Esty," said Mrs. Drakeford, entering Esther's room in the highest good humour with herself and all the world.

But her tone changed as she noticed Esther's troubled countenance.

"Why, what in Heaven's name is the matter?" she cried. "You look as black as thunder!"

The simile was not quite exact, though the angry spot that glowed on Esther's cheek bore witness to her agitation.

"It seems," she said, abruptly, "that we are leading a very respectable sort of life here!"

"Respectable!" echoed Mrs. Drakeford. "What's the gurl talking about? Respectable!" she repeated, with a burst of horse laughter "I should think so!"

"But I do not!" replied Esther, with emphasis.

"And pray," said Mrs. Drakeford, in a bantering way, "what has put that all of a sudden into your ladyship's wise head?"

"Not at all sudden, mamma!" returned Esther. "I have for some time suspected it: now I am nearly certain."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Drakeford, fixing her large eyes full on her daughter's face and speaking very slowly: "You have suspected for some time, and are now *nearly* certain! Pity, while you were about it, that you didn't make yourself *quite* sure. Perhaps you will be good enough to say who or what is not respectable enough to suit your taste!"

"You may sneer as much as you please, mamma, but it won't alter my opinion. You ask me *who* is not respectable? The Count, for one—I *am* quite sure of that! And as to *what* is not respectable, are Mr. Drakeford's occupations such as they ought to be?"

"Upon my word, Miss Esther, you take a good deal upon yourself! I don't see that the Count's character is any particular concern of yours, or my husband's occupations either."

"I think differently, mamma. The Count lives with us—and we live upon money that is got dishonestly."

There might have been a period in Mrs. Drakeford's life when her colour would have changed at hearing words like these, but no sudden flush now disturbed the serenity of her features, and she answered quietly: "Who, may I ask, has helped you to this grand discovery?"

"That's of no consequence," returned Esther, "provided it's true!"

"And how do *you* know it's true?"

"I can depend on my information. Besides, I have seen quite enough to satisfy myself since the Count came here. If making dupes of every one that comes into the house were not sufficient, they must be sought for everywhere out of it. You try to look as if you did not understand me, but you know, mamma, that the things I allude to are disreputable, and if you do not share in all that's done, at any rate you encourage it."

If Mrs. Drakeford could no longer blush, she was still able to put on an air of injured innocence.

"You astonish me, Esther," she said. "Language like this to a parent, whose only thought is the happiness of her child!"

Whether Mrs. Drakeford wept behind the handkerchief which she raised to her face, or whether she performed that manœuvre for the sole purpose of *recueillement*, is a secret known only to herself. If intended to move Esther, it failed of its object, for she remained silent.

"Ungrateful gurl!" said Mrs. Drakeford, finding that she must speak again, and attempting a sob—"after all I have done for you!"

But Esther was not to be turned from her purpose.

"That, mamma, is not the question. I am speaking of the conduct of the Count and Mr. Drakeford——"

"Esther!" interrupted Mrs. Drakeford, with all the dignity of melodrama, "you forget yourself! Have you no respect for the ties of sanguinity?"

"I know what you mean, mamma," replied Esther, scarcely able to repress a smile, "but as there is no relationship between me and Mr. Drakeford, I don't feel bound to acknowledge them."

"No relationship! He is your stepfather!"

"That is to say, your husband!"

"Quite enough that, I fancy, to make him your stepfather."

"Quite, if you were really my mother! But though I have always called you 'mamma,' I know it is not the fact. I can remember, though you may not give me credit for doing so, when I went by a different name from yours; I can remember when I saw you for the first time at the boarding-school where I was brought up——"

"I don't care what you remember," interrupted Mrs. Drakeford; "you are my offspring, Esty, and I trust you will behave as such."

But Esther was not to be checked by this bold assertion. With glowing countenance and rapid utterance she said:

"It is of no use your attempting to stop me, for I have made up my mind, and I *will* speak!"

There was such fixed determination in Esther's manner, and the evidence of her loftier spirit was so plain, that Mrs. Drakeford felt compelled to submit, and throwing herself back in her chair, she crossed her hands

and listened, while Esther went on, partly addressing Mrs. Drakeford, partly communing with herself as she conjured up her recollections.

"I remember," she said, "every word that was spoken the first time you and I ever met! You know I was then nine years old, but I can remember long before that—though some earlier things are indistinct to me, and some very vivid. For instance, I fancy my father's face and figure, and his putting me on his horse before him once, when he came home from a ride, and going fast round a ring before a house where a lady stood smiling at me from a balcony. I see that lady's face, too, in my dreams, and I know that she was my real mother."

Mrs. Drakeford's face wore an expression of contemptuous pity, but it did not deter Esther from proceeding.

"Now, I will tell you why I am sure of this, and prove to you that my impressions of mere infancy are not effaced. Before the school you took me from was kept by Miss Grimes, an old lady had it, and I am sure that I was brought by my father to her, and not to them. The old lady was very tall and curiously dressed—she cried over me and often kissed me, which Miss Grimes never did. I used to wear a black frock, and when I cried I was petted. The old lady said my father was the handsomest man she ever saw, and would talk about him and me to an old French gentleman with grey hair, who was very fond of me, too, and called me 'miladi;' and they both said my father would fetch me soon, and I should have a large fortune."

Mrs. Drakeford broke into a scornful laugh, but she repressed it, and composed herself again to listen.

"After that time the French lady and her old friend seemed to disappear—but how they did so has faded from my memory. My recollection turns then to Miss Grimes, who, in the midst of much confusion, appeared to come and take possession of the school. How she treated others I do not know, but she never attached me to her by any marks of kindness: on the contrary, I remember always to have associated her with something disagreeable."

"Have you done with these remarkable recollections?" asked Mrs. Drakeford, sneeringly.

"No," returned Esther. "What is to come is more to the purpose, and relates to *you*. It is no longer an effort to recal it. The half-boarder, Martha Jones——"

Mrs. Drakeford bit her lip, and her cheek turned pale, where Art admitted of the change.

Esther's eye was upon her and noted the alteration.

"To that half-boarder, Martha Jones," she repeated, laying stress on the name, "I was in a manner consigned: she was about sixteen, and had the care of me altogether, a kinder act towards me than I believe was intended. Miss Grimes never liked Martha, and Martha cordially hated her. Miss Grimes thought her, or at any rate called her, bad; but Martha was good to me, though her manner was often abrupt and odd. As I grew older she told me strange things about those people, which I could not entirely understand, though they made a painful impression. I was a victim, she said, and my father had been cheated. Then came the day when I first saw you. I was in the garden with Martha, playing behind some lilacs. A carriage stopped at the large iron gates, and

Martha peeped from behind them to see who had arrived. You got out, and went straight up the middle walk to the house. As you passed, Martha said, 'There she is again!' I asked her who she meant? Her answer was, 'I know very well;' and then she went on talking to herself. Soon after I was sent for to the parlour. Miss Grimes was there with you. 'Come here, Esther,' she said; 'this is your birthday; you are nine years old to-day, and your mamma has come to see you.' She pointed to you, and added: 'This is your mamma!' I looked at you, and drew back into a corner. You told me to come to you, but I kept away. Miss Grimes scolded me, and said I was a naughty girl, and then she shook me, and I began to cry. She pushed me forward, and you put me on your knee and repeated what Miss Grimes had said, and tried to kiss me. I would not let you at first, but after a little while we made friends, and you told me again that you were my mamma, and gave me a doll which you took out of a large piece of silver paper, and I know I was very much pleased with it, for it was the first I had ever had."

"So far," said Mrs. Drakeford, "your memory is very good. Is there any more?"

"You shall hear. When you were gone, I told Martha all that happened. I shall never forget her look when I said so, nor the words she used: 'Your mamma!' she said, 'You mean her lady's-maid. She's no more your mamma than mine!'"

"Martha Jones is a liar!" cried Mrs. Drakeford, in a fury. "How should she know anything about me?"

"From having seen you often, as she told me: the first time when my papa took me to the old lady who kept the school before Miss Grimes—for she was there then—and you carried me in your arms."

"A mother never carries her child, I suppose!" said Mrs. Drakeford, ironically.

"Oh yes," retorted Esther, "but she does not wait in the passage like a servant, as you did."

Mrs. Drakeford became livid with rage, but she tried to keep her temper, and asked, as coolly as she could: "What else did this wicked wretch say?"

"I might," replied Esther, "have learnt all the truth, as she promised I should, but Martha was suddenly sent away: the other girls said, because she had stolen or made away with some letters, but I think because of what she had said to me; for when Miss Grimes learnt from me what I knew, she threatened to punish me dreadfully if ever I alluded to it in any way or to anybody again."

"Well!" said Mrs. Drakeford, observing that Esther paused, "this is the end of your rigmarole, is it? Now then, hear my story. If I am not your mother—though I defy you to prove the contrary—you can't say I haven't been one to you. Your father deserted you and left you to strangers, who starved and ill-treated you, and into a work'us would you have gone if it hadn't been for me. I paid for your schooling out of my own pocket till you were past fifteen, and when Miss Grimes broke—as break she did, being unfortunate in business, as many are—I took you and had you finished off like a lady; and all the return I get is the very blackest of ingratitude!"



"On the contrary," said Esther, "I have been obedient to you in everything, though witnessing much that I have been ashamed of, but bearing with it for the sake of completing an education by which I hope to get my own living, and repay the expense you have incurred on my account."

"These are fine words," returned Mrs. Drakeford; "but how do you expect to get your living, as you call it, without the help of my friends? You know you're to go on the stage; and who's to get you there, but those like the Count, that has interest with managers. The Count and you was good friends enough a week ago, and now you turn round upon him as if he meant to do you harm instead of good."

"I don't mean to go on the stage," said Esther, resolutely.

"Where, then, *do* you mean to go to? Into the street to squall ballads, with that wonderful voice of yours? for a wonderful voice it is, when all's said and done!"

"I can teach; and sing at concerts."

"Fiddlestick! Try it, without a proper introduction, and see where you are! Who'd take you on your own recommendation, I should like to know? No, no, my dear, as your bed's made you must lay in it."

Mrs. Drakeford's slip-slop denoted a return of good temper. She was a lady who could bear exposure, and stand any amount of hard words; and the first surprise at Esther's revelation over, she was able to resume the intention with respect to her with which the conversation between them had begun. Her last remark appeared to have told upon Esther, who remained silent and thoughtful, with her head averted. Mrs. Drakeford went and sat beside her.

"You know, Esty," she said, in a coaxing tone, "how good natured I am! Why should you say such cross things to them that does everything they can to make you happy? Never mind the Count; he's only a foreigner, and foreigner's ways, you know, are not ours; but he has a heart of gold, that I know, and would give the very eyes out of his head to please anybody he likes. There, don't be impatient—we won't talk about him. But I have somebody else to speak of—quite a different kind of person—a rich Baronet, Esty—quite the gentleman! He is so fond of music, and longs so to hear you sing—and, what's more, I've promised him he shall. I must keep my word, Esty, and you shall have a new dress to go and see Sir William—for he is not able to come here, having the gout—and we'll kiss and make it up, won't we, my pretty?"

"I never heard of Sir William before," said Esther, reluctantly yielding to Mrs. Drakeford's embrace. "How long have you known him?"

"Oh, ever so long, dear! But he has only lately come to live in London, which is the reason. He has such a magnificent place in the country, with thousands upon thousands a year, and nobody to leave them to, being, as he says, a lonely old bachelor, on account of an early disappointment, and caring for nothing but music."

"Mr. Drakeford is not acquainted with him?"

"Oh no! Quite out of his line."

"Nor the Count?"

"Not him neither. As I said—or meant to have—Sir William is an early friend of my own, the generous protector of my infancy, our family

being tenants upon the property ever since the time of Sir William's great-grandfather."

"How came Sir William to hear that I could sing?"

"I told him, of course. I'm too proud of you, Esty, not to praise you to everybody I know; and you deserve it. Lord! with a talent like yours, and the opportunity for displaying of it, you might make your fortune in three years. If I'd such a voice, and was as pretty as you, I know where I'd be to-morrow. H. M. T. would be the letters after my name, as sure as I'm setting here. Come, be a dear, now, and don't go and throw yourself away upon teaching, and concerts, and all that's muffish, when carriages, and di'monds, and money that you might roll in, are to be had for just opening your mouth. Ah, you can laugh! I'm glad of that. Kiss me again, Esty, and don't forget that I dearly, dearly love you!"

In this strain, appealing to Esther's vanity, exciting her imagination, and awakening her tenderness, Mrs. Drakeford continued till she succeeded in carrying her point; and the visit to Sir William was the first thing agreed upon.

#### MEMS. OF AN UNREPORTED MEETING.

THERE are certain classes in society to whose labours and exertions society seldom does justice, even while entertained or benefited thereby. As we steam our forty-five miles an hour, who ever thinks of the "stoker and poker" by whose agency the locomotive wonder is performed? When we hang entranced on the swell of the pealing organ-note, who bestows a thought on the bellows-blower, without whom the grand instrument were but a dumb "kist o' whistles?" As we digest alternately our breakfast and last night's debate, does any one ever bestow even a passing thought on the hard night-work of the journeyman baker, or pause for a moment to consider that wondrous short-hand power of reporting which contrives to have the beginning of a Gladstonean harangue in type before the long-drawn-out peroration is spoken? It is only the thoughtful who do justice to the unobtrusive labours of stokers, bellows-blowers, bakers, reporters, and all the other sub-ministrants to our enjoyments, advantages, or comforts.

The wonders of "reporting" are stupendous. To stereotype the *επεα πτερόεντα* of the orator as they fleet forth from his lips is an achievement, but what is it in comparison to reducing a blockhead's blunders to something like sense and reason, picking up his fragments of meaning, setting his dislocated periods, or judiciously abridging the long, monotonous dribble of his balderdash? Wordsworth has a sweet, thought-

ful stanza about wise men grieving less for what age takes from them than for what it leaves them.\* Many a public speaker, *if wise*, would share this feeling, and grieve less for what the reporters *burke* than for what they record on brazen tablets. But when was booby ever gifted with so much self-knowledge as to refrain from complaining that "these infernal reporters have mangled and spoiled my speech," when, in fact, by curtailing half his nonsense, they proved themselves his best friends?†

Fully sensible of the great labour and surprising results accomplished by the reporters for the public press, it must be said that their powers have limits, that they can do but one thing at a time—few men can do more—they can give us the spoken results of a public meeting, they cannot show us the "by-play" or accompaniments of the speeches, except, perhaps, in "Hear, hear!"—"Murmurs"—"No, no!"—"Sensation,"—and such-like interjected expressions, intended to denote, not always correctly, the impressions made on the audience. Now, as to the meeting which I mean to report in my own fashion, I am not aware whether the eloquence uttered at it was ever put on record before, but I am quite sure that the circumstances I shall endeavour to describe were never yet given to the public, and yet they will be found, I think, to have a kind of historic as well as characteristic interest, as belonging some of them to men which have passed away, some to men and topics which have a living interest for us yet.

Sauntering one day through the City, an idle man when all around were busy, I found myself in front of the City of London Tavern, a building of which I had often heard, but never yet had seen or entered it. I very soon perceived that the appellation was as much a misnomer as "Lloyd's Coffee-house," for that, in fact, instead of a tavern, in the proper sense of the word, it had become a great East-end and lay "Exeter Hall," with every room turned to account for some kind of meeting or other, of which the placards and advertisements hung thick about the door without and in the spacious hall within. Among these I saw, conspicuous, one proclaiming a meeting to be held that day "FOR PROMOTING RELIGIOUS FREEDOM"—"*Sir Culling Smith*" (*Smith then*, EARDLY now) "*in the Chair*"—"Mr. O'CONNELL IS EXPECTED TO ATTEND!" The bill of fare of this "*olla podrida*" struck me as curious, and I determined to go

\*  
Thus fares it oft in our decay,  
And yet the wiser mind  
Grieves less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

† Martial has a choice epigram, which hits this case of ingratitude exactly:

"Egi Sexte tuam pactus duo millia causam  
Misisti nummos quot mili? Mille! Quid est?  
Narrasti nihil inquis; et a te perdita causa est  
Tanto plus debeo, Sexte, quod exerui."

Ten pounds you promised me to plead,  
And hand me five, I'm but half-fee'd;  
You say I didn't half disclose your  
Case? True: I saved you half exposure.—R.

Reporters might often retort on complaining orators, that in cutting down their utterances to half measure they saved them "half exposure."

in and see what possible bond of affinity could bring these incongruities into relation with each other. I felt also some curiosity to observe how my clever countryman would bear himself in a meeting of which the great majority would probably be as alien to him in religious opinion as in national prejudice. I well knew his power to "ride the whirlwind" of a popular meeting at home. I was here to test his versatile ability to accommodate himself to a popular assembly abroad. I entered the building.

Before I had made a step into the hall I found myself, like Garrick, between the rival muses, assailed by rival touters for meetings to be held that day—one on each side of me.

"*Assam Tea, sir?*"\* whispered an agent on my right.

"*Mexican Loan Shareholders,*" shouted his competitor on the left.

I looked from one to the other, and then said,

"No, no, gentlemen. I am not worth either a cup of tea or a Mexican bond. 'Religious Freedom for me.' It is for 'Religious Freedom' I am looking."

"*Here you are, sir!*" exclaimed a third, who stood aloof on the first step of the ample stairs—"here you are, sir. '*Second floor*'—*first door to the right.*"

And so he passed me on, still keeping his position, and evidently on the look-out for some higher game than such a poor single stray bird as I was. He was waiting to usher in the "great guns" of religious freedom.

I passed leisurely up-stairs, impressed by the bustle and variety of objects and subjects occupying every niche and vantage ground of this vast arcana, when suddenly a fresh influx of arrivals overtook and passed me on the stairs. In the rush, a stout burly personage was pressed against me. We looked round, our eyes met, and with a mutual recognition I found myself vis-à-vis with my great countryman O'Connell.

At home, and locally, we were foes "*à outrance,*" our parties, aims, position, totally opposed to each other. I wished to observe him. I had not intended that he should be aware of me, or of my presence in the "mixed multitude" before him; but there was no help for it. He evidently recognised me, and, as he passed on, there was a good-humoured surprise in his countenance, which expressed, as if he spoke it, "*que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"—"What in the world brings that high Tory here?"

O'Connell and his companions passed on to the little sanctum which, in such places, opens on the platform, where resolutions are concocted and distributed, the order of proceedings arranged, and from which, in due course, and in solemn procession, the stars of public meetings shine out on the common world below. I passed on into the body of the meeting, and found myself in a moderate, by no means overflowing, assemblage of those descendants and representatives of the London *Puritans* of former days, who, when zeal was high, and restrictions hard and galling—"a yoke which neither we nor our fathers could bear"—had defied Church power, and broke Church bonds; but who now, without a grievance, and

\* This, I suppose, referred to a meeting for making us independent of China by promoting the growth and sale of tea grown in the region of Assam.

with a full toleration, rallied to the old cry of "religious freedom," without knowing why or wherefore.

Presently the door of the council-room opened, the "platform men" of the day streamed in, and took their appointed places. To any one who knew them, or most of them, as I did, a truly motley gathering, without one single connecting link, except a common purpose—to damage and resist the then growing and reviving ascendancy of the Church of England.

Sir Culling Smith, though announced, was not there. In his place, as chairman, appeared Mr. Easthope, then proprietor of an influential London journal, then also an advanced liberal, on his way to a baronetcy and conservatism; then there followed many celebrities of the interest they represented—interests I should say, for their name was "legion," and their language Babel or confusion.

On the extreme right stood the Rev. Mr. Giles, a Baptist minister from Leeds, who showed himself a clever master of debate, and well competent to sway and influence a popular assemblage; next to him, on right of the chairman, sat my burly countryman the great O'Connell, whose *physique* spoke him a master-spirit, likely to rule and carry with him any popular meeting he pleased. Beyond the chairman, to the left, sat the Honourable Charles Langdale, brother of Lord Stourton, an impersonation of aristocratic hauteur and ultramontane Romanism; beyond him, again, I perceived Mr. Burnett, of Camberwell, whom, as men said, the Nonconformists ambitioned to send into parliament, as the able exponent of their views and interests. When I had last seen Mr. Burnett, it was at a parochial "*Church Missionary*" meeting in Ireland, where he had acted and spoke, with his brothers of the Irish Church, in their common cause; and here he was *now*, making common cause with Daniel O'Connell! Verily politics, like misery, bring with them strange acquaintances and droll platform associations.

Beyond Mr. Burnett stood, as I recollect, the Right Honourable Benjamin Hawes, then member for Lambeth, who rises in my memory as a smart, shrewd, telling speaker; and moreover, at the time, the more important personage that he filled some responsible situation in her Majesty's government. As my recollection serves me, I think Mr. Hawes as likely a man to *hit* a popular meeting as any of those who spoke on that occasion. I have not the least idea what has become of Mr. Hawes. I know that he no longer represents Lambeth; but whether he be dead or promoted, shelved or sacrificed, I know not. One thing I well remember, that when it came to his turn to speak, after working up the meeting by a representation of the growing power of the Church, of the new attitude it had within some years assumed, when he perceived that the stiff Noncons before him had fully caught up and warmed to the idea of Church dominancy as a thing intolerable, there was great rhetorical art and power in the way in which he suddenly changed his address, and in sharp-pointed tones said, "Ay, you *feel* this strongly; but the question is, 'what will you *do*?' " and then ran rapidly off into a programme of what should be the Nonconformist policy at a general election then approaching. I have always recollected that "*tour de force*" of Mr. Hawes's as one of the cleverest, smartest things in the way of a popular appeal to the passion of the moment, that I had ever seen performed.

But to return and take things in order. Mr. Giles, before spoken of, opened the proceedings by announcing himself the representative of those who thirsted for more "religious freedom" in Leeds; and then, pretending to look round the room, said, "I don't see Dr. Hook here!" an observation which was hailed with "grim laughter." Mr. Giles passed into a very high eulogium on the ability, zeal, and disinterestedness of "the Vicar of Leeds," but denounced them as all concentrated in the service of the dominant State Church, which, he said, men like Dr. Hook were fastening more firmly than ever among the institutions of the country. He then diverged into church-rates—"the Braintree case," as I recollect, was then before the public—some devoted shoemaker there, or elsewhere, had just gone to gaol rather than pay one and fourpence halfpenny assessed on him for parish rates; and Mr. Giles was commenting freely on this wrong-headedness, saying "it would be better for him to have paid the paltry tax, and come there to agitate the question, rather than go to prison,"—when Chairman Easthope, rising presidentially, interposed:

"They were not there (he said) to judge or condemn the means adopted by others to advance their great common object. If Mr. — (the shoemaker) thought he could do more good by going to prison, he had a perfect right to do so; it was part of his liberty of private judgment to do so if he pleased. In that memorable struggle of the great and glorious Reformation, those two great men, Melancthon and the ever-glorious Martin Luther—(great applause)—adopted different modes of action, and each advanced the good cause in his own way. The speaker would therefore oblige him by refraining from these comments on the martyr shoemaker."—"Hear, hear.")

During the course of this interpleading of the chairman's, the by-play of O'Connell was irresistibly comic. At the eulogy on the Reformation and Luther, his face assumed a most amused and quizzical expression; at the murmur of applause which greeted Luther's name he stole a sly glance at his Corinthian co-religionist, who supported the chair on the other side, to see how he took the allusion, but he met no responsive glance; looking straight before him, with a marble expression on his immovable countenance, sat the haughty patrician and high-pressure Papist, seeming utterly insensible to all around him. Nothing could have brought him into such associations but his *dévouement* to what he considered the cause of his Church, and it is not impossible that he may have been mentally engaged in reciting the penitential Psalms, as his *amende* for being found, even for a political purpose, in such a den of heresy.

Mr. Burnett's speech was, after the fashion of his oratory, a well-considered, closely-argued utterance, less fitted, however, for the platform than the pulpit. I was well acquainted with his style; he could convince without carrying his audience with him; and he ever gave me the impression of a mind in which the intellect was powerful and active, but the moral powers were torpid and uninterested: you agreed with the arguer, without being attracted or carried away by the orator.

Of Mr. Hawes, quick, telling, and effective, I have already spoken. The great firework of the exhibition was kept for the last, and O'Connell rose, and with all his practised powers commenced by putting his auditors in good humour with themselves. He told them they were the representatives of the best element of English society, of the sturdy, liberty-

loving Saxon; the children of fathers for whom power had no terrors; the combined exponents of the principle which made the country glorious and respected, the principle of "civil and religious liberty." Having proceeded for some time in this elevated strain, tone and expression in a moment changed, as, putting on the broad accent and humorous face of the Celt, he suddenly exclaimed, "*Arrah, now! wouldn't ye let a poor Irish Papist in among ye?*" The effect was electric; the stolid, solid, thinking English faces before him dissolved into broad grins and chuckling laughter as this versatile master of popular debate went on to improve the *hit* he had planted on the visible muscles of his hearers, by making common cause with them against that "Mordecai in the Gate," the Church of England. He proved to them that they had a common interest in destroying it; he brought up the old fallacy of the right of every man to choose his own teacher, as he chose his own doctor; in fine, this most devoted son and zealous advocate of a Church which calls "private judgment" a "detestable error," and claims submission to its rule as a duty admitting neither choice nor dispute, tried to talk over a meeting of English Nonconformists, as though he sympathised in their assertions of the widest exercise of "religious freedom"—men who repudiated alike the toleration of the English as the tyranny of the Roman Church system; it was an amusing illustration of the paradox that "extremes meet," and a notable example of that kind of oratory which can "make the worse appear the better part."

Although in a short time O'Connell found himself quite master of the situation, and carried the feelings and sympathies of his hearers about with him as he pleased, yet before he sat down, a trifling incident proved to me, who knew him well, that every one of his grimaces and grins, his casual remarks and interjectional witticisms, were all, "*impromptus faits à loisir*," carefully studied "clap-traps" prepared for the gallery. He intended to send his audience away impressed with a conviction that the State Church was an embodied *Maworm*, "with his eyes raised up to heaven and his hand in your breeches-pocket." This homely and home appeal to the money sympathies of the men about him was intended to be illustrated by a bit of pantomime, in which the speaker was to enact the canting hypocrite with his *face*, and at the same moment thrust his hand into his pocket, in an "Artful-dodger" fashion; but, by some miscalculation, he failed to suit "the action to the word," and *cast up his eyes at the wrong time*, so that his crowning joke missed fire in the most ludicrous manner possible, and, as I heard some of the grave and solid "Noncons" remark to each other as we descended the stairs when the meeting ended, "He's a clever fellow, and a funny fellow, but he need not have wound up by taking off Mr. — (one of our ministers), in that ugly face he made."

Such was the unreported by-play of a religious meeting a dozen years ago.

R.

## SPANISH RAILWAYS.\*

It has been the misfortune of Spain, with its vast extent, its productive capabilities, and boundless natural resources, to be behindhand with Great Britain, Belgium, Germany, and France, not only in the adoption of railroad communication, but in all and every means of transport, whether by land or by water. Even great roads have been long wanting or were in a deplorable condition; and whilst in France the average expense of travelling was one hundred leagues for 35 fr. in forty hours by the old system of diligence, the same distance was not accomplished in Spain in twice the time, and at an expense of 150 fr. Add to this there was great insecurity, the highways were infested with bandits, but these have luckily been at length put down since the institution of civil guards, and the roads are now almost as safe as in France itself.

In consequence of this want of good roads and security, the abundance of one province could not prevent dearth in another next adjoining; the excess of labour in one quarter was unavailable in another; the very wines of Central Spain were wasted for want of an outlet; and it was impossible, from the same difficulties of intercommunication, to extinguish civil war, which, like a hydra, was incessantly breaking out afresh in some remote district.

The junction of two seas that bathe a considerable territory has in all times been considered a source of wealth. Thus all the transit, all the produce, and all travellers coming from America or Great Britain, and arriving at the Oceanic ports of the Peninsula, will now be able to penetrate to the interior, or to extend their influence beyond, without passing the Straits of Gibraltar, so also, *vice versá*, to the products of the East arriving at the Mediterranean ports. Great Britain contemplates with unfeigned gratification the day when the wines of Valencia and Catalonia, stronger and better than those of France, although as yet unknown in this country, shall, by the establishment of railway communication between the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, be sold in this country at a price even lower than that of the most ordinary of "vins ordinaires." France takes an almost equal delight in contemplating the day when railway communication from Bayonne to Alicante will convert a journey which, as now effected from Marseilles to Algeria, takes from forty-eight to sixty hours, and in bad weather sometimes from five to six days, to one of nine hours, or even less!

It is not, however, all and everything for a state to possess railroads, they must have their affluents which will bring travellers and goods to their stations. It is these branch lines and branch roads that have given so great an impulse to railroad traffic in England, in Belgium, and in France. Such are as yet entirely wanting in Spain, and everything remains to be done in this particular, but government cannot but feel that when such a system is economically and yet effectively carried out, it will produce fifty per cent. upon all expenditure. Needless to add how im-

\* De L'Espagne et de ses Chemins de Fer. Par Villiaumé. Deuxième édition. Paris: Garnier Frères. 1861.



portant railway communication is to strategy and to defensive purposes. The existence of such more than double the defensive force of a country, while they are of little or no use to an invading army, as they can be easily cut off and destroyed where it is found necessary to do so.

Spain is almost the only country whose metropolis is situated in its centre. This is no doubt what determined Charles V. to establish the seat of the monarchy in Madrid in preference to Burgos, Toledo, or Valladolid, which were already powerful and populous capitals at the time when Madrid was an obscure place surrounded by forests. He probably wished at the same time to avoid giving offence to these separate capitals of small kingdoms. It is a manifest advantage to a country to have its metropolis in its centre, as the movement, as well as the administration, converges there all the more readily.

Hence, also, the network of Spanish railways has its centre in the capital, from whence it issues forth in five main arteries:

1st. A line which crosses the Guadarrama, by Old Castile and Leon, to the western provinces of the north, Galicia, Asturias, and the Biscayan provinces, to the frontier of France. These are designated the north railroads of Spain.

2nd. A line which is carried across the Iberian chain to the eastern provinces of the north, Aragon and Catalonia, terminating at Barcelona on the Mediterranean. Its principal station is at Saragossa, which constitutes about its centre. From this latter city the line proceeds to France, by Pampeluna, to Bayonne.

3rd. A line which is carried across the lower table-land of the central region, or New Castile, and which terminates on the Mediterranean at Alicante. It has a branch to the north-east to Valencia, and another to the south-west to Murcia and Carthagena.

4th. A line which is carried across the Sierra Morena, and takes the direction of the south, by the kingdom of Andalusia, by Manzanares, Cordova, and Seville, as far as to Cadiz on the Ocean—that is to say, the most extreme southerly point of Spain.

5th. A line which connects Madrid with Lisbon by the western centre—that is to say, by Ciudad Real, Merida, and Badajoz.

The company of the northern railways of Spain has a capital of 100,000,000 fr., divided into 200,000 shares of 500 fr., with six per cent. during the construction of the lines, and any benefits that may be derived by parts that may be in working order superadded. The founders are the General Societies of Movable Credit of France and Spain, the General Society for promoting National Industry of Belgium, the Belgian Bank, and a long list of names, which comprises some of the great financiers, bankers, and diplomatists of the Continent. There is a council of administration over and above this.

The northern railway presents a continuous line from Madrid to the French frontier by the Escorial, Avila, Medina del Campo, Valladolid, Burgos, Vittoria, Tolosa, Saint Sebastian, and Irun, with a branch to Alar del Rey, which is further extended by a railroad actually in operation to Santander. The whole length is 729 kilometres of 1000 French yards, or about two-thirds of an English mile each, and of which 128 from Valladolid to Alar were opened on the 1st of August, 1860; 42 from Valladolid to Medina del Campo on the 18th of September, 1860; and

157 from San Chidrian to Medina del Campo, and from Venta de Banos to Burgos and Quintanaplia, in December, 1860, making altogether 327 kilometres in operation. The following are also announced: 50 kilometres from Madrid to the Escurial in June, 1861; 147 from Quintanaplia to Miranda and Alsasua in the present year; 101 from the Escurial to San Chidrian in 1862; and 60 from Tolosa to Irun at the end of the same year.

The total expense has been estimated at 206,000,000 fr. The subsidy granted by the state is 56,000,000 fr.; 150,000,000 fr. have to be provided by the company, of which 100,000,000 fr. by the social capital, and 50,000,000 fr. by 200,000 "obligations," issued at 250 fr., but repayable at 500 fr. This will be about 205,700 fr. per kilometre, which will be increased by the interest payable during construction. It appears to M. Villiaumé that even this estimate will be increased by at least three or four per cent. by the expenses entailed by 48 tunnels: 1 between Madrid and the Escurial; 5 in the Sierra Quaderama; 9 between Burgos and Salvatura; 26 in the Pyrenees, between Alsasua and Beasain; and 7 between Beasain and Irun; altogether 17 kilometres of tunnel. On the other hand, land is cheap, and good oak timber abundant. Considerable indeed, an unusual width is given to the road.

The northern railroad of Spain establishes relations between the metropolis and provinces, which represent by themselves alone more than a fourth of the population of Spain, or about 4,400,000 inhabitants. It will further determine the course of commerce between the greater part of the Peninsula and North America, Great Britain, the French ports on the Atlantic, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, and Sweden. Santander, Bilbao, and Saint Sebastian are destined to be the future emporia for these exchanges in all that concerns Castile and Madrid, and the two latter are likely to monopolise the commerce of the Basque provinces, Navarre, Aragon, and even of Catalonia, when the network is completed. The movement of commerce between France and Spain is already very considerable, especially since so much Spanish wine has been used in the manufacture of claret, and this commerce will be increased by further facilities of communication; but the most important advantage is looked forward to in the increased facilities of communication opened with the Spanish colonies. Cuba and Porto Rico produce annually 400,000 tons of sugar, 10,000 to 15,000 tons of coffee, and 5000 to 6000 tons of tobacco, and as the exchange most sought after—corn and manufactured goods—are met with in the north—the Biscayan ports will be sought for in preference to others in the south. There is also coal in the Cantabrian chain.

The station of the northern railroad is near the gate of St. Vincent, at Madrid, and it communicates with the line of Alicante by a railway, which curves round the exterior of the capital. Issuing from Madrid, it crosses the Manzanarès and reaches the Escurial, a monastic palace erected by Philip II. in consequence of a vow taken the morning of the battle of St. Quentin, in 1557, on which occasion he routed the French army. This decisive engagement was fought on the day of St. Laurence, and hence the form of a gridiron, the instrument of martyrdom of this saint, given to the said palatial monastery. It cost 54,000,000 fr.; estimated at 216,000,000 fr. in our times. Philip, M. Villiaumé argues (*L'Esprit*

de la Guerre, liv. iv. ch. ix.), could have easily subjected all France as a result of this victory, but he did not know how to follow up his successes, and the narrow-minded, gloomy, and bigoted monarch, instead of raising his mother country to the pinnacle of power, sowed the seeds of decay by his despotism, his fanaticism, his love of war, and his financial blunders.

The railway is prolonged by Arevalo and Medina del Campo to Valladolid. Medina del Campo, with its characteristic Hispano-Moorish name—Medina, "city," del Campo, of the plain—is a town of from 4000 to 5000 inhabitants, instead of the 70,000 which it formerly contained, and enjoys celebrity for its fairs, at which there is an exceeding business done in the wools and cloths of Cuença, Avila, and Segovia, in the silk of Toledo and Seville, in the leathers of Cordova, remnant of a Moorish branch of industry, in the groceries of Valencia and Lisbon, and the manufactures of Flanders and of France. Valladolid was the capital of Ferdinand and Isabella, as also the seat of government under Charles V.; and even Philip II. dwelt there in the early part of his career. Boasting once of its 100,000 inhabitants, it has now barely 25,000.

What is designated as the Leonais-Castilian upland is very productive in cereals. These have been transported to Santander by means of a canal, opened for now nearly a quarter of a century, between Valladolid and Alar del Rey, at the foot of the Cantabrian chain, and thence by road to the port of Santander. Branch canals also deviate to Palencia and Rioseco, two centres of corn produce. In 1855 the upland in question exported 1,000,000 of hectolitres of 22 gallons each by Santander, 750,000 by Bilbao, and 250,000 by St. Sebastian, equal to about one-fifth of the exportation of all Russia.

The traffic of Santander, Bilbao, and St. Sebastian has been much increased of late by the export of wines—a branch of commerce which may be expected to assume very large proportions under the new tariff. The comparative amount of business done in 1855 was 79,993,000 fr. for Santander, 67,901,000 fr. for Bilbao, and 17,887,000 fr. for St. Sebastian, whilst all the ports of Murcia, Valencia, and New Castile put together only represented a total of 70,000,000 fr. Santander has a sheltered harbour accessible to vessels of large tonnage, the most frequented in the north of Spain, and third in point of commerce, having only Cadiz and Barcelona above it. The inhabitants, 18,000 in number, are said to be distinguished by the amenity of their manners, and it is the watering-place as well as the port of Madrid. The coal basin of the Orbo is not far distant from Alar del Rey, on the western acclivity of the Cantabrian chain.

Above all, sheep are numerous on this upland. Formerly that which ought to have been a source of wealth was one of misery. The great and the powerful—princes and prelates—had a general right of pasturage, so that cultivation was rendered impossible; but the rights of the peasant and the farmer have since been protected by the constitution. The annual produce of wools from old Castile, Léon, and Estramadura, is from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 of kilogrammes of 2 lbs. 3 oz.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  drs. each. The best wools come from the pastures of Segovia and Soria.

The climate of the north of Spain is adapted for French and Belgians alike. The Spanish language attained its highest perfection among the Castilians: they first united with royalty against feudalism, they also in-

stituted a liberal and representative monarchy, and constituted Madrid a great city.

The railway follows from Miranda de Ebro to Vittoria, the line of the valley of Zadorra, a distance of thirty-three kilometres. The passage of the Pyrenees is comprised with its tunnels between Alsasua and Villafranca. This mountain-land is the least arable in Spain, but it is well wooded, and commerce and industry have always prospered, owing to the privileges maintained by the indomitable mountaineers. For six centuries the Basques have worked in iron and steel, especially in Guipascoa, where are also many other branches of industry, including rope-spinning, tanning, linen and cotton, paper, and paper-hangings. The introduction of railway communication has been a godsend to so industrious a community of people. The Island of Pheasants, at the mouth of the Bidassoa, where Louis XIV. wedded Maria Theresa, and where Cardinal Mazarin caught a fever which cut short his career, and to a certain extent that of his intriguing nieces, is being gradually carried away—emblem of the protocols which declared that there was no longer any Pyrenees. It is to be hoped in the present day, when the intimacy of people no longer depends upon the faith of princes, but upon commerce and industry and the fusion of interests, that the removal of the barrier will be more of a reality.

The company of the railway from Madrid to Saragossa and to Alicante is administered by a council. Its capital is 456,000,000 of reals, or 126,000,000 of francs, represented by 240,000 shares of 1900 reals, or 500 francs, each. The power of emitting "obligations," or preference shares, and of raising money on debentures, appears to be almost unlimited, and threatens to involve the original shareholders in the same state of financial extinction as has occurred both in this country and in France.

The concession granted to this company comprises 1211 kilometres. 1st. From Madrid to Alicante, 455 kilometres; 2nd. From Madrid to Saragossa, 345 kilometres; 3rd. From Castillejo to Toledo, 26 kilometres; 4th. From Alcazar to St. Jean at Ciudad Real, 138 kilometres; 5th. From Albacete to Carthagena, 247 kilometres. Add to this, the company obtained the concession of the railway from Manzanarès to Cordova, 248 kilometres in length, in October, 1860.

The railroad from Madrid to Alicante is already in full operation, and its mean receipts amount to 33,000 fr. per kilometre of 1000 French yards. The line from Madrid to Jadraque, on the way to Saragossa, is open a distance of 103 kilometres, and the section from Alcazar, of St. Juan, to Ciudad Real is open for a distance of 72 kilometres.

This road leads, first, to Toledo, the old Gothic capital of Spain, fifteen leagues to the south-east of Madrid. This old city, so imbedded in the Tagus as to be most formidable in its defences, seems, with its narrow streets and Gothic steeples, to belong to another age. Its population of 200,000 has dwindled also down to 20,000. Taken by the Moors and recaptured by the Castilians, it became the capital of the Spanish kings, after they had expelled the Moors, till the time of Charles V. Toledo has also ever been the stronghold of bigotry and fanaticism. It was a council held there in 694 which issued the abominable edict "that all the Jews of Spain shall be slaves, all their goods confiscated, and all

their children under seven years of age shall be taken from them to be placed under Christian masters, and brought up in the Christian religion." It was at Toledo, also, that in the year 711 there existed an enchanted palace, into whose precincts none were allowed or dared to venture. A tradition was attached to it that the empire of the Goths in Spain would be destroyed when that palace was broken into. King Rodrigues, deeming that the tradition had been invented merely to prevent princes obtaining possession of the treasures shut up in the palace, disregarded it, and had the portals broken open. No treasures were found to gratify his cupidity, but a painting on liuen was found which represented a race of men of extraordinary stature and equally strange dress and accoutrements, whilst beneath was an inscription in Latin, to the effect that "Spain will soon be devastated and subjected by a people who will resemble those here depicted." Needless to say, that these were the Saracens. So much for the legend, but tradition attributes the fall of Rodrigues to another cause. He is said to have ravished Florida, surnamed "La Cava," the beautiful daughter of Count Julian. The latter avenged himself by engaging the Saracens and Moors to conquer the Goths in Spain. A similar story is told of the conquest of Sicily by the same parties. A gateway is said to have existed at Malaga, whence Julian and his daughter embarked for Africa in the seventeenth century, which bore the name of "La Cava."

Carthagena, another terminus of the south-eastern railway, is one of the chief maritime arsenals of Spain. With scarcely 23,000 inhabitants in 1810, it now reckons 35,000. It was originally founded by the Carthagenian Asdrubal, who succeeded Amilcar in the government of Spain, and was himself succeeded by Annibal (if we wrote Hannibal, we must also write Hasdrubal and Hamilcar), who not only strengthened himself by an alliance with the daughter of King Milicé, but he also enriched himself by the gold and silver mines popularly known as the "wells of Annibal," and of which one alone is said to have furnished 300 lbs. of silver per diem!

The city of Saragossa, the central terminus of the north-eastern lines of railway, and the ancient capital of Aragon, is situated in a noble and extensive plain on the Ebro. The beauty of its position, the extent of the city, the magnificence of its edifices, the cleanliness of its streets, and the number, wealth, and politeness of its inhabitants, all contributed to render it one of the most famous cities of Spain. But Saragossa has obtained a still greater reputation from the heroism of its inhabitants. In the fifteenth century they put to death the tyrannical Alguazils with as much indifference as they slew the myrmidons of the Grand Inquisition. But the most remarkable incident connected with the city was its resistance to the French in 1808. It had for only defence what the French call a *mur d'octroi*, a preservative against the introduction of untaxed merchandise, yet Marshal Lannes assaulted the city repeatedly without success. He was obliged to open trenches as if besieging a regularly fortified place, and it was only after the lapse of twenty-seven days' siege and a general assault that the French were enabled to penetrate into the interior. But even then they were nearly a month before they could gain possession of the city. Notwithstanding the expenditure of 16,000 shells, and that disease and want was decimating the inhabitants, more

than 15,000 of these, out of 40,000 souls, had transformed themselves into desperate combatants. Men, women, children, old men, priests, and monks, converted every house into a citadel. One convent resisted with such pertinacity that the marshal had to bring a battery of fifty guns to its capture. The fourth of the French army perished in this notable siege, while one-half of the inhabitants succumbed in the heroic defence, so worthy of ancient Saguntum.

The railway from Saragossa to Pampeluna is under an especial company. Its capital is 27,500,000 fr., divided into 55,000 shares of 500 fr., and 12,500,000 fr. in "obligations." This railroad effects a junction, on the one hand, with the northern line, and on the other with the line from Saragossa to Madrid. It also is connected with the Mediterranean by Barcelona, and with the Atlantic by Bilbao, thus traversing the whole of the important regions of Central North Spain. It is in itself only 187 kilometres in length. It is expected to be ultimately prolonged to France by the Aldudes in the Pyrenees, instead of going with the northern line to Irun, which will effect a saving of 50 kilometres in going to Madrid. Sixty-eight kilometres of this line were opened in 1860, and it was expected that the whole line would be in working order this summer. It promises to be one of the most productive of all the Spanish railways, as it traverses Navarre and Aragon, the two most populous and fertile provinces of the Peninsula. The line from France to Madrid, by Valladolid, is 634 kilometres in length, that by Pampeluna and Saragossa is only 554. Pampeluna was founded by Pompey, to commemorate his victories over Sertorius and Perpenna, and he called it, as he did several cities in the East, after his own name, Pompeiopolis.

The railroad from Saragossa to Barcelona is also under an especial company, with a capital of 99,750,000 fr., of which 47,250,000 fr. were raised by 90,000 shares of 520 fr. each, 31,500,000 by "obligations," and 21,000,000 by subsidy. The line is 366 kilometres in length, of which nearly one-half (from Barcelona to Lerida) is in operation. It is almost especially a Barcelona line, having its origin in that city, the most commercial and opulent in all Spain since the middle ages. It inherited the spoils of Carthagená, and even followed in the traces of Venice and of Genoa, for it was at that time a free city. It was only when it was subjected by monarchial or monarchal despotism that it began to decline. Of late, however, it has assumed new life, the spirit of commerce and industry have reawakened, and the population has increased to 220,000, with 130,000 in its suburbs. The Barcelona railway traverses Catalonia, benefiting a population of at least 1,000,000 of inhabitants, and it passes the towns of Manresa, Calaf, and Lerida, before it arrives at Saragossa, the centre of a great commerce of wool and cereals, and where it is connected with the lines to Madrid on the one hand, and with those to Pampeluna, Santander, Bilbao, and France on the other.

There is a short railway, with a capital of 9,000,000 fr., in 18,000 shares of 500 fr. each, between Montblanch and Reuss, also in Catalonia, with an extent of only 28 kilometres, and for which a total of 12,000,000 fr. has already been raised. This line accommodates, however, a small tract of country which is exceedingly productive in wine, corn, and fruit, and which supports a population of from 6000 to 7000 souls. This little railroad will further be in connexion, by the Reuss-Tarragona line, with

Barcelona, and, by the Montblanch-Lerida line, with the whole system of Spanish railways. The line from Reuss to the port of Tarragona is actually in operation. The port of Tarragona, in which a mole is being constructed, is said to be incomparably superior to that of Barcelona, and to be able to give shelter to a thousand vessels, and merchandise going from Central Spain to be shipped in the Mediterranean, will save 100 kilometres by being conveyed to Tarragona in preference to Barcelona.

Another important branch railroad unites Grao, Valencia, and Almansa to the Madrid and Alicante line. This line, which is 138 kilometres in length, with a capital of 24,722,000 fr., has been in operation since November, 1859. The terminus of this line is so situated at Grao, the port of Valencia, that goods can be shipped and unshipped at the station itself. This line, by its junction with the Madrid and Alicante line, is put into connexion likewise with Lisbon and the Tagus, with Badajoz and the Guadiana, and with Cadiz and the Guadalquivir, as also with the north ports by the north line, and a further railway communication is projected direct between Valencia and Barcelona—a project which, considering the fertility of the country through which it would be carried, and the traffic it would give rise to, could scarcely be otherwise than remunerative. It would also, with the carrying out of the line from Barcelona and Perpignan, do much towards completing the circuit of the Peninsula.

The southerly and south-west line of Spain, or that from Madrid to Cadiz, belongs in its upper part, as we have before seen, to the Madrid and Alicante company. It is, indeed, the same line to a little beyond Alcazar de San Juan, whence a new line proceeds to Manzanarès, where it bifurcates into two great branches, one going by Badajoz to Lisbon, the other by Cordova and Seville to Cadiz. The Madrid-Alicante line only obtained the concession of the Manzanarès-Cordova line—248 kilometres in length—in 1860.

The Cordova-Seville railroad belongs to a particular company, with a capital of 27,000,000 fr.—18,000,000 fr. in shares, and 9,000,000 fr. in "obligations." It is also subsidised by the province for twenty years. It is 131 kilometres in length, and is expected to be prolonged from Seville to Merida and Badajoz. Cordova, founded by Marcus Marcellus, and which, in the time of the Moors, boasted of its 300,000 inhabitants, now scarcely contains 40,000. This pride of Andalusia was the birth-place of three very different characters—the Stoician Seneca, preceptor to Nero; of Lucan, the poetical historian of the wars of Cæsar and Pompey; and of the "Great Captain Gonsalvo," the indomitable enemy of the Moors, and the conqueror of Naples.

The railroad from Seville to Cadiz is also called that of Xeres and Puerto-Real, and is under an especial company, with a capital of 48,125,000 fr., of which 23,750,000 fr. in shares of 500 fr., and the remainder in "obligations." The first railway in this region was a detached line of communication between Xeres and Puerto-Real, called the Trocadero, of 27 kilometres in length. The prolongation of the line was effected by the Company of Credit of Spain, and so satisfied were they with the results obtained, that it was with the greatest disinclination possible that they were induced to make a certain number of shares public. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the territorial richness of the valley

of the Guadalquivir. It produces plants of the most diverse descriptions, and they prosper there almost without cultivation. Silk, indigo, cochineal, sugar, tobacco, honey, oranges, dates, and fruits of all kinds and characters abound. The most important produce, however, consists in cereals, in olive oil, and in the admirable wines. The pastures feed that splendid race of horses which was introduced into Andalusia by the Moors, and the innumerable flocks of Merinos sheep, whose fleece is the finest in the world. The flanks of the mountains present vast basins, from whence marble, coal, iron, copper, lead, mercury, and silver are extracted. The population of the two provinces of Andalusia and Estremadura equals that of a third of all Spain. To form an idea of its density—Seville contains 120,000 inhabitants; Xeres, 80,000; Cadiz, 75,000; San-Fernando, 20,000; San Lucar, 19,000; Puerto-Real and Santa Maria, 18,000; Utrera, 14,000; and Alcala, 11,000. Seville and Cadiz are the great emporia of this vast fertile and populous region. The Guadalquivir used to boast of its 12,000 villages. The line from the future capital of Southern Spain to Xeres is actually in operation, and the circuitous termination, which is to unite Puerto-Real with the peninsulated Cadiz, is being also rapidly brought to completion. A branch road will also bring Malaga and Granada within the network of the Spanish railways, by a junction at Antequera, and another with the Seville-Cordova line. With such increased facilities of intercommunication and exportation, new vines will be planted, new vineyards will decorate the slopes of the sierras of Andalusia and Granada, and the generous wines of Malaga and of Xeres will spread thence all over the world, more abundant, not less carefully manufactured, and cheaper than ever.

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### COUNT CAVOUR.

ALTHOUGH we have been consistently opposed to the policy Sardinia has displayed during the recent struggle for Italian independence, simply from the reason that we are no advocates of that system which does evil that good may result from it, we cannot permit the death of the master-spirit of that policy to pass over without a word of notice. The Count CAVOUR we believe to have been the greatest Italian of the age, and his very failings were only an exaggeration of the national character. He was a liberal Machiavelli, and tortuous diplomacy was his delight; but we cannot deny him the great merit of having ever acted through a spirit of sincere conviction, and the welfare of his country was the subject of his every action and thought. Whether a more favourable result might not have been attained by straightforwardness, is a question we are not disposed to enter into: of the dead we wish to say nothing, unless it be good. The count has disappeared from the scene, and, although his opponents in principle, we sincerely regret his loss, for he was the only diplomatist of fair, unhappy Italy who offered a prospect of being



able to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." His death must be regarded as a national calamity, for with his great wisdom he was competent to prevent the renewal of hostilities, while his firm, unbending will offered a reasonable guarantee against the spread of French influence in Italy. The career of such a man is eminently worthy, therefore, of a place and honourable mention in our pages, and the following article may be regarded as an "In Memoriam" which we offer to him, now that death has caused a cessation of those hostilities which we thought it our duty to carry on against him and his system since the commencement of the latest phase of Italian affairs.

Count Cavour belonged to one of the oldest and most patrician families in Sardinia, which, indeed, boasted the blood royal of the princes of Savoy. Bayle St. John, in his "Subalpine Kingdom," goes so far as to insinuate that the count was intimately connected with a much later representative of the dynasty, but there is no honourable authority for the calumny, which appears the result of that inveterate propensity republicans have for blackening the aristocracy. Count Camillo, the subject of our sketch, was born at Turin on August 10, 1810, a sister of the Emperor Napoleon standing sponsor for him at his baptism. He was educated in the Royal Military Academy, much against his will, and at the age of fifteen his quick parts and amiable manner recommended him to Charles Felix, who appointed him a page. But even at that early age Cavour could not endure the artificial life of a court, and managed speedily to be dismissed from his unthankful office. To screen himself from the anger of his family at their blighted hopes, the young count applied himself diligently to his studies, and was regarded by his professors as one of the most promising mathematicians ever educated in the academy. At the age of twenty, Count Cavour left college with the rank of lieutenant in the Engineers, but the liberal tendencies he evidenced at that early age rendered promotion impossible for him, for the Jesuits ruled the country. He therefore, ere long, laid down his commission and devoted himself to the management of his large estates. After a while he resolved to improve his mind by travelling, and came to London, where he remained for several years, his rank and fortune obtaining him access to the first circles. He carefully studied the political and social economy of our country, and fostered that love of constitutional government which he never surrendered to his dying hour.

In 1842, Cavour returned to Turin, and began organising a quiet opposition to the reactionary tendencies of the Della Margherita government. As the first step, he formed a great agricultural society, known as the "Societa Agraria," which soon numbered nearly two thousand members, belonging to the most influential classes. We may feel well assured that politics were not excluded from the debates of the society, and the articles Cavour wrote in the *Agricultural Journal*, though ostensibly devoted to improvements in English husbandry, had the further object of showing that constitutionalism promoted, while absolutism retarded, progress. When the Pope at length gave the impetus to the liberal tendencies of Italy, the constitutional party in Piedmont began to attain a certain degree of cohesion, and had a powerful representative in the *Risorgimento*, which Cavour started in conjunction with his friend, Cesare Balbo. Through these and other public measures,

Cavour gradually became the unrecognised leader of the Liberals, and only bided his time to show the full weight of his influence.

The opportunity offered itself in 1848, when Italy was agitated to its extremity by the revolutionary events in Paris. Cavour boldly stepped forward to stem the storm, and it was mainly through his resolution that bloodshed was prevented and Charles Albert was induced to grant his people a constitution. Elected by Turin itself as deputy to the first chamber convened, Cavour strenuously resisted the democratic party; and though he did not oppose the War of Independence in itself, he saw that permanent emancipation for Italy was impossible without foreign aid. Hence, he urged an alliance with England; but the people were suffering from the mania that "l'Italia farà di se," and the honest patriot was assailed on all sides. So far did the venom spread, that in the general election of January, 1849, Count Cavour was rejected by his former constituents in favour of a more radical deputy. During his political inaction Cavour was hard at work as a journalist, and he attacked with all the means at his command the radical ministry under Gioberti, though he at the same time favoured that statesman's plan of restoring the Grand-Duke of Tuscany and the Pope by the arms of Sardinia, on condition of those regnants granting their people a constitution.

After the disastrous day of Novara, Victor Emmanuel entrusted the Marquis d'Azeglio with the arduous task of forming a new administration. Arduous, indeed, for it was necessary to soothe down a haughty nation writhing under the thought of defeat, and preventing a national calamity through the renewal of hostilities with Austria. The nation was sensible enough to elect a working majority for ministers, and Count Cavour was again returned as deputy for the first Electoral College of Turin. Placing himself at the head of the right centre, he gave a generous and hearty support to the ministry so long as it held together, doing his utmost to guard it from the perils that still menaced it through the reactionary party, which, although scotched, was very far from killed. In 1850 he definitively became a member of the cabinet, taking the portfolio of agriculture and commerce, to which that of finance—the great object of his desires—was attached in the following year. From this moment he resolved to carry through the principles of free trade, and, though he met with tremendous opposition, he managed to gain the victory on all points.

With the success of the *coup d'état* in 1851, Cavour found himself in a most unpleasant position, and an approximation with Austria appeared to him desirable, in order to guard against any annexing tendencies on the part of the newly-elected autocrat. For this purpose he entered into negotiations with the Viennese court to carry out the treaty of commerce and navigation stipulated for in the peace of Novara. At the same time, however, he sought to conciliate Napoleon III. by putting a bridle on the radical press, which foamed at the mouth in its attacks on the French emperor. The argument he used in defence of the measure was admirably logical. "Suppose, gentlemen," he said, "we were obliged to pass by a sleeping lion, and that one of our number, in spite of the warnings of our leader to tread gently and silently, were determined to go on shouting and raising his voice, should we not all agree to put our hand on his lips, and say, 'If you have made up your mind to be devoured,

we, at any rate, have no desire to be so?' But if, in spite of our taking the utmost care to avoid any noise, the lion should wake up and prepare to leap on us, we should all know how to defend ourselves, at least if we are worthy of the name of men."

So strong was the opposition Count Cavour found from both extreme parties of the House, that he resolved to effect a fusion of the Liberal and Conservative parties, and thus secure ministers a powerful and working majority. The death of the President Pinelli, in 1852, enabled Cavour to seal the "Connubio," by proposing Ratazzi as the new president, and after an ardent struggle, he secured the majority of voices, but, unhappily, ere long, dissensions broke out in the cabinet itself, which led to a general resignation. A new ministry was formed by D'Azeglio, from which Cavour was excluded, and he profited by his holiday to pay a visit to Paris, where he had a very important conference with Louis Napoleon, which probably bore fruit at a later season. The dispute that presently broke out between the Papal court and Sardinia, on the civil marriages question, led to a ministerial crisis, and the king was at length compelled, though perhaps against his will, to summon Cavour to his councils. He remained prime minister till April, 1855, when the opposition offered by the bishops to the law for the dissolution of convents led to the resignation of the ministry. There was a short interregnum, under General Durando, but on May 31st, of the same year, Cavour definitively returned to power.

The master-stroke of Cavour's policy was his resolution to join the Anglo-French alliance during the Crimean war, for he thus ensured little Sardinia a voice in the councils of Europe. The boldness with which he spoke out at the conferences of Paris, and described the wants and wishes of Italy, will not be forgotten by our readers. Already the relations between Austria and Sardinia had grown of a very delicate nature, and constant protests and counter-protests had been exchanged between the two courts so far back as 1853, with reference to alleged breaches of the existing treaties. Cavour, therefore, when he proceeded to take part in the transactions of the Paris congress, had made up his mind beforehand to have a thorough understanding with Austria, or at any rate to clear away the ground in readiness for the coming quarrel. It is impossible to say how far he was supported in his bold plans by the Emperor of the French, but there is reason for believing that Cavour did not, on that occasion, act entirely *motu proprio*. At any rate, Cavour so far gained the victory that Austria shortly after withdrew her troops from the duchies, Tuscany, and the Legations.

Matters remained tolerably quiet between the two enemies till the beginning of 1857, when the emperor was making a progress through his Italian possessions, and the national party selected for a demonstration at Milan the 15th of January—the day the emperor entered that city—and sent to the municipality of Turin a large subscription towards the erection of a monument in honour of the Piedmontese. The Austrian government retorted by publishing a furious article in the *Gazetta di Milano*, openly threatening Sardinia. This was immediately answered by the Piedmontese government paper, after which the diplomatists stepped into the arena. All this while, unfortunately for Austria, the breach between her and France had been gradually widening, and at the

meeting which took place between Louis Napoleon and Cavour at Plombières in the middle of 1858, there appears little doubt but that the future policy to be pursued towards Austria by the two countries was regulated. Next came the memorable New Year's-day of 1859, and the words addressed by the Emperor of the French to Baron Hubner, which spread consternation throughout Europe, because they intimated a foregone conclusion.

We will not follow the allies through their tortuous policy prior to the war, or show how poor, honest, blundering Austria fell into the trap so craftily prepared for her. Even so far back as February 9, 1859, far-sighted men entertained a suspicion that the conduct of France would not be so disinterested as it might appear on the surface, and Count Costa de Beauregard made a remarkable speech, which should now recommend him to the notice of Victor Emmanuel.

"Piedmont was preparing for war, and Count Cavour was doing all he could to provoke it. For my part," continued the honourable gentleman, "I will not give any encouragement to such a policy. I will not approve by a vote of confidence of a policy which should always be opposed—a policy which has done so much injury to the internal situation of the country. I can inform you, gentlemen, that in Savoy the idea of war is altogether unpopular. Borne down by heavy taxes, our populations execrate the policy which imposes them on the country. But war would entail on Savoy an infinitely more deplorable fate than heavy taxation—it would lead to her separation from Piedmont. And, forsooth, we, the inhabitants of Savoy, are to shed our blood and wear out our resources for the purpose of placing ourselves under another crown! But do not imagine that the people of Savoy are less patriotic than others in the kingdom. No: when danger arises we shall be among the first to strike a blow for our country. But we do not want to separate from the mother country, and I, therefore, shall vote against a bill which constitutes part of the policy leading necessarily to that result."

If Cavour had really resolved before the war on surrendering Savoy in exchange for Italian provinces, he was bitterly disappointed by the unexpected treaty of Villafranca, and the return, as it were, to the *status quo*. From that moment a game of political chess began between the emperor and Cavour, in which the latter gained the mastery with every move. In the first moment of irritation, he resigned the ministry, but returned again to the head of affairs on January 21, 1860. Napoleon protested, but in vain, against the incorporation of the duchies and legations, but Cavour was not intimidated even when his late ally turned the light of his countenance from him. Having performed his part of the bargain, he wished for his share, and by dogged perseverance obtained it. Next came his support of the Garibaldian foray on Sicily, followed by the surrender of Naples, and yet Napoleon was unable to interfere, however much he might desire it. His fleet played a wretched part off Gaeta, and the baffled emperor was compelled to yield at all points. Cavour now had him exactly in the right position: all honest-minded persons combined in deploring the continuance of the existing régime in Rome as the sole obstacle to Italian unification, and that very obstacle was kept from toppling over by French bayonets. The position was rapidly growing impossible for Napoleon, and the death of his opponent

has been closely followed by the recognition of the Italian kingdom on the part of France. However much Napoleon may desire it, he can never restore the old state of things in Italy, and it will be equally hopeless for him to attempt to maintain the Papal authority for any length of time against the combined remonstrances of Europe. Cavour then, we believe, died at the moment when the final victory was in his grasp.

The only question that remains is, whether Cavour could not have effected the same result without the surrender of Savoy and Nice; and we think it must be answered in the negative. We may feel assured that Napoleon did not enter into the Italian war without material guarantees that he would obtain the object of his ambition; and there were reasons why Cavour should not be sorry to get rid of the French provinces. As we have seen, he had long before exploded the theory that Italy could liberate herself, and the cession of Savoy might not appear too heavy a price to pay for the Lombardo-Venetese. In the next place, Sardinia had long been regarded by the other Italian provinces jealously, from the mere fact of her holding these French states, and Cavour thought it a wiser policy to identify his country thoroughly with Italy. He had many other causes of acerbity still to remove ere Sardinia could become the mistress state, and the cession of her unproductive provinces weighed but lightly in the scale when compared with the possibility of obtaining the identical position Austria had so long held.

Although we deplore the tortuous policy pursued by Cavour since Villafranca, it must not be forgotten that his first lesson in statecraft was read him by Napoleon. He was challenged to the contest, and entered the lists courteously. The dilemma into which he threw his adversary by letting Garibaldi slip, was glorious, and we can easily imagine the fury into which Napoleon fell at finding himself so thoroughly outwitted. He had, at any rate, the consolation—poor though it might be—that Cavour made as perfect a catspaw of Garibaldi as he did of the French.

Turning from this painful side of Cavour's character, we are bound to speak in the highest praise of his abilities for reform and finance. Unlike the majority of Italian statesmen, he knew how to stop in time; he did not blindly follow out theories to an absurdity, but drew from them the largest amount of benefit for his country. Even when he resolved to introduce the system of free trade into Sardinia, he maintained a balance by wise limitations, and did not surrender everything at a stroke, confiding in the generosity and honour of the other parties to the bargain. Under his administration the Sardinians became an eminently commercial nation; and from an early date he paid close attention to railways, those arteries of trade. Nor did his business predilections induce him to neglect the defensive measures his country needed: the fortifications of Casale and Alessandria, for instance, were always readily and liberally supported by the finance minister. The army, too, was ever maintained on a creditable footing; and during his government Sardinia obtained a place in Europe which seems astounding, regard being had to the smallness of her territory and her comparatively restricted resources.

As to Cavour's personal character accounts differ, but we think the evidence tends to show that if his manner was brusque, it originated from his absorption in business. It must be borne in mind that while he held

half a dozen offices simultaneously, he did not neglect his own colossal fortune, and the management of his estates was an example which other landed proprietors might have followed with profit to themselves. In private life he is said to have been affable and cheerful, but those moments were few and far between. A man of talent rather than of genius, he carried out all his undertakings with a pertinacity which eventually disarmed his opponents, and he had the faculty, rare among Italians, of being able to control his passions. In a few instances he was known to burst out into passionate invective, but, as a general rule, secure in his majority, he listened with the calmness of contempt to the attacks made upon his policy. In his oratory, he bore a close likeness to our own Sir Robert Peel, whom he would appear to have selected as his model: he was never known to rise to eloquence, but his financial statements were masterpieces of lucidity and logic.

Take him all in all, Cavour was a necessity for Italy, and his loss will be long deplored, for he was the only man capable of restraining an excitable and fickle population from precipitation. A diplomatic Fabius Cunctator, he had determined to expel the French from Rome by the force of circumstances, and not by a mad appeal to arms, which must have ruined the Italian cause, for the French are not the nation to brook an insult even from their dearest friend. It is possible that Louis Napoleon built on a collision to enable him to carry out his designs, but so long as Cavour lived it was not afforded him. What the result of Cavour's departure from the stage may be it is impossible to say. There may be among his followers men imbued with his sentiments, and who are capable of taking up the thread of his tortuous plans. We hope it may prove so, and that Sardinia, by the display of a wise moderation, will render the French occupation of Rome ridiculous; but we confess to serious apprehensions. We believe that, in the present temper of Europe, the Emperor of the French would be very loth to commence any hostile proceedings; but we know from sad experience that even the most powerful ruler of the French cannot hold his people in check if they fancy a national insult intended. There is one way, however, in which all these perils may be averted, and that is the speedy evacuation of Rome by the French. Garibaldi has not yet spoken his last word, and Cavour no longer exists to hold him in check and counsel moderation. The pretext for collision between the Italians and French removed, the Austrians might with safety be left to hold their own, and if Garibaldi attacked them, it would be a question not likely to lead to a European conflagration. If, therefore, the Emperor of the French sincerely desires peace, as he so constantly tells us through the mouthpiece of his ministers, the easiest way will be for him to allow Italy to manage her own affairs without any foreign intervention whatever; and his recognition of the Italian kingdom consequently appears to us the most cheering proof of his sincerity which he has given Europe since that ill-omened *Jour de L'An*, when he so wilfully hurled the firebrand amid the combustible materials collected in Italy. For Cavour's conduct there was a justification, since he was an Italian, and moved by a desire for the aggrandisement of his country; but for that of the Emperor of the French there was none, for we cannot do him the injustice of believing that he was actuated by a wish for a territorial increase, purchased by such a frightful outlay of blood and treasure.

## THE WORK-GIRL'S HOLIDAY.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

COME away, for a day, from the whirl of the mill,  
 Leave the web and the warp in the loom,  
 There are flowers with colours more beautiful still  
 Where the woods far away are in bloom;  
 Our eyes may grow dim, and faces grow pale,  
 In the light of the factory's glare,  
 For it's little we know of the sunshiny vale,  
 Or the breath of the balmy fresh air!  
 Come away, for a day—hark! the whistle, the scream  
 Of the engine, nor longer delay;  
 Oh! its seldom we shout when they get up the steam,  
 For with us it says *work* and not *play*.

We're away—what a day!—oh, what pleasure to ride,  
 And to leave the tall chimneys behind!  
 See! there are the green fields—and there is the tide—  
 And the ships bearing down with the wind!  
 And there are the birds!—oh! how happy and free  
 Do they seem as they flit up and down,  
 Just as if they'd escaped from a city to see  
 What the world could be like out of town.  
 We're away—what a day!—how we merrily speed  
 As we seem to fly over the ground;  
 To-day the steam-engine shall work for *our* need,  
 For once be a merry-go-round!

Oh, how fast!—here at last!—we are out in the grass—  
 See the hedges are covered with "May,"  
 There is Harry, there Dick, they have each got their lass,  
 And the fiddle's beginning to play;  
 There's kiss in the ring—ah! we never have that,  
 We have time but to eat and to sleep;  
 But *here* we can sing, we can dance, we can chat!  
 Come! our holiday gaily we'll keep.  
 We're away, for a day, oh! what joy to be free  
 From the whirl of the wheel and the glare,  
 Oh! how pleasant it is the green meadows to see,  
 And to breathe in the balmy fresh air!

## THE TAMING OF THE PYTHONESS;

OR,

BEATRICE BOVILLE'S REVENGE.

BY OUIDA.

I.

WHERE I SAW BEATRICE BOVILLE AGAIN.

I DON'T belong to St. Stephen's myself, thank Heaven. Very likely they would have returned me for the county when the governor departed this life had I tried them, but as I generally cut the county, from not being one of the grass countries, and as I couldn't put forward any patriotic claims like Mr. Harper Twelvetees (who, as he's such a slayer of vermin, thought, I suppose, that he'd try his hand at the dry-rot and the red tapeworms, which, according to cotton grumblers, are sapping the nation), I haven't solicited its suffrages. The odds at Tattersall's interest me more than the figures of the ways and means, and Diophantus's and Kettledrum's legerdemain at Newmarket and Epsom is more to my taste than our brilliant rhetorician's with the surplus. I don't care a button about Lord Raynham and Sir C. Burrell's maids-of-all-work; they are not an attractive class, I should say, and if they like to amuse their time tumbling out of windows, I can't see for the life of me why peers and gentlemen should rush to the rescue like Don Quixote to Dulcinea's. And as for that great question, Tea *v.* Paper, bohea delights the souls of old ladies and washerwomen—who destroy crumpets and character over its inebriating cups, and who will rush to crown Lord Derby's and Mr. Disraeli's brows with laurels if they ever go to the country with a teapot blazoned on their patriotic banners—more than it does mine, which prefers Bass and Burgundy, seltzer and Sillery; and though I dare say Brown, Jones, and Robinson find the Divorce News exciting, and paper collars very showy and economical, as I myself am content with the *Times* and its compeers, and think with poor Brummel, that life without daily clean linen were worthless, *that* subject doesn't absorb me as it does those gentlemen who find "the last tax on knowledge" so grandiloquent and useful a finishing period. So I have never stood for the county, nor essayed to stand for it, seeing that to one Bernal Osborne there are fifty prozers in St. Stephen's, and to be bored, is, to a butterfly flutterer, as the young lady whose name heads this paper once obligingly called me, torture unparalleled by anything short of acid wine or the Chinese atrocities, though truly he who heads our Lower House with his vernal heart and his matchless brain, were enough to make any man, coxcomb or hero, oppositionist or ministerialist, proud to sit in the same chamber with him. But there are nights now and then, of course, when I like to go to both Houses, to hear Lord Derby's rich, intricate oratory, or Gladstone's rhetoric (which has so potent a spell even for his foes, and is yet charged so strangely against him as half a crime; possibly by the



same spirit with which plain women reproach a pretty one for her beauty: what business has he to be more attractive than his compeers? of course it's a péché mortel in their eyes!), and when Mrs. Breloques, who is a charming little woman, to whom no man short of a Goth could possibly say "No" to any petition, gave me a little blow with her fan, and told me, as I valued her friendship, to get an order and take her and Gwen to hear the Lords' debate on Tuesday, when my cousin Viscount Earls-court, one of the best orators in the Upper House, was certain to speak, of course I obliged her. Her sister Gwen, who was a girl of seventeen, barely out, and whom I wished at Jericho (three is so odious a number, one of the triad must ever be *de trop*), was wrathful with the Upper House; it in no wise realised her expectations; the peers should have worn their robes, she thought (as if the horrors of a chamber filled with Thames odours in June wasn't enough without being bored with velvet and ermine!); she would have been further impressed by coronets also; they had no business to lounge on their benches as if they were in a smoking-room; they should have declaimed like Kean, not spoken colloquially; and—in fact, they shouldn't have been ordinary men at all. I think a fine collection from Madame Tussaud's, with a touch of the Roman antique, would have been much more to Gwen's ideal, and she wasn't at all content till Earls-court rose; *he* reconciled her a little, for he had a grand seigneur air, she said, that made up for the incongruities of his dress. It was a measure that he had much at heart; he had exerted for it all his influence in the Cabinet, and he was determined that the bill should pass the Lords, though the majority inclined to throw it out. As he stood now against the table, with his calm dignity of gesture, his unstrained flow of words, and his rich and ringing voice, which could give majesty to common-place subjects, and sway even an apathetic audience as completely as Sheridan's Begum speech, every one in the House listened attentively, and each of his words fell with its due weight. I heard him with pride, often as I had done so before, though I noticed with pain that the lines in his forehead and his mouth were visibly deepened; that he seemed to speak with effort, for him, and looked altogether, as somebody had said to me at White's in the morning, as if he were wearing out, and would go down in his prime, like Canning and Pitt.

"Lord Earls-court looks very ill, don't you think so?" said Leila Breloques.

As I answered her, I heard a sharp-wrung sigh, and I looked for the first time at the lady next me. I saw a delicate profile, lips compressed and colourless, chestnut hair that I had last seen with his pearls gleaming above it—I saw, en deux mots, Beatrice Boville for the first time since that night eight months before, when she had stood before me in her passion and her pride. She never took her eyes off Earls-court while he spoke, and I wondered if she regretted having lost him for a point of honour. Had she grown indifferent to him, that she had come to his own legislative chamber, or was her love so much stronger than her pride that she had sought to see him thus rather than not see him at all? When his speech was closed, and he had resumed his place on the benches, she leaned back, covering her eyes with her hand for a moment, and as I said aloud (more for her benefit than Mrs. Breloques's) my regret that

Earlscourt would wear himself out, I was afraid, in his devotion to public life, Beatrice started at the sound of my voice, turned her head hastily, and her face was colourless enough to tell me she had not gratified her pride without some cost. Of course I spoke to her; she had been a favourite of mine always, and I had often wished to come across her again, but beyond learning that she was with Lady Mechlin in Lowndes-square, and had been spending the winter at Pau for her aunt's health, I had no time to hear more, for Leila having only come for Earlscourt's speech, bade me take her to her carriage, while Beatrice and her party remained for the rest of the debate; but the rencontre struck me as so odd, that I believe it occupied my thoughts more than Mrs. Breloques liked, who got into her carriage in not the best of humours, and asked me if I was going in for public life that I'd grown so particularly unamusing. We're always unamusing to one woman if we're thinking at all about another.

"Do you know who was at the House to-night, Earlscourt, to hear your speech?" I asked him, as I met him, a couple of hours afterwards, in one of the passages as he was leaving the House. He had altered much in eight months; he stooped a little from his waist; he looked worn, and his lips were pale. Men said his stamina was not equal to his brain; physicians, that he gave himself too much work and too little sleep. I knew he was more wrapped in public life than ever; that in his place in the government he worked unwearyingly, and that he found time in spare moments for intellectual recreation that would have sufficed for their life's study for most men. Still, I thought possibly there might be a weakness still clinging round his heart, though he never alluded to it; a passion which, though he appeared to have crushed it out, might be sapping his health more than all his work for the nation.

"Do you mean any one in particular? Persigny said he should attend, but I did not see him."

"No, I meant among the ladies. Beatrice Boville was in the seat next me." I had no earthly business to speak of her so abruptly, for when I had seen him for the first time after he left the Bad when parliament met that February, he had forbidden me ever to mention her name to him, and no allusion to her had ever passed his lips. The worn, stern gravity, that had become his habitual expression, changed for a moment; bullet-proof he might be, but my arrow had shot in through the chain links of his armour; a look of unutterable pain, eagerness, anxiety, passion, passed over his face, but whatever he felt he subdued it, though his voice was broken, as he answered me:

"Once for all, I bade you never speak that name to me. Without being forbidden, I should have thought your own feeling, your own delicacy, might——"

"Have checked me? Oh! hang it, Earlscourt, listen one second without shutting a fellow up. I never broached the subject before, by your desire; but now I have once broken the ice I must ask you one question: are you sure you judged the girl justly? are you sure you were not too quick to slay——"

He pressed his hand on his chest and breathed heavily as I spoke, but he wouldn't let me finish.

"That is enough! Would any man sacrifice what he held dearest

wantonly and without proof? She is dear to me *now*. You are the only living being so thoughtless or so merciless as to force her name upon me, and rake up the *oué* folly, the one madness, the one crowning sorrow of my life. See that you never dare bring forward her name again!"

He went out before me into the soft night air, his carriage was waiting; he entered it, threw himself back on its cushions, and was driven off before I had time to break my word of honour to Beatrice Boville, which I felt sorely tempted to do just then. Who amongst the thousands that heard his brilliant speech that night, or read it the next morning, who saw him pass in his carriage, and had him pointed out to them as the finest orator of his day, or dined with him at his ministerial dinners at his house in Park-lane, would have believed that with all his ambition, fame, honours, and attainments, the one cross, the one shadow, the one dark thread in the successful statesman's life was due to a woman's hand, and that underneath all his strength lay that single weakness, sapping and undermining it?

"*Did you* see that girl Boville at the House last night?" Lady Clive (who had smiled most sweetly ever since her thorns had brought forth their fruit—her son *would* be his heir—Earlscourt would never marry now!) said to me, the next day, at one of the Musical Society concerts. "Incredible effrontery, wasn't it, in her, to come and hear Earlscourt's speech? One would have imagined that conscience and delicacy might have made her reluctant to see him, instead of letting her voluntarily seek his own Legislative Chamber, and listen coolly for an hour and a half to the man whom she misled and deceived so disgracefully!"

I laughed to think how long a time a woman's malice *will* flourish, u'importe how victorious it may have been in crushing its object, or how harmless that object may have become!

"You are very bitter about her still, Lady Clive. Is that quite fair? You know you were so much obliged to her for throwing Earlscourt away. You want Horace to come in for the title, don't you?" Which truism being unpalatable, Lady Clive averred that she had no wish on earth but for Earlscourt's happiness; that of course she naturally grieved for his betrayal by that little intrigante, but that had his marriage been a well-advised one, nobody would have rejoiced more, &c. &c., and bade me be silent and listen to Vieuxtemps, both of which commands I obeyed, pondering in my own mind whether I should go and call in Lowndes-square or not: if anybody heard of it, they would think it odd for me alone, of all the family, to continue acquainted with a girl whom report (circulated through Lady Clive) said had used Earlscourt so ill, and wrong constructions might get put upon it; but, thank God! I never have considered the *qu'en dira-t-on*. If constructions are wrong, to the deuce with them! they matter nothing to sensible people; and the man who lives in dread of "reports" will have to shift his conduct as the old man of immortal fable shifted his donkey, and won't ever journey in any peace at all. If anybody remarked my visiting at Lowndes-square, I couldn't help it: I wanted to see Beatrice Boville again, and to Lowndes-square, after the concert, I drove my tilbury accordingly, which, as that turn-out is known pretty tolerably in those parts, I should be wisest to

leave behind me when I don't want my calls noticed. By good fortune I saw Beatrice alone. They were going to drive in the Park, and she was in the drawing-room, dressed and waiting for her aunt. She was not altered: at her age sorrow doesn't tell physically as it does at Earls-court's. In youth we have Hope; later on we know that of all the gifts of Pandora's box, none are so treacherous and delusive as the one that Pandora left at the bottom. True, Beatrice had none of that insouciant, shadowless brightness that had been her chief charm at Lemongenseidnitz, but she was one of those women whose attractions, dependent on fascination, not on beauty, grow more instead of less as time goes on. She met me with a trace of embarrassment; but she was always self-possessed under any amount of difficulties, and stood chatting, a trifle hurriedly, of all the subjects of the year, of anything, I dare say, rather than of that speech the night before, or of the secret of which I was her sole confidant. But I was not going to let her off so easily. I had come there for a definite purpose, and was not going away without accomplishing it. I was afraid every second that Lady Mechlin might come down, or some visitor enter, and as she sat in a low chair among the flowers in the window, leant towards her, and plunged into it *in medias res*.

"Miss Boville, I want you to release me from my promise?"

She looked up, her face flushing slightly, but her lips and eyes shadowed already with that determined pride and hauteur of which I had worn the last time I had seen her. She did not speak, but played with the boughs of a coronella near her.

"You remember" (I went on speaking as briefly as possible, lest the old lady's toilette should be finished, and our tête-à-tête cut short), "I gave you my word of honour never to speak again of what you told me in the Kursaal last autumn, until you gave me leave; that leave I ask you for now. Silence lies in the way of your own happiness, I feel sure, and not alone of yours. If you give me *carte blanche*, you may be certain I shall use it discreetly and cautiously. You made the prohibition in a moment of heat and passion; withdraw it now; believe me you will never repent."

The flush died out of her cheeks as I spoke, but her little white teeth were set together as they had been that night, and she answered me bitterly:

"You ask what is impossible; I cannot, in justice to myself, withdraw it. I would never have told you, but that I deemed you a man of honour, whom I could trust."

"I do not think I have proved myself otherwise, Beatrice. I have kept my word to you, when I have been greatly tempted to break it, when I have doubted whether it were either right or wise to stand on such punctilio when greater stakes were involved by my silence. Surely, if you once had elevated mind enough to comprehend and admire such a man as Earls-court, and be won by the greatness of his intellect to prefer him to younger rivals, it is impossible you can have lowered your taste and found any one to replace him. No woman who once loved Earls-court could stoop to an inferior man, and almost all men *are* his inferiors; it is impossible you can have grown cold towards him."

She turned her eyes upon me luminous with her old passion—the colour hot in her cheeks, and her attitude full of that fiery pride which became her so infinitely well.

"I changed!—I grown cold to him! I love him more than all the world, and shall do to my grave. Do you think that any who heard him last night could glory in him as I did? Did you think any physical torture would not have been easier to bear than what I felt when I saw his face once more, and thought of what we *should have been* to one another, and of what we *are*? We women have to act, and smile, and wear a calm semblance, while our hearts are bursting, and so you fancy that we never feel!"

"But, great Heavens, Beatrice! if you love Earls court like this, why not give me leave to tell him? Why not write to him yourself? A word would clear you, a word restore you to him. Your anger, your pride, he would forgive in a moment!"

I'm a military man, not a diplomatist, or I shouldn't have added that last sentence.

She rose and looked at me haughtily and amazedly.

"It is I who have to forgive, not he. I wronged him in no way—he wronged me bitterly. He dared to misjudge, to suspect, to insult me. I shall never stoop to undeceive him. He gave me up without a trial. I never will force myself upon him. He thanked God I was not his wife—could I seek to be his wife after that? Love him passionately I do—but forgive him I do *not*! I forbid you, on your faith as a gentleman, ever to tell him what I told you that night. I trusted to your honour; I shall hold you *dishonoured* if you betray me."

Just as she paused, an open carriage rolled past. I looked down mechanically; in it was Earls court lying back on his cushions, returning, I believe, from a Cabinet Council. There, in the street, stood my tilbury, with the piebald Cognac, that everybody in Belgravia knew. There, in the open window, stood Beatrice and I, and Earls court, as he happened to glance upwards, saw us both! His carriage rolled on, Beatrice grew white as death, and her lips quivered as she looked after him; but Lady Meelin entered, and I took them down to their barouche.

"You are determined not to release me from my promise?" I asked Beatrice, as I pulled up the tiger-skin over her flounces.

She shook her head.

"Certainly not; and I should think you are too much of a gentleman not to hold a promise sacred."

Pride and determination were written in every line of her face, in the very arch of her eyebrows, the very form of her brow, the very curve of her lips—a soft, delicate face enough otherwise, but as expressive of indomitable pride as any face could be. And yet, though I swore at her as I drove Cognac out of the square, I couldn't help liking her all the better for it, the little Pythoness! for, after all, it was natural and very intelligible to me, she had been misjudged and wrongly suspected, and the noblest spirits are always the quickest to rebel against injustice and resent false accusation.

## II.

## HOW IN PERFECT INNOCENCE I PLAYED THE PART OF A RIVAL.

THE season whirled and spun along as usual. They were having stormy debates in the Lower House, and throwing out bills in the Upper; stifled by Thames odours one evening, and running down to Epsom the next morning; blackguarding each other in parliamentary language—which, on my honour, will soon want duels revived to keep it within decent breeding, if Lord Robert Cecil and others don't learn better manners, and remember the golden rule that "He alone resorts to vituperation whose argument is illogical and weak." We, luckier dogs, who weren't slaves to St. Stephen's, nor to anything at all except as parsons and moralists, with whom the grapes sont verts et bons pour des goujats, said to our own worldly vitiated tastes and evil leanings, spent our hours in the Ring and the coulisses, White's and the United, crush balls and opera suppers, and swore we were immeasurably bored, though we wouldn't have led any other life for half a million. The season whirled along. Earls court devoted himself more entirely than ever to public life: he filled one of the most onerous and important posts in the ministry, and appeared to occupy himself solely with home politics and foreign policies. Lady Mechlin, only a baronet's widow, though she had very tolerable society of her own, was not in *his monde*; and Beatrice Boville and he, with only Hyde Park-corner between them, might as well, for any chance of rapprochement, have been severally at Spitzbergen and Cape Horn. Two or three times they passed each other in Pall-Mall and the Ride, but Earls court only lifted his hat to Lady Mechlin, and Beatrice set her little teeth together, and wouldn't have solicited a glance from him to save her life. Earls court was excessively distant to me after seeing my tilbury at her door; no doubt he thought it strange for me to have continued my intimacy with a woman who had wronged him so bitterly. He said nothing, but I could see he was exceedingly displeased, and the more I tried to smooth it with him, the more completely I seemed to set my foot in it. It was exceedingly difficult to touch on any obnoxious subject with him: he was never harsh or discourteous, but he could freeze the atmosphere about him gently, but so completely, that no mortal could pierce through it, and, fettered by my promise to her and his prohibition to me, I hardly knew how to bring up her name. As the fates would have it, I often met Beatrice myself, at the Regent Park fêtes, at concerts, at a Handel Festival at Sydenham, at one or two dinner parties, and, as she generally made way for me beside her, and was one of those women who are invariably, though without effort, admired and surrounded in any society, possibly people remarked it—possibly our continued intimacy might have come round to Earls court, specially as Lady Clive and Mrs. Breloques abused me roundly, each à sa mode, for countenancing that "abominable intrigaute!" I couldn't help it, even if Earls court took exception at me for it. I knew the girl was not to blame, and I took her part, and tried my best to tame the little Pythoness into releasing me from my promise. But Beatrice was firm; had she erred, no one would have acknowledged and atoned for it quicker, but innocent

and wrongly accused, she kept silent, *coûte que coûte*, and in my heart I sympathised with her. Nothing stings so sharply, nothing is harder to forgive than injustice, and knowing herself to be frank, honourable, and open as the day, his charge of falsehood and deception rankled in her only more keenly as time went on. Men ran after her like mad; she had more of them about her than many beauties or belles. There was a style, a charm, a something in her that sent beauties into the shade, and by which, had she chosen, she could soon have replaced Earls court. Still it needed to be no Lavater to see by the passionate gleam of her eyes, and the haughty pride on her brow, that Beatrice Boville was not happy.

"Why *will* you let pride and punctilio wreck your own life, Beatrice?" I asked her, in a low tone, as we stood before one of Ed. Warren's delicious bits of woodland in the Water-Colour Exhibition, where we had chanced to meet one day. "That he should have judged you as he did was not unnatural. Think! how was it possible for him to guess your father was your companion? Remember how very much circumstances were against you."

"Had they been ten times more against me, a man who cared for me would have believed in me, and stood by me, not condemned me on the first suspicion. It was unchivalrous, ungenerous, unjust. I tell you, his words are stamped into my memory for ever. I shall never forgive them."

"Not even if you knew that he suffered as much and more than you do?"

She clenched her hands on the rolled-up catalogue with a passionate gesture.

"No; because he *misjudged* me. Anything else I would have pardoned, though I am no patient Griselda, to put up tamely with any wrong; but *that* I never could—I never would!"

"I regret it, then. I thought you too warm and noble-hearted a woman to retain resentment so long. I never blamed you in the first instance, but I must say I blame you now."

She laughed, a little contemptuously, and glanced at me with her haughtiest air; and on my life, much as it provoked one, nothing became her better.

"Blame me or not, as you please, your verdict will be quite bearable either way! I am the one sinned against. I can have nothing explained to Lord Earls court. Had he cared for me, as he once vowed, he would have been less quick then to suspect me, and quicker now to give me a chance of clearing myself. But you remember, he thanked God I had not his name and his honour in my hands? I dare say he rejoices at his escape!"

She laughed again, turning over the catalogue feverishly and unconsciously. *Those* were the words that rankled in her, and it was not much wonder if, to a proud spirit like Beatrice Boville's, they seemed unpardonable. As I handed her and Lady Mechlin into their carriage when they left the Exhibition, Earls court, as ill luck would have it, passed us, walking on to White's, the fringe of Beatrice's parasol brushed his arm, and a hot colour flushed into her cheeks at the sudden rencontre. By the instinct of courtesy he bowed to her and Lady Mechlin, but passed up Pall-Mall without looking at Beatrice. How well society drills us, that

we meet with such calm impassiveness in its routine those with whom we have sorrowed and joyed, loved and hated, in such far different scenes!

Their carriage drove on, and I overtook him as he went up Pall-Mall. He was walking slowly, with his hand pressed on his chest, and his lips set together, as if in bodily pain. He looked at me, as I joined him, with an annoyed glance of unusual irritation for him, for he was always calm and untroubled, punctiliously just, and though of a proud temper, never quick to anger.

"You passed that girl wonderfully coldly, Earls court," I began, plunging recklessly into the thick of the subject.

"Coldly!" he repeated, bitterly. "It is very strange that you will pursue me with her name. I forbade you to intrude it upon me; was not that sufficient?"

"No; because I think you judged her too harshly."

"Think so if you please, but never renew the topic to me. If she gives you her confidence, enjoy it. If you choose, knowing what you do, to be misled by her, be so; but I beg of you to spare me your opinions and intentions."

"But why? I say you *do* misjudge her. She might err in impatience and pride, but I would bet you any money you like that you would prove her guilty of no indelicacy, no treachery, no underhand conduct, though appearances might be against her."

"*Might* be! You select your words strangely; you must have some deeper motive for your unusual blindness. I desire, for the last time, that you cease either the subject to me, or your acquaintance with me, whichever you prefer."

With which, he went up the steps of White's, and I strolled on, amazed at the fierce acrimony of his tone, utterly unlike anything I had ever heard from him, wished their pride at the devil, called myself a fool for meddling in the matter at all, and went to have a quiet weed in the smoking-room of the U. S. to cool myself. I was heartily sick of the whole affair. If they wanted it cleared, they must clear it themselves, I should trouble myself no more about it. Yet I couldn't altogether dismiss Beatrice's cause from my mind. I thought her, to say the truth, rather harshly used. I liked her for her fearless, truthful, impassioned character. I liked her for the very courage and pride with which she preferred to relinquish any chance of regaining her forfeited happiness, rather than stoop to solicit exculpation from charges of which she knew she was innocent. Perhaps, at first, she did not consider sufficiently Earls court's provocation, and perhaps, now, she was too persisting in her resentment of it; still I liked her, and I was sorry to see her, at an age when life should have been couleur de rose, specially to one of her gay and insouciant nature, with a weary, passionate look on her face that she should not have had for ten years to come—a look that was rapidly hardening into stern and contemptuous sadness.

"You tell me I am too bitter," she said to me one day; "how should I be otherwise? I, who have wronged no one, and have never in my life done anything of which I am ashamed, am called an intrigante by Lady Clive Edghill, and get ill-will from strangers, and misconstructions from my friends, merely because, thinking no harm myself, it never occurs to me that circumstances may look against me; and, hating falsehood, I



cannot lie, and smile, and give soft words where I feel contempt and indignation. Mrs. Breloques yonder, with whom *les présens ont toujours raison*, and *les absens ont toujours tort*, who has honeyed speeches for her bitterest foes, and poisoned arrows (behind their back) for her most trusting friends, who goes to early matins every morning, and pries out for a second all over the top of her prayer-book, who kisses 'darling Helena,' and says she 'never looked so sweetly,' whispering *en petit comité* what a pity it is when Helena is so *passée* she *will* dress like a girl just out—she is called the sweetest woman possible—so *amiable!* and is praised for her high knowledge of religion. You tell me I am too bitter. I think not. Honesty does *not* prosper, and truth is at a miserable discount; straightforward frankness makes a myriad of foes, and adroit diplomacy as many friends. If you make a prettily turned compliment, who cares if it is sincere; if you hold your tongue where you cannot praise, because you will not tell a conventional falsehood, the world thinks you very ill-natured, or odiously satirical. Society is entirely built upon insincerity and conventionality, from the wording of an acceptance of a dinner invitation, where we write 'with much pleasure,' thinking to ourselves 'what a bore!' to the giant hypocrisies daily spoken without a blush from pulpit and lectern, and legitimatised both as permissible and praiseworthy. To truth and unconventionality society of course is therefore adverse, and whoever dares to uphold them must expect to be hissed, as Paul by the Ephesians, because he shivered their silver shrines and destroyed the craft by which they got their wealth."

Beatrice was right: her truth and fearlessness were her enemies with most people, even with the man who had loved her best. Had she been ready with an adroit falsehood and a quick excuse, Earls court's suspicions would never have been raised as they were by her frank admission that there was something she would rather not tell him, and her innocent request to be trusted. That must have been some very innocent and unworldly village schoolmaster, I should say, who first set going that venerable proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." He must have known comically little of life. A diplomatist who took it as his motto would soon come to grief, and ladies would soon stone out of their circles any woman *bête* enough to try its truth among them. There is no policy at greater discount in the world, and straightforward and caudid people stand at very unequal odds with the rest of humanity; they are the one morsel of bread to a hogshead of sack, the handful of Spartans against a swarm of Persians, and they get the brunt of the battle and the worst of the fight.

### III.

#### HOW PRIDE BOWED AND FELL.

BEYOND meeting Earls court at White's, or, for an hour, at the ré-union of some fair leader of ton, I scarcely saw him that season, for he was more and more devoted to public life. He looked wretchedly ill, and his physicians said if he wished to live he must go to the south of France in July, and winter at Corfu; but he paid them no heed, he occupied himself constantly with political and literary work, and grudging the three or four hours he gave to feverish sleep that did him little good.

"Will you get me admittance to the Lords to-morrow night?" Beatrice asked me one morning, when I met her in the Ride. I looked at her, surprised.

"To the Lords? Of course, if you wish."

"I do wish it." Her hands clenched on her bridle, and the colour flushed into her face, for Earls court just then passed us, riding with one of his brother ministers. He looked at us both, and his face changed strangely, though he rode on, continuing his conversation with the other man, while I went round the turn with Beatrice and the other fellows who were about her; le fruit défendu is always most attractive, and Beatrice's profound negligence of them all made them more mad about her than all the traps and witcheries, beguilements and attractions that coquettes and beauties set out for them. She rode beautifully, and a woman who *does* sit well down on her saddle, and knows how to handle her horse, never looks better than en Amazone. Earls court met her three times at the turn of the Ride, and though you would not have told that he was passing any other than an utter stranger, I think it must have struck him that he had lost much, in losing Beatrice Boville. I was riding on her off-side each time when we passed him. As I say, I never, thank God! have cared a straw for the qu'en dira-t-on? and if people remarked on my intimacy with my cousin's cast-off fiancée, so they might, but to Earls court I wished to explain it more for Beatrice's sake than my own; and as I rode out by Apsley House afterwards, I overtook him, and went up Piccadilly with him, though his manner was decidedly distant and chill, so pointedly so that it would have been rude, had he not been too entirely a disciple of Chesterfield to be ever otherwise than courteous to his deadliest foe; but, disregarding his coldness, I said what I intended to say, and began an explanation that I considered only due to him.

"I beg your pardon, Earls court, for intruding on you a topic you have forbidden, but I shall be obliged to you to listen to me a moment. I wish to tell you my reasons for what, I dare say, seems strange to you, my continued intimacy with——"

But I was not permitted to end my sentence; he divined what I was about to say, and stopped me with a cold, wearied air.

"I understand; but I prefer not to hear them. I have no desire to interfere with your actions, and still less to be troubled with your motives. Of course, you choose your friendships as you please. All I beg is, that you obey the wish I expressed the other day, and intrude the subject no more upon me."

And he bade me good morning, urged his mare into a sharp canter, and turned down St. James's-street. How little those in the crowd, who looked at him as he rode by, pointing him out to the women with them as Viscount Earls court, the most eloquent debater in the Lords, the celebrated foreign minister, author, and diplomatist, guessed that a woman's name could touch and sting him as nothing else could do, and that under the calm and glittering upper-current of his life ran a dark, slender, unnoticed thread that had power to poison all the rest! Those women, mon ami!—if we *do* satirise them a little bit now and then, are we doing any more than taking a very mild revenge? Don't they make fools of the very best and wisest of us, play the deuce with Cæsar as with Catullus, and make Achilles soft as Amphinachus?

The next morning I met Beatrice at a concert at the Marchioness of Pursang's. Lady Pursang would not have been, *vous concevez*, on the visiting list of Lady Mechlin, as she was one of the *crème de la crème*, but she had met Beatrice the winter before at Pau, had been very delighted with her, and now continued the acquaintance in town. I happened to sit next our little Pythoness, who looked better, I think, that morning than ever I saw her, though her face was set into that disdainful sadness which had become its habitual expression. She liked my society, and sought it, no doubt, because I was the only link between her and her lost past; and she was talking with me more animatedly than usual, thanking me for having got her admittance to the Lords that night, during a pause in the concert, when Earls court entered the room, and took the seat reserved for him, which was not far from ours. Music was one of his passions; the only *délassement*, indeed, he ever gave himself now, but to-day, though ostensibly he listened to Alboni and Arabella Goddard, Hallé and Vieuxtemps, and talked to the Marchioness and other women of her set, in reality he was watching Beatrice, who, her pride roused by his presence, laughed and chatted with me and other men with her old gay abandon, and, impervious to *déréglement* though he was, I fancy even *he* felt it a severe trial of his composure when Lady Pursang, who had been the last five years in India with her husband, and who was ignorant of, or had forgotten the name of the girl Earls court was to have married the year before, asked him, when the concert was over, to let her introduce him to her pet, Beatrice Boville, bringing him in innocent cruelty up to that little Pythoness, with whom he had parted so passionately and bitterly ten months before! Happy for them that they had that armour which the Spartans called heroism, the stoics philosophy, and we—simply style good breeding, or they would hardly have gone through that ordeal as well as they did when she introduced them to each other as strangers!—those two who had whispered such passionate love words, given and received such fond caresses, vowed barely twelve months before to pass their lifetime together! Happy for them they were used to society, or they would hardly have bowed to each other as calmly and admirably as they did, with the recollection of that night in which they had parted so bitterly, so full as it was in the minds of both. Beatrice was standing in one of the open windows of a little cabinet de peinture almost empty, and when the Marchioness moved away, satisfied that she had introduced two people admirably fitted to entertain one another, Earls court, with people flirting and talking within a few yards of him, was virtually alone with Beatrice—for there is, after all, no solitude like the solitude of a crowd—and *then*, for the first time in his life, his self-possession forsook him. Beatrice was silent and very pale, looking out of the window on to the Green Park, which the house overlooked, and Earls court's pride had a hard struggle, but his passion got the better of him, *malgré lui*, and he leaned towards her.

"Do you remember the last night we were together?"

She answered him bitterly. She had not forgiven him.—She had sometimes, I am half afraid, sworn to revenge herself!

"I am hardly likely to forget it, Lord Earls court!"

He looked at her longingly and wistfully; his pride was softened, that granite pride, hitherto so unassailable! and he bent nearer to her.

"Beatrice! I would give much to be able to wash out the memories

of that night—to be proved mistaken—to be convicted of haste, of sternness——”

The tears rushed into her eyes.

“You need only have given one little thing—all I asked of you—trust!”

“Would to God I dare believe you now! Tell me, answer me, did I judge you too harshly? Love at my age never changes, however wronged; it is the latest, and it only expires with life itself. I confess to you, you are dearer to me still than anything ever was, than anything ever will be. Prove to me, for God’s sake, that I misjudged you! Only prove it to me; explain away what appeared against you, and we may yet——”

He stopped; his voice trembled, his hand touched hers, he breathed short and fast. The Pythoness was very nearly tamed; her eyes grew soft and melting, her lips trembled; but pride was still strong in her. At the touch of his hand it very nearly gave way, but not wholly; it was there still, tenacious of its reign. She set her little teeth obstinately together, and looked up at him with her old hauteur.

“No, as I told you then, you must believe in me *without* proof. I have not forgotten your bitter words, nor yet forgiven them. I doubt if I ever shall. You roused an evil spirit in me that night, Lord Earls-court, which you cannot exorcise at a moment’s notice. Remember what was your own motto, ‘An indiscreet woman is never frank,’—yet from my very frankness you accused me of indiscretion, and of far worse than indiscretion——”

“My God! if I accused you falsely, Beatrice, forgive me!”

He must have loved her very much to bow his pride so far as that! *He* was at *her* feet—at *her* mercy now: he whom she had vainly sued, sued her; but a perverse fiery devil in her urged her to take her own revenge, compelled her to throw away her own peace.

“You should have asked me that ten months ago; it is too late now.”

His face dyed white, his eyes filled with passionate anguish. He crushed her hand in his.

“‘Too late!’ Great Heavens! Answer me, child, I entreat you—I beseech you—is it ‘too late’ because report is true that you have replaced me with my cousin—that you are engaged to Hervey? Tell me truth now, for pity’s sake. I will be trifled with no longer.”

Beatrice threw back her haughty little head contemptuously, though ladies *don’t* sneer at the idea of being liées with me generally, I can assure you. Her heart throbbled triumphantly and joyously. She had conquered him at last. The man of giant intellect and haughty will had bowed to her. She held him by a thread, he who ruled the fate of nations!—and she loved him so dearly! But the Pythoness was not wholly tamed, and she could not even yet forget her wrongs.

“You told me before, I spoke falsehoods to you, Lord Earls-court; my word would find no more credence now!”

He looked at her, dropped her hand, and turned away, before Beatrice could detain him. Five minutes after he left the house. Little as I guessed it, he was jealous of me—I! who never in my own life rivalled any man who wished to *marry*! Beatrice had fully revenged herself. I wonder if she enjoyed it quite as much as she had anticipated, as she stood where he had left her looking out on the Green Park?

I went with Beatrice and her party to the Lords that night; it was the tug of war for the bill which Earlscourt was so determined should pass, and a great speech was expected from him. We were not disappointed. When he rose he spoke with effort, and his oratory suffered from the slight hoarseness of his voice, for half the beauty of his rhetoric lay in the flexibility and music of his tones; still, it was emphatically a great speech, and Beatrice Boville listened to it breathlessly, with her eyes fixed on the face—weary, worn, but grandly intellectual—of the man whom Europe revered, and she—a girl of twenty!—ruled. Perhaps her heart smote her for the lines she had added there; perhaps she felt her pride misplaced to him, great as he was, with his stainless honour and unequalled genius; perhaps she thought of how, with all his strength, his hand had trembled as it touched hers; and how, with all her love, she had been wilful and haughty to him a second time! His voice grew weaker as he ended, and he spoke with visible effort; still it was one of his greatest political triumphs: his bill passed by a large majority, and the papers, the morning after, filled their leading article with admiration of Viscount Earlscourt's speech. But before those journals were out, Earlscourt was too ill almost to notice the success of his measures: as he left the House, the presiding devil of beloved Albion, that plays the deuce with English statesmen as with Italian cantatrices, the confounded east wind, had caught him, finished what over-exertion had begun, and knocked him over, prostrated with severe bronchitis. What a pity it is that the body *will* levy such cruel black mail upon the mind; that a gust of wind, a horse's plunge, the effluvia of a sewer, the carelessness of a pointsman, can destroy the grandest intellect, sweep off the men whose genius lights the world, as ruthlessly as a storm of rain a cloud of gnats, and strike Peel and Canning, Macaulay and Donaldson, in the prime of their power, as heedlessly as peasants little higher than the brutes, dull as the clods of their own valley, who stake their ambitions on a surfeit of fat bacon, and can barely scrawl their names upon a slate!

Unconscious that Earlscourt's jealousy had fastened so wrongly upon me, I was calling on Beatrice late the next morning, ignorant myself of his illness, when his physician, who was Lady Mechlin's too, while paying her a complimentary visit, regretted to me my cousin's sudden attack.

"Lord Earlscourt would speak last night," he began. "I entreated him not; but those public men are so obstinate; to-day he is very ill—very ill indeed, though prompt measures stopped the worst. He has risen to dictate something of importance to his secretary; he would work his brain if he were dying; but it has taken a severe hold on him, I fear. I shall send him somewhere south as soon as he can leave the house, which will not be for some weeks. He would be a great loss to the country. We have not such another foreign minister. But I admit to you, Major Hervey—though of course I do not wish it to go further—that I *do* think very seriously of Lord Earlscourt's state of health."

Beatrice heard him as she sat at her Davenport; her face grew white, and her great eyes filled with anguish. She thought of his words to her only the day before, and of how her pride had repelled him a second time. I saw her hand clench on the pen she was playing with, and her teeth set tight together, her habitual action under any strong emotion, thinking to herself, no doubt, "And my last words to him were bitter ones!"

When the physician had left I went up to her:

"Beatrice, you must let me tell him *now*?"

She did not answer, but her hand clenched tighter on the pen-handle.

"His life is in your hands—for God's sake relinquish your pride?"

But her pride was strong in her, and dear to her still; strong and dear as her love; and the two struggled together. Earls court had bowed *his* pride to her, but she had not yielded up her own, and it cost her much to yield it even now. All the Pythoness in her was not tamed yet. She was silent—she wavered—then her great love for him vanquished all else. She rose, white as death, her passionate eyes full of unshed tears, the bitterest, yet the softest, Beatrice Boville had ever known.

"Take me to him! No one shall tell him but myself!"

Earls court was lying on a couch in his library: he had been unable to dictate or to write himself, for severe remedies had prostrated him utterly, and he could not speak above his breath, though he was loth to give up and acknowledge himself as ill as he was. His eyes were closed, his forehead knitted together in pain, and his laboured breathing told plainly enough how fiercely his foe had attacked him, and that it was by no means conquered yet. He had not slept all night, and had fallen into a short slumber now, desiring his attendants to leave him. I bade the groom of the chambers let us enter unannounced, and opening the door myself, signed to Beatrice to go in, while her aunt and I waited in the ante-room. She stopped a moment at the entrance; her pride had its last struggle; but he turned restlessly, with a weary sigh, and by that sigh the Pythoness was conquered. Beatrice went forward and fell on her knees beside his sofa, bending down till her lips touched his brow, and her hot tears fell on his hands.

"I was too proud last night to tell you you misjudged me. I have no pride now. I am your own—wholly your own. I never loved—I never should love any but you. I forgive you now. Oh! how could you ever doubt me! Lord Earls court—Ernest—may we not yet be all we once were to one another?"

Awakened by her kisses on his brow, bewildered by her sudden appearance, he tried to rise, but sank back exhausted. He did not disbelieve her now. He had no voice to speak to her, no strength to answer her, but he drew her down closer and closer to him, as she knelt by him, and, as her heart beat once more against his, the little Pythoness, tamed at last, threw her arms round him and sobbed like a child on his breast. And so—BEATRICE BOVILLE took her best REVENGE!—while I shut the library door, invited Lady Mechlin to inspect Earls court's collection of French pictures, and asked what she thought of *Punch* this week.

I don't know what his physicians would have said of the treatment, as they'd recommended him "perfect quiet;" all I do know is, that though Earls court went to the south of Europe as soon as he could leave the house, Beatrice Boville went with him, and he took his place on the benches and in the Cabinet this season, without any trace of bronchitis, or any sign of wearing out.

Lady Clive, I regret to say, "does not know" Lady Earls court: anything for her beloved brother she *would* do, were it possible, but she hopes we understand that, for her daughters' sakes, she feels it quite impossible to countenance that "shocking little intrigante!"

## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

### THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE COUNT EXPLAINS.

THE Count, elated with the successful issue of his experiment, fulfilled at least that day's part of his general promise to Lorn. After driving quickly to a convenient distance—perhaps with the idea of establishing an *alibi*, in case of need—he dismissed the cab and led his companion through the Belgravian district, pausing every now and then to point out the sort of mansion he intended to take, as soon as he found one exactly to his taste. He was, however, difficult to please, and the houses he preferred were, unfortunately, all occupied, so that the walk was productive of nothing but appetite, to satisfy which they retraced their steps westward, and entered a second-rate French dining-house in the region of Leicester-square.

It was neither the *restaurant* they had visited in the morning, nor the hotel at which the Count was lodging when Lorn accompanied him from Mr. Squirrel's—there being a sufficiently good reason why the same place should not be too frequently used—but it quite answered the purpose of Lorn's entertainer, for the *menu* was various and the charge moderate.

On the quality of the dishes great praise could not truthfully have been bestowed, but its nomenclature was perfect, and Lorn, whether he altogether liked his fare or not, experienced the satisfaction of thinking that, for the first time in his life, he was dining *à la Française*. Most likely he would have much preferred a few slices of roast beef or mutton to all that was set before him, but as the *fricassée* succeeded the *potage*, and was followed in turn by the *salmi*, the *sauté*, and the *je-ne-sais-quoi*, he could not venture to say a word against the incomprehensible dainties to which the Count's example induced him to do ample justice, but ate his leek with all the earnestness, though without the profanity, of Ancient Pistol. Again, in the article of drink, substantial stout or ale would far more have rejoiced Lorn than the very thin claret he was treated to; but he found compensation for this unpalatable beverage in a glass of champagne, the Count in his liberality having ordered a bottle, the greater part of which he drank himself.

Under the influence of the exciting fluid, if not warmed by the recollection of the easily cashed cheque, the Count became, or appeared to be, communicative; but before this mood declared itself, he put one or two questions, for while the wine loosened his tongue, it also stimulated his brain.

"We have now lived together some time," he said, "and yet, my young friend, you have never had the curiosity to ask my name!"

"I did not like to do so," replied Lorn.

"You know it, however!" said the Count, with a searching glance.

Lorn coloured and hesitated. "Is Smith, sir," he asked, "a French name?"

"Not that ever I heard," returned the Count, laughing; "why do you ask?"

"Because that was the name I observed at the foot of the cheque."

"You do not understand business, I see. I will explain that. My transactions are very numerous, and large sums are constantly passing through my hands. In this instance, a person named Smith owes me fifty pounds; he sends me his cheque for the amount, and I get it cashed; a very simple affair, which now you comprehend?"

"Quite, sir."

"No! no!" continued the Count, laughing again. "I am not Mr. Smith, though he is a great friend of mine. I am the Comte, or, as you say in English, the Count de la Roquetaillade, the chief of one of the most illustrious houses in Gascony. That is my title. My christian names are Theodore Francis, but as the appellation is a long one I never write it in full, but sign merely T. F. de la Roquetaillade. You will easily recollect that. T. F. de la Roquetaillade," he repeated, slowly, laying a strong emphasis on the initials.

"T. F.," said Lorn to himself. "What a stupid that Sarah is! They only mean Theodore Francis after all! It is very odd, though, that he should have them marked on his skin!" Then, speaking aloud, he said that French names were difficult to remember, but he would do his best.

The Count took out the envelope of a letter, and tossed it to Lorn.

"Read that," he said, "every now and then, and you will soon be *au fait* of my name. Put it in your pocket. There! In the mean time, you can go on calling me 'Count' as usual: I will dispense with the rest. But let me tell you. As I remarked just now, the Roquetaillade family is the first in Gascony. Have you ever heard of that part of France?"

Lorn confessed his ignorance of the locality.

"You shall see it one of these days. It is well worth the trouble of going there, from any distance. The Château de la Roquetaillade is the most magnificent building in Europe. People talk of Versailles and Windsor, but neither can be compared with it. As the name implies, my ancestral castle is cut entirely out of the solid rock, and you may imagine its strength as a place of defence when I say that it was once besieged for three years, during which time thousands of red-hot cannon-balls were fired at it every day, without displacing a single stone. The general who commanded the besieging force finally withdrew his troops in disgust; upon which, we—that is to say, my ancestors—rushed out sword in hand and cut the enemy in pieces. Yes, that was a glorious exploit, and to perpetuate the remembrance of it the king permitted my grandfather, in whose time it happened, to take for his motto the words 'En Avant!' which, in English, means, 'Go at them!' and the Roquetaillades, I am proud to say, have always stuck to that device."

The Count might have added, that the family of which he was the



representative stuck at nothing; but though he claimed to be of Gascon origin, and proved it by his speech, he did not insist on this particular.

"At one period of our history," pursued the Count, "we were the richest persons in France, and but for the great Revolution should have been so still: we had thirty carriages, three hundred horses, and servants without number. In the Reign of Terror, however, we lost all except a few millions and the diamonds of my mother, with which my father fled to this country, where I was born, which accounts for my familiarity with your language. He took me with him to France on the restoration of the Bourbons, and dying shortly afterwards, I succeeded to his estates, where I have principally resided, only leaving them occasionally to attend the court of my sovereign, and pay flying visits to the land I adore—as much almost as my own. You see by this little sketch precisely who and what I am."

It was not, perhaps, Lorn's fault that he did not arrive at the expected conclusion. He found it very hard to reconcile the statements made to him with what he knew of the Count's pursuits, and the uncompromising remarks of Smudge dwelt also strongly in his memory; still, it never entered into his thoughts to question the fact of the Count's nobility, or doubt for an instant the genuineness of the cheque, and what he was unable to comprehend he modestly laid to the account of his own inexperience.

He was, however, spared the trouble of a reply by the entrance of Mr. Drakeford and the Doctor, which latter gentleman, like the Count de la Roquetaillade, must no longer remain anonymous. It is, indeed, only justice to one who advertised so widely, to say that his countless patients relied on the celebrity of Dr. Snowballe—the final letter being added by himself to soften down a somewhat ludicrous name.

Although it seemed a surprise to the Count to see his friends, the meeting was anything but accidental. Mr. Drakeford, in fact, took too much interest in his associate's proceedings to leave him long out of sight, and no sooner had Dr. Snowballe accosted Lorn and begun his never-failing descant on the wondrous properties of the Elixir, than he entered at once into "business."

"All right, of course!" was his first remark.

The Count merely nodded in reply.

"How much was it to be?—I forget," continued Mr. Drakeford, who knew the exact amount agreed on.

"Fifty!" returned the Count, with a frankness which would have been astonishing if he had not well known that Mr. Drakeford could have got at the truth without his assistance.

"For fear of accidents—you might be robbed, you know, on your way home—we may as well divide at once."

This summary mode of settling might not have been exactly what the Count desired; he, however, made no objection, but handed over five-and-twenty sovereigns, which Mr. Drakeford quietly pocketed.

All being now "on the square," the conversation was directed to future operations. It was carried on in a very low tone, with nobody present who could by chance overhear what was said, except Lorn and the Doctor, and they were fully occupied.

"There was a row at the Well, this morning," said Mr. Drakeford—

signifying his own house by the abbreviation of the district in which it stood.

"Between whom?" asked the Count, his sallow face becoming a shade paler.

"Oh, not us!" was Mr. Drakeford's careless answer. "Esty and Nell had it out, I'm told."

"Who told you?"

"Nell herself."

"What was it about?"

"Oh, everything. When once women begin, you know——"

"Yes—but how did it begin?"

"Esty said she wouldn't stand the fakement dodge any longer—threatened to bolt, or something of that sort, ripped up the past in a way that wasn't pleasant to Nell, paid you and me some compliments which neither of us, perhaps, would care to hear, and ended by saying she'd see Nell at Jericho before she did what was wanted of her."

"And how did it end?"

"Like most women's quarrels—when they don't quarrel about age, looks, or lovers—they made it up."

"Then there's no harm done!"

"I don't know that. Esty has a temper and queer notions of her own. She may break out again some day."

"I'll tell you what," said the Count, after a few moments' reflection. "She has been put up to this. *He's* in it," he added, indicating Lorn by a peculiar jerk of his flexible fingers.

"What makes you suppose so?" inquired Mr. Drakeford.

"He was alone with her this morning—not the first time, by-the-by, to my knowledge—and when I called him down and told him to set to work about something I wanted, he as much as told me he wouldn't write another letter."

"He did—did he? Well, we must put him to other uses. Indeed, I take it you have already."

"The proof of it is in your pocket, Drake," said the Count, smiling.

"Still it's okkerd"—Mr. Drakeford had his peculiarities of pronunciation now and then, like her who bore his name—"it's okkerd, I say, to feel that you're blown upon, if it's ever so little."

"Right! And when such is the case, if the parties won't hear reason, they must be taught a lesson."

"I never gave much into your fancy for trying the innocent line. I'd ten times rather, myself, have an out-and-outer."

"I did not," rejoined the Count, "expect much innocence in the quarter I took him from. I thought he might be ignorant of a thing or two, without being exactly honest; but it seems I was mistaken. He is ignorant enough, but the devil of it is that ignorance arises from what people call a good moral disposition, which, to my thinking, is the worst kind of disposition possible. He has ideas about right and wrong that are, to say the least of them, troublesome."

"Did it never strike you that he might, by chance, cut up rough?"

"As to that, yes—I made my calculations. On the other hand, youth is pliable—example goes a great way—and, once in for it, the fear of

exposure keeps people's heads straight—that is to say, in the direction one wishes them to go."

"What took you to the pawnbroker's shop for the article you wanted? You had a motive besides that little matter of business."

"Was not the business you speak of a sufficient reason—and might not the rest be accident?"

"Of course it might, but I don't believe it was."

"Well, I have no wish to conceal the truth from *you*, my dear friend. I rather expected I should find there the description of person I sought."

"In fact, you were sure of it!"

"No matter. You see I have been disappointed in my expectations."

"And yet you take it pretty easy for a disappointed man."

"What would you have? Philosophy is of little value if it does not teach us to bear with an occasional disappointment. Besides, I have not quite done with him yet. Though not altogether in the way I intended, he may still answer my purpose."

"That's a part of your philosophy!"

"To be sure it is. Take all you can get, and console yourself as well as you're able for the absence of the rest."

"I think I understand you," said Mr. Drakeford, musing. "This boy's fate is of no consequence to us—if we're kept harmless."

"That, of course, is the first consideration; but his fate may be of some importance to others. We will talk of this, however, another time. Your excellent friend the Doctor has tired him out. I see his eyes wandering towards us, and there are some who, with eyes only, contrive to hear. What I have said was meant to put you on your guard, but he must be managed for the present."

"I see!"

Then, raising his voice, Mr. Drakeford said:

"The Doctor and I were on our way to Coupendeux's lodgings, for he hasn't got into the little villa yet—and perhaps never will—and thinking there was just a chance of finding you here, we looked in. What are you going to do?"

"Pursue your intention," replied the Count. "We will join you. I have not seen Coupendeux for some days."

Monsieur Coupendeux, amongst other things that distinguished him, had an extraordinary faculty for castle-building; and to such an extent did he carry it, that it was a constant practice with him to speak of events as facts which, in nine cases out of ten, had their existence only in his own desire. The dinner at Hammersmith, to which he had invited the Drakefords, belonged to this category, for as yet he had only imagined the possibility of his living there. In the mean time, he continued to occupy an *entresol* in the Quadrant, and there the party found him, the visit not being unexpected.

The professional skill of Monsieur Coupendeux brought him in a good deal of money, but his habits were expensive, and he spent it almost as fast as he got it. He was, moreover, of a very speculative disposition, and entered eagerly into any scheme that promised a large return. Between Mr. Drakeford, therefore, and his own inclinations he was seldom

very flush of cash. This, however, did not prevent him from living—after his fashion—quite *en prince*: that is to say, on credit; and as he was profuse of sounding words when solid coin was not convenient, he found little difficulty in obtaining credit for everything he chose to fancy.

To send to a neighbouring café and order a capital supper with plenty of champagne consequently cost him nothing, in any sense; but there was something else to be done in providing entertainment for gentlemen like the Count and Mr. Drakeford.

A Frenchman can never by any possibility be quiet for five minutes; he must always have occupation in some shape; he will even play at dominoes—that brainless device for cheating time—rather than do nothing. Judge, then, of the alacrity with which Monsieur Coupendeux, who had more than an ordinary share of the mercurial temperament of his countrymen, set out the *écarté* table at the request of the Count de la Roquetaillade, who threw out the idea—merely as a suggestion—that the game would amuse their friend the doctor.

There are a thousand ways of amusing people, but, whatever the fascination of play, it may be doubted whether the amusement in which Dr. Snowballe participated that evening was, on after consideration, quite equal in his mind to that offered him “from twelve to five” in Finsbury-square. In the latter case he filled his pockets; in the former he emptied them.

Still there was compensation, for he drank three bottles of champagne, and awoke next morning with a splitting headache, which gave him a famous opportunity of testing the value of his own elixir. And, after all, what was the loss of a handful of sovereigns, when by losing them he acquired a perfect knowledge of the noble game of *écarté*,—of all its art and mystery, with the exception of that trifling accomplishment which consists in winning at will? That was a part of the game which neither the Count nor Mr. Drakeford imparted.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A SENTIMENTAL PATRON.

THE first interview with Sir William was satisfactory to all concerned. Mrs. Drakeford, in praising Esther's beauty and accomplishments, had exaggerated nothing, and foresaw her reward in the Baronet's evident admiration of her *protégée*. He was, however, too politic to give full expression to his feelings, and confined himself to judicious and somewhat critical commendation of Esther's voice. His manner was quite paternal, as if he simply took an interest in the professional advancement of a young person of talent, the daughter of his intimate friend; and Esther felt really grateful to Mrs. Drakeford for having introduced her to so kind and valuable an acquaintance.

Though there was still much to be learnt—this was what Sir William said—before Esther could arrive at the perfection which, he had no doubt, she would achieve, her merit was so great that no time ought to be lost in bringing her forward. He would, therefore, with Mrs. Drakeford's permission, at once see Mr. Laplanche, the Impresario, on the subject.

Mrs. Drakeford was loud in her expressions of gratitude. It would be the making of her dear child, all that could possibly be desired. She had a friend already who was acquainted with Mr. Laplanche, but of course he was nobody beside Sir William.

"Such a thing," she said, turning to Esther, "to get Sir William's patronage! It's as good as a downright engagement!"

Sir William shook his head and smiled.

"You overrate my influence, my dear Mrs. Drakeford, though I believe Laplanche will listen to my recommendation."

"I should think he would," observed the lady, indignantly; "I should like to know where he'd have been but for you."

"It is true," said Sir William, "I did assist him once when he was in difficulties, and, perhaps, I have a slight claim upon him."

"If lending a man ten thousand pounds makes a claim," returned Mrs. Drakeford, "you have one."

"You mistake," replied Sir William. "I assure you it was only five thousand. But the sum is of no consequence compared with the principle of helping a fellow-creature in his necessity."

"What a Christian observation!" ejaculated Mrs. Drakeford, raising her pious eyes to the gilded ceiling.

"And, therefore," continued the Baronet, modestly lowering his, in deprecation of praise, "I shall take the liberty of requesting my friend Laplanche to give Miss Drakeford an early opportunity of singing to him. Might I ask you, Mrs. Drakeford, to beg of your daughter to repeat that beautiful *aria* from the "*Sonnambula*" which she just favoured us with?"

"To be sure, Sir William," said Mrs. Drakeford. "Anything to oblige! Come, Esty!"

Esther sang the song—the same that had so enchanted Lorn—and Sir William seemed equally affected, for he sat with his handkerchief before his eyes, and as his head was well thrown back, he realised the additional pleasure of gazing on Esther's lovely face without betraying the intensity with which he gazed.

When she had ended, there was a pause before Sir William spoke again. At length he removed his handkerchief.

"Exquisite!" he murmured. "How strange it is that we take delight in creating our own pain! I know the effect which that song always has upon me, and yet I never can deny myself the sad gratification of listening to it. I had a daughter once, Miss Drakeford," he said, rising and approaching Esther; "she was exactly your age,—I imagine so from your appearance,—your voice is an echo of hers,—indeed, there is a general resemblance. I can only thank you."

Sir William accompanied these words by taking both of Esther's hands in his, and pressing them with much tenderness. It was a touching appeal, and might have awakened more sympathy if Esther had not, at that moment, been thinking of the tears that fell from Lorn.

Mrs. Drakeford, with whom—when she pleased—the waters were easily raised, had recourse also to *her* handkerchief, and buried her face in it so completely, that even had she been so disposed—which she was not—she could not have seen that Sir William kept possession of Esther's hands much longer than there was any occasion for. So, at least, Esther

seemed to imagine, for after one or two efforts she succeeded in withdrawing them, on which—or on account of a father's painfully-awakened recollections—Sir William sighed.

Esther felt embarrassed, but Mrs. Drakeford did not come to her assistance, and Sir William, sighing again, tried to recover the hands he coveted. He did not accomplish his purpose, and sighed for the third time.

"Pardou me these parental emotions," he said. "I am quite unmanned."

"Oh, you good creature! What a heart you have!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, compelled at last to lay aside her grief and break silence. "Hasn't he, Esty?"

"Indeed, mamma, I really——" stammered Esther, unable to say what she thought.

By this time Sir William had regained his self-possession.

"To cultivate the arts successfully," he said, "is one of the highest privileges granted to us by the Creator. Are you as fond of painting, Miss Drakeford, as of music? Though, I suppose that can hardly be!"

Esther said she was no artist, though exceedingly fond of pictures.

"And a good judge, I feel certain," continued Sir William. "Do me the favour to look at this."

He took up a small case containing a miniature portrait in a very rich frame.

"Done for me," he said, "in Rome, about twenty years ago!"

"Oh, let me see!" cried Mrs. Drakeford, pressing forward. "How handsome! How like! Twenty years! Why, one would say it was painted only yesterday. I'm sure I see no difference."

"You flatter me, my dear Mrs. Drakeford. People tell me, however, that there is still some resemblance left. What do you think?"

This question was addressed to Esther, who replied that she could not tell; she was a very bad judge of likenesses.

"Oh, but look, Esty!" said Mrs. Drakeford, directing her attention to the miniature. "There's Sir William's eyes and Sir William's mouth, just the same as life. One can't mistake them. They quite talk to you. You must have been in a very good humour, Sir William, when that was painted. But you always are in a good humour. I think you've the best temper I ever knew."

"You will soon discover the contrary," said Sir William, playfully, "if you persist in ascribing qualities to me which I don't deserve. Not that my temper is a very bad one, but then I must never be put out. In that way, Miss Drakeford, one may earn a very fair reputation, may one not?"

"The condition is not difficult," replied Esther, putting down the miniature, and glad to be saved from expressing an opinion about the likeness.

But Mrs. Drakeford returned to the charge:

"That pictur and your face, Sir William, is as like as two peas. I don't wonder at your keeping it! I dare say, now, you wouldn't part with it for ever so much!"

"Why should I?" returned Sir William, in a melancholy tone. "Who would care to have the portrait of a solitary old man?"

"Old! Sir William!" almost shrieked Mrs. Drakeford. "How can you say so? You're out and out the youngest man I know! It's only the wise head on your shoulders that says you're not a boy. Old, indeed! What next?"

"The next, in all likelihood," said the Baronet, "will be my epitaph: as natural a consequence as that death should follow old age."

"I wish I was able to write your epitaph," said Mrs. Drakeford. "Though I hope I shall never live to do so."

"What should you say?" inquired Sir William, shaking off his melancholy.

"Why, that here lies the most generous, kind-heartedest man as ever breathed! That's what I'd put if I was called upon, and so would everybody that knows you, Sir William!"

"Your mamma quite puts me to the blush," said Sir William, again turning to Esther. "I am afraid you will form a very poor opinion of me if I suffer her to continue. I know what you allude to, Mrs. Drakeford; but oblige me by saying nothing about *that*."

"Well, Sir William," replied Mrs. Drakeford, "your wish is law with me, and so I shall hold my tongue; but, as the parrot said, 'I think the more!'"

"To return to the subject of Art," observed the Baronet. "I have better things to show you, Miss Drakeford, than the trifling miniature which your mamma is good enough to think so highly of. I have been something of a collector in my time; have indulged in a taste—rather an expensive one, by the way—which runs in my family. Are you fond of gems? A superfluous question, perhaps, for they are essentially a feminine predilection."

Esther admitted that she liked to look at beautiful jewels.

"And to wear them, too," suggested Sir William, smiling.

"I never had any to wear," was Esther's simple reply.

"That," he returned, "is an accident easily remedied. In this cabinet," pointing to one that stood near, "are some rather interesting objects, which, perhaps, you will do me the favour to examine. That agate cup is ornamented with some of Cellini's best work; the bronze Mercury, a very fine one, was dug up at my feet in Pompeii; those cameos, all of them antiques, I obtained at Rome; those intaglios also. Observe this Minerva's head, how deeply it is cut; you can judge of it better by the impression in wax beside it. I must show you——"

"Oh, Lord! what lovely rings!" interrupted Mrs. Drakeford. "Are they Roman antics, too, from Pompey?"

"No," returned Sir William, laughing good humouredly, "they happen to be modern. I can't tell how they got amongst the antiques. An opal and an emerald—of different sizes! It may be an odd perversity of taste, Miss Drakeford, but I attach very little value to gems as mere ornaments. That is my excuse for what I am going to say. Mrs. Drakeford—Miss Drakeford, will you do me the favour to try on those rings?"

Mrs. Drakeford's glove was off, and her ready hand extended in a moment; but Esther drew back.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, surveying with sparkling eyes

the finger on which Sir William placed the emerald, "it fits just as if it had been made to order."

"You will allow it to remain there, I hope," said Sir William, gallantly.

"I couldn't think of such a thing," said the lady, without, however, making the slightest attempt to remove the ring. "Esty," she went on, "take off your glove. Don't you see Sir William's waiting? What makes you so silly? Do as I tell you!"

Reluctantly Esther obeyed, and the opal ring encircled one of her taper fingers; but she took it off again immediately, and laid it down.

"I wished you to keep it, Miss Drakeford," said Sir William. "Your mamma has not refused me!"

"Oh, but I have!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, laughing. "Didn't you hear me?"

"Certainly not," replied the Baronet.

"Then I can't help it."

"Which means that you accept?"

"If you're so much in earnest, I won't be unpolite enough to say 'No.'"

"I trust," said Sir William to Estler, "you will follow your mamma's example."

Esther still hesitated; but she had had one scene with Mrs. Drakeford that day, and did not wish to make another. She therefore submitted to rather than welcomed the gift, while the Baronet and Mrs. Drakeford exchanged glances.

Luncheon was then served, Sir William doing the honours with much *empressement*, though scarcely tasting anything himself, and, after much shaking of hands, the ladies took their departure.

"Well, Esty!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, as soon as they were in the street, "what do you think of him? Did you ever see such a fine, dear, handsome, generous creatur?"

"He appears very good natured," replied Esther, quietly.

"Good natured! I believe you! He'd give away everything he had to them he liked. I think he's took quite a fancy to you, Esty. Wasn't his conduct splendid about those rings?"

"To say the truth, I wish he had not given them to us; at least, not that one to me!"

"Why not, for Heaven's sake? You don't know their value. Yours is worth five-and-twenty pound if it's worth a farthing!"

"That is the very reason. I should not have cared if it had cost very little."

"I never heard such nonsense! Like a thing better because it's cheap!"

"Not exactly, but——"

"But what?"

"Sir William, you know, is quite a stranger to me. I never saw him before."

"All the more generous of him! A good job, though, you didn't refuse the ring! That would have cut him up dreadfully. Nothing cuts Sir William up so much as not taking his presents. He has such feelings! Anything upsets him. You saw how he cried about his child!"



"He seemed a good deal affected."

"Bless you, I've seen him sit and sob for an hour at the bare mention of her name. You wouldn't find such another heart as Sir William's if you searched all London through. I wonder he don't get married! Anybody he falls in love with will be a happy woman. Hundreds would give their ears to have such a man!"

While Mrs. Drakeford was pursuing this theme, which lasted her all the way home, Sir William's thoughts were wholly engrossed by Esther.

"I must be careful," he said, "how I proceed. She is of a very different stamp from the other. I can read resolution as well as modesty in that beautiful face. But she has a weak side, no doubt. I will study her well, and find it out. Then!—"

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### A BREAK-UP.

ON the morning after the events last recorded, a cabinet council, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Drakeford and the Count de la Roquetaillade, was held in Clerkenwell. As the proceedings were not intended for publication the presence of a secretary was thought unnecessary, but, though absent in person, Lorn was by no means forgotten at the meeting, which, indeed, was partly convened on his account.

The conversation between the Count and Mr. Drakeford, on the previous evening, had dwelt on the mind of the latter, and before he went to bed he discussed the subject with his female partner. The result was the secret conclave on the following day.

Mr. Drakeford was the first to speak.

"Nelly and me," he said, addressing the Count, "went over what we was speaking of last night, and she quite agrees with what you said about that young chap. She feels sure it was him that earwigged Esty and set up her monkey, for she got it out of her that they'd had some talk together, though what it was exactly she couldn't be got to tell."

"I was persuaded of that," replied the Count, "the moment you mentioned the quarrel. The young fellow is dangerous and must be got rid of. I have a very good plan for the purpose. I shall carry it into execution."

"In a few days," said Mr. Drakeford, "my little matter must come off, too. This place is getting rather warmish—though it will be warmer still before I've quite done with it—and therefore the sooner everybody provides for himself and herself the better."

"I am going to take Esty with me on a visit to some relations in the country," observed Mrs. Drakeford.

"And I," said the Count, "have secured a lodging in another part of town."

"As for me," said Mr. Drakeford, "I keep house meantime—as long as the house will keep me. But I shall have a deal to do. When do you mean to start, Nelly?"

"To-morrow," replied Mrs. Drakeford.

"I'm thinking," said Mr. Drakeford, with an air of profound cogitation, "that it won't be amiss to have the workmen in while you're gone. The up-stairs wants papering sadly. Your instrument and the best things can be warehoused, you know, while the people are about. It's better to pay a trifle than have them spoil."

Mrs. Drakeford burst out laughing.

"Don't he deserve to have the best of wives?" she cried. "There never was such a careful manager!"

"He takes care of everything," returned the Count, smiling. "But à propos of all this moving, you have not said where you are going. Is it far?"

"Not very," returned Mrs. Drakeford.

"Then I can run down and see you now and then? Drake will not object?"

"Not I," said the gentleman referred to. "What do *you* say, Nelly?"

"I'm afraid it can't be," she answered. "If it was only me and Esty it wouldn't signify—but there's others."

"What others?" asked the Count, smiling no longer.

"My aunts," said Mrs. Drakeford. "They're very religious folks, and hate foreigners. They think 'em all devils."

"Why do you go to see such absurd people?"

"I can't help it. I mustn't offend my aunts. I'm down in both their wills, and so's Esty."

"You are a great story-teller, Mrs. Nelly," said the Count to himself; "you have no such relations; of that I am sure." Then, speaking aloud: "In that case I must resign myself to what I have no help for. But you will let us have news of you?"

"Oh, of course. You'll hear of me from Drake."

"And when," said the Count, without meaning a quotation—"when shall we three meet again?"

"When the hurly-burly's done!" exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, drawing upon her theatrical recollections.

"Just so," said Mr. Drakeford; "as soon as the affair's blown over."

Upon this the party broke up, and betook themselves to their several occupations: Mrs. Drakeford to make preparations for her journey, though her destination was only Richmond, where her kind friend, Sir William, had a pretty little villa; Mr. Drakeford to make his household arrangements; and the Count de la Roquetaillade to act at once upon his intention with respect to Lorn.

"It is sooner than I proposed," said the Count, when alone, "but perhaps it is just as well. A day or a week makes no difference. The simple plan which succeeded yesterday shall be tried again to-day. If his lucky star is still in the ascendant, so much the better for me. I shall fill my pocket, and have him in reserve for a further occasion. If there should be a misfortune, all I have to do is to take care of myself, a thing which comes within the range of my daily calculations. Lorn!" he shouted, going to the door, "Lorn, where are you? I want you!"

Lorn was in his bedroom at the top of the house, and the Count had to call several times before he could make him hear. At last he answered, saying that he would come down immediately.

His movements, however, were not so rapid as he intended. He was intercepted twice.

In the first instance by Smudge, who was dusting on her favourite landing-place by the Count's door at the moment he called out.

"Why, what a stranger you are!" she said, in the under tone she reserved for secret communication; "one never sees nothink of you now."

"Don't stop me, Sarah," said Lorn, trying to pass her. "The Count is expecting me."

"Let him expect," returned Smudge; "he can afford to. That don't cost nothink. If you know'd what I've got to say, you wouldn't be in sitch a 'urry."

"Be quick, then, Sarah! What is it?" said Lorn.

"Oh, ever so much," replied the damsel. "They're a goin' to shoot the moon!"

"What's that?"

"Cut it—and let the landlord whistle for his rent."

"How do you know?"

"I heerd Master say he meant to send away Missis's pyanner and lots of other things. I knows the English of that. And Missis herself is off to-morrer, and——"

"Are you coming, Lorn?" cried the Count, from below.

"Directly, sir!" replied Lorn. "Now, be a good girl and let me go."

"Give us a kiss fust, and then you shall," said the fair one, suddenly revealing her pent-up passion.

But Lorn evaded an embrace, damaging alike to his feelings and his linen, and, escaping her tenderness, ran down stairs.

As he approached the first floor the rustle of silk caught his ear, and Esther stood before him.

Her hand was on his arm, but he had already stopped.

"We are going away suddenly to-morrer," she said, in a low voice, "and shall be absent for some time—two or three weeks, probably—but I don't know how long. I wish very much to speak to you. Let me see you this evening when they are sitting at their wine. I shall not go down to dinner. Make an excuse to get away before mamma leaves. You will find me here alone."

Lorn made no answer in words, but a sudden impulse made him seize Esther's hand and press it to his lips. As he did so, he heard a singular sound overhead, something like the trumpeting of a young elephant, and raising his eyes, he quickly saw Smudge peeping over the balusters, her grimy face bedewed with tears.

"I should be ashamed of sitch doins, if I called myself a young lady," sobbed the jealous damsel. "Oh, you may run—I seed you!"

"You are excessively impertinent, Sarah," said Lorn, indignantly, as he pursued his way down stairs.

Smudge made no answer, but gave a kind of hysterical gulp, which added not a little to Lorn's uncomfortable feeling.

The Count was, as usual, all smiles. He told Lorn that, for greater convenience in taking a house, he intended to look for a lodging at the west end of town, and wished for his company to assist him in choosing one. As lodging-hunting was a fatiguing thing, they would have a cab

and drive to the farthest point before they began their search; it would occupy them probably the greater part of the day; they would return to dine and sleep at Clerkenwell, and settle in their new abode on the morrow—provided the Count succeeded in finding what he wanted. This common-place was easily run off as they left the house, and at the first cab-stand they got into a Hansom.

“I must call at the banker’s *en route*,” said the Count, after giving directions to the driver to go by Trafalgar-square, “but that will not occupy five minutes.”

It seemed, however, as if the Count were never destined to accomplish this object, for about half way down the Strand, and not very far from Mr. Squirrel’s shop, Monsieur Coupendeux was seen approaching. He caught sight of the Count, and immediately held up his hand, on which the cabman was told to draw up to the kerb.

“It is fortunate I met you,” said Monsieur Coupendeux, “for I have something of the greatest importance to communicate. I was on my way to Clerkenwell.”

“News of importance for me,” exclaimed the Count, with apparent surprise. “Wait a little, cabman.”

He jumped out as he spoke, and went with Monsieur Coupendeux into a passage opposite, remaining, however, in sight. An animated conversation took place, and after a few minutes the Count returned to Lorn. He looked very serious, and said:

“This is a grave affair, and requires immediate attention. I must instantly write a letter. Again, therefore, you must execute my business at the banker’s. You know where to go. Here is another cheque, drawn by my correspondent, Mr. Smith. It is for a larger sum than that which you received yesterday—a hundred and five pounds. Like the other, you will take it in gold. Discharge the cab in Trafalgar-square, and when you have got the money go with it to the restaurant in the Haymarket, where I went when I was taken ill, and wait till I come. I shall not be more than a quarter of an hour. Here is to pay the cab. Be very careful. *Au revoir*.”

On this the Count took the arm of Monsieur Coupendeux, and they hurried off together, while Lorn drove on towards Trafalgar-square.

As the cab passed Mr. Squirrel’s, Lorn involuntarily drew into the corner, wondering to himself what Mr. Cramp would say if he could see him dressed so well and driving about in a Hansom, the great object of his youthful ambition.

He little thought that Mr. Cramp had seen him.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE PITCHER THAT GOES TO THE WELL.

WHEN Lorn entered the bank, a scene very different from that which he had beheld on his first visit presented itself.

There was now no lack of clerks, every one was occupied, no idle talk interrupted work, and customers were crowding round.

Lorn looked about for a disengaged desk, and in doing so his eye fell on the clerk who had kept him waiting so long on the former occasion. But not the slightest trace of mirth was on his features now; indeed, his aspect was so grim that, if Lorn had not remembered the story of Brumby and the pig, he would have come to the conclusion that it was impossible such a man could ever smile.

His thick eyebrows were closely knit as he bent over his ledger, two hard lines made deep furrows between his sallow cheeks and his long upper lip, and the attractiveness of his countenance was anything but heightened by the bluish-black hue which surrounded his mouth and spread over his closely-shaven chin.

"I shall not trouble *you*," thought Lorn; "you were uncivil enough to me before, when you really had nothing to do."

Those with whom money is a scarce article often feel as nervous in presenting a cheque for payment, as if they were rather asking a favour than transacting an ordinary matter of business; but Lorn, having no personal interest in the result, experienced none of this kind of feeling.

The first cheque, moreover, had been so unhesitatingly paid—when once it left his hands—that not a doubt of its genuineness crossed his mind, and he went straight to the nearest desk, where he waited for his turn. A hundred and five pounds appeared to him a very large sum, and all his anxiety consisted in carrying it back safely to his employer.

At length—other customers having been attended to—a rosy, red-whiskered young fellow, who shovelled the gold about as carelessly as if it were the dirt philosophers call it, turned to Lorn, and asked him what he could do for him? Lorn interpreted the question rightly, and handed him the Count's cheque.

Instead, however, of making the next customary inquiry, the red-whiskered youth paused for a few moments after reading the name at the bottom of the paper,—looked as hard at Lorn as his pale gooseberry eyes would let him,—and then saying, "I'll trouble you to wait an instant," left his desk with the cheque, and crossing over to that at which Brumby's friend was seated, whispered a few words in his ear.

The heretofore jovial but now morose clerk turned quickly round: "What's that you say, Pumphrey—where, which?"

Mr. Pumphrey, in reply, pointed out Lorn, who, thinking only of the time consumed on his errand, was looking at the office clock.

He of the gloomy visage looked sharply in the direction indicated, and his fierce face grew fiercer as he recognised in Lorn the presenter of the cheque, for cashing which he was now under the ban of the bank.

"Keep him in play, Pumphrey," he said, "till I have him safe."

Saying this, he passed round the counter, and went to the outer swing-  
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door, where he beckoned through the glass to some one who was standing outside.

Mr. Pumphrey returned to his desk, and read over the cheque again, but without attempting to pay it.

"I say," he began, "are you Mr. Smith?"

"No!" replied Lorn.

"Oh!" returned Mr. Pumphrey, who had a great idea of his skill in *finesse*, "I thought you were, perhaps!"

"No!" reiterated Lorn, who began to feel impatient.

"Where does Mr. Smith live?" pursued the diplomatic Pumphrey.

Lorn hesitated; he did not know. Could he have the money? He was in haste.

Mr. Pumphrey looked towards the door—coughed—and proceeded:

"Where did you get this cheque?"

"From my master, the Count."

"The Count! What Count?"

This was a poser to Lorn, for he had not yet learnt how to pronounce the name of Roquetaillade.

"Rocky——" he got so far, but then stuck fast.

"Count Rocky!" repeated Mr. Pumphrey; "no customer of ours, I fancy."

"There's something else," said Lorn, "but I can't remember it."

"Oh, you can't remember your master's name? Likely. Is that your master behind you? He seems to know *you*, at all events."

Lorn turned. To his utter dismay there stood Mr. Cramp.

His first impulse was to rush past him, but at the first step he took a strong hand grasped his collar. It was a hand accustomed to grasping, its proprietor being a policeman, and escape was impossible.

"Take him in there!" said the morose clerk, pointing to a side-door; "come round, Pumphrey! Tell Mr. Joplington we've nabbed him!"

Lorn was hustled along—the usual mode of locomotion under police superintendence—and "handed"—to use the phrase of "the force"—into a small room containing a table and a square piece of Turkey carpet, but no chair, as if those who transacted business there never dreamt of sitting down.

To him and the policeman presently entered Mr. Joplington, the manager of the bank, the astute Pumphrey, the morose clerk, and Mr. Cramp, who brought up the rear.

"Stand back!" shouted the policeman, under the prevalent impression of his class that he was in the midst of a crowd; but no crowd being forthcoming, he dug his knuckles deeper into Lorn's throat, and drove him, half strangled, against the wall.

"What is this?" said Mr. Joplington, a stout, florid gentleman, with a smooth shining head like the surface of a mirror—"what do you say, Mr. Buffle?"

The morose clerk, who answered to this name, rubbed his hands with savage delight as he replied that the young man who had passed a forged cheque the day before had been taken in the act of presenting another.

"I found him out!" said Pumphrey. "Tried hard to do me, but couldn't."

"So, so!" observed Mr. Joplington, making a pendulum of his double eye-glass; "which is the delinquent?"

"This one, sir!" said Buffle, eagerly, for the manager's eyes had rested on Mr. Cramp.

"Show me the cheque, Mr. Pumphrey," said Mr. Joplington. "Have you the other?"

It was brought from the file on which it had been gibbeted, and the manager compared the two.

"The same writing throughout," he observed. "Now, sir, he continued, turning to Lorn, "where did you get these cheques?"

"The very question I asked," whispered Pumphrey to Buffle, who, in reply, gave him a vicious dig in the ribs with his elbow, and told him to hold his tongue.

Lorn, whose throat the policeman had at length released, repeated what he had already stated, but again had a difficulty with the Count's name. Mr. Joplington frowned severely.

"Tell us something," he said, "a little more to the purpose. The truth, young man," he added, with banker-like sternness of aspect—"the truth is what we want from you."

"I am telling the truth, sir," replied Lorn, in a voice that faltered with emotion. "I can't pronounce my master's name rightly, but there it is written."

He took out the envelope which the Count had told him to keep, and gave it to Mr. Joplington, who, adjusting his eye-glass, read as follows :

"A Monsieur,

"Monsieur le Comte de la Roquetaillade,

"Rue Saint-Jacques, No. 41,

"à Paris."

"Um, um!" said Mr. Joplington, who probably had reasons similar to those of Lorn for slurring over the difficult name—"Roo Saint Jacks, Paris! You live in Paris, then?"

"No, sir!" said Lorn. "In—in—London."

"And your master lives in Paris! Is that it?"

Lorn got confused; but before he could reply, Mr. Cramp broke in, with a hollowness of voice that startled even the policeman.

"His master lives in the Strand," he croaked. "Name of Squirrel: money lent on watches, plate, and all kinds of wearing apparel. Bolted some months ago. Caught sight of him to-day in a Nansom. Run after him. Foller'd in here."

"I thought how it 'ud be," said the policeman, speaking for the first time, and touching his hat to Mr. Joplington. "A case for Mr. Iggulden, I s'pose, sir!"

"Certainly. Our duty to ourselves and—society. Magisterial investigation, of course. Appears very hardened."

Lorn attempted to expostulate and explain.

"I am quite innocent, sir," he began; "the Count was coming here himself, but having important business to attend to, sent me instead. Yesterday he was taken ill——"

"I advise you to shut up for the present, young feller," said the policeman, solemnly. "Whatever you says will be taken down agin you. You're not called upon to crimmify yourself in this 'ere place."

Lorn looked round imploringly, but saw no friendly countenance.

"Remove the prisoner!" said Mr. Joplington, dangling his eye-glass.

"Where are you going to take me?" cried Lorn.

"Where? To the station-us, to be sure," returned the policeman.

Lorn buried his face in his hands.

"This gentleman," continued the policeman, pointing to Pumphrey, "will have to attend to enter the charge on the sheet."

"And me," said Buffle, quickly, scorning the trammels of grammar in his vindictive anxiety to prove the case against Lorn.

"And me, too," added Mr. Cramp, whom such trammels never impeded.

"All on you," returned the policeman, "as has charges to prefer. Good morning, sir. Come along."

Having once more touched his hat to Mr. Joplington, the blue-coated functionary again took possession of Lorn's collar, and led him forth, accompanied by Messrs. Pumphrey and Buffle, and the pawbroker's assistant.

"Make room, there!" cried the policeman to the crowd, which, with its unflinching instinct, always gathers in London when anything goes wrong; and through a lane of inquiring faces he conducted Lorn, who, ashamed and dejected, never raised his eyes from the ground.

Had he done so, he might have noticed one, on the outskirts of the crowd, eagerly watching him. It was the Count, who, satisfied that the prisoner was his unfortunate secretary, turned hastily away and disappeared.

Had he done so—though this would not have served, however it consoled him—he might have seen—he could not fail to have remarked—the soft, sympathising face of a lady, whose carriage was obstructed by the jostling crowd.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in a foreign tongue, of a grave-looking gentleman who sat beside her.

"The matter? Nothing! Only a thief, apparently, whom they are taking to prison."

"Poor boy!" sighed the lady. "He does not look like a thief."

"But I see some one else who does," cried her companion. "Let me out, coachman. But no, it is useless—he is gone. He is, however, here. It is something to know that."

The carriage drove on to the most fashionable hotel in London, and the cortège which surrounded Lorn accompanied *him* to the station-house.

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## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## No. V.—FOOD.

OF the numerous errors which exist in England on the subject of French life, there is not one more complete than the general impression that the French live on "kickshaws." There is great variety in the composition of the food of the upper classes in France, especially when compared with English nourishment, but variety does not exclude solidity, and the statistics of consumption given hereafter, prove that the people of France are as well fed as the inhabitants of any other country in Europe.

Habit is often a dangerous guide, for it may easily and imperceptibly degenerate into senseless prejudice. The English are accustomed to their masses of beef, and to their vegetables boiled in water, and to their brandied wines, and because they are accustomed to them they will not admit that any other food is fit to eat. But it is a cosmopolitan law that what is good for one nation is not necessarily, for that single reason, good for all others too. The English do not growl against kickshaws more fiercely than the French do against British joints, and they are both wrong in doing so, for, influenced by habit and prejudice, and listening to no arguments, they each summarily and blindly condemn the proportion of merit which the other possesses. There is something good in almost everything, and even English cooking is not an absolute exception to the rule, but the French system of feeding possesses the double advantage of infinite variety and intelligent preparation. It is true that the sturdy Englishman can scarcely admit the latter as a real merit, but even the most rabid Britisher will allow that eternity of mutton and beef is occasionally a little fatiguing, and that it would sometimes be agreeable not to be obliged to eat the same joint five days in the week.

One might even venture to go further, and to ask whether the faculty of taste has been given us for nothing, and whether national prejudice can be admitted to constitute a valid objection to the use of one of our senses. The declared object of refined French cookery is to give pleasure to the palate while nourishing the body, and the pursuit of that result has brought about the invention of certain dishes which may almost be classed with vaccination, the steam-engine, and the electric telegraph, among the great discoveries of human genius. For instance, the dinners of the *Réserve* at Marseilles, with their *bouffarde* and their *aïloli*, though requiring a little previous habit of garlic, present the most curious and intelligent forms of food, while the *coquilles d'écrevisses* at Vaucluse, the grilled *royans* and the mushrooms at Bordeaux, and the *filets de sole à la Vénitienne*, and the *filets de bécasse sautés à la graisse d'ortolans* of the *Ruc Montorgueil*, are compositions of such incredible delicacy and perfection, that they explain how Eugène Sue was inspired to write

the famous description of the Chanoine's breakfast in "La Gourmandise," and how he labelled the bottle of Romanée of 1764, "Pour out with compunction and drink with religion."

But satisfactions of this elevated character are only accessible to a few, to the small number of rich and scientific eaters who make dinner the great object of life, and who emulate the faculty claimed by Brillat-Savarin, of distinguishing by the taste which leg a partridge had roosted on. Even the Paris restaurants, where English visitors form the opinions of French habits, which they bring home with them for circulation as absolute truths, do not furnish an example of the ordinary fare of a French family any more than a London fog does of the ordinary English climate. They offer food in too artistic a form for general and practical use; the people eat very differently.

Details of cookery, however, are out of place here; but putting them aside, and with them all the frightful theories of culinary preparation which shock the English mind, raising to the height of a national controversy the question whether peas should be boiled in water or be stewed in butter with flour, lettuce, onions, and sugar, there still remains as a fact which cannot reasonably be disputed, that French feeding possesses the advantage of great facility for change. This facility results not only from skill in cooking, but also from conditions of domestic arrangement which are unknown in England.

The richer classes take coffee early in the morning, and a meat breakfast at eleven or twelve: their dinner consists of soup, fish, or an entrée, one roast dish, one sort of vegetable (served separately), a plat sucré, dessert, and black coffee. But while this list seems to almost correspond, excepting in the form given to vegetables and coffee, with that of an English family, the difference of cost and preparation is great. French dishes are always small; the pieces of meat seldom weigh more than three or four pounds, so that scarcely anything remains for the next day, especially as the servants dine after their masters and eat up what is left. If anything does stand over it serves for breakfast to-morrow. This habit of cooking only just enough for daily wants renders it easy to vary the composition of dinner, for it evades the necessity which exists so cruelly in England of "eating up" large joints. The construction of the kitchen fireplaces is another facility for variety, the half-dozen little charcoal grates, which constitute a French fourneau, admitting as many separate saucepans at once, while roasting goes on at a special detached fire at the side. The peculiarly imitative nature of the French is a further aid, for it enables clumsy peasant girls to become handy cooks after a few months' practice in the towns, and so produce a race of kitchen servants, who, with an ample allowance of all the defects of modern domesticity, have, at all events, the merit of knowing their trade.

The whole system is combined so as to reduce weight and waste, economise fuel, and render variety easy. It is not, therefore, surprising that, notwithstanding the multiplicity of dishes, the cost of living should be moderate. Even now, after all the augmentations of cost which have taken place of late years, a family of three or four persons, with two servants, can live really well in Paris, with good management, for about nine shillings a day, including ordinary wine, kitchen fuel, and all sup-

plementary expenses for food. Charcoal is included in this average for sixpence, which is what it ought to average. As, however, the composition of food in Paris is generally superior to that of the other towns of France, and is, of course, far above the general average of the whole country, this cost of nine shillings a day does not give a fair idea of the ordinary expenditure of a French middle-class family. In the provinces, and in towns where the price of food is not increased by octroi duties, it certainly does not exceed six shillings a day for five or six people.

But the richer classes constitute only a small proportion of the whole nation, and though a certain interest or curiosity may attach itself to the composition and cost of their dinner, the question of the food of the people at large is a wider and more important subject.

The statistics of consumption in France show that the people are divided into three categories as regards their nourishment, the inhabitants of Paris, the inhabitants of the towns, and the rural population. This distinction is, of course, not absolute in every detail or in every locality, but it is clearly marked in its main outlines.

The food of Paris formed the subject of a remarkable book published in 1856 by M. Armand Husson, chef de division at the Préfecture of the Seine, who, by his official position, was able to get access to the municipal records. He gives in elaborate detail the quantity and cost of every article which enters into the nourishment of the Parisians. Their daily consumption per head is as follows:

Solids:—Bread . . . . .	lbs. oz.	1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Meat . . . . .	7oz. }	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Poultry and game . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. }	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fish . . . . .		0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Butter, cheese, and eggs . . . . .		0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pastry of all kinds . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sugar, bonbons, preserves, and honey . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coffee, chicory, tea, and chocolate . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fruit, deducting a quarter for waste . . . . .		1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Vegetables, ditto . . . . .		0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pickles, capers, pepper, and sundries . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total . . . . .		3 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fluids:—Wine . . . . .	pints.	0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Beer and cider . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Milk . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brandy . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oil and vinegar . . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Liqueurs, syrups, &c. . . . .		0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Water . . . . .		14 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total . . . . .		16 0

The most striking feature of this list is certainly the extraordinary proportion of fruit which it includes; the total weight of it consumed per head is almost equal to that of bread. This result is so remarkable that M. Husson draws attention to it himself, and goes into detail to prove its exactness. The quantity of fruit of all kinds annually introduced into

Paris is 427,000 tons, calculated on the octroi returns for 1853. But in the foregoing list M. Husson reduces by one-half the proportion of pears, apples, and plums, in order to allow for the quantities absorbed by the manufacture of cider and preserves. The balance remaining is still immense, even after the further deduction of one-quarter of the whole for peel, cores, kernels, and waste, but it has already formed the subject of much discussion in Paris, its exactness has been established, and it may be received with confidence, notwithstanding the singular fact it reveals that each Parisian consumes 1 lb. of fruit every day of his life. But this quantity, after all, represents only a very small comparative ration of real food, the proportion of water which enters into the chemical composition of fruits being so large that they furnish very little sustenance; their great effect is to refresh rather than strengthen.

With the exception of the small proportion of oranges, which are dear, and comparatively little used in Paris, the composition of the fruit consumed presents nothing remarkable; only 5,000,000 oranges are eaten annually, while 3,500,000 lemons are used per annum. This gives approximately 4 or 5 oranges and 3 lemons per head per year.

The annual weight of vegetables used in Paris is 144,000 tons, of which potatoes, though at the head of the list, furnish only 26,000 tons; cabbages amount to 20,490 tons, carrots to 20,550 tons, leeks to 12,600 tons, salad to 6030 tons, onions to 3000 tons, garden sorer (oseille), which is not known as a vegetable in England, to 7560 tons, and small herbs for seasoning dishes to 2000 tons. The feeble proportion of potatoes, amounting to less than one-fifth of the whole vegetable consumption, and the large quantities of other garden produce, are consequences of the French system of eating vegetables separately and of using them in soups. The number of different vegetables included in M. Husson's list of importations into Paris is another peculiarity; they amount to no less than forty-seven sorts, many of which are not used in England, while some of them are altogether unknown here. Seakale is the only English vegetable which is not grown in France.

The bread eaten in Paris is composed almost exclusively of the best wheat flour, the Paris workman being very particular about the quality of his loaf; of the 184,600 tons of bread consumed in 1854, only 39½ tons were of second flour.

The bakers of Paris are under the control of the municipality, and cannot establish a shop without permission. The main object of these regulations is to assure, by the direct intervention of the state, that the price of bread shall not rise too high in the capital in consequence of variations in the price of flour. To effect this, the town has established a special floating fund, which pays the extra cost of bread when flour is dear, and receives the extra profit when it is cheap again. There are still variations in the price of bread (which is fixed every fortnight by a municipal decree), but this arrangement renders famine prices impossible. The average cost of white bread from 1823 to 1854 was 1½d. per pound.

Of the meat annually consumed in Paris, 66,000 tons are composed of beef, mutton, and veal, and 10,800 tons of pork. Poultry and game enter into the general consumption for 10,365 tons, of which game constitutes 1261 tons. It is difficult to give reliable prices for these various articles, without going into too much detail; but they may generally be

said to be a little under the London rates, notwithstanding the addition of the octroi duties. The question of comparative quality is a matter of personal appreciation which can be brought to no general test. The mutton, especially what is called *pré salé*, is as good as the English; the beef is very fair, and as it is small and seldom stall fed, it is free from that greasy taste which artificial fattening so often gives to English cattle. The veal, however, is decidedly inferior both in taste and whiteness. The poultry of all kinds is small and skinny, and is in no way equal to the produce of English farm-yards.

The consumption of fish is much smaller in Paris than in London; the total quantity of all kinds which annually enters Paris is 13,444 tons, of which fresh-water fish contribute 690 tons, and oysters 1005 tons. The use of fresh-water fish is very limited; it is almost localised in the restaurants on the banks of the *Seine*, where fried gudgeons form the principal dish. The demand for these small fish is so considerable in the river-side taverns during the summer season, that, in the impossibility of providing enough of them, the cooks are said to cut up sea eels into gudgeons with a punch of the requisite shape; when these impostors are fried and covered with parsley, it is not easy to distinguish them from the real fish.

More than half the milk supplied to Paris arrives every morning by special trains from the dairy districts; the greater part of the rest comes from the neighbouring villages, very little being produced in the town itself.

The consumption of liquids presents nothing remarkable. It should, however, be noticed, that the quantity of water indicated includes the proportion employed for cooking and for all domestic purposes.

The composition of food in Paris does not represent that of the other towns of France; considerable variations exist between different localities. While each Parisian eats 160 lbs. of meat per annum, the inhabitants of *Le Mans* average only 94 lbs., the other towns varying between these two extremes. After Paris, *Rennes* and *Bordeaux* present the largest consumption of meat; and *Nantes*, *Toulon*, *Caen*, and *Le Mans* the lowest. The wide-lying positions of these various towns proves clearly that the greater or less use of meat is in no way regulated in France by conditions of climate or temperature. The largest absorption of wine is at *Bordeaux*, where each individual drinks 345 pints of wine per annum; the other wine-growing centres follow next; Paris comes about the middle of the list; and the minimum is found at *Caen*, where the annual consumption is only 20 pints per head; but *Caen*, which is in the middle of the *Normandy* apple country, drinks 378 pints of cider a year, while *Bordeaux* takes none at all. The greatest consumption of beer is at *Lille*, where each individual consumes 271 pints per annum; and the smallest is at *Bordeaux*, where the annual quantity per head is only six pints. Brandy is mainly drunk in *Normandy*; at *Rouen*, for instance, the average quantity taken by each individual amounts to the large total of 35 pints per year.

In order to prove that the Parisians are well fed, it would be necessary to compare the list of their nourishment with that of the inhabitants of the other principal capitals of Europe; but there is no reliable information on which to base such a comparison. Even for London there

are no complete statistics on the subject. The only calculation which includes more than two or three items is that published by Mr. Porter in the "Progress of the Nation." Based on that table the annual results are as follows, as regards the items mentioned :

	London.	Paris.	
Meat . . . . .	211 lbs.	160 lbs.	
Bread . . . . .	328 "	396 "	
Potatoes and vegetables . . . . .	141 "	300 "	without deducting the waste
Butter and cheese . . . . .	34 "	32 "	
Milk . . . . .	84 quarts	91 quarts	
Beer . . . . .	123 "	113 "	including wine, beer, & cider

This table shows that the Londoner eats more meat than the Parisian, and that he drinks more beer alone than the total liquid consumption of the Parisian, but in the other articles Paris has the advantage, especially in bread and vegetables.

The consumption of meat in London is often quoted as the highest in Europe, but this is not yet proved by statistical returns; indeed, the Germans pretend that Vienna shows a larger figure still. But without pursuing these doubtful points, it is obvious that, admitting the above quantities for London, on the strong authority of Mr. Porter, the Parisians are on the whole quite as well fed as the Londoners, if not better.

The composition of subsistence in the country districts offers marked differences with that shown for the towns. Among the rural population of every country bread is the great staple of food. France is no exception to this rule; the only peculiarity of the nourishment of the French peasants being the quantity of vegetable soups which they eat.

While in the towns bread is made almost exclusively of wheat-flour, the rural districts still employ rye, barley, buckwheat, oats, and maize, according to the locality, but, with the exception of maize, in diminishing proportions; the use of wheat-bread is increasing in almost every direction. The production of wheat in France has risen from 144,375,000 bushels, in 1815, to 225,500,000 bushels at present: of the latter quantity 35,750,000 bushels are kept for seed, leaving 189,750,000 bushels, which may be said to be entirely made into bread, the proportion used for feeding animals, or for industrial purposes, not exceeding 3,000,000 bushels per annum. The annual consumption of wheat by the whole population of 36,000,000 is, therefore, just over 5 bushels per head. According to M. Maurice Block ("Statistique comparée de la France"), the weight of bread made with this quantity of corn is 306 lbs.; so that for the whole country the average daily consumption of wheat bread is about 14 oz. per head.

Rye bread enters in the nourishment of the people for 100 lbs. per head per annum, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  oz. per head per day.

The annual consumption of barley, after deducting the quantity employed for the keep of animals and the manufacture of beer, gives about 33 lbs. of bread for each person, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. per day.

Maize, or Indian corn, is used only in certain districts, particularly in the Landes and Franche-Comté, but its consumption is increasing; its present average is 16 lbs. per head per annum, or two-thirds of an ounce per day.

The quantity of oat bread is small; it amounts to about one-sixth of an ounce per head per day.

Buckwheat is employed only in certain parts of the western provinces, especially in Brittany; its daily consumption is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. per head.

Adding together these various elements, the total daily consumption of bread of all kinds in France comes out at the following average per head of the whole population:

	lb. oz.
Wheat bread . . . . .	0 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Rye " . . . . .	0 4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Barley " . . . . .	0 1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Maize " . . . . .	0 0 $\frac{3}{4}$
Oat " . . . . .	0 0 $\frac{1}{6}$
Buckwheat bread . . . . .	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total . . . . .	1 6 $\frac{1}{2}$

The consumption of meat has not been officially published, as a whole, since 1839. It was calculated for that year by the authors of the Government Statistics at 43 lbs. per head, of which 24 lbs. were composed of beef, mutton, and veal, and 19 lbs. of pork. But while these were the general averages for the whole country, it was shown that in the 375 principal towns, with a population of 5,000,000 souls, the individual consumption stood at  $107\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., leaving only 15 lbs., composed principally of pork, for the other 29,000,000 inhabitants. It is probable that since 1839 the meat nourishment of the peasantry has improved, and that new researches would now show a better result; but in computing the general total of meat, the only figures which can be taken are those which have a character of reasonable certainty, therefore the average of 43 lbs. found in 1839 must be maintained for the moment; it gives  $1\frac{7}{8}$  ounce per day. As regards the towns, however, the published statistics extend to 1854, and show that their consumption of meat had risen since 1839 from  $107\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. to  $117\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. per head; this increase is especially sensible since 1851, but the use of pork seems to have diminished a little, though it certainly continues to constitute, in the form of bacon, the Sunday dinner of the village populations.

The production of potatoes in France, notwithstanding the prevalence of the disease, has quintupled since 1815: it amounted to 280,000,000 bushels in 1857. Of this quantity 36,000,000 bushels are retained for planting, and about 40,000,000 bushels are employed for making fecule, distillation, and other manufacturing purposes. The quantity remaining is, therefore, 204,000,000 bushels, of which it is estimated that a quarter is used for feeding animals, leaving about 150,000,000 bushels for human food. Taking the bushel to weigh 56 lbs., the total annual consumption of potatoes comes out at 233 lbs. per head of the whole population, or  $10\frac{1}{2}$  ounces per day. Here the proportion between town and country is the inverse of that found for meat: Paris, for instance, with its 1,200,000 inhabitants, consumed only 26,000 tons of potatoes in 1854, which gives 48 lbs. per head per annum, or about one-fifth of the average consumption of all France. It is doubtful whether the other towns present the same result; the use of potatoes is probably general out of Paris, and helps in the rural districts to compensate the diminution on meat.

The general consumption of fruit and of vegetables other than potatoes

is difficult to determine, for the statistics published on the subject only give the money value of the crops without any indication of their quantity. It is true that as regards the produce of regular farms quantities are given, but for private and market gardens the value alone is quoted, and it is, of course, impossible to base thereon any estimate of the amount of food produced. Private kitchen gardens cover a surface of 617,000 acres in France, and M. Block estimates the value of their present annual produce at 12,600,000*L.*, while the extent of orchards and gardens of every kind, without distinction, amounts to about 1,500,000 acres, or 1.16 per cent. of the whole surface of the land. Now as France contains scarcely any parks, and only a comparatively small proportion of flower gardens, it is probable that the greater part of this surface is occupied by the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, and that the feebleness of the total garden space as compared with Great Britain, where it amounts to 6.84 per cent. of the whole country, or with Spain, where it reaches 6.93 per cent., does not prove anything as regards the production of vegetable food, for in England and Spain parks and ornamental grounds constitute by far the greater part of what is counted as garden. Indeed, the consumption of fruit and vegetables in France is outwardly and visibly higher than in neighbouring countries, and though there are no present means of calculating it exactly, it cannot be doubted that the consumption of the whole country is equal to that of Paris as concerns vegetables, and to at least half that of the capital as regards fruit. At this rate the daily use of vegetables (other than potatoes) would amount to 8 ounces per head, and that of fruit to 8½ ounces. These are only arbitrary computations, but those who are acquainted with the habits of the French peasantry will not think them exaggerated.

The consumption of sugar has risen from 1 lb. per head in 1822, to 14 lbs. 3 oz. in 1858; in the latter year each individual consumed 1 lb. 10 oz. of coffee; tea and chocolate are increasing in use, but their present average annual consumption does not exceed 4 oz. per head. Grouping together these various articles, they produce a total of 16 lbs. 1 oz. per head per annum, or about two-thirds of an ounce per day.

About butter, cheese, and eggs, there is no information as to quantity; they may all be classed together at an average of half the consumption of Paris, say 1½ oz.

Fish and pastry must be included in the general estimate for the whole country, but as they are almost solely used in the towns, their proportion per head on the whole population is nearly inappreciable. It cannot exceed half an ounce per day at the outside.

The total daily average ration for all France comes out, therefore, as follows:

	lbs. oz.
Bread . . . . .	1 6½
Meat . . . . .	0 1½
Potatoes . . . . .	0 10½
Vegetables . . . . .	0 8
Fruit . . . . .	0 8½
Fish and pastry . . . . .	0 0½
Sugar, coffee, tea, &c. . . . .	0 0½
Butter, cheese, and eggs . . . . .	0 1½
Total . . . . .	3 5



Now this list, while giving an approximate average for the whole population, does not indicate the composition of the daily ration for either town or country, and without that sub-classification it would produce an erroneous idea of the real nature of the food of the three categories of consumers into which, as has already been remarked, the people of France must be divided.

The ration of bread in the towns generally is certainly a little higher than in Paris, but it is lower than the average for all France; as the consumption of Paris is 1 lb. 1 17-20 oz., and that of the whole country 1 lb. 6 1-3 oz., the average for the towns may be roughly estimated at 1 lb. 3 oz., leaving about 1 lb. 7 oz. for the rural districts. The town ration of meat in 1854 amounted to 5½ oz.; it may, therefore, be calculated at 1¼ oz. for the country. The other items are left unchanged, not because they present no difference, but from the excessive difficulty of appreciating them fairly.

Adopting these estimates, the three categories of daily rations would stand as follows:

	Paris.		Towns.		Country.	
	lbs.	oz.	lbs.	oz.	lbs.	oz.
Bread . . . . .	1	1½	1	3	1	7
Meat . . . . .	0	7½	0	5½	0	1¼
Fish . . . . .	0	1½	0	0½		
Pastry . . . . .	0	0½				
Butter, cheese, and eggs . . . . .	0	2½	0	1½	0	1½
Sugar, coffee, &c. . . . .	0	1½	0	0½	0	0½
Fruit . . . . .	1	0½	0	8¼	0	8¼
Vegetables and potatoes . . . . .	0	9½	1	2½	1	2½
Sundries . . . . .	0	0½	0	0½	0	0½
Totals . . . . .	3	10½	3	5½	3	4½

These results come so near each other, and produce so fair an average, that it may be admitted that such parts of the foregoing calculations as are arbitrary or hypothetical are not far wrong. The two great items of meat and bread may be considered to be nearly exact, at all events, sufficiently so for all general purposes; the most doubtful item is that of vegetables, of which the quantity shown for the country and the towns appears to be very large, but it should be repeated that the use of cabbage, carrot, leek, bean, and onion soups, is universal amongst the labouring classes in France; the quantity of 1 lb. 2½ oz. per day should not therefore be discarded solely because it is high. The question is an open one, precisely because it is so difficult of solution, but the rate of consumption of fruit in Paris would be denied if it were not officially proved, and the quantity of vegetable food estimated for town and country is very little higher than that of fruit in Paris. Furthermore, the quantity is made up, for more than half its total, of potatoes alone, of which the quantity is known and is shown in detail.

Of course the above quantities are not all really eaten, there is more or less waste on all of them; but it is worthy of notice that while the country ration appears to be the lowest, it contains so little meat that the loss on bones and fat reduces it less than the other two categories. The general average of 3 lbs. 5 oz. for all France represents probably

about 2 lbs. 12 oz. of real effective food for every man, woman, and child, and that ration is high enough to prove what was said at the outset, that variety does not exclude solidity in the composition of the nourishment of the people of France, and that instead of living on kickshaws, the French are, on the contrary, as well fed as any other people in Europe.

The consumption of liquids presents the same difference as that of solids. In 1856 the consumption of wine for all France stood at  $75\frac{1}{2}$  pints for each individual, while calculated on the towns alone it amounted to  $113\frac{1}{2}$  pints. Starting from these data, M. Block calculates that the rural population drinks 65 pints of wine per head per annum. The consumption of beer, which is rapidly rising (though only in the northern and eastern provinces), amounts to  $34\frac{1}{2}$  pints, and that of brandy to 4 pints; the total consumption of cider is not known, but in order to include it in the list it is put at the same quantity as beer. From the insufficiency of data, the rations of liquids cannot be divided into the three classes of Paris, towns, and country; all that can be done is to group them for Paris and for all France:

	Paris.	France.
	pints.	pints.
Wine . . . . .	11-20	4-20
Beer . . . . .	} 2-20	} 2-20
Cider . . . . .		
Brandy . . . . .	1-20	1-100
	<hr/> 14-20	<hr/> 7-20

Milk, oil, vinegar, and water, of which no calculation can be made, are not included in this comparison, which only serves to show that the Parisians absorb just twice as much fermented drinks as the average for the whole country.

No estimate can be made of the cost of food as applied to all France, but M. Husson gives a table of the expenditure in Paris, showing the difference of the annual outlay per head for most of the items of food between 1788 and 1854:

	1788.	1854.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Bread . . . . .	1 7 6	2 9 7
Meat . . . . .	2 14 0	3 1 9
Wine . . . . .	2 3 4	3 2 11
Beer and cider . . . . .	0 1 9	0 3 5
Brandy . . . . .	0 3 2	0 11 5
Fish . . . . .	0 8 2	0 11 2
Butter . . . . .	0 7 0	1 0 5
Cheese . . . . .	0 3 2	0 5 7
Eggs . . . . .	0 4 8	0 6 10
Fruit and vegetables . . . . .	0 16 9	3 9 5
Vinegar . . . . .	0 0 6	0 0 6
	<hr/> £8 10 0	<hr/> £15 3 0

Every article but vinegar has risen in value (as well probably as in quantity) in the interval between these two dates, but the augmentation of fruit and vegetables is its most striking item; for these the increase is

certainly in quantity rather than in cost. The average for 1854 comes out at 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per day, which is not a high rate for a capital, and this figure confirms the assertion made at the commencement, that a middle-class family of five or six persons can live well in Paris for 9s. a day.

But two hundred years ago the cost of existence was very different. A letter exists written in 1678 by Madame de Maintenon to her brother, Comte d'Aubigné, giving him an estimate of what it ought to cost him daily to keep house in Paris with his wife and ten servants. This curious list quotes 9s. 5d. per day for food, 1s. 7d. for firing, and 9d. for lighting, total 11s. 9d. It is true that there is no mention of vegetables, nor of a quantity of other articles which are now of daily necessity, even for the poor, but for the items quoted in detail the cost is about one-third of the present rates.

There remains one article of consumption which, though it cannot yet be called food even by its most faithful votaries (Mr. Alfred Jingle did say, however, that it was "meat and drink to him"), cannot be omitted in this examination of the daily wants of the French people. Tobacco is so universally used, and it occupies so important a place in the habits of French every-day life, that its consumption ought to be added to that of the articles of ordinary nourishment.

The sale of tobacco, in all its forms, is a monopoly of the government, and brings in an annual revenue of more than four millions sterling. Since 1830 the quantity used has doubled; the sale in 1856 amounted to the following quantities:

Snuff . . . . .	7,115 tons.
Smoking tobacco . . . . .	16,009 "
Cigars made in France . . . . .	1,927 "
Foreign cigars . . . . .	130 "
	Total . . . . .
	25,181 "

This consumption represented a value of 7,220,000*l.*, or an average of 4s. per head of the whole population. It is calculated that there are in France 6,500,000 smokers, who consume about 6 lbs. of tobacco each per annum, at an average cost of 17s. 8d. per head, and 6,000,000 snuff-takers (this number seems exaggerated), who use about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each, spending 7s. 7d. In Paris the consumption is proportionately higher, and its increase is more rapid than in the other parts of France. M. Husson says that each Parisian uses 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of tobacco, 143 cigars, and 4 cigarettes per annum, which represent at least four times these quantities for those who really smoke. Paris alone consumes one fourteenth of the total quantity of tobacco burnt in France, though its population (before the annexation of the banlieue) was only one thirty-fourth of the whole.

## AMERICA UNDER ARMS.

CIVIL war has at length broken out in America: both sides are preparing energetically for action, and, if we may credit newspaper reports, enormous armies will soon be opposed to each other, and blood flow in streams. We can no longer have a doubt but that both North and South are in earnest, and we consider that the fight may become sanguinary. But what we call in Europe a war, skilful operations, great actions fought according to the rules of strategy, and concentration of large masses of artillery, will not be witnessed—at any rate not at the outset—from the simple fact of neither side having soldiers. The numbers opposed to each other may be large, though we feel convinced not so considerable as the American papers would have us believe; but their value as troops will be remarkably insignificant. What we read about the military value of the militia is braggadocio in a great respect, written by persons who understand nothing about war. Besides, in all probability the navy, and not the army, will deal the decisive blow.

The regular army of America, like ours, raised by recruiting, consists chiefly of Irishmen and Germans, and amounted, in 1859, to 17,498 men, including the Engineers, the Ranger Companies (which are only employed against the Indians), and the whole of the non-effectives. There were at that period 10 infantry regiments, of 10 companies each; five regiments of cavalry (4 dragoons and 1 mounted rifles), each of 10 squadrons; and four regiments of cavalry, each of 12 companies. The whole effective strength of the army amounted to 736 officers, and 12,800 men. There were but very few horse batteries, and most of the artillery lay in the forts on the coast and the Indian border, of which there are seventy-nine. The field-guns are 9 and 14-pounders, and to our knowledge rifled ordnance has not yet been introduced, although the whole of the infantry is armed with rifles.

The discipline is very severe; among the punishments worthy of mention being flogging out of the army and tarring and feathering, the latter being employed in cases of repeated desertion. In 1852, a deserter from the Jefferson barracks, near St. Louis, was sentenced to be first lashed, then placed for an hour on a barrel in front of the main guard in a coat of tar and feathers, and finally branded with the letter D. Any man who offers as a recruit receives a bounty of 12 dollars in peace, of from 30 to 200 in war. Requisites for enlisting are an age between eighteen and thirty-five, a height of five feet six inches, and a sound constitution. The usual period of service is five years; during war, when the recruits form volunteer regiments, generally but one year. After finishing the period of service, if a soldier enlist again he receives fresh bounty, increased pay, and a claim to 180 acres of land after his final retirement. In war times higher pay is given; but in ordinary times the soldier is decently off, for he receives 7 dollars monthly (at the end of three months 10 dollars), his full equipment, and a daily ration of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of beef or pork, 18 oz. of bread or flour, a pint of rum or whisky, as well as salt, vinegar, candles, and even chewing-tobacco. A corporal receives 12 dollars, a sergeant 16 dollars a month; an assistant-surgeon, after ten years' service, a rate of

pay which, inclusive of rations, forage for one horse, and salary of one servant, amounts to 98 dollars a month; while a surgeon, at the end of a similar period of service, has 149 dollars. The pay of lieutenants in the infantry and artillery is (inclusive of rations, &c.) equivalent to 64 dollars, the captain's 79, the major's 129, and the colonel's 166; while the pay of the cavalry is rather higher. A general of brigade reckons his pay and rations worth 2952 dollars, a major-general 4572 dollars. All officers under general's rank are entitled to an increase of pay every five years, and if their conduct has been good this cannot be refused them.

The entire regular army is under the command of a major-general, who at the present moment is Winfield Scott, so well known as conqueror in the Mexican war. The head-quarters of the army were formerly in New York, and it was spread over eight departments. The first comprised the entire territory to the east of the Mississippi, having its head-quarters at Troy, in New York state. The second was spread over Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, and a portion of Louisiana, with head-quarters at St. Louis. The third occupied Nebraska and the new state of Kansas (head-quarters, Fort Laramie); the fifth, New Mexico (head-quarters, Santa Fé); the sixth, the Mormon territory (head-quarters, Camp Floyd); the seventh, Oregon and Washington territory (head-quarters, Fort Vancouver); and the eighth and last, California, with its head-quarters at San Francisco,—each department being commanded by a brigadier-general. It was necessary to give these formidable statistics, in order to show our readers the impossibility of the American troops co-operating, owing to the enormous extent of territory over which they are spread.

The tactics and exercise of the army correspond with those employed in England. Of course; the authorities are unable to brigade the troops. The private can, under no circumstances, obtain a commission, and the officers are drawn from the military academy at West Point. To obtain admission to the latter, the consent of the father or guardian is requisite, the age of fourteen, a good knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the assent of the president. The academy can contain two hundred and fifty cadets, and the period of study extends over five years. Each half year examinations are held, which are said to be very strict. If the educational programme at West Point be honestly carried out, the American officers would possess mathematical knowledge superior to any officers in the world; but we may be permitted to doubt the fact. One thing is certain, at any rate: very few of them can have any practical knowledge of handling large bodies of troops in the field. As the number of officers is very large in proportion to the strength of the army, a good many of them are detached to the volunteer department, an indispensable adjunct in any great war. Lastly, we may mention that the uniform of the American soldier is dark blue, with light blue or green facings, a blue shako, and white belts.

It will be seen, from these facts, that the regular army of the United States can effect but very little in suppressing the revolution. Two thousand of them may, perhaps, be concentrated at Washington, and half as many at Cairo, on the mouth of the Ohio, but the real work will fall on the militia, to whom we will now turn. The militia of the Union, according to law, comprises all white natives of the United States capable of bearing arms, with the exception of clergy and teachers, judges and

lawyers, officials of the government, sailors, and those sectarians, such as quakers and shakers, who have scruples of conscience against fighting. The service begins with the eighteenth year, though in some states with the twenty-first, and terminates with the forty-fifth year. Each state makes its own special arrangements, and we will tell our readers something about New York, as a sample. The organisation has been the same in all the states since 1791, and we find line infantry, rifles, dragoons, and cavalry. In Mr. Maury, the minister of war's report to Congress in 1859, the total number of the militia is returned as 2,755,726 men, of whom 2,690,000 are line infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery, and 34,000 rifles.

This militia does not stand in the slightest connexion with the regular army, and is solely during war or insurrection under the orders of the Federal government; though even then it cannot be called on to serve beyond the borders of its own state. It is formed into divisions, each of which is composed, in its turn, of regiments. Every regiment has two battalions, each battalion five companies of sixty-four privates. Four regiments form a brigade, two brigades a division. At the head of each division is a major-general with two adjutants, selected by himself from the officers. Each brigade has a brigadier, with an inspector of brigade and two adjutants under him. The regiment has a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and a major. Each company a captain, a lieutenant, an ensign, four sergeants, and four corporals. The officers, from the brigadier downwards, are balloted for by the officers and men of the respective corps, while the major-general is elected by the general officers. The officers hold their commissions for from five to seven years, at the expiration of which period fresh elections take place, in which the retiring officers can compete.

During peace—when the militiamen are permitted to wear any uniform they please—the arms are generally supplied by the government of the state, and there are proper arsenals for housing them. During war the militia receives clothing, rations, and pay. In the larger cities what are termed volunteer militia regiments have been formed, many of them composed of Irish, Germans, and French, who generally select a most fantastic uniform, and cause themselves to be town-talk, by marchings out, target practice, balls, and so on. As field-days are very rarely ordered, and the officers have as good as no military practice, these militiamen are not even comparable with our volunteers, the creation of yesterday; and it is folly to talk, as the Americans do, of their being on a level with regular European troops. Perhaps they may be on a par with the Papal troops, but there is a vast difference between the Swiss and American systems, republics though they both be.

We will offer a few remarks about the militia of the State of New York, which is the best, at any rate not the worst, among the thirty-four states. Every white male in New York of the age of twenty-one, if he does not belong to a free company, must join the militia; though he can buy himself off for seventy-five cents a year. He is at liberty to choose his own regiment and company. The company elects the subalterns, the regiment the field-officers, the brigade the general; but the governor has to confirm the elections. The strength of the several corps is in no way limited; new ones may be formed at any time. A company can have its

thirty or one hundred men ; a regiment from two hundred to six hundred ; or, indeed, as many as are thought proper. To become an officer, a man needs, in the first place, a handsome fortune, in order to treat his men at the right moment; and, in the next place, mildness and amiability, for no compulsion can be employed. The citizen soldier is only bound to obey "legal orders," and is thus made the judge of his superior's right to give this or that command. That this renders the management of the troops in the presence of the enemy impossible, is so evident, that we need only call the attention of "free Americans" to the fact. In times of war, the militia are certainly supposed to be subject to the Mutiny Act; but as they have had no practice in implicit obedience, it will appear to them remarkably disagreeable.

If a parade or field-day is about to come off, the quartermaster drives through the town in a carriage to inform the gentlemen soldiers of the circumstance. If one of the gentlemen think proper to stay away he is fined in a small sum, always assuming that the parade or field-day were legal. It is laid down by law how many times the militia must assemble to drill, and the officers politely request their men to come to extra drill, which they do, or leave undone, at their pleasure. We will give an instance of this sort of discipline. When New York honoured the Prince of Wales with a grand review, which, by the way, proved most ridiculous and bourgeois, the 69th Regiment, consisting of Irishmen, thought proper not to put in an appearance. A court of inquiry was held on the colonel, but of course he was acquitted. The review was supernumerary, and it could hardly be expected of the liberated sons of the Emerald Isle that they would do homage to the son of the tyrant of their native land by taking part in the show.

The equipment of most of the regiments is most miserable. The old percussion muskets they carry are generally unserviceable, because they are not kept clean. The captain usually takes care of the ammunition, which is not served out to the men. There is not a state gunpowder-mill or bullet manufactory. Target practice is limited to a few firing festivals, in which pomp and pleasure are more considered than decent practice. Every man shoots with the weapon he prefers: the officers render themselves pleasant by officers' prizes, while the captain liberally regales his company with grog and Lager-bier. Every regiment has its arsenal, in which the muskets are stored, and which usually serves, at the same time, as an exercising school. Drilling generally takes place in the evening after business hours, and is a laughable scene enough. But if you want to see a horror, you should witness a march out of the militia cavalry. The Americans are rarely good riders, but if we think of the ice-cart, dray, and costermonger horses on which these men are mounted, we feel ashamed of our brethren becoming such an exhibition of themselves. A military friend assures us that he would guarantee with one regiment of dragoons to overthrow the whole of Uncle Sam's mounted militia. The artillery is much in the same position: the guns have old-fashioned carriages, and the horses are borrowed from private persons; a great deal of powder is certainly expended, but nearly entirely in salutes; and there is very little practice in rapidity of fire and correctness of aim. If a field-day should take place in which the batteries take part, the guns remain in position, for the horses do not stand fire.

As most of the regiments possess tents, they naturally every now and then taste the pleasures of camp life. An encampment of this description was formed in the summer of last year for ten days on that delicious spot, Staaten Island. It was occupied by the 2nd Regiment, which is known as the Manhattan City Guard. The troops displayed extraordinary zealousness, and here nearly half the regiment was assembled. It was an extremely jolly life: at an early hour a little drilling, then plenty of fun with one's comrades, friends, wife, and family, and, in conclusion, the noble consciousness of having done one's duty; for you had better not tell a New York militiaman that this was not taking the field to all intents and purposes.

The uniforms of the militia are anything but regular. There are regiments which we will call ordinary, and then what are termed independent corps. The former generally wear civilian clothing, and receive their arms from the state; the latter, usually composed of immigrants, supply their own accoutrements, but have in return the privilege of giving their corps a splendid, heroic name, and attiring themselves in an equally splendid and heroic uniform, at the sight of which the jealous Englishman can hardly refrain from thinking of a certain animal and the lion's skin. There are a Lafayette guard, a Steuben guard, but certainly also a butchers' guard and a bakers' guard. You may see French grenadier uniforms, kilted Highlanders, green Irishmen, Tyrolese sharpshooters, drum-majors, and sappers, who are all beard and bearskin; hussars and dragoons terrible to look on, with their fur jackets and helmet plumes, black chasseurs and other wild forms, with fierce moustaches, which must be perfectly irresistible, especially with the ladies. It is a grand thing to see an American militiaman fix his bayonet, and hear him shout, "Let 'em only come, those English and French, and we'll chop them into mincemeat. Hurrah for the sons of liberty!"

These irregular regiments and companies are also permitted to elect as many officers as they please, and hence companies with nearly as many officers and non-commissioned officers as privates are no rarity. This, too, has its advantages, and induces many Germans more especially to join these corps. Gold stripes on the trousers are so nice; there is something noble about a pair of heavy major's epaulettes; and after all, it is rather flattering to the ear to be addressed as captain or colonel. With one half the money such a warrior expends on his military exterior, a soldier could be supported for a whole year. But if he were taxed for that purpose, his righteous wrath would break out fast and furious. Curiously enough, the American detests soldiers as persons fit for nothing better, and yet is fond of military display, and above all a military title. The militia, especially in the large cities, are thoroughly lazy and unserviceable for serious warfare—a childish, silly institution, which is held up as the rehearsal of a tragedy, but in reality is a pitiful farce.

It is in the highest degree ridiculous to notice into what enthusiasm and delight the American papers burst whenever such a militia company makes an excursion to pay a neighbouring town a visit, or gratify it with the sight of an "exhibition-drill." Such excursions frequently take place, and the usual result is, that the company or regiment goes to the appointed town in a special train, is received at the station by another regiment, which marches through the town with them; the colours are



flying, the band strikes up "Yankee Doodle" with the most powerful application of the big drum, and a patriotic jollification completes the sacrifices a man makes for his military education. Such an excursion was made during the presence of the Japanese embassy at Washington by the 7th New York Regiment, and created an intense excitement. Of a different description was the tour of the Chicago Zouaves. A number of honest grocers and tailors came together in that city in 1859, donned the uniform of the French Zouaves, and invented a new manœuvre, which they thought proper to christen "the Zouave mode of fighting." First came a little sharpshooting, and then the formation of a pyramid, one rank kneeling, a second standing, a couple of other men on the shoulders of the latter, and a single man forming the apex. With this piece of folly, which was intended to bring all the muskets into fire simultaneously, they gave performances in several towns. We should not have objected to it from a party of acrobats, but it was unworthy of soldiers, and the worst was, everybody believed in it. In New York, where the whole press talked for a week about no other subject than the Chicago Zouaves, a militia colonel even set to work establishing a similar corps. We wonder the worthy gentleman did not reflect that the entire pyramid would have been overthrown by the wind of a gunshot, just like a child's house of cards.

We may fairly assume, then, that the New York militia would not be of much use in the field, and it is probable that not many of them would be disposed to serve for a permanency out of their own state; in the first place, because it is inconvenient; and secondly, because the democratic element is predominant among them. Things are a little better in Massachusetts and the Western States, where the Republicans have the upper hand, but their forces would not prove sufficient for energetic action. It has, therefore, been found necessary to call for volunteers, and as the Americans have a superabundance of bold adventurers, of men who care little for life, bullies, and half-savage individuals, they can be quickly formed into a dozen regiments, and in a few months, with severe discipline, a respectable army might be raised, which could, however, only be employed in guerilla warfare. These volunteers, to whom the "Wide-awakes," or abolitionists, already to a certain extent organised militarily, will supply a handsome contingent, elect their own officers, and then enter the service of the Union, with the pay, armament, and discipline of the regular army. In some cases individuals form volunteer corps at their own charges, and receive from the central government commissions as captains or colonels, according to the strength of the corps. It was so in the Mexican war, and will be so in the South. If the war last any length of time, a spirit will be developed, in the presence of which the hitherto almost unbounded licence, which is called liberty, cannot endure. The sword has the peculiarity of liking to convert itself into a sceptre, and a Washington is not born every day to return it to the scabbard ere it has attained its object.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to offer a few remarks about the United States fleet. During the War of Independence, the American sea forces consisted only of privateers and cruisers, and after peace was signed, these vessels were sold as unserviceable and through a want of money. At a later date it was proposed to build twenty ships of war,

among them being four ships of the line, each of 74, three of 50, and six of 44 guns; but only six were built, four of which had 44, and two 36 guns. President John Adams, especially, deserved great credit for the way in which he improved the navy. When the Americans declared war against England in 1812, their entire naval force consisted of four frigates and eight sloops, with 224 guns and 4000 men; but it was soon increased by arming merchantmen, and managed at times to gain advantages over the foe, though, of course, avoiding a naval engagement. Commodore Rogers, by the end of 1813, had taken from the English 218 vessels, with 574 guns and 5106 men, and, according to our parliamentary reports, England lost between October 1, 1812, and May 1, 1813, altogether 382 vessels. How many the Americans lost, however, we are not told.

In 1850, the American fleet consisted of eleven ships of the line—the *Pennsylvania*, of 120 guns, and ten others of 74 guns each—twelve 44 and two 36-gun frigates, a number of light sailing vessels, and seven steamers, of which the *Mississippi* was the largest, with eleven very heavy guns. Of the ships of the line, only six were fit for sea, and four of the frigates. The Navy List of June, 1858, returned ten ships of the line, the same number of frigates, twenty-one corvettes, and thirty smaller vessels, mounting, altogether, 3301 guns. Of the men-of-war, however, which were all sailing ships, not one was fit for sea; among the frigates, there were only three; of the thirty smaller vessels, but eighteen equipped, while all the corvettes were in readiness. Since then some new vessels have been built, which are spoken of in the highest terms. The number of men-of-war has been restricted, and the screw-frigate made the pattern-ship, and the principle was adhered to that in sea-fights the number of guns is not so important as the heaviness of the calibre. The argument was, that if it was evident that a few well-aimed shots with heavy shell-guns would sink the largest man-of-war, it was an act of extravagance to go on building such expensive vessels. In accordance with this principle, the preference should have been given to corvettes, which are both smaller and cheaper than frigates; but other circumstances were taken into consideration, and, before all, the fact that the frigate, owing to its greater length, is a quicker sailer than the corvette.

The new screw-frigates were, till the introduction of rifled ordnance on board European fleets, in every respect excellent ships—perhaps the best in the world. Built on the pattern of the fast clippers, they are nearly twice the length of the 60-gun sailing frigates of the first class, and thus at least seventy to eighty feet longer than the largest English or French ships of the line. As quick as the clippers in sailing, they have, at the same time, the tonnage of three-deckers, and no vessel is better adapted to take masses of troops and ammunition aboard. The largest of these frigates do not carry more than thirty guns, all below deck and secured: they all work on pivots, and can be used either larboard or starboard. Their shell-guns are of extraordinary calibre, and discharge shells nine, ten, and thirteen inches in diameter. It may be assumed that these frigates, owing to their extraordinary speed and the enormous range of their guns, would have no reason to fear a meeting with a single foe, no matter its size. The great revolution which rifled ordnance have produced in naval engagements certainly deprives these frigates of some of

their advantages, but this would only be discovered in a fight with European naval powers.

The forty-two ships ready for sea, with 789 guns, which the Union possessed in 1859, certainly only form a naval force equal to that of Austria. When we reflect, however, that on the outbreak of war the Federal government can charter all the merchant vessels—that the enormous packets that run between Liverpool and New York were sub-vented by government on the condition that they should so be built as to be converted into fighting ships at a moment's notice—when we also reckon up the great number of steam and sailing-vessels of the first and second class which navigate the Atlantic and Pacific under the stars and stripes, and which could be speedily converted into men-of-war, and be armed from the well-filled arsenals,—we should hesitate ere we estimated the naval resources of the United States as weak.

The number of merchantmen belonging to the Union was returned in 1851 at from twenty-nine to thirty thousand, with a tonnage of more than five million. In 1811 the first steamer appeared on the Hudson; in 1852 the Union possessed 1450 steamers, of about 450,000 tons, among them being 125 ocean steamers. In 1860, the number of commercial and postal steamers belonging to the United States was said to exceed 2400 (of course inclusive of the river and lake steamers, and they were estimated to represent 729,300 tons). The American ships had upwards of one hundred thousand sailors, of whom more than one-half sailed foreign.

In order to recognise the condition of the two parties in the present struggle, as regards maritime resources, we need only take a glance at their mercantile marine. The tonnage of the Abolitionist States in 1855 was 4,321,951 tons, of which New York had 1,464,221; Massachusetts, 978,210; Maine, 806,605; Pennsylvania, 397,767. The tonnage of the Slave States, on the other hand, amounted merely to 859,032, or little more than that of little Maine, and only one-fifth part of the Northern tonnage. The war navy of a state can only stand in a ratio to its mercantile marine. The merchant service of the Federation is five times as large as that of the Confederate States, and the former has the additional advantage of having the greater portion of the navy at its disposal, while the South has not a single armed ship of any size. We fancy that no doubt can be entertained as to which side suffers the greater injury by the issue of letters of marque. It appears to us equally certain that President Lincoln possesses the power to carry out a strict blockade of at least the four chief ports of the rebellious states—Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans—as well as to hold the forts of Tortugas, Taylor, and Pickens, on the harbour of Pensacola. The blockade will be the best mode of crushing the resistance of the South, for the art of rendering cotton edible has not yet been discovered, and several of the Confederate States—for instance, South Carolina and Georgia—cultivate cotton almost exclusively, and must import two-thirds of their meat and flour. They can only do this by selling their cotton, and a vigorous blockade would render that impossible: they must either starve or give in. But the great point is not so much how and if the Confederation will be forced to surrender, but what will happen when it is forced, and by what means it can be compelled to obey the Federal laws, and to remain staunch to the Union. But that is not the question we are discussing at present.

## THE SALONS OF VIENNA AND BERLIN.

THE first symptoms of the awakening of society in Berlin in the commencement of the present age, correspond to the era of French domination. That epoch is one of those which, morally speaking, is the greatest in the history of Prussia. She must be contemplated at that moment, if we wish to enjoy the always agreeable spectacle of a nation working all its energies and all its resources, even to the last available, to effect its deliverance. Berlin replied to the vigorous literary impulse of Weimar by a patriotic rising in mass, and it is thus that the two capitals complete themselves the one by the other. The influence of the salon in this movement of Berlin has been depicted by M. Schmidt Weissenfels, in a work entitled "Rahel und ihre Zeit;" but, according to the author of "Les Salons de Vienne et de Berlin," this influence has been much exaggerated. The salon he declares not to be understood in Germany as it is in France. To be at home in company is opposed, he avers, alike to the character and the habits of the German—a statement which, being purely Gallican, may be taken at its just worth.

It is to M. Varnhagen d'Ense, author, soldier, and diplomatist, and to his clever and amiable spouse Rahel, that Berlin is accredited with its first salon. There had been plenty of gatherings before. Queen Sophia Charlotte had gathered round her at Lutzelburg, the Charlottenburg of the present day, the Leibnitzes, and other eminent men of the day; the great Frederick had also his meetings of philosophers; but it was not till Rahel, whilst still unmarried, assembled at her house all that was cultivated and refined in court and city, and at the head of whom were Prince Louis Ferdinand and Charles of Mecklenburg Strelitz, that the salon, in the Parisian acceptation of the word, was really founded. Rahel is said to have begun life with sad trials. She is said to have loved twice, and twice to have been disappointed. Naturally frail, of slight frame and delicate constitution, she would have sunk under those trials, but that the spirit that animated so tender a frame, and which bore her up, enabled her to live, as it were, no longer for herself, but for the group of poets, artists, and titled persons who were gathered around her by the force of her charms and her griefs. She possessed, besides, all those feminine qualities that are so particularly attractive to men. Endowed with marvellous perspicuity, she could see in a moment what was passing in the mind of other persons, and could act with them, and counsel them accordingly.

At the time when Rahel's salon sprang into existence war had ceased, and literary and intellectual questions were beginning to take the place of political debates. Philosophers, poets, and artists were congregating at Berlin. Schelling, the two Schlegels, and Tieck were already there, and were taking possession of the field, either by their persons or their works. The reputation of Thorwaldsen extended from Rome to the Baltic, and the Rhine rocks echoed the complaints of Overbeck. Then there were the two Humboldts, M. de Raumer, and a host of others, who united to render Berlin a kind of metropolis of science, letters, fine arts, and of the genius of all Germany.

M. de Varnhagen was a native of Dusseldorf, and he studied at Hamburg, Halle, and Strasburg, till his young imagination was carried to Berlin by the Arnims, Chamisso, and Novalis. The wars of the Empire gave an entirely new turn to his thoughts. He entered the service of Austria, and fought at Wagram. He visited Paris in the suite of Prince Schwarzenberg, and he afterwards entered the service of Russia, under General Tettenborn, whose memoirs he subsequently indited. Accident having brought him into relation with Hardenberg, he gave up the turmoil of the camp for the more congenial pursuit of diplomacy. He was present at the congress of Vienna, where he became noted for the constitutional tendency of his ideas. He was afterwards appointed minister at Carlsruhe, but dismissed at the same time as William de Humboldt. He does not appear to have taken office again. It was proposed that he should be sent to the United States, but he declined the expatriation; he preferred spending his latter days at the head of all that was most polished, most intellectual in Berlin. It is not that Berlinese society at that epoch had not its faults, its intrigues, its hatreds, and its passions, but it was that, under the dominion of M. and Madame de Varnhagen, it never forgot "les convenances." It never tolerated an impropriety, and this, after all, is the best test of good society. M. de Varnhagen had the advantage, also, of having graduated in the salons of Vienna and of Paris; but so entirely was his mind filled up by the necessities and conveniences of a society made up of forms and ceremonies, that he could not afford to admire anything that did not exist in its powdered and perfumed circle. Thus, speaking of the great Napoleon, he says, "His manners were embarrassed, the struggle of a will in a hurry to obtain its objects, at the same time that he despised the means employed, was to be detected in all his actions. It would, perhaps, have been gratifying to him to possess a less repulsive physiognomy; but then it would have required some little exertion on his part, and he could not condescend to it. I say condescend to it, for in his own nature there was nothing agreeable. There was nothing but a mixture of negligence and haughtiness, that betrayed itself in a kind of uneasiness and agitation. His gloomy and half-closed eyes were habitually fixed on the ground, and only cast sharp and rapid glances around. If he smiled or laughed, only the mouth and lower part of the face took part in it, the eyes and forehead remained unmoved; and when he did bring them into play, as I had occasion to observe at a later period, his face only assumed a more grimacing aspect. The alliance there of the serious and the comic had something in it that was hideous and frightful. I have never, for my part, been able to understand how some people pretend to have discovered traces of goodness and mildness in that face. His features, of incontestable plastic beauty, were cold, and hard as marble, strangers to all sympathy, and to all cordial emotion. What he said—at least to judge by what I have heard over and over again—was almost always insignificant (mesquin) in its nature, as well as in its mode of expression, without wit, without philosophy—utterly valueless. In the world of conversation—in which he had the weakness to wish to be admired—he had worse than no success."

It is a pity, perhaps, for the repose of the world that Napoleon was not equally unsuccessful in other spheres, but that is a point which is not

so easy to determine, for Providence must have had an object in sending a Napoleon into the world, the full bearing of which may not even yet be fully understood. It is not, however, surprising to find the polished representative of the aristocratic salons of Vienna and Berlin, the practised diplomatist who piqued himself upon the restraint placed upon all his motions and attitudes, and his conversational powers of giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, underrating the impetuous agitation of the great devastator, with neither time nor inclination for the effeminacies of language or the pedantry of forms. If what Napoleon said was ever "mesquin," it must have been in contempt of those by whom he was surrounded. But the polish of an hereditary aristocracy could not be expected in the representative of Revolution, nor would the manner of a "petit maître" have precisely tallied with the idea which we form to ourselves of the man who overran Europe.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the Germans were without nationality or patriotism, disinherited of all that constitutes honour and vitality. They had given up the defence of the country to the soldiery, and the labour of negotiations to the diplomatists; they were so thoroughly prostrated by centuries of despotism that they did not care even to think or to interfere in governmental matters, and if the defence was badly managed, or the negotiations turned out disastrous, the public philosophically left the shame and the remorse to their rulers. We now know what long days of humiliation and mourning this state of things cost Germany; we now know how much it costs to nations that permit their vitality to be prostrated and their honour trampled under foot; and even the devastations of a Napoleon might have a beneficial result, could they but awaken the Fatherland to a sense of national honour and integrity, and, binding it in one common brotherhood, render all further Napoleonisms impossible.

Unfortunately at the time in question, just as in our own days, that element of rancour and discord, which has been so fatal to Germany and so favourable to France, which is so much dwelt upon at the time in question in the "Correspondences" of Baron de Stein, as well as in the "Fragments Historiques" of Gentz, the "Souvenirs" of Immermann, as well as in those of M. de Varnhagen, the old standing antagonism of the north and south, the irreconcilable antipathy of Protestant and Catholic Germany, was in full operation, and the disasters of Austria on the Rhine or on the Danube were, strange to say, looked upon with the same indifference on the Weser, the Elbe, and the Oder, as in our days were the disasters on the Po. Constitutionalism in Italy may have a wondrous friend in the antagonism of parties in Germany, but France knows best how to avail herself of it.

The sentiment of nationality and of patriotism cannot be extirpated. It was so utterly extinct in Germany at the epoch of the Revolution, that it was at the very time that the existence of Germany was cast into the scale that the passion ran highest for the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, that minds were most occupied with the theories of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, that the brothers Schlegel were best listened to in their explanations of Shakspeare, Calderon, and Dante, and that people most took refuge in the romances of Jean Paul. Just as we have in our bosom "patriots" who would lull the nation into a supine and ruinous

confidence, so at such a crisis the people of one of the petty sovereignties of Germany disavowed the remainder, and declared that they would not take part in the defence of the nation, as the interests of Germany did not concern her in the most remote degree! And so we have seen the same thing repeated in the present day; and thus it is that in every succeeding epoch we see all Central Europe sacrificed to purely dynastic interests.

M. de Varnhagen, aristocrat by birth, education, manners, and associations, was still too much of a patriot, and his intelligence was too much expanded, not to see the ruinous influences that corrupted the country. His youth—that is to say, from 1785, the epoch of his birth, to 1814, the epoch of his marriage with the famous Rahel—was passed in the utmost activity. He was alternately soldier, diplomatist, and author; he was always a kind of adjutant—he had been so to General Tettenborn in the campaign of 1814, of which he afterwards penned a history; he had been so to Prince Hardenberg at the Congress of Vienna, and was just as much to “his Excellency Marshal Goethe.” He thus participated in a multitude of stirring events, visited the courts of all Europe, and became personally acquainted with a host of celebrities, and in his old age he was a master in the art of inditing those memoirs, revelations, and correspondences, which have alike an important biographical and historical interest.

M. de Varnhagen carried the formularies of the salon into his literature. With him history presents nothing but a succession of individualities, who are studied or portrayed without any regard to generalisations. “I have always preferred,” Rahel used to say, “reading the human heart than books; it is easier and more convenient.” And M. de Varnhagen seems to have adopted, to a certain extent, the opinions of his wife. The interest of his “Memoirs” are entirely of a personal character. His portrait of Metternich is almost as good as that of Napoleon. He had met the great diplomatist in early life when all was fine weather; he met him again at Baden, near Vienna, after the disasters of the great wars, and after he had taken to himself a third wife. “As to his exterior,” he relates, “he appeared to me to be changed, but less aged than I had been told. Time, without bending him, had made him very serious; the grace and elegance of early years had become haughtiness and dignity, although now and then a movement of the head would remind one of olden times. What struck me most was the sound of his voice, which, never having had anything remarkable in it, had contracted a drawling, nasal sound, which put all vivacity of conversation out of the question. His features always preserved the impression of that sublime impassibility so much admired by some and so much criticised by others, and a full sense of his own importance, which he used formerly to disguise a little, now openly manifested itself. His eyes, around which time had worn deep furrows, showed, by an occasional want of expression, the progressive failure of the physical faculties.” M. de Metternich was, like some other great and little men, very proud of his impassibility. “My imperturbable calm, my invincible, immovable stability,” he used to say himself, “have won for me the confidence of the whole world.” This impassibility, however much assumed, and, therefore, constantly in danger of breaking down, served him well on great occasions. Napoleon seized him by the

button-hole on a public occasion, and apostrophised him in anger: "Mais enfin, que veut votre empereur?" (What does your master really want?) M. de Metternich, without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, replied, "What does he want? he wishes you to respect his ambassador." Princess Melanie was a Zichy, a family renowned in Vienna for its pride, petulance, originality, and exclusiveness. The old Countess of Zichy, mother of the princess, was admitted by the Viennese to have been the most excessive type of this ferocious spirit—"l'esprit des Zichy," as the Viennese termed it. Princess Melanie was no less independent, only she loved to domineer with some grace and seductiveness. But she never could condescend to keep her likes and her dislikes to herself. She so far insulted the ambassador of Louis Philippe, Marshal Maison, that he appealed to the prince. "What would you have me do?" replied the latter. "I did not bring her up." It was thus that the old fox used often, by an off-hand, bantering reply, screen himself from unpleasant official explanations.

Viennese society is well known generally for its exclusiveness; it does not travel much, and, as a natural result, abides by its prejudices. But if it dislikes demonstrativeness, so also it is especially regardful of the courtesies of life. It disregards forms, and there is nothing more repulsive to it than not to be at ease or to live for however short a time upon the stilts of pretensions. People who lay store by such pretensions are very soon left by it in the lurch. Among themselves the Viennese aristocrats are alike familiar and off-hand, using all kinds of nicknames, and treating one another with the most unconstrained familiarity. This renders it all the more difficult for a stranger to accommodate himself to a kind of freemasonry to which he has not previously been initiated. But once known and accepted, once your particular cast of nose, twist of head, or style of address has become familiar, you get your nickname too, and are admitted for once and for ever. This amiable spirit of family coteries is never roughed by conversations on politics, literature, or travels: the Viennese are like the English, they keep the intellectual treasures of their minds in reserve, and cannot be troubled with the exertion of bringing such forward at every moment. Hence they have an instinctive abhorrence of what we also designate as a bore, and they look upon the paroxysmal attempts of a Frenchman to be always witty as a kind of gymnastic exercise of the mind, which must be as fatiguing and exhausting to the performer as it is to the listener. "Ce Molière est de mauvais goût," said one day Marie Antoinette to Louis XVI. "Vous vous trompez, madame," the king replied; "on peut reprocher à Molière d'être quelquefois de mauvais ton, mais il n'est jamais de mauvais goût." Now to be witty in the salons of Vienna is not only considered as bad taste, but also as bad manners—harlequinade or pedantry, according as the centre of gravity carried the auditors in preference on the side of Paris or Berlin.

M. de Varnhagen, speaking of the salons of Madame de Metternich, describes them as Austrian in the haughtiest sense of the word, replete with indolence, free and easy, the conversation that of a coterie, and, above all things, no politics. One day by accident, however, Count Zichy was complaining that he had not yet received a copy of the "Paroles d'un Croyant," which at that epoch had caused a great sensa-



tion. "Perchance," observed M. de Varnhagen, "the work is forbidden." "Forbidden?" interrupted M. de Metternich; "certainly and unquestionably so; forbidden in so far as it cannot be publicly announced and sold, but not in any way excluded from that class of readers to whom its perusal can do no harm. The Austrian censorship never forgets the respect due to persons." Prince Metternich then referred to the case of the well-known banker Eskeles, who openly received the *National*, and he added, with a sly smile, "I even believe that he finds the Parisian paper too moderate for him; but what matter is it to us? we know that he is a good Austrian." Among other sayings reported of the veteran diplomatist, one was to the effect that he detested the tribune, or, as we should say, the bar of the House of Commons, but that for motives which had nothing personal in them. As far as he was concerned, he courted argument and inquiry. He admired the institution of Jesuits, he also declared, as every impartial Protestant ought to do, but he detested jesuitism as he would the plague. Another favourite sophism was that he was the irreconcilable enemy to liberalism, and yet he gloried in being liberal in the true sense of the word—that is, we suppose, just as much as he liked. M. de Metternich did not go as far as Louis XIV., and say, "The state, that is I," but in all his words and actions he let it be plainly perceived that he considered himself as the sole living and supreme incarnation of Austria. One day, a certain General de Gerzelles was soliciting him for an appointment, as he did not wish to be inactive. The prince suggested cards or dominoes, and that failing, fishing, boating, and shooting. The general, losing patience, said: "And you, prince, what would you do, if you were not in place?" "Oh!" replied the minister, "you admit a case there that is impossible." With a mind formed in the school of Diderot and Marmontel, Metternich had all the petty prejudices, the dissimulation, and pride of official life, weaknesses that men of a more vigorous stamp, as Stein and Blücher, did not fail to reproach him with. When only ambassador, he complained on one occasion to M. de Champagny that the emperor no longer spoke to him. "It is because," the latter replied, "he has long ago perceived that it was utterly useless to do so, and that you have lost, by dint of lying, all the credit that can be given to an ambassador."

Behind the great man's chair was generally to be seen the intelligent but wily and vicious physiognomy of M. de Gentz, a species of Figaro, always ready for an intrigue or act of political dissimulation. A note of M. de Gentz was once shown to an old man, who, by dint of perusing autographs, declared that he could read a person's character by their writing. "A distinguished person," was the answer, "but with corrupt manners, a pusillanimous heart, bitter and envious." The only relieving point in this strange character was that, although himself aged, he was in his time almost the sole representative of the new spirit in the councils of feudal Austria. "Things no longer go on as they used to do," he would often repeat, "and it is madness to fancy that such a struggle against ideas can be indefinitely prolonged. Humanity has its laws, which you altogether ignore; it marches, and you think it is stationary. Take care that one of these fine mornings the torrent does not carry you away, you and your institutions." The arch-chancellor's only reply was a shrug of the shoulders, and the observation that M. de Gentz was a mere publicist,

and that he never could understand anything of diplomacy. M. de Gentz was remarkable for his extravagance. "It is a pity that we must live," Talleyrand is said to have observed, "or one might really fall in love with virtue." M. de Gentz, too, might perchance have practised virtue, only that he had to live; he required hotels, and equipages, and he spent no end of money in intrigues and bribery. The ducats of the Wallachian and Moldavian hospodars, princely annuities, and the subsidies of France and England, were alike swallowed up in this tub of the Danaïdes. He was actually subsidised by M. Cotta, editor of the *Gazette Universelle*—four thousand florins per annum—for articles which seldom or ever made their appearance! When people had no ready money, he would accept valuable presents. Even snuff-boxes did not come amiss, especially if set with precious stones that he could detach to adorn the shoulders of some favourite sultanesse.

Fanny Elssler imparted a last charm to M. de Gentz's latter days. Old, dull, faded, he first saw the graceful child when dressed as a genius in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." She used to come with the torch of Eros in her hand to preside in front of a revolving sun, and an equally classical waterfall, over the nuptials of Harlequin and Columbine! The old man was won by the child; the veteran diplomatist and blasé of the court conquered by a mere girl. Fanny, on her side, is said to have been grateful; for, after all, the old man was M. de Gentz, the counsellor of potentates, and the right hand of ministers.

M. de Gentz was at this time upwards of sixty years of age. He had become painfully sensitive, could not bear loud conversation or laughter, or to be suddenly visited or approached, and he disliked even the countenance of a military man. So he took advantage of the new passion awakened in him to withdraw more and more from the court. The pen, of which the Baron d'Andlaw says, in his *Souvenirs*, "that it was something as prodigious as the sword of Napoleon, and will never be met with again," was laid aside, and the great diplomatist and publicist settled down into a mere Sybarite.

The mild, honest, heroic countenance of Archduke Charles presents a wondrous relief to these masks of the back chambers. It was the morning after Essling, numbered by Thiers among the victories of Napoleon, but which does not prevent the Austrians viewing that hecatomb of forty to fifty thousand men as a sanguinary triumph, that M. de Varnhagen first saw the Austrian generalissimo. The friend of Beethoven was playing a sacred melody on the piano! As it is customary in Italian operas for the heroine to prelude her appearance by an improvisation on the harp, so M. de Varnhagen had to wait till the melody was concluded before the archduke received him, which he did with a grave dignity, and, mounting on horseback, they proceeded on a military inspection. At that epoch Archduke Charles was the soul of the Austrians. Short and thin, his whole appearance indicated a nervous susceptible temperament. The labours and fatigues of war had no effect, however, upon the natural fragility of his form, which, in Napoleon, had disappeared in the "empâtement" of his person. He was doted upon by the soldiery, for his heroism, courage, intrepidity, good sense, and amiability, were alike uncontested. No man since the time of Wallenstein enjoyed a similar popularity with the army. Add to this, his power was absolute and un-

controlled. He had no chambers, no ministry, not even an emperor to interfere or thwart him in anything he thought proper to do.

M. de Varnhagen saw the hero of Essling twenty years afterwards, at a time when, without noise, trouble, or remorse, he had, like most of the archdukes, withdrawn into a modest, quiet retirement. The old man still took pleasure in talking of Wagram. "It was a great, a terrible battle," he said, "that we lost, but neither I nor my soldiers were to blame; every man fought like a hero, and only a few days afterwards they sustained another attack with indomitable bravery; to do more was beyond human power." It was always expected that so upright and competent a person, with known literary tastes, would have left some memorials of that great war behind him; but he did not do so. "It will be for our nephews," he used to say, "if our nephews take any interest in what we have done."

In 1810, M. de Varnhagen was at Paris. The sight of all the marvels of Europe gathered together at the Musée Napoléon, less, as he observed, for the glory of art than for the glory of one man, filled him with melancholy. Leroi, the coiffeur of Josephine, he relates, had passed over to Marie Louise, but venturing one day to remark to the empress, seeing her in a high dress, "Ah! madame, when one has the good fortune to possess such a handsome bust, what a pity it is to hide it," he was incontinently shown the door, never to be admitted again.

The Germans breakfasted at Prince Metternich's, and dined at Prince Schwarzenberg's. At the former, a discussion is related as having taken place between Gall and Sternberg upon the delicate topic of religion. The count had brought the phrenologist to admit that religion was necessary, "were it only to keep the populace in control." "And we, on our side," said the incorrigible philosopher, "what should we do without the salutary terrors that religion inspires to the ruling powers?" M. de Varnhagen was soon satiated with the pleasures of Paris. He declares that he soon experienced no desire to penetrate farther into this "pompous void." Upon most of the faces, he says, met with in public, he could perceive but one expression, that of lassitude, weariness, disgust, the expression of a constant want to escape from one's own self, perchance from one's conscience. The only spot where he found comfort and repose was at the boarding-school of Mademoiselle Henriette Mendelssohn, where the select of the day assembled, after the pupils had gone to bed, in the gardens, to hear a daily letter from the exiled Madame de Staël.

M. de Varnhagen took an active part at that sad and fatal fire which consumed the Hôtel de Montesson, on the occasion of the festivities given to celebrate the nuptials of Napoleon and Marie Louise. He describes the emperor as arriving with the empress on his arm, with a serious, hard, "almost wicked" look—not one trace of amiability! Those present, he declares, hated one another, and would rather have met on the field of battle than at such humiliating festivities. Shameful and melancholy hypocrisy! A Tyrolese ballet was performed in front of the Château de Laxembourg; a real postilion brought despatches from Francis to his daughter; at midnight dancing commenced, Prince Esterhazy giving his hand to the Queen of Naples, Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, leading out Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg. After the dance, the emperor and empress walked among the crowd, when a sudden gust of

wind set fire to some gauze. It was so slight that Count Bentheim put out the taper with his hat, and Count Dumanoir, tearing down the decorations, trampled out the fire with his feet. But, alas! it had extended higher, out of reach, and had attained the light trellis-work that supported the decorations. Everybody began to run, some even shouted treachery. Prince Schwarzenberg ordered the emperor's carriage to a back door, so that he might retire with less impediment. Napoleon angrily counter-ordered it to the front.

This part of the story has been always hitherto incorrectly related even in the pages of the *Moniteur*. Prince Joseph Schwarzenberg was in the mean time rushing through fire and smoke in search of his wife. He had last seen her dancing in an adjoining salon. He rushed in, but found no one. Once more he penetrated into the mansion, now in flames at every point; he found a form enveloped in fire, with a diadem on her head. The princess also wore a diadem; he bore her out, but it was the Princess de Leyen. A Swedish officer, bearing out another lady, declared that the princess was still behind. At the most imminent risk of his life, he attempted to penetrate once more, but it was just as the walls gave way, and all was buried in one common ruin. The next day General Hulin, Dr. Gall, and M. de Varnhagen were digging together among the ruins, when they discovered a human form, that of a female, but calcined and irrecongnisable. It was, however, soon detected to be all that remained of Princess Schwarzenberg by a collar of medallions, upon which were engraved the names of her children. One only remained without an inscription; it had been left for the child that she bore in her bosom, and which perished with her on that fatal night.

M. de Varnhagen was appointed minister at Carlsruhe shortly after leaving Paris. The reigning prince was the Grand-Duke Charles, to whom Napoleon had given as a wife Stephanie de Beauharnais, a niece of Josephine's. This Charles was a prince of exceeding mediocrity, and he had for minister a M. de Berstett. Having no male descent, it became a question of partitioning his territories. To avert this catastrophe, M. de Berstett had an interview with the Emperor Alexander, at that time at Aix-la-Chapelle, and, by dint of weeping for the imaginary grievances of his master, succeeded in exacting from the Czar, who had never seen a diplomatist weep before, a promise that the integrity of the duchy should be preserved, and that, failing a direct issue, amorganatic branch should be legitimised. This trick made Metternich and De Gentz laugh heartily when they heard of it.

And yet this Czar, who thus disposed of principalities when the coalition had overthrown the usurpations of Napoleon, pretended to possess liberal ideas. He declared at the Diet of Warsaw that liberal institutions, which had been confounded with subversive and disastrous doctrines, when carried out with pure and conservative intentions, were alone calculated to ensure the happiness of nations. Unfortunately, the foul assassination of Kotzebue by the fanatic Sand came to give a death-blow to the hopes of the liberal party, of which M. de Varnhagen was one of the distinguished upholders, and at the head of which was incontestably the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the friend of Goethe and of Schiller. A favourite saying of that intellectual prince was, that it was by freedom in teaching, and by the antagonism of opinions, that the truth was arrived

at. Princess Louisa, wife of the duke, was as intellectual and as strong-minded as the prince, who wished to make his little capital of Weimar the head-quarters of German liberty as well as of German arts and literature. The 15th of October, 1806, Napoleon returning from the battle of Jena, met her at the top a staircase. "Who are you, madame?" The duchess introduced herself. "I pity you, then," observed the emperor, "for I shall crush your husband." The Princess Louisa was not terrified by this brutality; she visited the emperor again, and he, to rid himself of her remonstrances, said, "Believe me, madame, there is a Providence that orders all things, and I am only its instrument." But he afterwards said of the princess: "There is a woman to whom our two hundred guns imparted no fear." And he said to M. de Müller, the Weimarian ambassador at Potsdam, "Your princess acted like a man, and won all my esteem."

M. de Varnhagen, like De Humboldt, became more and more radical in his old age. Many have attributed this to the influence of his intellectual wife, the celebrated Rahel; but reading over his Memoirs, nine ponderous tomes, of which the least has eight hundred pages, we find the official man, be he emperor, king, general, or diplomatist, so laid bare, his actions traced to such miserable sources, his conduct represented as guided and influenced by such ignoble principles, that the impression received is that it was the mere result of all his many years' experience of great men and of public life. In reading such a book, it is like going behind the scenes with the manager, who introduces one to a piece of tin, and says it is with that that, we imitate thunder; and to a cracked bell, saying it is with that, that we sound the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is certain that Rahel, whom the Germans designate as a feminine Hamlet, had a great influence on the formal yet loquacious diplomatist who had the happiness to call himself her husband, as she had, indeed, upon all her contemporaries; and it is equally well known that she affected the cynicism of the French Republicans in her salons; but M. de Varnhagen himself attests that his radicalism had another and a more natural source. "I have seen the men and the things of my time," he used to say; "I have long and silently meditated upon what I have seen, and the result has been an intense disgust of the world." "Society," again he would say, "is lost, ruined in the higher classes, to whom the friction with politics has rubbed off all that educational varnish and good tone that formerly distinguished it, and aristocracy thus finds itself every year losing more and more of its privileges, at the very time that democracy is aggrandising and organising itself." A radicalism of such a nature is a mere sign of old age and weariness. It is not given to every one to be a Metternich or a Talleyrand; never to shrink before a responsibility, never to yield a line of action once decided upon, or bend before the storm. It is only weak and wayward temperaments that, after such long monologues with their consciences, come to the conclusion that, the higher classes being corrupt, the people, whom they do not know, have much chance of being better. Radicalism with such an origin is scepticism, and nothing more. It despairs of one class, and scarcely ventures to hope better things of another. Men of action go to no such extremes.

## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

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

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## § 4.

BUT to return, and by way of conclusion, to our outspoken friends, of the Lamb family. They are too ingenuous and sincere, by far—too earnest in their affection for crowds, and their antipathy to seclusion—to assume a rural air, or to deny their disdain of hedging and ditching. They no more blink the truth than honest Susan in the play, who, transplanted with master and mistress from a London shop to the village of Pumpkinfield, no sooner hears that place called a country Paradise, than she protests, "Paradise! Compared to London, the country seems to me the world without its clothes on."\* She would have sympathised, every inch of her, with Mr. Jekyll when he hired (or was it that he merely talked of hiring?) a hackney-coach to pace up and down, all day long, in front of the country-house he was once doomed to mope in, just to give a faint *souçon* of London traffic to that lonesome retreat. For Mr. Jekyll would have said ditto with all his heart, to Captain Morris,

In town let me live then, in town let me die;  
 For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.  
 If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,  
 Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall †

Horace Walpole was another of the candid men about town. He liked the country well enough to purchase and delight in Strawberry Hill. He was often glad to hurry away from Arlington-street and Berkeley-square, and he could all but rhapsodise in raptures about lilacs and nightingales. But he affected no passion for rustication—on the contrary, he never disguised his distaste for real country life. When he met with a place that pleased him, out of town, he would chronicle it as an exception—exceptions proving the rule. "You know I am not prejudiced in favour of the country," he writes to Sir Horace Man, "nor like a place because it bears turnips well, or because you may gallop over it without meeting a tree; but I really was charmed with Woolterton; it is all wood and water."‡ On another occasion: "I hate the country: I am past the shepherdly age of groves and streams," &c. On another: "Were I a physician, I would prescribe nothing but recipe cclxv drachm. Londin. Would you know why I like London so much? Why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not made into separate pills as they are prepared in the country. . . I am more convinced every day, that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no decency, no practicable society—I had almost said, not a virtue." On another: "I am writing to you two or three days beforehand, by way of settling

\* Retired from Business, Act I. Sc. 1.

† Lyra Urbanica.

‡ Walpole to Mann, Sept. 11, 1742.

my affairs: not that I am going to be married or to die; but something as bad as either if it were to last as long. You will guess that it can only be going to Houghton; but I make as much an affair of that, as other people would of going to Jamaica." He used formerly, he says, to think no trees beautiful without lamps to them, like those at Vauxhall. And at seventy he found the smoke of London agree better with him than keeping sheep on his hillock.\* Still, the lord of Strawberry Hill had vastly more pleasure in green fields (he is always talking of his lawn and the weather) than hundreds who feign a passion that is lip-deep, signifying nothing. (Indeed, as he grew older his taste quite changed.) So had Sydney Smith,—who, moreover, always tried hard to like the situation he found himself in, and in every sense to make the best of it. He could and would talk of *runts* with those who only talked of runts,—affording in this respect, his daughter relates, a striking contrast to a brother clergyman, a popular preacher while in town, who about the same time that Sydney got his poor Yorkshire living, received a rich neighbouring one, and came down to a good house in a fairly peopled parish. "But alas! he could not talk of runts; he sighed after Piccadilly; his face grew thinner and longer every time we met; he used often to call, and lament over his hard fate, and wonder how my father could endure it with such cheerfulness; and I believe he would have died of green fields and runts, if he had not succeeded in effecting an exchange which restored him again to London." All Sydney Smith's own epistolary memorials of weariness of country life are expressed with cheerful humour—never in a tone of querulous impatience. In 1801 he writes to Jeffrey, saying that after a vertigo of one fortnight in London, he is undergoing that species of hybernation, or suspended vitality, called a pleasant fortnight in the country. "I behave myself quietly and decently, as becomes a corpse, and hope to regain the rational and immortal part of my composition about the 20th of this month." He rallies his London-loving correspondents in the same spirit. To Miss Berry he writes in 1837: "The general rumour of the times is, that you are tired to death of the country, and that nothing will ever induce you to try it again; that you bought a rake, and attempted to rake the flower-beds, and did it so badly that you pulled up all the flowers. It is impossible, as they say also, to get into the Lindsay the smallest acquaintance with the vegetable world; and that, if it were not for the interference of friends, she would order the roses to be boiled for dinner, and gathier a cauliflower as a nosegay." And he fairly avows to Miss Harcourt, in 1838: "The summer and the country, dear Georgina, have no charms for me. I look forward anxiously to the return of bad weather, coal fires, and good society in a crowded city. I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave. I am afraid you are not exempt from the delusions of flowers, green turf, and birds; they all afford slight gratification, but not worth an hour of rational conversation; and rational conversation in sufficient quantities is only to be had from the congregation of a million of people in one spot."†

We like the Pauline Canon's ingenuous frankness, but not his insensibility to the merits of birds, flowers, and green fields:

\* Walpole's Letters, vol. i. pp. 200, 240, 271-2, 319-20; v. 272; viii. 441.

† See Memoirs and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith, vol. i. p. 115; vol. ii. pp. 2-3, 403, 410.

O blessed nature, *O rus! O rus!*  
 Who cannot sigh for the country thus,  
 Absorbed in a worldly torpor—  
 Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,  
 Untainted by care, and crime, and death,  
 And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—  
 That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper!\*

The denunciation is Hood's Own. And beside Shakspeare's denunciation of the man that hath not music in his soul, it is not very severe, but perhaps unduly mild. The more readily we turn, in the last place, to some real lovers of country life—such as him of Olney (no very charming neighbourhood), when he said, and meant every word he said, and lived in proof of it,

But slighted as it is, and by the great  
 Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,  
 Infected with the manners and the modes  
 It knew not once, the country wins me still.  
 I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,  
 That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,  
 But there I laid the scene.†

How gladly he ascribes to "Catharina" a taste for the close-woven arches of limes on the banks of "our river," beyond all that the city could show:

So it is, when the mind is endued  
 With a well-judging taste from above,  
 Then, whether embellished or rude,  
 'Tis Nature alone that we love.  
 The achievements of art may amuse,  
 May even our wonder excite,  
 But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse  
 A lasting, a sacred delight.‡

It is a flame, he elsewhere says, that dies not even there where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds, nor habits of luxurious city-life, whatever else they smother of true worth in human bosoms, quench it or abate.§ Hence the pining for country life by involuntary denizens of the town,—as where Wordsworth calls "the very thought of country life"

A thought of refuge, for a mind detained  
 Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd.||

*J'étouffe, je suis triste*, writes Madame de Sévigné from Paris, and longing for The Rocks; *il faut que le vert naissant et les rossignols me redonnent quelque douceur dans l'esprit.*¶ When Heinrich Heine lay, paralysed, blind, bedridden, in an obscure lodging in the Rue d'Amsterdam, at Paris, he pathetically said: "But do I indeed still exist? My body is gone so greatly to ruin, that there remains scarcely anything but the voice, and my bed reminds me of the sounding grave of Conjuror Merlin, which is situated in the wood of Brozeliand, in Brittany, under lofty oaks, whose tops taper, like emerald flames, towards heaven. Oh! brother Merlin, I envy thee those trees, with their fresh breezes, for never a green leaf rustles about this mattress-grave of mine in Paris, where

\* Hood, *ubi supra*.

† The Task, book iv.: "The Winter Evening."

‡ "Catharina."

§ The Winter Evening.

|| Excursion, book viii.

¶ Mme. de Sévigné à Mons. de Grignan, 22 Avril, 1672.



from morning to night I hear nothing but the rattle of wheels, the clatter of hammers, street-brawls, and the jingling of pianofortes." Had the cynical German humorist been bedridden in some street of London, instead of Paris, how keenly would he have appreciated the details and local colouring, as under any circumstances he must have done the spirit, of a native Londoner's lament — a genuine humorist, too, *not* cynical, but genial, and generous, and full of heart. We can cite but two or three out of sixteen stanzas, punning and pungent from first to last.

My sun his daily course renews  
Due east, but with no eastern dews;  
The path is dry and hot!  
His setting shows more tamely still,  
He sinks behind no purple hill,  
But down a chimney-pot.

Oh! to hear the milkmaid blithe;  
Or early mower whet his scythe  
The dewy meads among!  
My grass is of that sort—alas!  
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass  
By folks of vulgar tongue.

\* \* \* \*

Where are ye, birds, that blithely wing  
From tree to tree, and gaily sing  
Or mourn in thicket's deep?  
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,  
The watchman is my Philomel,  
My blackbird is a sweep.

Where are ye, linnets, lark, and thrush,  
That perch on leafy bough and bush,  
And tune the various song?  
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor  
Street-Handel grinding at my door,  
Are all my "tuneful throng."\*

Alton Locke's earliest recollections were of a suburban street; of its jumble of little shops and little terraces, each exhibiting some fresh variety of capricious ugliness; the little scraps of garden before the doors, with their dusty, stunted lilacs and balsam poplars, were his only forests — (this would have set Thomas Hood a plaining and a punning again,

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,  
And gardens redolent of flowers  
Wherein the zephyr wons?  
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more:  
See Hutton's Garden bricked all o'er,  
And that bare wood—St. John's).

Alton Locke's only wild animals were the dingy, merry sparrows, who quarrelled fearlessly on his window-sill, ignorant of trap or gun. From his earliest childhood, he tells us, through long nights of sleepless pain, as the midnight brightened into dawn, and the glaring lamps grew pale, he used to listen, with a pleasant awe, to the ceaseless roll of the market-waggons, bringing up to the great city the treasures of the gay green country, the land of fruits and flowers, for which he had been yearning all his life in vain. "They seemed to my boyish fancy mysterious mes-

\* Hood, *Town and Country*.

sengers from another world: the silent, lonely night, in which they were the only moving things, added to the wonder. I used to get out of bed to gaze at them, and envy the coarse men and slutish women who attended them, their labour among verdant plants and rich brown mould on breezy slopes, under God's own clear sky.\* The Glasgow poet puts the same feeling in a more glaring light, and not quite such good English:

'Mid this stream of human being, banked by houses tall and grim,  
Pale I stand this shining morrow with a pant for woodlands dim,  
To hear the soft and whispering rain, feel the dewy cool of leaves,  
Watch the lightnings dart like swallows round the brooding thunder-eaves,  
To lose the sense of whirling streets, 'mong breezy crests of hills,  
Skies of larks, and hazy landscapes, with fine threads of silver rills.†

So speaks a self-styled "swelterer in towns," who ne'er can "glad his eyes upon the green sunshine-swathed earth; nor hear the singing rills, nor feel the breezes in his lifted hair."‡ "A beautiful world," quoth Pugwash, in the Tragedy of the Till; "only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop so often as I would to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long I may say, a prisoner to brickdust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes, when the sun shines, and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow."§ So with the Rydal Bard's old Adam, who "dwells in the centre of London's wide town," and whose cheek still blooms with the rose bloom he gathered when a boy, in the sunshine and dews of the morning:

In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,  
Like onc whose own country's far over the sea;  
And Nature, while through the great city he hies,  
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surpris. . . .

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?  
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;  
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand. . . .

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—  
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.  
The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,  
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.||

Quite noteworthy, too, under quite another aspect, is the same poet's description of his friend Coleridge, while "yet a liveried schoolboy" (in Blue Coat and yellow stockings), in the depths of the huge city "on the leaded roof of that wide edifice," his school and home, where S. T. C. used to lie and gaze upon the clouds moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired, continues Wordsworth,

To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,  
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
Of a long exile.¶

Or again the poet's account of his feelings, as recorded in the initial lines

\* Alton Locke, ch. i.

† Alexander Smith, A Life-Drama, Sc. 2.

‡ Ibid., Sc. 3.

§ The Chronicles of Clovernook.

|| Wordsworth, The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale; ¶ The Prelude, book vi.

of the same autobiographic poem,—rapturous joy at having escaped (escape's the word)

From the vast city, where I long had pined  
A discontented sojourner: now free,  
Free as a bird to settle where I will.\*

Miss Austen, with her never-failing truthfulness to nature, describes what Fanny Price felt, when transported from Mansfield Park to a narrow street in Portsmouth. "It was sad to Fanny to lose all the pleasures of spring. She had not known before what pleasures she *had* to lose in passing March and April in a town. She had not known before how much the beginnings and progress of vegetation had delighted her. What animation, both of body and mind, she had derived from watching the advance of that season which cannot, in spite of its capriciousness, be unlovely. . . . To be losing such pleasures was no trifle; to be losing them because she was in the midst of closeness and noise, to have confinement, bad air, bad smells, substituted for liberty, freshness, fragrance, and verdure, was infinitely worse,"† &c. But what is this to the mortal desperation of

Work—work—work  
When the weather is warm and bright,  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!‡

Cowper feelingly notes how those who never pass their brick-wall bounds to range the fields and treat their lungs with air, yet snatch a grace within *their* reach of art, by planting puny flowers in crazy boxes on their window-sills—

There the pitcher stands  
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there;  
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets  
The country, with what ardour he contrives  
A peep at nature, when he can no more.§

Why had they ever come to this noisy town, thinks Little Nell, as she guides her grandfather's steps, feeble and footsore both of them, shivering with the cold and sick to death at heart; why come to these close eternal streets, when there were peaceful country places, in which, at least, they might have hungered and thirsted, with less suffering than amid all this squalid strife? How they longed, both of them, for woodlands and meadows. "If we were in the country now," said the child, with assumed cheerfulness, as they walked on looking about them for a shelter,

\* The Prelude, book i.

‡ Hood, The Song of the Shirt.

† Mansfield Park, ch. xliiv.

§ The Task, book v.

"we should find some good old tree, stretching out his green arms as if he loved us, and nodding and rustling as if he would have us fall asleep, thinking of him while he watched."\* Out upon this tramp of busy feet, and roll of wheels, and hum of passing tongues—"one endless din confused of sounds, that have no meaning for the heart"—

Her eye is athirst for the glancing dew,  
And the young spring leaves, and the sun-cloud blue,  
And her listless ear is sad till it hear  
The morning song of the birds anew.

To the dear old fields in heart she's borne,  
Where the gorgeous poppy spots the corn,  
And the hills are blue in the clouds of morn.†

In all their journeying, "they had never longed so ardently, they had never so pined and wearied, for the freedom of pure air and open country, as now; . . . never had they so yearned for the fresh solitudes of wood, hill-side, and field, as now; when the noise and dirt and vapour of the great manufacturing town, reeking with lean misery and hungry wretchedness, hemmed them in on every side, and seemed to shut out hope, and render escape impossible."‡ Oh, the relief of eventual deliverance, of actual escape! Only he that has felt that relief is fit to read or able to understand Milton's ravishing description, of

One who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight;  
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.§

Even Horace Walpole—whose taste, however, as we have said, altered with years (insomuch that at fifty-two we find him saying, "It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty, I loved nothing but London")—even this man of ton and town, reports himself, on getting back to Strawberry Hill, as feeling "like a swan, that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames. I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silent waves."|| Even Sydney Smith, writing to the Countess Grey, during her husband's premiership, "can conceive no greater happiness than that of a Minister in such times escaping to his country-seat." "Have you any company?" he asks: "For your own sakes, I wish not. You must be sick of the human countenance, and it must be a relief to you to see a cow instead of a Christian."¶ Southey tells John Kenyon, after one of his restless sojournings in town, that the comfort of breathing fresh air without either dust or smoke, of knowing that he has nowhere to go, and nothing to do but what he chooses to be doing, is supreme. "Christian,

\* The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. xlv.

† The Old Curiosity Shop, ch. xlv.

|| Walpole to George Montague, Oct. 16, 1769.

¶ Rev. S. Smith to the Countess Grey, Sept. 22, 1833.

† W. Sidney Walker.

§ Paradise Lost, book ix.

in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' when the burthen drops off his back, is but a type of such a deliverance."\*

Come! let us laugh at the old worldly modes,  
And seek new life in Nature's deathless power.  
We'll leave the dust unto the beaten roads,  
And in the meadows look upon the flower  
Fresh as it ever bloomed in Eden's bower.†

What a charming picture is that the laureate has painted, of his "Arthur" escaping for a breathing-time to the country, and shaking to all the liberal air the dust, and din, and steam of town:

O joy to him in this retreat  
Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking through the heat:  
O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!‡

We have seen how Alton Locke yearned from childhood for escape from city durance vile; it is refreshing to see him actually emerging at last from that wilderness of brick. Gradually the people whom he passed began to look more and more rural; the houses ended, cattle-yards and farm-buildings appeared; and right and left, far away, spread the low rolling sheet of green meadows and corn-fields. The picture, like that in Thomas Hood's poems,§ is of one

That fled from Babel-strife  
To the green sabbath-land of life,  
To dodge dull Care 'mid clustered trees,  
And cool his forehead in the breeze.

Oh, the joy to Alton Locke of this new existence, in another and a better world! The lawns with their high elms and firs, the green hedgerows, the delicate hue and scent of the fresh clover-fields, the steep clay banks where he stopped to pick nosegays of wild flower, and became again a child—the glittering brooks, and hills quivering in the green haze, while above hung the skylarks, pouring out their souls in melody—"and then as the sun grew hot, and the larks dropped one by one into the growing corn, the new delight of the blessed silence! I listened to the stillness; for noise had been my native element; I had become in London quite unconscious of the ceaseless roar of the human sea, casting up mire and dirt. And now, for the first time in my life, the crushing, confusing hubbub had flowed away, and left my brain calm and free."|| Of few indeed can it be said, whose tense is the future in *rus*, that they

Drink such joy as doth a pale  
And dim-eyed worker, who escapes, in Spring,  
The thousand-strected and smoke-smothered town,  
And treads awhile the breezy hills of health.¶

\* Rob. Southey to John Kenyon, August 19, 1820.

† Chauncey Hare Townshend, *The Three Gates*.

‡ In Memoriam, lxxxviii.

§ *The Departure of Summer*.

|| Alton Locke, ch. xi.

¶ Alexander Smith, *A Life-Drama*, Sc. 2.

## REGENERATED ALMACK'S.

A FEUILLE VOLANTE ON A PET FOLLY OF THE SEASON.

"HYPOCRISY in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another," says Addison. If his saying be right, as the histories of most nations would prove it, and it be, indeed, true that the pharisaism of one age is avenged by the licence of its successors, as Hoffmann avenged himself by Bedlam jubilees in his manhood for the asceticism to which the Justizrath condemned his youth, certainly the next generation will have to out-Paine Tom Paine to produce a reaction at all proportionate to the professed sanctity of ours! In this day people think it necessary to profess so much, that in the coming age I am afraid they will naturally take a reprisal, and profess nothing, as the nation, weary of the starched bands and psalmody of Whitehall in the Protectorate, rushed to the opposite extreme, and drank and gamed, swore and feasted, intrigued and gambled in unbridled liberty at Whitehall in the Restoration. Is it to be expected otherwise? If one man or one age be a saint through hypocrisy, does it not follow, as a natural course, that their son or their successor becomes an atheist in sheer honesty and disgust? We know that the wildest of all the sceptics, voluptuaries, and dare-devils of his time was Tom Wharton, who was reared amidst the gloomy rituals and chill severities of his puritan relatives; and none can wonder if the Publican, seeing the Pharisee beating his breast, and spreading out his phylacteries, and wearying Heaven with his vainglorious jargon, should say in his haste, 'All men are liars—prayer is cant. I will have none of it!'

I thought of the old *Spectator's* axiom a little time ago, reading in the papers of that pet folly of our past season, the Special Services for the Upper Classes at Almack's: that last new blast from the trumpet with which religion in these days sees fit to herald her steps, by much such a boastful and discordant fanfare as proclaims the advent of Punch in the streets or of the sweeps on May-day.

People have long learned to bridle their coughs till Mr. Spurgeon gives the word of action, advertisements of bishops' sermons appear in our morning journals just above the programme of a Floral fête, and prospectuses of Dr. Cumming's or Mr. Bellew's lectures are pasted on our walls side by side with the attractions of Christy's minstrels or Cremorne divertissemens, while theatres that resound on Saturday night with Robson's jokes and the uproar of the gods re-echo on Sunday morning with texts and hynody that decree the trade of the sock and buskin, thrice accursed. We had grown inured to all that. But Almack's turned into a place of worship! Surely the Church must be tottering, indeed, if she cannot stand without crutches made out of ball-room chairs, and must know that her own lamps are burning dim since she must needs borrow the gas radiance from the chandeliers of her old foe the world. True, she has always asked the loan of our singers for her sacred concerts and oratorios, putting up with their "objectionable occupation" for the sake of the money their voices bring her; and never says "no" to our sovereigns, even though won at Homburg or Lansquenet,

when proffered for her Bible Societies or her stained windows, to whatever perdition she may consign our souls. But an invasion of Willis's Rooms is a step before which one would have fancied she *might* have paused, strange and bizarre means though she has taken of late to thrust her tenets down our throats, without regard to how she may chance to weaken or to desecrate her cause. Throngs of carriages, we read this season, stood before the doors of Willis's Rooms, when peers and peeresses, members and belles, highly educated men and women, thronged, not, for once, for a ball, but for a prayer-meeting, in which a gentleman recalled how much he had enjoyed dancing there in days bygone, but assured them there was a higher pleasure in looking after your soul than in practising the *Deux Temps*, contrasted the respective merits of *Piety v. Waltzing*, and then—read the eighth chapter of St. Luke, the connexion between which and the saltatory art (as it contains no allusion to Herodius's daughter) I confess I was at a loss to discover.

A prayer-meeting at Almack's! It sounds oddly—almost, to us godless people of the world, irreverent! though doubtless *that* is a mere qualm, a fancy, a *bêtise*, a quibble of Mephistophelian parentage, similar to that which makes us impatient of laws laid down to us by boy preachers of five-and-twenty, and unable to perceive why every vulgar simile that rises to the lips of a petted Oracle, as he struts on the platform of his tabernacle, must needs be “*inspiration!*” A prayer-meeting at Almack's! What a subject for Hogarth, were he here; for Swift, with his stinging satire; for Walpole, with his cynical sneer! What a mot Sheridan would have made on it, what a maxim Rochefoucauld, what a bitter truth La Bruyère! And I think even those stern progenitors of the Church themselves, Luther, and Melancthon, and Knox, would have joined the satirists and the *hommes du monde*, and would have sickened and turned away with a sneer from the religion that can only limp along by the aid of two broken crutches—Parade and Profession!

A prayer-meeting at Almack's! What a touching scene! Fancy the Doxology echoing from walls that usually resound with the music of the “*Express*” or the “*Power of Love*” waltz. Picture the *crème de la crème* confessing their sins in the rooms where they have fluttered, flattered, and flirted the week before, and hope to flutter, flatter, and flirt again scores of times more! Imagine Tinless (M.P. for Blarneyshire) joining in texts that forbid the worship of mammon in the salons where yesterday he proposed to Miss Ingotts for the sake of her 80,000*l.* that is to clear him from the Jews; Lady Blanche opening her illuminated prayer-book, and making a *tableau vivant* of piety on the spot where, the night after, she whispered away her bosom friend's character, and gave a rendezvous to her Millamont; Sir Ormolu Vernie, the millionaire, bowing his venerable head over prayer, while in his coat-pocket lay scrip that would add to his heavy bank balance, n'importe if it ruined some thousands of his beloved brothers in Christ; Mrs. Friedieu, moved to tears by the orator's words, giving her Saturday mornings in town to repent of her sins, though down in the country she passes her Sundays in yawns and French romans.—Imagine them all gathered at Almack's! Positively, it reminds one of the *Jubilée Universel et Purificateur*, where, as we know, Madame de Soissons, Madame de Soubise, Madame de Montespan, the Princesse de Monaco, and all the dames de la cour, humbled themselves in

sackcloth and ashes one minute and danced in diamonds and dentelles the next, and considered their piety an affaire accomplie because they had made a parade of their penitence. You remember *that* jubilee recorded as its fruits, "six présidentes ont quitté le Rouge, et la Maréchale d'Humières le Jeu!" I have not heard if the special service at regenerated Almack's has published, now the season is over, such magnificent results. But the Paris of Louis Quatorze was more reverent in one thing than the London of ours;—for its day of humiliation it did not borrow the ball-room at Versailles; it went to Notre Dame, not to the Galerie des Glaces.

There were throngs of carriages to the special services—pour cause, they went for a novelty. The novelty of place or preacher draws, and those who run to find amusement for hours that hang heavy, or to get a Christian aroma cheaply, pass muster as "eminently pious people." Ah, mes amis, there is as much dissipation in religion as in anything under the sun, but it passes by a legitimate name, and goes unproved accordingly. It is one of the fevers of the day, fed by a craving for notoriety and for "something new," but as it is a disease that is fancied heaven-sent, it would be considered profane to attempt to cure it, or to bring those who nurse and imbibe it into a stronger, fresher, better air. What need, I wonder, was there for that good gentleman who officiated at Willis's Rooms, to trot out his feelings to an audience of strangers? If his conscience was so peculiarly constituted that the sins of his past waltzes lay heavily on it, was there any occasion to tell the world that? If real crimes lay between him and his God (as they do, I take it, more or less, between every man and his Creator), he could surely have repented of them without making society at large his confidant, and publishing a bead-roll of them? When a man grieves most, then, is he most usually silent; and these ostentatious and egotistical repentances make one think involuntarily of the old story of the man who preferred to be notorious for thieving than to get no notoriety at all. Orators and auditors alike make a stalking-horse of God, and a stock in trade of their sins and their salvations. Religion is the capital of most of its professors in our day; it helps them on in the world, or it fills their idle hours, or it gives them standing in the parish, or it furnishes a voucher, perhaps difficult to get by other means, of their respectability, and they pet and parade and make much of it accordingly. It is an orthodox and legitimate channel of excitement, and men crowd to drink at it, because to be seen on its banks gives an aroma of sanctity, as to be seen bathing in Jordan used to give to pilgrims of old, and draws attention from the cognac perfume which may linger on their lips from other defendues fountains, of which they would not have the world whisper that they even sipped. Professional men, whose incomes depend on the good word of others, find a religious reputation answers well, and passes them unquestioned past the sentinels of society, while to have their names down on the charitable lists of their parish is the best veil to draw over their short-comings and peculations, and the best rose to hang over the lintel of their doors that the unholy banqueting within may go unnoticed. Blasé women of the world, who have tried and tired of every other amusement, and who cease to care for society when they have ceased to shine in it, try religious excitement as a new sal volatile and a dernier ressort. Young girls find in it an unrebuked outlet for their enthusiasm and romance, in its authorised diversions and its permissible hero-worship,



and may unreprieved throw around their priests that idealic auréole they are not allowed without scandal to expend on any worthier idol.

So!—religion is just now the hobby of the day, because it is profitable, fashionable, and expedient; and it is ridden like other hobbies, so hard that it becomes a laughing-stock—ridden securely and triumphantly, because no one is bold enough to point out its flaws, its follies, and its errors, and show how its riders, like Saneho Panza on his wooden horse, pretend to be flying heavenward, while they never leave the earth, and doggedly close their eyes to all that would convince them of their wilful and pre-tentious error. Très chers lecteurs! that special service at Almack's is a complete satire in itself; but, much as there is that is ludicrous in it, there is still more that is sad. Heraclitus and Democritus, had they been among us this season, might have exchanged their rôles at this new caprice of Belgravia; the one might have relaxed for once into a *risus sardonicus*, to see well-educated men and women of good society flocking to a clap-trap meeting as untaught peasants might flock to hear a drunken cobbler expounding from an inverted tub, to listen to a gentleman proclaiming the gate to heaven as though he had been its special porter, and respond to prayers they would never have stirred to hear but for the novelty of their being repeated in a ball-room; and the other might have stopped in his mirth to sigh over the giant evil of the day, of which this one, among other follies of our past season, was so admirable a type. Hypocrisy, La Roehoucauld has it, is a homage that vice renders to virtue; but it is a homage more likely to dethrone virtue than any open rebellion against her; her counterfeits thrust more out of her courts than her enemies.

The heart and mind of every man of sense must, I should say, sicken and revolt from the bombast and parade of religion in our day; he must sneer at it, and grieve at it in the same breath, and the more averse he be to irreverence or profanity, the less will he be able to give in his adhesion to it, or join in a profession and affectation of faith in which his conscience and his reason alike refuse to coincide; the less will he be able to see anything worthy either of God or of man in the egotistical fanfare, the thirst for novelty, the vulgar furor, the technical jargon that mark religion in the present time, and that draw a throng of carriages and converts round the sounding-board of some popular preacher, or the doors of some new style of pro tempo temple—the more novel the preacher, the more outré the temple;—the more loud the praise, the more dense the throng.

All the counsels of the founder of their creed are of equal value to his followers, I presume. Why is it, then, that those who drag into public things solemn and sacred, and make them subjects for newspaper advertisements and vulgar clap-trap, never remember certain passages in which it is advised to them to beware of scribes, who, for a show, make long prayers, and are counselled when they pray not to be as the hypocrites are, who pray standing in the synagogues that they may be seen of men, but to enter into their closet, and, when they have shut the door, pray to their Father in secret? Those counsels, I should suppose, are expunged from the meetings and the editions of the religious devotees of the day? The best logicians among them would find it hard to reconcile those injunctions with their practice; and to have to waste prayer or repentance unseen by men, would doubtless be as repugnant to the eminent Christians of England as it was of yore to the scribes and pharisees of

Jerusalem. Mes frères, more than a feuille volante might be written on the pet folly that at Willis's Rooms heralded the season that has just passed, and the kindred follies like it that debase and desecrate the cause they profess to serve in the eyes of all thinking men. Little can be said in a loose sheet, but a volume might well be penned on it; for if we lift up its decorous, prettily-broidered veil, there lies underneath, I fear, a skeleton—the ghastliest and blackest we have upon this earth—a skeleton that other ages, disentombing it, and tearing off its seemly robes, will call by its right name—Hypocrisy.

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THE FIREMAN.

SONG.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

WHAT means that wild and piercing cry?

That bright and lurid glare?

The Fireman reads it in the sky,

He knows the danger there.

Away—away—with unchecked rein

The engine hurries past;

'Tis life and death but time to gain—

Fly on good steeds, fly fast.

Oh, brave is he, the Fireman bold,

That succour doth afford,

He earns his pay a thousand-fold,

Whate'er be his reward!

They reach the spot—how seethes and roars

The ever-rising flame!

The well-poised hose a deluge pours—

Not all too soon they came;

The rafters crack, the red roof sinks,

The flame-cloud soars on high;

The Fireman ne'er of danger thinks

As round the embers fly!

Oh, brave is he, the Fireman bold,

That succour doth afford,

He earns his pay a thousand-fold,

Whate'er be his reward.

“Back for your lives!” “Not yet, not yet—

Our duty is to save.”

All sense of danger they forget,

On work the true and brave:

A crash! the warning is too late,

Down comes the tottering wall,

The Fireman, yielding to his fate,

Is buried in its fall!

Oh, brave was he, that Fireman bold;

Worth all the wealth there stored,

His life it was, a thousand-fold—

Then fame be his reward!

## THE INDIGO PLANTER IN BENGAL.

IN Knickerbocker's veracious "History of New York" we read of a colonel who, in his tour of inspection to certain border regiments, ill-found, ill-dressed, and ill-drilled, always made it a point to single out certain men for punishment, not that they were peculiarly faulty or criminal, but simply to establish the fact that he was "a strict disciplinarian, and would overlook nothing." Now, strange as it may appear, this practice would seem to have found favour with our rulers in England, who, whatever their shade of politics or party, have every now and then an impulse, at the cost of no small cruelty and much injustice, to show that they are "strict disciplinarians, and overlook nothing." Distillers, stockbrokers, provision contractors, ship-builders, army tailors, and Irish landlords, all have had their turn. Even the Church was for a long time baited and worried, till some supposed frauds in the commissariat department drew off public attention from prelates to pickled pork, and the world grew more eager to learn how it was fed than with what it was taught.

Now, as whatever the peculiar "interest" that may be assailed is sure to be, as regards the mass of the nation at large, a minority, the practice is eminently popular, and certain to redound to the advantage of the party that initiates it. Take gutta percha, for instance, or potted meats, as the subject of persecution, and the chances are that, in your excursions by rail or steamer, you may with great safety inveigh against either, using the most abusive language of the last "leading article" to aid you, and never chance upon any one sufficiently interested in one or the other to rebut your arguments, or arrest your honest indignation. So addicted are we to this sort of thing, and so utterly dependent on it for conversation, that if you were to abstract the topic of "abuses" from our intercourse, I do not believe that Englishmen would be able to interchange anything beyond the most ordinary inquiries for each other's health. "Very shameful those discoveries in our dockyards, all the mortar-boats rotten!" "Terrible disclosures these evictions in Ireland, sir!" "Disgraceful frauds in the leather trade; I hope the government will take it up." These are easy texts for all travellers by land or by water, and, once started, the discussion will never flag afterwards. A good "grievance" of this sort is an immense assistance to a government, either embarrassed with a mass of difficult questions, or in want of some measure to attract popular attention. It will serve equally to escape from the pressure of an inconvenient pledge, or to tide over the dulness of an uneventful session. The triumph of success is, however, only to be attained whenever the interest assailed is one which enables the attacking party to enlist popular sympathy on his side, and make his cause the great one of humanity itself. There is no saying what grand things may not be done in this way, particularly with a subject of which the masses are in profound ignorance.

The case of the indigo growers in Bengal is exactly an instance of what I mean. Here is a comparatively small class. The peculiar industry which engages them is followed in a remote and very distant

region; it is pursued under circumstances of soil, climate, habits, and customs, of which we have nothing at home in any respect similar. Every detail and circumstance of this cultivation is so much a study, that a volume of some hundred pages only pretends to impart a mere outline of the system, and explain its ordinary working, the very recurrence of Indian terms and names adding difficulty to the task of understanding; and yet here is an interest which is at the instant not only threatened with attack but actually menaced with utter ruin, and for no other reason that one can see save as the safety-valve to the high pressure of the assumed philanthropy of the Indian authorities.

"The masses are always right," is the great stock adage of a certain sect; and whether they be Irish peasants in revolt, Chinese at war, New Zealanders or Kaffirs in open insurrection, the theme is one upon which platitudes of benevolence can be strung for ever, and a variety of fine sentiments be ventilated at very little cost of time or intellect. In the present case, it is the ryots who are the subject of sympathy. Let us, by a very brief statement of the position, examine how far, in this instance, kind feelings outrun justice.

The cultivation of indigo in the present day is principally conducted in two ways. In the one, the plant is cultivated by the ryots on lands granted to them by the planter, or indigo manufacturer, and on his account. In the other, the planter cultivates his own land with his own labourers. In the former case, the tenurc resembles that of the land in Italy, with this difference, that in India all the advances are made by the landlord, while in Italy the peasant, in return for the use of the soil, alone contributes all that is necessary to the production of the crop. There are a vast number of disadvantages in this system, and nearly all of them lie on the side of the owner of the soil. Every Italian proprietor will tell you that, what with the indolence of the peasantry, their obstinate resistance to all improvements in agriculture, their stolid contentment to go on like their fathers before them, the yield of the land is not much more than one-sixth or one-eighth of what might be obtained from it, not to speak of the immense opportunity for fraud, against which all the efforts of the landlord are comparatively powerless.

Each of these detracting influences are at work in the indigo districts, and with this unhappy addition, that difference of nationality imparts a new feature to the conflict, and gives to the litigation that follows all the bitterness of a contest between a dominant race and their inferiors.

In Italy, the proprietor and the peasant are alike Italian. Whatever disparities may separate them in condition and fortune, they are children of the same soil, they are followers of the same religion, they cherish the same sympathies, and speak the same language. In Bengal, the indigo manufacturer is an Englishman; his interest is engaged in the simple exercise of a good investment for his capital, and the honest employment of his money. If no attachment of race or tradition binds him to the soil of Bengal—if he does not feel attached by ties transmitted by long years of family occupation—he is still the son of a people who have learned to know that commercial prosperity and trade successes are never more assured than when conducted with fairness and honesty, and when the humblest of those employed feels his interest engaged in behalf of his employer. The Englishman knows, also, how great a share in the pro-

sperity of his country is owing to that teachable spirit, by which men avail themselves of whatever aids modern discovery places within their reach; and he is naturally eager to impart not merely the knowledge, but the ardour that desires it, to a people beneath his rule. To this end he establishes schools, encourages education, institutes loan societies, and contributes in every way that he can to give the far East all the benefits of a Western civilisation. They who question motives at every step of our earthly progress will probably say that all these benevolent acts are the result of a well-conceived policy—that, in the tranquillity and order of an educated and well-to-do people, the trader sees the best security for the permanence of his own interests. Let us concede the point, and merely be satisfied to record the fact, that the indigo manufacturer has shown himself disposed to improve the condition and better the status of those in his employment. If philanthropy accompany his enterprise, it is because the spirit of his nation declares that prosperity has no safe foundation save in the principles of rectitude and honour.

The indigo manufacturer of Bengal has, however, one attribute which is certain to attract towards him no small share of animosity and attack. His gains are supposed to be great, and if all seasons were prosperous, all ryots laborious, all overseers honest, and, last of all, all local magistrates men of intelligence and integrity, there is no doubt that on some properties the profits of the capital employed in this cultivation would vie with many of the most remunerative enterprises; but, unhappily for those whose interests are so engaged, these conditions are peculiarly variable and uncertain.

Now, the growth of indigo is an expensive process, demanding not only a soil of considerable richness, but also the most perfect cultivation and the most careful attention to weeding in a country where weeds are prolific and abundant. The seasons of sowing are spring and autumn, but the harvest-time is nearly the same to each, since the more rapid growth of the spring crop brings it to maturity almost as early as that sown in the months of October and November.

The character of the cultivation, and the large amount of labour required, have to be met by advances from the planter, since the ryot in no case could supply the means for so costly an operation; and to this one cause are attributable nearly all the allegations brought against the whole system. The ryot receives a certain quantity of seed and a certain sum from the planter or indigo manufacturer, and signs a contract, by which he engages to repay the loan by a certain amount of produce. Now each party so thoroughly understands the matter at issue, that all the varying influences of season and weather are taken as important elements of the bargain. The excessive heats and droughts that may destroy, the rains that may flood vegetation, are duly weighed and considered; and the ryot is not one who, either from temperament or capacity, is likely to neglect his own interests. But this is not all. He is by race and instinct a litigant of the first water. There is not an evasive condition, nor a flaw, nor a chink of which he is not ready to avail himself. He is a peasant, it is true; but a peasant whose craft and subtlety no European can compete with. These suits of planter *versus* ryot have all the ruinous features of Irish landlordism in the olden time. The defendant, strong in his poverty, could defy all consequences: an adverse

verdict left him no poorer than before, and the victory brought no spoil to the conqueror. In fact, the planter not only had to contend with a precarious climate and an insubordinate peasantry, but with an administration of justice evidently obstructive and faulty. No wonder, then, if instances could be adduced of men who, impatient of their helpless condition or unhopeful of redress, overstepped the strict limits of right, and assumed to take the law into their own hands. Rare instances as they were, they sufficed to exaggerate the case brought against the planters, and strengthened the position of those who professed to sympathise with the ryots.

It is worthy of being remembered, that it was only after the utter ruin of the Irish gentry, and when, by the action of the Encumbered Estates Court, their properties were transferred to other owners, the hardship of their position, as regarded the tenant, was ever thoroughly appreciated or admitted; that all the chances and evasions of the law—its hazards, accidents, and delays—were in favour of the peasant; that once settled on the soil, he could only be displaced by a process slow and costly, and that even then his power of mischief extended far enough to enable him, by burning the land and other depredations, to surrender a valueless tract to its owner. And yet, while all these things were so, Irish evictions and landlord cruelties were the stereotyped headings of popular leading articles.

There is a great resemblance between these cases and those before us, and a wonderful similarity in the sort of sympathy and interest they have evoked in one class in Bengal. It required the ruin of the Irish landlord to establish the hardship of his lot; let us hope that a more equitable spirit will deal with the fortunes of British proprietors in Bengal.

The case against them is, that they oblige the ryot to cultivate a crop peculiarly distasteful to him, alike laborious and unremunerative, and that, by the tyranny of capital, they dominate over the people. Now, granting, what need not be granted, that indigo cultivation is not in favour with the ryots, it is yet pursued under a special and distinct compact, which accords to the peasant, for the purposes of his own advantage, the use of a capital he could not obtain in any other mode. The advances made by the planter have no other security than the pledge of the ryots to labour with industry and zeal. That they are not hard bargains is proved by the prosperous condition of the labourers on many of the estates; and upon none did the peasant ever labour for more than three hours of the day. The weeding was principally the work of the women and children. The land applicable to the cultivation of indigo is least fitted for rice; the indigo crop is not exhaustive, but tends to ameliorate the soil. The rich loamy soils are not adapted for indigo, but light, dry, sandy land. It is true that the cultivation is so critical that, when the land has been prepared for the reception of the seed, no time must be lost after the first fall of rain; and it is precisely to this fact is ascribable the power of that tyranny which the ryots are enabled to exercise over the fortunes of the planters.

It is but a few years since that a gentleman, a man of high integrity and considerable ability, then holding the office of under-secretary for Ireland, did incalculable mischief to the cause of order, and severely invalidated the security of property in that country, by the enunciation

of what, though an unquestionable truth, was tortured in its application to appear a sentiment condemnatory to the landlord. Mr. Drummond declared that property had its duties as well as rights, and in the declaration he meant to imply that, failing in the one, the other became invalidated; at least, such was the popular reading and acceptance of the maxim. The consequence was, the "duties of property" being all estimated by those who were to benefit by the exercise, were so enormously stated, that no tenure could coexist with them. Landlordism was thus outlawed, and the landlord proscribed. The lieutenant-governor of Bengal, Mr. John Peter Grant, has improved upon this proceeding in Bengal; he has so palpably enlisted himself in the ranks of the ryot, that he has, within a very short period, undermined not only an industrial interest of great wealth, but actually unsettled the tenure of land throughout the country. From time immemorial the peasant has been a borrower. It is his condition, and one which he neither resents nor complains of. He tills his land by means of advances made to him; and the system, be it good or bad, is native to the soil, and has prevailed in Bengal from time immemorial. It is certainly one which no planter could have struck out: the disadvantages to him are great and manifold; it is the source of continual anxiety, litigation, and loss. The dishonest ryot has at his disposal a whole armoury of fraud; he can be indolent, and not till at all; he can till too late; he can, as it has happened, so injure the seed as to arrest germination, and then, on the assumption of a natural failure of the crop, substitute rice for himself, and evade all his liabilities; he can accept advances from two sources, and leave the result to litigation; he can affect to hand over the crop in payment of some feudal charges on the soil. There is, in fact, no limit to his power of evasion; and what with an ill-administered law, corrupt police, and false witnesses ever at call, the planter has but a sorry chance in such a conflict. Add to this, that the crop, which twenty-four hours' neglect may ruin, requires something like a Chancery suit to establish a right in. Imagine all this, and whenever discontent with your lot in life invades you, thank God you are not an indigo grower in Bengal.

To what, then, will it be asked, is attributable the extraordinary animosity the government officials have shown, and are yet showing, to the indigo planters? To answer this question effectually would lead us much further than the limits of our present brief sketch would permit, and draw us into a discussion and comparison of the India of former days with the India of our own time. India had long been a "close borough." "The Company" and its servants had excluded from the soil all save those connected with the administration, and the very thought of colonisation was repugnant to all their opinions. It is true, Sir Charles Metcalfe, in 1829, expressed his sincere regret that we had not in India the security that would follow upon a settlement of Englishmen on the soil; and Lord W. Bentinck stated his entire concurrence in the sentiment. Still the "civil servant" saw with dismay the prospect of a rival power, and discouraged by every means within his reach the "European settler."

It is far easier to understand this jealousy than to explain it. The "Old Indian," as he is called, who had exercised for his life-long a despotic sway over the natives, never questioned or arraigned, saw himself being gradually

surrounded by a society of men fully his equals in capacity, acquirements, or station, and who had carried with them from the mother country that spirit of criticism on governmental acts which ultimately resolves itself into public opinion. He perceived that the immunity of silence could no longer be enjoyed, and that he was as responsible on the Ganges as on the Thames. This new aristocracy was peculiarly hateful to the old, whose pretensions it ridiculed, and whose privileges it assailed. Between the once "lords of the pale" and the new settlers there could be neither liking nor respect. Every instinct of the one was opposed to the tastes and habits of the other; and although free settlement in India be now a legal enactment, such is the influence of official tyranny and a studied system of insult, that the "interloper" is still a pariah in the land, and every discouragement thrown in the way of British colonisation in India.

It is therefore against the planters as a class, and not against indigo as a product, that this war is waged. It was doubtless far easier to carry on the "Queen's government" in the olden time, when no intelligent middle class existed, when the sway of the governing descended to the governed without any interposing medium of public opinion, and where the thought of comment on an enactment was an utter impossibility. That men should regret the days of their irresponsible power, or, what is pretty much the same, their unquestioned exercise of rule, is natural enough. The former administrators of India enjoyed something like the immunities of a priesthood. Occupying a station of considerable eminence, possessed of a special knowledge, engaged in interests so remote from the mother country, and so totally unlike any that prevailed there as to secure them against hostile criticism, no wonder if men so placed arrogated to themselves very distinctive claims and very dominant pretensions. It was not only their ambition, but their interest to make India a "speciality." So long as they were able to say, "These habits could not obtain here; such modes may suit *you* in England, but would be utterly inapplicable *here* in Bengal"—so long as they could presume that India was a land to which all home traditions and habits could never be adjusted—they were safe. They well knew if the time arrived that India should become an open territory, like any other possession of the crown, that their sway would be over; and they clearly foresaw that nothing would more certainly determine the limit of their power than the introduction of a class over whom they could neither exercise an arbitrary control nor an irresponsible influence. In a word, the day on which the British settler could establish himself in India was the last of that feudalism which had hitherto guided her destinies.

The settler could not be rejected or denied admission, but his tenure might be rendered precarious, his property might be jeoparded, his prospects endangered, and his very life imperilled. The system of Indian legislation offered immense facilities to this end. A control that began at Calcutta, and was felt vibrating on every extreme court of justice throughout the empire, a sway that could filter down from the highest tribunal of the land to the humblest magisterial bench, was an agent of irresistible power. It was infinitely more potent than any written law, for it was the spirit and essence of which laws are fashioned. Nothing could be more simple, with such an agency, than to discourage any pecu-



liar enterprise, or destroy any especial undertaking. The "mot d'ordre" once issued, the local officers could find no difficulty in carrying out the will of his superiors; nor was the task rendered harder by the fact that, as in the present case, it afforded the plausible pretext of defending the poor man against the rich one, the humble tiller of the soil against the great and wealthy capitalist.

There is not, perhaps, a nation in the world which has so often been the dupe of its own mock philanthropy as England. From the indiscriminating cruelty which hunted down the landlordism of Ireland, to all the exaggerated folly of our prison discipline, wherein our sympathy for the criminal transcends all our compassion for suffering honesty, we are alike the slaves of the same mawkish sentimentality. Into this same category the Bengalese ryot was enlisted, less, be it owned, out of compassion for himself than as a means of attacking his supposed enemy. That enemy was the British planter! Without stopping to argue a point, which in reality would be argued when it was stated; without waiting to show that he who affords capital for the working of an enterprise which cannot be worked without capital, and who, neither exacting usurious conditions nor inserting vexatious clauses in his contract, on the contrary, is thrown, by the very nature of his bargain, almost on the good faith of the individual he deals with—that such a man, however exposed to injury, can have little opportunity of oppression—without, I repeat, halting to demonstrate that in the present condition of India no other mode save that now practised is open to the cultivation of this crop, I would simply point to the disastrous condition to which governmental interference has brought those for whose pretended benefit it was exercised, and how ruinous have been the counsels that have separated the ryot from his employer.

The "strike" has had all the evil consequences of such tactical movements at home. And every letter from the indigo districts of Lower Bengal tells the same tale of anarchy, and disturbance, and repudiation by the ryots of all contracts made with their landlords and employers.

It is to this state of things the attention of the home legislature will speedily be called. In one shape or other the question must be answered, "Is India to be given up to the prejudices of a privileged class of officials? or are her interests to be consulted, and her progress assured, as though she really were an integral part of the British empire?"

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## THE TASTE FOR WINES IN ENGLAND.

OF all the commercial changes made last year by parliament, the most important, both from the difficulties by which it was surrounded, and the marked though gradual influence which it is already beginning to exercise on the trade between England and France, is the alteration of the duties on wines. It formed one of the provisions of that celebrated instrument—the Commercial Treaty of 1860—that the duties upon a portion of light wines of France and on the Rhine should be reduced to one shilling per gallon, upon others of a different description from the same localities to one shilling and sixpence, this latter duty to be leviable also on a portion of the lighter wines of Portugal, Spain, and the countries round the Mediterranean, while a two-shilling duty was still imposed upon the greater portion of Spanish, Portuguese, and Sicilian wines, and also upon those which we import from southern France. These changes have at present been most successful. Under their influence the total importation of wines into this country has increased by more than one-third, the supply from France in particular having more than doubled. In spite of the unfavourable and disastrous succession of seasons last year—the spring, the summer, the autumn, and the winter alike almost unparalleled—wine alone of all the articles in the tariff showed no diminution in the amount of revenue which it had been estimated we should obtain from it. The decrease which it was believed that those changes which we have indicated above would effect, was estimated—with a fair allowance for increased consumption—to be 830,000*l.*; the actual falling off amounted to 493,000*l.* The importation of wine in 1859-60 into this country amounted altogether to 9,176,000 gallons, of which 1,156,000 gallons were French. In 1860-61 the total importation was 12,509,000 gallons, of which those which came from France amounted to 2,631,000, being in this particular item an increase of 127 per cent. on the amount of the previous year—an important and interesting change not merely as a first step towards a change in the consumption and condition of the people, but as a proof, on the principle that an increase in importation means a corresponding increase of exportation, of increased commercial activity between two rival and powerful empires.

The question which we wish to raise, and as far as possible discuss, in the following pages, is not one of revenue or of commerce. It is to the social aspect of these commercial changes, to their probable effect on the taste and condition of the people of this country, that we wish to invite attention. There is in the history of our varying taste for wines, which we as a nation have exhibited, and in the circumstance of our national character as affected by a particular and prevailing vice, enough to render this question one of interest and importance, quite apart from the fiscal and commercial considerations which it involves.

There may be many arguments in favour of climate, of national temper, and of habit, all tending to confirm and strengthen a country's natural, almost instinctive, preference for its home produce—for wines produced from the grape which is the cultivation of its own soil. Yet this is only partially true. The increasing desires which create the new supplies and

the new necessities of mankind apply as strongly and as generally in stimulating the production and consumption of wine of all sorts as they do in the case of all other products of industry and civilisation. They have been, and no doubt are still, capable of restraint and even of extinction from external causes, such as a prohibitive system of duties, or confined and limited international intercourse. But with unfettered trade, and a free agency of the simple principle of supply and demand, it is susceptible of historical proof that no such thing exists as an exclusive taste for particular wines indigenous to a country.

With the simple observation that the celebrated wines of antiquity—the Chian, the Lesbian, the Cæcuban, and Falernian—appear to have possessed no mere local reputation, but that, on the contrary, even in the Homeric age importation of foreign wines was a fact, we pass to an exclusively English view of the question. What evidence is there at the present time of the existence of a so-called national taste in England for wine? The United Kingdom has long had the reputation of producing the three most drunken races on the face of the globe, and even now the average consumption per head of spirits in this country is double what it is in France. Yet within a quarter of a century—mainly coincident with the period during which the statesmen and parliament of this country have instituted and well-nigh completed a series of commercial reforms unexampled for their practical wisdom and beneficent results—our consumption of wine, beer, and spirits, in spite of an increase of population, has diminished by more than half a million of gallons; while in regard to non-intoxicating beverages, coffee, tea, cocoa, the average consumption per head has increased by more than one-half.

Among the numerous consequences of a restricted commercial intercourse—in other words, of an oppressive system of duties on articles of foreign produce, are the perverted views of principles and things which grow up amongst us; thus wine has come to be regarded as the rich man's luxury, and as such, of all others, the fit subject for taxation. But luxury and necessity are merely relative terms—relative to the state of things in which we find ourselves. That which is one man's luxury has come to be considered another's necessity; and so in the daily round of each man's life, almost of national existence, the luxuries of to-day are the necessities of to-morrow. In the seventh century the use of wheat bread was confined to the aristocracy, and generally held to be the luxury of the few; now the cheap loaf is regarded as the stay of human existence, and has become a political question, capable of shaking the whole fabric of society. Meat, again, is not regarded by the agricultural population so much as a necessity as a luxury, while to the population of towns it has become indispensable. And so with regard to the various productions and wants of society, it is in vain to draw a distinction between luxuries and necessities without appealing to the means of supply, the ultimate arbiter between them.

Luxuries, then, naturally dwindle down into necessities; but, on the other hand, the reverse of this progression may be brought about by artificial means, by fiscal regulations and commercial restrictions. Philosophers, and the projectors of new religions, have sometimes interdicted the use of wine. Mahomet erected its prohibition into a law, to which a large portion of the human race has given the sanction of its obedience.

In the absence of such restrictions, it has always been considered, in all ages and in all countries, as a necessity of existence.

The vine grows in every sort of soil; the art of expressing and fermenting the juice is derived from the earliest antiquity. Noah planted a vineyard as soon as he quitted the Ark, and from that time to the present, wine, though at times a scarce commodity, sometimes prohibited by legislators and priests, was always, as far as we know, the gladdening influence amongst men.

Various causes, especially our long and embittered rivalry with France, have combined to subject wines in this country, above almost every other article of produce, to the caprices of commercial legislation. The wines of France were first introduced by the Normans, soon after the Conquest. That extraordinary race stood first in Europe for its social cultivation, and for the vigour with which it pressed into its service all the new productions and arts of civilisation. They turned with abhorrence from the thick draughts of the Saxons—their ale, mead, and cider; their pigment, which was a compound of honey, wine, and spiceries; and their morat, which was also made of honey, diluted with mulberries. For centuries after the Conquest, almost till the reign of Edward III., an intimate connexion existed between England and France, and, in consequence, French wines monopolised the English markets. During the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, they were the chief beverage of the wealthy classes, and possessed great hold on public estimation, although the extension of commerce in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. gave to the dry white wines of Spain a temporary pre-eminence. It is clear, however, that previously to the revolution of 1688, the taste in this country was chiefly for light wines. M'Culloch asserts that it is extremely doubtful whether, previously to this period, a single pipe of port ever found its way to England. But national habits and tastes are dependent upon public policy. The revolution of 1688 disturbed materially our relations with the French, and we find that though in 1687 we imported 15,518 tuns of their wines, in 1689 the importation fell to 11,106 tuns, showing a diminution of nearly one-third. The jealousy which existed between the English and French governments during the reign of William III., and the irritation caused by Louis XIV. openly espousing the cause of the exiled Stuarts, led to that perverse system of penal commercial restrictions—penal in the sense of international retaliation of injuries—which has exercised a serious influence on the prosperity and peace of both countries. In 1693 a distinction was first made in the duties to be levied on the wines of different countries—a distinction, of course, injurious to the French, since 8*l.* a tun was fixed upon the latter, which four years afterwards was increased to the enormous sum of 33*l.* per tun. By this course we lost French wines and a market for our home manufactures, and we compelled ourselves to go to Spain and Portugal to buy worse liquors at a much higher price, with all the disadvantages of adulteration and its demoralising influence on the people. The Methuen treaty followed in 1703, by which we entered into commercial engagements with Portugal, the result being still further to alienate us from French commerce. We entered into engagements with Portugal, solemnly ratified by treaty, to charge in future a duty upon French wines a full third in advance of the duty chargeable upon Portuguese, they engaging to give a preference to

our woollens. The pernicious character of this stipulation needs no comment; but as a proof how slowly the taste for wine in this country turned in the direction of port, we may mention the circumstance, to which Mr. Gladstone invited attention, of the University of Oxford petitioning against the grievance of heavy duties upon light wine, which compelled them to drink port. We may also, by a comparison of figures, exhibit the reluctance with which our ancestors submitted to the exchange.

In 1702, the year before the disastrous provisions of the Methuen treaty, the consumption of port wine in this country amounted to 5924 tuns, which is equal to a million and a half of gallons; and in 1770, after a lapse of sixty-seven years, with French wines almost prohibited from our shores, the consumption had only attained twice that amount. Though we reduced these duties in 1825, yet, till 1831, the preference was not abolished. The habits thus formed were not easily changed, and in 1841 the total importation from France was only one-seventh of the amount received from Portugal. The result of all this has been, that a taste for strong wines and spirits has been gradually rooted in the country. It is an unnatural taste, as it is also one which is to the last degree injurious to public health and morals, but it has been an inevitable result of high duties and high prices. In Brittany and Normandy the same consequences have ensued. Their heavy excise duties and expensive carriage have tended to exclude wine from the markets. The consumption of ardent spirits, especially those distilled from corn, has been the consequence, equally injurious in their case as in ours. We have shown that with us wine, beer, and spirits have yielded in some degree to the invasion of tea, cocoa, and coffee, and there is no reason to believe that whisky, gin, and other spirits occupy so impregnable a position in this country as to remain unaffected when their enemies are reinforced by the celebrated and unadulterated wines of France.

It becomes an interesting question at the present time how far the results of previous changes in the tariff of French wines justify our expectations of a largely increased consumption in consequence of the recent diminution of duty. We have shown that in the case of port, when its consumption was stimulated and encouraged, sixty-seven years barely sufficed to double its importation, in spite of increased population and national resources. French wines, on the contrary, were imported last year to more than double the amount of 1859-60, as the immediate result of the encouragement afforded to them by the legislature. Arguments, however, are not wanting to prove that the use of French wines in this country had become, in point of fact, so generally proscribed, that successive increases or reduction of import duties failed to exercise their accustomed effects. It was in the year 1787 that Mr. Pitt first made an enormous remission of duties on all sorts of wines, yet during the years which elapsed till 1794, when they were raised again, the total consumption of the British people fluctuated backwards and forwards, apparently not much influenced by the change. So, in 1825, when the high duties imposed during the long French wars were reduced fifty per cent., the amount of wine consumed was greater by one-fourth than in the next year, when those reductions took effect. And any one who casts his eye down the tables of importation during the years 1789-1825, and compares them with the table of duties leviable in each successive year, will

find considerable anomalies. It will not, however, justify the conclusion that changes in the tariff had little influence on consumption, because there are other causes which must be allowed their just weight. A reduction of duty may be made in the course of the same year which is also marked with a good vintage. It may take effect during the whole of the latter half of that year, and thus importation, stimulated and encouraged one year both by an unwonted supply and also by the prospect of increasing trade, will not unnaturally languish in the next. There are too many considerations involved in the treatment of any question of public policy to admit of its being reduced to one of mere statistical figures. Statistics are not at all conclusive in the establishment of particular facts, though they are invaluable as showing the general tendency of events during a sufficiently extended period. And the result of the tables which we have referred to for the rise and fall in the consumption of wine during the years which elapsed from 1789 to 1825, at least demonstrates this important fact that, making allowance for increase of population, the diminution of consumption in this country, on the average of the last three years, as compared with that of the three first of that period, was more than one-half. From 1825 to 1840 there are more fluctuations visible with regard to French wines. In 1840 the duties on all descriptions of wines were equalised, and from that time there has been a steady increase to the present time, when, as we have before observed, a fresh start has been made. It is worth while, before leaving this argument of figures, to draw attention to the two ends of the whole period under review. We are justified in assigning 1688-1860 as the disastrous period of commercial rivalry with France—disastrous both in its effects on the relations between the two countries, and also upon the prosperity of their inhabitants. It is during that period that the feeling has grown up in England that wines are the rich man's luxury, and that there is a national taste for those which are highly flavoured and full bodied in preference to the lighter and lower descriptions. Undoubtedly in early times strong wines were popular in this country—the produce of Burgundy, Guienne, and Gascony. Canary and Rhenish wines are familiar to the readers of the Waverley novels, and malmsey has reaped an immortality from the associations of one memorable incident in history. But at that time French wines, properly so called, were a luxury in France, and the inferior growths were hardly cultivated at all. They might well, therefore, be scarce in the English markets. But in 1687, the year before the introduction of heavy imposts, the importation of French wines amounted to 15,518 tuns, which is equal, in round numbers, to nearly four millions of gallons. In the financial year just closed of 1860-61, our importations of French wines amounted in gallons to two millions and a half, which is, in proportion to the present population, increased nearly fourfold since that time, barely one-sixth of the consumption of 1687, notwithstanding the greater wealth and better style of living at the present day. Even though we return to the average consumption of that time, it is only half a gallon for each individual in the course of the year, while our present yearly consumption of beer is at the rate of twenty-one gallons per head.

These statistical facts are of great interest, since they tend to exhibit in a clear light the manner in which French wines have been forcibly expelled from the country, contrary to its original taste, and they open

up the important social question, What will be the effect of encouraging a return to our former habits? Will the introduction of French wines to the extent, say, of fifteen millions of gallons, so as to bring it up to the proportion which in 1687 they bore to the population of the country, exercise much influence upon society? In the first place, it means a corresponding exportation to France of our home manufactures, and it is impossible to underrate the advantages of increased, and, we hope, yearly increasing commerce with that country. But the main point for consideration, in endeavouring to estimate the result of this change, is, what sort of drinks will it beat out of the market? We are not to become a more thirsty nation than we were before. French wine, therefore, if it becomes popular, must supplant something else, and if we are not much mistaken, it will take the place of strong and spirituous liquors. We build this belief on the following considerations:

There are unmistakable symptoms in all classes of English society of a declining taste for strong wines and spirits. A retired wine merchant, reviewing in 1855 the state of the wine trade in the Bordelais, in a work entitled "Promenade en Médoc," says: "This wine" (the wine of the Latour) "has had the greatest share in weaning the English from the habit of doctoring our delicate wines of Médoc with Hermitage. They now prefer, which is a great improvement, drinking Bordeaux pure and unmixed." The upper classes are, at present, the only consumers of wine. The nine millions of gallons which we imported in 1859-60, we may be quite sure found their way in very small quantities, if at all, to the homes of the poor. Wine of any sort forms a very small part of the consumption of the masses of the people. Nor is this fact referable to the condition of England as a non-producing country. It is true that Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and the United States of America are non-producing countries, and yet their consumption is also slight, though the duties are by no means heavy. But what with taxes on imports, whether large in amount or not, excise and local dues, and the varying expenses of carriage, freight, agency, &c., wines have accumulated a multitude of charges before they reach the consumer. It cannot be said that there is any distaste for wine in England amongst those classes to which alone it is accessible. The increasing habits of sobriety and temperance have no doubt largely diminished the individual consumption of the great masters of the art of imbibing. The three-bottle men of a bygone generation are supposed to be now supplanted by those who rarely exceed a bottle and three-tenths. There are no *primâ facie* grounds against the probability of being able to create a new and large body of customers for wines of inferior growth if we place them within reach of the middle and labouring classes. The cheap drinks of tea, cocoa, and coffee, have already become the successful rivals of home-made and foreign spirits. Taking about twenty years as a fair interval to admit of the accuracy of statistical inferences, we have this result. Wine, beer, and spirits, of which wine forms a very small proportion, in order to have kept pace with the growing population, ought to have increased by one hundred million gallons; in point of fact, they decreased forty million gallons. The increase in the use of tea, cocoa, and coffee, proportioned merely to the extent of population, would have been ten million pounds; instead of that, it has been twenty-seven million pounds,

or considerably more than one-third of the total consumption at the commencement of this period of twenty years. Wine has remained tolerably stationary. The inference, therefore, is, that tea, cocoa, and coffee have beaten beer and spirits out of the market and supplied their place. Of the two, spirits have suffered most; and, from our knowledge of the tendency in other countries to acquire a taste for spirit in the absence of wine, or in consequence of its adulteration, we may confidently hope that its consumption will continue to decrease on the introduction of larger supplies from French vineyards. The worst feature in this state of things, and that which is most pernicious in its consequences, is the character of the spirits which are thus brought into daily use. They are described as poisonous and maddening liquors. French brandies are of that high price that they are necessarily confined to the richer classes. The labouring portion of the population confine themselves to spirits which are distilled from barley and other sorts of grain, generally rendered still more intoxicating in their effects by mixture with all kinds of miscellaneous compounds. But the probability of increased consumption of French wines, under the present duties, must depend as much on the power of France to supply as on England's taste in the demand. The consumption of wine all over the world has increased of late years, and it is necessary to prove from experience that the productive powers of the vine-growing districts have in time past, and can for the future, keep pace with the growing demand. Those wines which are most popular amongst the wealthier classes in England, such as Bordeaux, are also now in request amongst the higher orders in France. Their consumption has in consequence nearly doubled in a quarter of a century, and at the same time brandies are in France alone in additional demand to the extent of seventy per cent. The choicer growths, therefore, may possibly not be readily diminished in price, and, in their case, a too great reduction of duty would not answer for purposes of revenue. It is an open question whether or not they may continue for some time longer to be the rich man's luxury and a fair subject of taxation, but it is with the commoner wines, and the establishment of a market for them amongst the lower classes, that we are principally concerned.

The productive power of France in respect of the vine is shown to be rapidly increasing, not merely by reason of the growing extent of superficial area devoted to its cultivation, but also by its greater fertility, owing to the care and pains bestowed upon it by the proprietors of the soil. The chief districts of the vine-growers are Provence, Languedoc, Roussillon, Auvergne, Bourgogne, Saintonge, and Champagne; the rich valleys of the Gard, Hérault, Garonne, Dordogne, the Loire, and the Rhône, and the neighbouring departments as far as the Pyrénées, the Hautes-Pyrénées, and the Pyrénées-Orientales. The growth of the vine is the most popular resource of the agricultural population almost all over France, the exceptions chiefly being about twenty departments to the north and west. In other regions, as, for instance, in the department of the Rhône, it is even stated that the yield of the vine is sixfold that of corn. But though this is not everywhere the case, there can be no doubt that the occasional very abundant returns realised by the vine-growers create a sort of excitement in its cultivation. It becomes a speculation, in which the chances of success greatly predominate. Then, in France, the absence



of any law of primogeniture leads to a constant subdivision of landed estate, and its appropriation by a number of small proprietors. This tends to greater care and more complete cultivation than would be the case were the vine-growing districts parcelled out into a few large domains. It also leads to the increased cultivation of the poorer sorts of wine. The vine-grower being in point of means not much better off than an ordinary day-labourer, he is naturally anxious to secure a large return readily convertible, and he thinks more of quantity than of quality; he thinks more of possessing the richer soil, which will yield him an abundant produce, than of those poor light lands with a favourable exposure, from whence the choicest and best-flavoured wines are alone to be derived. In consequence of the profitable nature of this species of agriculture, the growth of the vine has largely increased; all kinds of soil, fallow, waste, even pasture, meadow, and arable lands, being now converted into vineyards.

The largest importation of French wines into England since the Revolution was in the financial year just closed, and amounted to two and a half millions of gallons. We have, on the contrary, to consider that before the Revolution we imported an amount which, taking into consideration the increase of population since that time, would be equal now to sixteen millions of gallons, and the question is, Can France supply it?

The question admits at once of an affirmative answer, both by reference to the actual produce of France and the wonderful increase of the last few years. It is said that 10,000 hectares, or about a quarter of a million of acres, have been added recently every year to the superficial area of French vineyards, that the increase of production has been greater still than in proportion to the additional extent of land so cultivated, and that in spite of this the value of wine property has risen. About two millions and a quarter hectares, or more than fifty millions of acres, represent the extent of land devoted to the cultivation of the vine in France; and nearly half of these lands lie by the Rhône and the Pyrénées, from whence the more highly alcoholised wines are produced. So that, even if our taste for the more highly flavoured wines undergoes no variation, still there is every reason to believe that France can supply our wants, though possibly not at that price which would render their use general. The total yield in gallons of the French vineyards would be upwards of one thousand millions of gallons per annum. About half that quantity appears to suffice for home consumption in France. The remainder is exported, Algeria being a large importing colony.

We have considered the reduction of duty upon French wines as one of the most advantageous, if not the very best, of the commercial changes introduced by the treaty of 1860. It is most probable that, as we have endeavoured to show, its influence upon the state of English society will increase as time goes on, and may be of signal service in curing some of its greatest evils. But the effect in France must not be overlooked. If our hopes are not disappointed, and a demand for French wines becomes a growing one, then the means of supplying them will absorb so large a portion of the industry and occupation of France as to render peace and amity between the two countries an indispensable consideration to its legislators.

A demand, such as that which we have ventured to consider as reason-

able and probable, added to the growing wants of France herself, and of other countries in Europe, would give employment to between three and four millions of Frenchmen. So much of this labour (and it would be considerable) as would be devoted to supply the wants of foreign countries would not, and could not, be withdrawn from the support of France. They must have the produce of other labour in exchange, and none, apparently, would be more in request than these English manufactures and products which have recently been, by the sagacity and wisdom of the French rulers, unfettered from the restrictions of high, and in some cases almost prohibitive, duties. No one who takes an interest in the welfare of his species, or who regards with pleasure its recent rapid progress in everything which can secure its liberty and prosperity, can look without the deepest interest upon any event in politics, or in commerce, which will tend to draw closer the ties of friendship between England and France. A contest between them would throw all previous wars into the shade, not merely by reason of the immense expenditure of blood and treasure which it would entail, but because its disastrous effects would be keenly felt in every quarter of the globe, wherever commerce had inspired and satisfied the wants of mankind. Fortunately for mankind, the common sense of Europe, the efforts of statesmen, and the interests, and in time almost the necessities, of the two countries are conspiring to render war impossible. This, together with the more positive advantages of increased commercial intercourse, will, if the legislation of last year be crowned with continued success, establish for ever the final victory and glory of Free Trade. Twenty years of successful struggle to vindicate that principle have extended our wealth and multiplied our treasure with a rapidity unparalleled in any age or country, have increased the resources of the nation by one half, while at the same time taxation has been diminished, and have raised the renown of parliament for wisdom, moderation, and public spirit, to a height which challenges the veneration and respect of all the higher and more enduring sympathies of mankind.

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THE TURKISH CEMETERY.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THEY sleep on Asia's lap of green,  
 And where may Grief find lovelier scene,  
 More full of holy sadness?  
 Nature, like mortals, seems at rest,  
 And chases, from the gayest breast,  
 All levity and gladness;  
 Wild Riot here might cool her fire,  
 Ambition's vaulting dreams expire,  
 And Passion check her madness.

The gently undulating hill,  
 The babbling of the tearful rill,  
   Babbling beneath the willow;  
 The whispers melauncholy, deep,  
 The whispers that will never sleep,  
   The whispers of the billow;  
 The bending of the cypress-trees,  
 Bending to talk unto the breeze—  
   Sounds that might soothe death's pillow :

The azure of the roofing sky,  
 God's palace of eternity;  
   Flowers shaded yet still blowing;  
 The nightingale that sings all day,  
 Like some lorn spirit 'mid the spray,  
   His song rich, flute-like flowing,  
 That still, as Night comes down, more deep  
 Is poured in tones that bid us weep,  
   So sad, so plaintive growing :

All yield unto the sacred scene  
 A spell of sorrow, a serene,  
   Sweet beauty never dying;  
 Who wanders 'mong the turban'd tombs,  
 E'en where the thickest cypress glooms  
   O'er thousands round him lying,  
 Doth feel no chill, no terror, woe  
 Spreading like angel-wings of snow  
   O'er all that field of sighing.

They sleep at Scutari, and oft  
 The living come with footsteps soft,  
   To mourn the friend departed;  
 To strew the mound with freshest flowers,  
 And muse on long-gone cherished hours,  
   Ere Azrael's shaft was darted;  
 Yet as they kneel upon the sod,  
 'Mid scene so sweet, so full of God,  
   They ne'er grow broken-hearted.

But yesterday, across yon wave,  
 A sultan\* sought his pompous grave,  
   Nor great, nor famed in story;  
 Happier, perchance, in manhood's prime,  
 To close his eyes on earth and time,  
   Than live sunk, fall'n, and hoary;  
 Rest, Mahmoud's son! naught now to thee  
 The crash, the ruin, that may be—  
   The close of Islam's glory.

\* Abdul Medjid.

## THE MARQUIS'S TACTICS, AND HOW THEY SUCCEEDED ;

OR,

A BET I ONCE MADE AT THE CONSERVATIVE.

BY OUIDA.

I.

## LORD GLEN'S PRELIMINARY SHOTS.

"My dear Cyril, why don't you marry?" asked the Marquis of Glen-allerton of his second son.

St. Albans, lying on his sofa in his rooms in the Mansion, smoking a hookah, and drinking hock and Seltzer, looked up, stared, and laughed.

"Why don't I marry? My dear governor, you shouldn't ask point-blank questions like that. Please remember one's nerves. Why don't I? Because, though Pascal says 'L'homme n'est ni bête ni ange,' I think he is most irrevocably and undeniably bête when he assumes the matrimonial fetters?"

"Of course," responded the Marquis, familiarly known as Lord Glen. "We all know that marriage is a social arrangement, and inconvenience, like the income-tax, and one conforms to it as such. I'm not asking you to go and fall in love, and crown a thousand follies with an irremediable one; God forbid! with all your absurdities you are too much a man of the world to make me fear that. I was merely thinking—You're near thirty, ain't you?"

"Three-and-thirty, last January," responded St. Albans, with a profound sigh, as if it were the finale instead of the commencement of manhood.

"Very well. You have mené la vie to your heart's content; you have had bonnes fortunes in plenty; you are a most shockingly indolent dog; your debts are very heavy; you *will* bet—and on the most unlikely events, too—as if you were a millionaire like Crowndiamonds. I think, considering you are a younger son, and will get nothing more from me, that a good marriage, far from being a bêtise, would show greater wisdom than I should give you credit for after your tomfoolery at Wilverton—the idea of losing a borough that your family have had in their pocket for ages, for a pack of rubbish about 'not bribing!' Bacon took bribes, however they try to smooth it over as 'fees,' and Walpole gave 'em. Do you set yourself above *them*, pray?"

"Certainly not; one was a lawyer, and had the devil to sharpen his wits; the other was a toper, and did very shrewd things in his cups. But don't worry me about it, pray. I assure you it wasn't any bosh about honour or virtue that made me refuse to bribe the Wilvertonians; it was only laziness, on my word; I hated the bore of St. Stephen's, and didn't know how else to get rid of the affair. Indolence is hereditary and chronic in me. I can't help it."

"Well, well, you lost the election, so there's an end of it," said the

Marquis, impatiently, in happy ignorance of the sneer on his son's lips, "but with regard to your marrying. Well, don't you think you could do it?"

"Decidedly, I *could* do it," replied St. Albans, with a glance at himself in an opposite mirror.

"Then *do* do it. You have only to choose; any woman would have you. I don't mean a nouvelle riche, you shouldn't ally us with a parvenue to save yourself from starving; but such as Lady Elma Fer——"

"Not for an El Dorado! She is eight-and-twenty, is freckled, and has red hair——"

"Pray what does beauty matter in a wife? You will have plenty of beauties left elsewhere, won't you?"

"I hope so; but I shouldn't be able to enjoy them, for one tête-à-tête with a freckled woman would have killed me."

"Talk sense," interrupted old Glen, angrily. "One would think you had no brains, Cyril. Look at it rationally. Is there anything for you but to make a rich marriage?"

St. Albans took a few silent puffs from his hookah with a profound sigh, and answered not.

"I can give you no money, and you have the devil's own taste for expensive pleasures and raffinés luxuries; you have lived at double the rate your brothers have for the last fifteen years. Go on as you are now, you must go to the dogs your own way; I can't help you; I'm en route there myself. Marry an heiress, your difficulties are cleared, and you can have your pleasures à votre gré. As for wanting beauty in your wife,—one would think you were twenty! Your mother was plain; she had good blood and money, but she was remarkably plain; you take all your beauty from me. Now there is Avarina Sansreproche, most unobjectionable in every way, will be Baroness Turquoise and Malachite in her own right; not exactly pretty, perhaps, but very good style: a woman who would never do a silly thing, or make a dubious acquaintance. Her mother, I know, would not object to the alliance; in fact, you need only be a little rational and passive, and I could arrange it for you; the mere whisper of an alliance with her would quiet those Jews in a moment. Are you listening, Cyril?"

St. Albans yawned and stretched himself a little more comfortably:

"Most attentively, sir; but you must really excuse my answering; it's too warm to talk."

"Well, say yes or no, if that's not too much exertion. You're in a perfect Gordian knot of difficulties. Do you see any way of cutting it but the one I propose?"

His son yawned again, sighed, and took a long whiff of his perfumed hubble-bubble:

"My dear governor, if you *will* make me speak, no, I don't see any other way; I wish I did, because really the trouble of thinking is odious; the day's so much too close to do anything but drink Seltzer."

"You admit you don't see any other way of getting out of your labyrinth of debts, and going on smoothly in the future?"

Cyril St. Albans shut his eyes and shifted his cushions:

"I said I didn't—pray don't worry. I dare say I could get a very

good living as model to the artist fellows; they want handsome men, and I've no doubt my hand alone would bring in a very fair sum. But you'd think that rather derogatory to the family, you see; so that career isn't open to me."

Lord Glen laughed, and rose from his chair :

"Don't be a fool, Cyril, but go and call in Wilton-crescent. Think over what I have said, and act like a practical man for once, if you can. You *must* marry Avarina, for I can tell you for your comfort that book-makers are beginning to back Coronation very confidently, and that I know on good authority Caradoc hasn't himself the confidence in Grey Royal that you fancy; that mare will no more win the Queen's Cup than your Park hack."

With which consolatory last hit the Marquis shut the door, and went down stairs to his brougham, while St. Albans, dropping the mouthpiece of his hookah, dropped his head on his hands with a bitter sigh :

"If she doesn't win I shall be ruined. What a fool I have been to mesh myself in such a net of debts and entanglements! How I shall get out of them, God knows! And now he wants me to patch up my fortunes by marriage. Avarina Sansreproche! Faugh!—the Queen's Bench were better than that. He is right—I am going to the dogs, and dragging others with me too. By Jove! if he knew all, poor old fellow, it would bring on a fit, or he would console himself by cutting me in Pall-Mall. I can't go on long like this; yet Heaven knows what I had better do. Marry Avarina Sansreproche! Faugh!"

His rooms were the most luxurious of any in the Albany, or in any bachelor house in town; his breakfast was served in a silver and Dresden service fit for a young princess; piles of rose, green, and cream-hued little notes, and a swarm of invitation-cards to all the best houses, lay on his writing-table; he belonged to the best set, drove the best horses, and was a member of the best clubs in London; but for all that St. Albans, as he leant his head on his hands, with a very real and unmistakable sigh, and dropped the languid, bored, léger tone he had used about his difficulties to his father, had about as much worry just then on his shoulders as any man going in London.

"Marry!" he said to himself, picking up his hookah again. "What on earth put that into his head? What's the time—one? I'll order the tilbury, and go and see her again."

"I want Cyril to marry," said Lord Glen, that same moment, in one of the windows of the Conservative, to me. Having been at Eton with St. Albans and his elder brother, Fainéant, I had often spent the holidays with them when a boy, and parts of the vacations when we were all together at Granta, and often go down now in September to the Marquis's first-rate battues, or to stalk red-deer in his forest of Glen-Albans—"I want him to marry: you're a good deal with him, do your best to persuade him, there's a good fellow."

"You want him to marry, sir? What for, in the name of Heaven? St. Albans is the last man in the world to suit that sort of harness, and I thought you——"

"Were the last man to advocate it? Of course I am. At the same time, if you're going to the deuce, you must put on any drag that'll keep the wheels from going down hill, must you not? You know Cyril's ex-

travagance as well as I do. The best thing in the world would be for him to marry well, and the alliance I desire for him is Avarina Sansreproche. I have reason to believe, too, that Lady Turquoise is as inclined to the arrangement as myself. Nothing can be more suitable. She is three-and-twenty, eminently good style——"

"As cold as a statue, sir!"

The Marquis took a pinch out of his enamelled tabatière, with a picture of Clara d'Ische by Mignard.

"The most desirable thing a wife can be. She will not fall in love with other men."

"But not at all fit for Cyril!"

"I hardly apprehend you. Fit for him? I am not asking them to raffole of each other—he is a man of the world, she is a woman of good sense—I merely want them to marry. I think she is admirably fitted for Cyril, ne vous en déplaîse. She has good blood, great fortune; he would be exigent, indeed, to ask more."

"Perhaps; for all that, sir, I doubt if you will ever bring St. Albans round to think with you. Miss Sansreproche isn't pretty enough to please him, and I am sure he will hate being tied, however light you may make his fetters."

"What will you bet me that I, being allowed to manage it as I find best, shall see Cyril married within—let me see—I will say by the end of the season?"

I laughed:

"Very well, sir. I don't know anything about it, but I wouldn't mind betting you a pony that by the end of the season you'll see no such thing. My dear lord, St. Albans will no more let himself be married than I shall."

Lord Glen entered the wager duly in his mem.-book.

"You will lose, my good fellow. He will marry when I wish him. He must. He lives very gaily and expensively. I don't expect him to do otherwise. But you know he has nothing—we anciens pauvres never have; the racaille get all the money in these democratic days. So you and Bellaysse tied at Hornsey-wood yesterday? You shot off the ties early; Delamere told me the sun was so in your eyes you could hardly mark the birds."

## II.

### HOW THE MARQUIS BEGAN THE CAMPAIGN.

"WHAT the deuce were you doing with yourself yesterday at noon? I thought you never went out before two, and I positively called at twelve, because I particularly wanted to see you, and Soames said you weren't at home," said Lord Glenallerton, in a considerably injured tone, two days after in the smoking-room of the Guards' Club.

St. Albans dropped his eye-glass, and laid down the paper.

"My dear governor, if you will call on men at barbarian hours, you must expect valets, who have a decent idea of the blessings of slumber and peace, to tell a mild fib in their masters' service. You don't *really* mean you would have had the heart to get me up at noon, do you?"

"Certainly I should. You can get up early at Glen-Albaus to go

after deer, surely you can get up early in town to talk to me. It is seldom enough I want the trouble of seeing you. But your man said positively you were out. I asked him if he meant 'Not visible,' and he said no, you were not at home."

"Stupid fool!" said Cyril, sotto voce, as he took his Manilla out of his mouth. "Bon père! is it possible I should remember so far back as yesterday what I did with myself? Be reasonable! I have lived—let me see—thirty-one, thirty-two—positively thirty-four hours since then!"

The Marquis looked at him, took out his tabatière, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You can leave your memory behind you sometimes, my good fellow, as completely and conveniently as a bribed witness! I don't want to know what you did with yourself, Heaven forbid! I came to advise you to hedge as much as possible. From all I hear, I am certain Grey Royal is very unsafe. None of that breed ever had any pace in them yet. Listen a minute, Cyril, and take counsel, if you can." With which he dropped his voice, and detailed some chronique scandaleuse of the unsoundness of Grey Royal, second favourite for the Ascot Cup, which was going the round of some Turf circles, and altering the odds at the Rooms. "I have warned you. I have said my last word about that cursed marc," said the Marquis, as he rose. "You will come to my house to-night, Cyril?"

"Do you want me dreadfully? Can't you let me off?"

"No; it is very odd if you cannot spare an hour to show yourself in my rooms. I do not choose every one in town should be seen at my parties but you, and that my sons should shun my house alone of anybody in London. Fainéant is abroad, I don't speak of him; and Julian I have done with long ago. He has taken up the patriotic and philanthropic clap-trap, let him keep to it. It is so excessively low! I don't know what we should have thought in the Regency of men who ought to be gentlemen; lecturing as if they were the drunken cobblers of a Methodist gathering, and pottering about Ragged Schools to get a little vulgar toadying; and heading Social Movements as if they were Chartists or Sensationists—it is so horridly low all that! But you, *you* are a man of good taste and good breeding, Cyril; it hurts me that you should never be seen at my house."

That speech was quite true. If Lord Glen likes anybody it is his second son, who has his wit, his beauty, and is, as the Marquis will complacently tell us, "exactly what I was forty years ago." But it was a craftily timed speech for all that, and St. Albans fell into the trap; he looked kindly at his father, and drank some hock and Seltzer.

"I'll come, governor!"

"The devil, I never remembered that woman!" said St. Albans, under his breath, on the top of the staircase of his father's house in Berkeley-square. "That's what he bothered me to come here for, and I never thought of her!"

I followed his glance, which was through the doorway, into the Marquis's salons, where all the crème de la crème were gathering and commingling; and there, among other young Belgravicunnes, I saw Avarina Sansreproche, the subject of the Marquis's diplomacy and my wager, the future Lady Cyril St. Albans, and sole heiress prospective to



her mother's barony of Turquoise and Malachite. She was what we call by complaisance a fine girl: she was not handsome, or interesting, or brilliant, but she was clever, dressed well, of course, and was eminently good style, as Lord Glen averred; she was very cold in manner, and rumour said of not the sweetest temper; but she had a distinguished air, looked indisputably an aristocrate (an inestimable pleasure in these days of trade-made heiresses and parvenues châtelaines), and from her height and figure told well in a ball-room.

Altogether, considering how good an alliance she would be, she was not a woman to merit the disdainful and disgusted tone with which St. Albans murmured his uncomplimentary words on the staircase as he caught sight of her at his father's ball, which made me smile as I heard them, to think how little likely the Marquis was to win his bet, and shackle his son with matrimonial handcuffs with all his skill at diplomacy, and his Rochefoucauldean knowledge of men and their weaknesses.

Avarina looked very well that night, and her mother smiled her most gracious smile when St. Albans drew near them, and stopped to say a few words to them before passing on. True, the future Baroness might have looked for an elder rather than a younger son, but the St. Albans were one of the oldest and noblest houses in the Peerage. A cadet of that family was preferable to the head of many others, and Lord Glenallerton was leader in the Upper House of that great political party to which Lady Turquoise, as vehement an intriguer as Madame de Longueville or the Duchess of Devonshire, belonged heart and soul. Cyril was his favourite son; he did not care about Fainéant, who was plain, like la feue Marquise, and had never been in his good graces for that reason, the Marquis rating beauty as highly as any woman. His third son, Julian, he had, as he said, done with long ago, Julian being member for Bottleborough, and taking a utilitarian and educating-of-the-masses line, which was naturally the antipodes of all his predilections, and disgusted him too much for remonstrance; but Cyril always pleased him: his manner, his air, his tastes, his person, his way of life, were all in accordance with all his views of what a gentleman and a St. Albans ought to be. Cyril was his favourite son, and therefore did he and Lady Turquoise tacitly agree—perhaps, even, in a little boudoir conference, admit to each other their agreement—in the choice of an alliance for Avarina.

"Cyril, you entreated me to be your envoy, and I have had the happiness to succeed in my embassy. Miss Sansreproche has done you the honour to reserve you a place on her tablets," said that clever old lord, with that gallant grace of air which had gained him so many bonnes fortunes, and won him so brilliant a reputation in the old Regency days with Alvanley and Pierrepoint. Men of condition, as Walter Scott says, never show what they feel, let them be startled, bewildered, or dismayed as they may, or, for a certainty, St. Albans would have shown his amazement at his father's adroit invention. "For a lie gracefully told, commend me to the governor!" he thought, as, *bon gré mal gré*, he bowed his thanks to Avarina for an honour he had certainly been most innocent of soliciting.

Cootes and Tinney's band were playing the Dinorah Quadrilles, and he had to give her his arm and lead her to the ball-room, let in for it as neatly as any man could be, while the Marquis stroked a little moth off

his Blue Riband with an inward smile of complacency. His first minor move in diplomacy had succeeded, and perhaps St. Albans, though it bored him just then, would thank him afterwards. When one is drowning, one is grateful to anybody that flings us a rope, however tarred and rough a one.

"Hallo, old fellow, you are leaving early. Avarina Sansreproche won't be flattered, will she?" said I, as, about an hour afterwards, having three or four other places to go to that night, I left Lord Glen's, and met St. Albans just going to his cab.

"Avarina Sansreproche be hanged!" said he, between his teeth, as he stopped to light a Manilla. "Marry merely for money—buy freedom from my difficulties with that girl's gold—how low my father must think that I have sunk! Live on your wife's money! Good God, what lower degradation could there be?"

"Lots of men do it, though, old fellow, and think it none, when there's no better way of clearing themselves out of their difficulties."

"Exactly," said St. Albans, in his ordinary languid tone, with his pet semi-yawn, semi-sigh; "but, my good Hervey, only think of the horror of having to hear settlements read, and the worry of going through the marriage ceremony! It's far better of the two to go to the dogs quietly and gently, in a pleasant way, than to put the matrimonial drag on the wheels, and avoid Cerberus only to fall into the hug of Hecate. I've no scruples about anything, except about worrying myself. I don't care how low I sink, but you must please line the pit with rose-leaves. I wouldn't mind selling myself to the devil at all if that gentleman were in that style of trade now, and paid handsomely, but I couldn't sell myself to a wife—indeed I couldn't; marriage is an awful price to pay for a little monetary security. Fancy a woman who'd think she had a right over you, and who'd persist in bothering you, and lecturing you, and ferreting out where you went! It's better to give Leoni Levi cent. per cent. than to go through the ennui of a honeymoon. Fancy doing rural felicity, and raptures, and all the rest of it, and having to make love to the same woman one whole month long! I'd rather go to a Neapolitan prison. Why, a week of it, Hervey, would kill you or me. Milner, drive as fast as you can," said St. Albans, flinging his fusee into the gutter, and getting into his Hansom.

"Are you going to La Bonbonnière's? If you are, we can go together."

"La Bonbonnière's! No. I rarely go there now."

"What the deuce for? Have you quarrelled?"

The Comtesse de la Bonbonnière was a very charming little woman, and St. Albans had found no boudoir so attractive, and no opera suppers so agreeable as those in her Section of the French embassy.

"Quarrelled? Jamais! But we raffled of each other last season; it's in the nature of things that we're tired of one another this! Good night. Drive fast, Milner!"

"Where to, my lord?"

"To Richmond!"

His Hansom dashed round the corner at a pace that might have won a trotting-match, and I got into my own cab, and drove off to a ball at Carlton House-terrace, thinking to myself that, with Cyril's views on marriage, the old lord, with all his diplomacy, was not very likely to win

his bet, and persuade his son to enter the holy bond, St. Albans being about the last man in town to assume the matrimonial fetters, or endure them when they were on. He was a man sworn to pleasure, and to pleasure alone; he led a gay, laissez-faire, agreeable, extravagant life; was a leader of fashion, and a referee at clubs; hated worry, loved luxury, was utterly unused to any restrictions, and was, en un mot, the very last sort of man to be coaxed, driven, coerced, propelled, or led in any way into the shackles Lord Glen proposed for him. But great is the might of money, and when you have Queen's Bench on one side of you and Hanover-square on the other, there is no knowing *what* you may do, mon ami, or which of the evils you may fancy the lesser; so, with all the odds in my favour, I hardly felt sure of winning the bet I had made in the Conservative.

"You *must* marry, Cyril," said old Glen, imperatively, as meeting St. Albans in St. James's-street the next morning between two and three he walked down there with him.

"My dear governor, so we must all *die*, but the obligation isn't an agreeable one; why refer to it? Positively, you're as cruel as a priest laying the skull and cross-bones right on the top of one's rose chaplets. The idea of bringing up horrid topics on a cool pleasant May morning like this!" answered St. Albans, stroking his moustaches.

The Marquis gave a little growl and a contemptuous sneer.

"I thought you were a man of the world."

"Did you? Far from it. I'm a most innocent and unsophisticated person; no man more so, but merit's always misjudged."

Lord Glen gave a short laugh of amusement, as well he might.

"I thought you were a man of the world, too much of one not to know that such a very unimportant step as marriage can matter nothing in our ranks. If your wife be in a bad temper, you have nothing to do but to leave her; if she begin a quarrel, go and dine at White's or the Guards'; if she bother you very much, have a separate establishment. You are not like a man of the middle class with a limited income, resting on a clientèle who *vise* all his actions, and would desert him if he tried to get a little liberty, or openly infringed their pet clap-trap of the domesticities. *We*, thank Heaven! have plenty of amusement, and don't want that very tame substitute, domestic happiness. We've cognac and Clicquot, and leave that weak tea to the poor devils who can't get anything better. Be sensible, Cyril; of all the married men we know, on which of them has his wife any influence? Which of them allows her to trouble him the least? Of course not; *he* is in the world, *she* is in the world; they go their own ways, and neither troubles the other. So will you and Avarina; she is far too sensible a woman to want a lover's devotion from you, or any of that nonsense, you may keep it for Madame de la Bonbonnière; she is a Frenchwoman, and likes sentiment. I perfectly understand your reluctance: you are a man of pleasure, naturally you dislike anything that may interfere with or limit your pleasure, but, believe me, in seventy-eight years I have seen a little of life, Cyril; marriage will not make the slightest difference to you; you will live in Belgrave-square instead of the Albany, that is all." St. Albans listened and walked on in silence. "You *must* marry," reiterated the Marquis. "Grey Royal has no more pace in her than a cab-horse; what could

possess you, my dear boy, to venture so much on that miserable chesnut?"

St. Albans drew his breath hard, and turned paler for a second.

"You recommend me to marry, governor?" he said, after a pause.

"I do, most decidedly."

"Very well, I'll think about it; don't worry me any more," said St. Albans, languidly. "Faugh! how that fellow that passed us was scented with musk! Are you going into White's? I am."

### III.

#### HOW LORD GLEN CONGRATULATED HIMSELF ON HIS VICTORY.

I HAVE always liked the Marquis myself; he has no deep feelings to trouble him, he is an egotistical and worldly old gentleman; he sometimes tilts with the most amiable unconsciousness against your tenderest wounds, and makes you writhe without ever noticing it; but I always liked him, always shall; he is very clever, very amusing, ever good natured, ever hospitable, and is as fond of his second son, in his own way, as he could be of any one. I should be very glad if anybody would tell me why novelists always fancy it necessary to make their characters *either* good or bad, quite one or quite the other; the majority of people about in the world are, it seems to me, *neither* the one nor the other exclusively, but a mixture of both, as the Mocha your valet brings you up in the morning is coffee and chicory equally mixed. Five people out of six have no marked characters at all, and the generality one meets could neither be taxed with any remarkable vice nor honoured for any remarkable virtue; they would ruin your peace with their malice, but would not touch you with a dagger for the world, and are capable neither of a positively noble action nor of a positively bad one. You must have force of character for the extreme of both good and evil. Half the people in society are like my friend Lord Glen, who would have been insulted, no person more so, had you asked him to do anything dishonourable; but could see nothing degrading in the advice he gave his son, honestly thinking it was the best St. Albans could receive and follow, to make a rich marriage, that he might quiet his creditors now, and live on his wife's money afterwards.

"I shall win, my dear fellow," said he to me at a morning party at Fulham, as he stood stirring the cream in a cup of Souchong under a great chesnut-tree on the lawn, where our band was playing *Trovatore* airs and new waltzes, and we were eating Neapolitan ices, flirting, and playing croquet or lawn billiards with some hundred or so of our kind in the grounds of Lady Rosediamond's bijou of a dower-house. I followed his glance, which was to where Avarina sat, looking more animated than usual, and talking to St. Albans.

"Do you think so, sir? I hope not. Tin's the best of all blessings, Heaven knows, but, my dear lord, he's the last fellow in the world to be put into the bondage of marriage, even for that. The idea of St. Albans married!"

"I was just such a man as Cyril at his age, and I married, but I can

assure you I made the fetters so light I did not know I wore them. Any sensible man may, if he likes. Cyril will marry Avarina, my dear Hervey, and will thank me very much for having made him the alliance. I knew I should bring him round to my views; he is a sensible fellow, really, though he has a few strange Quixotic ideas, like those about his election. I cannot imagine where he has got them; the St. Albans were never romantic, nor the Dormers either, and romance is such a *very* queer thing to linger in a man who has lived as my son has done. He will marry Avarina, mon garçon, and I am very glad of it—very glad." And the Marquis finished his tea, and turned to Lady Rosediamonds in the best possible spirits at the coming success of his diplomacy.

"Dine with me to-night, Hervey?" he asked, when the haute volée, as the journals called us next day, was dispersed, and Avarina and her mother were rolling back to Belgravia. "And you, Cyril?"

"I, sir?" said St. Albans. "Thank you, no. I'm engaged for this evening."

"Ah! no doubt; where to, may I ask?"

I dare say Lord Glen had a fond hope that the answer would be Wilton-crescent, but it wasn't; it was brief enough: "Richmond."

"Richmond? A man dinner, or a boating party, or what? You are always dining at Richmond, it seems to me; you were there on Monday, and yesterday too; with all the best houses in town open to you, I wonder you take the trouble to go all the way down there with a few men, or a few danseuses. Yesterday you threw over the Duchess's dinner for some Richmond affair. I have no business with what you do with yourself, of course, but it is unlike you, and bad taste, you are generally so very difficile. Won't you be back in time for Protocol's reception to-night?"

St. Albans shook his head:

"My dear governor, why should I go to Protocol's? The atmosphere will be at 70 deg. I should be crushed comme d'ordinaire, and I should only reach the green drawing-room and the Countess after three hours' steady toil. I've done so many of these things, please don't ask me; my health's too delicate to stand the fatigues of an assembly just yet again."

"Very odd," said Lord Glen to himself, as St. Albans drove off nodding a good-by to his father. "Last season Cyril was at every reception in town; he is surely never losing his taste for good society!"

I don't suppose the Marquis liked Avarina Sansreproche, as he had a special contempt for any but very lovely women, save for matrimonial alliances. The St. Albans women and men are a family of great beauty, and have been famed for it for many generations; and Lord Glen sets the greatest possible store on it, both in himself and others, therefore I don't suppose he had any particular admiration for his future daughter-in-law; but if he made love for himself in the Regency days half so gracefully and gallantly as he now made it for his son, the reputation he won when he was Viscount Fainéant was not to be wondered at. And if St. Albans was rather lax in his courtship, the Marquis did his best to cover and make up for his short-comings. St. Albans, though I suppose reconciled, was hardly as enchanted as his father; I fancied, now and then, there came over his face a look of genuine worry; and he was less in society than usual, which, considering he was a man whom you met

everywhere each season, and lived in the highest and gayest mondes, was only traceable to one cause not complimentary to Miss Sansreproche—that he did not care to have more of her society than he was forced, till he was linked to her for life. But Avarina bore it heroically; she went on her ways showing herself with her equable grace of manner at concerts, and diners, balls, and déjeûners. She was evidently, as Lord Glen said, a sensible woman, who neither gave nor expected any romantic nonsense; and though she smiled pleasantly when she and St. Albans met in the Ride, or at the Opera, or any of the numerous balls, dinners, and assemblies, she smiled just as pleasantly at me, or at the old Duchess of Lapislazuli, or at her terrier Azor. She did not seem to want St. Albans's attention, which was particularly lucky, for he did not seem inclined to pay it, but let that part of the affair devolve on his father. The rumour of their engagement got among the on dits of town, and one morning, in the *Conservative*, I read, among other fashionable intelligence, "It is rumoured that a matrimonial alliance is projected between Lord Cyril St. Albans, second son of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Glenallerton, and the Hon. Avarina Sansreproche, only daughter and sole heir of the Baroness of Turquoise and Malachite and the late Hon. George Sansreproche." The old lord standing by me pointed to the paragraph, smiled, and took out his enamelled box.

"Mon garçon, never bet with an old diplomatist!"

"The deuce, sir! Is it une affaire accomplie, then?"

"Of course!"

The Marquis gave me a glance that said: "Do you suppose anything I undertook could fail to be?"

"Has St. Albans positively proposed to her?"

"Proposed? No, I believe not; but the affair is quite arranged, and perfectly understood by every one. Lady Turquoise and I——"

"Then there is no hope for him?"

"No *fear*, you mean, *béçasse*! No, the marriage is as certain as if it had already taken place, and it will be the best step of his life."

"Well, sir, I hope it may; but, on my life, for St. Albans to marry seems as bad as for him to shoot himself. He's the last man in the world——"

The Marquis shrugged his shoulders, and tapped his box-lid amusedly.

"You men of the present generation are strange fellows! You speak of a good alliance made from social and sensible motives as dolefully as if it were a miserable, infatuated love-match. Cyril will marry, and will thank me very much for my advice. I told you I should win; there was never any doubt about it!"

St. Albans was sitting in the bay-window of White's half an hour after, when I went there, reading the morning papers, and, as his eyes fell on the paragraph that concerned himself, something suspiciously like a sneer went over his face. I suppose he thought it was an announcement of his own sale, similar to the announcement of the sale of a noble and costly library by Christie and Manson, or of a chesnut two-year-old by Tattersall.

"So you are really going in for marriage, St. Albans?" said Brabazon of the 2nd Life Guards.

St. Albans looked up for a moment, as if he were positively startled

by the very innocent and natural query; then he yawned behind his paper, stroked his moustaches, and stretched himself:

"My good fellow, if I were going to be hanged to-morrow, would you think it good taste to remind me of my doom?"

"By George! I wish Avarina heard you. *Is that paragraph true? You married!* Jupiter! who will credit it! You're a fit fellow to take matrimonial vows, certainly. Your wife will little know what a Tartar she has caught, if she heard some stories *I could tell her!*"

St. Albans smiled a little:

"Even if you did, Charlie, I would bet you my wife would like me better, with all my faults, than any man (if there be one) without any at all. My dear fellow, you forget you talk to the most attractive man in town."

He spoke the first words half sadly, but the last in his own léger, languid way, with a gay laugh. Brabazon laughed too, and began to talk of the latest odds taken for the Ascot Cup next week.

"Grey Royal hasn't a chance with Coronation and Beau Sire; she'll never win. I never knew one of Capel Caradoc's horses that did," said Wyndham, contemptuously.

"Grey Royal! I believe you. She's a clever-looking little mare, but she wouldn't win the Consolation Scramble," added Tom Vane. "She'll let you in heavily, St. Albans, take my word."

St. Albans laughed:

"Very likely. Most things feminine betray confidence, whether equine or human. But I'm resigned. Where's the good of worrying? It never makes anything better; there's nothing worth vexing oneself about under the sun; it only makes lines in your forehead, and spoils your good looks. The governor's an Epicurean, and so am I; we never bother ourselves; if things go smoothly, well and good; if they don't, we turn our backs on them."

"What a lucky dog that is," said Brabazon to me, as St. Albans went out of White's. "Nothing troubles him; his life's one long lounge of delicious far niente, except, I suppose, he's deep with the Jews; but if they know he's going to marry into such a lot of tin as the Sansreproche's, they'll let him alone fast enough."

St. Albans went home to the Albany, drank down some iced water and sherry, and threw himself into an écarté chair, worry enough on him, now that he was alone and could give reins to it.

"By Heaven! if that mare only wins I will never bet again, I swear. If she lose, I must sell my horses and everything available, pay the debts of honour as best I may, and leave England. My father is right: I live at the rate of a man with thirty thousand a year, and if I lose on that race, God knows what I am to do! And I have drawn her into my fate as well, poor child! She loves me: she would risk, do, endure anything on earth for me. But she knows nothing of the world; she little dreams what it is for a man of pleasure to have ruin stare him in the face, and threaten to rob him of all his luxuries, pleasures, appliances, all he values, even perhaps to his good name. Poverty, I verily believe, would be bearable to her with me; but, God help her! I am too spoiled by the world to reach her standard, or learn her unselfishness."

The other night, amis lecteurs, while we of the West were waltzing

and flirting, dining and laughing, in the East the great fire was raging, and Death was busy at his work. While we of Belgravia and May-fair were talking and laughing at White's, and the Guards', and the National, drinking claret and Cliequot at a hundred dinners, waltzing young beauties round a hundred ball-rooms, dashing through the lighted streets from one assembly to another, listening to the swell of the Huguenots overture, and the farewell cadence of Grisi's song, in the City the vast billows of flame were rolling up to the stars, scorching the calm summer night with their lurid breath, hissing like fiery serpents through the doomed roofs, lashing the river into sheets of fire, breaking the stillness of the June evening with bursts like thunder, and clutching human life into their fell embrace. How vast the difference that night between the two quarters of our city, close as they lay together—how strange the glittering gaiety of the one, the interminable horror of the other! But almost as vast, almost as strange is the difference between the outward and inward life of men, the life that is for society, and the life that is for solitude—the calm, the nonchalance, the gaiety that we see in the one, the storm, the fury, the devastation that may rage, unknown to us, in the other.

## IV.

## HOW OUR BET WAS DRAWN.

ASCOT week came, and Grey Royal won! beating Coronation, who had been winner of the Two Thousand the year before, and Beau Sire, who had been second at the Derby, throwing everybody out of their calculations, and gaining the Red Riband of the Turf for Capel Caradoc; giving the lie to all her foes' predictions, and proving herself worthy of her few staunch friends' trust, like a well-bred, clever, unpretending little chesnut as she was. Grey Royal won, and so by her did St. Albans. He drove me down on the Cup-day, and never had I seen him so agitated about the issue of a race. He always betted considerably, and always took his gains or his losses with that light laissez-faire philosophy arising from the mixture in his character of generosity and carelessness, sweet temper and indolence, which he had practised all his life; but that day it deserted him. He was very pale; he looked anxious and agitated; and as for the last ten yards Coronation and Grey Royal held neck by neck together, I heard his quick, loud breathings, that told how much was at stake for him on the issue of the race. Grey Royal won, the Marquis was fain to confess he had been in the wrong, and his son looked like a man who had received a reprieve from the gallows or the guillotine, and drove us back to town in spirits too genuinely gay to be forced or assumed.

"So that chesnut of Caradoc's won, after all!" said the Marquis to me on the Heath. "I am glad she did. I know Cyril had risked a great deal of money upon her, and if he has won considerably he can free himself of one or two of his more pressing debts before his marriage. But I dare say you know more of how his affairs stand than I do."

"St. Albans, you must dine with us at the Star and Garter tomorrow," said Brabazon, as we drove home. "You must. No, hang it! we won't let you off, will we, Hervey? You're beginning to grow un-



sociable. That's what comes of being an engaged man, or next door to it. There won't be any women, so Avarina can't be scandalised if she hears of it."

St. Albans laughed:

"My dear fellow, I shouldn't mind scandalising Miss Sansreproche in the least."

"As a *préparatif* to what she'll have to encounter afterwards, eh? Well, that's only fair. You'll come then, Cyril? I'll call for you at half-past six, if you like?"

"Very well, do."

He didn't seem over willing, I thought, despite the preference his father had accused him of giving to Richmond dinners over private ones. Whether he was or not, however, Brabazon took him and me up at White's the next day, and the Marquis nodded his son a good-humoured adieu from the bay window.

"Cyril asked me what time he could see me alone to-morrow," he thought, complacently, as he returned to his papers. "To tell me he has proposed to Avarina, no doubt! Ah! adroit management always succeeds. It is only your bunglers who fail—your *maladroits*, who push the thing too far, or do not push it far enough."

Brabazon's dinner was a very pleasant one. He had about ten or a dozen men, and we were as comfortable as we ever are when we're alone. (*Passez-moi le mot, mesdemoiselles*; ungallant it may sound, but it is true, and truth is so very great a rarity, that of course you value it as you do green roses, pink pearls, old point, or any other exceptional treasure.) We could talk what we liked, we could smoke when we would, we had not to rake up current chit-chat for Lady Adeliza nor go through an examination in chamber-music for Miss Concerto; it was a pleasant dinner from the fish to the move, which did not inaugurate the exit of ladies, but the entrance of coffee, and a lounge at the windows to scent the honeysuckles and drink iced waters.

"Hervey," said Brabazon, suddenly, "do you remember that girl we saw as we came back from Telfer's boating party? You do? Well, I told you, didn't I, I'd find out something about her? I sent Evans down to inquire what he could, but he's such a stupid fool, he only brought me word that the house was called Brooke Lodge, as if I cared a hang for the name of the *place*! I must ferret her out somehow. She was such a pretty little dear! If I see her in that garden again, I'll speak to her, I vow, for all she flew away as if we were ogres."

"How do you know your acquaintance will be desired or accepted?" said St. Albans from another window, in a short tone utterly unlike his own.

I looked at him surprised. There was a flush of annoyance on his face, and he pulled down his left wristband impatiently. Brabazon laughed:

"What a shocking fellow you are, St. Albans! Can't you let one talk of a single woman without wanting to appropriate her? Poor Avarina, *je la plains*! But do you know my little beauty?"

"What may her name be?" said St. Albans, with his teeth set hard on his Manilla.

"Marchmont, I think; I mean to find out more about her. She's too

good to be lost, if attainable ; she's the loveliest little thing, on my honour, and you know——"

St. Albans stroked his moustaches impatiently, an angry flush mounting over his forehead. I had never seen him look so irritated in his life.

"I know one thing, that if you want to be home in time for Lady Wentworth's theatricals, you must start. It is ten o'clock," he said, looking at his watch, and flinging his Manilla into the garden below.

We did want to be in time for Lady Wentworth's, so we broke up and drove homewards, St. Albans and I, in Brabazon's trap. St. Albans chose the back seat, and was unusually silent, smoking, and entering but little into mine and Brabazon's conversation, which was chiefly on the score of the girl whom we had seen a few days before, when we were on the river, throwing a stick into the water, towards which her garden sloped down, for her dog to fetch, and whose face had caught Brabazon's eye, and pleased him so well that he couldn't forget it, and being an inflammable fellow, had sworn to see it again, which appeared to him tolerably practicable, as, by all his servant could hear, she seemed to be living alone, save a few domestics, and rather a mysterious young lady altogether, going by the name of Miss Marchmont. He was destined to keep his oath. Just as we drove out of Richmond we passed the palings of a garden, with laburnums and lilacs nodding their heads over them in the summer moonlight, and leaning on the top rail of the little iron gate stood this identical girl ; the June evening was well-nigh as bright as day, and very pretty and striking she certainly looked in it.

"By George!" cried Brabazon, who was a devil-may-care young fellow, and that night, thanks to his having won by Grey Royal, in the mood for any sort of lark, "there's my little beauty, I vow, looking for somebody—for me, perhaps. By Jove, I'll go and ask her!"

"Stop! Good God! are you mad?" began St. Albans, in a tone I'd never heard from him in his life; but before the words were off his lips, Brabazon pulled up, flung the reins to me, jumped down, and with a laugh, lifting his hat, went up to the gate. The girl stood as if uncertain in the dusky light whether he was the person, whoever he was, whom she expected or not; but before he could speak to her, St. Albans sprang down, and caught hold of his arm, while the little beauty uttered *his* name, "Cyril!" with an accent of intense relief and delight.

"Brabazon, take care what you say," he began, in an under tone, fiercer than that careless laissez-faire fellow had ever troubled himself to use to anybody.

The other looked up and laughed:

"The devil! I beg your pardon, St. Albans. I didn't know I was poaching on your manor; couldn't tell, could I? You abominable sly dog, I thought you'd some proprietorship in——"

"Be silent, for Heaven's sake!" said St. Albans, impetuously. "She is my *wife*! As such, you must honour and respect her."

Brabazon stared aghast. "Your wife! Good God! I thought Avarina Sansreproche——"

"Is nothing to me; never was, never will be. This is my wife. Our marriage has been secret, owing to many reasons, but it must be secret no longer now insult has once approached her," said St. Albans, as he turned

and beckoned to me, in his old languid, indolent style, drawing the girl's hand through his arm. "Hervey, my good fellow, it's a queer place for an introduction, ten o'clock at night at a garden gate, I must say, but will you allow me? Violet, these are two of my best friends. Lady Cyril St. Albans; Major Hervey, Captain Brabazon."

"I told Cyril twelve o'clock, and it is twenty to one; but he is never punctual. He might as well come at once; he knows I shall be delighted to hear his news, though I know what it will be. The idea of Hervey's betting me I should not manage that affair. If you set to work adroitly you are safe to succeed; skilful diplomacy always—Ah! there you are, Cyril, at last. Good morning," said the Marquis, next morning, looking up from his breakfast in his house in Berkeley-square, awaiting the interview his son had requested.

St. Albans tossed himself into an easy-chair, laid his head back on the cushion, and stroked an infinitesimal terrier. "Good morning, governor. I'm come to speak to you, please."

"Speak, my dear fellow," smiled the Marquis, graciously. "I can guess your errand, but go on."

"Did I understand you rightly, sir, that you wished me to marry?"

"Quite rightly. I do wish you—most earnestly."

"You think I couldn't do better?"

"Decidedly I do. You have my full concurrence."

"I'm glad to hear that, because it's troublesome to dispute, and you know I'm always happy to please you. Will you come and be introduced to my wife, then?"

The Marquis laughed, and stirred his chocolate:

"My dear Cyril, I congratulate you most warmly; you have acted most wisely; believe me it will be the happiest step of your life."

"I think it will!"

"I know it will. I could not tell you how much I myself am pleased. Of course you have said nothing about time yet, but if I might advise, I should hurry it on as much as possible. Your Jews——"

"I have hurried it on. I went through the ceremony, and bore it nobly, I assure you, a month ago."

The Marquis stared. "Went through the ceremony? Pardon me, I don't quite understand your jest. What do you mean?"

"I mean, *bon père*, that I *am* married!"

"Good Heavens! Avarina would never——"

"Avarina has nothing to do with it. My dear governor, I'm very sorry, but I had anticipated your advice. Don't be vexed, governor, she will do the St. Albans credit; surely, you can trust my taste. I was married the day you counselled me first. We have had to keep it private, because of those deuced Jews; but there is no longer any need. I won enough at Ascot to quiet the most troublesome, and I am able to proclaim it, and introduce her now. Don't go into a fit, my dear father, for God's sake! I know you meant all kindness, but had I never met Violet, neither you nor any man would have made me sell myself for money——"

"Violet!" gasped the Marquis, white and breathless.

"Poor Marchmont's daughter—his only child, indeed. Do you re-

member him—a man in the Bays, who ran through every sou and cut to France? I met her in Paris this spring, under very singular circumstances—romantic ones, if you like. No matter to relate them now; her father was dead, she was only eighteen, alone and unhappy with some wretched French people, and, in a word," said St. Albans, nestling into his chair and resuming his old tone, "she pleased me, and I was so dreadfully afraid of your fettering me one day to some red-haired woman with tin, that I married her in Paris, and gave her a right to protect me."

Lord Glenallerton gasped for breath, then rose, his indignation too great to be uttered. He looked at his son with deep, mournful, contemptuous pity.

"The girl was only eighteen—alone—unprotected—and you *married* her!"

St. Albans rose too:

"Yes, my lord, I married her! Vaurien I may be, but, thank God, I did not utterly abuse trust innocently and entirely placed in me."

The Marquis waved his hand to the door.

"I decline to express my opinion of your conduct, or I should be obliged to use words I should regret to use to a man who bears my name. You will see your own folly in time without any enlightenment from me. I need not say I wish our acquaintance to cease from to-day. May I trouble you to leave me?—Married a woman without a farthing! Good God! And he calls himself a man of the world!" murmured the Marquis, as the door closed on his son; and he sank back in his arm-chair, crushed, paralysed, and speechless, at the ruin of all his diplomacy.

And so our bet was drawn! The MARQUIS'S TACTICS were the best joke of that season; but Rochefoucauldean philosopher though he might be, I believe their failure rankled more cruelly in Lord Glen's breast than any lack of success at a European congress or a meeting of the Powers. He had never been foiled before—and he had made a fool of himself to so many! As for cutting St. Albans, he was too good natured to do that, and in his heart liked his son too well to be able to sit in the same club window many days without speaking to him. He considers him an *enfant perdu*, a wasted alliance—*en un mot*, a very great fool—but told him so one day with much unction, regretted that romantic element in his character, to which his downfall was to be attributed, with deep pathos, and was reconciled to him ever afterwards. He had some slight consolation when Fainéant returned from Athens, in wedding him to Avarina Sansreproche; and if you asked him which he preferred of his two belles-filles, he would tell you—and possibly persuade himself that he told the truth—that he admires and respects the future Baroness of Turquoise and Malachite de tout son cœur, and has never pardoned "Cyril's Folly," as he terms the other; but as Lady Fainéant grows decidedly plainer as years roll on, and it is Violet St. Albans with whom he laughs, jokes, and tells his Regency stories, and at whom he looked most complacently at the Drawing-room, when they were both presented "on their marriage," the next season, I have my doubts as to his veracity, though I have too much gratitude for gold tips given me in my Eton days, and too much liking for my good friend the Marquis, ever to remind him of the one sore point of his life, and the BET I ONCE MADE AT THE CONSERVATIVE-

# The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

## Book the Third.

### X.

#### HOW THE ADMIRAL WAS ARRESTED.

MEANWHILE, Sir John Gage and the Admiral were making their way as expeditiously as they could towards the court. In order to reach it without interruption, they were obliged to take a circuitous route, to traverse several long passages, and finally to descend a back staircase in the east wing of the palace.

This brought them to the eastern end of the court, which was entirely deserted, and they then perceived that the escort had been dispersed; but the Admiral's steed, with the king's palfrey, and some half-dozen other horses, were still left in charge of the grooms near the principal entrance of the palace.

Uttering an exclamation of joy, Seymour hurried on in the direction of the horses, closely followed by the Constable. But ere they got up several halberdiers descended from the steps, and placed themselves in the way.

"You cannot pass, my lord," said the chief of this party, recognising the Admiral. "We have the Lord Protector's order to detain you."

"Out of my way, fellow! thou hadst best!" cried Seymour. "My authority is superior to thine. Show him the king's signet, Sir John."

"His majesty's orders are that the Lord Admiral be permitted to depart upon the instant," said the Constable. "Behold the royal signet!" he added, displaying the ring.

"Enough, Sir John," rejoined the halberdier. "You will hold us harmless if we do wrong."

On this the men drew aside, and the Admiral and his companion passed on.

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"My horse," cried Seymour to the groom, who looked alarmed and irresolute.

"Give it him, fellow," cried the Constable. "'Tis by the king's commands."

In another instant Seymour had reached his steed, who neighed exultingly as his master sprang upon his back. At the same instant Sir John Gage vaulted into the saddle of another horse, and they both dashed out of the court, and rode down the descent leading to the Bloody Tower.

"Confusion! the gate is closed," cried Seymour, as they approached. "What ho! warder," he shouted. "Let us through, in the king's name."

The warder, who had come forth, hearing the injunction repeated by the Constable, prepared to comply, when suddenly a cannon was fired from the summit of the Cold-harbour Tower—a structure which, it may be remembered, closely adjoined the palace—while almost simultaneously loud shouts were heard proceeding from the same direction.

"What shall I do, Sir John?" demanded the warder, hesitating.

"Open the gate instantly," roared the Admiral.

At this moment two or three horsemen, accompanied by several yeomen of the guard, were seen at the summit of the acclivity. All these persons were hurrying towards the gate, and vociferating to the warder not to open it.

One of the horsemen rode on more quickly than the others, and as he advanced, Seymour perceived to his astonishment that it was Ugo Harrington. There was something in the esquire's looks and gestures that showed his purpose to be hostile, but all doubts on the subject were ended as he came up.

Flight was now impossible to Seymour, for the warder, declining to open the gate, had retreated to the tower, from a grated window in which he reconnoitred the different parties. Turning to face his opponents, who were now coming on in considerable numbers, the Admiral regarded them sternly.

"How comes it that I see thee with this rout, Ugo?" he cried, "and hear thy voice raised against me? Art thou a traitor?"

"No, an enemy to traitors," rejoined the esquire. "I am sent to arrest you, my lord, and I call upon Sir John Gage and all others who are nigh to aid me."

"Thou sent to arrest me!" cried Seymour, with a scornful laugh. "Could none other but my own servant be found to do the office?"

"I sought it, and it was granted me, in consideration of services I have rendered to the Lord Protector," rejoined Ugo. "This is my vengeance for the wrong you did me three years

ago. I have revealed all your treasonable practices to the council, and in return they have charged me to arrest you."

"Have you the warrant?" demanded the Constable.

"'Tis here," replied Ugo, producing it. "My Lord Admiral, I arrest you of high treason in the name of the Lord Protector and the council. Resistance will avail you nothing. Yield yourself, therefore, a prisoner, and deliver up your sword."

"Take it to thy heart, vile traitor," cried Seymour, plunging his rapier with such force into the esquire's body that the hilt smote against his breast. Uttering a fearful cry, Ugo fell backwards, and unable to keep his seat in the saddle, rolled heavily to the ground, where he lay, breathing curses against his slayer.

For a moment, the yeomen of the guard, who had witnessed this terrible act of retribution, looked on in horror and consternation, but the next instant they closed round the Admiral, and seizing his bridle, and presenting their halberds at his breast, prevented him from making any further movement. Sir John Gage also interposed.

"Give me the warrant," he shouted.

"Take it," said the dying man to the halberdier who approached him. "It will avenge me."

"My Lord Admiral," said Gage, as he received the parchment, which was sprinkled with blood, "I must now discharge the office of the man you have just wounded unto death. You are my prisoner. Dismount, I pray you."

Seeing resistance fruitless, the Admiral complied. As he alighted, he found himself close beside his bleeding victim, whose dying gaze was fixed upon him.

"Take charge of the prisoner," said Sir John Gage, "and conduct him to the palace, that the Lord Protector's pleasure concerning him may be ascertained."

While the guard were placing themselves on either side of the Admiral, Ugo raised himself slightly by a last effort, and cried, "You cannot escape now. I vowed that your head should fall upon the block—and so it will. I die content."

And with a laugh of exultation, he fell backwards and expired.

"Vindictive wretch! thou hast well deserved thy fate!" ejaculated the Constable. "Remove the body to Manger's vault yonder—beneath the Bloody Tower," he continued. "'Tis a fitting place for it. And let these sanguinary stains be effaced. Ere long, in all likelihood, his majesty will pass this way. Now, bring on the prisoner. To the palace!"

With this, he rode slowly up the ascent, followed by the Admiral, whose courage seemed wholly unshaken by the sudden reverse he had experienced, and who marched with a firm step and haughty front in the midst of the guard.

Dismounting at the grand portal, the Constable caused his prisoner to be taken in, and then entering himself, proceeded with the Admiral and the guard to that part of the palace where he had left the king, and where he was informed that his majesty still remained.

As may be imagined, the arrest of so important a personage as the Admiral caused a vast deal of excitement amongst all those who saw him brought in. Strange looks and whispers were interchanged. Seymour, however, was known to stand so high in his royal nephew's favour, that all anticipated his speedy release.

On arriving at the ante-chamber, the Constable ordered the guard to remain there with the prisoner, while he went in to the king.

"Leave me not here, I pray you, good Sir John," said the Admiral, "but take me at once before his majesty."

"I must first ascertain the Lord Protector's pleasure," rejoined the Constable. And he entered the inner room.

After a short absence he returned, and, approaching the Admiral, said, "Admittance is denied you, my lord. His majesty, who is greatly moved in your behalf, would fain have you brought in, but the Lord Protector is inflexible upon the point, and the whole of the council support him."

"Alas! poor king! he will never have a will of his own," exclaimed Seymour. "But I must see him, good Sir John. I must have a word with him."

"It cannot be, my lord," rejoined the Constable. "My orders are peremptory. I must take you hence forthwith, and place you in confinement."

"But the king must needs pass through this chamber. Let me stay here till he comes forth. Fortune frowns upon me at this moment, but she will smile again ere long, and then I shall not forget the service."

"I cannot do it—I dare not do it, my lord. I have already incurred the Protector's displeasure by what I have done. Guards, bring on the prisoner."

"I will not stir," cried the Admiral, fiercely. "I *will* see the king."

"My lord, you cannot. Ha! his majesty comes forth."

And, as he spoke, the doors of the inner chamber were thrown open by the henchmen, and immediately afterwards Edward came out, closely attended by the Lord Protector, and followed by the council.

The young monarch was evidently much distressed. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he did not notice the Admiral and the guard.

Not so Somerset. Instantly perceiving his brother, he cast an ireful look at Sir John Gage.



"Stand aside, my lord," said the Constable to Seymour. "You have done me a great injury. You must not speak to the king."

And he signed to the halberdiers to keep him back. But the Admiral would not be restrained. Ere the king had advanced many paces, he broke from the guard, and prostrated himself before his royal nephew.

"Protect me, sire!—protect me from my enemies!" he cried.

Edward regarded him with deep commiseration, and would have raised him, if Somerset had not stepped quickly forward, and rudely pushed his brother aside.

"Forbear!" he cried, "thou monstrous traitor. Dare not to approach the king thou hast so deeply injured. Thy heinous treasons and misdemeanours have justly steeled his heart against thee. Turn a deaf ear to his prayers, sire, and pass on. He deserves not a moment's consideration."

"And what art thou, who dar'st to call me traitor?" cried Seymour, springing to his feet. "Treason in thy case has assumed gigantic proportions such as it never heretofore attained. Falsest of traitors hast thou been to thy late sovereign lord and master, who loved and trusted thee, and loaded thee with honours. False and traitorous wert thou to King Henry in regard to his will, which by thy machinations was fraudulently stamped while he lay helpless, speechless, dying. False and traitorous hast thou been to thy royal nephew, whose youth and inexperience thou hast abused, and whom thou hast sought to deprive of his power and authority. Thou chargest me with treasons and misdemeanours! Thine own are of such magnitude that others are dwarfed beside them. Thou hast usurped thy present post, and wilt usurp the crown itself, if thou be'st not prevented."

"I disdain to answer these idle charges," said Somerset; "but there is one so grave, that, since it is made publicly, must and shall be instantly refuted. You tax me with causing the late king's will to be fraudulently stamped. Those who witnessed it—and they are several in number—can prove that the accusation is false. But on what pretence do you dare to make so scandalous, so atrocious a charge?"

"On the confession of your accomplice, Doctor Butts."

"Where is the confession?" demanded Somerset. "Produce it."

"Ay, produce it—if you can?" said Warwick, in a derisive tone.

"The document has been purloined from me—no doubt by my villanous servant, Ugo Harrington, whom I have punished for his perfidy," rejoined Seymour. "But what I avouch is true."

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Warwick. "'Tis evident your charge cannot be supported, and must be regarded as false and malicious. In your own case, on the contrary, we have abundant proof of treasonable practices. Learn to your confusion that your accom-

plíce, Sir William Sharrington, is a prisoner here in the Tower, and has confessed his guilt, and your participation in his offences."

This was a heavy and unexpected blow to the Admiral, and it was plain he felt it; but he quickly recovered, and said, with great audacity, "Any charge that Sharrington may bring against me can be refuted. Let me be confronted with him."

"That you shall be anon, and with your other confederates in treason," said the Protector. "But you must be content to await your examination by the council."

"Your majesty will not allow me to be sacrificed by my enemies?" cried Seymour, appealing to the king, who, though he looked compassionately at him, had not hitherto spoken.

"Justice must take its course," interposed the Protector. "His majesty cannot interfere."

"Alas! I cannot," exclaimed Edward, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Do you abandon me in this dire extremity, sire?" cried the Admiral. "A word from you, and I am free."

"You are mistaken, my lord," said Warwick. "It is not even in his majesty's power to free you now. You must be brought to trial for the heinous offences with which you are charged. To pardon you would be to encourage treason and rebellion."

"I am neither traitor nor rebel," cried Seymour. "Would you all were as loyal and devoted to the king as I am. Sire, will you see me crushed without a word to save me?"

"Peace! your appeals are vain," rejoined Somerset. "Come, sire!"

"Farewell! my lord," said Edward. "Heaven grant you may be able to clear yourself!"

Casting a compassionate look at the Admiral, he then moved on, attended by the Protector, and followed by the council. Before quitting the room, he gave another farewell look at his uncle, who continued gazing imploringly and half reproachfully at him.

In another moment he was gone—for ever, as far as Seymour was concerned. He never beheld him more.

For a moment, the Admiral remained stupified. But quickly recovering himself, he assumed all his customary haughtiness of deportment and fearlessness of look.

"The chances are against me for the moment, Sir John," he observed to the Constable. "But all is not lost. The worst that can befall me is long imprisonment, like Norfolk's, or exile. My brother will not venture to bring me to the scaffold. The curse of Cain would be on him, were he to shed my blood!"

"Had you succeeded in your attempt and overthrown him, would you have spared your brother, my lord?" demanded the Constable.

Seymour made no reply.

"You would not," pursued Gage. "Then judge him not too

severely. You have tried him sorely. But it is now my painful duty to see you taken to your prison-lodging. May it be mine, also, to assist at your liberation. Guards, to the Bowyer Tower!"

The Admiral was then surrounded by the halberdiers, in the midst of whom he marched across the green towards a tower at the north side of the inner ward.

By this time, the king, with the Lord Protector, the lords of the council, and their attendants having departed, there were but few witnesses of the scene; and none whom Seymour heeded. Spectacles of this kind had been too frequent during the late reign to excite much wonder. But all who beheld the Admiral marvelled at his proud deportment and confident looks.

On arriving at the Bowyer Tower, he was consigned to the charge of Tombs, the gaoler, who, unloeking a strong oaken door, strengthened with plates of iron, and studded with flat-headed nails, ushered him into the very cell in which the Earl of Surrey had been confined. The recollection of his interview with the unfortunate nobleman on the night before his execution rushed upon Seymour's mind, and filled him with dread.

"I like not this cell, Sir John," he observed to the Constable, who had accompanied him. "Can I not have another lodging?"

"Is there any other cell vacant, Tombs?" demanded the Constable.

"None that would suit his lordship," replied the gaoler. "His grace of Norfolk is in the Beauchamp Tower, the Earl of Devonshire is in the Devilin Tower, Bishop Gardiner in the Flint Tower, and Bishop Heath in the Brick Tower. Sir William Sharrington is in the Constable's Tower. There is a cell unoccupied in the Martin Tower, but it is not so comfortable as this. The Bowyer Tower hath always been reserved for the highest nobles. The last person who lodged here, as your lordship may remember," he added to Seymour, "was the Earl of Surrey."

"For that reason I like it not," rejoined the Admiral. "But no matter. What signifies it who occupied the dungeon?"

"True; as your lordship observes, it matters little," said Tombs. "You will find the chamber very comfortable."

"I would I could do better for you, my lord," observed the Constable; "but you will be as well here as anywhere else—perhaps better. See that his lordship is well cared for, and that all his reasonable requests are attended to," he added to the gaoler.

Tombs promised strict compliance, and by Gage's directions proceeded to divest the Admiral of his armour, carrying the different pieces composing it out of the cell.

Promising to send the prisoner changes of apparel and other matters which he required, the Constable took his departure; the door of the dungeon was locked outside by Tombs; and Seymour was left to his meditations.

Thus far the Third Book.

## Book the Fourth.

## THE BOWYER TOWER.

## I.

HOW SIR WILLIAM SHARINGTON WAS CONFRONTED WITH THE ADMIRAL.

A PRISONER in the Tower!

Sudden and sad was the change that had come over the haughty Seymour—that morn one of the most powerful nobles in the land, with hundreds ready to obey him—at eve a prisoner in the Tower.

A prisoner!—he a prisoner! 'Twas hard to realise the dread idea. Yet, as he gazed around his narrow cell, the terrible conviction forced itself upon him, and a sickness like that of death came over him. Remorse, suddenly roused within his breast, added to the mental anguish he endured. With a conscience burdened with many crimes, the enormity of which he could not hide from himself, he yet felt no contrition. Perceiving not that the chastisement he endured was justly inflicted for his sinfulness, he murmured against the wrath he had provoked.

No more fearful state of mind can be conceived than that which the unhappy man now experienced. The furies seemed to lash him with all their whips, and to goad him to madness. So acute, indeed, were his sufferings, that finding reflection intolerable, he threw himself on a pallet which was laid in a deep recess, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. But his slumbers were not undisturbed, his dreams being scarcely less terrible than his waking thoughts.

Another day passed much in the same manner as the first. Its dreary monotony was unrelieved by any event, save the appearance, at stated intervals, of the gaoler, who brought him the changes of apparel and other matters promised by Sir John Gage.

No information as to the intentions of the council could be obtained by the prisoner from Tombs. Seymour had hoped that he might be speedily examined, but in this expectation he was disappointed. His enemies could scarcely have devised greater torture than by leaving him a prey to his own bitter reflections.

The keenest pang, however, that he endured—keener than the loss of power and position—was the thought that he was debarred

from seeing the Princess Elizabeth, or hearing from her. If he could but behold her once more, he should be content; if he could but hear from her, it would soothe his anguish. She must needs be aware of his fall, and perchance might find some means of communicating with him. But no letter or message came.

Sir John Gage did not even make his appearance. Had the council interdicted him from visiting the prisoner? When questioned on the subject, the gaoler answered that he thought so. Not till he became a captive himself had Seymour any notion of the horrors of captivity. Solitary confinement was inexpressibly irksome to him—well-nigh intolerable.

Leaving the unhappy man to himself for a while, we will now see what proceedings had been taken by his enemies.

On the day following the Admiral's imprisonment in the Tower, the seal of his office was sent for and placed in the hands of one of the secretaries of state. All his private papers and correspondence were secured, and several officers of his court, known to be in his confidence, and supposed to be able to make disclosures against him, were arrested. His two residences, Seymour House and Chelsea Manor-House, were seized by the officers of the crown, the former, with all its rich furniture and objects of art being appropriated by the Lord Protector, and the latter, soon afterwards, being bestowed upon the Earl of Warwick, as the price of his assistance to Somerset.

Messengers of state, accompanied by sufficient force to enable them to execute their purpose, were sent to take possession of Seymour's princely mansion, Sudley Castle, and of his fortress, Holt Castle. These places were occupied without resistance, for on hearing that the Admiral was arrested, all his partisans lost heart. Both castles were escheated to the crown, the former being given to the Marquis of Northampton (brother, it will be remembered, to the unhappy Queen Catherine Parr), and the latter converted into a garrison for the king's troops.

Six of the swiftest-sailing ships of war were despatched to the Scilly Islands to take possession of all the stores laid up there by the grand conspirator, and to capture and destroy the piratical vessels in his pay. Vigorous measures were also taken to repress risings in the different counties known to be favourable to the Admiral, and several ringleaders were arrested and subsequently hanged.

By these prompt and decisive steps, which were taken on the advice and under the direction of Warwick, the insurrection was effectually crushed. Terror-stricken by the fall of their leader, the bands upon whom he had counted quickly dispersed. A slight demonstration in his behalf was made in the city of London, where the

apprentices, incited by his partisans, cried out against his arrest, but the rioters were speedily put down by the train-bands.

Thus was one of the most daring and extraordinary conspiracies ever planned brought to an end before it had time to explode. Thus with Lord Seymour fell the entire edifice he had been at so much pains to construct.

All these proceedings, however, were kept carefully concealed from the contriver of the plot, and whatever he might suspect, he knew not how completely his work had been undone.

On the sixth day of his imprisonment it was intimated to the Admiral by Tombs that he would be examined by the council, and the intelligence was satisfactory to him. By this time, he had fully recovered from the shock occasioned by his fall; all his courage had returned, and hope was again kindled in his breast. Having prepared for his defence, he persuaded himself he should be able to baffle his enemies.

Arrayed in habiliments of black velvet, he impatiently awaited the summons of the council. It was brought by the Constable of the Tower in person, who came with a guard to conduct him to the Lieutenant's lodgings, where the council were assembled. Sir John looked grave and stern, and declined to answer any questions put to him.

After a short detention in the ante-room, Seymour was taken into the large wainscoted chamber already described, where he found all the members of the council, with the exception of Cranmer, seated round a table covered with green cloth. Before them were piles of letters and other papers, which he knew at a glance related to himself.

At the upper end of the table sat the Earl of Warwick, with the Earl of Southampton on his right hand, and Lord Russell on his left. The countenances of the assemblage boded him little good. But Seymour was not to be daunted by the stern and menacing looks fixed upon him. Standing between two halberdiers, he surveyed the assemblage with a glance of defiance, and making a haughty inclination to them, drew himself up to his full height.

"My lord," said Warwick, "we trust—though your proud and assured deportment seems scarcely to warrant such a conclusion—that the confinement you have undergone has wrought in you a penitent spirit, and that you are prepared to confess the heinous offences and treasons of which you have been guilty—and of which we may tell you we have proof—and throw yourself upon your offended sovereign's mercy."

"I have nothing to confess, my lord," rejoined the Admiral, sternly. "I have been guilty of no crimes!"

"We have the depositions of various witnesses against you,"

said Warwick. "They shall be read, and you can then disprove them, if you have the power."

"I demand an open trial," rejoined Seymour. "I refuse to answer any interrogations which you, my lord of Warwick, or your colleagues, may put to me, knowing you to be my mortal enemies."

"Do you venture to impugn the justice of the council?" said Warwick.

"I do," rejoined Seymour. "You may spare yourselves the trouble of reading those depositions to me. I shall not reply to them."

"We will find a way to move you, if you continue thus stubborn, my lord," remarked Southampton. "The rack may make you speak."

"Not if you turn the wheel yourself, my lord, with as much zeal as you did against poor Anne Askew," retorted Seymour. "How know I by what means these depositions against me have been procured? Let my accusers be confronted with me, and we shall then see whether they will maintain their charges to my face."

"We might well refuse your demand," replied Warwick. "But to prove that we are not so inimical as you represent us, it shall be granted. Let Sir William Sharrington be brought in."

After a short pause, the unfortunate master of the mint was introduced by a side door. Wholly unable to walk without support, he had to be accommodated with a chair. He gave a terrified and half-imploing look at the Admiral, and then cast down his eyes.

"Sir William Sharrington," said Warwick, "you have already confessed that you have coined ten thousand pounds of false money, and clipped coin to the extent of forty thousand pounds. At whose instigation, and for whose benefit, did you commit these offences?"

"Before you answer, Sir William," cried Seymour, "I desire you will look me straight in the face."

"Speak!" cried Warwick, "and declare the truth."

"I cannot speak," said Sharrington, quailing beneath the Admiral's terrible gaze. "His glances pierce into my soul."

"You have wrung this confession from him by torture," cried Seymour. "He has accused me to save himself. Is it not so, Sir William?"

"Do not let him intimidate you, sir, but avow the truth," said Warwick. "You cannot deny your own confession."

"Was it not extorted by the rack?" cried Seymour.

"Ay, marry was it," replied Sharrington; "else I had confessed nothing, I pray you forgive me, my lord, for what I have done."

"I freely forgive you," rejoined the Admiral, "though you have placed a weapon against me in the hands of my enemies. But they cannot use it now."

"The council cannot be trifled with in this manner, sir," observed Southampton to the master of the mint. "Are the charges you have made against Lord Seymour true, or false? Answer!"

"Take me hence, and place me again upon the rack, if you will," cried Sharrington. "I would rather die than submit to these interrogations."

"Thou wilt die by the hangman's hand, thou false and equivocating knave!" cried Warwick. "But we have thy confession—signed by thine own hand—and that is enough. Take him hence!" he added to the guard.

And, much to his own relief, the unfortunate man was removed.

"Your first accusation falls to the ground, my lords," said Seymour, triumphantly. "And I doubt not all the rest will do so."

"Do not delude yourself with any such notion, my lord," said Southampton. "We are all satisfied of the truth of Sir William Sharrington's confession, and it is sufficient to condemn you. But your crimes are manifold, as they are heinous. Thirty-six articles of high treason and other misdemeanours against the crown will be exhibited against you. You are charged with using all your natural influence over our youthful sovereign's mind to dissatisfy him with the government, and to get the control of affairs into your own hands—with corrupting by bribes certain gentlemen of the privy-chamber and others—with promising his majesty's hand in marriage—with endeavouring to obtain possession of his person, to the infinite peril of the realm—with confederating with divers disaffected noblemen and gentlemen—with secretly raising an army of ten thousand men, and providing money and supplies for that force for one month. You are also charged with putting your castle of Holt, in Denbighshire, into a state of defence, with providing it with a strong garrison and stores of war, with fortifying your castle of Sudley, in Gloucestershire, and with possessing yourself of the strong and dangerous Isles of Scilly, to which you purposed to retreat. All this you have done with the design of exciting rebellion, and causing civil war. In addition to these atrocious crimes, you are charged with others of a more dishonourable nature, and which must stamp your name with perpetual infamy. Not only are you taxed with inciting and abetting the gigantic frauds perpetrated by Sir William Sharrington, but it is objected against you, and can be proved, that you have abused the high office with which you have been entrusted by extorting money from merchantmen under various false pleas and pretences, by seizing upon wrecks and refusing restitution to the rightful owners, and by conspiring with pirates and sharing



their plunder. To this long catalogue of offences it may be added that you have secretly attempted to obtain the hand in marriage of his majesty's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, second inheritor of the crown, well knowing that such marriage would be against the late king's will, and could not be contracted without consent of the council. What answer make you to these charges?"

"I deny them all," replied Seymour, boldly.

"Your denial will avail nothing. We have damnatory proofs against you. We have the statements of Ugo Harrington, the wretched man slain by you—the depositions of the Marquis of Dorset—of Fowler of the privy-chamber—of Hornbeak, Blades, and other pirates with whom you have conspired, and who are now lodged in the Fleet—and of the Princess Elizabeth's governess, Mistress Ashley. Of the long list of offences with which you are charged, there is not one but can be proved."

"Still I repeat my emphatic denial of them all," said the Admiral. "I will answer every accusation brought against me, but not here. I demand an open trial, and, in justice, you cannot refuse it."

"Crimes of such magnitude as yours cannot be publicly discussed with safety to the state," rejoined Southampton. "Following the precedents afforded in such cases during the late reign, a bill of attainder will be brought against you."

"In other words, you mean to destroy me," interrupted Seymour. "I am to be condemned unheard. Finish this mockery of justice, and sentence me at once to the block."

"If you are convicted of your crimes, my lord, your sentence will follow quickly enough," observed Warwick—"more quickly, perchance, than you may desire. The articles of treason objected against you shall be left with you, and you can answer them as you see fit. This is all the grace we deign to confer. We are satisfied of your guilt, and your bold denial of the charges does not shake our conviction. Ever since your royal nephew came to the throne you have been plotting and contriving for increase of power, and if Heaven had not thwarted them, infinite danger to the king's person, and subversion of the whole state of the realm, might have followed your traitorous designs. We can hold out no hope to you. Leze-majesty and other high crimes and misdemeanours have been proved against you, and you will meet a traitor's doom."

"I will meet my death resolutely, come how or when it may," rejoined Seymour. "I spared your life, my lord of Warwick, when you were in my power, and it is thus you requite me. Your aim is to destroy me. But you will fail. The king will not see me perish."

"The king cannot pardon a convicted traitor," said Warwick.

"Once more, do you persist in your refusal to answer our interrogations?"

"Resolutely," said Seymour.

"Then the examination need be no further continued," pursued Warwick. "Let the prisoner be removed, Sir John."

On this the Admiral was withdrawn, and taken back to the Bowyer Tower.

## II.

BY WHOSE AID THE ADMIRAL SENT A LETTER TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

THREE days after the examination just described, Seymour was visited in his cell by the Earl of Warwick and some others of the council, who came to receive his answers to the articles of impeachment. He had cautiously limited himself, it appeared, to a few brief rejoinders, explanatory of his motives for supplying the king with money, and bestowing presents upon Fowler and other grooms of the chamber. To the more serious charges a simple and emphatic denial was all he deigned to return.

Throughout this second interview, Seymour conducted himself with the same spirit and determination which he had heretofore evinced. No menaces could shake him. Peremptorily refusing to answer the articles in detail, and objecting even to sign the short rejoinders he had made, he persisted in his demand for an open trial, and inveighed against the secret and inquisitorial examinations to which he was subjected, declaring that he would answer no more interrogations. Thereupon, Warwick and the others left him.

Shortly after this, the bill of attainder was brought into the House of Lords, and passed without delay. When transmitted to the Commons, it encountered strenuous opposition at first, but this was overruled by the Lord Protector's influence, and the bill likewise passed the Lower House. But not without considerable persuasion from the council, in which even Cranmer joined, was the royal assent obtained. This was given on the 10th March, 1549.

Seymour had been now nearly two months a prisoner in the Tower. Though his fortitude remained unshaken, his proud and impatient spirit chafed sorely against his confinement. No one was allowed to see him unless with a written order from the Constable of the Tower, and then only in the presence of the gaoler. Apprehensions being entertained lest he might find means of secretly conveying a letter to his royal nephew, the writing

materials which had been left with him, when it was hoped he might answer the articles of impeachment, were removed. No entreaties or promises could prevail upon Tombs to supply him with them again.

Cut off from communication with the outer world; deprived of all books, save a few godly tracts left with him by Latimer, by whom he was occasionally visited, and who pronounced him in a most sinful, hardened, and deplorable condition; devoured by ambition; tormented by an incurable passion; the Admiral, it will easily be imagined, passed his time wretchedly enough. Still, he was true to himself; still, he continued haughty and unyielding.

On the night of that unlucky day when the bill of attainder received the royal assent, of which circumstance he was informed by Tombs, he remained seated beside his table to a late hour, with his face covered by his hands.

All at once a noise, proceeding, as it seemed, from a loophole some feet from the ground, caused him to raise his eyes, and to his great astonishment he beheld, by the dim light of the iron lamp illumining the cell, a diminutive figure standing within the aperture. While he was staring at this apparition, the little personage called out,

"'Tis I, my lord—Xit, his majesty's somewhile dwarf. Aid me to descend, I beseech you. An I leap I shall break my neck, and that is not a death I desiderate."

On this Seymour advanced towards the aperture, and catching the dwarf, who sprang towards him, in his arms, set him on the ground.

"What brings thee here?" said the Admiral. "Know'st thou not it is as much as thy life is worth to visit me thus privily?"

"I know that right well, my lord," replied Xit; "and I have adventured my life to serve you. Your generosity towards me demanded a return, and I determined to prove my gratitude. Having been discharged from my post near his majesty by the Lord Protector, because he found out that I had conveyed messages to your lordship, I have once more become an inmate of the Tower, and now lodge with the three giant warders. It was by the aid of Og, the elder of the brethren, that I obtained admission to your cell. He placed me on his shoulders, whence I clambered to yon loophole; and though it was no easy matter, even for one of my slender proportions, I contrived to squeeze myself through the bars. Og is standing outside to aid me on my return."

"I owe thee much for thy fidelity," replied Seymour, greatly touched by the dwarf's devotion. "Of all who have profited by my bounty, thou art the only one who has exhibited gratitude. But how dost thou propose to aid me?"

"I thought your lordship might desire to have some letter or message conveyed for you, and as I knew Master Tombs would neither do your will, nor allow it to be done, I have come thus privily to offer myself as your messenger."

"I am much beholden to thee," said Seymour. "I have not the means of writing a letter, or I would confide one to thee. My tablets are left me, but I have neither pen nor pencil."

"That is most unlucky," said Xit. "But I will come again—and better provided!"

"Stay!" cried Seymour; "a plan occurs to me. This point shall answer my purpose."

And plucking a sharp aglet from his dress, he punctured his arm with it, and proceeded to trace a few passionate words with his blood on a leaf of the tablets.

This done, he closed the book, tied it with a ribbon, and gave it to Xit.

"Deliver this, I pray thee, to the Princess Elizabeth," he said. "Guard it as thy life. Hast thou any knowledge where her highness now is?"

"I have heard that she is at Shene," replied Xit. "If so, I will engage that your lordship's missive shall be delivered into her own hands to-morrow morning."

"Thou wilt do me the greatest possible service," cried the Admiral. "Whatever betide, let me see thee again on the morning of my execution. I may have another letter or message for thee."

"I will not fail," replied Xit.

Seymour was about to tear some ornament from his attire in order to reward his little envoy, when Xit stopped him, saying he would accept nothing till he had executed his mission.

"I must now entreat your lordship's aid to reach the loophole," he said.

On this, Seymour lifted him from the ground, and the ascent was quickly and safely accomplished.

This done, Xit pressed his hand to his heart in token of devotion, and disappeared.

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## LA CHATELAINE SANS CHATEAU ;

OR

A DOUBLED-DOWN LEAF IN A MAN'S LIFE.

By OUIDA.

I.

THE CRATON HEAD IN CAVENDISH'S PORTFOLIO.

LAST week I was dining with Cavendish, in his house on the Lung' Arno, as I passed through Florence, where he fills never mind what post in the British Legation. The night was oppressively hot ; a still, sultry sky brooded over the city, and the stars shining out from a purple mist on to the Campanile near, and the slopes of Bellosguardo in the distance. It was intensely hot ; not all the iced wines on his table could remove the oppressive warmth of the evening air, which made both him and me think of evenings we had spent together in the voluptuous lassitude of the East, in days gone by, when we had travelled there, boys of twenty or twenty-two, fresh to life, to new impressions, to all that gives "greenness to the grass, and glory to the flower." The Arno ran on under its bridge, and we leaned out of the balcony where we were sitting and smoking, while I tossed over, without thinking much of what I was doing, a portfolio of his sketches. Position has lost for art many good artists since Sir George Beaumont: Cavendish is one of them; his sketches are masterly; and had he been a vagrant Bohemian instead of an English peer, there might have been pictures on the walls of the R. A. to console one for the meretricious daubs and pet vulgarities of "Parting Cheers," hideous babies, and third-class carriage interiors, which make one's accustomed annual visit to the rooms that once saw the beauties of Reynolds, and Wilson, and Lawrence, a *peine forte et dure* to anybody of decent refinement and educated taste. The portfolio stood near me, and I took out a sketch or two now and then between the pauses of our conversation, smoking a narghilé of Cavendish's, and looking lazily up the river, while the moonlight shone on Dante's city, that so long forgot, and has, so late, remembered him.

"By Jove! what a pretty face this is! Who's the original?" I asked him, drawing out a female head, done with great finish in pastel, under which was written, in his own hand, "Floreille," and, in a woman's, "La Châtelaine sans Château!" It was a face of great beauty, with a low Greek brow and fair hair, and those large, soft, liquid eyes that you only see in a Southern, and that looked at you from the sketch with an earnest, wistful regard, half childlike, half melancholy. He looked up, glanced at the sketch, and stretched out his hand hastily, but I held it away from him. "I want to look at it; it is a beautiful head; I wish we had the original here now. 'La Châtelaine sans Château!'—what an unsatisfactory and original title!—her dot, I should suppose, consisted of châteaux en Espagne! Who is the original?"

As I spoke, holding the sketch up where the light from the room

within fell on what I had no doubt was a likeness of some fair face that had beguiled his time in days gone by, a souvenir of one of his loves more lasting than souvenirs of such episodes in one's life often are, if merely trusted to that inconstant capricieuse, Memory ; I might have hit him with a bullet rather than asked him about a mere *etude à deux crayons*, for he shuddered, that sultry night ! and drank off some white Hermitage quickly.

"I had forgotten that was in the portfolio," he said, hurriedly, as he took it from me and put it behind him, with its face against the wall, as though it had been the sketch of a Medusa.

"What do you take it away for ? I had not half done looking at it. Who is the original ?"

"One I don't care to mention."

"Because ?"

"Because the sight of that picture gives me a twinge of what you and I ought to be hardened against—regret."

"Regret ! Is any woman worth that ?"

"She was."

"I don't believe it ; and I fancied you and I thought alike on such points. Of all the women for whom we feel twinges of conscience or self-reproach in melancholy moments, how many *loved us* ? Moralists and poets sentimentalise over it, and make it a stalking-horse whereby to magnify our sins and consign us more utterly to perdition, while they do for themselves a little bit of poetic morality cheaply ; but in reality there are uncommonly few women who can love, to begin with, and in the second, vanity, avarice, jealousy, desires for pretty toilettes, one or other, or all combined, have quite as much to do with their 'sacrifice' for us as anything."

"Quite true ; but il y a femmes et femmes, perhaps, and it was not of that sort of regret that I spoke."

"Of what sort, then ?"

Cavendish didn't answer : he broke the ash off his Manilla, and smoked silently some moments, leaning over the balcony and watching the monotonous flow of the Arno, with deeper gloom on his face than I remembered to have seen there any time before. I was sorry I had chanced to light upon a sketch that had brought him back such painful recollections of whatever kind they might be, and I smoked too, sending the perfumed tobacco out into the still sultry night that was brooding over Florence.

"Of what sort ?" said he, abruptly, after some minutes' pause. "Shall I tell you ? Then you can tell *me* whether I was a fool who made one grand mistake, or a sensible man of the world who kept himself from a grand folly. I have been often in doubt myself."

He leaned back, his face in shadow, so that I could not see it, and with the Arno's ebb and flow making mournful river-music under our windows, while the purple glories of the summer night deepened round Giotto's Tower, where, in centuries past, the Immortal of Florence had sat dreaming of the Paradiso, the mortals passing by whispering him as "the man who had seen hell,"—and the light within the room shone on the olives and grapes, the cut glass and silver claret-jugs, the crimson Montepulciano and the white Hermitage, on the table, he told me the story of "La Châtelaine sans Château."

## II.

## THE FLOWER OF THE VALLEY OF LUZ.

“Two years ago I went into the South of France. I was attaché at Constantinople then, you remember, and the climate had told upon me. I was not over well, and somebody recommended me the waters of Eaux Bonnes. The waters I put little faith in, but in the air of the Pyrenees, in the change from diplomacy to a life en rase campagne, I put much, and I went to Eaux Bonnes accordingly, for July and August, with a vow to forswear any society I might find at the baths—I had had only too much of society as it was—and to spend my days in the mountains with my sketching-block and my gun. But I did not like Eaux Bonnes; it was intensely warm. There were several people who knew me really; no end of others who got hold of my name, and wanted me to join their riding parties, and balls, and pic-nics. That was not what I wanted, so I left the place and went on to Luz, hoping to find solitude there. That valley of Luz—you know it?—is it not as lovely as any artist's dream of Arcadia in the evening, when the sunset light has passed off the meadows and corn-lands of the lower valley, and just lingers golden and rosy on the crests of the mountains, while the glow-worms are coming out among the grasses, and the lights are being lit in the little homesteads nestling among their orchards one above another on the hill-sides, and its hundred streams are rushing down the mountains and under the trees, foaming, and tumbling, and rejoicing on their way! When I have had my fill of ambition and of pleasure, I shall go and live at Luz, I think. *When!* Well! you are quite right to repeat it ironically; that time will never come, I dare say, and why should it? I am not the stuff to cogitate away my years in country solitudes. If prizes are worth winning, they are worth working for till one's death; a man should never give up the field while he has life left in him. Well! I went to Luz, and spent a pleasant week or so there, knocking over a few chamois or izards, or sketching on the sides of the Pic du Midi, or Tourmalet, but chiefly lying about under the great beech-trees in the shade, listening to the tinkle of the sheep-bells, like an idle fellow, as I meant to be for the time I had allotted myself. One day——” He stopped and blew some whiffs from his Manilla into the air. He seemed to linger over the prelude to his story, and shrink from going on with the story itself, I thought; and he smothered a sigh as he raised himself. “How warm the night is; we shall have a tempest. Reach me that wine, there's a good fellow. No, not the Amontillado, the Château Margaux, please; one can't drink hot, dry wines such a night as this. How well I remember that splendid Madeira of your father's; is there much of it left at Longleaf now? We used to have pleasant vacations in those college days at your governor's, Hervey; some few years have gone since then—ten, twelve, fifteen—how many? More than that, by Jove! But to satisfy your curiosity about this crayon study.—One day I thought I would go to Gavarnie. I had heard a good deal, of course, about the great marble wall, and the mighty waterfalls, the rocks of Marboré, and the Brèche de Roland, but, as it chanced, I had never been up to

the Cerle, nor, indeed, in that part of the Midi at all, so I went. The gods favoured me, I remember: there were no mists, the sun was brilliant, and the great amphitheatre was for once unobscured; the white marble flashing brown and purple, rose and golden, in the light; the cascades tumbling and leaping down into the gigantic basin; the vast plains of snow glittering in the sunshine; the twin rocks standing in the clear air, straight and fluted as any two Corinthian columns hewn and elisellèd by man. Good Heaven! before a scene like Gavarnie, what true artist must not fling away his colours and his brushes in despair and disgust with his own puerility and impotence? What can be transferred to canvas of such a scene as that? What does the best beauty of Claude, the grandest sublimity of Salvator, the greatest power of Poussin, look beside Nature when she reigns as she reigns at Gavarnie? I am an art worshipper, as you know; but there are times in my life, places on earth, that make me ready to renounce art for ever! The day was beautiful, and thinking I knew the country pretty well, I took no guide. I hate them when I can possibly dispense with them. But the mist soon swooped down over the Cerle, and I began to wish I had had one when I turned my horse's head back again. You know the route, of course? Through the Chaos—Heaven knows it is deserving of its name!—down the break-neck little bridle-path, along the Gave, and over the Scia bridge to St. Sauveur. You know it? Then you know that it is much easier to break your neck down it than to find your way by it, though by some hazard I did not break my neck, nor the animal's knees either, but managed to get over the bridge without falling into the torrent, and to pick my way safely down into more level ground; once there, I thought I should easily enough find my way to St. Sauveur, but I was mistaken: the mists had spread over the valley, a heavy storm had come up, and, somehow or other, I lost the way, and could not tell where I was, whether St. Sauveur was to the left or the right, behind me or in front of me. The horse, a miserable little Pyrenean beast, was too frightened by the lightning to take the matter into his hands as he had done on the road through the Chaos, and I saw nothing for it but to surrender and come to grief in any way the elements best pleased; swearing at myself for not having stayed at the inn at Gavarnie or Gedre; wishing myself at the vilest mountain auberge that ever sheltered men and mules *pêle-mêle*; and calling myself hard names for not having listened to my landlady's dissuasions of that morning as I left her door, from my project of going to Gavarnie without a guide, which seemed to her the acme of all she had ever known or heard of English strangers' fooleries. The storm only increased, the great black rocks echoing the roll of the thunder, and the Gave lashing itself into fury in its narrow bed; happily I was on decently level ground, and the horse being, I suppose, tolerably used to storms like it, I pushed him on at last, by dint of blows and conjurations combined, to where, in the flashes of the lightning, I saw what looked to me like the outline of a homestead: it stood in a cleft between two shelving sides of rock, and a narrow bridle-path led up to it, through high yews and a tangled wilderness of rhododendrons, boxwood, and birch—one of those green slopes, so common in the Pyrenees, that look in full sunlight doubly bright and Arcadian-like, from the contrast of the dark, bare, per-



pendicular rocks that shut them in. I could see but little of its beauty then in the fog that shrouded both it and me, but I saw the shape and semblance of a house, and urging the horse up the ascent, thundered on its gate-panels with my whip-handle till the rocks round echoed again with the tintamarre.

"There was no answer, and I knocked again a little louder, if possible, than before. I was wet to the skin with that wretched storm, and swore not mildly at the inhospitable roof that would not admit me under it. I knocked again, inclined to pick up a bit of granite and beat the panel in; and at last a face—an old woman's weatherbeaten face, but with black Southern eyes that had lost little of their fire with age—looked through at me and asked me what I wanted.

" 'I want shelter if you can give it me,' I answered her. 'I have lost my way coming from Gavarnie, and am drenched through. I will pay you liberally if you will give me an asylum till the weather clears.'

"Her eyes blazed like coals through the little grille.

" 'M'sieu, we take no money here—have you mistaken it for an inn? Come in if you want shelter, in Heaven's name! The Holy Virgin forbid we should refuse refuge to any!'

"And she crossed herself and uttered some conjurations to Mary to protect them from all wolves in sheep's clothing, and guard their dwelling from all harm, by which I suppose she thought I spoke fairly and looked harmless, but might possibly be a thief or an assassin, or both in one. She unlocked the gate, and calling to a boy to take my horse into a shed, admitted me under a covered passage-way into the house, which looked like part, and a very ruined part, too, of what had probably been, in the times of Henri-Quatre and his grandfather, a feudal chateau, fenced by natural ramparts from the rocks that surrounded it, shutting in the green slope on which it stood, with only one egress, the path through which I had ascended into the level plain below. She marshalled me through this covered way into an interior passage, dark and vaulted, cheerless enough, and opened a low oak door, ushering me into a chamber, bare, gloomy, yet with something of lost grandeur and past state lingering about its great hearth, its massive walls, its stained windows, and its ragged tapestry hangings. The woman went up to one of the windows and spoke with a gentleness to which I should have never thought her voice could have been attuned with its harsh patois.

" 'Mon enfant, v'là un m'sieu étranger qui vient chercher un abri pour un petit peu. Veux-tu lui parler?'

"The young girl she spoke to turned, rose, and, coming forward, bade me welcome with the grace, simplicity, and the naive freedom from embarrassment of a child, looking up in my face with her soft clear eyes. She was like—No matter! you have seen that crayon head, it is but a bad portrayal of a face whose expression Raphael and Sassoferrato themselves would have failed to render in its earnest, innocent, elevated regard. She was very young—

Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet—  
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Good Heavens, I am quoting poetry! what will you think of me, Her-

vey, to have gone back to our Wertherian and Tennysonian days so far as to repeat a triplet of Longfellow's? No man quotes *those* poets after his salad days, except in a moment of weakness. Caramba! why has one any weaknesses at all? we ought not to have any; we live in an atmosphere that would kill them all if they were not as obstinate and indestructible as all other weeds whose seeds will linger and peer up and spoil the ground, let one root them out ever so! I owed you an apology for that lapse into Longfellow, and I have made it. Am I to go on with this story?"

He laughed as he spoke, and his laugh was by no means heartfelt (but that is not such a *lusus naturæ* that I need mention it). I told him to go on, and he lighted another Manilla and obeyed me, while the Arno murmured on its way, and the dusky, sultry clouds brooded nearer the earth, and the lights were lit in the distant windows of the palace of the Marchese Acqua d'Oro, that fairest of Florentines, who rouges so indiscriminately and flirts her fan so inimitably, to one of whose balls we were going that night.

Caveudish settled himself back in his chair, with his face darkened again by the shadow east on it from the pillar of the balcony; and took his Manilla out of his mouth.

"She looked incongruous in that bare and gloomy room, out of place with it, and out of keeping with the old woman—a French peasant-woman, weatherbeaten and bronzed, such as you see any day by the score riding to market or sitting knitting at their cottage doors. It was impossible that the girl could be either daughter or grand-daughter, or any relation at all to her. In that room she looked more as one of these myrtles might do, set down in the stifling gloomy horrors of a London-poor street than anything else, save that in certain traces about the chamber, as I told you, there were relics of a faded grandeur which harmonised better with her. I can see her now, as she stood there with a strange foreign grace, an indescribable patrician delicacy mingled with extreme youthfulness and naïveté, like an old picture in costume, like one of Raphael's child-angels in face—poor little Florelle!

"'You would stay till the storm is over, monsieur? you are welcome to shelter if you will,' she said, coming forward to me timidly yet frankly. 'Cazot tells me you are a stranger, and our mountain storms are dangerous if you have no guide.'

"I did not know who Cazot was, but I presumed her to be the old woman, who seemed to be portress, mistress, domestic, cameriste, and all else in her single person, but I thanked her for her permitted shelter, and accepted her invitation to remain till the weather had cleared, as you can imagine. When you have lost your way any asylum is grateful, especially when it is offered by such a châtelaine as this of mine, however desolate and tumble-down her château. They made me welcome, she and the old peasant woman, with that simple, unstrained, and unostentatious hospitality which is, after all, the true essence of good breeding of which your parvenu knows nothing, when he keeps you waiting, and shows you that you are come at an inapropos moment, in his fussy fear lest everything should not be comme il faut to do due credit to *him*. Old Cazot set before me some simple refreshment, a grillade de châtaignes, some maize and milk, and a dish of trout just caught in the

Gave below, while I looked at my *châtelaine*, marvelling how that young delicate creature could come to be shut up with an old peasant on a remote hill-side. I did my best to draw her out and learn her history; she was shy at first of a complete stranger, as was but natural, but the sight of my sketch-book and moist-colour-box brought us that rapport which fraternity of taste always produces. I spoke of Gavarnie, of the beauty of the Pyrenees, of Tourmalet, and the Lac Bleu, and, warming with enthusiasm for her birthplace, the girl forgot that I was a foreign tourist, unknown to her, and indebted to her for an hour's shelter, and before my impromptu supper was over I had drawn from her, by a few questions which she was too much of a child and had too little to conceal not to answer with a child's ingenuousness, the whole of her short history, and the explanation of her anomalous position. Her name was Florelle de l'Heris, a name once powerful enough among the nobles of the Midi, and the old woman, Madame Cazot, was her father's foster-sister. Of her family, beggared in common with the best aristocracy of France, none were now left; they had dwindled and fallen away, till of the once great house of L'Heris this child remained alone its sole representative: her mother had died in her infancy, and her father, either too idle, or too broken-hearted to care to retrieve his fortunes, lived the life of a hermit among these ruins where I now found his daughter, educating her himself till his death, which occurred when she was only twelve years old, leaving her to poverty and obscurity, and such protection and companionship as her old nurse Cazot could afford her. Such was the story Florelle de l'Heris told me as I sat there that evening waiting till the clouds should clear and the mists roll off enough to let me go to St. Sauveur—a story told simply and pathetically, and which Cazot, sitting knitting in a corner, added to by a hundred gesticulations, expletives, appeals to the Virgin, and prolix addenda, glad, I dare say, of any new confident, and disposed to regard me with gratitude for my sincere praises of her fried trout—a story which seemed to me to suit the delicate beauty of the flower I had found in the wilderness, and read more like a chapter of some versified novelette, like 'Lucille,' than a *bonâ fide* page out of the book of one's actual life, especially in a life like mine, of essentially material pleasures and emphatically substantial and palpable ambitions—a life, if any man's ever was, 'of the world worldly,' as your detestations, the parsons, say when their bishop slights or their patron forgets them, and they are rampant against the world and the hollowness thereof for not recognising their superior sanctity and proffering them preferment. But there *are* odd stories in real life!—strange pathetic ones, too—stranger, often, than those that found the plot and underplot of a novel or the basis of a poem; but when such men as I come across them they startle us, they look bizarre and unlike all the other leaves of the book that glitter with worldly aphorisms, philosophical maxims, and pungent egotisms, and we would fain cut them out; they have the ring of that Arcadia whose golden gates shut on us when we outgrew boyhood, and in which, en revanche, we have sworn ever since to disbelieve—keeping our word sometimes, perhaps to our own hindrance—Heaven knows!

"I stayed as long as I could that evening, till the weather had cleared up so long, and the sun was shining again so indisputably, that I had no

longer any excuse to linger in the dark-tapestried room, with the chestnuts sputtering among the wood-ashes, and Madame Cazot's needles clicking one continual refrain, and the soft gazelle eyes of my young châtelaine glancing from my sketches to me with that mixture of slyness and fearlessness, innocence and candour, which gave so great a charm to her manner. She was a new study to me, both for my palette and my mind—a pretty fresh toy to amuse me while I should stay in the Midi. I was not going to leave without making sure of a permission to return. I wanted to have that face among my pastels, and when I had thanked her for her shelter and her welcome, I told her my name, and asked her leave to come again where I had been so kindly received.

“‘Come again, monsieur? Certainly, if you care to come. But you will find it a long way from Luz, I fear,’ she said, naïvely, looking up at me with her large clear fawn-like eyes—eyes so cloudless and untroubled *then*—as she let me take her hand, and bade me adieu et bonsoir.

“I reassured her on that score, you can fancy, and left her standing in the deep-embursed window, a great staghound at her feet, and the setting sun, all the brighter for its past eclipse, bathing her in light, and shedding an auréole on her Greek-like brow, with its fair silken hair. I can always see her in memory as I saw her then, poor child!—Faugh! How hot the night is! Can't we get more air anyhow?

“‘If you come again up here, m'sieu, you will be the first visitor the Nid de l'Aigle has seen for four years,’ said old Cazot, as she showed me out through the dusky-vaulted passage. She was a cheerful, garrulous old woman, strong in her devotion to the De l'Heris of the bygone past; stronger even yet in her love for their single orphan representative of the beggared present. ‘Visitors! Is it likely we should have any, m'sieu? Those that would suit me would be bad company for Ma'amselle Florelle, and those that should seek her never do. I recollect the time, m'sieu, when the highest in all the departments were glad to come to the bidding of a De l'Heris; but generations have gone since then, and lands and gold gone too, and, if you cannot feast them, what care people for you? That is true in the Pyrenees, m'sieu, as well as in the rest of the world. I have not lived eighty years without finding out that. If my child yonder were the heiress of the De l'Heris, there would be plenty to court and seek her; but she lives in these poor broken-down ruins with me, an old peasant woman, to care for her as best I can, and not a soul takes heed of her save the holy women at the convent, where, maybe, she will seek refuge at last!’

“She let me out at the gate where I had thundered for admittance two hours before, and, giving her my thanks for her hospitality—money she would not take—I wished her good day, and rode down the bridle-path to St. Sauveur, and onwards to Luz, thinking at intervals of that fair young life that had but just sprung up, and was already destined to wither away its bloom in a convent. Any destiny would be better to proffer to her than that. She interested me already by her childlike loveliness and her strange solitude of position, and I thought she would while away some of the long summer hours during my stay in the Midi when I was tired of chamois and palette, and my lazy dolce under the

beech-wood shades. At any rate, she was newer and more charming than the belles of Eaux Bonnes.

"The next morning I remembered her permission and my promise, and I rode out through the town again, up the mountain-road, to the Nid de l'Aigle. You would have done the same with nothing more to do than I had to do then in the Pyrenean valley, glad of anything that gave me an amusement and a pursuit. I never wholly appreciate the far niente, I think; perhaps I have lived too entirely in the world—and a world ultra-cold and courtly, too—to retain much patience for the meditative life, the life of trees and woods, sermons in stones, and monologues in mountains. I am a restless, ambitious man; I must have a *pursuit*, be it of a great aim or a small, or I grow weary, and my time hangs heavily on hand. Already having found Florelle de l'Heris among these hills, reconciled me more to my *pro tempo* banishment from society, excitement, and pleasure, and I thanked my good fortune for having lighted upon her. The pretty little hermit of the Nid de l'Aigle, destined to the convent walls, would possibly help to amuse the time I had arranged to pass among her native mountains. She was very lovely, and I always care more for the physical than the intellectual charms of any woman. I do not share your visionary requirements on their mental score; I ask but material beauty, and am content with it.

"I rode up to the Nid de l'Aigle: by a clearer light it stood on a spot of great picturesqueness, and before the fury of the revolutionary peasantry in '92 had destroyed what was the then habitable and stately château, must have been a place of considerable extent and beauty, and in the feudal times, fenced in by the natural ramparts of its shelving rocks, no doubt all but impregnable. There were but a few ruins now that held together and had a roof over them—the part where Madame Cazot and the last of the De l'Heris lived; it was perfectly solitary; there was nothing to be heard round it but the foaming of the river, the music of the sheep-bells from the flocks that fed in the clefts and on the slopes of grass-land, and the shout of some shepherd-boy from the path below, but it was as beautiful a spot as any in the Pyrenees, with its overhanging beech-woods, its wilderness of wild flowers, its rocks covered with that soft grey moss whose tint defies one to repeat it in oil or water colours, and its larches and beeches drooping over into the waters of the Gave. In such a home, with no companions save her father, old Cazot, and her great staghound, and, occasionally, the quiet recluses of St. Marie Purificatrice, with everything to feed her native poetry and susceptibility, and nothing to teach her anything of the actual and ordinary world, it were inevitable that the character of Florelle de l'Heris should take its colouring from the scenes around her, and that she should grow up singularly childlike, imaginative, and innocent of all that in any other life she would unavoidably have known. Well educated she was, through her father and the nuns, but it was a semi-religious and peculiar education, of which the chief literature had been the legendary and sacred poetry of France and Spain, the chief amusement copying the illuminated missals lent her by the nuns, or joining in the choral services of the convent; an education that taught her nothing of the world from which she was shut out, and encouraged all that was self-devoted, visionary, and fervid in her nature, leaving her

at seventeen as unconscious of evil as the youngest child. I despair of making you imagine what Florelle de l'Heris then was. Had I never met her, I should have believed in her as little as yourself, and would have discredited the existence of so poetic a creation out of the world of fiction; her ethereal delicacy, her sunny gaiety when anything amused her, her intense sensitiveness, pained in a moment by a harsh word, pleased as soon by a kind one, her innocence of all the blots and cruelties, artifices, and evils of that world beyond her Nid de l'Aigle, made a character strangely new to me, and strangely winning, but which to you I despair of portraying: I could not have *imagined* it. Had I never seen her, and had I met with it in the pages of a novel, I should have put it aside as a graceful but impossible conception of romance.

"I went up that day to the Nid de l'Aigle, and Florelle received me with pleasure; perhaps Madame Cazot had instilled into her some scepticism that 'a grand seigneur,' as the woman was pleased to term me, would trouble himself to ride up the mountains from Luz merely to repeat his thanks for an hour's shelter and a supper of roasted chesnuts. She was a simple-minded, good-hearted old woman, who had lived all her life among the rocks and rivers of the Hautes-Pyrénées, her longest excursion a market-day to Luz or Bagnères. She looked on her young mistress and charge as a child—in truth, Florelle was but little more—and thought my visit paid simply from gratitude and courtesy, never dreaming of attributing it to 'cette beauté héréditaire des L'Heris,' which she was proud of boasting was an inalienable heirloom to the family.

"I often repeated my visits; so often, that in a week or so the old ruined château grew a natural resort in the long summer days, and Florelle watched for my coming from the deep arched window where I had seen her first, or from under the boughs of the great copper beech that grew before the gate, and looked for me as regularly as though I were to spend my lifetime in the valley of Luz. Poor child! I never told her my title, but I taught her to call me by my christian name. It used to sound very pretty when she said it, with her long Southern pronunciation—prettier than it ever sounds now from the lips of Beatrice Acqua d'Oro yonder, in her softest moments, when she plays at sentiment. She had great natural talent for art, hitherto uncultivated, of course, save by such instructions as one of the women at the convent, skilful at illuminating, had occasionally given her. I amused myself with teaching her to transfer to paper and canvas the scenery she loved so passionately. I spent many hours training this talent of hers that was of very unusual calibre, and with due culture might have ranked her with Elisabetta Sirani or Rosa Bonheur. Sitting with her in the old room, or under the beech-trees, or by the side of the torrents that tore down the rocks into the Gave, it pleased me to draw out her unsullied thoughts, to spread her mind out before me like a book—a pure book enough, God knows, with not even a stain of the world upon it—to make her eyes glisten and glow and dilate, to fill them with tears or laughter at my will, to wake up her young life from its unconscious, untroubled childish repose to a new happiness, a new pain, which she felt but could not translate, which dawned in her face for me, but never spoke in its true language to her, ignorant then of its very name—it amused me. Bah! our amusements are cruel sometimes, and costly too!

"It was at that time I took the head in pastels which you have seen, and she wrote under it, in playfulness, 'La Châtelaine sans Château,' asking me, in innocent admiration of its loveliness, if she was *indeed* like that?—This night is awfully oppressive. Is that water in that carafe? Is it iced? Push it to me. Thank you."

## III.

## THE PAGE THAT WAS FOLDED DOWN.

"I WAS always welcome at the Nid de l'Aigle. Old Cazot, with the instinct of servants who have lived with people of birth till they are as proud of their master's heraldry as though it were their own, discerned that I was of the same rank as her adored House of De l'Heris—if indeed she admitted any equal to them—and with all the cheery familiarity of a Frenchwoman treated me with punctilious deference, being as thoroughly imbued with respect and adoration for the aristocracy as any of those who died for the white lilies in the Place de la Révolution. And Florelle—Florelle watched for me, and counted her hours by those I spent with her. You are sure I had not read and played with women's hearts so long—women, too, with a thousand veils and evasions and artifices, of which she was in pure ignorance even of the existence—without having this heart, young, unworn, and unoccupied, under my power at once, plastic to mould as wax, ready to receive any impressions at my hands, and moulded easily to my will. Florelle had read no love stories to help her to translate this new life to which I awoke her, or to put her on her guard against it. I went there often, every day at last, teaching my pupil the art which she was only too glad and too eager to learn, stirring her vivid imagination with descriptions of that brilliant outside world, of whose pleasures, gaieties, and pursuits she was as ignorant as any little gentian flower on the rocks; keeping her spell-bound with glimpses of its life, which looked to her like fairyland, bizarre *bal masqué* though it be to us; and pleasing myself with awakening new thoughts, new impressions, new emotions, which swept over her tell-tale face like the lights and shades over meadow-land as the sun fades on and off it. She was a new study, a new amusement to me, after the women of our world, and I beguiled my time with her, not thoughtlessly, as I might have done, not too hastily, as I *should* have done ten years before, but pleased with my new amusement, and more charmed with Florelle than I at first knew, though I confess I soon wished to make her love me, and soon tried my best to make her do so—an easy task when one has had some practice in the rose-hued atmosphere of the boudoir, among the most difficile and the most brilliant coquettes of Europe, and succeeded with most of them! Florelle de l'Heris, with a nature singularly loving, and a mind singularly imaginative, with no rival for me even in her fancy, soon lavished on me all the love of which her impassioned and poetic character was capable. She did not know it, but I did. She loved me, poor child!—love more pure, unselfish, and fond than I ever won before, than I shall ever win again.

"Basta! why need you have lighted on that crayon head, and make me rake up this story? I loathe looking at the past. What good ever comes of it? A wise man lives only in his present. 'La vita è appunto

una memoria, una speranza un punto,' writes the fool of a poet, as though the bygone memories and the unrealised hopes were worth a straw. It is that very present 'instant' that he despises that is available, and in which, when we are in our senses, we absorb ourselves, knowing that that alone will yield a fruit worth having. What are the fruits of the others? only Dead Sea apples that crumble into ash. I knew that Florelle loved me; that I, and I alone, filled both her imagination and her heart. I would not precipitately startle her into any avowal of it. I liked to see it dawn in her face and gleam in her eyes, guilelessly and unconsciously. It was a new pleasure to me, a new charm in that book of woman's love of which I had thought I knew every phase, and had exhausted every reading. I taught Florelle to love me, but I would not give her a name to my teaching till she found it herself. I returned it? Oh yes, I loved her, selfishly, as most people, men or women, do love, let them say what they will; *very* selfishly, perhaps—a love that was beneath her—a love for which, had she seen into my heart, she might have disdained and hated me, if her soft nature could have been moved to so fierce a thing as hate—a love that sought its own gratification, and thought nothing of her welfare—a love *not* worthy of her, as I sometimes felt then, as I believe now.

"I had been about six weeks in the Pyrenees since the day I lost myself en route from Gavarnie; most of the days I had spent three or four hours, often more, at the Nid de l'Aigle, giving my painting lessons to Florelle, or being ciceroned by her among the beech-wooded and mountain passes near her home. The dreariest fens and flats might have gathered interest from such a guide, and the glorious beauties of the Midi, well suited to her, gained additional poetry from her impassioned love for them, and her fond knowledge of all their legends, superstitions, histories, and associated memories, gathered from the oral lore of the peasantry, the cradle songs of Madame Cazot, and the stories of the old chronicles of the South. Heavens! what a wealth of imagination, talent, genius, lay in her if I had not destroyed it!

"At length the time drew near when my so-called sojourn at the Bathis must end, and I must return to Constantinople. One day Florelle and I were out sketching, as usual; she sat under one of the great beeches, within a few feet of one of the cascades that fell into the Gave du Pau, and I lay on the grass by her, looking into those clear gazelle eyes that met mine so brightly and trustfully, watching the progress of her brush, and throwing twigs and stones into the spray of the torrent. I can remember the place as though it were yesterday, the splash of the foam over the rocks, the tinkle of the sheep-bells from the hills, the scent of the wild flowers growing round, the glowing golden light that spread over the woodlands, touching even the distant crest of Mont Aigu and the Pic du Midi. Strange how some scenes will stamp themselves on the camera of the brain never to be effaced, let one try all that one may.

"There, that morning, I, for the first time since we had met, spoke of leaving Luz, and of going back to that life which I had so often amused her by describing. Happy in her present, ignorant of how soon the scenes so familiar and dear to her would tire and pall on me, and infinitely too much of a child to have looked beyond, or speculated upon anything



which I had not spoken of to her, it had not presented itself to her that this sort of life could not go on for ever; that even she would not reconcile me long to the banishment from my own world, and that in the nature of things we must either become more to each other than we were now, or part as strangers, whom chance had thrown together for a little time. She loved me; but, as I say, so innocently and uncalculatingly, that she never knew it till I spoke of leaving her; then she grew very pale, her eyes filled with tears, and shunned mine for the first time, and, as an anatomist watches the quiver of pain in his victim, so I watched the suffering of mine. It was her first taste of the bitterness of life, and while I inflicted the pain I smiled at it, pleased in my egotism to see the power I had over her. It was cruel, I grant it, but in confessing it I only confess to what nine out of ten men have felt, though they may conceal or deny it.

"You will miss me, Florelle?" I asked her. She looked at me reproachfully, wistfully, piteously, the sort of look I have seen in the eyes of a dying deer; too bewildered by this sudden mention of my departure to answer in words. No answer was needed with eyes so eloquent as hers, but I repeated it again. I knew I gave pain, but I knew, too, I should soon console her. Her lips quivered, and the tears gathered in her eyes; she had not known enough of sorrow to have learnt to dissemble it. I asked her if she loved me so much that she was unwilling to bid me farewell. For the first time her eyes sank beneath mine, and a hot painful colour flushed over her face. Poor child! if ever I have been loved by any woman I was loved by her. Then I woke her heart from its innocent peaceful rest, with words that spoke a language utterly new to her. I sketched to her a life of love with me that made her cheeks glow and her lips quiver, and her eyes grow dark. She was lovelier in those moments than any art could ever attempt to picture! She loved me, and I made her tell me so over and over again. She put her fate unhesitatingly into my hands, and rejoiced in the love I vowed her, little understanding how selfishly I sought her, little thinking, in her ignorance of the passions and evils of the world, that while she rejoiced in the fondness I lavished on her, and worshipped me as though I were some superior unerring godlike being, she was to me only a new toy, only a pursuit of the hour, a plaything, too, of which I foresaw I should tire! Isn't it Benjamin Constant who says, 'Malheureux l'homme qui dans le commencement d'un amour prévoit avec une précision cruelle l'heure où il en sera lassé'?

"As it happened, I had made that morning an appointment in Luz with some men I knew, who happened to be passing through it, and had stopped there that day to go up the Pic du Midi the next, so that I could spend only an hour or two with Florelle. I took her to her home, parted with her for a few hours, and went down the path. I remember how she stood looking after me under the heavy grey stone-work of the gateway, the tendrils of the ivy hanging down and touching her long fair hair that glistened in the sunshine as she smiled me her adieux. My words had opened a fresh delirious life to her that morning, and translated, for the first time, all the newly-dawned emotions that had lately stirred in her heart, while she knew not their name. Poor little Florelle!

"I soon lost sight of her through a sharp turn of the bridle-path round

the rocks, and went on my way thinking of my new love, of how completely I held the threads of her fate in my hands, and how entirely it lay in my power to touch the chords of her young heart into acute pain or into as acute pleasure—with one word of mine, of how utterly I could mould her character, her life, her fate, whether for happiness or misery at my will. I loved her well enough, if only for her unusual beauty, to feel triumph at my entire power, and to feel a tinge of her own poetry and tenderness of feeling stirring in me as I went on under the green, drooping, fanlike boughs of the pines, thinking of Florelle de l'Heris.

“M'sieu ! permettre-moi vous parle un p'tit mot ?”

“Madame Cazot's patois made me look up, almost startled for the moment, though there was nothing astonishing in her appearance there, in her accustomed spot under the shade of a mountain-ash and a great boulder of rock, occupied at her usual task, washing linen in the Gave, as it foamed and rushed over its stones. She raised herself from her work and looked up at me, shading her eyes from the light—a sunburnt, wrinkled, hardy old woman, with her scarlet capulet, her blue cloth jacket, and her brown woollen petticoat, so strange a contrast to the figure I had lately left under the gateway of the Nid de l'Aigle, that it was difficult to believe them even of the same sex or country. ‘M'sieu, permettre-moi vous parle un p'tit mot.’

“She spoke with extreme deference, as she always did, but so earnestly, that I looked at her in surprise, and stopped to hear what it might be she had to say. She was but a peasant woman, but she had a certain dignity of manner for all that, caught, no doubt, from her long service with, and her pride in, the De l'Heris.

“‘M'sieu, I have no right, perhaps, to address you; you are a grand seigneur, and I but a poor peasant woman. Nevertheless, I must speak. I have a charge to which I shall have to answer in the other world to God and to my master. M'sieu, pardon me what I say, but you love Ma'amselle Florelle?’

“I stared at the woman, astonished at her interference and annoyed at her presumption, and motioned her aside with my stick. To old Cazot I was scarcely going to speak of my love for Florelle, *comme vous concevez*. But she placed herself in the path—a narrow path—on which two people could not have stood without one or other going into the Gave, and stopped me resolutely and respectfully, shading her eyes from the sun, and looking steadily at my face.

“‘M'sieu, a little while ago, in the gateway yonder, when you parted with Ma'amselle Florelle, I was coming out behind you to bring my linen to the river, and I saw you take her in your arms and kiss her many times, and whisper to her that you would come again “ce soir!” Then, m'sieu, I knew that you must love my little lady, or, at least, must have made her love you. I have thought her—living always with her—but a beautiful child still; but you have found her a beautiful woman, and loved her, or taught her love, m'sieu. Pardon me if I wrong your honour, but my master left her in my charge, and I am an ignorant old peasant, ill fitted for such a trust; but is this love of yours such as the Sieur de l'Heris, were he now on earth, would put his hand in your own and thank you for, or is it such that he would wash out its insult in your blood or his?’

" Her words amazed me for a moment, first at the presumption of an interference of which I had never dreamt, next at the iron firmness with which this old woman, nothing daunted, spoke, as though the blood of a race of kings ran in her veins. I laughed a little at the absurdity of this cross-questioning from her to me, and not choosing to bandy words with her, bade her move aside ; but her eyes blazed like fire ; she stood firm as the earth itself.

" ' M'sieu, answer me ! You love Ma'amselle Florelle—you have asked her in marriage ?'

" I smiled involuntarily :

" ' My good woman, men of my class don't marry every pretty face they meet ; we are not so fond of the institution. You mean well, I know ; at the same time, you are deucedly impertinent, and I am not accustomed to interference. Have the goodness to let me pass, if you please.'

" But she would not move. She folded her arms across her chest, quivering from head to foot with passion, her deep-set eyes flashing like coals under her bushy eyebrows.

" ' M'sieu, I understand you well enough. The house of the L'Heris is fallen, ruined, and beggared, and you deem dishonour may approach it unrebuked and unrevengeed. Listen to me, m'sieu ; I am but a woman, it is true, and old, and I swore by Heaven and our Lady to the Sieur de l'Heris, when he lay dying yonder, years ago, that I would serve the child he left, as my forefathers had served his in peace and war for centuries, and keep and guard her as best I might dearer than my own heart's blood. Listen to me. Before this love of yours shall breathe another word into her ear to scorch and sully it ; before your lips shall ever meet hers again ; before you say again to a De l'Heris, poor and powerless, what you would never have dared to say to a De l'Heris rich and powerful, I will defend her as the eagles by the Nid de l'Aigle defend their young. You shall only reach her across my dead body !'

" She spoke with the vehemence and passionate gesticulation of a Southern in her patois, it is true, and with rude eloquence, but there was an odd timbre of pathos in her voice, harsh though it was, and a certain wild dignity about her through the very earnestness and passion that inspired her. I told her she was mad, and would have put her out of my path, but, planting herself before me, she laid hold of my arm so firmly that I could not have pushed forwards without violence, which I would not have used to a woman, and a woman, moreover, as old as she was.

" ' Listen to one word more, m'sieu. I know not what title you may bear in your own country, but I saw a coronet upon your handkerchief the other day, and I can tell you are a grand seigneur—you have the air of it, the manner. M'sieu, you can have many women to love you ; cannot you spare this one ? You must have many pleasures, pursuits, enjoyments in your world, can you not leave me this single treasure ? Think, m'sieu ! If Ma'amselle Florelle loves you now, she will love you only the dearer as years go on ; and *you*, you will tire of her, weary of her, want change, fresh beauty, new excitement—you must know that you will, or why should you shrink from the bondage of marriage ?—you will weary of her ; you will neglect her first and desert her afterwards ;

what will be the child's life *then*? Think! You have done her cruel harm enough now with your wooing words, why will you do her more? What is your love beside hers? If you have heart or conscience you cannot dare to contrast them together; *she* would give up everything for you, and *you* would give up nothing! M'sieu, Florelle de l'Heris is not like the women of your world; she is innocent of evil as the holy saints; those who meet her should guard her from the knowledge, and not lead her to it. Were the Sieur de l'Heris living now, were her house powerful as I have known them, would you have dared or dreamt of seeking her as you do now? M'sieu, he who wrongs trust, betrays hospitality, and takes advantage of that very purity, guilelessness, and want of due protection which should be the best and strongest appeal to every man of chivalry and honour—he, whoever he be, the De l'Heris would have held, as what he is, a coward! Will you not now have pity upon the child, and let her go?

"I have seldom been moved in, never been swayed from, any pursuit or any purpose, whether of love, or pleasure, or ambition; but something in old Cazot's words stirred me strangely, more strangely still from the daring and singularity of the speaker. Her intense love for her young charge gave her pathos, eloquence, and even a certain rude majesty, as she spoke; her bronzed wrinkled features worked with emotions she could not repress, and hot tears fell over her hard cheeks. I felt that what she said was true; that as surely as the night follows the day would weariness of it succeed to my love for Florelle, that to the hospitality I had so readily received I had, in truth, given but an ill return, and that I had deliberately taken advantage of the very ignorance of the world and faith in me which should have most appealed to my honour. I knew that what she said was true, and this epithet 'coward' hit me harder from the lips of a woman, on whom her sex would not let me avenge it, with whom my conscience would not let me dispute it, than it would have done from the lips of any man. I called a coward, by an old peasant woman! absurd idea enough, wasn't it? It is a more absurd one still that I could not listen to her unmoved, that her words touched me—how or why I could not have told—stirred up in me something of weakness, unselfishness, or chivalrousness—I know not what exactly—that prompted me for once to give up my own egotistical evanescent passions and act to Florelle de l'Heris as though all the males of her house were on earth to make me render account of my acts; not that for them I should have been likely to care much. At old Cazot's words I shrank for once from my own motives and my own desires, shrank from classing Florelle de l'Heris with the Aspasia's of my world, from bringing her down to their level and their life.

"'You will have pity on her, m'sieu, and go?' asked old Cazot, more softly, as she looked in my face.

"I did not answer her, but put her aside out of my way, went down the mountain-path to where my horse was left cropping the grass on the level ground beneath a plane-tree, and rode at a gallop into Luz without looking back at the grey-turreted ruins of the Nid de l'Aigle.

"And I left Luz that night without seeing Florelle de l'Heris again—a tardy kindness—one, perhaps, as cruel as the cruelty from which old Cazot had protected her. Don't you think I was a fool, indeed, for once

in my life, to listen to an old woman's prating? Call me so if you like, I shall not dispute it; we hardly know when we are fools, and when wise men! Well! I have not been much given to such weaknesses.

"I left Luz, sending a letter to Florelle, in which I bade her farewell, and entreated her to forget me—an entreaty which, while I made it, I felt would not be obeyed—one which, in the selfishness of my heart, I dare say, I hoped might not be. I went back to my old diplomatic and social life, to my customary pursuits, amusements, and ambitions, turning over the leaf of my life that contained my sojourn in the Pyrenees, as you turn over the page of a romance to which you will never recur. I went back to Constantinople and stayed there till April, when I went to London and spent the season. I led the same life, occupied myself with my old ambitions, and enjoyed my old pleasures; but I could not forget Florelle as wholly as I wished and tried to do. I had not usually been troubled with such memories; if unwelcome, I could generally thrust them aside; but Florelle I did not forget; the more I saw of other women the sweeter and brighter seemed by contrast her sensitive, delicate nature, unsullied by the world, and unstained by artifice and falsehood. The longer time went on, the more I regretted having given her up—perhaps on no better principle than that on which a child cares most for the toy he cannot have; perhaps because, away from her, I realised that I had lost the purest and the strongest love I had ever won. In the whirl of my customary life I often thought of my poor little *Châtelaine sans Château*—wondered how she had received my letter, and how far the iron had burnt into her young heart—wondered if she had joined the Sisters of *Sainte Marie Purificatrice*, or still led her solitary life among the rocks and beech-woods of *Nid de l'Aigle*. I often thought of her, little as the life I led was conducive to regretful or romantic thoughts. At length, my desire to see her again grew ungovernable. I had never been in the habit of refusing myself what I wished; a man is a fool who does, if his wishes are in any degree attainable. And at the end of the season I went over to Paris, and down again once more into the *Midi*. I reached Luz, lying in the warm golden *Pyrean* light as I had left it, and took once more the old familiar road up the hills to the *Nid de l'Aigle*. There had been no outward change from the year that had flown by; there drooped the fanlike branches of the pines; there rushed the Gave over its rocky bed; there came the silvery sheep-bell chimes down the mountain-sides; there, over hill and wood, streamed the mellow glories of the Southern sunlight. There is something unutterably painful in the sight of any place after one's lengthened absence, wearing the same smile, lying in the same sunlight. Bulwer is right, "In nature's heart there beats no throb for man." I rode on, picturing the flush of gladness that would dawn in Florelle's face at the sight of me, thinking that *Mme. Cazot* should not part me from her again, even, I thought, as I saw the old grey turrets above the beech-woods, if I paid old *Cazot's* exacted penalty of marriage! I loved Florelle more deeply than I had done twelve months before. '*L'absence allument les grandes passions et éteignent les petites,*' they say. It had been the reverse with me.

"I rode up the bridle-path and passed through the old gateway. There was an unusual stillness about the place; nothing but the roar of the torrent near, and the songs of the birds in the branches speaking in the

summer air. My impatience to see Florelle, or to hear her, grew un-governable. The door stood open. I groped my way through the passage and pushed open the door of the old room. Under the oriel window, where I had seen her first, lay on a little couch Florelle de l'Heris. I saw her again—but *how!* My God! to the day of my death I shall never forget her face as I saw it then; it was turned from me, and her fair hair streamed over her pillows, but as the sunlight fell upon it, I knew well enough what was written there. Old Cazot, sitting by the bed with her head on her arms, looked up, and came towards me, forcing me back.

“You are come at last, to see her die. Look on your work—look well at it—and then go; with my curse upon you!”

“I shook off her grasp, and forcing my way towards the window, threw myself down by Florelle's bed; till then I never knew how well I loved her. My voice awoke her from her sleep, and, with a wild cry of joy, she started up, weak as she was, and threw her arms round my neck, clinging to me with her little hands, and crying to me deliriously not to leave her while she lived—to stay with her till death should take her; where had I been so long? why had I come so late? *So late!*—those piteous words! As I held her in my arms, unconscious from the shock, and saw the pitiless marks that disease, the most hopeless and the most cruel, had made on the face that I had left fair, bright, and full of life as any child's, I felt the full bitterness of that piteous reproach, ‘Why had I come so late?’

“What need to tell you more. Florelle de l'Heris was dying, and I had killed her. The child that I had loved so selfishly had loved me with all the concentrated tenderness of her isolated and impassioned nature: the letter I wrote bidding her farewell had given her her death-blow. They told me that from the day she received that letter everything lost its interest for her. She would sit for hours looking down the road to Luz, as though watching wearily for one who never came, or kneeling before the pictures I had left as before some altar, praying to Heaven to take care of me, and bless me, and let her see me once again before she died. Consumption had killed her mother in her youth; during the chill winter at the Nid de l'Aigle the hereditary disease settled upon her. When I found her she was dying fast. All the medical aid, all the alleviations, luxuries, resources, that money could procure, to ward off the death I would have given twenty years of my life to avert, I lavished on her, but they were useless; for my consolation they told me that, used a few months earlier, they would have saved her! She lingered three weeks, fading away like a flower gathered before its fullest bloom. Each day was torture to me. I knew enough of the disease to know from the first there was no hope for her or me. Those long terrible night-hours, when she lay with her head upon my shoulder, and her little hot thin hands in mine, while I listened, uncertain whether every breath was not the last, or whether life was not already fled! By Heaven! I cannot think of them yet! One of those long summer nights Florelle died; happy with me, loving and forgiving me to the last; speaking to the last of that reunion in which, poor child, *she* in her innocent faith believed and hoped, according to the promise of her creed!—died with her hands clasped round my neck, and her eyes looking up to mine, till the last ray

of light was quenched in them—died while the morning dawn rose in the east and cast a golden radiance on her face, the herald of a day to which she never woke!"

There was a dead silence between us; the Arno splashed against the wall below, murmuring its eternal song beneath its bridge, while the dark heavy clouds drifted over the sky with a sullen roll of thunder. Cavendish lay back in his chair, the deep shadow of the balcony pillar hiding his face from me, and his voice quivered painfully as he spoke the last words of his story. He was silent for many minutes, and so was I, regretting that my careless question had unfolded a page out of his life's history written in characters so painful to him. Such skeletons dwell in the hearts of most; hands need be tender that disentomb them and drag out to daylight ashes so mournful and so grievous, guarded so tenaciously, hidden so jealously. Each of us is tender over his own, but who does not think his brother's fit subject for jest, for gibe, for mocking *danse de mort*?

Cavendish raised himself with a laugh, but his lips looked white as death as he drank down a draught of the *Hermitage*.

"Well! what say you: is the maxim right, *y-a-t-il femmes et femmes*? *Caramba!* why need you have pitched upon that portfolio?—There are the lights in the *Acqua d'Oro's* palace; we must go, my good fellow, or we shall get into disgrace."

We went, and *Beatrice Acqua d'Oro* talked very ardent Italian to him, and the *Comtesse Bois de Sandal* remarked to me what a brilliant and successful man *Lord Cavendish* was, but how unimpressionable!—as cold and as glittering as ice. Nothing had ever made him *feel*, she was quite certain, pretty complimentary nonsense though he often talked. What would the *Marchesa* and the *Comtesse* have said, I wonder, had I told them of *La Châtelaine sans Château*, and that little grave under the *Pyrenean beech-woods*? So much does the world know of any of us! In the lives of all men are doubled-down pages written on in secret, folded out of sight, forgotten as they make other entries in the diary, never read by their fellows, only glanced at by themselves in some midnight hour of solitude.

*Basta!* they are painful reading, *care amici*. Don't you find them so? Let us leave the skeletons in the closet, the pictures in the portfolio, the doubled-down pages in the locked diary, and go to *Beatrice Acqua d'Oro's*, where the lights are burning gaily. What is *Madame Bois de Sandal*, *née Dashwood*, singing in the music-room?

The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me!

That is the burden of many songs sung in this world, for some dead flowers strew most paths, and grass grows over myriad graves, and many leaves are folded down in many lives, I fear. And—retrospection is very idle, my good fellow, and regret is as bad as the tic, and flirting is deucedly pleasant; the white *Hermitage* we drank to-night is gone, we know, but are there no other bottles left of wine every whit as good? Shall we waste our time sighing after spilt lees? Surely not. *Je suis philosophe, moi. Et vous, monsieur?*

## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## No. VI.—COAL.

THE extraction of coal in France has existed from time immemorial, but the first official notice of it occurs in 1548, when Henry II. granted letters patent to the Seigneur de Roberval, for the monopoly of all the mines in the kingdom. Various other similar decrees occur successively down to 1783, when the first table of detailed conditions for the working of coal was drawn up. It was not, however, till 1810 that mining legislation received a definite form by the enactment in that year of the comprehensive law which still regulates the mineral industry of France.

This law divides mineral property into three classes: mines, *minières*, and quarries. Mines include all metals and minerals which are found in strata or masses; while *minières* comprehend surface deposits, pyritous and aluminous earth, and peat.

Mines can only be worked by a concession granted by the government, with the approval of the Conseil d'Etat. The concession gives the title to the mine (which constitutes a totally distinct property from the surface, and may be mortgaged separately); it fixes its limits; and it prescribes the royalty to be paid to the owner of the land.

No one can explore for mines without first obtaining either the consent of the surface proprietor or special authority from the government, which in that case fixes the value of the damage to the landowner. Landowners can explore on their own property without leave from the state, but they cannot begin to work a mine until they have obtained a concession in due form.

Every concessionnaire is bound to pay the state a fixed annual tax of 10 fr. per square kilometre (which is equal to 1*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.* per square mile), and also a floating tax, varying with the quantity and value extracted; the rate of the latter is settled every year, according to the necessities of the budget, but it cannot exceed five per cent. of the net value produced. Since the commencement of the present year, mine-owners can assure themselves for this tax for five years, on the average value of the two preceding years.

The surveillance of mines is exercised, in the name of the state, by a special corps of engineers, educated for the purpose.

The law does not contain any particular conditions relative to coal only: it applies equally to all minerals.

Coal deposits are numerous in France, but only a small number of them are fit, by their position and the quality of their products, to be worked advantageously on a large scale. The greater part of them lie in mountainous districts, which until lately have been difficult of access. Of the 62 basins which are more or less worked, including at this moment 292 different mines, at least half cannot pretend to sell to distant consumers; their sale will always necessarily remain local and limited. In



fact, there are only at present sixteen basins which have hitherto been able to place their products away from home; this number will, however, be gradually increased by the creation of new channels of transport.

The coal-fields of France may be divided generally into three main districts: north, east, and south-east. The departments which are richest in coal are the Nord, Pas de Calais, Loire, Saône-et-Loire, Gard, Hérault, and Bouches-du-Rhône. The seams are, on the whole, irregular and thin. The Valenciennes coal district, for instance, which forms the prolongation of the Mons and Charleroi beds, and extends nearly to the sea, in an almost continuous band, about five miles wide, includes a large number of seams, of which only about a dozen are thick enough to be worked, and even they seldom exceed 2 ft. 4 in. The principal mines in this large district are those of Anzin, which produce a good coal, free from sulphur; Aniches, of which the products are analogous to those of Anzin; and Raimes, Fresnes, and Vieux Condé, which give a dry, anthraciteous coal. The numerous new mines recently opened in the Pas-de-Calais present similar characteristics. The great basin of the Loire, on the contrary, is composed of seams which present violent irregularities of form and thickness, rising suddenly to 50 feet, and then running out a little farther on. The ordinary thickness of the seams worked in the Loire country varies from 3 to 18 feet; they lie almost everywhere close to the surface, and are worked at a considerable number of separate spots. The coal breaks easily, and nearly two-thirds of the whole yield is in small coal, of which a large proportion is made into coke. The important manufacturing towns of St. Etienne and Rive de Gier are respectively the centres of the two districts into which the Loire basin is divided.

These two examples present the extremes of thickness worked; the other deposits are generally thin, with the exception of Creusot and Blanzay, where they run above the average.

It will be seen by the figures given hereafter that the development of the production of coal in France dates from 1825, that is to say, it has been simultaneous with the extension of the iron trade. Until about 1822, French iron was almost exclusively manufactured with wood charcoal, but in that year coal began to be used in the Nivernais for smelting ore. Since that period the consumption of coal by the iron-works has regularly and rapidly increased; all the great forges put up during the last thirty years have been established in the neighbourhood of coal mines, so as to economise transport on their fuel.

The use of coal for domestic purposes is more recent still, and it is even now far from general; it is only the inhabitants of Paris, and of some other large towns, who employ it on a large scale, though still mixing it with wood, which gives less warmth, but a brighter and more cheery fire.

The employment of gas in France is also a creation of the last thirty years. These facts explain why the demand for coal remained so limited during the first quarter of the century.

The products of the French mines consist of coal proper, anthracite, and lignite. Anthracite is found in the Calvados, Isère, Mayenne, Nord, and Sarthe; while lignite exists in the Bouches-du-Rhône, Isère, Haute-Saône, and Vaucluse. All the other basins produce coal exclusively. The latest date to which a detailed account has been published of the

proportion raised of each of these categories is 1852; it gives them as follows for that year :

	Tons.	Per Cent.
Anthracite . . . . .	691,534	14
Lignite . . . . .	191,818	4
Hard, short-flamed coal . . . . .	174,644	82
Good forge coal . . . . .	464,748	
Good long-flamed coal . . . . .	2,467,023	
Poor coal . . . . .	914,155	
Total . . . . .	4,903,922	100

Since this table was published the production has largely increased, but, in the absence of later returns (the publication of which is shortly expected), there does not appear to be any reason for supposing that the proportions of each category have materially changed.

The quantity of coal raised annually has progressed as follows :

	Tons.
1787 . . . . .	215,000
1815 . . . . .	881,600
1825 . . . . .	1,491,300
1835 . . . . .	2,506,400
1844 . . . . .	3,782,700
1850 . . . . .	4,433,567
1852 . . . . .	4,903,922
1853 . . . . .	5,965,490
1856 . . . . .	7,700,000
1857 . . . . .	7,900,000
1859 . . . . .	7,482,571

The 7,900,000 tons raised in 1857 were divided in the following proportions between the different basins :

	Tons.
Loire . . . . .	2,246,000
Valenciennes . . . . .	1,900,000
Alais (Gard) . . . . .	754,000
Creusot and Blanzy (Saône-et-Loire) . . . . .	580,600
Commentry (Allier) . . . . .	444,500
Aubin (Aveyron) . . . . .	363,500
The small basins . . . . .	1,574,800
Total . . . . .	7,900,000

But this production, which is the highest yet attained in France, is, after all, very feeble : Great Britain raises annually sixty-six millions of tons of coal ; Prussia, thirteen millions ; and Belgium, whose surface is only one-seventeenth of that of France, nine millions. In comparison with these figures France is very backward, and it is, therefore, natural enough that with a home production so limited, a large importation should be necessary to supply the balance of the wants of the country. The quantity of coal imported is equal to more than half the national yield, and, like the latter, it is constantly rising. On the average, from 1827 to 1836, it was 658,000 tons per annum, while in 1858 it amounted to 4,543,600 tons, and in 1860 to 5,168,985 tons. Belgium alone supplies nearly half the quantity. Since 1850 the proportions received from each of the importing countries have been as follows :

	Prussia.	Belgium.	England.	Other Countries.	Total.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
1850	192,200	1,707,000	520,400	...	2,419,600
1855	538,000	2,524,900	752,600	...	3,815,500
1856	607,000	3,419,600	885,800	...	4,912,400
1857	678,900	2,465,900	1,055,600	...	4,200,400
1858	726,000	2,680,200	1,137,400	...	4,543,600
1860	792,104	3,032,239	1,327,988	16,654	5,168,985

Now, as the interior production of 1860 may reasonably be supposed at the same quantity as for 1859, it follows that with a home yield of 7,482,571 tons, and an importation of 5,168,985 tons, the whole stock of coal for consumption in 1860 amounted to 12,651,556 tons. No notice need be taken of the exportation, for it is too small to exercise any real effect on this total.

In the absence of the long-promised report of the mining engineers, there are no means of indicating with certainty for a later date than 1852 the nature of the employment of this mass of coal; but taking the returns of that year as a basis, it is possible to arrive by computation at a result which is probably very approximative. In 1852 the division of consumption was as follows:

	Tons.
For mines and quarries . . . . .	337,770
For metal works, forges, manufactories, and gas-works . . . . .	5,353,830
For railways, steamers, &c. . . . .	664,820
For domestic uses . . . . .	1,602,100
Total . . . . .	7,958,520

Now, it is not probable that the private consumption for house purposes has very much increased during the last eight years, so that in estimating the parts of a similar table for 1860 that item cannot be much augmented. The increase in railway and steam coal may be roughly calculated on the difference between the length of railway at work in 1852 and in 1860; from 2297 miles at the end of the former year the lines open had risen to 5797 miles at the end of 1860, constituting an augmentation in the interval of 3500 miles, or about 150 per cent. The consumption of coal under this head may, therefore, be increased in the same proportion, especially as steam navigation has largely progressed in the same period. The additional quantity used in mines and quarries is more difficult to estimate, but it may be supposed equal to the simultaneous advance in the quantities of all kinds of mineral raised, which were about one-half higher in 1860 than in 1852. These three items being thus calculated for 1860, it follows that all the rest of the coal consumed in that year was absorbed by the remaining category of iron and gas works and manufactories. The table would, therefore, stand as follows:

	Tons.
For mines and quarries . . . . .	506,655
For metal works, forges, manufactories, and gas-works . . . . .	8,682,851
For railways, steamers, &c. . . . .	1,662,050
For domestic uses . . . . .	1,800,000
Total consumption of 1860 . . . . .	12,651,556

It results from these figures that the consumption of coal in France for

manufactures and transports has increased seventy per cent. in the last eight years.

It is worthy of a passing notice that the number of workmen of all kinds engaged in the French coal-trade was 35,381 in 1852; supposing the proportion between the hands employed and the quantity raised to have remained unchanged, the number of the former would have risen to 52,000 in 1860.

The details of the geographical distribution of consumption are also wanting since 1852. At that date the use of coal in the 86 departments was divided as follows: 35 departments used French coal exclusively; 11 used foreign coal exclusively; 39 used both French and foreign coal; and one department, the Gers, used none at all. Three departments alone, the Nord, Loire, and Seine (Paris), took 2,863,460 out of the general total of 7,958,520 tons. The Nord, which as the great centre of French manufactures, is by far the largest consumer (its wants amounting to one-fifth of the entire consumption of all France), took 555,710 tons of French coal, and 944,220 tons of Belgian coal; while the Seine-Inférieure took only 2310 tons of French coal, and 285,240 tons of foreign coal, which was probably all English. The Moselle, which received no inland coal at all, consumed 213,370 tons of Belgian and Prussian coal; this department is, however, now beginning to raise coal for itself, a prolongation of the Prussian basin of Sarrebruck having lately been discovered there. The Gironde also took no French coal, but 72,920 tons of English.

These great differences were natural enough; it is only necessary to look at the map of France to see that they resulted forcedly from the position of each department with reference to the facilities of transport which then existed. It is probable that the extension of railways since 1852 has greatly modified them, and that though they will doubtless always continue to exist in some degree, their proportions are now materially changed.

The question of carriage in so large a country as France, where the distances alone constitute a difficulty for trade, is a most important one for the consumers of all raw material, but it applies with special force to coal. The government has directed its attention more or less regularly since the commencement of this century to the means of cheapening transport. In 1836 the first practical step was made in that direction by the classification and reduction of the taxes on inland navigation, which up to that time had been levied in irregular and often ruinous proportions. The present government has continued to pursue the solution of the question, for it became doubly important in the face of the rapid development of trade which followed the construction of railways and the establishment of the Empire. Since 1852 the construction of ordinary roads has been actively pushed in several mining districts; at the beginning of the present year the navigation dues were still further reduced, and certain canals were even bought by the state in order to acquire the power of lowering the tariffs. The details of the general plan proposed for the improvement of coal transport in particular are contained in a report which was presented to the emperor by the Minister of Public Works in February, 1860. This report indicates the measures to be taken to create new means of transport and improve old ones, and it enumerates the various roads, canals, and branch railways which are wanted in order to place each coal basin in a good position for production and sale.

But before the report was published, and while the state was still examining the question, it had become complicated by disputes between producers and carriers, and especially between the coal-owners and the railways. In a petition presented to the Senate in 1858 by the coal and barge owners jointly, they complained that while on the one hand the cost of canal carriage was exaggerated by the taxes which, though reduced, were still imposed on inland navigation, the railways, on the other hand, made an unfair use of the high tariffs which they are allowed to charge in virtue of concessions granted them for the most part before the coal trade had assumed its present importance. They alleged that the railways neglected no opportunity of buying up the canals, and of crushing competition by a temporary reduction of prices, returning again to high rates directly they had got rid of a rival. They stated, furthermore, that the railways, especially the *Chemin du Nord*, while accepting reduced tariffs for the carriage of Belgian, Prussian, and English coal, in order to beat the canals, maintained their full rates against the French coal-owners.

This petition is full of inaccuracies, but it is not necessary to refute them here, because they only relate indirectly to the subject. The point to establish is that in 1858 the coal-owners declared in a public petition, put forward by their united committee, that they were being ruined by the railways, and that they called on the state to protect them by a further reduction of the canal dues and by the suppression of the conditional tariffs adopted by the railways.

Now it might be supposed that when a whole body of traders came forward with such allegations and such demands, it was because there was a serious foundation for their complaints. It might also be supposed that with a constantly increasing production of coal and a simultaneous development of the means of transport (it has just been shown that the length of railways in France has risen 150 per cent. in the last eight years), the sale price of coal at the pits had considerably diminished, and that it was because their profits were falling that the mine-owners called on the state for help.

But the exact contrary was the fact. The position of the coal-owners had never been so brilliant, their profits had never been so large, as in 1858, when they put in this petition. The government taxes on coal, which are based on the price at the pit, furnish official proof of the fluctuations of value. They show that in 1847 the mean price for all the mines of France came out at 6s. 7d. per ton; in 1848 and 1849 it rose to 8s. 10d.; from 1850 to 1852 it stood at about 7s. 10d.; while in 1859 it amounted to 10s. 1d. These figures, being averages, do not represent the variations which naturally existed between the prices of different pits; for instance, in 1851 some of the mines of the *Haut-Rhin* sold their coal on the spot as high as 1*l.* 4s., while in the *Aveyron* the rate was only 4s. 4d. These are the two extremes. In the three principal basins the prices for 1851 were as follows: *Loire*, 6s. 10d.; *Nord*, 9s.; and *Gard*, 5s. 8d. But without stopping at these details, the singular fact comes out that the mean price of coal at the pit got up, for all France, from 6s. 7d. in 1847 to 10s. 1d. in 1859, so that as the production rose in the same period from 5,153,204 to 7,482,571 tons, an increase of sale of 45 per cent. was accompanied by an increase of price of 53 per cent., though, as all French engineers acknowledge, the cost of extraction had materially diminished in the interval.

These were the real circumstances under which the French coal-owners called on the state to damage the railways for their benefit.

The report just quoted of the Minister of Public Works alludes to the rise which has taken place in the price of coal at the pit, and even argues thereon as a further proof of the necessity for creating facilities of carriage, but it does not examine the causes of the rise; on the contrary, it says that "it is not necessary to examine them here." It seems strange that while the declared object of the government is to reduce the price of coal, the causes of the recent extraordinary increase of its value should be passed over in silence in an official document of which the professed purport is to indicate the remedy for that increase.

When the French coal-owners are asked how it is that their prices are so much higher than those of other countries, they reply that coal costs necessarily more to raise in France than in England for instance, because their seams are generally thin and disadvantageous to work; because, from the high price of iron, their tools are dear; because they have a royalty to pay to the state; and because they are put to expense by the interference of the government engineers in the details of their trade. There is a certain amount of truth in these explanations, but the effect of such circumstances is really very limited, and they are utterly insufficient to account for a rise of 3s. 6d. per ton since 1847, or to show how, while 6s. 7d. was a sufficient price in that year, coal could not be sold under 10s. 1d. in 1859. While French coal averaged the latter rate from 1857 to 1859, the English mean price in 1858 (according to official documents quoted in the *Journal des Economistes* for June last) was 5s. 2d., or just half the French price. No one can pretend that such a difference as this was produced by insignificant variations in the conditions of extraction. The real source of the present disproportion of price between England and France, and of the rise since 1847, is found elsewhere, and it is the very petition of the coal and canal owners which, instead of helping them, has had the effect of directing attention to their real position.

The official figures prove that so far from crushing the canals, the opening of railways has largely increased their traffic. Before railways existed in France, the price of transport of coal by the rivers and canals varied from  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ton per mile. These rates, which included the tax to the state, left a fair profit to the bargemen. The railways, on their first establishment, began to carry coal at from 1d. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d., so that at that time they in no way competed with the boat interest; it is only during the last few years, since the coal traffic has become an important item of their receipts, and their means of transport have improved by experience, that they have been able to reduce their tariffs. The Chemin du Nord now charges  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to all comers for distances not less than 180 miles, while the other lines are all dearer, the average being about  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. for long and short distances together. All that the railways have done is, therefore, to come down by differential tariffs for long distances to about the old canal price, so that there is really no damage done to the bargemen at all. But even if it were shown that the price now earned for water carriage is less than it used to be, there is compensation in the increase of traffic. For example, in 1850 the whole importation of Belgian coal was 1,707,000 tons, of which part was carried by railway and part by canal; but in 1857 the canals alone brought in 1,724,000 tons from Mons and Charleroi, while the Chemin de Fer du Nord transported

only 575,000 tons from the same sources; so that in that year, which presents the same average as the preceding ones, inland navigation obtained nearly three-fourths of the Belgian traffic. A stronger example still of the recent extension of canal carriage is, that the amount of the navigation tax rose from 200,000*l.* in 1838 to 416,000*l.* in 1853, and this augmentation, which proves a proportionate increase of traffic, took place almost exclusively on the canals alone, for they paid the state 103,000*l.* in 1838, and 296,000*l.* in 1853. Transports by water have therefore doubled since the construction of railways; the railways have created so large a trade that the canals profit by the general impulse. The only advantage of the railways over the canals is that they carry regularly in all seasons, while the canals are stopped in winter by frost and in summer for cleaning. The railways offer a certainty of arrival which did not previously exist, and one of the first results of the *Chemin du Nord* was to put an end to the rise of fifty or sixty per cent., which formerly took place on coal every winter in Paris as soon as the canals were frozen, and which cost the Parisians some 200,000*l.* a year.

It is therefore evident, that while the establishment of railways has greatly developed the coal-trade, it has done no harm to the canals, for the lowest railway tariffs only just reach the old canal rates. It was not because they were really damaged that the bargemen were put forward by the coal-owners as sufferers deserving of public sympathy, but because they hoped to distract attention from the growing price of coal by a combined attack against the so-called railway monopoly, whose first victims they professed to be.

The complaints of the coal-owners are, if possible, even less founded than those of the canal men. While petitioning for reductions of the cost of carriage, while their sale price was rising, and while their success was so great and universal that the 20*l.* shares of the new mines just opened in the *Pas-de-Calais* were selling at 80*l.* to 100*l.*, the country was paying 1*s.* 5½*d.* per ton duty on the foreign coal needed to make up the supply. And the duty was not the only source of protection; Belgian coal, which is the great rival of the northern French miners, paid, in addition, 1*s.* 8*d.* more for various expenses of carriage to the French frontier, so that the margin in favour of French coal was 3*s.* 1½*d.* per ton, which constituted just so much extra profit for France. It is obvious that if the Belgians, who work the very same seams as the northern French, can sell their coal at a profit in France with 3*s.* 1½*d.* extra expenses thereon, the French coal-owners, who sell at the same price and raise their coal at almost the same cost, put into their pockets not only the same first profit as the Belgians, but this 3*s.* 1½*d.* also. The home production being insufficient for the demand, and two-fifths of the whole consumption being imported under duty with special charges for carriage, it follows that, as these additional expenses cannot be suppressed on foreign coal, its price cannot be diminished. So long, therefore, as the French coal-owners keep their supply under the demand, so long will the present price be kept up, not only for the foreign sellers but for the home producers also. The interest of the French coal proprietors is to maintain this standard, and it is fair to suppose that they are doing so resolutely and by agreement between themselves, for otherwise, having a certainty of sale, they would increase their own production and lower their prices against foreigners and each other.

In their eagerness for protection, not only by duties on foreign importation, but also by reductions on the tariffs of transport, they forget that they upset the great protectionist argument that high import duties enable a country to produce in safety enough for its own wants: in this case the only effect of the coal duty has been to add 1s. 5½d. to the price, and that for the sole benefit of the coal-owner.

It has just been stated that the railway tariff for coal has gone down during the last twelve years from 1½d. to an average of ¾d. per ton per mile, but instead of producing a corresponding reduction in the cost of coal delivered to consumers, the returns prove that the average of the latter has actually increased in the same interval from 16s. to 17. 3d.; and this is not a private calculation, the figures are given by the government in the report on the state of the empire, which was presented to the Chambers in February last. This augmentation of twenty-five per cent. may, perhaps, have proceeded from increasing demand, or from some other cause which is not yet traceable, but it certainly in no way arose from the simultaneous rise at the pit's mouth. That rise, as will be understood from the foregoing statements, has taken place simultaneously with the economy realised in the cost of railway carriage, and it represents almost exactly the amount of that economy, for as all the coal of France is transported to a general mean distance of sixty miles, it follows that the saving of ¾d. per ton per mile which has been effected during the last twelve years, amounts to 3s. 9d., a figure almost identical with the addition of 3s. 6d., which has been simultaneously and progressively made to the old pit price of 1847. This 3s. 9d., instead of being a gain to the public, has been tranquilly pocketed by the coal-owners, who thought that their buyers might just as well pay the same price as before for coal delivered, and so added the value of the reduction, as it arose, to their own price at the mine.

The truth is, that every successive economy in the cost of transport has been accompanied by a successive corresponding addition to the price at the pit, and this is the explanation of the fact that while that price was 6s. 7d. in 1847 it is now 10s. 1d.

And it was under such circumstances as these, with a production purposely kept down to only three-fifths of the quantity consumed, a price just double that paid in England, a high protective duty, and gigantic profits, that the coal-owners complained in 1858 that the railway monopoly limited their sale!

The French coal-owners are protected from foreign competition by the simple fact that, with the exception of certain frontier departments, which are far distant from the inland coal-fields, and which are, therefore, obliged to supply themselves from abroad, the cost of carriage alone on so bulky an article augments its price sufficiently to cover the home producers. The maintenance of a duty has only the effect of correspondingly increasing the price at which French coal can be sold: the country pays 300,000*l.* a year in duties on foreign coal solely to enable the French producers to realise as much additional profit.

If from war, or any other cause, the supply of foreign coal were to be cut off, the price of French coal would double or triple; it would not be pleasant for the country at large, but what a fortune the coal-owners would make!



## MADAME DE KRUDENER.

WOMAN OF THE WORLD, AUTHOR, PIETIST, AND ILLUMINIST.

JULIA BARONESS OF VIETINGHOFF, was born in 1766, at Riga. Her father, who at one period had enjoyed a high place at court, had withdrawn from thence, and lived like a feudal baron of old at his château in Courland. It requires to have seen these castles of the nobility on the Baltic to understand what a sense of grandeur and of solitude might be imbibed by a child brought up in such a place. Immense plains, only dotted here and there by some struggling colony of Germans, or by the miserable huts of the native peasants, stretch far away beyond the horizon around the seignorial residence, which is itself often of an imposing grandeur and extravagant proportions. Already, in the time of Catherine and of Elizabeth, the nobles began to build palaces in these arid steppes, or amid the dark pine forests.

The life of such a feudal lord was as curious within as its contrasts were great without. In the time of the Empress Anne—whose husband was himself Duke of Courland—such barons had all the pride and insolence of petty tyrants; and they avoided the court of St. Petersburg, where, however haughty they might be, they were forced to bend. It was in vain that Anne and Elizabeth summoned the young nobility to court. It was not till the Princess of Anhalt Zerbst took with her the love of the fine arts and of science, intellectual life and vigour, to the court of the North, that the representatives of the great families of Courland, of Esthonia, and of Livonia, also found their way to St. Petersburg. But nothing could be more monotonous than life at the castle. You might walk ten miles without meeting a person with whom to exchange a word. The major-domo might be a perfect example of German civilisation, the governess from Paris or Geneva might represent either city in miniature; still their resources were soon exhausted. Winter would bring, with sledge and skating, parties on the great frozen lakes; but a winter's evening in one of these feudal solitudes of Courland was a terrible affair. The châtelain would go to sleep over his chess or his backgammon, and the châtelaine would pretend to have instructions to give to her household, but in reality would tear herself away from the horrors of a weariness that set upon her like a nightmare.

It may be imagined from this what influence such conditions of existence had upon the youth of Mademoiselle de Vietinghoff, especially as from her earliest years she was of a highly imaginative, impressionable, and somewhat fantastic nature. Those born and bred in the tumult of great cities never have the same susceptibilities; they are blunted, or they perish in the bud. A single incident of early life will serve to portray its general tone and character. She had for great-grandmother an elderly and august personage who monopolised all the respect of the house, and who uttered nothing but oracles. With regard to family matters she was an unquestioned authority; she had every event that had happened for the last hundred years at her fingers' ends. Nor was she much less intimately versed in the history of her country, especially in so far as her

family was concerned in it. The best point about the old lady was, that with all her pride she doted upon her children, her grandchildren, and grandchildren's children.

Nevertheless, the day came when this grand old lady was to go, like her predecessors. She had already disposed of her worldly goods. Peter had this domain, Jean Casimir the other; the capital went to Burchard, and the plate and jewels to Lebrecht-Antony; but she had not decided to which of her four sons she should confide her mortal remains. Jean Casimir had just erected a new family mausoleum, and he claimed the honour of possessing his mother's body; but Peter had also his family vault, and if Burchard and Lebrecht-Antony had no mausolea, they offered their own castles for a last home to their mother's relics. Tradition in these gloomy and superstitious regions will have it that the mother takes happiness with her, and where her bones lay would be the head and the support of the family.

The struggle for the possession of the body, ere the soul had departed from it, became so oppressive, that in order that it might not be said that she died at Jean Casimir's because he had had a new mausoleum erected, she had herself removed in a dying state, and in mid-winter, in a sledge, to the house of Peter, who received her in triumph; but she had scarcely got into her bed than Lebrecht-Antony, his wife, and daughter, managed so effectually as to get her carried away by another sledge. But if Lebrecht had proved himself sharp, Burchard was no less so, and he succeeded in ravishing the moribund old lady from his possession. Thus it was that in the depth of a Baltic winter, amid snow, ice, and wind, the fantastic sledge that bore this half-animate body was dragged about dark forests and over boundless plains, by day and by night, unable to find a resting-place.

It can be easily imagined what an effect so strange an event had upon a young and susceptible person as Julia. Alluding to it in after life, she said, "What a pity that I cannot, as this noble lady did for her race, also give my heart to humanity, especially to that portion of humanity that suffers! Would to Heaven that the poor should thus dispute the possession of my remains among themselves, that each were to wish, as being his own, to bury me near his hut! What a happy rest it would be!"

The father of our heroine—Baron de Vietinghoff—was, of all the feudal lords of his epoch and of his country, the one who least appreciated the pleasures of that system of life. Given to study, and to literary and scientific pursuits, he might have felt the isolation less than others, were it not that his instincts as a man of the world predominated, and led him to seek for gratification in the metropolis of Russian predilection—Paris. On the occasion of his first visit to that brilliant capital, his daughter was a mere child; but on the occasion of the second, she was a grown-up girl. Among those who frequented his house were D'Alembert, Buffon, Grimm, D'Holbach, and Marmontel. Julia, young as she was, was distinguished by these notabilities, and her father was justly proud of her. Soon, however, her peculiar and strange instincts began to reveal themselves, and gave much anxiety to her parent. She became discontented and melancholy, wished to return to the solitudes of the North, had dreams and visions, at first at intervals, and then so frequently that her

father tried what change of scene would do, and took her to Germany, to Switzerland, and to the south of France. But the peculiar idiosyncrasy of her character remained unchanged; she would set upon a rock, or wander alone at undue hours in some romantic solitude, weeping or prophesying; and to her father, who was deeply imbued with the "philosophical" doctrines of the day, the manifestations of such pious mysticism were as disagreeable as they were unintelligible. When he would have engaged her in a discussion upon an article in the *Encyclopædia*, she would seek the solitudes of a cloister, and meditate there upon the imaginary charms of monastic seclusion.

But everything has its time, and Baron de Vietinghoff had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter become one of the most frivolous women of the world, and with so peculiar a nature, she at once went to such extremes as to terrify the more sedate as to her future. She was the mere child of grace and fantasy, and yet so seductive in her waywardness, that she seemed to have the gift of bewitching all whom she approached. Her marriage with Baron de Krudener was, however, less a matter of feeling than a concession made to her parent's wishes. Her husband could not understand her, and she did not love him; hence the tie led only to weariness and indifference. All she seemed to care for was movement. She went first to Venice, where her husband filled the position of Russian ambassador, thence she returned as quickly to Paris. But she seemed to be devoured by an unconquerable restlessness. Her father scolded in vain. She even declared her lover, the singer Garat, to be without soul or intelligence. Nothing seemed to satisfy her; she seemed to seek for gratification only in contradiction and trouble. She could not live, love, sin, and repent like the rest of the world; she would have sold herself to Satan, but only on the condition that the archangel would have made it worth her while. Paris abounded at that epoch in women anxious to obtain notoriety, no matter at what expense, but few went to such extremes as did Madame de Krudener. Her greatest annoyance was that joy and grief, love and hatred, glory and humiliation, should be allotted to her only in common with others. One evening she was told that Madame de Genlis was the first person who had attained perfection on the harp in Paris, and that it had given her much celebrity. "It appears to me," she observed, "that it is sufficient to make oneself ridiculous in France to become celebrated. As to that, I also will learn the harp." She did not learn the harp, but she wrote a romance, and then she said, "Of the two kinds of folly by which Madame de Genlis has attained celebrity, I have chosen the easiest. I have written a book; it remains to be seen if I have attained the same end."

"*Valérie*" appeared at Paris in 1804, after a short *séjour* made by Madame de Krudener, subsequent to her separation from her husband in 1792, in Riga, and Leipzig. The work created a sensation. It portrayed the heart as the active interpreter of the dark mysteries of conscience. Gustavus, the hero of the book, is a kind of sentimental Werther, who falls in love with the wife of the father who has adopted him, the young and beautiful Valérie, in whom we have the ardent and romantic character of Madame de Krudener; the spoilt and undisciplined child grown up to be the thoughtless and unprincipled woman, only still tormented by those religious scruples which she could never entirely divest herself of, and

which she now sought relief for by transporting them into the domain of poetry. Gustavus is also a sketch from life, and the struggle of these two hearts, that meet only to suffer, are depicted with a skill peculiar to woman. "Valérie," in reality, belongs neither to the school of Goethe in his "Werther," nor to that of Rousseau in his "Nouvelle Héloïse," but to what another woman, Madame de Staël, also succeeded in depicting in her usual masterly manner in "Corinne" and "Delphine." "Valérie" introduced the fashion of promenading the hero and heroine about the world—a fashion to which the epistolary style lent itself with peculiar facilities, and the shoal upon which most imitators have wrecked themselves—that of fastidious developments and tedious digressions—has been as skilfully avoided by Madame de Krudener as by Madame de Staël. The letters of Gustavus are replete with tenderness and subdued passion, those of Valérie are less real; they are at times cold and affected, as if the author feared to reveal the secrets of her own heart. It has been said that the philosopher Saint-Martin had a hand in this work; but although she had relations with that strange personage, it does not appear that he ever had any influence with her, still less any participation in her literary labours.

"Valérie" especially abounds in descriptions of scenery and of events connected with the author's travels, and we find in it a notice of a visit made with her father to the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble, disguised as a man, access to the monastery being interdicted to women. She was at that time twenty years of age, and had been married five, and her account of the emotions which she experienced not only portray the strange undisciplined and sceptical sentiments on religion by which she was all her life tormented, but also contain a prophecy of the future to which such scepticism must inevitably lead.

Two individuals were issuing on a cold and gloomy night in the autumn of 1786, enveloped in their mantles, from the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble. The smallest of the two personages was distinguished by the grace and elegance of her shape, no less than by the inexpressible expression of mild beauty that expanded in every feature; and it was with the liveliest marks of affection and solicitude that her companion helped her to descend the steps of the portal. The latter was a man of a certain age, but robust and well built, with a patrician air, calm and strong. Both took their way to a carriage that was awaiting them, and which took them to an inn at some distance in the town. No sooner arrived, than the youngest, overcome with fatigue, let herself fall on a sofa, at the same time unloosening her hair, which escaped in brown and silken tresses. As to the oldest of the two travellers, he remained for a moment upright before his companion, contemplating her with quiet pleasure, till, taking her hand, he said, in a voice in which reproach was mingled with admiration, "Well, Julia! are you happy in having done what no woman dared attempt before you? What did you see? What did you feel? Speak! Must we congratulate ourselves upon our adventure? Alas, I fear not, and that our friends in Paris will laugh at us, seeing us return disappointed. For you know, my dear, they all endeavoured to dissuade us from this expedition."

Instead of replying, the graceful figure rose up, and, throwing herself

into the arms of him who had spoken, exclaimed, with profound emotion, "In the name of Heaven, father, do not say a word of this expedition in Paris! Give me your promise to hold your tongue to all the idle questionings to which we shall be subjected."

"And why so, my dear child?"

"Do not ask me. Give me your word!"

"How excited you are!"

"Truly so. I no longer breathe—I no longer live! It seems to me as if the gloom we have left behind us will for ever darken my existence. Frightful voices murmur in my soul, which is troubled, wandering, humiliated, and would like to hide itself in the deepest abyss, not to see and not to hear. Oh, father, father! what is our life? What frightful precipices, what gulfs open themselves under our feet, whilst we move on in joy and indifference! What a horrible enigma is that of an existence for which we shall probably pay for every minute by inexpressible and unending punishments! Who is He who will inflict these punishments? I will dispense with the good things that his gracious hand bestows, if he will only also take back the arbitrary and tyrannical bonds by which he overwhelms me! Nothing, nothing! I want nothing of Him who deems it wise to veil himself eternally from my contemplation, and to harass me with his secrets."

The father drew the child to his bosom, while she, more and more terrified, pressed herself on his breast with convulsive sobs.

"You are my father—you! I know you. I have seen you suffer for my griefs, sympathise with my tears. I read the expression of that love which sustains and raises my being upon your face, whose every feature paints to me the history of my weak heart. You do not hide yourself; you do not make of your solicitude for me a dark and gloomy mystery, in which you oblige me to believe even when my reason refuses to understand. No, father, your look bears testimony to your love; a loyal, open, irresistible testimony. I have no need to appeal to a third party to interpret your physiognomy; it is thus that a father should be with his children. So, also, do I love you; and I am faithful to you; faithful to that noble heart upon which mine reposes, and beyond which I know nothing. For of eternity, neither you nor I wish for it. Is it not true that you reject a present the granter of which persistently refuses to show himself to you, and does not even permit you to know if the good things that he dispenses to you emanate from his kindness or his irony?"

"For Heaven's sake, Julia, be calm; your excitement leads you astray, and you do not see that you are talking blasphemy! Come to yourself, my daughter—to that calm reason which constitutes the charm of your mind, and which is only troubled by a moment's excitement."

"You think, perhaps," continued the young girl more sedately, "that it is the sight of this monastery that we have just visited that has suggested these ideas. Well, then, learn that it is not the case; that my heart has been troubled and my head confused for a long time now—a very long time, alas!"

This will quite suffice to show how closely the subject of the romance attaches itself to the intimate existence of the author, and we find the

same incident alluded to, in a more agreeable manner, in a letter of Gustavus's: "I have just been reading the life of a saint, which I found in one of the drawers of my room. This saint had been a man, and he had remained a man: he had suffered, he had cast away the desires of this world far away from him, after having courageously struggled with them; he had banished all the images of his youth from his thoughts, and raised up repentance between them and his years of solitude. He worked daily in preparing his grave, thinking with gladness that he would leave his dust to the earth, and he tremblingly hoped that his soul would go to heaven. He dwelt in the Chartreuse; in 1715 he died, or rather he disappeared, his death was so soft. Men live there who are said to be fanatic, but who every day do good to other men. What a sublime and touching idea is that of three hundred Chartreux living the most holy life, filling these vast cloisters, only raising their melancholy looks to bless those whom they meet, exhibiting in every movement the most profound calm, telling with their features, with their voices—which are never moved by excitement—that they only live for that great God who is forgotten in the world but is adored in the desert."

"*Qui dit poëte, dit toujours un peu prophète,*" is a proverb with the French, although of far greater antiquity, for prophet and poet were almost synonymous in the times of the Hebrews; but it is impossible not to see Madame de Krudener, as she was in the nineteenth century, in these thoughts and fancies. The woman of fashion belonged to the eighteenth century; courted and flattered, vain and affected, frivolous and inconsequent, beautiful and susceptible, a thousand triumphs awaited her—triumphs of grace, triumphs of talent, and triumphs of gallantry: to the nineteenth century belonged the pious lady, the charitable mother of the poor and the afflicted, the pale, thin ascetic who seeks for mercy at the foot of the Cross, pilgrim, martyr, the lady with the grey dress and plain white cap covering her closely-cropped hair, once so much admired!

At the period when Madame de Krudener was a woman of the world, the Encyclopædists had reached the last hours of their orgies, the hours when the tables were turned, and the lights were put out, and two enormous and bloody hands—the hands of the Revolution—were feeling about at hap-hazard among the powdered heads that crowded the salons of the Baron of Holbach. Society, mined to its very base, threatened at every moment to topple over. Paris at such an epoch was filled with adventurers, visionaries, and necromancers. Mesmer reigned with magnetic wand and galvanic chains and circuits, while Saint Germain and Cagliostro resuscitated the dead, who, on their part, terrified the world by the most astounding prophecies.

It was about 1804 that Madame de Krudener first met Madame de Staël in her exile at Coppet. Both of these women—at that epoch at the very pinnacle of their worldly and literary fame—were about to follow their own line, and to take the part that was destined for them in the great events that were taking place. The one became a political, the other a religious, martyr. Equally made to exercise a powerful influence upon their contemporaries, there have not been wanting those who have made vanity the basis of their actions. There may be some truth in this, but it is very far from being the whole truth.

The first public signs of conversion on the part of Madame de Krudener manifested themselves in 1806, during her residence at Königsberg, where she had gone to visit Queen Louisa of Prussia. The fair and frail form that only a few years previously had been the idol of Madame Récamier's salons, dressed in Greek attire, with naked arms and bust, was no longer to be seen save in a high dress, and her hair combed back and deprived of all ornaments. She had then attained her fortieth year. Her husband, from whom she had been long separated, had died at Berlin, in 1804. For some time she wore a small crucifix of gold over her dress, but even that disappeared. She took off all her rings, reminiscences of former frivolities, but that did not prevent people admiring her hands, which were the prettiest in the world. Her step, previously quick and hurried, became now slow and measured. In company she remained standing, talking at the corner of a chimney, and out of doors she dispensed alike with equipages and lacqueys, going about like a Sister of Charity, and she was admitted everywhere without ceremony.

The first time that Madame de Krudener obtained a sense of her power over the multitude is said to have been at Venice. A beggar-woman had been arrested, and the mob interceded for her. Madame de Krudener, passing in her gondola, also interfered, and she addressed the parties with such effect as to bring about the desired object, whereupon the mob carried her in triumph, shouting, "See the beautiful young lady, who has pity on the sufferings of the poor, and will not allow them to be maltreated." This event produced a great impression upon her. From that day she cultivated the favour of the people; the gondoliers disputed the honour of conveying her to church, and within the portals of the sacred edifice people recommended themselves to her prayers. The progress of events also materially influenced her resolves. After the battle of Jena, she wrote: "Great destinies are being accomplished: keep your eyes open. He who tries the hearts of the humble as well as of the strong, is about to manifest himself to kings as well as to people."

As the prosperity of Napoleon increased, Madame de Krudener withdrew to Geneva, where she made the acquaintance of Empeytas, a minister of the Reformed Church, who, like herself, was imbued with the spirit of mystic ardour as well as of piety. She had at this epoch two children, one of whom, a boy, she sent into Livonia, the other, a girl, she kept near herself.

The days of her predications and missions had now arrived. At Heidelberg she visited the prison for criminals, and dwelt for some weeks among thieves and assassins. War had massed these personages in a few strong places, and they had, in consequence, become so dangerous that their gaolers were frightened to venture among them. Yet a frail woman was not terrified—it is true that her very fragility was a kind of protection to her. But she had to bear with their raillery against herself and against the Creator of all things. There was, in her own words, a perfect luxury of vice and perdition among them. Strange to say, she met in this gaol a man with whom she had danced in Paris. "Good lady," he said, "do not try to convert me. A society that humbles and prostrates itself before him who steals a crown attests that there is only one thing in this world below, and that is success. To succeed is virtue,

to fail is crime." Another took her book out of her hand, and struck her on the head with it. "Get away, old fool," he said; "if you were young and pretty, you would not be thinking of God, but of his creature, and now all the nonsense that you talk is for the consolation of your old age and of your worn-out carcase."

These sentimental promenades of Madame de Krudener among galls and fortresses, her preachings and predications among the poor and the subversive, and the fame of her proceedings, that spread far and wide in town and country, did not fail to attract the attention of the authorities. The tumult of war saved her for a time. She attempted, on the retreat from Moscow, to reach Berlin, but was obliged to return into Switzerland, the eternal home of the free and of the persecuted, and sometimes of the ungrateful. When news arrived of the battle of Leipzig, "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven, princes and people," she exclaimed, "for having saved you; you have nothing else now to do, *porro unum est necessarium*, thank Heaven!" She spoke of Alexander as a young hero who joined the energy of a Cæsar to the celestial candour of an apostle, as the elect of Heaven, and her words had an effect that can scarcely be imagined in less impressionable and excitable times. This was, indeed, the moment of Madame de Krudener's greatest triumphs, and better to have died at that time, with the halo of a prophetess round her pale brow, than to have lived to dishonour her grey hairs with all the vanities of illuminism and witchcraft.

Madame de Krudener first made acquaintance with the thaumaturgist Jung Stilling at Carlsruhe, in 1814, and her excitable temperament allowed itself at once to be won over by all sorts of strange systems and fantastic theories. Jung Stilling was the son of a peasant, and had himself been brought up as a tailor. Goethe was the first to detect a precocious intelligence in this youth of humble origin, and it was to his having noticed him that he was indebted for the sympathy of the world. But these manifestations of interest awakened new ambitions: the tailoring was given up for doctoring, and Jung Stilling became a physician without the trouble of studying the science or passing an examination in order to obtain a degree. He improvised the latter as a more easy process. His business consisted in effecting cures by mystical means and by supernatural incantations, of which he alone possessed the secret. Such is the natural love for quackery and humbug, that crowds hastened to the empiric. He more particularly addicted himself to the cure of the eyes, and here he performed miracles. All those upon whom he operated were to recover their sight, and if they did not do so it was because they were destined to remain blind! What is still more strange is, that this man who practised medicine without a diploma, this dreamer, quack, and cheat, who had always lived without the bounds of reality, was appointed professor of political economy! Needless to say that he was most profoundly ignorant of the merest elements of the science that he was appointed to teach; but Europe was at that epoch so upset by the horrors of war, that a small German university did not look too close to its appointments.

Jung Stilling not only managed, however, to get through his course of political economy with credit to himself, but he found time, while he was disseminating his absurd theories of the development of wealth and



the increase of human happiness, to indite a whole host of frightful romances. Finding, however, that this failed to procure the needful, he changed his tactics—he had already experienced how much could be done by pretensions to the mystical—and he assumed to have given himself up to a profound study of the occult sciences, the elements of which he at the same time developed in his "Theory of Spirits and Scenes of the Invisible World."

Such is the man whom, unfortunately, an educated, refined, and latterly a pious person like Madame de Krudener allowed herself to be influenced by. The apparitions of a supernatural world were the inexhaustible theme of their conversations, and the too credulous neophyte listened to all the extravagances of this arch-impostor as if they had been words of the Gospel: they prayed together, and they summoned spirits to appear before them. All the false prophets and cheats that at that epoch abounded in Alsatia, in Franconia, in Switzerland, and in Bavaria, congregated around this madman, who pretended to be in immediate communication with the Deity. Madame de Krudener found herself irretrievably mixed up with these mock propagandists. This was all that was wanting to deliver her over to her enemies, who were not few in number, and who were jealous of her labours and success among the poor, the imprisoned, and the afflicted, but who, so long as she had persevered, backed by a steady piety and sound faith, had found it impossible to annoy her. Now nothing was easier: she had given up true religion for imposture; she had associated herself with a parcel of notorious cheats; she was denounced as being herself a deceiver, as subversive, infidel, and impious. She who had been the friend of Alexander and the beloved of the people, was ridiculed and laughed at, and the last epoch of her life—the era of her disgrace—was fairly entered upon. Her travels were now prosecuted with a commissary of police in the carriage and a gendarme at each door—sad and painful peregrinations, yet still more or less triumphal, for the people hurried wherever she was, and pressed around the carriage of the poor persecuted lady. Thus it was that she was hurried from one frontier to another. No German state would allow her to remain upon its territory: nowhere could she find an asylum. On the threshold of every hostelry she was met by a police officer, who at once bade her pass on; and the miserable woman, worn out with fatigue and often ill, had no alternative but to get up again into her carriage, and to pursue the course of her anxious migrations. Sometimes she was in want of money, and then when she could get a remittance she would divide it with the poor and the needy. Her tribulations and anxieties were truly excessive. She was getting old, and at open war with all the police of Europe; the nomade had to raise her tent as soon as it was pitched wherever she went. At length she found refuge at the house of her son-in-law, Baron de Berckheim, who lived in the environs of Riga.

But it was not without a pang that she thus resigned herself to a retired life. She said that if the Creator thus humiliated her, it was because He could no longer be glorified by her. It was thus that she wrote to Empeytas, in 1820: "God permits lassitude to creep over its elect, so that they may know of how little import is their strength and renown to Him. He has shown to me also within these few days that He has no longer any need of my poor services. My head bends down upon my

chest, my arms fall by my side, and my step, which formerly was as a spring towards an object to be attained, is now slow and painful. O my friend! when the terrible hour shall sound, with what fright shall I answer the appeal! It is in vain that I attempt to compare my good and bad days disseminated over the earth, in vain that I attempt to draw conclusions: there is no fruit—alas! no fruit! I began life as a frivolous and coquettish woman, and after a brief but sharp martyrdom, I finish as a woman without courage and complaining."

M. de Sternberg relates having seen this remarkable woman in her retirement. "It was," he relates, "a fine summer's evening, when I was walking along the banks of the river, that I saw an open carriage pass by, in which an old lady, in a dress of grey silk, was seated by the side of a young man. Without knowing that it was Madame de Krudener, I experienced a singular impression at the sight of this person. A moment afterwards the carriage stopped, and the old lady got down, leaning upon the arm of her cavalier. Although at a short distance, I soon understood why she had thus got down. There was a group of girls close by on the banks of the river, busy washing clothes, and Madame de Krudener, perceiving them, could not resist the temptation of getting down and preaching something to them. She accordingly made her way to the laughing country girls, who opened their great eyes with wonder, and getting up upon a bench, she thus obtained a commanding position, from whence she addressed a homily to those present, of which I perfectly remember the principal points.

"What are you doing there?" she cried out in the dialect of the country people, and with a loud voice.

"The girls looked at one another laughingly, and replied that they were washing linen.

"Very good," replied Madame de Krudener, "you are washing your body linen; but do you think of the stains that lie on your consciences, of the spots on your celestial clothing, that will drive you one day into confusion and despair, if you appear before God without having washed them? You open your great eyes, and you appear to ask me with surprise how I can know that there are any stains on your celestial vestments? Believe me that I know it most indubitably. The souls of all of us are similarly circumstanced, and the best and noblest have their stains; that is why we are ordered to incessantly keep watch over our purification, and to wash off the spots from our souls, as you do those from the linen. Neglect to do this, and God will punish you in heaven, as your master will punish you on earth if you neglect the other. But the punishments of God are as much more terrible than those of man as heaven is higher than the earth."

"And thus the discourse was prolonged, in a style that was at once familiar and yet mystical, but always borrowing its metaphors from circumstances of daily life, and that were within reach of the simplest minds. The effect was prodigious. As Madame de Krudener spoke on, these poor girls passed from a state of stupid astonishment to gathering up fragments, and then following every sentence of the address, and as they did so, their former boisterousness changed into an aspect of modest decency. Gradually they left their work, went up to the old lady, and, falling on

their knees, they wept, whilst she, elevated above, smiled with the smile of love, and stretched forth her hands to bless them.

"The calmness of the spot, a cloudless sky, the inspiration of her words, which were carried away by the embalmed breeze of the evening, all combined to produce an ineffaceable impression on my mind, and I cannot to the present day hear Madame de Krudener's name mentioned without being reminded of that scene."

Madame de Krudener only excited public attention once more after this; it was when she went to St. Petersburg to plead the cause of the Greeks. This active Philhellenism met, however, with a very poor success with government, which politely invited her to quit the capital and take herself off to the Crimea—thereby indicating the course of her travels. Unfortunately, while at the old capital of the Tartar Khans—Karasu Bazar—or "the market on the Blackwater," she caught a pestilential fever, of which she died on the 13th of December, 1824.

Madame Hommaire de Hell, who travelled with her husband in Southern Russia and the Crimea in 1838-39, gives a somewhat different account of the fate of this remarkable woman:

Every one is aware of the mystic influence which Madame de Krudener exercised for many years over the enthusiastic temperament of the Emperor Alexander. This lady, who has so charmingly portrayed her own character in "Valérie," who was pre-eminently distinguished in the aristocratic salons of Paris by her beauty, her talents, and her position as an ambassador, who was by turns a woman of the world, a heroine of romance, a remarkable writer, and a prophetess, will not soon be forgotten in France. The lovers of mystic poetry will read "Valérie," that charming work, the appearance of which made so much noise, notwithstanding the bulletins of the grand army (for it appeared in the most brilliant period of the Empire); those who delight in grace, combined with beauty and mental endowments, will recal to mind that young woman who won for herself so distinguished a place in French society; and those whose glowing imaginations love to dwell on exalted sentiments and religious fervour, united to the most lively faith, cannot refuse their admiration to her who asked of the mighty of the earth only the means of freely exercising charity, that evangelical virtue, of which she was always one of the most ardent apostles.

The "Lettres de Mademoiselle Cochelet" made known to us with what zeal Madame de Krudener applied herself to seeking out and comforting the afflicted. Her extreme goodness of heart was such that she was called, in St. Petersburg, the Mother of the Poor. All the sums she received from the emperor were immediately distributed to the wretched, and her own fortune was applied in the same way, so that her house was besieged from morning till night by mujiks and mothers of families, to whom she gave food both for soul and body.

With so much will and power to do good, Madame de Krudener by-and-by acquired so great an influence in St. Petersburg, that the government at last became alarmed. She was accused of entertaining tendencies of too liberal a cast, religious notions of no orthodox kind, extreme ambition cloaked under the guise of charity, and therewith too much compassion for those miserable mujiks of whom she was the unfailing friend. But the chief cause of the displeasure of the court was the baroness's connexion with two other ladies, whose religious sentiments were by all means exceedingly questionable. They were the Princess Galitzin and the so-called Countess Guacher.

The publicity which these ladies affected in all their acts could not but be injurious to the meek Christian enterprise of Madame de Krudener. The princess was detested at court. Too superior to disguise her opinions, and renowned for her beauty, her caustic wit, and her philosophic notions, she had

excited against her a host of enemies, who were sure to take the first opportunity of injuring her with the emperor. As for the Countess Guacher, her rather equivocal position at the court furnished a weapon against her, when, suddenly issuing from the extreme retirement in which she had previously lived, she became one of Madame de Krudener's most enthusiastic adepts. . . .

When the Princess Galitzin returned to St. Petersburg after a journey to Italy, the emperor, who sincerely admired her, took upon himself to make two ladies acquainted whom he thought so fitted to appreciate each other. As he had foreseen, a close intimacy grew up between them, but to the great mortification of the court, this intimacy was, through Madame de Krudener's influence, the basis of an association which aimed at nothing less than the conversion of the whole earth to the holy law of Christ.

At first the scheme was met with derision, then alarm was felt, and at last, by dint of intrigues, the emperor, whom these ladies had half made a proselyte, was forced to banish them from court, and confine them for the rest of their days to the territory of the Crimea. It is said that this decision, so contrary to the kind nature of Alexander, was occasioned by an article in an English newspaper, in which the female trio and his imperial majesty were made the subjects of most biting sarcasms. Enraged at being accused of being held in leading-strings by three half-crazed women, the emperor signed the warrant for their exile, to the great joy of the envious courtiers. The victims beheld in the event only the manifestation of the Divine will, that they should propagate the faith among the followers of Mahomet. In a spirit of Christian humility they declined receiving any other escort than that of a non-commissioned officer, whose duty should be only to see to their personal safety, and transmit their orders to the persons employed in the journey. Their departure produced a great sensation in St. Petersburg; and every one was eager to see the distinguished ladies in their monastic costume. The court laughed, but the populace, always sensitive where religion is concerned, and who, besides, were losing a most generous protectress in Madame de Krudener, accompanied the pilgrims with great demonstrations of respect and sorrow to the banks of the Neva, where they embarked on the 6th of September, 1822. . . .

The apparition of these ladies in the Crimea threw the whole peninsula into commotion. Eager to make proselytes, they were seen toiling in their béguine costume, with the cross and the gospel in their hands, over mountains and valleys, exploring Tatar villages, and even carrying their enthusiasm to the strange length of preaching in the open air to the amazed and puzzled Mussulmans. But as the English consul had predicted, in spite of their mystic fervour, their persuasive voices, and the originality of their enterprise, our heroines effected few conversions. They only succeeded in making themselves thoroughly ridiculous, not only in the eyes of the Tatars, but in those also of the Russian nobles of the vicinity, who instead of seconding their efforts, or at least giving them credit for their good intentions, regarded them only as feather-witted *illuminatæ*, capable at most of catechising little children. The police, too, always prompt to take alarm, and having besides received special instructions respecting these ladies, soon threw impediments in the way of all their efforts, so that two months had scarcely elapsed before they were obliged to give up their roving ways, their preachings, and all the fine dreams they had indulged during their long and painful journey. It was a sore mortification to them to renounce the hope of planting a new Thebaïd in the mountains of the Crimea. Madame de Krudener could not endure the loss of her illusions; her health, already impaired by many years of an ascetic life, declined rapidly, and within a year from the time of her arrival in the peninsula, there remained no hope of saving her life. She died in 1823, in the arms of her daughter, the Baroness Berckheim, who had been for some years resident on the southern coast, and became possessed of many documents on the latter part of a life so rich in romantic events; but unfortunately these documents are not destined to see the light.

Princess Galitzin, whose religious sentiments were perhaps less sincere,

thought no more of making conversions after she had installed herself in her delightful villa on the coast. Throwing off for ever the coarse béguine robe, she adopted a no less eccentric costume, which she retained until her death. It was an Amazonian petticoat, with a cloth vest of a male cut. A Polish cap trimmed with fur completed her attire, that accorded well with the original character of the princess. It is in this dress she is represented in several portraits still to be seen in her villa at Koreis.

The caustic wit that led to her disgrace at the court of St. Petersburg, her stately manners, her name, her prodigious memory, and immense fortune, quickly attracted round her all the notable persons in Southern Russia. Distinguished foreigners eagerly coveted the honour of being introduced to her, and she was soon at the head of a little court, over which she presided like a real sovereign. But being by nature very capricious, the freak sometimes seized her to shut herself up for whole months in total solitude. Although she relapsed into philosophical and Voltairean notions, the remembrance of Madame de Krudener inspired her with occasional fits of devotion that oddly contrasted with her usual habits. It was during one of these visitations that she erected a colossal cross on one of the heights commanding Koreis. The cross being gilded is visible to a great distance.

Her death in 1839 left a void in Russian society which will not easily be filled. Reared in the school of the eighteenth century, well versed in the literature and the arts of France, speaking the language with an entire command of all that light, playful raillery that made it so formidable of yore; having been a near observer of all the events and all the eminent men of the Empire; possessing, moreover, a power of apprehension and discernment that gave equal variety and point to her conversation; a man in mind and variety of knowledge, a woman in grace and frivolity; the Princess Galitzin belonged by her brilliant qualities and her charming faults to a class that is day by day becoming extinct.

Now that conversation is quite dethroned in France, and exists only in some few salons of Europe, it is hard to conceive the influence formerly exercised by women of talent. Those of our day, more ambitious of obtaining celebrity through the press than of reigning over a social circle, guard the treasures of their imagination and intellect with an anxious reserve that cannot but prove a real detriment to society. To write feuilletons, romances, and poetry, is all very well; but to preside over a drawing-room, like the women of the eighteenth century, has also its merit. But we must not blame the female sex alone for the loss of that supremacy which once belonged to French society. The men of the present day, more serious than their predecessors, more occupied with positive, palpable interests, seem to look with cold disdain on what but lately commanded their warmest admiration.

The so-called Countess Guacher, who shared the exile of Princess Galitzin and of Madame de Krudener, and who died in obscurity in 1823, was the Countess de Lamothe, who had been whipped and branded on the Place de Grève as an accomplice in the scandalous affair of the diamond necklace.

## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

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

## PROPRIA QUÆ NARIBUS.

MR. LEIGH HUNT begins a sentence descriptive of Cromwell's physiognomy (in which the nose "looked almost like a knob of oak"), as follows: "The nose, which in every face is, perhaps, the seat of refinement or coarseness (at least I have never found the symptom fail"), &c.\* In his Criticism on Female Beauty, however, the same critic declares that the nose in general has the least character of any of the features. When we meet with a very small one, says he, we only wish it larger; when with a large one, we would fain request it to be smaller. "In itself it is rarely anything." The poets, he goes on to observe, have been puzzled to know what to do with it: they are generally contented with describing it as straight, and in good proportion. The straight nose, quoth Dante,—" *Il dritto naso*." "Her nose directed straight," saith Chaucer. "Her nose is neither too long nor too short," say the Arabian Nights. Ovid makes no mention of a nose. Ariosto says of Alcina's (not knowing what else to say), that envy could not find fault with it. Anacreon contrives to make it go shares with the cheek. "The commentators have a curious difficulty with a line in Catullus. They are not sure whether he wrote

Salve, nec *nimio* puella naso—

(Hail, damsel, with by no means too much nose;)

or,

Salve, nec *minimo* puella naso—

(Hail, damsel, with by no means nose too little).

It is a feature generally to be described by negatives. It is of importance, however, to the rest of the face. If a good nose will do little for a countenance otherwise poor, a bad one is a great injury to the best. . . . A nose merely well-drawn and proportioned, can be very insipid. Some little freedom and delicacy is required to give it character. The character which most becomes it is that of taste and apprehensiveness. And a perfectly elegant face has a nose of this sort. Dignity, as regards this feature, depends upon the expression of the rest of the face. Thus a large aquiline nose increases the look of strength in a strong face, and of weakness in a weak one. The contrast—the want of balance—is too great. Junius adduces the authority of the sophist, Philostratus, for *tetragonal* or *quadrangular* noses,—noses like those of statues; that is to say, broad and level on the bridge, with distinct angles to the parallelogram. These are better for men than women. The genders of noses are more distinct than those of eyes and lips. The neuter are the commonest. A nose a little aquiline is not unhandsome in a woman. Cyrus's Aspasia had one, according to Ælian. . . . But a large aquiline nose is

\* *Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher*, vol. ii. ch. ii.

bad. It trenches upon the other sex, and requires all the graces of Aspasia to carry it off. Those, indeed, will carry off anything. There are many handsome and even charming women with such noses; but they are charming in spite of them, not by their assistance. Painters do not give them to their ideal beauties. We do not imagine angels with aquiline noses. Dignified men have them. Plato calls them royal. Maria Antoinette was not the worse for an aquiline nose; at least in her triumphant days, when she swam through an ante-chamber like a vision, and swept away the understanding of Mr. Burke.\* Those who are conversant with the *opuscula omnia* of Leontius, will be aware of the frequency of his nasal allusions. A "nose of taste" is what he rather prided himself on possessing, and welcomed on any alien face. Even when a monkey is his theme, † he carefully notes that its worst feature is the inefficient nose, arguing, it would seem, an infirmity of purpose to any strong endeavour; though, not less carefully he notes, that, as if to show her love of comedy, and render the class a riddle for alternate seriousness and laughter, Nature has produced a species of ape, ludicrous for the length of this very feature. ‡ His friend and collaborateur at the Round Table, William Hazlitt, is also nasalogically disposed, and offers some pointed remarks on flat noses, if we remember aright, in an Essay on that captivating abstract, Beauty,—in which essay the African pug-nose is, if not literally pulled (which might be difficult, considering its structure), at any rate pulled to pieces (figuratively), and compared to the ace of clubs. Hazlitt was fond of snubbing—far more addicted to flattening than flattering—that's flat.

In that extraordinary book on England and the English, which was lately bestowed on the French public by Monsieur L. J. Larcher, and to which M. Emile Girardin was good enough, or weak enough, to write a commendatory Preface,—the general subject of eccentricity on the part of wealthy Englishmen is illustrated by this particular instance—which has been justly claimed in England as a valuable addition to Sterne's famous Chapter on Noses:—"Les singularités de ce genre ne sont pas fort rares en Angleterre. Ainsi, il y a quelques années, un riche habitant de Londres meurt et laisse à Miss B . . . , qui ne le connaissait nullement, une fortune s'élevant à plusieurs millions. 'Je supplie, écrit-il, Miss B . . . d'accepter le don de ma fortune entière, trop faible, auprès des inexprimables sensations que m'a fait éprouver pendant trois ans la contemplation de son adorable nez.'" § On national grounds, we presume M. Larcher to suppose this adorable feature to have been a little, if not more than a little, *retroussé*.

The eccentric testator's legacy may at least be put in as evidence against the sweeping averment of a recent Saturday Reviewer, that the central prominence of the human face is the only portion of it which has, on no occasion, had civil things said to its credit account. The poets, remarks this critic, while they lavish compliments upon eyes, cheeks, lips, and chin, invariably shirk the nose, as if it was a thing *quod versu dicere*

\* Men, Women, and Books, vol. i.: Criticism on Female Beauty, ch. ii.

† "A Visit to the Zoological Gardens."

‡ The *Simia Rostrata*—"long-nosed ape." "It is *simia*, but not *simia*," says Blumenbach, "being remarkable for its long proboscis-like nose."

§ Les Anglais, Londres, et l'Angleterre. Par L. J. Larcher. Paris, 1861.

*non est*—the introduction of which is enough to ruin a sonnet. “Who ever heard of a lover making a woful ballad to his mistress’s nose, or entreating her to drink to him only with her nose, or to take, oh, take that nose away? In fact, it is invariably ignored in a most marked manner, until it has become utterly demoralised; and then, with a subtle cruelty, it is apostrophised by the lyricist as ‘Jolly Nose,’ and ironically congratulated upon its rubies.” And yet, adds its half-detractor, half-apologist,—even laying aside all considerations of mere utility, there is not a more important member in the whole facial commonwealth, nor one which is regarded by its possessor with more sincere though secret affection.\*

The author of “Nasology” shrinks from the thought, that after contemplating the powerful Roman-nosed movers of the world’s destinies, or the refined and elegant Greek-nosed arbiters of art, or the deep and serious-minded thinkers with Cogitative† noses, we must descend to what he calls the horrid bathos, the imbecile inanity of the Snub. A snub nose is to him a subject of most melancholy contemplation. He beholds in it a proof of the degeneracy of the human race. He feels that such was not the shape of Adam’s nose; that the original type has been departed from; that the depravity of man’s heart has extended itself to his features, and that, to parody Cowper’s line, purloined, by-the-by, from Cowley,—

God made the *Roman*, and man made the *Snub*.

“Fortunately for our hypothesis, and for our feelings, we cannot find a single instance of the existence of either the Celestial‡ or the Snub among celebrated persons, except in those who are illustrious by courtesy rather than by their actions, and whom station, not worth, has made conspicuous.”§

One of this author’s critics has observed, that if it be true that men “follow their noses” in a double sense, we are put on the scent of a new species of cultivation: the establishment of the nose as a moral barometer having, moreover, this great convenience, that there is no concealing the indicator.|| When warrants were issued in 1691 for the apprehension of Turner, Bishop of Ely, as a treasonable practitioner, and that prelate made off for the Continent, his friends had little hope that he would escape, says Lord Macaulay, “for his nose was such as none who had seen it could forget.”¶ There was no concealing the indicator—in this case a great inconvenience. The fugitive bishop could just then have more sincerely asserted *Nolo episcopari* than *Nihil me pœnitet hujus nasi*. Mr. Slick of Slickville is strenuously opposed to the *indicative* mood of scientific nasology, and stands up for the eye as the alone index to character, or reliable barometer of sentiment. “Some fellers, and especially painters,” quoth he, “go a ravin’ and a pratin’ about the mouth, the expression of the mouth, the seat of all the emotions, the speakin’ mouth, the large print of the mouth, and such stuff; and others are for everlastingly a lecturin’ about the nose, the expression of the nose, the cha-

\* *Saturday Review*, No. 289; Art.: “The Oyster.”

† Or wide-nostrilled. Not clubbed, but *gradually* widening from below the bridge. The other noses are seen in profile, but this in full face. (Nasology; or Hints towards a Classification of Noses. By Edwin Warwick.)

‡ Which, being translated and terrestrialised, meaneth, Turn-up.

§ Nasology (1848).

|| *Athenæum*, No. 1086.

¶ Macaulay’s Hist of Engl., vol. iv. ch. xvii.



raacter of the nose, and so on, just as if the nose was anything else but a speakin' trumpet that a sneeze blows through, and the snuffles give the rattles to, or that cant uses as a flute; I wouldn't give a piece of tobaccy for the nose, except to tell me when my food was good; nor a cent for the mouth, except as a kernel for the tongue.\* The Clockmaker is probably right in preferring the eye as an index to character, but he surely underrates the potential value of the nose in that respect.

He would be utterly wanting in sympathy with the very being's end and aim of Slawkenbergius, that "sad foreteller" of so many of the whips and short turns which in one stage or other of Tristram Shandy's life, "came slap" upon said Tristram from the shortness of his nose, and no other discoverable cause;—Slawkenbergius, who dedicated the labours of his life, neglected his pastimes, called forth all the powers and faculties of his nature, macerated himself in the service of mankind, and wrote a grand folio for them, upon the subject of their noses—"collating, collecting, compiling; begging, borrowing, and stealing, as he went along, all that had been written or wrangled thereupon in the schools and porticos of the learned; so that Slawkenbergius his book may be properly considered, not only as a model, but as a thorough-stitched digest, and regular institute of noses; comprehending in it, all that is or can be needful to be known about them."†

Mr. Shandy's collection of treatises on nasology includes the valuable work of Prignitz, who demoustrates, by inductive philosophy, largely applied, that the configuration and mensuration of the osseous or bony parts of human noses, are much nearer alike than the world imagines; the difference amongst them being, he says, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of; but that the size and jollity of every individual nose, and by which one nose ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muscular parts of it, into whose ducts and sinuses the blood and animal spirits being impelled and driven by the force of the imagination, "it so happens, and ever must," says Prignitz, "that the excellency of the nose is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy." Accepting this view, what a fellow of infinite fancy must Bardolph have been, all the blood and animal spirits of whose body seem to have been concentrated in his nasal organ—an organ on which Falstaff played so freely—voluntaries, fugues, and what not, like the masterly performer he was. "Do thou amend thy face," Sir John bids poor Bardolph, "and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp." In vain the flagrant-faced boozier's mild expostulation: "Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm." "No, I'll be sworn," rejoins the ruthless knight; "I make as good use of it as many a mandoth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*"—witness the witty profanity about Dives in flames. Then again: "When thou ran'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and

\* The Attaché, ch. xxxiii.

† Tristram Shandy, ch. xxxviii.

tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time these two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!"—One can forgive Bardolph's angry wish, after so much badgering and baiting, that his face were in Falstaff's belly,—and none the less for the jesting repartee it provokes, "God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned."\* Sir John's page, too, must needs try his 'prentice hand at handling Bardolph's nose—that page the knight had from Prince Hal a Christian, and look if the fat villain hath not in a trice transformed him ape. "He [Bardolph] called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,† and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last, I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's petticoat, and peeped through."‡ A precocious malapert!—Elsewhere Falstaff avers, in answer to the Prince's kind inquiries, that "the fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable : and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast worms."§ When Sir John lies a-dying—his feet and upward all as cold as any stone (as Mistress Quickly with homely pathos describes it)—that tiny thief of a page bids Bardolph put his nose between the sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.|| But die the else immortal knight needs must—his last joke, on record, being at the expense of Bardolph's nose, and the fire that fed it. And Bardolph improves the occasion with the remark, "Well the fuel is gone that maintained that fire : that's all the riches I got in his service."¶ It is the poor fellow's penultimate reflection. 'Too soon we hear bad news of the Man with the Nose, and his impending fate at the hands of the provost-marshal. "Marry, for my part," reports tight and trim Captain Fluellin, "I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man [*if!* forsooth—his majesty being Falstaff's sweet prince] : his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out."\*\*\* Not even for auld lang syne, or for the sake of the many a score cups of sack Bardolph must have handed his majesty, first and last, was royalty now disposed to prevent that fire being put out.

Bardolphine noses (varying in contour and intensity) seem to have been rife in Shakspeare's days, judging from the frequent mention of their salient points and glowing colours in Elizabethan literature. Such noses as that of the sight-seer described as present in the Palace Yard, at Elizabeth's christening : "There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his nose, for o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose," &c.†† Dromio of Syracuse discovers "America, the Indies," upon the nose of a fat kitchen-wench,—a nose "all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their

\* First Part of King Henry IV., Act III. Sc. 3.

† An ale-house window.

‡ Second Part of King Henry IV., Act II. Sc. 2.

§ *Ibid.* Act II., Sc. 4.

|| King Henry V., Act II. Sc. 1.

¶ *Ibid.*, Sc. 3.

\*\* *Ibid.*, Act III. Sc. 6.

†† King Henry VIII., Act V. Sc. 3.

rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast to her nose.\* Peregrine is graceless enough to assure Lady Politick Would-be,

Indeed your husband told me you were fair,  
And so you are; only your nose inclines,  
The side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.†

Rare Ben's own proboscis seriously inclined to sanguine hue and preternatural size, thanks to sack and the small hours, or, as the phrase then went, the chimes at midnight. Michelet graphically portrays the *grand nez sensuel et charnu* of Francis I., "nez de bonne heure nourri, sanguin, comme l'ont ces natures fortes et basses, tempéraments passionnés, souvent malsains et maladifs."‡ But better, like Ben Jonson, have a rubicund nose to show as poet laureate, than no nose at all. Ben's successor to the butt and bays was in this minus condition. According to Professor Masson, the only awkwardness in having such a man as Davenant for laureate was, that he had no nose: to which negative peculiarity Sir John Suckling adverts, in his introduction of the wits of that time contending for the laureateship—

Will Davenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance  
That he had got lately, travelling in France,  
Modestly hoped the handsomeness of 's muse  
Might any deformity about him excuse.  
And surely the company would have been content,  
If they could have found any precedent;  
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,  
There was not one laureate without a nose.§

This proved no obstacle, however, even in the decorous court of Charles I., who sanctioned that hitherto unprecedented thing, a noseless laureate; and it was not for the free-and-easy court of the Merry Monarch to strain at what his austere sire had swallowed—"the more especially as it might be regarded, if Suckling's insinuation is true, as entitling the poet to additional sympathy from Charles and his companions."|| One laureate at least, since Sir William's day, has made up for the deficiency by the well-pronounced and sharply-defined outline of his beak,—Robert Southey, to wit, who rejoiced in an aquiline development of nose, bespeaking keenness, firmness, and acquisitive strength; and who, by-the-by, was somewhat intolerant of nasal anomalies in other men,—witness his outbreak against William Godwin's organ, which certainly does seem to have transgressed the pale of perfection in matters nasological. "As for Godwin himself," writes Southey to Cottle, after his first sight of the political philosopher, "he has large noble eyes, and a nose—oh, most abominable nose! Language is not vituperation enough to describe the effect of its downward elongation." In another letter he says: "We dine with Mary Wollstonecroft (now Godwin) to-morrow. Oh, he has a foul nose, and I never see it without longing to cut it off." And then comes a beautiful by-the-by—soothing as lullaby or hushaby to dis-

\* Comedy of Errors, Act III. Sc. 2.

† Ben Jonson: The Fox, Act IV. Sc. 1.

‡ Michelet, Histoire de France au seizième Siècle, t. viii. ch. ix.

§ Suckling, Session of the Poets.

|| Essays by David Masson: Dryden, and the Literature of the Restoration.

quieted distrust; "By-the-by, Dr. — told me that I had exactly Lavater's nose; to my no small satisfaction, for I did not know what to make of that protuberance or promontory of mine."\* Robert the Rhymer knew what to make of it now, henceforth and for ever.

The nose upon his face was characteristically different from that of his friend and fellow-poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Hazlitt's memorable portrait of S. T. C. presents us with a mouth gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; a chin good humoured and round; "but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done."† If there was anything aquiline about Coleridge, it was in his tendency to soar.

Wordsworth's nose, again, is described by an intimate observer as "a little arched, and large;" which, by the way (according to a natural phrenology, existing centuries ago amongst some of the lowest of the human species), has always been accounted an unequivocal expression of animal appetites organically strong,‡—something of which, Mr. de Quincey contends, will be found to hold of all poets who have been great by original force and power, not (as Virgil) by means of fine management and exquisite artifice of composition applied to their conceptions.—If another of the so-called Lake Poets, John Wilson of Elleray, be nasologically identical with Christopher North, *he* must have been as noticeable for his nose as that other noticeable man for large grey eyes. "Then what a nose! Like a bridge, along which might be driven cartloads o' intellect;—neither Roman nor Grecian, hookit nor cockit, a wec thoct inclined to the ae side, the piut being a pairt and pendicle o' the whole, an object in itself, but at the same time finely smoothed aff and on intil the featur; while his nostrils, small and red, look as they would emit fire, and had the scent o' a jowler or a vultur."§ Such, at least, is the Ambrosian Shepherd's version of the subject,—taken while Mr. North is sitting asleep in his easy-chair, with arms akimbo on his crutch.

Little Miss La Creevy, the miniature portrait-painter, dilates to young Mr. Nickleby on the great convenience, as regards her art, of living in a thoroughfare like the Strand. When she wants a nose or an eye for any particular sitter, she has only to look out of window and wait till she gets one. Does it take long to get a nose, now? inquires Nicholas, on the grin. "Why, that depends in a great measure on the pattered," replies Miss La Creevy, with all the earnestness of high art. "Snubs and romans are plentiful enough, and there are flats of all sorts and sizes when there's a meeting at Exeter Hall; but perfect aquilines, I am sorry to say, are scarce, and we generally use them for uniforms or public characters."|| The late Samuel Phillips, by the way, declared Mr. Dickens to be as deep in nasology as the learned Slawkenbergius,—adding, that his people are perpetually wagging their noses, or flattening them against windows, or rubbing them, or evincing some restlessness or other in connexion with them.¶ A curious collation might be made of nasal eccentricities from the portrait gallery of this one painter, beginning, say, with

\* Life and Correspondence of Rob. Southey, vol. i. p. 306.

† Winterslow Essays: My First Acquaintance with Poets.

‡ De Quincey, Autobiographic Sketches, vol. ii.

§ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. ii. No. xvii.

|| Nicholas Nickleby, ch. v.

¶ See Essays from the *Times*, Second Series: Dickens and Thackeray.

Mr. Solomon Pell, whose "nose was all on one side, as if Nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him in his birth, had given it an angry tweak which it had never recovered,"\*—and coming down to the latest representative man of facial caricature.

Who but remembers honest Sancho Panza's consternation at the nasal enormity of the squire, by whose side he passes the night, and at whose "terrible nose" he stares aghast, when morning breaks,—so preposterous a longitude that nose allows itself, casting the lower part of the face into shadowy obscurity, and descending, in fact, a deal below the mouth, and surmounted, too, by a number of big reddish warts and excrescences,—the whole imparting to its owner a formidable, not to say execrable aspect, from which Sancho recoils in utter dismay. "Sancho trembled in every limb, and sought the first chance of setting a safe distance between himself and this terrible nose."† It would have affected his appetite, had he remained much longer within reach of that blighting influence, of that baleful overgrowth, that bad eminence of nose. And his appetite once gone, what of Sancho Panza would be left?

*Ne quid minis* is by all means a valid rule in nasology, as well as other subjects. On the other hand, the quasi equivalent maxim, *πλεον ημισυ παντος*, is hardly available in the nose department. Half a nose, indeed, so far from being more (that is to say, better) than an entire one, is not half so good. There may be possible exceptions, as in such a case as Richard Tarleton's, the clown, whose nose was materially damaged by the injuries he once received in parting some dogs and bears, in good Queen Bess's bear-garden days,—which material damage was so far of metaphysical aid to Dick, that it gave piquancy to his phiz as the best comic actor on the stage. But exceptions prove the rule, and the rule is in favour of noses whole and entire. Tastes vary, and so do modes of mensuration; and in some circles an exuberance of nose, high coloured even, is preferable to an under-sized organ, that blushes almost unseen, if it blushes at all. The Irish Schoolmaster, for example, in Hood's Shenstonian stanzas,—

His nose,—it is a coral to the view;  
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—  
For much he loves his native mountain dew;—  
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,  
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.‡

This type some would emphatically prefer to that embodied in the Hermit of Bellyfulle, of whom we read, "The Hermit had no nose; none, ladies, none. There was a little knob of flesh, like a small mushroom, dipt in wine, which made its unobtrusive way between the good man's cheeks, and through which he has been known to sneeze; but impudence itself could not call that piece of flesh a nose."§ Gibbon's was just this sort of negative quantity. More than one of his French friends (save me from my friends, especially if they are French, and I am what they call *camus*) makes merry with the historian's frontispiece—*ce petit nez presque effacé par la proéminence des joues*. Garat paints Gibbon's face as no bigger than one's fist, in the centre whereof "the root of his

\* Pickwick Papers, ch. xliii.

‡ Hood's Poems of Wit and Humour.

† Don Quixote, II. 12.

§ Chronicles of Clovernook.

nose lay buried in the skull deeper still than that of a Kalmuck in *his*, while his very lively eyes, quite as little as lively, were lost in the self-same depths.\* No nation, perhaps, is more critical on noses than the French. Every French autobiographer is almost sure—unless *pour cause*—to give us a sketch of his or her olfactory organ, and its outward and visible sign. Every French biographer, of note and character, is almost sure to do the nose of his hero or heroine, if physiognomy is touched upon at all. Michelet is eminent in this line of things. We have seen his copy of Francis the First. So with that monarch's sister, Marguerite, whose *nez charmant, fin, mais aigu*, is said to have had not a little of that *abstrait* spirit which Rabelais prayed heaven to shed downwards upon his book.† So with Diana of Poitiers, whose *beau nez fin dominateur* is said to “fall with decision and an air of regal authority,” and to form a quite historical feature.‡ An admiring contemporary remarks of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, that “her nose was perfect, a fact extremely rare! for nature, herein opposed to art, is apt to make almost invariably fine eyes, and, almost invariably, unhandsome noses.”§ La Rochefoucauld, after telling us that he was of middle height, well proportioned, and had a high forehead, and small black eyes, sunk deep in his head, and thick black eyebrows, “*mais bien tournés*,” proceeds to state his difficulty in defining the exact sort of nose he rejoiced in;—for, says the duke, “it is neither flat, nor aquiline, nor big, nor pointed—at least as far as I am aware; all I know about it is, that it is rather a large than a little one, and that it comes down a trifle too low.”|| Meister says of Grimm that his nose was rather an over-sized one, with a slight twist in it, but was nevertheless most signally expressive of sagacity and finesse. “Grimm,” said a female observer, “has his nose twisted, but always in the right direction.”¶ At any rate, the twist was not enough to let them put his nose out of joint. And that they could and would have done with a will, had the nasal deflexion afforded scope and verge enough. Renaudot, celebrated for his collisions with Gui Patin, was worried out of his life, almost, by pamphleteers who took liberties with his nose. It was a *camus*, a *nez écourté*, but not *too* short for the witlings to take hold of, and wring, as it were, till the blood came. The pasquinading wags about town were always pulling the poor man's nose, in print. One day his chief foe, Gui Patin, pulled it, figuratively, to his face. They were coming out of court, at the close of a lawsuit, which had gone against Renaudot. Never mind, said victorious Gui to him; cheer up, Monsieur Renaudot, you may take comfort to yourself after all, for you have gained even in losing. “Comment donc?” naturally inquires the snub-nosed man. “C'est,” replies his ruthless adversary, “que vous étiez *camus* en entrant ici, et que vous en sortez avec un picot de nez.” Then again there is the Abbé Genest, once a distinguished member of the French Academy, whom M. le duc du Maine and Mme. la duchesse “did the honour” of turning into jest, at their far-famed *Divertissemens de Sceaux*—a favourite diversion of theirs being to extract mirth from that inexhaustible reservoir of merriment, the Abbé's nose. They made a nasal anagram

\* Garat, Mémoires sur M. Suart, t. ii.

† Michelet, Réforme, ch. ix.

‡ Ibid., Guerres de Religion, ch. iii.

§ La Fare.

|| Portrait du Duc de la Rochefoucauld, fait par lui-même.

¶ Causeries du Lundi, t. vii. p. 234.

out of his very name, *Charles Genest*,—which by transposition becomes, *Eh! c'est large nés (nez)*.\* The Duke of Burgundy entered heartily into the fun; and even stately Louis the Great, the Grand Monarque himself, shook his ambrosial wig with laughter, at the cost of *ce fameux nez*. Had his majesty's been as large again, would anybody have laughed then? Not in his face, at any rate, any more than they laughed a century before at the Duke of Anjou's monstrosity (François, duc d'Alençon)—whose nose "was so swollen and distorted that it seemed to be double," and at which people did laugh "in their sleeve," and among themselves; for as the historian tells us, "this prominent feature did not escape the sarcasms of his countrymen, who, among other gibes, were wont to observe that the man who always wore two faces might be expected to have two noses also."† When the double-faced duke visited the Low Countries, an epigram was circulated on the article of his nasal development, of which the following is Dr. Cooke Taylor's English version:

Good people of Flanders, pray do not suppose  
That 'tis monstrous this Frenchman should double his nose:  
Dame Nature her favours but rarely misplaces,  
She has given two noses to match his two faces.‡

Our Elizabeth may have allowed this duplicate development to have influenced her in refusing the puny duke. Snubbing would not come amiss, she might think, to a nose of these dimensions. Had he succeeded in his suit, he might have been immortalised in Elizabethan literature on the same grounds as Bardolph—for the match would have been unpopular, and there were playwrights living that must have a pull at that protuberance, whatever the cost. Possibly they would have taken liberties with awful Eliza's beak as well, while they were about it, and forestalled the spirit of a modern personality,

Your nose, it *was* such as the sculptors all chose,  
When a Venus demanded their skill;  
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,  
But a sort of Poll-Parrotty bill.§

For Queen Bess got to look very pinched and pointed in her elder days, and at her best she could hardly—save by courtiers' courtesy—have sat for Dame Franchise in the old romaunt, whose

— nose was wrought at poynt devys,  
For it was gentyl and tretys.||

At any rate, her majesty's nose was not of the right shape to please France, where *petit nez troussé* is the favourite style. So we believe it to have been a century before La Fontaine, and to be now, two centuries after him. For he was exercising no mere right of private judgment, but speaking for his loving countrymen at large, when he gallantly assured the Duchesse de Bouillon that

\* D'Olivet, Hist. de l'Académie Française.

† Rise of the Dutch Republic, vol. iii. part vi. ch. v.

‡ Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth, vol. i. (1842).

§ Hood, Domestic Poems, No. i.

|| Chaucer, The Romaunt of the Rose.

Nez troussé, c'est un charme encor selon mon sens,  
C'en est même un des plus puissants—

thus Englished by Leigh Hunt :

A turn-up nose, too, between you and me,  
Has something that attracts one mightily.

Bonhomme Jean goes on to avow that his loving days are over—*pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue*—but if ever again he should be caught,

Mais s'il arrive que mon cœur  
Retourne à l'avenir dans sa première erreur,  
Nez aquilins et longs n'en seront pas la cause—

or in the Leontine version :

But should it happen, some fine day,  
That anything should lead me round that way,  
A long and beaky nose will certainly not do it.

Though Louis XIV. was the First Gentleman of Europe in his day, we have seen him on the broad grin at a reverend gentleman's nose,—his faithful subject, and an accomplished Academician. This reminds us (partly by contrast) of our George III. and his family, in their domestic intercourse with one Mr. Webb, a Windsor musician, who was master to the young Princesses, and who, from some strange calamity, had a nose, says Fanny Burney, “of so enormous a size that it covered all the middle of his face. I never saw so frightful a deformity.” The Queen fondly related to her eager tirewoman a “little trait of Sophia,” about this Mr. Webb. “When first Mr. Webb was to come to Sophia, I told her he had had some accident to disfigure his whole face, by making him an enormous nose ; but I desired her to remember this was a misfortune, for which he ought to be pitied, and that she must be sure not to laugh at it, nor stare at it. And she minded this very well, and behaved always very properly. But, while Lady Cremorne was at the Lodge, she was with Sophia when Mr. Webb came to give her a lesson. As soon as he was named, she coloured very red, and ran up to Lady Cremorne, and said to her in a whisper, ‘Lady Cremorne, Mr. Webb has got a very great nose, but that is only to be pitied—so mind you don't laugh.’—This little Princess is [1785] just nine years old.

“The King joined us,” continues Little Burney, “while the Queen was telling this, and added, ‘Poor Mr. Webb was very much discountenanced when he first saw me, and tried to hide his nose, by a great nose-gay, or I believe only a branch, which he held before it; but really that had so odd a look, that it was worse, and more ridiculous, than his nose. However, I hope he does not mind me, now, for I have seen him four or five times.’”<sup>\*</sup> Poor Mr. Webb's proboscis would have fared worse under Louis the Magnificent, with all his tip-top courtesy and peerless politesse, than it did under kindly, homely, simple Farmer George.

After all, and at the worst, the biggest of big noses has the consolations of philosophy to fall back upon. When Cocles recognises his friend Pamphagus,† who had been absent for many years, by his eminent and

<sup>\*</sup> Diary of Madame d'Arblay, vol. ii. part. ix.

† Erasmus, Colloquies.



remarkable nose,—Pamphagus says, rather irritably, that he is not ashamed of that feature. "Ashamed of it! no, indeed," says Cocles; "I never saw a nose that could be put to so many uses!" "Ha!" says Pamphagus, whose curiosity is aroused, "uses! what uses?" Whereupon Cocles runs on with a countless list of the uses to which so vast a development of the organ can be applied. "If the cellar was deep, it could sniff up the wine like an elephant's trunk,—if the bellows were missing, it could blow the fire,—if the lamp was too glaring, it could suffice for a shade,—it would serve as a speaking-trumpet to a herald,—it could sound a signal of battle in the field,—it would do for a wedge in wood-cutting—a spade for digging—a scythe for mowing—an anchor in sailing;"—till Pamphagus cries out, "Lucky dog that I am! and I never knew before what a useful piece of furniture I carried about with me." The author of "What Will He do with It?" has made use with effect of this passage\*—a passage which gives a full answer, by-the-by, to that interrogative title, nasologically applied. In this kind of sportive mood we may suppose Politian to have met the gibes *his* large nose must have elicited, from the Mirandolas and Medicis of Florentine high-life—for Politian not only had a wry neck and purblind eyes, but—*ab enormi præsertim naso*†—a portentous nose.

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## AMERICAN YOUNG LADYISM.

BY J. G. KOHL.

THE prevalent tendency of republican institutions I found to be, during a lengthened residence in America, the production of a general monotony. Even the mind and talent are brought to a similar level. There are no grand characters or prominent men, though, on the other hand, the brutalisation does not sink so deep as to produce cretins. Generally speaking, every American is "smart," although, of course, with variations of smartness. That beauty, however, should become democratic is a remarkable fact for the observer. The fair sex in America has not only the same universal feelings, impulses, and passions, the same education and acquirements, which they have obtained from institutions all of a like pattern, but also the same charms. There is a greater national family resemblance among American women than among those of any European country. The general affinity in manners, comfort, and social value has had such an effect on the type of beauty, that they all appear to have issued from the same mould and school. An American salon filled with ladies resembles a hyacinth-field in the sand-gardens of Berlin.

Clumsy, coarse features, striking deformities, original and characteristic ugliness, are found neither among American men nor women. No one could dream, there, of asserting that "le laid c'est le beau." The great

\* See "The Caxtons," vol. i. part ii. ch. iii.

† Paulus Jovius.

majority of women are moderately pretty, very passable, or pleasingly pretty. Still their charms are concentrated more in their features than in their demeanour, figures, or corporeal shape. A classical bust, rounded arms, and well-developed limbs are the greatest rarity among them. You may gaze on a hundred and not discover one shapely waist. The effeminate manners of these anything but Spartan republican ladies, their horror of bodily movement and physical exertion, produce a neglect and decay of the entire muscular system. Walking in the open air is something quite unusual with them, for in their country, where there are no footpaths or promenades, they move about in carriages, and rarely on horseback. The rest of the long day they spend, after the fashion of ladies in Eastern harems, on softly-cushioned sofas, or in their favourite rocking-chairs by the fireside. Full beauties à la Rubens are never found among them, and equally rare are those graceful, well-rounded, elastic, Junonic forms, which may still be seen in Italy and other European countries. The ladies of Kentucky alone offer an exception to this, but the rest all resemble tulips, in whom only the head delights. Their faces, too, are pleasanter through the delicacy of the outline than in the colour or expression. Their complexion is hardly ever rosy, and rarely lively and fresh. They are all somewhat pallid, like zealous romance readers among ourselves. They seem to be hothouse plants, and their entire education and formation in the fashionable ladies' academies is on the forcing system. These pretty, delicate, pale faces are met with not only in the capitals, but far away up the Mississippi, in the new settlements, and in the prairies among the Indians.

Even the farmer's daughter looks exactly like a denizen of the towns, reads romances, insists on dressing in silk, and dresses her hair with artificial French flowers in contempt of the natural children of Flora. Ladies in the larger towns are so proud of their pale, interesting complexion, that they disguise and try to drive away the natural roses on their cheeks as something coarse and vulgar. They veil themselves carefully from the beams of the burning sun, drink vinegar, and employ other artificial measures to develop still further the moonlight on their faces. An Englishwoman, or any fresh beauty arrived from Europe, resembles among American ladies the accompaniment of flutes by a key-bugle.

It is strange enough, and at the first blush seems inexplicable, how these descendants from the English parent-tree can have degenerated in this way. As the colonies the emigrants founded were agricultural, and so much that was new had to be created out of the rough, the contrary might have been expected, and that anything coarse in their ancestors would have been developed. But, on one side, there must certainly be something in the nature and climate of America possessing the tendency of weakening races transferred thither, for the Spanish inhabitants of South America and their fair sex form a similar contrast to European Spaniards and Portuguese. On the other hand, I explain the matter by the history of the country, and specially by its rough and semi-savage nature. In accordance with this nature men at first alone emigrated, and women were rare at the outset. Those ships which brought a cargo of female passengers were hailed with delight, and the girls, whether pretty or ugly, led home in triumph. In these circumstances, I fancy, lay the germ of that peculiar pampering, or, as they call it, reverence

for women, by which the Americans are distinguished from all other nations—even the English, among whom women, however, occupy a high place. The necessity for female society runs through the whole history of American colonisation side by side with the Indian wars. At a later date the "Pioneers of the West," who crossed the Alleghanies and settled on the Ohio and the Mississippi, wanted wives, who at all times have been, and still are, a rare and valued article in the United States. Just as the first emigrants attracted them from Europe by all sorts of promises, the later emigrants returned to the eastern cities, chivalrously paid court there to young girls, and worked hard to fulfil their promises. This, in my opinion, is the main basis of woman's position in America, and she has been pampered, caressed, dressed in silks and satins, till she gradually became the tender, pretty, delicate, capricious, fashionable puppet she now is.

The intercourse of American gentlemen with these pretty, pale, elegant ladies is—so long as they are unmarried—of a nature that would not be tolerated in England. They stand in far too bold and confidential a footing for our notions. English parents, it is known, grant their daughters far more liberty than the French do, who keep theirs in a convent till it is time to marry them. Among the Americans, where the republican feeling of independence is added to that inheritance from English habits, and is born with children of both sexes, this liberty has necessarily degenerated, just as you find much across the ocean which in England would press out of the ground like a tender, sweet-tasted asparagus-head, but in America has shot up wildly and luxuriantly into a long hard stalk, with multitudinous side-shoots and seeds. The emancipation of young women in America is as perfect as it well can be: they hardly allow their parents the right of guardianship. They take care of themselves: they are allowed to receive the visits of young gentlemen, who again introduce other gentlemen without consulting the parents. The young ladies make appointments with these gentlemen, and ask them to call in the morning, or to take tea, even should papa and mamma not be at home, or happen to be engaged in another part of the house.

If there be any especial beauty among the daughters of a family, she assumes the mastery so utterly that, so to speak, everything is done in her name. Even though the official invitations to balls and parties are made in the parents' name, the daughter has most certainly selected the candidates. She will also invite any one she pleases, or may be introduced to, without asking papa and mamma. When young people arrange to visit any house in the evening, they do not say, as in Paris, "Shall we pay a visit to Madame N. to-night?" but, "Shall we go and call on Miss A. or Miss B.?" The good papa, some rum-bibbing member of congress, or senator bothered with political committees, is not at all taken into consideration. On entering the house, the daughter is naturally seen sitting in the centre of the sofa, and the conversation is exclusively addressed to her. In many cases the mother is quite passed over. If she be at all old and wearisome, she generally sits with grandmamma warming herself at the fire. It often happens that a stranger may stand on very intimate terms with the daughters ere he has been introduced to the mother.

. The liberties which may be taken with young ladies in conversation

are, according to our notions, very great, even more so those they take themselves or provoke. They are very forward and self-conscious, and this can be seen at their meetings in the street or any public occasion. They look about them pertly and openly, stare into the faces of passing gentlemen, salute them first, and the gentlemen cast their eyes down bashfully, and approach them timidly when they have received the signal to begin the conversation, or what the Americans call so characteristically, the flirtation. For the conversations of the two sexes rarely consist of more than flirtation. The word is untranslatable: the ideas of paying court, coquettish and playful love-making, and trifling gossiping are comprised in it. The young chivalrous American "beaux" and their "belles" are wondrously practised hands at it. The couple have scarcely met ere the lisping, soft *causerie* begins, and goes on uninterruptedly, as if the watch-work had been wound up for the purpose. They twitter and flutter incessantly like a pair of turtle-doves: like two trout in a stream, they swim and sport round each other for hours, until the beau suddenly breaks off the affair, because he remembers that he wants a glass of rum-and-water or a chew. Among us, weather, events of the day, intended amusements, or those just enjoyed, new poetry or music, and other literary and artistic productions, are the basis, or, at any rate, the external covering of such tender conversations, in which the main theme, homage of woman, praise of beauty, love, and such matters, only breaks through now and then. American flirtations do not trouble themselves long with such externals; the covering of the bonbon is very loose, and the nude sweet truth, the real object of the conversation, comes to light much more rapidly and boldly. The young girl learns very soon and very openly how lovely, how amiable, how irresistible she is. If it take too long in coming, she will herself ask the question. When this is once out, she begins to feel the pulse of her beau, or, to speak more truly, she makes a direct attack on his heart. She wishes to know at once all its joy and suffering, investigates its most secret nooks, and demands to know all the romances in which it has played a part. She herself takes the initiative in this examination, and the gentleman must make a full confession. In return for this, of course, he can go very far, lay on his flattery thickly as paint, and discuss almost anything. For young American ladies have at an early age eaten from the tree of knowledge, and are as well up to things as the men. Reserved bashfulness, prudery, sentimentalism, and such failings, do not lie in their nature, and the lover is never repulsed by a modest blush or overdone timidity. At times it seems as if everything were permissible up to a certain point, but in that respect the American girls are too clever and wide awake: they know the danger, and carefully avoid it. Their parents are equally aware of this, and hence let them do as they please. It is remarkable how long American girls can play with that little god, considered so dangerous in other countries, and not be wounded by his darts. They sip all the honey from the cup of Venus and leave the poison in it. I felt amazed at times how, after all this preliminary playing at love, an ardent passion, terminating in marriage, could be at length aroused.

I just now employed the word "beaux," but the American ladies employ it much more frequently. They have incorporated this French word in their American-English, and have it constantly on their lips.

The expression is extremely characteristic of the superficiality of the relations and sympathies between the two sexes in America. External beauty is certainly highly valued in most countries; it is a human weakness, which, however, is not displayed so openly among ourselves. In America, on the contrary, ladies do not hesitate to state that they only estimate men by their beauty. "Who was your beau last night?" they ask one another—even the farmers' daughters. "You shall be my beau to-morrow," they say to a young man. "Oh, indeed, Mr. P., you were last night a perfect beau for me: you left nothing to desire," they say to the old grey-haired Mr. P., when they want to flatter and console him. The English also employ the word, but more in the contemptuous sense of a "fop." The American ladies select this fop, pomaded and brushed up by the hairdresser, as their "cavalier." They also use very frequently the French words "chaperon" and "chaperoning," borrowed from the days of chivalry. Strangely enough, men are heard much less frequently alluding to their belles than girls to their beaux. It seems as if the American ladies had turned the world topsy-turvy and converted men into the fair sex. Frequently men are made love to and cajoled by the women; and American gentlemen hence have something passive about them, like ladies among ourselves, and they may often be seen retiring, exhausted and drooping, from ladies' society, to sink into silence and indifference in the drinking-saloons.

The American ladies have also received into their every-day English language many other French expressions which the English employ rarely, or give a very different meaning to. Thus, they have a remarkable propensity for the term "elegant." It has grown one of their favourite words, which they incessantly repeat, and whose broad and various application is no little characteristic of them. English ladies generally apply this word, borrowed from the French, to articles of luxury, to products of the lower branches of art, where it is in its place, and means so much as "pleasing in exterior and form." English ladies would never think of expressing their pleasure with things of greater internal value, which must be gauged by a higher standard, by employing the trivial expression "very elegant." Only American ladies do this: they describe as elegant the toilet and amiable behaviour of their beaux, equally with the garish furniture of a room all glistening with ormolu and enamel. For the pretty verses an adorer lays at their feet, they have, too, no higher praise than that they are "very elegant, very elegant indeed." They also call the speech of a high standing political orator "very elegant." A flower in a garden-bed, the fragrant lily, or the regal rose, is only called by them "an elegant flower." Even a picture by Raffaele or Corregio receives in the outburst of their enthusiasm no other attribute; if they return from Switzerland and are asked what they have seen amid the Alps, they praise the "elegant scenery" of the mountains. This unlucky word, and the more unlucky predilection for the elegant, which is met with at every step among American ladies, is so deeply rooted in them, that they have extended the territory of the word to extraordinary lengths, both upwards and downwards. For instance, going downwards, they will talk of an "elegant dish" they have eaten; and going upwards, what we call a good or classical taste, is generally characterised by them as an "elegant taste." Does not this indicate an extraordinary confusion

of ideas, and prove that these ladies only judge from externals and the smooth superficialities which they can alone estimate? Among our half-educated beings, such as lady's-maids, or what are called in Paris the *demi-monde*, we find very frequently a similar striving for superficial "elegance," and for what is "noble" and "fine." And very frequently the mode of thought, acting, feeling, and speaking in our *demi-monde* has become fashionable in America. This is shown, among other things, in the frequent use of the word "fine," which they employ almost as often as "elegant." Much more frequently than English ladies they speak of "fine company," "fine houses or gardens," "fine views," "fine taste," "fine manners," "fine behaviour," "fine persons," the "finest gentleman of the place," and even of "fine thoughts" and "fine scholars." They also call their jewels and clothes finery.

Before all, though, they wish themselves to be regarded as real "fine ladies," and hence will not be designated otherwise than as ladies,—a term which in England is reserved for women of better education. Even artisans' and labourers' daughters lay claim to the rank of ladies. The English "girl," or "woman," or "wife" is rarely heard. Even the Emperor of Russia was in the habit of calling his consort "*ma femme*" at court, but Americans of both sexes would not be satisfied with this. The pretty phrase "my wife," is hardly ever heard among them: they always make use of the term "my lady." Even when you write to them, you would seem to them vulgar if you inquired after the health of their wife. You must say, "Pray pay my best respects to your lady." They cannot hear the word ladies often enough, and if you do not employ it pretty constantly in conversation they immediately suspect that you do not consider them sufficiently ladylike. This striving descends to the negroes, and among these coarse children of nature the longing for what is "elegant," "fine," and "ladylike," with which their mistresses have infected them, grows most luxuriantly. The Americans tell many humorous anecdotes about the comic vanity in which their "black ladies" indulge, but on critically comparing their own habits with those of an English lady of position and education, just as much extravagance would be met with in the American ladies.

Still, I must carefully remark here, that the fair sex of America is not exclusively to blame for this straining after superfine-dom. It is a fixed idea, or a disease by which the whole nation is infected. The men are, in respect to the "gentlemanlike," no less susceptible than the women are to the "ladylike." Among them, too, there are no "boys," or "men," but only "gentlemen." Even lads of eight and ten, little impertinent self-governing republicans, will only be addressed and treated as "young gentlemen." In England a certain coquetry is displayed in the use of the word boys—take, for instance, Eton boys—but in America no speaker would dare to address sailors, or even a mob, with the hearty and poetical expression "my boys;" they must not be anything but gentlemen. The "fine" and the "elegant" are also met with everywhere among the men of America in their gold-glistening attire, the overladen decoration of their rooms, especially the public halls of their cities, in the golden frames of their picture galleries (in which the paintings themselves are of no consequence), in the extravagant gildings of their books, and the flowers with which the orators adorn their speeches. Even the

fashionable preachers are tainted with this: they are anxious to appear very gentlemanly in the pulpit, and put as much "elegant" unction as they can into their sermons.

The Americans, comparing themselves with other nations, are very proud of the fact that "ladies" hold so high a position among them. But to obtain this reputation and praise for their country is often attended with very unpleasant consequences. The ladies tyrannise the whole land, and interfere in everything. They can in no way be escaped, and a man can scarce ever dispense with their protection. Everywhere they take the first and best places for themselves and their protégés. That they should play the prominent part in social circles, and parade like birds of paradise by the side of their husbands, whom they cast into the shade, is only natural, and they cannot be blamed for it, but they extend their influence far beyond their natural and domestic circle.

Unluckily, they are very curious, and hence fond of being present at the sittings of the scientific, geological, geographical, and historical societies, where they do themselves no good, and merely tend to render the discussions of the societies shallow, and distract the earnestness of their labours. In the public popular lectures, which are so admired in all the cities of America, the ladies almost entirely set the fashion. A lecturer who displeases them is a ruined man, even though he were backed up by an army of men; if, on the other hand, a handsome, smart lecturer, full of anecdote, gain their favour, he can make his fortune with a few courses. For what the fashionable ladies of one place have heard, those of another also wish to hear, and such a lecturer receives invitations from the most remote towns.

The town libraries, museums, observatories, and other public scientific institutions—localities in which among ourselves only bookworms, antiquaries, and other originals are seen among the *savans*—are visited by crowds of ladies, who flutter through them. They are the terror of librarians and friends of literature, who wish to bury themselves in their studies. To please the ladies all such public institutions in the United States must, like the ladies themselves, assume a very elegant garb, and much money must be laid out for striking curiosities, which are speedily brought into a wretched condition by the numerous fingers, and by the ladies digging valuable specimens with their parasol ferrules. Very naturally they bring with them to these consecrated spots their beaux, and carry on their flirtations there, as if they were at an evening party. They take the observatories by storm, and compel the polite astronomer, who is prevented from making serious observations, to point them out Jupiter's satellites or Saturn's rings. But even in the presence of the planets, which should fill them with sacred awe, they do not break off for a moment the thread of their flirtations. Unhappily—and this is even worse—these lovely ladies have interfered by flocks in the labours of literature. The European discovers on the banks of the Ohio or Mississippi an astounding number of celebrated poetesses and romancers whom he never heard of before; and this American crinoline literary cohort constantly pours fresh water on old tea-leaves, and swamps the book market with a fearfully insipid beverage. At times, too, they make their appearance as street preachers, and always play a great part in the intrigues of the religious sects.

Like the booksellers, librarians, and astronomers, the senators, members of congress, and even the president of the United States, do not escape the influence and interference of the ladies. The fair sex is always powerfully represented in the Federal capital, and the galleries of both Houses groan beneath their lovely burden when any specially exciting debate comes off. I do not believe there are among them many of those prominent ladies of distinction and great mental qualifications who form the centre of a coterie, and exert a decided influence on the course of politics, as is the case in many European capitals. On the other hand, during the sitting of congress, many pretty young widows make their appearance in the vicinity of Uncle Sam's money-chest, or mothers with their daughters, to work for some private end, and torment the members until they are rendered supple enough to yield to a lady's request. The young widow has some claim of her deceased husband she wishes to carry through the House. Perhaps she can prove that the dear departed was wounded, or even killed, in some Indian or Mexican war, and she expects to be paid for her loss. Perhaps an old, as yet undecided, question about a dotation of land on the Mississippi is pending, and the family has sent off the young and pretty widow to form acquaintances in the society of Washington, to establish relations with the members of congress in the great hotels of the city, to dine with them, dance and flirt with them, till she has produced a combination which acts and reacts in congress, till the right moment arrives to carry it through. Again, when the race for office begins on the election of a president, the ladies do not lay their hands in their lap, especially not when there is a vacancy in the diplomatic service. As their fancy is more excited than that of their husbands by a desire to see the Old World, to travel as cheaply as possible—that is, at the expense of the state—and, before all, to be able to appear among the nobly-born at some splendid court, they set everything in motion, torment their husbands, their friends, the president himself, in order to obtain some post for their husbands and themselves at Paris or St. Petersburg, or even Berlin.

Thus, then, you find ladies crossing your path at every step you take in America. You have as little chance of escaping them as you have the pigeons in many Eastern cities, where you at length grow quite tired of these gentle, pleasing, tender creatures, because they are everywhere present, and prove themselves so bold, so self-confident, and so little what a pigeon should be. The ladies have also taken absolute possession of all the large and pompously splendid hotels in America. Many of them—to escape the trouble and annoyance of housekeeping—reside permanently in them, with their husbands and children. In these mercenary palaces they seize on the best rooms, sofas, easy-chairs, and lounges, in which they idle away half the day, listening to the tattle of their admirers, or, where they have none, in doing nothing and rocking themselves to sleep. In these hotels there is a constant ebb and flow of fashionable ladies, elegants, and beaux. Private tutors educate the children in the hotels, and give the daughters instruction on the piano and in French in some corner of the noisy saloon. The traveller who arrives at an American hotel with a lady, is sure to be comfortable; but if he lack the accompaniment and protection of such, he is put to sleep somewhere under the



roof, in a bedroom the size of a ship's berth. The unhomey behaviour of the ladies in the hotels always appeared to me a most unpleasant feature of their life. Can we believe that solid and good qualities, which the family and the house demand, can be developed in such places? It seemed to me an utterly repulsive custom for young married people to spend their honeymoon in one of these densely populated hotels. Several of these, in the larger cities, have splendidly decorated suites of rooms, called "bridal rooms," especially reserved for newly-married people. In the glistening pomp of these apartments the young couple frequently pass the rosy period of their union in a throng, before they remove to their own quiet house. This, again, appears to me a part of the "world turned topsy-turvy;" for under such circumstances it would seem much more natural to seek solitude.

On board the steamers, and in the other modes of communication throughout the country, the ladies have every sort of privilege. On the railways they exert a vigorous right of expropriation over the gentlemen, even should he have taken his seat at a previous station. On many other occasions, such as at theatres, in the galleries of the House, or wherever there may be anything to be seen or heard, the "lord of creation" can never feel safe in his seat, however early he may have taken possession of it. If any one tap him on the shoulder, and whisper in his ear the words of terror, "A lady," he must spring up at once, and is swept aside like dust by the crinoline, to seek another seat where he can.

And yet it would be possible to endure all this, and more, if the ladies united with their authority graciousness and a pleasant show of gratitude, and if they—the petted and the *blasées*—did not regard all the services and indulgence of the men with such indifference, and as a tribute necessarily theirs. Generally, however, they behave as if the men did nothing but their duty. You may dislocate your spine in picking up anything a lady has let fall, or, like Raleigh, lay down your coat before her, so that she may pass dryshod over a puddle, and rarely will you be rewarded even by a smile. And all this robs the weaker sex of its sweetest charm, the gentle and irresistible power by which it elsewhere enchains and thralls the heart of man. Among us the stronger being bows to woman, and the weak darling, conscious of her need of support, rewards him with her gratitude. But, in America, Fridolin does his duty like a negro slave, and, of course, now and then grows weary of the affair. It is not unfrequent to hear the chivalrous Americans, when out of their wives' earshot, indulge in the most awful declarations of rebellion.

In America, this terribly degenerated reverence for woman, which might be called more truly pampering and spoiling, is naturally felt most by the husbands, who have entered upon a life-long slavery. If a lovely American girl sinks into the arms of a man, to be bound to him for life, she does so much in the same way as she throws herself into her easy-chair. Marriage is her pillow, her sofa, on which she intends henceforth comfortably to repose. Upon it she confidently throws all the burden of her cares and troubles: she regards the husband as her factotum, who has to provide for all her wants. He must procure her a house according to her fancy, he must furnish this house exactly as she wishes it, he must arrange and administer kitchen and cellar, and even go every morning before breakfast to make the necessary purchases for the day's meals.

Even in Washington you may at times see senators, statesmen renowned in the world, and influential in the papers, hurrying to market at an early hour, with a basket on their arm, and carrying home salad, pastry, green peas, strawberries, or other vegetable produce.

Even farmers' wives often hold themselves much too high for business of this sort, and scenes of the following nature may be seen at market. A young farmer's wife I once saw sitting in a little one-horse chaise and holding the reins. In her elegant dress she could not, of course, be expected to go into the dust and confusion of the market, so she had sent off her husband. He was busy among the stalls, like a swallow collecting insects for its young, and presently appeared again laden with all sorts of boxes and parcels. These the farmer's wife, naturally, could not take on her silk lap, so the husband had to hold them carefully in the chaise. The wife, however, whipped up the horse, and they started homewards, the wife as driver, husband as servant—to me a symbolic picture of American married life. It is, however, only by chance that the wife accompanies her husband on such expeditions; usually she remains at home and busies herself with her toilet, dusting her elegant furniture, and fondling her children.

Only one description of purchase American ladies attend to, themselves, and that is articles of dress. A drive to the elegant shops of the city is, with the exception of the walk to church on Sunday, almost the only regular promenade an American lady undertakes. These trips take place almost daily, for the wardrobe of such a lady is a greedy maelstrom, which has every morning a fresh appetite and fresh wants, and is never satisfied. It is impossible to understand what becomes of all the silks and satins which the ladies spread out on the sofas expressly provided for them in the fashionable shops, and desire to be sent home. At times they order their husband to accompany them when shopping, to act as privy purse. If he has more pressing business, he finds the bill on his return home, and must look to the settlement of it, for American ladies never have any money, and do not understand its management. They have none of that housekeeping economy which in Europe is regarded as a virtue, but in America, especially with the ladies, is a despised and unknown quality. It is even a proverb in America that ladies have no purse. Hence, any one who has much to do with the pretty creatures, either at New York or Boston, whether as husband, brother-in-law, brother, or friend of the house, must put money in his purse betimes, for he will have to pay for them everywhere. That is *de rigueur*; but he must not ask thanks for such a trifle. Whence the husband or the friend obtains his money, and how he is to obtain more, is a question these ladies do not ask. Whether it was hard work for him to earn it, harder still to get more, is no concern of theirs; it is a matter of business, and that they do not understand. A man must have money always ready to hand, and if he had it not, he would feel ashamed, and the ladies would find it as curious and unnatural as if he had no beard.

The worst and most dangerous thing, however, for the American nation at large is, that the wives prove such poor mothers. A people has not entirely lost all hope so long as its wives are not corrupted, so long as mothers give birth to healthy sons, and maintain order and regularity in the nursery. For the men to kick over the traces is not so bad, if the

women remain industrious and keep up the manners and customs of their fathers, for they can always lead their husbands back gently to the right path. But woe to the nation where, as in America, the weak sex has become weaker still. Through their rapidly growing love of luxury and increasing effeminacy they are losing more and more the requisite strength to bring healthy children into the world. Though they still like to adhere to the English system of suckling their own children, the source of nourishment is being gradually dried up, and strong healthy nurses to act as substitutes are not to be met with in their country. Mental activity is equally decaying in them: they no longer possess the earnestness and firmness of will and principles which render a mother capable of rearing and educating her children in a healthy and vigorous manner. In the same way as they are pampered by their husbands, they spoil their children by constant excesses, from the cradle upwards, and in their hands they degenerate into self-willed, unbridled, and naughty creatures. But this subject would demand a separate chapter: hence I will confine myself to my present critical remarks, which are solely intended to draw my readers' attention to certain general tendencies to which American ladies give way. I have mainly kept in sight the upper strata of society, which, however, sink very deep, as will have been seen, in America. I need hardly add that in this great land, though it is extremely uniform, there are many shades of character among rich and poor, in towns and in the country, into which I cannot enter so fully as I might wish. There are entire districts—as, for instance, in the smaller towns of New England—where the female population, although somewhat infected by the general taint, is most respectable, pious, and domesticated. Moreover, this pampering of the women, which I have criticised, has its good side, as, for instance, this: that American men, who display so little innate reverence for old age or for talent, or for other things elsewhere highly esteemed, have in their wives at least something they venerate, and which, under given circumstances, may hold them in check.

[We have printed this paper of our esteemed contributor without alteration, but must confess that it only represents the darker side of the female character in America, and that it would only have been just had Mr. Kohl noticed their good qualities, among which heroism takes the first place. An American wife follows her husband bravely into the fever-laden backwoods; and admirable is the equanimity with which she will endure there the only too frequent changes of fortune and financial catastrophes. After all, it is difficult to be just to foreign relations of life; for what opinion would educated Muhammadans form of our women; or, in fact, how strangely have they already expressed their judgment?—Ed. *Bentley's Miscellany.*]

## CHEVALIER BUNSEN.

CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN was born on August 25, 1791, at Korbach, in the principality of Waldeck, a little country in the west of Germany, which has produced many distinguished men besides the subject of our memoir. Bunsen's father was quartermaster of a Waldeck regiment in the Dutch service, which he left because the promised promotion was not given him. A widower with three daughters, he married again, on his retirement with the rank of ensign and a small pension, and had a son born to him in second wedlock. The father was a man of honour, and educated the lad strictly, generally employing terse proverbs to convey his meaning, among them being one worthy of quotation: "Whatever you set about in life never cringe to the nobility." In 1808, Bunsen, after receiving a careful home-education, quitted his home for the first time and proceeded to the university of Marbach, to study theology. His father gave him one hundred dollars, saved up with great difficulty, which was all the inheritance he ever received, and he was compelled to gain a livelihood by private tuition. In the following year he removed to Göttingen, where he became tutor to Mr. Astor, son of the great American fur-dealer and traveller among the Indians, and ere long he exchanged theology for philosophy, though he never quite gave up his fancy for the former. We find that while studying hard and gaining a prize for a treatise on the "Hereditary law of the Athenians," Bunsen was the acknowledged leader of all the ardent young men then residing at Göttingen. In 1813, arrangements were made with Mr. Astor for a journey to the East and India, but circumstances prevented it by calling the young American home, and we find Bunsen, after a pleasant trip through Holland, settling in Berlin, where he formed the acquaintance of several distinguished men, but, before all, of Niebuhr. In 1816, he proceeded to Paris to join Astor and begin the long meditated tour; but as the latter had gone in the interim to Spain and Italy, leaving word for Bunsen to join him at Florence during the summer, the time thus gained was devoted by Bunsen to the study of Oriental languages under Sylvestre de Sacy. He also formed in Paris the acquaintance of Alexander von Humboldt, who showed him great attention. In the following July he reached Florence, after undergoing an adventure in Southern France, to which, in later years, he was fond of alluding. He bore some likeness to the Bonaparte family, and was consequently arrested in a small frontier town as a runaway Napolconide. With some difficulty, however, he managed to obtain his liberty.

At Florence he at length met Astor, but it was only to part. The young man was ordered home by his father, and must obey; but he proposed that Bunsen should accompany him to America, when he felt assured that his father would supply the young German with the funds for his meditated journey. But this Bunsen declined: he hoped yet that the Prussian government would support him, and he therefore parted with his old pupil on friendly terms, and remained in Florence alone. While here, Niebuhr, who was proceeding as ambassador to

Rome, met him, and, by his advice, he followed him to the Eternal City with a worthy Scotchman of the name of Cathcart, who had engaged him as tutor. His new pupil proposed to take him with him to England, and procure him the funds for his Indian journey; but again Bunsen declined, and preferred remaining at Rome under the wing of Niebuhr, who had gained great influence over him.

While in Rome, Bunsen formed the acquaintance of Mr. Waddington, with whose daughter he fell in love, and on Niebuhr's testimony that "Bunsen's talent, mind, and character were a capital surpassing any secure investment," the father not only gave his consent to the marriage, but supplied the young couple with means to remain in Rome. The marriage took place on July 1, 1817. What Bunsen's wife, the mother of thirteen children, ten of whom are still living, was to him during forty-three years of married life, and how materially she helped to form his character, is proved by the words he addressed to her on his dying bed: "In thee I loved the Eternal." The establishment of a new household necessarily prevented the journey to India, but it led to his object in a different way. He was eminently religious, as his letters of the period prove, and it is a characteristic circumstance that, at the jubilee of the Reformation, held at Rome in 1817, Bunsen made his *début* as an evangelical preacher in Niebuhr's house. Two years later, Brandis, the secretary of legation, was invited by the Academy of Sciences at Berlin to undertake a new edition of Aristotle. This rendered his return home necessary, and Bunsen was recommended to fill his post. The new secretary performed his duties so satisfactorily, that when Niebuhr also left Rome in 1823, Bunsen was definitively appointed his successor. This was in great measure owing to the strong friendship which had grown up between Frederick William III., during his visit to Rome in 1822, and the young secretary. Both were sincerely religious men, and consulted frequently about the changes necessary to introduce into the constitution of the Evangelical Church. Attached to the king's person was Alexander von Humboldt, and Bunsen's acquaintance with him, commenced at Paris, soon ripened into a life-lasting friendship beneath the genial sky of the Eternal City.

The ten years Bunsen passed in Rome were among the happiest of his life, for they brought him into contact with all the eminent men of the world. For Rome was not only the city of the dead: it was also the house of call of the universe. Bunsen was enabled to form the friendship of the best English families that visited Rome during the winter, for in those pre-railway days the city of the popes knew but little of vulgar fox-hunters desecrating the capital with their tawdry scarlet. The summer Bunsen regularly spent at Frascati, below the ancient Tusculum, whither he fled, like Horace, from the "fuum et opes strepitumque Romæ." But wherever he might reside his time was not cut to waste, for he was constantly engaged in literary pursuits. His first work was the continuation of the "Description of the City of Rome," originally commenced by Platner in 1817, by the advice of Niebuhr, and which Cotta, the great publisher, was so delighted with, that he at once brought it out, and engaged Bunsen and his friend Gerhard to complete it. Bunsen also produced an "Evangelical Hymn-book for all Nations," which is still used in the chapel of the Prussian Embassy at Rome. This collection, published

by Perthes, at Hamburg, in 1833, first introduced Bunsen, who was then upwards of forty years of age, to the notice of his countrymen. Another work of this epoch was a liturgy, to which the king himself wrote a preface, during a visit Bunsen paid, at his request, to Berlin, in 1827. But there was an unexpected result from these religious labours: Bunsen was described as an anti-liberal and sycophant of the king and crown-prince, and some persons went so far as to see in him a disguised Catholic, who wished to restore the Church to its mediæval supremacy. We need not say how unfounded these charges were, but they adhered to Bunsen for a lengthened period.

Our space will not allow us to describe interesting personal events of Bunsen's life in Rome. He was an indefatigable antiquarian, and every excursion he made procured him some new treasure. In 1826, Champollion, the eminent discoverer of hieroglyphic secrets, visited Rome, and Bunsen became one of his most earnest followers, though it was not till many years later that he devoted all his energies to this interesting study. Another great epoch in Bunsen's life was the visit of the crown-prince of Prussia to Rome in 1828. During his excursions, in which Bunsen generally accompanied him, a close personal friendship sprang up between prince and servant, which existed, in spite of all chances and changes, until death. Although the king might not always follow the path which his faithful friend and adviser thought the best, the prince's confidence and the servant's devotion remained to the last unshaken. It is a characteristic and rare fact that Bunsen stood on the closest terms of intimacy with three Prussian kings (with the latter, however, only during his regency)—three kings, all equally noble and elevated as men, but very different in manner and temperament—that he maintained the same perfect devotion to all three, though without sinking in his own self-esteem, and was honoured by each with his confidence, kindness, and personal affection. The immediate advantage of the crown-prince's visit to Rome fell to the lot of antiquarianism, and the Institute for Archæological Correspondence was founded, which occupies a great place in Bunsen's life.

Every corresponding member, as well as every German savant, who visited Rome, was sure of a kindly reception from Bunsen; and he gave the institute a permanent residence, first in the embassy, and then in a mansion, expressly built for it, on the Tarpeian rock. During thirty years the institute has existed and prospered, in spite of great hostility, and through most difficult times; and Bunsen had the happiness of living to see the king complete the work which he had begun as crown-prince, by giving it a large sum of money, and providing scholarships for Prussian art students.

One of the first objects to which Bunsen directed the attention of the institute was the study of Egyptian antiquities, to which the presence in Rome of Prokesch-Osten, the Nubian traveller, imparted increased interest. Bunsen invited Lepsius to Rome, who had already distinguished himself in Paris by his works on comparative philology. With him Bunsen set to work indefatigably, and the result of their joint labours was evidenced several years later in the Anglo-German work, "Egypt's Position in Universal History." At the same time, Bunsen laid before the crown-prince the plan for a grand scientific expedition, which

Lepsius carried out eventually, under the auspices of the Prussian government, and satisfactorily settled a question about which German savans still shook their heads in doubt.

Before we pass from Bunsen's scientific exertions to his political career, we must mention another institution he called into life—the Evangelical Hospital at Rome. By voluntary subscriptions, which he raised chiefly among his English friends, and an advance from the Prussian government, he was enabled to purchase the house since called the Casa Tarpea, and which is permanently attached to the Prussian embassy. In this building, and in the institute, German savans visiting Rome are provided with comfortable quarters, while the sick receive immediate attention. It was Bunsen's object gradually to convert this hospital into a German community, by collecting all the Germans in Rome; but he soon saw that it was impossible to effect it with such conflicting elements.

The events that followed the French revolution of 1830 in Italy first drew Bunsen into a political career. The envoys of the four great powers at Rome established a conference, and the result was Bunsen's drawing up the memorable conference of May 21, 1831, in which reforms were recommended to the Pope which could alone prevent the recurrence of excesses. Of course these were not carried out; the conference was broken up when the Pope declared that secret letters from the Emperor of Austria had prevented him making the desired concessions, and Bunsen remained in Rome as a passive observer, until he was called upon to settle the far more awkward question of mixed marriages in Prussia. Bunsen succumbed in the struggle with Cardinal Lambruschini, and his position in Rome became henceforth untenable. On April 28, 1838, he finally quitted the city where he had dwelt so long, his last words being, "Come, let us seek another Capitol!" He set out for Berlin, but he received an intimation not to continue his journey, and he consequently remained at Munich, where he was delighted to meet with his old Roman friends, such as Cornelius and Schnorr. Towards the close of the same year, private affairs called him to England, where he met with a reception which surprised him. In 1839, Oxford made him an honorary D.C.L. simultaneously with Wordsworth; but his greatest pleasure was the revival of his intimacy with Dr. Arnold, whom he had learned to know and respect at Rome. Nor must we forget to mention Philip Pusey, with whom Bunsen had read Plato in times gone by, and who afterwards gave his eldest son a living. Although Bunsen's political sympathies were with the Tories, he was a decided antagonist of the High Church party, the leaders of which he had met at Rome and penetrated their plans. Above all was he opposed to the doctrine of the Apostolic succession, although he has been accused of being a partaker of those views by the extreme members of his own Church.

From his quiet Welsh home at his mother-in-law's house, Bunsen was recalled to official activity by his king. In the autumn of 1839 he was appointed ambassador to Switzerland. As he had but little to do at his new post, he devoted himself once more to literature, his most noteworthy production being "Elizabeth Fry to German Wives and Daughters," in which he sought to arouse his countrywomen to similar exertions. His stay, however, at the foot of the Alps was not destined to be long. Frederick William III. died on June 7, 1840, and his successor summoned

his old friend Bunsen to Berlin in the spring of the following year. The object of their deliberations was the foundation of the bishopric of Jerusalem, for which the assistance of England was desired, and after a rather acrimonious dispute a bill to that effect was passed through the House of Commons. The first bishop went out towards the close of 1841, and though the widely-extended ideas which one party attached to the mission have not been fulfilled, on the other, the contemptuous suppositions of the High Church party have been proved incorrect.

The management of this business formed a turning-point in the life of Bunsen. In the summer of 1841, his old friends, under Sir R. Peel, were at the head of affairs, and almost simultaneously the post of Prussian ambassador was vacant. The king, who desired to stand on the most intimate terms with England, offered the Queen her choice of an ambassador, and it fell upon Bunsen. In 1842, his position, brilliant though it was before, was rendered more so by the arrival of Frederick William IV. at the christening of the Prince of Wales. At his house in Carlton-terrace Bunsen assembled all the celebrities of the world: he had found the new Capitol to which he had alluded on leaving Rome.

Bunsen's position was rendered much easier, through all the changes of the ministry, by the confidence and favour the Queen and Prince Albert showed him to the last. He was closely attached to Sir Robert Peel, who, in the few hours between his fall and death, asked several times for Bunsen, who was unfortunately not in the way at the moment. Next to Arnold, however, his dearest friend was Julius Hare, the thorough German scholar, who, with Thirlwall, translated Niebuhr's Roman history. Finally, we may mention Lady Raffles, who attained a brilliant place in English literature by her biography of her husband.

Politically regarded, Bunsen's residence in London resembled that in Rome. The early period was a calm, concealing the coming storm, which did not escape the attention of the farther-sighted, though they could not anticipate its character and extent. The king and Bunsen frequently discussed these matters—as, for instance, during the Queen of England's stay at Stolzenfels—and many despatches are in existence from Bunsen's hand, which, if published, would supply interesting material for the historian of that epoch of expectation. In his foreign policy, Bunsen's great desire was naturally an intimate alliance between England and Prussia as the two Protestant great powers. He had more reason to anticipate success, as the appearance of Frederick William IV. in England had rendered him excessively popular, while at the same time England was not regarded so askance as it is now by the Prussian Conservative or reactionary party, call it which you will. In his home policy, Bunsen was one of those men who desired quicker progress on the path of truly liberal institutions, and he constantly urged it, from the confident belief he entertained that delays were dangerous. His tendencies, which at an earlier date had been doctrinaire and somewhat romantic, grew constantly clearer under the influence of English society, and it was a fortunate thing for him that he had not been brought up in the confined atmosphere of Prussian bureaucracy.

During the stormy events of 1848, Bunsen stood by his monarch through good and evil report. He gave him valuable lessons in English constitutionalism, and the Prince of Prussia (the present king), whom the



events of March compelled to pay a rather undignified visit to London, is probably indebted to the envoy for the small amount of governing craft he possesses. Bunsen was elected to the national parliament by Schleswig, but circumstances prevented him taking his seat. He, however, addressed several circulars on questions of the day to the representatives. In January, 1849, he proceeded to Berlin, and laboured hard to induce the National Assembly in Frankfort to accept the Prussian hegemony. The mode of offering and declining the imperial crown, the ensuing conduct of the National Assembly, the insurrections in Baden and Saxony, and their suppression by Prussia, proved to him that his exertions were futile. Still he did not despond. Perfectly agreeing with Radowitz in his plans for German unification, Bunsen did his utmost to arouse the interests of England in the union of Germany under the leadership of Prussia. The Congress of Olmütz put an end to all these plans, and Radowitz proceeded to England in honourable exile, where he studied the construction of tubular bridges. In spite of the changes of government, however, Bunsen was still left at his post, and though many efforts were made to injure him in the king's opinion, they all failed. His every effort tended to keep up British confidence in Prussia. In the matter of Schleswig-Holstein, he did all in his power to save what he could, but it was a dark spot on his unblemished career when, as an obedient servant to his king, he signed the London protocol of May 8, 1852, recognising the integrity of the Danish monarchy.

Bunsen's unbending courage and faith, combined with his natural elasticity of mind and sanguine temperament, kept him upright through these heavy trials; and he felt consoled for the constant attacks made on him by his unshaken affection for his king, and confidence in the crown-prince, whose acquaintance he had formed in a time of despondency. Brighter prospects appeared for the envoy, when the beginning of the Eastern war—that struggle of the Western Powers against the Northern Colossus—seemed to afford Prussia once again the opportunity for a grand policy. Through the confidential position in which he stood to influential personages, Bunsen learnt everything that went on, and, therefore, strongly advised a close alliance of Prussia with the Western Powers. Believing, however, in the necessity and inviolability of such a policy, he went further than the tendencies of the Prussian court justified him in doing. Who can say what results energetic action on the part of Prussia might have produced? Perhaps the war would have been prevented—perhaps, though, the map of Europe reconstituted. But the king was determined on keeping peace, and the result has not proved him in the wrong. The hopes which Bunsen had aroused in London, the court of Berlin believed it could only put a stop to by a disavowal of its envoy. The king wished to retain him in his service, but Bunsen would not listen to any proposal for his temporary retirement, and sent in his resignation, which was accepted in the summer of 1854. He left London, accompanied by the most unequivocal signs of sympathy, respect, even admiration, from all classes of society, from the ministers and the press down to the working men, who recognised in him a kindred spirit: the very porters and watermen offered him their gratuitous services as he embarked. But though his position was so high in England, when he settled down at Heidelberg he felt at length satisfied and truly happy,

for he could now devote all his leisure hours to those studies which had been the mainstay of his life.

In his charming villa, Charlottenberg, opposite Heidelberg Castle, the summer months brought him frequent visits from German and English friends, to whom he devoted his evenings, while the day belonged to severe labour. He stood in close relation with many of the celebrated men who do honour to the university, and he was greatly affected and surprised by a visit from his old pupil, Astor, who came from America expressly to see "his oldest and best friend." In autumn, 1857, the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance took him to Berlin, on an invitation from the king, whose honoured guest he was. It was a last and glorious meeting, for it proved how little the king had been biased by the repeated attacks made on his old friend's religious works, and which attacks Alexander von Humboldt once brilliantly refuted, by reading aloud to the court circle the more important passages. Once again religious and clerical matters and plans were discussed between the pair in the old confidential way; and the king understood his friend and the changes that had taken place in him, and which estranged him from dogmatism though not from Christianity, better than many a theologian did. Immediately after Bunsen's departure from Berlin, the king, whom he was destined never to see again, was attacked by that illness whose sorrowful clouds were only rendered endurable to him and his by the affection of a wife, who displayed on the throne not only the picture of a Sister of Charity but also of a Christian partner.

To this journey is also attached Bunsen's elevation to the House of Peers. Frederick William III. had many times offered it him, but it had been as constantly declined; Bunsen's pride was opposed to a title with no estate to support the dignity, and in this he resembled Niebuhr. He had often intended to buy an estate in Germany, and in that case the peerage would have seemed to him neither contrary to the character of a free citizen nor to the organisation of a free state. Now he had given up all thoughts of such a purchase, but he hoped to see it eventually realised through one of his sons; and it was chiefly for this reason that he accepted a title, but on the first page of his Biblical work he remained, as before, Christian Karl Josias Bunsen.

The only time he sat in the House of Peers was on October 25, 1858, that memorable day for Germans when the regency of the Prince of Prussia was announced to both Houses. This was his last visit to Berlin, although he frequently saw the prince regent and his family, who were all equally well disposed to him, on the Rhine. The desire to draw him permanently to Berlin, to take the place Alexander von Humboldt had held as the king's ear, failed partly through the difficulty of finding a shape for such a position, but more through the claims of Bunsen's own health, for during latter years he had grown very corpulent, and required a good deal of exercise to get the better of his asthmatic sufferings. For this purpose he spent the winter of 1858 at Cannes, with his wife and a portion of his family, among whom we may specially mention his son Ernest, who, having no special tie in England, paid his father the most devoted attention during the last years of his life. This residence in a southern climate on the shores of the Mediterranean, where sky, earth, and sea recalled the happy Roman years of his youth, had the best

result, so that he returned thither in the autumn of 1859. This second visit to Cannes led to an intimacy with De Tocqueville, who was himself at death's door, and it seemed to have an equally favourable effect with the first. But the early months of 1860 produced a painful change, so that in May Bunsen was compelled to quit Cannes with broken health and under great suffering, and he settled down for the last time at Bonn, for he wished, at least, to die in his native land. And here, too, he was enabled to carry out one of his dearest wishes—residing in a house of his own, where he had his family around him.

His birthday, August 25, 1860, assembled a large circle of his family and friends around him, and gave him a perfect consciousness of the happiness which was so bounteously vouchsafed him. But he knew that the end was at hand, and regarded it calmly, while his family watched his gradual sinking sorrowfully, and had only one hope, that he might die without pain, for the physicians had at length declared his disease to be a chronic heart affection, threatening to terminate in a painful and acute dropsy. All the members of his family whom duties did not call elsewhere remained by his side, and a visit from the present Queen of Prussia, whose lofty mind and amiable character he had long known and revered, gave him a further proof of the opinion he was held in by that royal house, three heads of which he had faithfully served. Friends came and went; he could enjoy their society for hours, and be active in his old way; his mind was ever fresh, and every moment his body granted him was devoted to mental exercises. But the nights constantly became more restless through the difficulty of respiration, and his weakness grew more perceptible.

On the night of October 28 his condition was such that the physician and his family believed his end close at hand. His mind then seemed to overcome his body, and he burst forth into language, a portion of which we may be permitted to repeat, as it has already been published by a friend of his family. He spoke of earthly hopes—his hopes of Italy, the country of which he had so long been a guest; more warmly still of his hopes for Germany, Prussia, the royal family, and England. He mentioned friends of his youth and his old age, and the members of his family, for each of whom he had a blessing. Nor did he forget the struggles of his life, but he did not dwell upon them. "I part from this world without a feeling of hatred for any man." Did he think of his uncompleted work, his translation of the Bible? During the last months the question had lain heavy on his mind whether he would be permitted to carry out to the end this highest task of his life. But now that the hour had arrived when he knew that this hope was denied him, not a complaint passed his lips; there was no painful reference to what was left unfinished, but only silent devotion. Even the highest aim of earthly existence, toiling in the service of the Lord, was with him no tie to life. He welcomed in death liberation from the earthly and the sinful, and the fulfilment of all his desires. "It is sweet to die: for with all my defects and weaknesses, I have lived, willed, and striven solely for what is noble. The most glorious thing, however, was to have known my Saviour!" How highly had he esteemed this earth and human existence upon it! but now these lay behind him and beneath him. "It is a wondrous glance from above at this life and this world. Now I first recognise what a dark existence

we have led here. Up, up, higher and ever higher! Not darker, no, brighter and yet brighter! I live in the kingdom of God! How pleasant are thy dwellings, Lord Zebaoth!"

But he was not yet permitted to go to these dwellings. A sudden removal of the disease to the feet gave him temporary relief, and a few days free from suffering, alternating with violent convulsions, and fearful pains in the mouth: the growing weakness rendered any consecutive sentence more and more difficult, and at last almost impossible, while his efforts to speak, and a few disconnected words, revealed how active the mind within was. Thus matters went on for a month; but on the morning of November 29 he let his head sink in slumber on the bosom of the faithful mate, who was now by his side as she had been for three-and-forty years.

On December 1, beneath the parting beams of a pleasant winter sun, Bunsen was buried in the Bonn cemetery, in which Niebuhr had found a resting-place a generation previously, and Ernst Montz Arndt just a year before.

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#### A GERMAN IN ROME.

ALTHOUGH so many books have been written about the Eternal City, we can hardly call to mind one that is really satisfactory in every point, because all are more or less affected by a sectarian bias. While Mr. Maguire blows a flourish of trumpets in praise of the paternal government of Pio Nono, Mr. Dicey politely sneers at the backwardness of that government with regard to everything connected with comfort, cleanliness, and civilisation—to indulge in a pleasant alliteration—or, while About ignores the religious aspect of the case, except in so far as it may serve his purpose, orthodox Frenchmen consider Rome more renowned in its decadence than in its golden prime, as carrying out Madame de Staël's notion of a petrified religion. All these authors, however, approach their subject with a certain *souçon*, and after a perusal of their works, the reader has a species of dazed notion as to the rights and wrongs of the Roman question. Under these circumstances we have welcomed the publication of Hermann Lessing's "*Torso and Corso*,"\* in which he regards Roman life from its cheerful aspects. Through his pages we propose to canter, stopping here and there to cull some illustrative passages, which, at any rate, will possess the charm of novelty.

Since Rome has surrendered her material supremacy and retired into private life, she has solely dealt in the fine arts, which give the Eternal City a certain modern varnish. Just as there are university towns which are exclusively arranged for the wants of students, and commercial cities in which the merchant rules, so on the Tiber the power has passed into the hands of the artists, and the abbés have quite retired into the back-

\* *Torso und Corso: aus dem alten und neuen Rom.* Von Hermann Lessing. Berlin: J. Springer.

ground. Were the artists, like the plebeians in olden times, to quit Rome and place her under a ban, it would be all over with the last relics of the populus Romanus. Where entire streets exist which are filled with statuary and artists' studios, and large marble blocks are the sign-boards of sculptors, a considerable portion of the population must stand in the service of the Muses, and if you ask after any celebrated studio you are much more likely to obtain a satisfactory answer than if you ask after an eminent dignitary. While strangers remain here only a few weeks or months, the artists become settled for a lengthened period, and put the city under contribution for picturesque materials. Among the most indispensable materiel of art we must reckon the models, forming a state within a state, which is constantly being recruited from the neighbourhood and the mountains. To the models Rome is indebted for the last specimens of the national costume. As early as eight A.M. feigned and pensioned robbers from the Abruzzi, shepherds and country lads, hurry to the studios, in order to assume some picturesque pose; the artistic vocation of the maidens may be recognised by their specially careful toilet; the folded cloth that covers the head has just come from the wash-tub; the buttons and tags on the apron are newly furbished, and the neck is adorned with a talisman or medallion. In this way Marietta is fully equipped for the day's journey, but, for the sake of self-respect, custom insists that an "aunt" should accompany her. The aunt, a model from the days of the ancien régime, is, through lengthened practice, thoroughly conversant with artistic matters: she is aware what drapery is needed for the representation of virtue, and what folds are best adapted for the Madonna; she knows the coiffure of the Magdalene as thoroughly as she does the handkerchief of St. Veronica. Under this cautious guidance Marietta begins her artistic career each morning, and she may be seen hurrying at an early hour over the Spanish-place towards the Via Margutta, where the artists' quarter begins. The first hour, while the toilet is the freshest, is devoted to a representation of the happy country girl, who awaits the beloved with a beating heart, and seems to be watching for him. Marietta enters the studio, and the artist salutes the ladies in the kindest manner; the aunt receives the seat of honour on the wormeaten chair, which rivals her in age and wrinkles, and is generally set aside for Mæcenas. Marietta, in the mean while, has stepped behind the green curtain at one end of the room; she takes a look at the mirror, and in a few minutes—for beauty is always easily satisfied—returns to the scene of her triumphs.

Such is a first-class model in Rome, but they are few and far between. The others stand but on a slender footing above the beggars, who form a very large class of Roman society. In fact, many of them are better off than well to do peasants in other countries; the beggar is not obliged to breathe the stifling air of the factories, and carry on a monotonous task from morning till night; he need feel no anxiety about clothing and lodgings; the ever open doors of the churches give him a sleeping-place by day, and a favourable sky renders his nightly bivouac easy. Through the protection which the government affords to begging, it is not regarded as a disgrace, or so dishonouring as poverty. The word "povero" consoles the criminal, the murderer, the thief, when he is seized by the sbirri, and, in the eyes of the population, he is more a victim than a culprit. He is even re-

garded as a hero, who does not fear the danger of death and the scaffold.

The beggar, on the other hand, in the feeling that he belongs to a recognised class of society, is satisfied with the prosaic civil honour. The beggar, regarding himself as quite equal to the man he addresses, is consequently not nearly so importunate as he has been described by travellers; but their numbers create a feeling of repugnance. If you do not feel disposed to give him a trifle, a couple of consolatory words suffice to get rid of him at once; if, for instance, you recommend him to the protection of Heaven with the words, "La Madonna vi proveda," he goes off—sadly, we grant—but not saying a word more. Beggar-pride, in the true sense of the term, is still to be found in Italy. With the same haughtiness with which Belisarius may have uttered his "date obolum," the Roman beggar hursts forth into his "una carita, signore, sono povero," and pockets the gift with the kindest remarks. If he wear at his button-hole a small brass plate received from the police, which points him out to be a privileged beggar, his honour does not allow him to enter into lengthened discussions over the collection of his impost, but a simple sign of refusal causes him at once to retire. The blind, lame, aged, and crippled receive such badges, but the diseases are often simulated; they are, according to the old witticism, "beggars who have fallen from the ladder of laziness and broken an arm."

By a sudden leap we will pass from beggars to theatres, of which Rome possesses six, though they are closed the greater part of the year. The performances begin after Christmas, lasting till Ash-Wednesday; commence again after Easter, and cease with the setting in of the hot weather. As the state does nothing for the theatres, they generally have a poor existence. None of the clergy visit the theatres; but the nobility and rich bourgeoisie, who like to be patrons of the stage, hire a box for the entire season. This box is at the same time a reception-room for the friends of the family and recommended strangers, who are expected to appear in the "abito da società." As a new troupe is annually engaged, the relations between public and actors are extremely loose, and frequently the names of the latter are not even known. The opening of the Apollo Theatre, or Opera House, is consequently an important event, and the first evening is decisive for the entire season. The police director, who is the highest authority in matters theatrical, appears in official costume, and sends into all the first and second class boxes a "rinfresco" at the expense of the city. This official refreshment is composed of ice and preserves, which men-servants, dressed in black and with candelabra in one hand, hand round the boxes between the first and second acts.

The proletarians in the pit and gallery receive nothing, and the plebeians regard with envy this last privilege of the patricians, which places Menenius Agrippa's fable about the belly and the members in a peculiar modern light. The visitor to the pit, who pays four pauls, or about eighteenpence, and a few bajocchi for a leather cushion, to take off the hardness of the wooden benches, must content himself with a sight of the beauties in the dress circle, who seek to cool their ardour with ice; and such a sight would have been a perfect torture for Lord Byron, who could not endure to see a lady eat. Since Mario has been a count, and

Piccolomini a countess, the Italian artistes are no longer contented with a mental nobility, but do their best to obtain a handsome family tree. When we bear in mind that, at the close of the last century, all the characters were entrusted to males, and now see marchionesses and countesses on the stage, it is plain that ladies have attained a considerable amount of independence. Still the golden age of fair woman is gradually departing in Italy; they must also labour in the sweat of their brow; they are ceasing to be the fair sex, and the stage will be called upon to form the transition from art to the more prosaic toil.

The Romans are inexorable towards false singing: like their ancestors, who had unhappy barbarians torn to pieces by wild beasts in their circus, they can martyrise a singer, even if he should repent and be converted. While the sons of the she-wolf usually look with indulgence on all other crimes, and regard even a murderer as an erring brother, every fault on the stage is even worse than a crime. On the other hand, the enthusiasm is equally intoxicating, and all means—clapping, beating, and crying—are called into service. The theatrical police of Rome has not yet attained such perfection as to place a constable by the side of each actor to coerce the pit into tranquillity, and praise and blame may be expressed here at will.

In the Teatro Apollo, which is the most elegant of all, though, according to our notions, simply decorated and dirty, the masked balls, or, more correctly, the costumed balls, take place during the carnival. Since the revolution every person who enters may be compelled to remove his mask, and hence much of the fun is lost. The close of the ball at two o'clock produces an interesting scene: a company of soldiers are drawn up at the back of the stage, and sweep the entire company out like a broad broom.

There are four other theatres in Rome, among which we may mention the Metastasio, as the scene of Ristori's earliest triumphs. One of the most popular characters at the lower theatres is Frederick the Great, who frequently appears like a *deus ex machinâ*, menaces with his tobacco-box, and by this mere threat puts to flight the representatives of the evil principle. The Romans of to-day have not forgotten that Frederick the Great conquered the Austriaci in several battles, and, in spite of the Germanic Confederation, every Prussiano is regarded as a decided foe to all imperial-royal schemes. Old Fritz has almost become a myth, containing everything good, and noble, and generous. The theatre, indeed, is the only place where the Roman obtains a shade of mental excitement, however much the censorship may distil this mental source. The theatre represents here the press, the school, popular literature, and public life. Here there is another world besides that of the priests, and here the Roman sucks in that love of liberty which so peculiarly distinguishes him.

Another peculiarity of the Romans is the lottery, of which About told us so much, and which Lessing regards as demoralising, the more so because the game of hazard receives the blessing of the Church, and through the presence of a prelate in full attire appears like a religious ceremony. While all other traders are compelled to close their shops on Sunday, the lottery-dealers stand above the law, and the doors leading to the Temple of Fortune are more widely open than those of the

churches. Superstition naturally goes hand in hand with gambling, and if arithmetic is the source of all things, as Pythagoras says, the modern Romans are Pythagoreans to a man. It is said that once when the Quirinal caught fire, the "prenditorii per il loto" were so besieged that there was no other way of preventing a tumult than closing them. Everybody wanted the number which indicates fire at the Pope's, and each wished to be the happy man. An artist friend of our author told him that he once had the misfortune to fall down stairs, and knocked out two of his teeth. His generally most attentive landlady, before she aided the sufferer, asked how many teeth he had lost, counted up the number of stairs, multiplied teeth, stairs, and date together, and at once sent off to the nearest lottery-office to procure the lucky number. In a word, the lottery is the only thing in which the Roman people still sympathise with the government.

Of course no description of Rome would be perfect without a full, true, and particular account of the carnival, but we may safely pass over Lessing's account, and confine our attention to a less known festival, given by the German Artist Union under the title of the Cervaro Festival. It is no trifle to draw the Romans, who are so attached to their *dolce far niente*, from their four walls or their cafés, but they cannot remain away from the German carnival. Since the quarries of Cervaro, on the Albano road, have been leased by a speculative Roman, who allows no revelry on his ground, the artists have been compelled to seek other hills and ravines, and, after a lengthened deliberation, the engineers selected a spot near the Ponte Salara, where extensive meadows permitted knightly sports, while an amphitheatre of hills was well adapted for the spectators.

When our author witnessed the sports, the lord of misrule arrived in a large harvest waggon, drawn by four splendid oxen, from whose horns long coloured ribbons fluttered. His majesty was attired in a long, gold, embroidered coronation mantle, with a diadem on his head, and was, on the occasion when Lessing witnessed the fun, a celebrated water-colour artist, to whom the most hot-blooded and impatient persons had sat for hours, in order, like Narcissus, to see their reflexion in water-colour. The artistic monarch expressed in gestures rather than in words his pleasure at seeing the great and little ones of his kingdom, without distinction of sex, here assembled; and, judging from the proverb that language is silver and silence gold, there was a large quantity of the latter metal in his speech. All members of the union who have clubbed towards the expenses of the festival are decorated with the order of the "copper Bajoccho," which is worn from a blue ribbon. Such an order, being worth one halfpenny, can hardly be over-estimated, save in taking a quantity. Still King Louis of Bavaria, who frequently visited the Cervaro, was happy to wear the order, and pointed with pride to the blue ribbon, of which only a few crowned heads could boast.

After a small collation in a ruin, which the kitchen-master of the Cervaro knighthood served up, and which was a true instance of living from hand to mouth, the procession slowly set out, amid the braying of trumpets, clouds of dust, and the waving of the banners, which were adorned with the likeness of St. Luke. The president went in front, in his oxen waggon, drinking one glass after the other, and liberally



dispensing his blessing. His ministers and generals in fancy dress—among them being a Chinese as minister of public education—followed the potentate on horseback. Gendarmes from every nation, not excluding a Circassian, maintained order among the majority, but the undisciplined minority left the road, crossing hedges and ditches, to arrive sooner at the place where the Cervaro knighthood would hold their tournament.

Even the Campagna does not look so very melancholy on this day. The gay crowd give the green meadows a new life, and the old ruins which usually stare at us with hollow eyes, seem rejuvenated. When merry bands march amid graves and ruins, you easily forget the cemetery of history through which you are walking; a churchyard, when no longer at peace, becomes a playground. No *arrières pensées* could spring into life here, and no knight reflects how thankful he ought to feel to Theodosius, who, more than a thousand years ago, introduced the first copper coins, the ancestors of the bajocelo in Rome. And how many meadow flowers are mercilessly trodden down! But anemones and auriculas seem to resemble Cerberus; the more heads that fall, the more grow again. At length we see the end of our pilgrimage, in the shape of a smooth, peaceful valley, surrounded by green hills. A few friendly gendarmes, who know how to conciliate, act as police; those two hostile powers direct us and our ladies to a spot on the hill, whence we can survey at our ease the commencing sports. The entire natural amphitheatre is soon covered by a dense crowd, and the king gives the signal to begin. The first thing is a carousal, in which ladies and gentlemen take part, in picturesque costumes, from that of the Indian chief down to the mediæval knight. The number of rings carried off at a gallop decides the victory; and a bold American lady, who had no golden wedding-ring on her finger, carried off the majority of steel ones. The trumpeters struck up, and the president handed her the laurel wreath.

After foot-races, donkey-races, &c., Bacchus gave the signal with his thyrsus that the hour for general refection had arrived. Though the Italians allege that fennel and bread suffice them, the German likes more compact food, and a tremendous demolition of ham and sausages took place. Toasts were honoured, and as the sun slowly sank on the Campagna the merry party broke up. Such is the German carnival, the next successor to the Roman. The latter lasts nine days, the German only one, and while the former takes place on the Corso, in the heart of the city, the other seeks the meadows. The Roman carnival is the festival of winter, the German that of spring.

The faithful Leporello laments that "he knows no rest by night or day," and the stranger in Rome is too often reminded of his complaint. Achilles was only vulnerable in the heel, but it is not everybody who enjoys such privileges. The shorter the period the stranger remains on the hospitable banks of the Tiber, the more he complains of the daring band of little demons that pursue him like an evil conscience night and day; if he stays for months, his body is at length steeled, his skin is tanned by repeated wounds into compact leather, and he can laugh at the puny assaults of his enemies. How did Chateaubriand complain about these minor miseries, pious and noble man though he was? In his "*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*" he delivers a jeremiad about the dirty streets of the Eternal City, and the bloodsuckers of every description, which did not even spare the sacred head of a minister plenipotentiary. "When I was Napoleon's envoy at Rome, I had the upper floor of the Palazzo Laucelotti given me to live in. But when I entered it, such a

quantity of ominous creatures of all descriptions leaped upon me, that my white trousers became quite black." And certainly the pious Chateaubriand would not have blackened Rome without pointed reasons. Still much improvement has been effected in these latter days, for though the Romans look like children whose faces are being washed when the streets are cleaned, the French are beating them. A favourite plan of theirs is to station a sentry before the door of each householder, who lets no one out till he promises to pave the street in front of his house, and put up a lantern.

As a general rule, the Romans are cleanly in their persons, but they care little for the purification of their houses. They wash their linen to rags, and then throw it away. Lessing lays it down as an observation he has noted, that anything useless in Rome, people try to get rid of as soon as possible. This is specially the case with the dead, who throughout Italy are treated in the most heartless way, as being no longer of any value. Generally, funerals are performed by a fraternity, who have a mass said over the body, and bury it in all haste; but if a man be poor, no ceremony takes place; his relatives carry him to the churchyard, and he is thrust into a lime-pit, with any other bodies that happen to be there. In the States of the Church the mortality is very great; fevers carry off many persons, but the wretched physicians and defective sanitary arrangements are responsible for even more. There is no lack of doctors, but a great lack of good ones. Cupping, blood-letting, and purgatives at regular intervals, form the circulation of Roman life, just like driving in the Corso and lounging about. Although Rome possesses a university, known as the Sapienza, which has a medical faculty, the Eternal City has made no discoveries in therapeutics, and yet splendid information could be obtained here, where murders, executions, and serious wounding constantly take place.

But it is time for us to cease our wanderings through Lessing's gallery of surface pictures. Judging from his remarks, we think he believes with Montesquieu, that while France is created for rapid enjoyment of life, England for thinking, and Germany for travelling, Italy was produced by nature that men might build their cabins on her soil. His sketches of the "Niobe of Cities" have the great merit of being faithful, for where there is much light, there is always a great amount of shadow. Queen Elizabeth, as Walpole tells us, wished to be painted without shadow, but the Queen of Cities still throws out such a glowing light, that even the black, unnatural shadows, however much we might like to tone them down, dim the brilliancy of Rome to a very slight extent.

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## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## BAD BECOMES WORSE.

LORN passed through the streets like one in a dream, so unexpectedly had misfortune overtaken him ; nor could he, at first, believe in the reality of his position when he found himself in a court of justice—a prisoner, and accused of felony. But as he listened to the charge preferred against him, and heard the facts of his apparent guilt detailed, the reality he had doubted of became only too certain. Before him sat the magistrate—his magisterial aspect greatly heightened by the hat he wore, while everybody else was uncovered ; on either side of a long table, in front, keen-eyed Jewish attorneys and quick-eared newspaper reporters were ranged ; around him was gathered a stifling crowd, eager for the enjoyment of the newest crime ; and at his side, in the dock, stood the stolid policeman who had taken him into custody, and who, had he known what was passing in Lorn's mind, might have exclaimed with his well-remembered prototype, " I hope here be truths !"

The accusation, indeed, sounded very much like truth.

Mr. William Pumphrey was the first witness, and gave his evidence in an easy, familiar way, as if he were telling the magistrate what he rather thought a good story.—" Chap in the box—pris'n'r if you like—comes into our bank—' Finsb'ry and S'uth'ark'—west-end branch, you know—hands in a cheque for a hunderd and five—name of Smith at bottom. Plenty of Smith accounts with us—not that one, tho'. Same party tried it on day before ; did my fellow-clerk, Buffle there, out of fifty—couldn't do me—too many for him, I was ! Stop a bit, says I. Gave the office next desk but one—Buffle, you know. He twigs chap in the box at once—bank Peeler outside—nabbed—there you have him, ha ! ha ! ha ! Never saw anything neater done !"

With a bitter emphasis, in strong contrast with the *nonchalance* of his colleague, Mr. Buffle described the transaction : " The miserable culprit at the bar, sir, taking advantage yesterday of a moment of intense occupation, when my thoughts, sir, were wholly preoccupied with the affairs of my employers, furtively presented a cheque, purporting to bear the signature of a customer. Not having time, sir, at the instant, for strict scrutiny, being disturbed, too, by some observations from another party whose business was extremely urgent, I casually allowed the deception to pass, and paid the amount of the surreptitious cheque. Having accomplished his nefarious purpose, the prisoner disappeared with a degree of haste which, I am free to confess, left a suspicious residuum in my mind

that led me, as soon as I had disposed of the matters which paramountly claimed my attention, to re-examine the fraudulent document. I then instantaneously detected the villany which had been practised; too late, however, sir, to arrest the offender, who, in the interim, had basely effected his escape. I at once proceeded to our manager, Mr. Joplington, and stated what had occurred. Extreme vigilance was enjoined, and Mr. Pumphrey, the witness whom you have heard, being very young, and exceedingly inexperienced, was strictly ordered to watch all cheques bearing the name of Smith. The result was the capture of that—I may say—unblushing person at your worship's bar, as Mr. Pumphrey has already stated."

Policeman Stiff, B 50, began, of course: "From information I received"—the sum and substance of his evidence being that he "took the prisoner in the act"—though what "the act" was to which he alluded, he did not condescend to explain, neither did he say anything about the semi-strangulation which he had inflicted on Lorn, that being only a part of what he called his "dooty."

"You hear these statements, prisoner," said the magistrate, addressing Lorn. "What have you to say in your defence?"

"I don't deny what the gentlemen have said, sir," replied Lorn. "I did present the two cheques, but I never thought there was any harm in doing so."

"That remains to be seen. I suppose you are not alone in this affair! Who sent you on your errand?"

To this question Lorn made the same reply that he had given to Mr. Joplington: it was "the Count" his master.

"And who is 'the Count'?" asked the magistrate.

"A French gentleman, sir, who took me to be his secretary."

"Secretary, hey? To write for him?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Forge signatures to cheques, amongst other things?"

"No, sir! I never wrote anything for him but letters."

"Your master, then, had a large correspondence! Who have you been in the habit of writing to?"

"A great number of persons. But I don't recollect their names."

"Oh! What did you write about?"

Lorn coloured and remained silent. He was ashamed to say before so many people what he felt so much shame at having done.

"And this Count," said the magistrate; "pray where does he live?"

Lorn was on the point of answering, but the thought of Esther rose to his mind. If they sent policemen to the house, she might be involved in trouble. He tried to avoid the difficulty by saying that he left the Count in the street, while they were on their way to look for a lodging.

"But you came from some place, I imagine! You did not drop from the clouds! Come, now, where was it?"

"I don't like to say, sir."

"In other words, you are the accomplice of—I make no doubt—a greater rogue than yourself."

Lorn quivered with emotion at hearing himself so spoken of, but in the presence of the crowd he put a strong restraint on himself, and mastered his feelings.

"Do you know anything of the prisoner?" asked the magistrate of the policeman.

"I can't call to mind, yer wershship, anythink agin him, myself, at this present; but there is an individjual in court, I b'lieve, which do. You knows him, I think?" continued Policeman Stiff, turning to Mr. Cramp, who stood eagerly listening close to the dock.

In sepulchral tones Mr. Cramp replied in the affirmative.

"Step to the front, then," said Stiff, "and state to his wershship all the particulars as you're acquainted with!"

Thus exhorted, Mr. Cramp entered the witness-box.

"What is your name?" said the magistrate's clerk.

"Obadiah Cramp," was the reply.

"Where do you live?"

"Professional address, Squirl's, pawnbroker, 666, Strand, which I am his assistant; private residence, 4, Snead's-gardens, Brick-street, Pimlico, widower, without no offspring; have been——"

"That will do about yourself," interrupted the magistrate. "Do you know the prisoner?"

"I should think I did," returned Mr. Cramp, clearing his voice in the oratorical manner of one accustomed to public speaking—for it was a favourite occupation of his, whenever he could collect an audience, to expound, *al fresco*, on Sundays, in the parks, having, as he believed, a gift, and being capable of arriving at the root of the matter.

"Go on," said the magistrate, nodding.

"That there youth," pursued Mr. Cramp, "were, I may say, brought up under my own hie. I taught him pretty nigh all he know'd in the 'broking line; but he would none of my counsel, he despised all my reproof, and see, my Christian friends"—here he waved his hand to the crowd, who began to grin—"see what idleness and ungodliness has brought him to! As winegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the hies, so is the sluggard to them that——"

"Come, come," said the magistrate, sharply, "we want no sermons here. If you have any evidence to give, give it. Did the prisoner rob his master, or what did he do that you can speak to?"

It was, perhaps, a fortunate thing for Lorn that Mr. Cramp was snubbed, or he might have worked himself, religiously, into a fit of virulent denunciation; but, sulky at his eloquence being cut short, he only said that all the harm he actually knew of Lorn was his having run away from his employer, disappearing about five or six months before in the company of a foreigner who was to have done business with Mr. Squirl; but neither he nor Lorn had ever returned, nor had he seen the latter till he caught sight of him accidentally that day driving past the shop in a Hansom cab.

"There has been time enough," said the magistrate, "to pervert the best disposed boy in London. Everything," he added, speaking to Lorn, "is against you. You abscond from your master's service, taking up with God knows who, and living God knows where; nobody can tell what becomes of you for nearly six months; when you do make your appearance, it is to commit a felony one day and attempt another on the next; you refuse to say where you have been living, or afford any information that may lead to the detection of the person who, most

likely, is the instigator to the crime with which you are charged. Under all these circumstances, my duty is quite clear: I shall commit you for trial, but not immediately. To give you time for reflection, to obtain, if it possibly can be obtained, some knowledge of your accomplice, I shall, to-day, simply remand you till this day week. I must have your late master here, to learn something more of your past life than the last witness has told us. Call the next case."

Though he felt it was useless to speak, Lorn could not repress the desire to justify himself before the people in court, though every man there, with the exception of Mr. Cramp, was a stranger to him.

"I assure you, sir," he said, "I give you my word of honour I am innocent. The Count told me Mr. Smith owed him the money, and that I was to get it at the bank. I know nothing of the forgery."

"I might be more disposed to believe that part of your story," returned the magistrate, "if you were a little more candid about the rest of your proceedings. Once more I ask you where you have been living since you left the Strand?"

He paused, waiting for Lorn's answer, but he made none.

"I cannot afford to waste the time of the court any longer," said the magistrate, angrily. "Take him away."

"A whip for the 'orse, a bridle for the hass, and a rod for the obstinate fool's back," muttered Mr. Cramp, as Lorn was led past him, again in the custody of Policeman Stiff.

Two hours had not elapsed since Lorn left Clerkenwell full of the joyful hope of seeing and talking to Esther in the evening: it was to Clerkenwell—but to the House of Detention there—within a stone's throw of her whom he loved with all the strength of his youthful heart, that he was now conveyed.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### AN ECHO OF THE PAST.

"WHY where the doose have you been to, Cramp?" exclaimed Mr. Squirrel, as his foreman re-entered the shop on his return from the police-office. "Goin' bustin' out o' doors like a overdrove ox in the middle of the day is a way of doin' bisness I don't understand, and you and me will have words if you tries it agen."

"Don't put yourself in such a fanteague," replied Mr. Cramp; "you wouldn't to if you know'd as much as I do."

"What do you know?" inquired Mr. Squirrel, in a surly tone. "Nothing I dare say that I care to hear."

"Judge for yourself," returned his foreman. "You recollect this here bill?"

So saying, Mr. Cramp opened a large, greasy, black leather pocket-book, and from the midst of a multitude of papers, took out a copy of the handbill which Mr. Squirrel had circulated after Lorn's sudden disappearance.

"What of this?" said the pawnbroker, as he surveyed the document.

"Why, they've found him, that's all," replied Mr. Cramp.

"Found who? Not that there Lorn!" cried Mr. Squirrel.

"That's pretty much about where it is, tho'," was Mr. Cramp's oracular remark.

"How come you to know it?"

"I see him going by and foller'd. He was took and identificated—'twas me as done that. They had him afore the Beak, and he slow'd him till next Toosday, on remand."

"What was he took for? Breakin' of his indenters?"

"Not exactly. You'll have to speak to that. He'd been borrowin' one Mr. Smith's name at the Finsb'ry and S'uth'ark Bank when they grabb'd him."

"Forgery?"

"Two cases!"

Mr. Squirrel whistled a note of astonishment; then he pondered for a moment and scratched his head. After this brief cogitation he spoke again:

"As he warn't apprehended on my account, there's no call for me to pay no reward."

"Not to the perlice," said Mr. Cramp.

"Not to nobody," retorted Mr. Squirrel.

Hereupon Mr. Cramp explained. It was he who had identified Lorn; without his assistance the prisoner would have remained unknown; the labourer, he added, was worthy of his hire; and, therefore, he claimed the reward.

As might naturally be expected, "words," of the kind to which Mr. Squirrel had alluded, followed this announcement. The pawnbroker stigmatised the conduct of his assistant as "mean," and the latter strenuously returned the compliment. As rarely happens in such cases, both of them were right: Mr. Squirrel deserving the epithet for endeavouring to evade his promise, Mr. Cramp for the unworthy motive which led him in pursuit of Lorn. Their bickering lasted, with little intermission, throughout the day, and was only put an end to by Mr. Cramp's withdrawal in the evening to the Blue Anchor, where he always looked in—and remained some time—on his way homeward. Even after he was gone the subject still rankled in Mr. Squirrel's mind, and the pawnbroker was finally debating with himself whether he should appear against Lorn or not, when an incident occurred that very much altered his view of the whole question.

As he was on the point of telling the shop-boy, Lorn's substitute, to close for the night, the last post brought him a letter marked "Immediate."

Opening it hastily, he read as follows:

"SIR,—In the month of November, 1836, a *very remarkable pledge* was left with you, accompanied by a sum of money and a few written instructions. The person who makes this communication is anxious to know *what has become of the pledge*, and requests you to remain at home to-night to give the necessary information to the writer, who will call between ten and eleven o'clock."

Mr. Squirrel turned pale, and the letter dropped from his hand. At last he was called upon to give an account of his stewardship. What could he say? That Lorn had left him was no fault of his; there had been no

quarrelling, no turning out of doors! But was his conscience quite clear as to the treatment the boy had received during the many years he was under his care? If he had been kinder, Lorn, perhaps, might still have been there. Perhaps? How could he tell? How did he know the reason that took him away? At all events, he never made a thief or a swindler of him: nobody could say that. He had paid for his clothing and his keep and his schooling for more than seventeen years. Fifty pounds did not do much in that line! No! Whoever they were that came forward to claim the boy, if such was their object, owed him ever so much—he might put it at hundreds—for all the expense and trouble and anxiety,—yes, Mr. Squirrel threw in the last item,—for all his anxiety about Lorn's welfare. They could not, of course, expect him to be out of pocket. Besides, they began handsomely, and handsomely, Mr. Squirrel did not doubt, they meant to behave. Provided the boy was still under his charge. That was where the shoe pinched! How unlucky not to have stirred in the matter six months sooner! Then all would have been right. It was better, however, to know where Lorn actually was than to be in total ignorance of his fate. There might be the means yet of shaping a course. Mr. Squirrel reviewed Lorn's conduct from childhood to the day he last saw him, and, having an interest in his good behaviour, reviewed it impartially. He admitted that, except in little matters of temper and so forth, he had no particular fault to find with him. The till was often left in Lorn's way, and he—Mr. Squirrel—had never missed a halfpenny. Impudent he had been sometimes—all boys were so—but artful never. And by this comparative process, Mr. Squirrel arrived at the conclusion that there must be a mistake about this charge of forgery; he, somehow, could not bring himself to believe it. He must make it his business, next day, to learn the whole story. He was known pretty well to "the Force," and could easily get at the facts which Cramp had not detailed. In the mean time, what, as he thought at first, was he to say to the party that came to make the inquiry?

These reflections did not press all at once on Mr. Squirrel's consideration, but occupied him after he was left quite alone, filling up the entire interval between the receipt of the letter and the expected arrival of the person who wrote it. When the clock struck ten he began to get nervous; at the half-hour he listened for every sound; at a quarter to eleven he started to his feet on hearing a ring at the bell, and, going to the street door, admitted a man and woman, the latter inquiring in a low voice if he was Mr. Squirrel. On receiving an affirmative reply, the strangers entered, and the pawnbroker ushered them into his private room.

The solitary and ill-trimmed lamp which burnt there did not shine very brightly, but in a far better light Mr. Squirrel would have had some difficulty in making out the features of the woman, who wore a very thick veil. Her companion, who, like herself, was dressed in mourning, was more indifferent to observation, and looked round him with a haughty air, in utter carelessness of the pawnbroker's scrutiny. Accustomed to all kinds of people, Mr. Squirrel at once perceived that the new comers belonged to a rank very different from that of his ordinary customers, and handed them chairs, while he waited standing to know their pleasure. He addressed himself to the gentleman, but the lady spoke.

"You received a letter this evening, did you not, respecting a—a certain pledge?"



"Left here eighteen years ago, come next November,—yes, ma'am!"

The lady grasped her companion's arm in the effort to subdue her agitation, as she continued in faint and broken tones: "Is that—have you that pledge in your possession still?"

"Not percisely in the 'ouse, ma'am, but I knows where to lay my 'and on it."

"You understand what I mean?"

"Oh, perfectly, ma'am. It were," said Mr. Squirrel, dropping his voice to a whisper, "a fine male hinfant."

"And he lives, and is well?" eagerly asked the lady.

Mr. Squirrel, having decided on the course he meant to take, suffered nothing to stand in his way.

"Quite so!" he replied, without much regard to truth or to the several parts of the inquiry.

The lady heaved a long-drawn sigh, and said something in a foreign language to the gentleman who sat beside her. He pressed her hand, and answered with only a single word.

"When can I see him, sir?" was the lady's next question to Mr. Squirrel.

This would have been a poser to most people, but the pawnbroker met the difficulty as he had met many a one before.

"Our business, ma'am," he said, "has its ramnifications. We haves dealins in the country as well as in town, and Lorn—a name as may be remember'd, ma'am—is just gone on a little journey."

"And when do you expect him back?"

"It may be three or four days, or it may be a week—I can't exactly say."

"Could he not be written to, to hasten his return?"

"If I knew for certain where he was staying—yes, ma'am."

"But you told me, this instant, that you did know."

"And so I do, ma'am, in a general way. Only he's moving about, you see—shifting, as it were, from place to place. I might write to him at Chatham, and he might be at Porchmouth; he's gone the round, you understand."

"But he *will* be back soon? You are sure of that?"

"It shan't be my fault, ma'am, if he ain't," replied Mr. Squirrel, with a greater approach to truth than had attended on any of his previous answers, for he was quite sincere in his desire to recover Lorn.

Again the lady spoke to her companion, evidently explaining what Mr. Squirrel had said. The conversation between them was animated, and at its close the gentleman placed a large and well-filled purse in the lady's hand.

"I am not thinking now," she said, "of recompensing you for the care you have taken of this poor boy, but permit me to pay a small part of the debt I owe you, as an earnest of much more hereafter."

Mr. Squirrel's broad palm was quickly extended to receive the gold which the lady freely poured into it—so freely, that, to prevent an overflow, he was obliged to confine it with his other hand. In doing so the sparkling ring on his finger attracted the attention of the male stranger, who uttered an exclamation of surprise, and, without thinking if he were understood or not, put an eager question to Mr. Squirrel. The pawnbroker partly understood his meaning, but as foreign languages—which

he termed gibberish—formed no part of his accomplishments, he only stared and shook his head.

“You were asked,” said the lady, who noticed his dilemma, “how you obtained that ring?”

Having performed the ceremony of transferring the money given him into his trousers-pocket, which he instinctively buttoned up, Mr. Squirrel made answer :

“Which One who is now a Hangel above restored it to me in her last precious moments!”

The lady, without literally translating Mr. Squirrel's sentimental explanation, repeated it to her companion, who made a negative gesture. Mr. Squirrel then added :

“It were previously my own property, took in the way of bisness from a forrin gent.”

On being told this, the gentleman asked—through his interpreter—what manner of man he was who pawned the ring?

Mr. Squirrel drew much such a picture of him as, seventeen years before, he had sketched for his wife.

The gentleman's eyes flashed fire at the description, and Mr. Squirrel was requested to show the ring a little closer. The pawnbroker took it off, and it underwent a narrow inspection, the lady now appearing to share in the curiosity of her companion, who, after examining the stone, turned it round, and pressed the under part repeatedly with his thumbnail. He then gave it back, with an observation, which the lady explained to Mr. Squirrel. The ring, she said, bore a great resemblance to one that formerly belonged to the gentleman, and had been stolen from him by a person answering to the description given by Mr. Squirrel; but from the absence of a secret spring he found it was not the same, neither did he think, on looking at it nearer, that the diamond was half so fine as that which he had lost.

From this episode the lady turned to the original object of her visit. She made many inquiries concerning Lorn, asking his height, the colour of his hair and eyes, and numerous particulars of his general appearance, all of which Mr. Squirrel replied to in the most favourable terms. She reiterated her anxious desire to see the boy the moment he came to London; and though she entreated Mr. Squirrel to name an earlier day, could only obtain from him the assurance of Lorn's being there within a week—the pawnbroker trusting to the chapter of accidents, and his own luck, for the means of fulfilling his promise. The lady, who gave no address, then took leave, accompanied by her companion, after repeating the day and hour at which she should be sure to return.

“I thinks,” soliloquised Mr. Squirrel, as he jingled the gold in his pocket—“I thinks I knows what's what better than most folks. She may 'ide her face under her wail as much as she pleases, but if she ain't the one as left her babby on my counter, I'm a Dutchman! I must set my wits to work, tho', to get at the boy, and 'elp him out of this 'ere scrape. That forriner stole the ring, did he? Well, I always thought so! But this, it seems, ain't it—and yet so like. Was there two of 'em, I wonder! That's not likely. Where did he get his from? Stay! Them quick fingers of his! It can't be!”

But though Mr. Squirrel said it couldn't be, a sudden misgiving made

him fear it was. To resolve his doubts he examined his ring closely, a thing he had never dreamt of doing since the day it was originally pawned. With money at stake, his faculties, then, were too much sharpened to be deceived, though in the matter of diamonds the best judges may sometimes be mistaken; now, with suspicion awakened, he discovered what he had never thought of looking for, and detected the counterfeit. The cunning foreigner had been too much for Mr. Squirrel. The reason why he never came back was plain. Having changed the rings, his object was accomplished. This transaction, coinciding with Lorn's disappearance, led Mr. Squirrel to speculate further: the more he considered the subject the more sure he felt that the foreigner was at the bottom of Lorn's misfortune, and over his bitter vexation at being taken in the discovery threw a gleam of hope.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.

THREE miserable days went by, during which Lorn saw nobody but the warder of his cell in the House of Detention. He had not been bred in luxury, therefore the place itself affected him little; but the cause of his being there weighed heavily upon him. He cared not for the bare walls, the scanty furniture, the comfortless meals, not even for the confinement of his prison; but it was a sore affliction to remember of what he was accused, and to think that every one who heard the accusation believed him guilty, from the magistrate at the police-court to the warder who now controlled all his movements, and who, after the custom of his class, treated him as if he were already convicted.

It is a beautiful theory of English law which presupposes innocence till guilt be proved; but the theory was of no use to Lorn in his present position; unless some one came forward to bear witness in his favour his condemnation appeared certain.

Lorn read his prison Bible, and prayed night and morn to Him in whose hands are every issue; but neither the sacred book nor his own prayers could wean him from the sense of his unhappy condition.

That condition, he did not disguise from himself, was in a great degree attributable to his own folly, for if he had not so willingly credited the assertion of the man who lured him from Mr. Squirrel's service, he should never have incurred the danger by which he was now threatened. True, the act he deplored had led him to Esther, but this thought only tormented him the more as the fear arose that he might never see her again, or, even worse, that she, too, might shun one on whom there rested the taint of a gaol.

In the midst of these doubts, on the fourth day of his confinement, Lorn was disturbed from his meditations by the sudden opening of the little wicket in the door of his cell, and the announcement by the warder that "a young female" wanted to speak to him.

Lorn started to his feet. Was it Esther? He rushed to the wicket, and descried through the bars the well-known features of Smudge!

"You!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, not unmingled with disappointment.

"Yes, me!" replied Smudge, "I've come to see you. How d'ye do?"

Without answering her question, Lorn asked her how she came to know he was there?

"Never mind that now," returned the damsel, "I'm here. I've such a lot to say, and they only gives one twenty minnits. What do you get to eat? Are you 'ungry? You can 'ave anythink you like at the gate. I've got money—I'll pay for it."

A sense of his ingratitude smote Lorn, and he spoke in a more cordial manner.

"You are very good," he said; "I have quite as much to eat as I care for. Who told you I was here?"

"Nobody told me. I saw all about it in the paper."

"At Mr. Drakeford's? Did—did—Miss Esther see it?"

"I knows nuthin' about she, nor none of 'em since I left!"

"Left! when was that?"

"When I was burnt out. Leastways, when master and me was. I must tell you all about it. The artemnoon of the day you went out with the Count—when I see you on the stairs, you know—back he comes by his-self, seemin'ly in a desperit 'urry, says a few words to master as I couldn't ketch, and off he goes as 'ard as he could pelt. Next mornin', ever so erly, I went and fetched a cab, and put missis's things in and Miss Esther's, and they two driv away, with 'Ipgrave on the box, to a railway station, off into the country somewheres, and master and me was left alone, for cook had gone the night before, she had, and I got warnin' for the day but one after. Then the 'polsterer's men they come in and packed up a deal of furniture—pretty nigh cverythink there was—and took it away after dark; and master and me set down and had our suppers, and he treated me to six-peun'orth of hot gin-and-water cos I'd worked so hard, he said, which my back it aked agen, and what with the work and what with the gin-and-water I got oncommon drowsy, and master he said it would do me good to go to bed, and that I needn't mind to 'urry up in the mornin' as there was only him in the 'ouse, and he could shave his-self with cold water, and there'd be nuthin' to do, as he meant to sleep on the sofy in the parlour, and get his breakfast at the coffee-shop down the street. I didn't want to be arsted twice, so up I went, and throw'd myself down in my clothes, and was off like a top—and a mercy it was I didn't ondress, for in the middle of the night I woke up with swimmins in my 'ed, and pains in my hies, and a smell of brimstun in my nostrums, and the room as full of smoke as a brick-kill. My bedroom door warn't to, and out I run as fast as my legs could carry me, and then I found that the 'ouse was afire from bottom to top, and all the staircase a blazin' from the fust floor upperds. Run down I couldn't, and what to do I didn't know, till all of a sudding I reckilected the trap-door in the roof close to my hattick, and up I clammers, and out I goes, and gets on the slates, and cries 'Fire!' as loud as I could bawl. Then the ingines they comes rattlin' along, and the Fire-escape he sees me on the roof, and how he gits me off of it is more than I can tell you. Down in the street I sees master without his coat and 'at, and 'Bless my 'art, Sally,' says he, 'I give you up for lost. I thought you was burnt to death in your bed; I just 'ad time,' says he, 'to run out at the front door to save my own life; as for my precious waluables they're all gone, and I'm a ruin'd man, for the insurance won't 'arf cover what I've lost.'

Thinks I to myself, there warn't much to lose : you took pretty good care of that."

"You don't mean to say," said Lorn—who, notwithstanding his own troubles, had listened with great interest to this strange story—"you don't mean to say Mr. Drakeford had any idea that a fire was likely to break out?"

"When I told you," replied Smudge, "that they was a goin' to shoot the moon, I warn't far wrong. They done it as know'd what they was a doin' of. Carpenters' shavins and loosifers is useful things when you wants to light a fire. Master says to me, 'Sally,' says he, 'did you put your caudle out when you went to bed?' 'I didn't 'ave no candle,' says I; 'the only one as we burnt at supper, I left with you at the foot of the stairs.' He didn't arst me no more questions after that, but only says, 'Owever could it 'ave appen'd?'"

"It is too horrible to suppose," exclaimed Lorn, "but you really might have been burnt to death, or suffocated in your sleep!"

"And then I couldn't 'ave said nothink about it," returned Smudge. "Ah, I ain't such a fool, and so the Fire-escape knows which give me a 'ome and a bed with his own wife and children that very night."

"Are you staying with them now?" asked Lorn.

"Bless you, no! I warn't goin' to be a burding to nobody. I'd lost my box and all but what I stood in, but as good luck would 'ave it, I'd tied my pocket on and my monee was safe—one pound thirteen and fourpence apeny, besides my silver thimble and sithers and my forty-graft—so I warn't so bad off' after all. When the Fire-escape he says 'Stay 'ere and welcome till you gits another place,' 'Much obliged,' says I, 'but I thinks I knows of a situation, leastways where they'll be glad of an 'elper.' That was the Dining Rooms in the Old Bailey as I once mentioned. Their second waitress had just left—which she 'ad 'ad some words with her employer—and they was in want of a smart young woman like me, and so I was took, and don't I like it! My!"

"It was there you learnt my misfortune?"

"Yes. As I said before, I read it in the paper, the day before yesterday's *Times*. I likes the p'leece cases, and has a peroose when-somever I can. 'Lorn Loriott!' says I. 'Why, that's our young man!' and then—and then——" continued Smudge, her voice beginning to falter, "my 'art ris up in my throat, and I thought I should 'ave choked."

The poor creature was nearly choked now, though she strove hard to keep her feelings down. Lorn caught the infection, and remained silent, as Smudge did, for a few moments. She was, however, the first to speak again.

"I must go and see 'im,' says I; 'he ain't, p'raps, got no friends!' So I tells my missis—her name's Slyver, and a good woman she is—that some one as I know'd was got into trouble, and would she spare me for an 'our or two? 'Sally,' says she, 'none on us in this world is blest with too many friends—go with all my 'art!' At the station they told me where you was, and I comed straight away 'ere."

"It was very kind of you to think of me," said Lorn.

"Think of you!" repeated Smudge, "I'm always a thinkin' of you, and have done ever since I fust saw you; I can't 'elp it. But that's of no use, if I can't do nuthin' for you. What *can* I do?"

"I really don't know," said Lorn, "what any one could do for me, except give me a character for honesty."

"Who was you a living with," asked Smudge, "afore you come to us?"

Lorn hesitated to reply. He remembered that Cramp had accused him of running away when he was taken into custody at the bank. It was not likely that either he or Mr. Squirrel would speak in his favour. Yet there was nobody else whom he could appeal to; so, at last, he named the pawnbroker.

"I'll go and tell 'im to speak for you," said Smudge.

The warder here approached the cell door.

"Time's up!" he said, pointing to the clock in the corridor.

"Oh, wait a minnit!" pleaded Smudge.

"Off with you!" was the warder's polite rejoinder.

"Well then, good-by!" said Smudge, turning to the grating. "I wish we could 'ave shook 'ands, tho'! Good-by!"

"Good-by, my dear Sarah," returned Lorn.

Smudge's little white pocket-handkerchief, rolled up into a ball, was forced into her eyes, and she muttered something that was quite inarticulate; then, recovering herself with an effort, she said:

"Can't I order nuthin' at the gate for you? A nice 'and of pork and greens,—or a kidney pudden?"

"Thank you again and again," replied Lorn; "but I want nothing. I really could not eat one bit."

"'Ave some tea and butter'd toast then, and a hegg and——" What further she proposed to offer was cut short by the surly warder, who slammed the wicket to while Smudge was speaking. "If ever you wants a plate of vittles," she said, savagely addressing the functionary, "I 'opes you'll come to me for it, that's all." And having delivered herself of this wish, the kind-hearted girl flounced away on her benevolent errand.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### STEMMATA QUID FACIUNT.

MR. SQUIRL was busy over his books when Smudge entered the shop.

"Cramp," he said, looking over his spectacles, "attend to this young woman. You must go round to the side-door if you've anything to pledge."

"I didn't come here for that," replied the love-lorn maiden. "Is your name Squirrel?"

The pawnbroker answering in the affirmative, she continued:

"I've a message for you. Leastways I wants to speak to you."

Mr. Cramp, who was engaged in his old occupation of plate-polishing, looked round on hearing this announcement, and rather curiously eyed the speaker. Smudge had on a figured print dress, and a smart bonnet with blue ribbons; her black hair was smoothed tidily over her forehead, her face was clean, and, with a high colour in her cheeks, she was, in his opinion, decidedly good-looking.

"Well!" said Mr. Squirrel, "what is it?"

"About a young man of the name of Lorn Loriott," replied Smudge.

Mr. Squirrel put down his pen, and for the first time looked at her with interest.

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"From the 'Ouse of Attention, in Clarkingwell; he's been took up wrongful, and put there; he'll be sent to prison and tried unless them as knows him stands forrard to speak to his carrekter."

"Did he send you here?"

"I was wishful to come, and he let me."

"Who are you?"

"Me!"

"Yes, you. That's to say, what's your name, and where do you live?"

"Oh, I'm not ashamed to say: don't think it. My name's Sarah Mortimer; I'm second waitress at Slyver's Dining Rooms, Old Bailey."

"How came you to know this young man was under lock and key?"

"Same as you might. Saw it in the papers."

"Then you knew him before?"

"In course I did. He wasn't no stranger to me."

"Where did you meet him?"

"Where I lived, to be sure."

"At Slyver's Dining Rooms?"

"No, bless you! Afore I went there."

"Where was that?"

"Drakeford's, in Perceval-street, number nine."

"Who's Drakeford?"

"That's more than I can say."

"Man or woman?"

"Both. They was my master and misis."

"Had you lived there long?"

"Over two quarters."

"And Lorn, how long was he there?"

"He come a month after me."

"How did he get there?"

"Him as they call 'the Count' brought him."

"Oh, indeed! What to do?"

"To be a sectary, he said; which it means writing of letters."

"What kind of person was the Count?"

"Tall and saller, with a beard as black as hink. One of them nasty forriners."

"What was his name?"

"He didn't go by none. If he had one he kep it to his-self."

"And where is he now?"

"You may arst, but I won't promise to tell you. This is just it. He left with poor Lorn the day he got into trouble and come back without him; didn't stay more than 'arf a minnit, and from that 'our to this I know no more of him than you do. There! I've arnser'd all your questions, now please to tell me sumthin'."

"I'm quite at your service, my dear."

A low growl issued from the inward recesses of Mr. Cramp, who had not lost a syllable of this conversation, nor once withdrawn his gaze from the countenance of Miss Mortimer.

"You'll speak for Lorn!" said that lady, earnestly.

"To tell you the truth, my dear," replied Mr. Squirrel, with a smiling air, "I meant to have gone down to tell him so this very afternoon, and your visit won't prevent me."

Mr. Squirrel, in fact, had been waiting in the hope of picking up some information about Lorn's proceedings since he left him, before he took any active steps towards procuring his liberation; but Detective Lynx, on whom he relied, could see no farther into a millstone than any of his allies in the Force, all of whom were equally at fault, and the revelations of Smudge were a perfect godsend. What he had only a vague idea of before was now almost a certainty: Lorn had been made the tool of the man who had juggled him out of his ring. It should be no fault of his, Mr. Squirrel vowed, if he did not hunt the Count down, having once got a clue to his associates.

There is a general affinity between the pawnbroker and the policeman, or, at all events, their pursuits very often introduce them to the same class of persons, and enable them to guess at their secrets, and Mr. Squirrel had the advantage of an acuteness which was specially his own. Such a personage as the Count would not, he felt persuaded, be long before his necessities or his villainies led him to one or other of the profession of which Mr. Squirrel was a member, amongst whom, as in most trades, a species of freemasonry existed, that kept the pawnbroking guild *au fait* of the operations of the most notorious thieves.

As in certain of the London districts lists of doubtful or fraudulent customers are periodically sent round for the security of subscribing tradesmen, so a privately published circular informed the metropolitan pawnbrokers of much that it imported them to know, and in this circular the Count's personal description was destined to find a place.

It was this consideration, in which the desire for revenge had to the full as great a share as an abstract love of justice, that made Mr. Squirrel question Smudge so closely before he stated his own intentions. To punish the Count was an object quite as near Mr. Squirrel's heart as to rescue Lorn from the consequences of having been entangled, and his spirits rose with the agreeable prospect of killing two birds with one stone.

"Yes!" he resumed, with more gallantry than he was in the habit of showing to the sex—for in his business-dealings with his fair customers he never advanced a farthing more than he thought the goods were worth—"yes, I should have gone if it had been only on the poor fellow's own account; but when a lady interests herself in the case, all other things, you know, my dear, as the poet says, *of course give place.*"

If Mr. Squirrel, as he spoke, had glanced towards the detective shop-looking-glass, he would have seen reflected in it features grimmer than his own, even in his very worst humour: they were those of Mr. Cramp, who had been singularly moved by the apparition of Miss Mortimer, so "ornate and gay" in her pink gown and blue ribbons, and in whose bosom conflicting passions were beginning to ravage—one of them not the less fiercely because Miss Mortimer manifested evident signs of satisfaction at being called a lady by Mr. Squirrel.

Poor thing! If she could but have traced her pedigree, she would have known that better blood flowed in her veins than in those of half the ladies of the laud; for though her father was a travelling tinker, and her mother



a charwoman, she descended on both sides from royalty; long dispossessed, it is true, but as genuine as the descent of any of the great families that claim for their founder Rollo, Duke of Normandy, or Alan, Lord of Oswaldestre, only there was no money in Smudge's pocket wherewith to fee the pedigree-granters of the Royal College of Arms. One pound thirteen and fourpence halfpenny does not go very far towards establishing one's rights, let them be whatever they may; and Smudge's fortune was no more, even before she bought her blue ribbons!

"I'm so glad," she said, "to hear you say so, Mr. Squirrel; for he's low, very low, I'm sure, at nobody doin' nothink for him, and all the time he's as hinnercent as the babe unborn. I think it a great shame that pleecemen's words, and such as them, should be taken afore otherses, when it's what they're paid for to find the real bad 'uns out as goes about contrivin' and layin' traps for 'onest folks to fall into."

Though somewhat circuitously expressed, Mr. Squirrel saw that Smudge's thoughts pointed in the direction his own had taken.

"You won't mind," he asked, "saying what you know about this here Count to a lawyer, or in a court of justice, if necessary?"

"Mind!" returned Smudge. "I shall only be glad to!"

"I'll take you, then," said Mr. Squirrel, "to a friend of mine—an attorney, who does a good deal of bisness in this line—and we'll be ready for 'em when the case comes on again. It will cost something, though, to pay him for his trouble."

"How much?" inquired Smudge.

"A matter of five pound, perhaps."

Smudge's countenance fell. Her worldly wealth was not a third of that sum, but had it been double the amount she would have freely given it.

"Here's all I've got!" she said, taking out a steel purse, and emptying the contents on the counter. "He's welcome to this if he can get Lorn out of prison."

Mr. Squirrel was not often the slave of *attendrissement*, but there were moments in his life, and this was one of them, when he yielded to the melting mood. Though unacquainted with the Latin poet, he sometimes acknowledged that he was a man.

"No, no, miss," said he, with real respect; "put up your money. We shan't have no call for that, anyhow. There's them as can afford it better."

There was feeling in this speech, though, after all, no very great merit in the declaration, for Mr. Squirrel was already on velvet, and well knew that any money he wanted would be forthcoming if required. Still it was something for a pawnbroker to restrain his hand from contact with coin; something for such a pawnbroker as Mr. Squirrel to pay even a modified tribute to generosity in the person of a penniless servant-girl.

"Look after the shop, Cramp," said Mr. Squirrel, putting on his hat. "Come, my dear, we've no time to lose."

So saying, he offered Smudge his arm, and they went out together.

Mr. Cramp never opened his lips till they had been gone at least five minutes, but stood in an attitude of deep reflection. At last he gave utterance to his thoughts in phrase brief but expressive:

"Blest!" he said, "if she ain't a nice 'un!"

# The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT.

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## Book the Fourth.

### III.

HOW THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH VISITED THE ADMIRAL IN HIS CELL.

ON the following day, the Admiral was again visited by Latimer, who strove, but ineffectually, to bend his haughty spirit, and bring him to a state of penitence. Not being in a mood to listen to homilies, Seymour impatiently interrupted the divine, and bade him leave him in peace. Finding all his efforts fruitless, Latimer desisted, and took his departure, recommending the obdurate man to make his peace with Heaven, for his time was short.

Again night arrived. Seymour was pacing his cell, full of gloomy thought, when the door was unbarred, and the Constable of the Tower entered. But not alone. He was attended by a young personage wrapped in an ample velvet mantle, whose features were so muffled up that by the dim light of the lamp it was difficult to determine whether they belonged to youth or maiden. But though the gaoler and others might have been deceived by this disguise, Seymour was not. He instantly recognised his beloved Elizabeth, and springing towards her, cried out, "Oh! you are come, princess!—you are come!" while she, throwing off her disguise, and disregarding the presence of the Constable, flung herself into his arms.

Their first transports of delight had scarcely subsided, and they were still gazing at each other with unutterable fondness, almost unconscious where they were, when Sir John Gage deemed it necessary to interfere, and remind them that their interview must be brief.

"I am disobeying the Lord Protector and the council in allowing this visit," he said; "but I could not resist the princess's entreaties. However, I cannot give you many minutes. During that time I will remain outside."

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On this, he withdrew, and closed the door after him.

"Oh! Seymour!" exclaimed Elizabeth, looking passionately at him, "with what mingled feelings of rapture and anguish do I behold you again! When last we parted, I thought you would return to me in triumph, and demand my hand. And now!—Oh! this is more than I can bear!" And she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Calm yourself, dearest Elizabeth," said Seymour. "Your grief unmans me, and I have need of all my firmness."

"Yes, I will be calm," she rejoined. "I will smile and be cheerful, though my heart is breaking. Oh!"—and she placed her hand upon her bosom—"think not that I have been indifferent to you, Seymour. No tongue can tell the anguish I have endured since your arrest. But the Protector's vigilance rendered it impossible for me to write to you, or convey any message, neither have I been permitted to see the king—or even to write to him—so that I could not plead in your behalf. The dreadful news of yesterday—that Edward had given his assent to the bill of attainder—had just reached me, and overwhelmed me with grief, when your faithful little messenger found me out, and delivered your tablets. Then I was resolved at all hazards to see you. Heedless of consequences, I left Shene this afternoon with the trusty dwarf, who served me with the utmost devotion, and through his agency obtained admittance to Sir John Gage, who, while blaming my rashness, yielded at length to my entreaties, and brought me hither."

"Heaven bless him for it!" exclaimed Seymour. "He has given me more happiness than I ever expected on earth. The thought of this meeting will cheer me on the scaffold."

"You shall not die, Seymour," shrieked Elizabeth. "'Tis horrible to think that a foul and murderous caitiff should disfigure a godlike form like yours, and sever such a head from such a frame! No—no—it cannot—shall not be. I will intercede for you with Edward. I know he loves me, and I think he will yield to my entreaties, and spare your life."

"He loved me once, too," said Seymour, bitterly. "But my enemies have turned his heart from me by their calumnies. Whatever his will may be, Edward cannot save me. The Lord Protector and the council control him, and they are bent, it is plain, on my destruction."

"Then I will go to *them*," cried Elizabeth. "I will plead for you on my knees. They cannot refuse me."

Seymour shook his head.

"Such an avowal of your love for me will be to them an additional motive for my destruction," he said.

"What is to be done?" cried Elizabeth, distractedly. "You must not—shall not die."

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

"It grieves me to interrupt you," he said, in accents of profound sympathy. "But the moment of separation is arrived. You must part for ever."

"Not for ever, Sir John!" cried Elizabeth. "I shall bring Lord Seymour a pardon. The king my brother, the Lord Protector, and the council, will listen to my prayers."

"Indulge no false hopes, princess," said Gage. "The Lord Protector and the council are inexorable."

"Then I will not go hence," shrieked Elizabeth. "I will stay here and die with him."

"Princess, I pray you, come with me," cried the Constable.

"I will not go," she rejoined, clinging desperately to Seymour. "Hold me fast, my loved lord!—hold me fast! Let him not tear me hence!"

"Do not forget yourself, princess, I implore you?" cried the Constable. "Do not compel me to employ force."

"Stand off, Sir John!" cried Elizabeth, impetuously. "Stand off, I command you! Hear what I have to say, and let it abide in your recollection. I here solemnly affiance myself before Heaven to Lord Seymour, and I register a vow that if he be put to death by his brother, I will wed no other man."

"Retract this rash oath, princess, I implore you," said the Constable. "Hereafter, in calmer moments, you will rue it."

"Never," rejoined Elizabeth, emphatically. "Heaven so help me, as I keep it religiously."

"I have not merited this love," cried Seymour, in a voice suffocated by emotion. "But the cup of happiness is presented to me only to be dashed from my lips."

"My lord," said the Constable to Seymour, "it rests with you to put an end to this painful scene. To prolong it will but increase your distress. The princess must go hence."

"Will you have it so?" cried Elizabeth, still clinging fondly to him.

"It must be," he rejoined, despairingly. "One last embrace," he added, straining her to his bosom. "Take her, good Sir John."

Elizabeth made no further opposition. Half fainting, she almost fell from his arms. Hastily enveloping her in the mantle, and wrapping the *couvre-chef* about her head, the Constable led her towards the door. Before going forth, she cast one farewell look at Seymour, who stood as if transfixed by despair.

The clangour of the closing door roused him from this stupor. The pang he felt was intolerable. With a wild cry he threw himself on his pallet. Death could have no greater bitterness for him.

## IV.

HOW THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH INTERCEDED FOR THE ADMIRAL WITH THE KING;  
AND HOW THE DEATH-WARRANT WAS SIGNED.

NOTWITHSTANDING the endeavours of Sir John Gage to dissuade her from the attempt, and the assurances of the worthy Constable that it would be fruitless, Elizabeth was resolved to solicit the Admiral's pardon from the king, and by her tears and entreaties succeeded in wringing consent from Gage to procure her an interview with her royal brother.

Accordingly, on the following day, the Constable met her at the entrance of the palace of Whitehall, and conducted her to the royal apartments. Had the princess not been thus attended she would have been refused admittance; but the authority of Sir John Gage, as comptroller of the household, was sufficient to procure her ingress, and they reached the ante-chamber without obstruction.

The princess's unexpected appearance filled the pages and henchmen there assembled with surprise and consternation, and the chief usher advancing towards her, and making her a profound obeisance, informed her gravely, but with much respect, that it was impossible she could see the king at this moment.

"But I *will* see him," she cried, resolutely. "No blame shall attach to you, sir—I will take it on myself."

"Pardon me, gracious princess, if I am compelled to refuse you admittance," rejoined the usher. "The Lord Protector and the council are now deliberating amongst themselves in an adjoining chamber, and as soon as their consultation is ended they will return to his majesty."

The significant look given by the usher to Sir John Gage did not escape Elizabeth.

"They are deliberating about the Lord Admiral's execution. Is it not so?—speak!"

"Your highness has guessed right," replied the usher, reluctantly.

"Then I must see the king my brother without delay," cried the princess.

"I guess your object, gracious lady, and would willingly further it," said the usher, in a tone of deep sympathy; "but I dare not disobey my orders."

"Is his majesty alone?" inquired the Constable.

"He is, Sir John," answered the usher. "The Bishop of Ely and Doctor Latimer have just left him. But the Lord Protector and the council may return at any moment, and then——"

"You hear, princess?" said the Constable.

"I do," she replied. "But you promised to bring me to the king. I call upon you to make good your word."

"Nay, then, I must needs comply," returned the Constable. "You shall not suffer for this, sir, with the Lord Protector," he added to the usher; "the fault is mine, and I will bear the blame. There is no need to announce her highness."

With this, he took Elizabeth's hand, and led her on. The doors were thrown open, and they entered a spacious chamber, at the upper end of which Edward was discovered, seated beside a table. A book was open before him, but it was evident he was not engaged in its perusal.

On seeing Elizabeth he arose, and advanced slowly to meet her. He was magnificently attired in a jerkin of cloth of gold raised with purple velvet and tissue, over which he wore a purple velvet gown, embroidered with gold, and lined and trimmed with ermine. His cap was of black velvet, richly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, and having a white feather in it, inclining towards the right ear. His splendour, however, accorded ill with his looks. He moved feebly, and looked pale, careworn, and unhappy. Never before had he greeted Elizabeth as he greeted her now. In a sharp, almost angry voice, he demanded why she came there, and how she had obtained admittance.

"It is my fault, sire," interposed the Constable. "I have ventured to disobey orders."

"Then you have done wrong—very wrong, Sir John. Know you not?—" And he suddenly stopped.

"I know it all, sire," said Elizabeth, casting herself at his feet. "I come as a suppliant for the Admiral, and will not quit this posture till you consent to spare him."

"Alas! Elizabeth," rejoined Edward, sadly, "you ask a grace which it is impossible for me to bestow. My unhappy uncle is attainted and condemned by the Parliament, and I have been compelled, though sorely against my will, to ratify the sentence. The high crimes and misdemeanours of which he has been guilty leave him no hope of pardon."

"No hope, sire!" cried Elizabeth. "Oh, say not so. One word from you will save him. Pronounce it, royal brother, for my sake—for the sake of your future peace, for your breast will never be free from remorse if you suffer him to perish."

"I have not judged my uncle," said Edward. "He has been justly condemned. His terrible designs were happily frustrated, but if they had succeeded, the whole state would have been subverted, the kingdom devastated by civil war, and I myself, perchance, driven from the throne—to make way for him."

"These are the charges of the Admiral's enemies, sire," rejoined Elizabeth. "He has had no opportunity of disproving them, for an open trial, which he demanded, was refused him. His aim was to free your majesty, to whom he is devoted, from the thralldom in which you are placed. For this he is to be sacrificed. But

no, sire, you will not do it. Your noble and generous nature must revolt at such injustice. You will not aid the Lord Protector in his fratricidal schemes."

"Peace, Elizabeth; you go too far."

"No, sire, I speak the truth, and it shall out. Nothing but his brother's life will content the Duke of Somerset. 'Tis he who, by his artful misrepresentations, has steeled your breast against your once-loved uncle—'tis he who has procured this bill of attainder against him—who has stifled his cries—and would now force you to aid him in the work of destruction. Is not the Admiral bound to you by ties of near relationship? Will you sunder those ties? Will you allow the Lord Protector to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood, and compel you to share his guilt? Have patience with me, sire. I am half-distracted."

"What mean these passionate supplications, Elizabeth? You plead for him as for a husband."

"He is almost my husband, sire. I have affianced myself to him."

"Ha!" exclaimed Edward, with a look of displeasure.

"You have hurt your cause by that admission," whispered the Constable.

"I am sorry to hear what you tell me, Elizabeth, because such a marriage never could take place. 'Tis against our royal father's will. You must reconcile yourself to the Admiral's fate."

"Then your majesty is resolved to destroy him?" cried the princess.

"Justice must take its course," rejoined Edward, somewhat sternly. "Heaven knows how dearly I loved my uncle, Lord Seymour," he continued, in a more softened tone; "but I have been greatly deceived by him. His true character has been revealed to me—not by the Lord Protector, whom you unjustly charge with sinister designs—but by others."

"By whom, sire?"

"By Archbishop Cranmer—by the Bishop of Ely—by Doctor Latimer. He is restless, turbulent, dangerous—too restless and too dangerous to be spared. I would he could be brought to a better frame of mind, for I hear he refuses all religious instruction and consolation."

"Then cut him not off in a state of sin, sire. Give him time for repentance."

"'Tis for the council, not for me, to appoint the time of execution," replied Edward, sadly.

"The council should obey you, sire—not you them. But if you will not grant him a free pardon—at least spare his life. Doom him to exile—to imprisonment—but not to the block."

"His crimes are of too deep a dye to allow of any leniency," responded Edward.

"Then I have done, sire," cried Elizabeth, rising. "Heaven grant you the pardon which you refuse to him."

At this moment, the doors were thrown open, and an usher entered, announcing the Lord Protector and the council.

It was now too late for Elizabeth to retire, but so far from being intimidated by the frowns of Somerset, she replied by glances as menacing as his own.

"I would counsel you to withdraw, princess," he said, sternly.

"I thank your highness," she rejoined, "but I design to remain here."

"Nay, stay if you will," he answered. "I meant but to spare your feelings."

On the entrance of the council, Edward moved slowly towards a chair of state placed beneath a canopy, and took his seat upon it. The Lord Protector, followed by the Earls of Warwick and Southampton, then advanced towards him. In his hand Somerset held a parchment, the sight of which chilled the life-blood in Elizabeth's veins. She knew it to be the Admiral's death-warrant.

"Sire," said Somerset, "after due deliberation, the council has decided that the execution shall take place to-morrow morning on Tower-hill."

At this dread announcement Elizabeth with difficulty repressed a scream.

"So soon!" exclaimed Edward. "'Twere better he should live a few days longer. 'Twill give him more time for repentance."

"Such grace would little profit him, sire, while there are many cogent reasons why the execution should not be deferred," rejoined the duke.

"Can aught be advanced in mitigation of his sentence?" demanded Edward.

"Nothing, sire, or I should be the first to suggest it."

He then called for a pen, and offering the warrant to the king, pressed him to sign it.

"Cannot my signature be dispensed with?" rejoined Edward, averting his head. "He is my uncle, and I like not to doom him thus."

"He is also my brother," rejoined Somerset. "Yet I shall not hesitate to sign the warrant. A few strokes of the pen, sire, and it is done," he continued, again proffering the warrant.

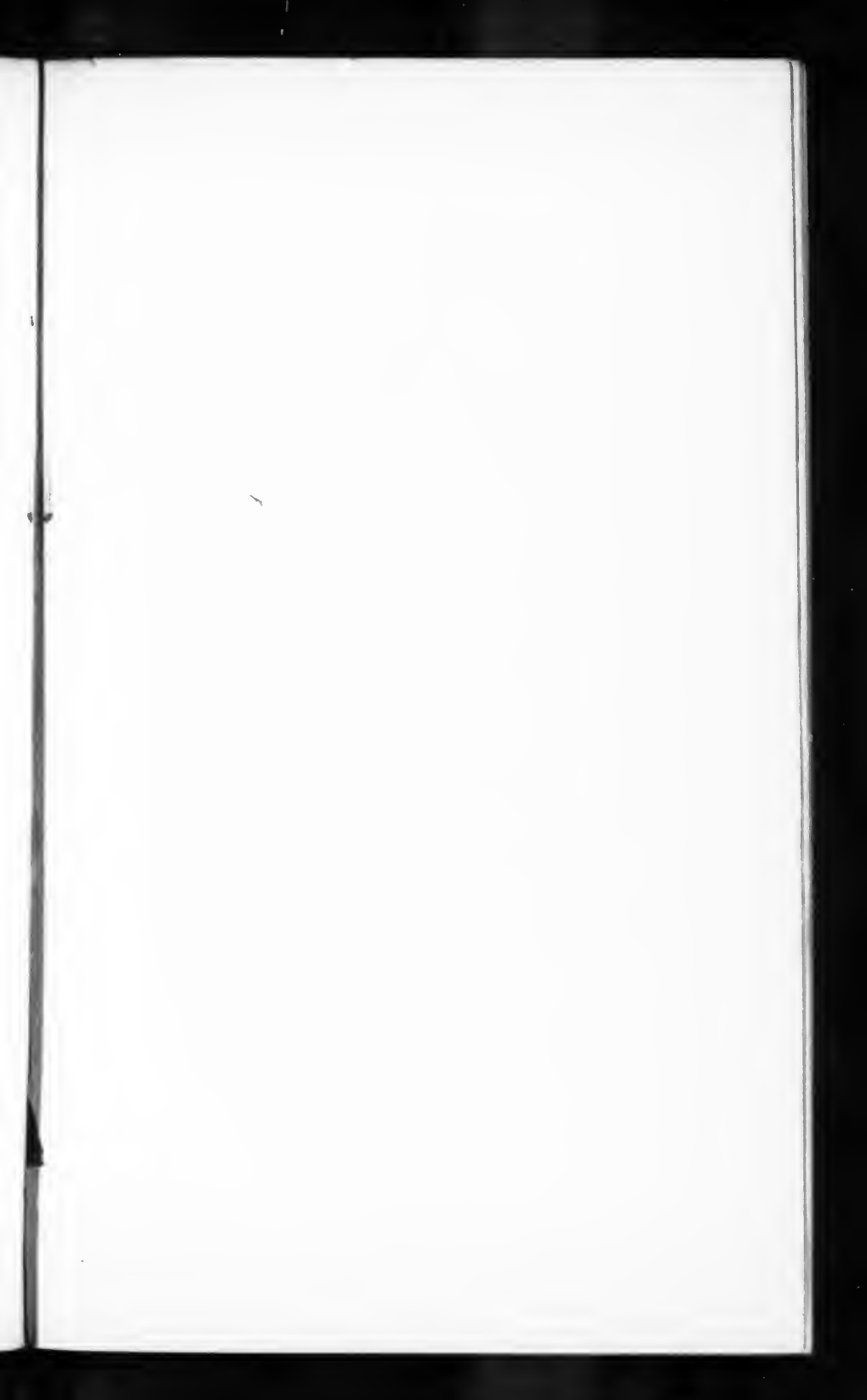
"But those few strokes will destroy one whom I have dearly loved—and whom I still love," cried Edward. "I cannot do it."

And he burst into tears.

"Heaven be praised, his heart is touched! He will spare him!" muttered Elizabeth.

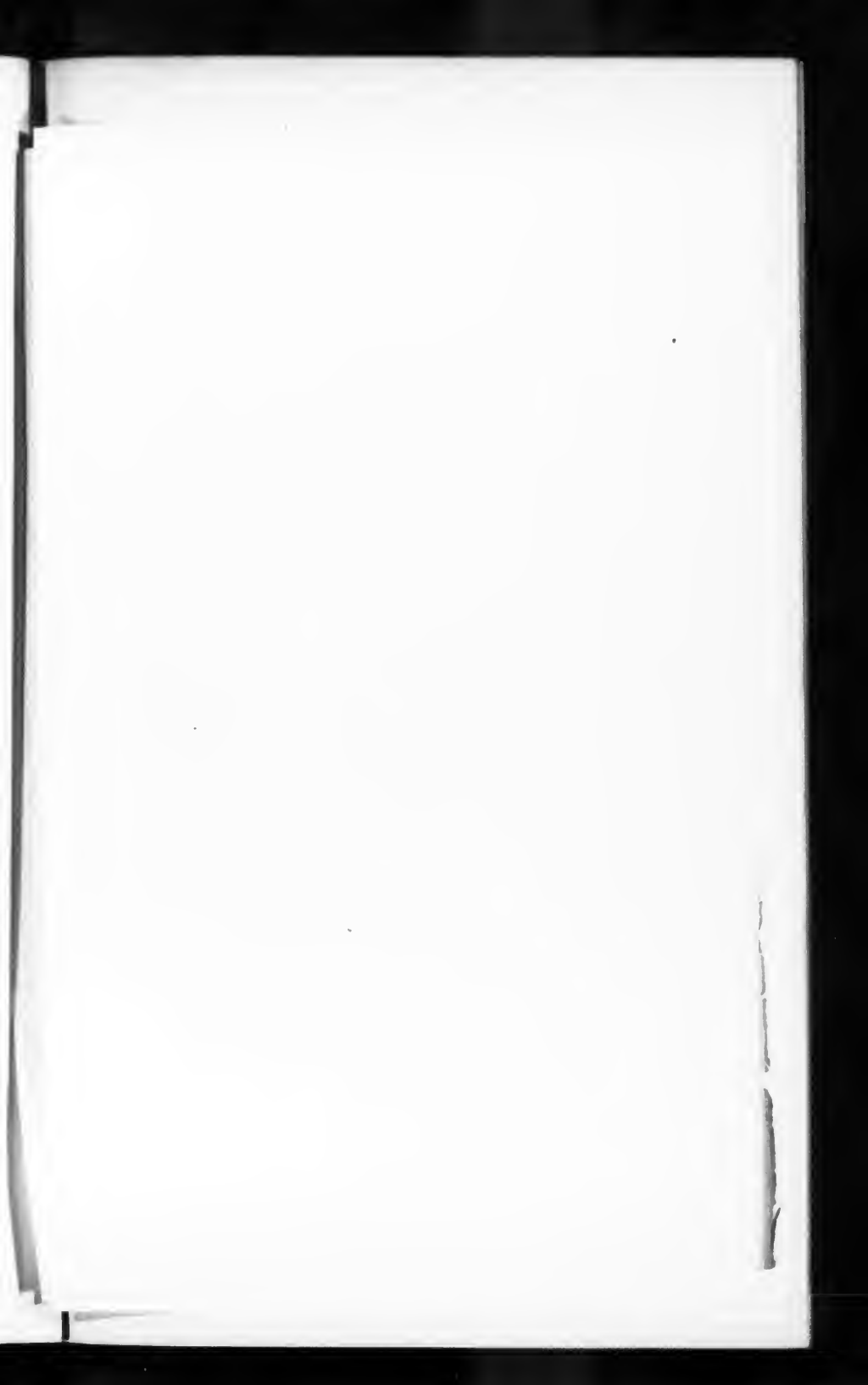
"If this opportunity passes by, our prey will escape," whispered Warwick.

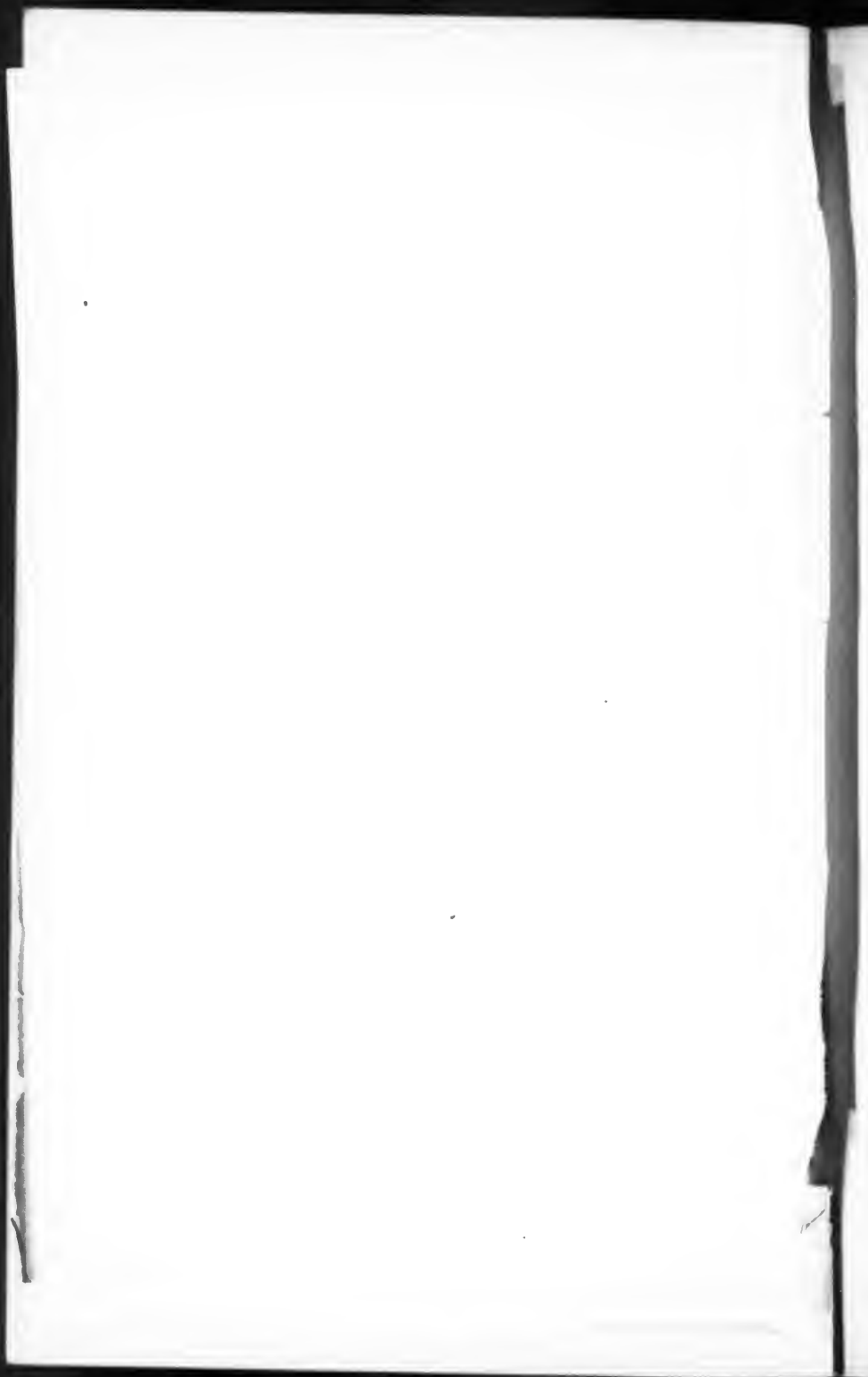






The Duke of Somerset proffering the Lord Admiral's Death-Warrant  
to King Edward VI.





"Be firm, sire," said the Protector. "You must not yield to this weakness."

"Give me the pen," cried Edward. And he hurriedly signed the warrant. "Take it hence," he cried, with a look of horror, and feeling as if he had committed a crime.

The warrant was then countersigned by the Protector and the whole of the council, after which it was delivered to the Constable by Somerset, who bade him see it executed on the morrow, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon, on Tower-hill.

"It shall be done," replied the Constable, in a sombre tone. "Princess," he added to Elizabeth, "your errand here is accomplished. Come with me, I pray you."

While Somerset and Warwick were glancing at each other with ill-disguised satisfaction, Elizabeth approached them ere they were aware, and fixing a piercing look on the Protector, said in a low, freezing tone, "Fratricide! your own turn will come soon."

Then perceiving a smile flit across Warwick's sombre countenance, she added to him,

"Ha! you smile, my lord. I read the secret of your soul. You would destroy both that you may rise and rule in their stead. But tremble! you will not walk steadily where the path is slippery with blood. You will fall likewise."

And she quitted the chamber with Gage.

## V.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

NOT unprofitably may the Admiral's last hours be contrasted with those of another noble captive, who, only two years before, had occupied the self-same cell in the Bowyer Tower. Equally comely with Seymour was that illustrious captive—equally proud, daring, and perhaps ambitious, but yet more highly born, more richly endowed in mind, and far less guilty than the Admiral.

Often did Seymour, in his long and lonely hours, think of him—often did he recal their last interview, and the prophetic denunciation uttered by the ill-fated Surrey. But far more sadly, far more painfully, passed the last hours of Seymour's existence than Surrey's had done. The latter had no guilt upon his soul, but had the consolations of religion and philosophy to support him. He could pray—could make his shrift to his confessor and receive absolution. To Surrey it was hard to die—but he was prepared. Seymour's conscience was heavily laden, yet could not be unburthened. Within him was a hell of fierce and conflicting passions, which he was compelled to endure. His pride sustained him, or he must have sunk beneath this mental torture. Groans and fierce imprecations burst from him—but he could not pray.

He rejected, as we have seen, the efforts of Latimer and the Bishop of Ely. 'Twould be in vain, he thought, to supplicate Heaven for forgiveness—his offences were too great. To man he would never acknowledge his guilt.

Thus passed the dreary hours of his last day on earth. He knew not that it was his last, because intimation had not yet been given him that the execution was appointed for the morrow, and hope, not yet wholly extinct within his breast, suggested that his life might be spared. But he was more perturbed in spirit than he had ever hitherto been. Only rarely did he sit down; but for the most part continued to pace fiercely to and fro within his cell, like a tiger in its cage.

Towards night he became somewhat calmer, and, feeling exhausted, sat down upon his chair, when sleep insensibly stole over him. His dreams instantly carried him away from his prison, and brought him back to all the splendours of his gorgeous palace. Once more he was at the head of a princely retinue—once more in a spacious and richly-furnished apartment—once more Elizabeth smiled upon him, and showed him how to win her hand.

From this bright dream he was suddenly and cruelly aroused by the drawing back of the ponderous bolts. The door opened, and the Constable of the Tower came in with the warrant in his hand. His sad aspect, as revealed by the dim light of the lamp on the table, left no doubt as to the nature of his errand.

"Good night, Sir John," cried Seymour, rising, and speaking with forced composure. "I can guess the tidings you bring me."

"My lord," said Sir John, gravely, yet kindly, "you must prepare for eternity, for you will not see another night on earth. Your execution is fixed for to-morrow morning. It will take place on Tower-hill, and your remains will afterwards be buried in Saint Peter's Chapel, in the Tower."

"Where I was married to the queen," murmured Seymour, almost mechanically.

"Where you were married to the queen," repeated the Constable. "Here is the warrant," he added, laying it before him.

"'Tis signed by the king!" cried Seymour, staring at it. "I thought he loved me too well to do this. But there is no faith in princes. Did the Princess Elizabeth speak with him, as she promised, Sir John?"

"She did, my lord; but she could not move him. His majesty seemed persuaded of your guilt. I can give you no further hope, but recommend you a patient suffering of justice, and preparation to meet your Supreme Judge."

"Remain with me a few minutes, I pray you, good Sir John," said the Admiral, somewhat faintly. "The shock, though not unexpected, is severer than I deemed it would be."

"You are a brave man, I know, my lord," observed the Con-

stable, looking at him with surprise, "and I fancied you had no fear of death."

"Neither have I," replied Seymour; "but I have not yet lost my love of life. One tie binds me to earth, which nothing but the axe can sever. How looked the princess to-day, good Sir John? Did she send any message to me?"

"She bade you a tender farewell, and sent you this embroidered handkerchief, to which her lips have been pressed," replied the Constable.

"Give it me, Sir John," cried Seymour, kissing it rapturously.

"Dismiss her image, if you can, from your mind, my lord," said Gage, "and make up your account with Heaven. You have much, I fear, to do, and but short time to do it in. Will you see Doctor Latimer to-night?"

"No, Sir John. He troubles me more than he instructs or consoles me. I can pray to Heaven without his aid."

"But if you have any undivulged sin, 'twere well you eased your conscience by confession," remarked the Constable.

"Since Heaven can read the secrets of all hearts, mine must be known to it," rejoined Seymour. "Why should I reveal them to man?"

"Heaven's ministers can give you absolution for your sins," said Gage. "Have compassion upon your soul, I implore you, and save it alive. If you will not see a minister of the gospel, let me send a Romish priest to you. Ha! why do you stare so into the vacancy?"

"Do you not see him?" cried Seymour, with horror-stricken looks, and pointing as he spoke. "There! close behind you!"

"Whom do you imagine you behold?" asked the Constable, not altogether free from the superstitious terrors that affected his companion.

"A former inmate of this cell," replied Seymour, "who died, as I shall die, on Tower-hill."

"The Earl of Surrey!" exclaimed Gage.

"Ay, Surrey," rejoined the Admiral. "He points to his bleeding throat, as if to show me what my fate will be. Look at him, Sir John! Look at him!"

"I can behold nothing," replied the Constable, looking in the direction to which the Admiral pointed.

"Ha! he vanishes!" exclaimed Seymour. "But in his place another phantom rises. 'Tis the injured queen, my consort."

"Queen Catherine!" exclaimed Gage, in amazement.

"Her features are death-like, and she is wrapped in a shroud; but I know her," pursued Seymour. "Her looks are full of woe and pity. Oh! forgive me, injured queen! forgive me! I cannot bear those looks." And he covered his face with his hands.

There was a pause, during which Gage made no remark, but regarded his companion with mingled commiseration and wonder.

After awhile, Seymour looked up again.

"She is gone!" he cried, greatly relieved. "But what is this? Another spectre rising to blast me? Hence, hence! accursed fiend! Thou wert the cause of all."

"Whose spirit troubles you now, my lord?" said the Constable.

"That of my malignant and treacherous servant, Ugo Harrington," replied Seymour. "He points to a yawning wound in his breast, from which blood is streaming, and seems to charge me with his slaughter. 'Tis true I did it, and I would slay him again were it to do. He smiles upon me with a devilish grin, and disappears."

"Have these phantoms ever visited you before, my lord?" demanded the Constable.

"Never thus," replied Seymour, "though I have had dreadful dreams."

"Let me once more recommend you to make your peace with Heaven" said the Constable. "These visions show how heavily laden must be your soul, and how needful it is it should be cleansed of its offences. Take what I say to you in good part, I pray you, my lord. 'Tis well meant."

"I know it, and I thank you," replied Seymour, earnestly. "I will strive to profit by your counsel."

"And now good night, my lord," said the Constable, rising. "To-morrow I will be with you at the appointed hour."

"You will find me ready," answered Seymour.

On this Gage took his departure.

As soon as he was left alone, Seymour fell upon his knees, and for the first time since his imprisonment, prayed long and fervently. Much comforted, he then threw himself on his pallet, and slept tranquilly till the gaoler entered his cell next morning.

"What time is it?" he demanded.

"'Tis seven o'clock," replied Tombs. "Your lordship has but three hours left. At ten the procession sets forth."

"Is the day fair?" inquired the Admiral.

"Somewhat cloudy, but I do not think there will be rain," rejoined the gaoler. "On a melancholy occasion like the present, 'tis meet the weather should correspond. I like not to see the sun shine on an execution."

"To me the weather is indifferent," replied Seymour. "Yet I shall less regret to quit the world if the skies frown on me. Thou must help to attire me presently. 'Tis the last time I shall trouble thee."

"Ay, your lordship will do well to put on your bravest apparel. You will not die unobserved. There is a great crowd on Tower-hill already."



"Already!" exclaimed Seymour, scarcely able to repress a shudder. "They are eager for the spectacle."

"Ay, many of them came overnight, so Mauger tells me," rejoined Tombs. "He is without, if your lordship desires to see him."

"Bring him in," said Seymour. And as he rose from his couch, and hastily enveloped himself in a black velvet robe, the headsman entered the cell. With him also came Xit, but as the dwarf kept in the background, Seymour did not at first notice him.

"So thou hast brought the weapon of death with thee, I perceive, fellow?" cried the Admiral, glancing sternly at Mauger, who was clad in a jerkin of blood-red serge, and carried the axe on his shoulder.

"I thought your lordship might like to examine it," replied Mauger, offering him the weapon. "If you will try the edge with your thumb, you will find it keen."

"I shall try its edge soon enough," rejoined Seymour. "Meantime, I will take thy word for its sharpness. What concerns me most is, that thou shouldst not do thy devoir clumsily."

"Your lordship shall have no cause to complain of me," said Mauger. "If I take not off your head at one blow, never trust me more."

"I shall not require to trust thee more, good fellow," replied the Admiral, with a half smile. "I have not much to give thee," he added, detaching some gold ornaments from his apparel. "But thou art welcome to these."

"I thank your lordship," replied Mauger, as he took them. "I told you you would die by my hands, and my prediction, you see, has come to pass."

"But you predicted, also, that two others would perish in the same manner?"

"And so they will."

"I could almost forgive thee the blow thou art about to deal me, were I certain of this."

"Then your lordship may rest as easy as if you saw it done," replied Mauger, with a grim smile. "Both their heads will fall by this axe."

And with an uncouth reverence he drew back, and, while doing so, discovered Xit.

"Ha! thou art come, my little knave?" cried Seymour, on perceiving him. "I am glad to see thee."

"I am come to take leave of your lordship," replied Xit, "and to crave some slight relic in remembrance of you."

"Here is a brooch," replied Seymour, detaching it from his cap.

"I would fain have something that your lordship may wear on the scaffold," said Xit, with a certain significance.

"All his lordship's apparel will belong to me," observed Mauger.

"True," replied Seymour, "but thou wilt not begrudge him my velvet slippers?"

"Marry, I do begrudge them; but since your lordship desires it, he shall have them," rejoined Mauer, gruffly.

"Prithee, let him also have the handkerchief with which I bind mine eyes?" said the Admiral.

Mauer returned a gruff assent.

As the dwarf approached to take leave, the Admiral whispered to him,

"Within the sole of one of these slippers thou wilt find a letter to the Princess Elizabeth. See it conveyed to her highness. Give her also the handkerchief."

"Your lordship's injunctions shall be fulfilled," replied Xit, pressing his hand upon his heart.

And he quitted the cell with Mauer.

For nearly an hour the Admiral was left to himself, and this interval he passed in prayer. He then attired himself with as much care as if preparing for a fête, and Tombs, who appeared while he was thus engaged, aided him in making his toilette. His habiliments consisted of a doublet and hose of black velvet, with a robe of the same material. His cap was likewise of black velvet, adorned with a red plume.

Shortly before the hour of ten, the awful rolling of muffled drums was heard outside, accompanied by the heavy tread of armed men. A body of yeomen of the guard, it was evident, was collecting in front of the Bowyer Tower. As the bell tolled forth the fatal hour, the Constable of the Tower, accompanied by the Lieutenant, entered the cell. Seymour rose to meet them, and said, with a smile,

"Good morrow to you, Sir John Gage, and to you too, good Sir John Markham. I am glad to see you both. I will not keep you waiting."

But few more words passed between them. The little, however, that was said strongly impressed both the Constable and the Lieutenant with Seymour's composure and firmness, and they felt assured that he would die with great constancy.

"Have you any charge to give me, my lord, ere we set out?" inquired the Constable, kindly.

"Only this, good Sir John," replied Seymour, "and I am sure, from old friendship, you will see it done for me. You are aware," he continued, in a voice of deep emotion, "that I have an infant daughter, the offspring of my marriage with Queen Catherine. 'Tis a pretty child, but tender and delicate, and I much fear will not grow to maturity. My estates and possessions being forfeited to the crown, I have not wherewithal to provide for my child."

"Give yourself no concern on this score, my lord," observed the Constable. "Your sister-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset, I am sure, will take care of your infant daughter."

"I would not have her committed to the duchess's care—nay, I forbid it," rejoined the Admiral, sternly. "Let her be given to

the Marchioness of Dorset, who, for my sake, I am certain, will treat her kindly. Give my child my blessing, good Sir John, and see my dying wish complied with."

"It shall be done, my lord," replied the Constable.

While they were thus conversing, the door of the cell opened, and an austere-looking personage, habited in a cassock of dark stuff, and wearing the peculiar cap adopted by the reformed clergy, came in. This was Doctor Hugh Latimer, who, as already mentioned, had several times before visited the Admiral during his imprisonment. A long, grey, pointed beard imparted a venerable character to the divine's somewhat sour physiognomy. A pair of large spectacles were suspended by a cord round his neck, and from his surcingle, in a black leathern case, hung the Bible.

"I am come to attend you to the scaffold, my lord," he said, coldly saluting the Admiral, "and I trust you are better prepared to appear before your Heavenly Judge than when I last parted from you."

"At least, I am penitent," rejoined the Admiral; "but little time is now left me for amendment."

"Enough, my son, if you use it well," said Latimer, in a more softened tone.

"My lord, I must pray you to set forth," said the Constable, throwing open the door, and passing out.

"I am ready," replied Seymour, following him with a firm footstep.

## VI.

### TOWER-HILL.

OUTSIDE, as we have intimated, was waiting a large body of yeomen of the guard, armed with halberds. In the midst of them stood Mauger, leaning on his axe, his features being concealed by a hideous black and bearded mask. Two chargers, trapped in black, were likewise in waiting for the Constable and the Lieutenant.

Having mounted his steed, Sir John Gage gave the word to move on, and the mournful procession, which had been rapidly formed, set forward. At its head rode the Constable, the sorrowful expression of his countenance showing how profoundly he was affected. His charger seemed to sympathise with him, and exhibited none of its customary spirit. Then followed the chaplain of the Tower in his robes, with an open Prayer-book in his hand, on which his eyes remained fixed as he moved along. Then came the trumpeters, with their clarions, which they did not sound, suspended from their necks. After them came the drummers, beating their muffled drums. Then came thirty yeomen of the guard, marching three abreast, and headed by the three gigantic warders. Then, after a short interval, came Mauger, masked, limping in his

gait, and carrying the axe with its edge towards the prisoner, who marched with firm step and undaunted deportment a short distance behind him. The Admiral was closely followed by Latimer. Another detachment of yeomen of the guard, preceded by the Lieutenant of the Tower on horseback, brought up the rear.

Many persons were collected on the green, on the walls, and at different other points, curious to see how the Admiral would demean himself on this trying occasion. All were astonished at his fortitude. His countenance was wan from anxiety and long confinement, but his figure was erect as ever, his carriage stately and dignified, and his looks haughty and unbending. Nothing that was passing within could be read from his features. But what memories of other and brighter days were awakened as he passed along the wide open space in front of the White Tower, and gazed at the palace beyond it! To check the painful current of his thoughts, he looked in the opposite direction.

At that moment he was close to the Beauchamp Tower, and, casting his eyes upon the frowning structure, he beheld the Duke of Norfolk gazing at him through a strongly-grated window. Their glances met, and how much did that single look convey! There was no exultation over a fallen foe in the duke's glance—no smile of gratified vengeance lighted up his venerable features—but he shook his head mournfully. Seymour faltered for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, strode on with as much firmness as before. Norfolk's look and mournful shake of the head, however, continued to haunt him. "I would I had not seen him," he thought.

The procession now passed beneath the gloomy arch of the Bloody Tower, and in the outer ward more spectators were congregated, grouped on either side of the way. Many of these audibly expressed their commiseration for the Admiral, but were rebuked both by word and gesture by Latimer, who shook his staff at them. But the ire of the austere divine was yet more vehemently roused by an incident which shortly afterwards occurred. The first detachment of the guard had passed through the gateway of the By-ward Tower, and Seymour was just approaching it, when Xit, who was stationed among the bystanders, sprang forward, and ere he could be prevented, threw himself at his feet. In another moment the poor dwarf was removed by one of the guard, who pushed him aside with the pole of his halberd, but he sobbed out a piteous farewell.

The most trying part of the ceremony had now to be undergone, and Seymour braced his nerves firmly for it. Already the horrible roar of the vast multitude collected near the outer gate of the fort resounded on Tower-hill could be distinctly heard. There was something awful in this sound, and for a moment Seymour felt appalled by it, but the feeling instantly passed away, and by the

time he was exposed to the gaze of those thousand inquisitive spectators, whose eyes were eagerly fixed upon him, devouring his every look and gesture, and commenting upon them as a Roman con-course might upon a gladiator, he was as full of intrepidity as before. Nor did his extraordinary power of fascination fail him at this supreme moment. As he marched slowly on, looking to the right and left in search of friendly faces, loud murmurs arose among the crowd, cries began to be raised, many persons pressed forward, and it required the utmost efforts of the arquebusiers, who were arranged in double lines all the way to the scaffold, to keep back the throng.

"Be patient, my good friends," cried Seymour, waving them back. "You will harm yourselves, and not serve me."

But this, instead of allaying the excitement of the crowd, increased it, and the tumult threatening to become dangerous, Sir John Gage, fearing a rescue might be attempted, ordered the guard to close round the prisoner, and accelerate their pace. This was done, and not a moment too soon, for the lines of halberdiers were broken in two or three places by the rabble, who, disappointed in their expectations of reaching the Admiral, attacked the guard, wrested their halberds from them, and a sharp conflict ensued, in the course of which some persons were killed, and many others grievously wounded. Loud and fierce execrations were uttered against the Lord Protector, and he was denounced as the murderer of his brother.

In anticipation of some such disturbances as actually took place, a company of German lansquenets had been placed around the scaffold, and these were strengthened by the mounted City trainbands, so that the place of execution was completely invested. An enormous multitude was collected. The whole area of Tower-hill was thronged, and in the vicinity of the scaffold, which stood on the highest ground on the north-west of the fortress, scarce an inch of ground was unoccupied.

Owing to the precautions taken by the Constable, Seymour was brought to the scaffold in safety, and when he soon afterwards mounted the steps and appeared upon it, a tremendous shout arose from the beholders.

Hitherto, the day had been dull and gloomy, but at that moment a slight burst of sunshine fell upon him, and illumining his noble countenance, rendered him yet more conspicuous to the vast assemblage, whose eyes were strained towards him. Not in his proudest moments had he looked more majestic than he did now that he stood upon those fatal boards, nor perhaps, for one instant, more elated. But the smile which had played upon his features quickly faded away, as did the sunshine that had lighted them up, and left them pale and rigid-looking as marble.

He had been preceded upon the scaffold by the Constable and

the Lieutenant, together with Mauger. By this time Latimer had mounted the steps, and stood beside him. No other person was allowed upon the scaffold.

It had been the Admiral's intention to address the crowd, and for this purpose he advanced towards the edge of the scaffold, and, bowing to the bystanders, began to speak, but such a tumult arose, and so many vociferations were raised, that his words were completely drowned, and he yielded—though with manifest reluctance—to the Constable's entreaties to him to desist. Taking off his cap, he cried in a sonorous voice that rose loud above the disturbance, "Long live King Edward!" The shout was received with acclamations, followed by fresh groans and hootings against the Lord Protector.

Latimer then approached him, and asked if he sincerely repented his sins, and placed his hope in the Saviour? But Seymour, scarcely heeding him, and anxious, as it seemed, to get done with the scene, called fiercely to the executioner to make haste, and throwing off his gown, revealed a figure which, for symmetry, was unrivalled.

Again Latimer approached him, and was again repulsed.

Seymour then knelt down, and deep silence fell upon the multitude.

His prayers, which did not occupy many minutes, being ended, he signed to Mauger that he was ready. Then, approaching the block, he knelt down beside it, took the brodered handkerchief sent him by Elizabeth from his doublet, pressed his lips to it, and fastened it over his eyes.

At this moment Latimer advanced, and cried out in his ear, "Repent!"

"Away!" cried the Admiral. "You distract me."

He then laid his comely neck upon the block, and the axe descended.

Thus perished the guilty and aspiring Scymour. According to Latimer, he died "very dangerously, irksomely, horribly." Others, however, judged him more charitably, and thought he made a brave ending. No doubt he suffered justly.

Under the superintendence of the worthy Constable his mutilated remains were interred in Saint Peter's Chapel in the Tower.

Three years later, his brother, the Duke of Somerset—likewise decapitated—was laid beside him. Eighteen months after that, the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, known in this chronicle as the Earl of Warwick, also beheaded, was buried in the same place, within a few paces of the brothers whose destruction he had contrived.

The three graves may still be seen.

**Thus far the Fourth and Last Book of the Constable  
of the Tower.**

# THE WORRIES OF A CHAPERONE;

OR,

LADY MARABOUT'S TROUBLES.

By OUIDA.

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SEASON THE FIRST.—THE PET ELIGIBLE.

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I.

OF LADY MARABOUT, NÉE DE BONCŒUR.

ONE of the kindest-natured persons that I ever knew on this earth, where kind people are as rare as black eagles or red deer, is Helena, Countess of Marabout, née De Boncœur. She has foibles, she has weaknesses—mon ami! who amongst us has not?—she *will* wear her dresses décolletées, though she's sixty, if Burke tells us truth; she will rouge and practise a thousand other little toilette tricks; but they are surely innocent, since they deceive nobody; and if we wait for a woman who has no artifices, I am afraid we shall have to forswear the beau sexe *in toto*, my friend, and come growling back to our Diogenes' tub in the Albany, with our lantern still lit every day of our lives. Women souffrent pour être belles every day of their little existences, as completely as my cousin, the Reverend Galatian Cleristory, of St. Faith-aud-Grace, Mayfair, who risks his diocesan's wrath and the terrors of the Arches Court, rather than shave off his beloved hirsute appendages, on which he has lavished so much Macassar and Circassian cream when popularly supposed to be absorbed in theological study. Elles souffrent pour être belles;—we know they do: ladies on their death-bed will try to the last gasp to "look nice," and will rally *in articulo mortis* to ask for the daintiest coiffure against the physician's next visit; and *we* ought to be merciful to the vanities, since they're assuredly complimentary to us; besides—don't you, my good sirs, comb your whiskers complacently, now and then, when you think you're not such bad-looking fellows? *I* do.

Lady Marabout is a very nice person. As for her weaknesses, she is all the nicer for them, to my taste. I like people with weaknesses myself; those without them do look so dreadfully scornfully and unsympathisingly upon one from the altitude of their superiority, de toute la hauteur de sa bêtise, as a witty Frenchman says. Humanity was born with weaknesses. If I were a beggar I might hope for a coin from a man with some; a man without any, I know, would shut up his porte-monnaie, with an intensified click, to make me feel trebly envious, and consign me to D 15 and his truncheon, on the score of vagrancy. And, after all, isn't it weaknesses that make life pleasant? What is one's pipe but a weakness? Sift it: there is no sense in making chimneys of our mouths, as old James Stuart had it. The Turf is another: it is clearly absurd the amount of excitation one gets into watching the first flight at Doncaster or Goodwood; and—pour tout, what is love, I should like to know, but

the maddest, most utter, and—God help us, mes frères!—often the most costly weakness of our lives?

But I was talking of Lady Marabout, not of myself. A man has no right to be an egotist on paper, unless he can be as delightfully and lazily so as our beloved Michel de Montaigne. Lady Marabout is a very nice person, despite her little foibles, and she gives very pleasant little dinners, both at her house in Lowndes-square and in her jointure-villa at Twickenham, where the mauvaises odeurs of dear old fœtid Thames are drowned in the fragrance of the geraniums, piled in great heaps of red, white, and variegated blossom in the flower-beds on the lawn. She has been married twice, but has only one son, by her first union—my friend Carruthers, of the Guards—a very good fellow, whom his mother thinks perfection, though if she *did* know certain scenes which her adored Philip and I have looked on together, the good lady might hesitate before she endowed her son with all the cardinal virtues as she does at the present moment. She has no daughters, therefore you will wonder to hear that the prime misery, burden, discomfort, and worry of her life is chaperonage. But so it is. Lady Marabout is the essence of good nature; she can't say No: that unpleasant negative monosyllable was never heard to issue from her full, smiling, kind-looking lips: she is in a high position, she has an extensive circle, thanks to her own family and those of the baronet and peer she successively espoused; and some sister, or cousin, or friend, is incessantly hunting her up to bring out their girls, and sell them well off out of hand; young ladies being goods extremely likely to hang *on* hand now-a-days, when we have Sir Cresswell's court set up before our eyes as a scarecrow, and read the accounts of the proceedings therein, much as a small boy who has threatened his own life by sucking the arsenic'd paint off his soldiers, is told a tale of a sinful individual who came to grief through similar disobedience to his superiors, and unholy pleasuring of his palate.

"Of all troubles, the troubles of a chaperone are the greatest," said Lady Marabout to me at the wedding *déjeuner* of one of her protégées. "In the first place, one looks on at others' campaigns instead of conducting them oneself; secondly, it brings back one's beaux jours to see the young things' smiles and blushes, like that girl's just now (dear little thing, I do hope she'll be happy!); and thirdly, one has all the responsibility, and gets all the blame if anything goes wrong. I'll never chaperone anybody again now I have got rid of Leila." So does Lady Marabout say twenty times; yet has she invariably some young lady under her wing, whose relatives are defunct, or invalided, or in India, or out of society somehow; and we all of us call her house The Yard, and her (among ourselves) not Lady Marabout but Lady Tattersall. The worries she has in her chaperone's office would fill a folio, specially as her heart inclines to the encouragement of romance, but her reason to the banishment thereof; and while her tenderness suffers if she thwarts her protégées' leanings, her conscience gives her neuralgic twinges if she abets them to unwise matches while under her dragonnage.

"What's the matter, mother?" asked Carruthers, one morning, when he and I were calling on her. He's very fond of his mother, and will never let any one laugh at her in his hearing.

"Matter? Everything!" replied Lady Marabout, concisely and com-



prehensively, as she sat on the sofa in her boudoir, with her white ringed hands and her bien conservé look, and her kindly pleasant eyes and her rich dress; one could see what a pretty woman she has been, and that Carruthers may thank her for his good looks. "To begin with, Félicie has been so bête as to marry; married the greengrocer (whom she will ruin in a week!), and has left me to the mercies of a stupid woman who puts pink with cerise, mauve with magenta, and sky-blue with azureline, and has no recommendation except that she is as ugly as the Medusa, and so will not tempt you to——"

"Make love to her, as I did to Marie," laughed Carruthers. "Marie was a pretty little dear; it was very severe in you to send her away."

Lady Marabout tried hard to look severe and condemnatory, but failed signally, nature had formed the smooth brow and the kindly eyes on far too soft a mould. "Don't jest about it, Philip; you know it was a great pain, annoyance, and scandal to me. Well! Félicie is gone, and Oakes was seen pawning some of my Honiton the other day, so I have been obliged to discharge *her*; and they both of them suited me so well! Then Bijou is ill, poor little pet——"

"With repletion of chicken panada?"

"No; Bijou isn't such a gourmet. You judge him by yourself, I suppose; men always do! Then Lady Hautton told me last night that you were the wildest man on town, and at forty——"

"You think I ought to *ranger*? So I will, my dear mother, some day; but at present I am—so very comfortable; it would be a pity to alter! What pains one's friends are always at to tell unpalatable things; if they would but be only half so eager to tell us the pleasant ones! I shall expect you to cut Lady Hautton if she speaks badly of me. I can't afford to lose your worship, mother!"

"My worship? How conceited you are, Philip! As for Lady Hautton, I believe she does dislike you, because you did not engage yourself to Adelina, and were selected aide-de-camp to her Majesty, instead of Hautton; still, I am afraid she spoke too nearly the truth."

"Perhaps Marie has entered her service and told tales."

But Lady Marabout wouldn't laugh, she always looks very grave about Marie. "My worst trouble," she began hastily, "is that your aunt Honiton is too ill to come to town; no chance of her being well enough to come at all this season; and of course the charge of Valencia has devolved on me. You know how I hate chaperoning, and I did so hope I should be free this year; besides, Valencia is a great responsibility, very great; a girl of so much beauty always is; there will be sure to be so many men about her at once, and your aunt will expect me to marry her so very well. It is excessively annoying."

"My poor dear mother!" cried Carruthers. "I grant you *are* an object of pity. You are everlastingly having young fillies sent you to break in, and they want such a tight hand on the ribbons."

"And a tight hand, as you call it, I never had, and never shall have," sighed Lady Marabout. "Valencia will be no trouble to me on that score, however; she has been admirably educated, knows all that is due to her position, and will never give me a moment's anxiety by any imprudence or inadvertence. But she is excessively handsome, and a beauty is a great responsibility when she first comes out."

"Val was always a handsome child, if I remember. I dare say she is a beauty now. When is she coming up? because I'll tell the men to mark the house and keep clear of it," laughed Carruthers. "You're a dreadfully dangerous person, mother; you have always the best-looking girl in town with you. Fulke Nugent says if he should ever want such a thing as a wife when he comes into the title, he shall take a look at the Marabout Yearlings Sale."

"Abominably rude of you and your friends to talk me over in your turf slang! I wish *you* would come and bid at the sale, Philip; I should like to see you married—well married, sous-entendu."

"My beloved mother!" cried Carruthers. "Leave me in peace, if you please, and catch the other poor devils if you can. There's Goodwood, now; every chaperone and *débutante* in London has set traps for him for the last I don't know how many years; wouldn't he do for Valencia?"

"Lord Goodwood? Of course he would; he would do for any one; the Dukedom's the oldest in the peerage. Goodwood is highly eligible. Thank you for reminding me, Philip. Since Valencia is coming, I must do my best for her"—which phrase meaning with Lady Marabout that she must be very lynx-eyed as to settlements, and a perfect dragon to all detrimental connexions, must frown with Medusa severity on all horrors of younger sons, and advocate with all the weight of personal experience the advantage and agréments of a good position (in all of which practicalities she generally broke down, with humiliation unspeakable, immediately her heart was enlisted and her sympathies appealed to on the enemy's side.) She sighed, played with her bracelets thoughtfully, and then, heroically resigning herself to her impending fate, brightened up a little, and asked her son to go and choose a new pair of carriage-horses for her.

To look at Lady Marabout as she sat in her amber satin fauteuil that morning, pleasant, smiling, *bien conservée*, well dressed, well looking, with the grace of good birth and the sunniness of good nature plainly written on her smooth brow and her kindly eyes, wealth—delicious little god!—stamping itself all about her, from the diamond rings on her soft white fingers to the brodered shoe on the feet, of whose smallness she was still proud, one might have ignorantly imagined her to be the most happy, enviable, well-conditioned, easy-going dowager in the United Kingdom. But appearances are deceptive, and if we believe what she constantly asserted, Lady Marabout was, *au contraire*, very nearly worn into her grave by a thousand troubles; her almshouses, whose roofs would eternally blow off with each high wind; her dogs, whom she would over-feed; her ladies' maids, who were hired only to steal, tease, or scandalise her; the begging-letter writers, who distilled tears from her eyes and sovereigns from her purse, let Carruthers disclose their hypocrisies as he might; the bolder begging-letters, written by hon. secs., and headed by names with long handles, belonging to Pillars of the State and Lights of the Church, which compelled her to make a miserable choice between a straitened income or a remorseful conscience—*pétite*, in fine, with worries small and large, from her ferns, on which she spent a large fortune, and who drooped maliciously in their glass cases, with an ill-natured obstinacy characteristic of desperately-courtied individuals, whether of the floral or the human world, to those marriageable young ladies whom she took

under her wing to usher into the grand monde, and who were certain to run counter to her wishes and overthrow her plans, to marry ill, or not marry at all, or do something or other to throw discredit on her chaperoning abilities. She was, she assured us, *pétie* with worries, small and large, specially as she was so eminently sunny, affable, and *rayonnante* a looking person, that all the world took their troubles to her, selected her as their *confidante*, and made her the repository of their annoyances; but her climax of misery was to be compelled to chaperone, and as a petition for some *débutante* to be entrusted to her care was invariably made each season, and "No" was a monosyllable into which her lips utterly refused to form themselves, each season did her life become a burden to her. There was never any rest for the soul of Helena, Countess of Marabout, till her house in Lowndes-square was shut up, and her charges off her hand, till we, eligibles, detrimentials, and horrors, *selon* Belgravian classification now-a-days, were all gone to the Bads, the moors, the Goodwood, or the R. V. Yacht Squadron, and she could return in peace to her *jointure-villa* at Twickenham, and among her flowers, her birds, and her hobbies, throw-off for a while the weary burden of her worries as a chaperone.

## II.

### OF THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

"VALENCIA will give me little trouble, I hope. So admirably brought-up a girl, and so handsome as she is, will be sure to marry soon, and marry well," thought Lady Marabout, self-congratulatorily, as she dressed for dinner the day of her niece's arrival in town, running over mentally the qualifications and attractions of Valencia Valletort, while Félicie's successor, whose crime was to put pink with cerise, mauve with magenta, and sky blue with azureline, gave the finishing touches to her toilette—"Valencia will give me no trouble; she has all the *De Boncœur* beauty, with the Valletort dignity. The only difficulty with her will be *l'embarras des richesses*, I dare say. Who would do for her? Let me see; eligible men are not abundant, and those that are eligible are shy of being marked, as Philip would say—perhaps from being hunted so much, poor things! There is Fulke Nugent, heir to a barony, and his father is ninety—very rich, too—he would do; and Philip's friend, Caradoc, poor, I know, but their Earldom's the oldest peerage patent. There is Eyre Lee, too; I don't much like the man, supercilious and empty-headed; still he's an unobjectionable alliance. And there is Goodwood. Every one has tried for Goodwood, and failed. I should like Valencia to win him; he is decidedly the most eligible man in town. I will invite him to dinner. If he is not attracted by Valencia's beauty, nothing can attract him—*Despréaux! comme vous êtes bête! Otez ces panaches, de grâce!*"

"Valencia will give me no trouble; she will marry at once," thought Lady Marabout again, looking across the dinner-table at her niece. If any *débutante* might be likely to marry at once, it was the Hon. Valencia Valletort; she was, to the most critical, a beauty: her figure was perfect, her features were perfect, and if you complained that her large glorious eyes were a trifle too changeless in expression, that her cheek, exquisitely independent of *Maréchale* powder, *Blanc de Perle*, and liquid

rouge, though it was, rarely varied with her thoughts and feelings; that she might be, in a word, a trifle too much like that tinted marble statue that Mr. Gibson promises us for the Great Exhibition next year, why you were very exigent, my good fellow, and should remember that nothing is quite perfect on the face of this earth—not even a racer or a woman—and that whether you bid at the Marabout yearling sales or the Rawcliffe, if you wish to be pleased you'd better leave a hypercritical spirit behind you, and not expect to get *all* points to your liking. The best filly will have something faulty in temper or breeding, symmetry or pace, for your friend Jack Martingale to have the fun of pointing out to you when your money is paid and the filly in your stall; and your wife will have the same, only Martingale will point *her* flaws out behind your back, and only hint them to you with an all-expressive "Not allowed to smoke in the dining-room *now!*" "A little bit of a flirt, madame—*n'est-ce pas, Charlie?*" "Reins kept rather tight, eh, old fellow?" or something equally ambiguous, significant, and pleasant.

"I must consider, Philip, I have brought out the beauty of the season," said Lady Marabout to Carruthers, eyeing her niece as she danced at her first ball at the Dowager-Duchess of Amandine's, and beginning to brighten up a little under the weight of her responsibilities.

"I think you have, mother. Val's indisputably handsome. You must tell her to make play with Goodwood or Nugent."

Lady Marabout unfurled her fan, and indignantly interrupted him:

"My dear Philip! do you suppose I would teach Valencia, or any girl under my charge, to lay herself out for any man, whoever or whatever he might be? I trust your cousin would not stoop to use such manoeuvres, did I even stoop to counsel them. Depend on it, Philip, it is precisely those women who try to 'make play,' as you call it, with your sex that fail most to charm them. It is abominable the way in which you men talk, as if we all hunted you down, and would drive you to St. George's *volens volens!*"

"So you would, mother," laughed Carruthers. "We 'eligible men' have a harder life of it than rabbits in a warren, with a dozen beagles after them. From the minute we're of age we're beset with traps for the unwary, and the spring-guns are so dexterously covered with an inviting, innocent-looking turf of courtesies and hospitalities that it's next to a moral impossibility to escape them, let one retire into oneself, keep to monosyllables through all the courses of all the dinners and all the turns of all the walses, and avoid everything 'compromising,' as one may. I've suffered, and can tell you. I suffer still, though I believe and hope they are beginning to look on me as an *âme insensible*, given over to the clubs, the coulisses, the Commons, and the cover-side. There's a fellow that's known more of the *peines fortes et dures* than I. Goodwood's coming to ask for an introduction to Val, I would bet."

He was coming for that purpose, and, though Lady Marabout had so scornfully and sincerely repudiated her son's counsel relative to making play with Goodwood, blandly ignorant of her own weaknesses, like a good many other people, Lady Marabout was not above a glow of chaperone gratification when she saw the glance of admiration which the Pet Eligible of the season bestowed on Valencia Valletort. Goodwood is a good-looking fellow—a clever fellow—though possibly he shone

best with us alone at a mess luncheon, in a chat driving to Hornsey-wood, round the fire in a smoking room, on a yacht deck, or anywhere where ladies of the haut monde were not encountered, he having become afraid of them by dint of much persecution, as any October partridge of a setter's nose or the shine of a gun-barrel. He is handsome enough, ordinarily clever, a very good fellow as I say, and—he is elder son of his Grace of Doncaster, which fact—*cela va sans dire*—would have made him the desired of every unit of the beau sexe, had he been hideous as the Veiled Prophet or brutal Gilles de Rayes. The Beauty often loves the Beast in our day, as in the days of fairy lore. We see that beloved story of our petticoat days not seldom acted out, and when there is no possibility of personal transmogrification and amelioration for the Beast moreover; only—the Beauty has always had whispered in her little ear the title she will win, and the revenues she will gain, and the cloth of gold she will wear, if she caresses Bruin the enamoured, swears his ugly head is godlike, and vows fidelity unswerving!

Goodwood was no uncouth Bruin, and he had strawberry-leaves in his gift; none of your lacquered, or ormolu, or silver-gilt coronets, such as are cast about now-a-days with a liberality that reminds one of flinging a handful of halfpence from a balcony, where the nimblest beggar is first to get the prize; but of the purest and best gold; and Goodwood had been tried for accordingly by every woman he came across for the last dozen years. Women of every style and every order had primed all their rifles, and had their shot at him, and done their best to make a centre and score themselves as winner: belles and bas bleus, bewitching widows and budding débutantes, fast young ladies who tried to capture him in the hunting-field by clearing a bullfinch; saintly young ladies, who illuminated missals, and hinted they would like to take his conversion in hand; brilliant women, who talked at him all through a long rainy day, when Perthshire was flooded, and the black-fowl unattainable; showy women, who posé'd for him whole evenings in their opera-boxes, whole mornings in their boudoir—all styles and orders had set at him, till he had sometimes sworn in his haste that all women were man-traps, and that he wished to Heaven he were a younger son in the Foreign-office, or a poor devil in the Line, or anything, rather than what he was—the Pet Eligible of his day.

“Goodwood is certainly struck with her,” thought Lady Marabout, as Despréaux disrobed her that night, running over with a retrogressive glance Valencia Valletort's successes at her first ball. “Very much struck, indeed, I should say. I will issue cards for another ‘At home.’ As for ‘making play’ with him, as Philip terms it, of course that is only a man's nonsense. Valencia will need none of those trickeries, I trust; still, it is any one's duty to make the best alliance possible for such a girl, and—dear Adeliza would be very pleased.”

With which amiable remembrance of her sister (whom, conceiving it her duty to lovè, Lady Marabout persuaded herself that she *did* love, from a common feminine opticism that there's an eleventh commandment which makes it compulsory to be attached to relatives *n'importe* of whatever degree of disagreeability, though Lady Honiton was about the most odious hypochondriac going, in a perpetual state of unremitting battle with the whole outer world in general, and allapathists, homeœopathists,

and hydropathists in especial), the most amiable lady in all Christendom bade Despréaux bring up her cup of coffee an hour earlier in the morning—she had so much to do! asked if Bijou had had some panada set down by his basket in case he wanted something to take in the night; wished her maid good night, and laid her head on her pillow as the dawn streamed through the persiennes, already settling what bridal presents she should give her niece Valencia, when she won the Pet Eligible and became present Marchioness of Goodwood and prospective Duchess of Doucaster before the altar rails of St. George's.

"That's a deucedly handsome girl, that cousin of yours, Phil," said Goodwood, on the pavé before her Grace of Amandine's, in Grosvenor-place, at the same hour that night.

"I think she *is* counted like me!" said Carruthers. "Of course she's handsome; hasn't she De Boncœur blood in her, my good fellow? We're all of us good-looking, always have been, thank God! If you're inclined to sacrifice, Goodwood, now's your time, and my mother 'll be delighted. She's brought out about half a million of débutantes, I should say, in her time, and all of 'em have gone wrong, somehow; wouldn't go off at all, like damp gunpowder, or would go off too quick in the wrong direction, like a volunteer's rifle charge; married ignominiously, or married obstinately, or never excited pity in the breast of any man, but had to retire to single-blessedness in the country, console themselves with piety and an harmonium, and spread nets for young clerical victims. Give her a triumph at last, and let her have glory for once, as a chaperone, in catching *you!*"

Goodwood gave a little shiver, and tried to light a Manilla, which utterly refused to take light, for the twelfth time in half a minute.

"Hold your tongue! If the Templars' Order were extant, wouldn't I take the vows and bless them! What an unspeakable comfort and protection that white cross would be to us, Phil, if we could stick it on our coats, and know it would say to every woman that looked at us, 'No go, my pretty little dears—not to be caught!' (Confound it! why won't it burn?) Marriage! I can't remember any time that that word wasn't my bugbear. When I was but a little chicken, some four years old, I distinctly remember, when I was playing with little Ida Keane on the terrace, hearing her mother simper to mine, 'Perhaps darling Goodwood may marry my little Ida some day, who knows?' I never would play with Ida afterwards; instinct preserved me; she's six or seven-and-thirty now, and weighs ten stone, I'm positive. Why *won't* they let us alone? The way journalists and dowagers, the fellows who want to write a taking article, and the women who want to get rid of a taking daughter, all badger us, in public and private, about marriage just now, is abominable, on my life; the affair's *ours*, I should say, not theirs, and to marry isn't the ultimatum of a man's existence, nor anything like it."

"Most surely, though domestic sentiment's so utterly an English hobby and a popular clap-trap cry, that it's always received as such, and probably always will be with the majority. Good night, old fellow." And Carruthers drove away in his Hansom, while Goodwood got into his, thinking that for the sake of the title, the evil (nuptial) day *must* come, sooner or later, but dashed off to forget the disagreeable obligation over the supper-table of the most sparkling empress of the demi-monde.

Lady Marabout had her wish; she brought out the belle of the season, and when a little time had slipped by, when the Hon. Val had been presented at the first drawing-room, and shone there despite the worry, muddle, and squeeze incidental to that royal and fashionable ceremony, and she had gathered second-hand from her son what was said in the clubs relative to this new specimen of the Valletort beauty, she began to be happier under her duties than she had ever been before, and wrote letters to "dearest Adeliza," brimful of superlative adjectives and genuine warmth. "Valencia will do me credit: I shall see her engaged before the end of June; she will have only to choose," Lady Marabout would say to herself some twenty times in the pauses of the morning concerts, the morning parties, the bazaar committees, the toilette consultations, the audiences to religious quêteurs, whose name was Legion and rapacity unmeasured, the mass of unanswered correspondence whose debt lay as heavily on Lady Marabout as his chains on a forçat, and were about as little likely to be knocked off, and all the other things innumerable that made her life in the season one teetotum whirl of small worries and sunshiny cares; from the moment she began her day, with her earliest cup of Mocha softened with cream from that pet dairy of hers at Fernditton, where, according to Lady Marabout, the cows were constantly *in articulo mortis*, but the milk invariably richer than anywhere else, an agricultural anomaly which presented no difficulties to her reason. Like all women, she loved paradoxes, defied logic recklessly, and would clear at a bound a chasm of solecisms that would have kept Plato in difficulties about crossing it, and in doubt about the strength of his jumping-pole all his life long.

"She will do me great credit," the semi-soleoled chaperone would say to herself with self-congratulatory relief; and if Lady Marabout thought now and then, "I wish she were a trifle—a trifle more—demonstrative," she instantly checked such an ungrateful and hypercritical wish, and remembered that a heart is a highly treacherous and unadvisable possession for any young lady, and a most happy omission in her anatomy, though Lady Marabout had, she would confess to herself on occasions with great self-reproach, an unworthy and lingering weakness for that contraband article, for which she scorned and scolded herself with the very worst success. Lady Marabout *had* a heart herself; to it she had had to date the greatest worries, troubles, imprudences, and vexations of her life; she had had to thank it for nothing, and to dislike it for much; it had made her grieve most absurdly for other people's griefs; it had given her a hundred unphilosophic pangs at philosophic ingratitude from people who wanted her no longer; it had teased, worried, and plagued her all her life long, had often interfered in the most meddling and inconvenient manner between her and her reason, her comfort and her prudence; and yet she had a weakness for the same detrimental organ in other people—a weakness of which she could no more have cured herself than of her belief in the detection-defying powers of liquid rouge, the potentiality of a Lilliputian night-bolt against an army of burglars, the miraculous properties of sal volatile, the efficacy of sermons, and such-like articles of faith common to feminine orthodoxy. A weakness of which she never felt more ignominiously convicted and more secretly ashamed than in the presence of Miss Valletort, that young lady having a lofty

and magnificent disdain for all such follies, quite unattainable to ordinary mortals, which oppressed Lady Marabout with a humiliating sense of inferiority to her niece of eighteen summers. "So admirably educated! so admirably brought up!" she would say to herself over and over again, and if heretic suggestions that the stiffest trained flowers are not always the best, that the upright and spotless arum-lily isn't so fragrant as the careless, brilliant, tangled clematis; that rose-boughs, tossing free in sunshine and liberty, beat hollow the most carefully-pruned standard that ever won a medal at Regent's Park, with such-like allegories, arising from contemplation of her conservatory or her balcony flowers, *would* present themselves, Lady Marabout—*comme je vous l'ai dit*—repressed them dutifully, and gratefully thought how many pounds' weight lighter became the weary burden of a chaperone's responsibilities when the onerous charge had been educated "on the best system."

### III.

#### OF "SERIOUS" SUBJECTS.

"GOODWOOD'S attentions *are* serious, Philip, say what you like," said Lady Marabout to her son, as determinedly as a theologian states his pet points with wool in his ears, that he may not hear any Satan-inspired, rational, and mathematical disproof of them, with which you may rashly seek to soil his tympana and smash his arguments—"Goodwood's attentions *are* serious, Philip, say what you like," said her ladyship, at a morning party at Kew, eating her Neapolitan ice, complacently glancing at the "most eligible alliance of the season," who was throwing the balls at lawn-billiards, and talking between whiles to the Hon. Val with praiseworthy and promising animation.

"Serious indeed, mother, if they tend matrimony-wards!" smiled Carruthers. "It's a very serious time indeed for unwary sparrows when they lend an ear to the call-bird, and think about hopping on to the lime-twigs. I should think it's from a sense of compunction for the net you've led us into, that you all particularise our attentions, whenever they point near St. George's, by that very suggestive little adjective 'serious!' Yes, I am half afraid poor Goodwood *is* a little touched. He threw over our Derby sweepstakes up at Hornsey Wood yesterday to go and stifle himself in Willis's Rooms at your bazaar, and buy a guinea cup of Souchong from Valencia; and, considering he's one of the best shots in England, I don't think you could have a more conclusive, if you could have a more poetic, proof of devoted renunciation. I'd fifty times rather get a spear in my side, à la Ivanhoe, for a woman than give up a Pigeon-match, a Cup-day, or a Field-night!"

"You'll never do either!" laughed Lady Marabout, who made it one of her chief troubles that her son would not marry, chiefly, probably, because if he *had* married she would have been miserable, and thought no woman good enough for him, would have been jealous of his wife's share of his heart, and supremely wretched, I have no doubt, at his throwing himself away, as she would have thought it, had his handkerchief lighted on a princess born; lovely as Galatea, and blessed with Venus's cestus.

"Never, plaise à Dieu!" responded her son, piously over his ice; "but if Goodwood's serious, what's Cardonnel? *He's* lost his head, if you like, after the Valletort beauty."



"Major Cardonnel!" said Lady Marabout, hastily. "Oh no, I don't think so. I hope not—I trust not."

"Pourquoi? He's one of the finest fellows in the Service."

"I dare say; but you see, my dear Philip, he's not—not—desirable tout de même!"

Carruthers stroked his moustaches and laughed:

"Because he's a poor devil with a couple of thousand a year, and no handle to his name? Fie, fie, mother! if all other Belgraviennes are Mammon-worshippers, I thought you kept clear of the paganism. I thought your freedom from it was the only touch by which you weren't 'purely feminine,' as the lady novelists say of their pet bits of chill propriety."

"Worship Mammon! Heaven forbid," ejaculated Lady Marabout. "But there are duties, you see, my dear; your friend is a very delightful man, to be sure; I like him excessively, and if Valencia felt any *great* preference for him——"

"You'd feel it *your* duty to counsel her to throw him over for Goodwood. Je comprends!"

"I never said so, Philip," interrupted Lady Marabout, with as near an approach to asperity as she could achieve, which approach was less like vinegar than most people's best honey.

"But you implied it. What are 'duties' else, and why is poor Cardonnel 'not desirable?'"

Lady Marabout played a little tattoo with her spoon in perplexity:

"My dear Philip, you know as well as I do what I mean. One might think you were a boy of twenty to hear you!"

"My dear mother, like all disputants, when beaten in argument and driven into a corner, you resort to vituperation of your opponent!" laughed Carruthers, as he left her and lounged away to pick up the stiek with which pretty little Flora Elmers had just knocked the pipe out of Aunt Sally's head on to the velvet lawn of Lady George Frangipane's dower-house, leaving his mother by no means tranquillised by his suggestions.

"Dear me!" thought Lady Marabout, uneasily, as she conversed with the Dowager-Countess of Patchouli on the respective beauties of two new pelargonium seedlings, the Leueadia and the Beatrice, for which her gardener had won prizes the day before at the Regent's Park show—"dear me! why is there invariably this sort of cross-purposes in everything? It will be so grievous to lose Goodwood (and he *is* decidedly struck with her; when he bought that rosebud yesterday of her at the bazaar, and put it in the breast of his waistcoat, I heard what he said, and it was no nonsense, no mere flirting complaisance either)—it would be so grievous to lose him; and yet if Valencia really cares for Cardonnel—and sometimes I almost fancy she does—I shouldn't know which way to advise. I thought it would be odd if a season could pass quietly without my having some worry of this sort! With fifty men always about Valencia, as they are, how *can* I be responsible for any mischief that may happen, though, to hear Philip talk, one would really imagine it was *my* fault that they lost their heads, as he calls it! As if a forty-horse steam-power could stop a man when he's once off down the incline into love! The more you try to pull him back the more impetus you give him to go headlong down. I wish Goodwood would propose, and we could settle the affair defini-

tively. It is singular, but she has had no offers hardly with all her beauty. It is very singular, in *my* first season I had almost as many as I had names on my tablets at Almack's. But men don't marry now, they say. Perhaps 'tisin't to be wondered at, though I wouldn't allow it to Philip. Poor things! they lose a very great many agréments by it, and get nothing, I'm sure, nine times out of ten, except increased expenses and unwelcome worries. I don't think I would have married if I'd been a man, though I'd never admit it, of course, to one of them. There are plenty of women who know too much of their own sex ever to wonder that a man doesn't marry, though of course we don't say so; 'twouldn't be to our interest. Sculptors might as well preach iconoclasm, or wine-merchants teetotalism, as we women misogynism, however little in our hearts we may marvel at it. Oh, my dear Lady Patchouli! you praise the Leucadia too kindly—you do indeed—but if you really think so much of it, let me send you some slips. I shall be most happy, and Fenton will be only too proud; it is his favourite seedling."

Carruthers was quite right. One fellow at least had lost his head after the beauty of the season, and he was Cardonnel, of the — Lancers, as fine a fellow, as Philip said, as any in the Queen's, but a dreadful detrimental in the eyes of all chaperones, because he was but the fourth son of one of the poorest peers in the United Kingdom, a fact which gave him an ægis from all assaults matrimonial, and a freedom from all smiles and wiles, traps and gins, which Goodwood was accustomed to tell him he bitterly envied him, and on which Cardonnel had fervently congratulated himself, till he came under the fire of the Hon. Val's large luminous eyes one night, when he was levelling his glass from his stall at Lady Marabout's box, to take a look at the new belle, as advised to do by that most fastidious female critic, Vane Steinberg, who, if you know anything of London at all—the London of nous autres, at the least—you know can tell you everything about every handsome woman that shows in the Ring or drives down Pall-Mall, n'importe of what style or order, from the young Duchess of Amandine to Eulalie Rosière, as if he were keeper in ordinary of all their private diaries, written or unwritten, bound in purple velvet and ormolu, or for ever Bramah-locked in the adroit scheming little brains that throb under their glossy crêpe coiffures. Valencia Vallert's luminous eyes had gleamed that night under their lashes, and pierced through the lenses of his lorgnon. Cardonnel saw her, and saw nothing but her afterwards, as men looking on the sun keep it in their retina to the damage and exclusion of all other objects. Physical beauty, even when it is a little bit souless, is an admirable weapon for instantaneous slaughter, and the trained and pruned standard roses show a very effective mass of bloom; though, as Lady Marabout's floral tastes and experiences told her, they don't give one the lasting pleasure that a careless bough of wild rose will do, with its untutored grace and its natural fragrance. With the standard you see we keep in the artificial air of the horticultural tent, and are never touched out of it for a second; its perfume seems akin to a bouquet, and its destiny is, we are sure, to a parterre. The wild-rose fragrance breathes of the hill-side and the woodlands, and brings back to us soft touches of memory of youth, of a fairer life and a purer air than that in which we are living now. In Belgravia here, malheur pour nous! we are teased to buy prize standards

by the score, and the wild-roses are banished from the scene; but we must take the goods the gods give us and be thankful, mes frères, and —keep out of the tents where the fair flowers are sold!

The Hon. Val did *not* have as many offers as her aunt and chaperone had on the first flush of her pride in her anticipated. Young ladies, educated on the "best systems," are apt to be a trifle raides, and *don't*, somehow or other, take so well as the sedulous efforts of their pruners and trainers—the rarefied moral atmosphere of the conservatories, in which they are carefully screened from ordinary air, and the anxiety evinced lest the flower should ever forget itself, and sway naturally in the wind—deserve. But things don't go by merit, and Flora Elmers, with not a tithe of Valencia's beauty, had—humiliating to our taste, as the fact will be considered—more of us after her on the Ride than the beauty. Flora amused us; the Hon. Val would only open her superbly chiselled lips to drop a word or two about the opera of last night, Vieuxtemps's playing, the quantity of carriages at Ascot yesterday, or some such exciting and interesting theme. And yet Valencia Valletort was clever to a degree, and very highly educated; so highly, indeed, that the education was very little benefit or amusement to anybody else. Gold *may* be fine-drawn, you know, till we can't see it. But Cardonnel had gone mad after her, that perfect face of hers had done for him; and whatever Goodwood might be, *he* was serious—he positively haunted the young beauty like her own shadow—he was leaning on the rails every morning of his life that she took her early ride—he sent her bouquets as lavishly as if he'd been a nursery gardener. By some species of private surveillance, or lover's clairvoyance, he knew d'avance where she would go, and was at the concert, fête, morning party, bazaar, or whatever it happened to be, as surely as was Lady Marabout herself. Cardonnel was serious enough, and the Hon. Val knew it. When a man follows a young lady, I should suppose it would be impossible for her to remain in total ignorance of his proximity and purpose, to whatever proper blindness on such scores she may have been reared by maiden gouvernantes and virgin cameristes. Poor Cardonnel was serious, and fiercely fearful of his all-powerful and entirely eligible rival; though greater chums than he and Goodwood had been, before this girl's face appeared on the world of Belgravia, never lounged arm-and-arm into Pratt's, or strolled down the "sweet shady side of Pall-Mall."

Goodwood's attentions were very marked, too, even to eyes less willing to construe them so than Lady Marabout's. Goodwood himself, if chaffed on the subject, vouchsafed nothing; laughed, stroked his moustaches, or puffed his cigar, if he happened to have that blessed resource in all difficulties, and comforter under all embarrassments, between his lips at the moment; but decidedly he sought Val more, or, to speak more correctly, he shunned her less, than he'd ever done any other young lady, and one or two Sunday mornings—*mirabile dictu!*—he was positively seen at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in the seat behind Lady Marabout's sittings—a fact which, combining as it did a brace of miracles at once, of early rising and unusual piety, set every Belgravienne in that fashionable sanctuary watching over the top of her illuminated prayer-book, to the utter destruction of her hopes and interruption of her orisons. Dowagers began to tremble behind their fans, young ladies to quake over their

bouquets; the topic was eagerly discussed by every woman from Clarges-street to Lowndes-square in ante-meridian congresses; their Graces or Doncaster smiled well pleased on Valencia—she was unquestionable blood, and they *so* wished dear Goodwood to marry! There was whispered an awful whisper to the whole female world; whispered over matutinal chocolate and luncheon, Strasbourg pâtés, ball-supper Moets', and demi-monde-supper Silleri, over Vane Steinberg's cigar and Eulalie Rosière's cigarette, over the *Morning Post* in the clubs, and *Le Follet* in the boudoir, that—the Pet Eligible would—marry! That the Pet Prophecy of universal smash was going to be fulfilled could hardly have occasioned greater consternation.

## IV.

OF THE COVEYS THAT WERE MARKED AND THE BIRDS THAT WERE HIT; WHO FELL,  
AND WHO FLEW AWAY.

THE soul of Lady Marabout had been disquieted ever since her son's suggestions at Lady George Frangipane's morning party, and she began to worry: for herself, for Valencia, for Goodwood, for Cardonnel, for her responsibilities in general, and for her "dearest Adeliza's" alternated opinions of her duenna qualifications in particular. Lady Marabout had an intense wish, an innocent wish enough, as innocent and very similar in its way to that of an Eton boy to make a centre at a rifle-contest, viz. to win the Marquis of Goodwood; innocent, surely, for though neither the rifle prize nor the Pet Eligible could be won without mortification unspeakable to a host of unsuccessful aspirants, if we decree that sort of thing sinful and selfish, as everything natural seems to me to get decreed now-a-days, we may as well shut up at once; if we may not try for the top of the pole, why erect poles at all, monsieur? If we must not do our best to pass our friend and brother, we must give up climbing *pour toujours*, and go on all fours placably with Don and Pontos. Everybody has his ambition: one sighs for the Woolsack, another for the Hunt Cup; somebody longs to be First Minister, somebody else pines to be first dancer; one man plumes himself on a new fish-sauce, another on a fresh reform bill; A. thirsts to get a single brief, B. for the time when he shall be worried with no briefs at all; C. sets his hopes on being the acrobat at Cremorne, D. on being the acrobat of the Tuileries; fat bacon is Hodge the hedger's *summum bonum*, and Johannisberg *pur* is mine; Empedocles thinks notoriety everything, and Diogenes thinks quiet everything—each has his own reading of ambition, and Lady Marabout had hers; Lady George Frangipane thirsted for the Garter for her husband, Lady Elmers's pride was to possess the smallest terrier that ever took daisy tea and was carried in a monkey-muff, her Grace of Amandine slaved night and day to bring her party in and throw the minister out. Lady Marabout sighed but for one thing—to win the Pet Eligible of the season, and give *éclat* for once to one phase of her chaperone's existence.

Things were nicely en train. Goodwood was beginning to bite at that very handsome fly the Hon. Val, and promised to be hooked, and landed without much difficulty before long, and placed, hopelessly for him, triumphantly for her, in the lime-basket of matrimony. Things

were beautifully en train, and Lady Marabout was for once flattering herself she should float pleasantly through an unruffled and successful season, when Carruthers poured the one drop of *amari aliquid* into her champagne-cup by his suggestion of Cardonnel's doom. And then Lady Marabout began to worry. She who could not endure to see a fly hurt or a flower pulled needlessly, had nothing for it but to worry for Cardonnel's destiny, and puzzle over the divided duties which Carruthers had hinted to her. To reject the one man because he was not well off did seem to her conscience, uncomfortably awakened by Phil's innuendoes, something more mercenary than she quite liked to look at; yet to throw over the other, the future Duke of Doncaster, the eligible, the darling, the yearned-for of all May Fair and Belgravia, seemed nothing short of madness to inculcate to Valencia; a positive treason to that poor absent, trusting, "dearest Adeliza," who, after the visions epistolarily spread out before her, would utterly refuse to be comforted if Goodwood any way failed to become her bean-fils, and, moreover, the heaviest blow to Lady Marabout herself that the merciless axe of that brutal headman Contretemps could deal her. "I do not know really what to do or what to advise," would Lady Marabout say to herself over and over again (so disturbed by her onerous burden of responsibilities that she would let Despréaux arrange the most outrageous coiffures à son gré, and, never noticing them, go out to dinner with emeralds on blue velvet, or something as shocking to feminine nerves in her temporary aberration), forgetting one very great point, which, remembered, would have saved her all trouble, that nobody asked her to do anything, and not a soul requested her advice. "But Goodwood is decidedly won, and Goodwood must not be lost; in our position we owe something to society," she would invariably conclude these mental debates; which last phase, being of a vagueness and obscure application that might have matched it with any queen's speech or electional address upon record, was a mysterious balm to Lady Marabout's soul, and spoke volumes to *her*, if a trifle hazy to you and to me. But Lady Marabout, if she was a little bit of a sophist, had not worn her eye-glass all these years without being keen-sighted on some subjects, and, though perfectly satisfied with her niece's conduct with Goodwood, saw certain symptoms which made her tremble lest the detrimental Lancer should have won greater odds than the eligible Marquis.

"Arthur Cardonnel is excessively handsome! Such very good style! Isn't it a pity they're all so poor! His father played away everything—literally everything. The sons have no more to marry upon, any one of them, than if they were three crossing-sweepers," said her ladyship, carelessly, driving home from St. Paul's one Sunday morning. And, watching the effect of her stray arrow, she had beheld an actual flush on the beauty's fair, impassive cheek, and had positively heard a smothered sigh from an admirably brought-up heart, no more given ordinarily to such weaknesses than the diamond-studded heart pendant from her bracelet, the belle's heart and the bracelet's heart being both formed alike—to fetch their price, and bid to do no more:—power of volition would have been as inconvenient in, and interfered as greatly with, the sale of one as of the other.

"She does like him!" sighed Lady Marabout over that Sabbath's luncheon wines. "It's always my fate—always; and Goodwood, never won before, will be thrown—actually thrown—away, as if he were the younger

son of a Nobody!" which horrible waste was so terrible to her imagination that Lady Marabout could positively have shed tears at the bare prospect, and might have shed them, too, if the Hon. Val, the butler, two footmen, and a page had not inconveniently happened to be in the room at the time, so that she was driven to restrain her feelings and drink some *Amontillado* instead. Lady Marabout is not the first person by a good many who has had to smile over sherry with a *cœur éploré*. Ah! *mon ami!* lips have quivered as they laughed over *Chambertin*, and trembled as they touched the bowl of a champagne-glass. Wine has assisted at many a joyous festa enough, but some that has been drunk in gaiety has caught gleams in the eyes of the drinkers of salt water brighter than its brightest sparkles: water that no other eyes can see. Because we may drink *Badminton* laughingly when the gaze of society the non-sympathetic is on us, do you think we must never have tasted any more bitter dregs? *Va-t'en, bécasse!* where have you lived? *Nero* does not always fiddle while Rome is burning from utter heartlessness, believe me, but rather—sometimes, perhaps—because his heart is aching!

"Goodwood will propose to-night, I fancy, he is so very attentive," thought Lady Marabout, sitting with her sister chaperones on the cosy causeuses of the salons of *Rondelitia House* (*Carlton-terrace*), at one of the last balls of the departing season. "I never saw dear *Valencia* look better, and certainly her waltzing is—Ah! good evening, *Major Cardonnel!* Very warm to-night, is it not? I shall be so glad when I am down again at *Fernditton*. Town, in the first week of July, is really not habitable."

And she furled her fan, and smiled on him with her pleasant eyes, and couldn't help wishing he hadn't been on the *Marchioness Rondelitia's* visiting list, he was such a detrimental, and he was still handsomer than *Goodwood!*

"Will *Miss Valletort* leave you soon?" asked *Cardonnel*, sitting down by her.

"Ah! *monsieur*, vous êtes là!" thought Lady Marabout, as she answered, like a guarded diplomatist as she was, that it was not at all settled at present what her niece's post-season destiny would be, whether *Devou* or *Fernditton*, or the *Spas*, with her mother, *Lady Honiton*; and then unfurled her fan again, and chatted about *Brighton* and her own indecision as to whether she should go there this September.

"May I ask you a question, and will you pardon me for its plainness?" asked *Cardonnel*, when she'd exhausted *Brighton's* desirable and non-desirable points.

Lady Marabout shuddered, as she bent her head, and thought, "The creature is never going to confide in me! He will win me over if he does, he looks so like his mother! And what *shall* I say to *Adeliza!*"

"Is your niece engaged to *Goodwood* or not?"

If ever a little fib was tempting to any lady, from *Eve* downward, it was tempting to Lady Marabout now! A falsehood would settle everything, send *Cardonnel* off the field, and clear all possibility of losing the "best match of the season." Besides, if not engaged to *Goodwood* actually to-night, *Val* would be, if she liked, to-morrow, or the next day, or before the week was over at the farthest—would it be such a falsehood after all? She coloured, she fidgeted her fan, she longed for the little fib!—how terribly tempting it looked! But Lady Marabout is a bad

hand at prevarication, and she hates a lie, and she answered bravely, with a regretful twinge, "Engaged? No; not——"

"Not yet! Thank God!"

Lady Marabout stared at him and at the words muttered under his moustaches:

"Really, Major Cardonnel, I do not see why you——"

"Should thank Heaven for it? Yet I do—it is a reprieve. Lady Marabout, you and my mother were close friends; will you listen to me for a second, while we are not overheard? That I have loved your niece—had the madness to love her, if you will—you cannot but have seen; that she has given me some reasonable encouragement it is no coxcombry to say, though I have known from the first what a powerful rival I had against me; but that Valencia loves me and does not love him, I believe—nay, I *know*. I have said nothing decided to her; when all hangs on a single die we shrink from hazarding the throw. But I must know my fate to-night. If she comes to you—as girls will, I believe, sometimes—for countenance and counsel, will you stand my friend?—will you, for the sake of my friendship with your son, your friendship with my mother, support my cause, and uphold what I believe Valencia's heart will say in my favour?"

Lady Marabout was silent: no Andalusian ever worried her fan more ceaselessly in coquetry than she did in perplexity. Her heart was appealed to, and when that was enlisted Lady Marabout was lost!

"But—but—my dear Major Cardonnel, you are aware——" she began, and stopped. I should suppose it a little awkward to tell a man to his face he is "not desirable!"

"I am aware that I cannot match with Goodwood? I am; but I know, also, that Goodwood's love cannot match with mine, and that your niece's affection is not his. That he *may* win her I know women too well not to fear, therefore I ask *you* to be my friend. If she refuse me, will you plead for me?—if she ask for counsel, will you give such as your own heart dictates (I ask no other)—and, will you remember that on Valencia's answer will rest the fate of a man's lifetime?"

He rose. Lady Rondelitia came near, but the sound of his voice rang in Lady Marabout's ears, and the tears welled into her eyes: "Dear, dear! how like he looked to his poor dear mother! But what a position to place me in! Am I *never* to have any peace?"

Not at Lady Rondelitia's ball, at any rate. Of all the worried chaperones and distracted duennas who hid their anxieties under pleasant smiles or affable lethargy, none were a quarter so miserable as Helena, Lady Marabout. Her heart and her head were enlisted on opposite sides; her wishes pulled one way, her sympathies another; her sense of justice to Cardonnel urged her to one side, her sense of duty to "dearest Adeliza" urged her to the other; her pride longed for one alliance, her heart yearned for the other. Cardonnel had confided in her and appealed to her; *sequitur*, Lady Marabout's honour would not allow her to go against him: yet, it was nothing short of grossest treachery to poor Adeliza, down there in Devon, expecting every day to congratulate her daughter on a prospective duchy won, to counsel Valencia to take one of these beggared Cardonnels, and, besides—to lose all her own laurels, to lose the capture of Goodwood! No Guelphs and Ghibelins, no Royalists and Imperialists, ever fought so hard as Lady Marabout's divided duties.

"Valencia, Major Cardonnel spoke to me to-night," began that best-hearted and most badgered of ladies, as she sat before her dressing-room that night, alone with her niece.

Valencia smiled slightly, and a faint idea crossed Lady Marabout's mind that Valencia's smile was hardly a pleasant one, a trifle too much like the play of moonbeams on ice. "He spoke to me about you?"

"Indeed!"

"Perhaps you can guess, my dear, what he said?"

"I am no clairvoyante, aunt;" and Miss Val yawned a little, and held out one of her long slender feet to admire it.

"Every woman, my love, becomes half a clairvoyante when she is in love," said Lady Marabout, a little bit impatiently; she hadn't been brought up on the best systems herself, and though she admired the refrigeration (on principle), it irritated her just a little now and then. "Did he—did he say anything to *you* to-night?"

"Oh yes!"

"And what did you answer him, my love?"

"What would you advise me?"

Lady Marabout sighed, coughed, played nervously with the tassels of her peignoir, crumpled Bijou's ears, with a reckless disregard to that priceless pet's feelings, and wished herself at the bottom of the Serpentine. Cardonnel had trusted her, she couldn't desert *him*; poor dear Adeliza had trusted her, she couldn't betray *her*; what was right to one would be wrong to the other, and to reconcile her divided duties was a Danaid's labour. For months she had worried her life out lest her advice should be asked, and now the climax was come, and asked it was. "What a horrible position!" thought Lady Marabout. She waited and hesitated till the pendule had ticked off sixty seconds, then she summoned her courage and spoke: "My dear, advice in such matters is often very harmful, and always very useless; plenty of people have asked my counsel, but I never knew any of them take it unless it chanced to chime in with their fancy. A woman's best adviser is her own heart, specially on such a subject as this. But before I give my opinion, may I ask if you have accepted him?"

Lady Marabout's heart throbbed quick and fast as she put the momentous question, with an agitation for which she would have blushed before her admirably nonchalante and réglée niece; but the tug of war was coming, and if Goodwood should be lost!

"You have accepted him?" she asked again.

"No! I—refused him." The delicate rose went out of the Hon. Val's cheeks for once, and she breathed quickly and shortly.

Goodwood was *not* lost then!

Was she sorry—was she glad? Lady Marabout hardly knew; like Wellington, she felt the next saddest thing after a defeat is a victory.

"But you love him, Valencia?" she asked, half ashamed of suggesting such a weakness to this glorious beauty.

The Hon. Val unclasped her necklet as if it were a chain, choking her, and her face grew white and set: the coldest will feel on occasion, and all have *some* tender place that can wince at the touch.

"Perhaps; but such folly is best put aside at once. Certainly I prefer him to others, but to accept him would have been madness, absurdity. I told him so!"



"You told him so! If you had the heart to do so, Valencia, he has not lost much in losing you!" burst in Lady Marabout, her indignation getting the better of her judgment, and her heart, as usual, giving the coup de Jarnac to her reason. "Cardonnel loves you as you will never be loved again, and you can put him aside without so much as pity! I am shocked at you! Every tender-hearted woman feels regret for affection she is obliged to repulse, even when she does not return it; and you who love this man——"

"Would you have had me accept him, aunt?"

"Yes," cried Lady Marabout, firmly, forgetting every vestige of "duty," and every possibility of dear Adeliza's vengeance, "if you love him, I would, decidedly. When I married Philip's father he was what Cardonnel is, a cavalry man, as far off his family title then as Cardonnel is off his now."

"The more reason I should not imitate your imprudence, my dear aunt; death might not carry off the intermediate heirs quite so courteously in this case! No, I refused Major Cardonnel, and I did rightly; I should have repented it by now had I accepted him. There is nothing more silly than to be led away by romance. You De Boncœurs *are* romantic, you know; we Valletorts are happily free from the bêtise. I am very tired, aunt, so good night."

The Hon. Val went, the waxlight she carried shedding a paler shade on her handsome face, whiter and more set than usual, but held more proudly, as if it already wore the Doncaster coronet; and Lady Marabout sighed as she rang for her maid. "Of course she acted wisely, and I ought to be very pleased; but that poor dear fellow!—his eyes *are* so like his mother's!"

"I congratulate you, mother, on a clear field. You've sent that poor devil off very nicely," said Carruthers, the next morning, paying his general visit in her boudoir before the day began, which is much the same time in town as in Greenland, and commences, whatever almanacks may say, about two or half-past P.M. "Cardonnel left this morning for Heaven knows where, and is going to exchange, Shelleto tells me, into the —th, which is ordered to Bengal, so *he* won't trouble you much more. When shall I be allowed to congratulate my cousin as the future Duchess of Doncaster?"

"Pray don't tease me, Philip. I've been vexed enough about your friend. When he came to me this morning, and asked me if there was no hope, and I was obliged to tell him there was none, I felt wretched," said Lady Marabout, as nearly pettishly as she ever said anything; "but I am really not responsible, not in the least. Besides, even you must admit that Goodwood is a much more desirable alliance, and if Valencia had accepted Cardonnel, pray what would all Belgravia have said? Why, that disappointed of Goodwood, she took the other out of pure pique! We owe something to society, Philip, and something to ourselves."

Carruthers laughed:

"Ah, my dear mother, you women will never be worth all you ought to be till you leave off towkow-ing to 'what will be said,' and learn to defy that terrible oligarchy of the Qu'en dira-t-on?"

"When will Goodwood propose?" wondered Lady Marabout, fifty times a day, and Valencia Valletort wondered too. Whitebait was being eaten, and yachts being victualled, outstanding Ascot debts were being

settled, and outstanding bills were being passed hurriedly through St. Stephen's, engagements for the Nursery Stakes were being talked over, and engagements for the hymeneal stakes were being carried out at St. George's; all the clockwork of the season was being wound up for the last time previous to a long stand-still, and going at a dence of a pace, as if longing to run down, and give its million wheels and levers peace; while everybody who'd anything to settle, whether monetary or matrimonial, personal or political, was making up his mind about it and getting it off his hands, and some men were being pulled up by wide-awake Jews to see what they were "made of," while others were pulled up by adroit dowagers to know what they had "meant" before the accounts of the season were scored out and settled. "Had Goodwood proposed?" asked all Belgravia. "Why hadn't Goodwood proposed?" asked Lady Marabout and Valencia. Twenty most favourable opportunities for the performance of that ceremony had Lady Marabout made for him accidentally on purpose the last fortnight; each of those times she had fancied the precious fish hooked and landed, and each time she had seen him, free from the hook, floating, *comme d'ordinaire*, on the surface of society.

"He *must* speak definitely to-morrow," thought Lady Marabout. But the larva of to-morrow burst into the butterfly of to-day, and to-day passed into the chrysalis of yesterday, and Goodwood was always very nearly caught, and never *quite*!

"Come up-stairs, Philip; I want to show you a little Paul Potter I bought the other day," said Lady Marabout one morning, returning from a shopping expedition to Regent-street, meeting her son at her own door just descending from his tilbury. "Lord Goodwood calling, did you say, Soames? Oh, very well." And Lady Marabout floated up the staircase, but signed to her footman to open the door, not of the drawing-room, but of her own *boudoir*. "The Potter is in my own room, Philip; you must come in here if you wish to see it," said that adroit lady, for the benefit of Soames and his confrères. But when the door was shut Lady Marabout lowered her voice confidentially: "The Potter isn't here, dear; I had it hung in the little cabinet through the drawing-rooms, but I don't wish to go up there for a few moments—you understand."

Carruthers threw himself in a chair, and laughed till the dogs Bijou, Bonbon, and Pandore all barked in a furious concert.

"I understand! So Goodwood's positively coming to the point up there, is he?"

"No doubt he is," said Lady Marabout, reprovingly. "Why else should he come in when I was not at home? There is nothing extraordinary in it. The only thing I have wondered at is his having delayed so long."

"If a man had to hang himself, would you wonder he put off pulling the bolt?"

"I don't see any point in your jests at all!" returned Lady Marabout. "There is nothing ridiculous in winning such a girl as Valencia."

"No; but the question here is not of winning her, but of buying her. The price is a little high—a ducal coronet and splendid settlements, a wedding-ring and bondage for life; but he will buy her, nevertheless. Cardonnel couldn't pay the first half of the price, and so he was swept out of the auction-room. You are shocked, mother? Ah, truth is

shocking sometimes, and always maladroit ; one oughtn't to bring it into ladies' boudoirs."

"Hold your tongue, Philip! I will not have you so satirical. Where do you take it from? Not from me, I am sure! Hark! there is Goodwood going! That is his step on the stairs, I think! Dear me, Philip, I wish you sympathised with me a little more, for I *do* feel happy, and I can't help it; dear Adeliza will be so gratified."

"My dear mother, I'll do my best to be sympathetic, I'll go and congratulate Goodwood as he gets in his cab, if you fancy I ought; but, you see, if I were in Dahomey beholding the head of my best friend coming off, I couldn't quite get up the amount of sympathy in their pleasure at the refreshing sight the Dahomites might expect from me, and so——"

But Lady Marabout missed the comparison of herself to a Dahomite, for she had opened the door and was crossing to the drawing-rooms, her eyes bright, her step elastic, her heart exultant at the triumph of her manoeuvres. The Hon. Val was playing with some ferns in an *étagère* at the bottom of the farthest room, and responded to the kiss her aunt bestowed on her about as much as if she had been one of the statuettes on the consoles.

"Well, love, *what did he say?*" asked Lady Marabout, breathlessly, with eager delight and confident anticipation.

Like drops of ice on warm rose-leaves fell each word of the intensely chill and slightly sulky response on Lady Marabout's heart.

"He said that he goes to Cowes to-morrow for the Royal Yacht Squadron dinner, and then on in the *Anadyomene* to the Spitzbergen coast for walruses. He left a P.P.C. card for you."

"Goes!" shrieked Lady Marabout.

"Goes," responded the Hon. Val.

"And said no more than that?"

"No more than that!"

The Pet Eligible had flown off uncaught after all! Lady Marabout needed no further explanation—*tout fut dit*. They were both silent and paralysed. Do you suppose Pompey and Cornelia had much need of words when they met at Lesbos after the horrible *dérouté* of Pharsalia?

"I'm in your mother's blackest books, *pour toujours*, Phil," said Goodwood to Carruthers and some few of us as we swung down in the express to Portsmouth for the R. V. Y. C. Squadron Regatta of that year, "but I can't help it. It's no good to badger us into marriage; it only makes us double, and run to earth. I *was* near compromising myself with your cousin, I grant, but the thing that chilled me was, she's too *studied*. It's all got up beforehand, and goes upon clockwork, and it don't interest one accordingly; the mechanism's perfect, but we know when it will raise its hand, and move its eyes, and bow its head, and when we've looked at its beauty once we get tired of it. That's the fault in Valencia, and in scores of them, and as long as they *won't* be natural, why, they can't have much chance with us!"

Which piece of advice Carruthers, when he next saw his mother, repeated to her, for the edification of all future *débutantes*, adding a small sermon of his own:

"My dear mother, I ask you, is it to be expected that we can marry just to oblige women and please the newspapers? Would you have me

marched off to Hanover-square because it would be a kindness to take one of Lady Elmer's marriageable daughters, or because a leading journal fills up an empty column with farcical lamentation on our dislike to the bondage? Of course you wouldn't; yet, for no better reasons, you'd have chained poor Goodwood, if you could have caught him. Whether a man likes to marry or not is certainly his own private business, though just now it's made a popular public discussion. Do you wonder that we shirk the institution? If we have not fortune marriage cramps our energies, our resources, our ambitions, loads us with petty cares, and trebles our anxieties. To one Francis Jeffreys who rises with such a burden on his shoulders, how many sink down in the obscurity of the trottoir, who, but for the leaden weight of pecuniary difficulties with which marriage has laden their feet, might have climbed the highest round in the social ladder? On the other side, if we have fortune, if we have the bonheur malheureux to be eligible, is it wonderful that we are not flattered by the worship of young ladies who love us for what we shall give them, that we don't feel exactly honoured by being courted for what we are worth, and that we're not over-willing to give up our liberty to oblige those who look on us only as good speculations? Qu'en pensez-vous, eh?"

Lady Marabout looked up and shook her head mournfully:

"My dear Philip, you are right. I see it—I don't dispute it; but when a thing becomes personal, you know philosophy becomes difficult. I have such letters from poor dear Adcliza—such letters! Of course she thinks it is all my fault, and I believe she will break entirely with me. It is so very shocking. You see all Belgravia coupled their names, and the very day that he went off to Cowes in that heartless, abominable manner, if an announcement of the alliance as arranged did not positively appear in the *Court Circular*! It did indeed! I am sure Anne Hautton was at the bottom of it; it would be just like her. Perhaps poor Valencia cannot be pitied after her treatment of Cardonnel, but it is very hard on *me*." And Lady Marabout covered her eyes with her gossamer handkerchief, and shed *bonâ fide* tears for the hundred and twentieth time over this crowning humiliation of her chaperone's career and the loss of the PET ELIGIBLE.

Lady Marabout is right: when a thing becomes personal, philosophy becomes difficult. When your gun misses fire, and a fine cock bird whirrs up from the covert and takes wing unharmed, never to swell the number of your triumphs and the size of your game-bag, could you by any chance find it in your soul to sympathise with the bird's gratification at your mortification and its own good luck? I fancy not. So we can't be too hard on Lady Marabout's grief at the loss of *her* covcy. *We* have game of all kinds to console us; if one sort be wanting there is another, and we can turn from blackcock to deer, from grouse to partridges, from foxes to seals, from walruses to florikens, from jaguars to caribos, selon the season and the hemisphere; but women have no sport but *us*; can we wonder if they spend all their time burnishing their little shot-guns, and abuse us roundly if we fly away untouched? Surely not; only—let's keep clear of the battue, mes chers, for our own sakes, since charity begins at home!

## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## No. VII.—IRON.

THE development of the French iron-trade during the last forty years is one of the striking features of the industrial history of the century.

With the single exception of the Creusot works, which were established in 1783 on a joint deposit of both iron and coal, and where coke has always been used as fuel, iron was, until 1821, exclusively smelted in France with wood charcoal. This system of manufacture was natural enough in a country which even now possesses nineteen millions of acres of forest, offering an almost inexhaustible supply of charcoal, where until a very recent date the use of coal was virtually unknown, and where iron ores, though abundantly distributed over the surface, are rarely found in the neighbourhood of coal fields. The iron-trade, when it first came into existence some three or four hundred years ago, was therefore based on wood fuel alone, and all the old works were put up close to forests. But the gradual rise in the price of charcoal, partly in consequence of the progressing demand for it, and partly from the constantly increasing rigour with which the sales of state and communal timber are conducted by the government officials; the growing necessity for a cheap and abundant production of metal; the augmentation of the yield of coal; and, more than all, the encouraging example of England, have brought about, since 1821, the general establishment of coal and coke iron works.

In 1821, which date may be taken as the point of departure of the present state of the trade, there existed in France 348 charcoal works, which produced in that year 183,700 tons of iron (pig and bar together), and 2 coke works producing 3000 tons. But in 1859 the proportions had become so radically changed that while the make of charcoal iron had got up to 443,879 tons, that of coal and coke iron had risen from 3000 to 938,371 tons. The creation of this totally new industry is the work of the last thirty-eight years; its effect has been not only to quintuple the total production of 1821, but to reduce the price by two-thirds, so enabling France to begin to compete with England in parts of the European market. It certainly may be classed among the most important results which French trade has attained since the Restoration.

This immense progress has not, however, been effected without damaging the old charcoal trade, which the French regard, with reason, as a peculiarly national industry, and which they desire to maintain in full vigour, not only for its historical interest, but because of the particular excellence of its products. It is true that its yield has more than doubled since 1821, notwithstanding the competition of the cheaper and inferior coal-made iron, but its prices have been cut down one-half, and a certain number of the older establishments, which were too far removed from the

raw material or from the new centres of consumption which have sprung up, have been entirely ruined. But by the introduction of new processes and better administration, considerable economies have been simultaneously effected in the cost of production. The most important saving obtained is in the quantity of charcoal employed, which has been reduced since 1815 from 30 to 22 cwt. per ton of pig manufactured: this diminution, calculated on the present average prices of wood, represents about 1*l.* 5*s.* It is generally thought that further improvements will continue to be introduced, and that the charcoal iron-trade, though so hardly pressed and so much surpassed in importance by its younger rival, will be able to hold its ground.

The charcoal forges of the Champagne country have, however, almost entirely ceased to use wood fuel for making bar; they have compromised the difficulty by meeting it half way; they continue to manufacture their pig exclusively with charcoal, but they convert it into bar with coal. The introduction of this system has divided the trade and its products into three classes, the pure charcoal iron, which is principally made in Franche-Comté, though a good deal comes also from other provinces; the mixed-fuel iron, which comes from the Haute-Marne and other departments of Champagne; and the coal and coke iron, which may be said to be manufactured all over France wherever coal is found.

The trade in all its branches is not carried on under favourable circumstances, as compared with England or Belgium. The laws which regulate it are onerous and restrictive. No iron master is allowed to become possessor of mines for his own exclusive use; all he has is a preferential right to draw ore from the neighbourhood, and anybody else may put up works alongside him and use the same mineral. Furthermore, since the law of 1810, no iron master can acquire coal mines. The object of this singular legislation is to prevent monopoly or coalition of interests, and to give the public the benefit of the competition which the obligatory division of mineral property was expected to produce. The result is, of course, identically the contrary. Although the average price of iron ore is lower in France than in England, especially in consideration of its generally superior quality, it and the coal to work it are bought by the French iron masters at prices which include not only royalties to the state and the landowner, but also a profit to the seller. Ores and coal are regarded in France rather as merchandise than as raw material, and the price of manufactured iron includes everywhere, with the unimportant exception of a few of the older works which possessed mines of their own before 1810, the two first profits of the dealers in this merchandise plus that of the iron master himself. Coal at the pit costs in France just twice as much as in England, not because it is worth that difference, but because, as was shown in the preceding article, the coal-owners are masters of the market and fix their own prices.

The transport of coal and ore is another heavy charge; indeed, many French iron masters assert that their expenses for coal and carriage alone amount to 5*l.* 15*s.* per ton of iron produced, which is as much as the present sale price of Welsh bar. But the cost of carriage per mile is really lower in France than in England. The reports of the engineers sent over by the French government to examine the question prove that

beyond doubt; and the reason why the French pay more for carriage is that their distances are so much more considerable, and that, notwithstanding their great administrative ability, their arrangements for loading, unloading, and shifting, are less economical than in England. This question of transports, so important for a trade which employs such heavy raw material, is aggravated by the circumstance that the iron masters can do nothing to help themselves in the matter. The power of cheapening local carriage by the construction of private roads or railways may be said not to exist, for they can only be established on the same conditions as apply to ordinary public works. No one can make himself a branch line, even on his own land, without first obtaining a regular concession, with all its formalities and responsibilities; and when it is got, the railway must be constructed and worked under the direct supervision of the government engineers, who have the right to alter the plans. Even the use of water power is almost as costly as steam, from the endless restrictions and charges attached to its employment. Another burden occurs in the heavy direct taxation imposed on all manufacturers, not only on their buildings and establishments, but also on the very right to trade. No industry can be carried on in France without a patent or certificate of permission, the cost of which rises in proportion with the nature and importance of the business. Some of the large iron firms pay from 4000*l.* to 8000*l.* a year in taxes on their special position as manufacturers. It is true that the income tax presses almost equally heavily on many English firms, but that is a general charge which they support in common with every one else, while the French law levies payments on the particular occupation pursued.

It is not surprising that with such a string of difficulties and charges on their back, and especially with the high price of coal, the French iron masters should bring out their products at a higher price than in England; the rapid progress of the trade, in the face of these numerous obstacles, is all the more creditable and remarkable; it adds another proof to those already existing of the industrial capacity of the French, and it shows how great their manufacturing success would be if they were not kept down and fettered by government control.

As a compensation for all these special disadvantages, the French coal iron-trade has had one great advantage: it was established with the example of England to guide it from the beginning; it was able to start under the best known conditions of arrangement and direction; time and money were not wasted in trials; and the machinery put up at the very outset was of the best workmanship and great force.

In 1820 ordinary charcoal iron sold at 24*l.* per ton; in 1835 it was only worth 16*l.*, while coal-made bar fetched 12*l.* At this moment the charcoal forges cannot get more than 10*l.*; while Creusot, which is at the head of the coal branch of the trade, is selling at 8*l.* The average retail price of coal bar iron in all France is about 9*l.* 5*s.* The total diminution of price during the last forty years is therefore equal to more than 60 per cent., while the production has increased sevenfold in the same period.

The official returns of the quantities and values produced in 1859 (the latest date to which they extend) are as follows:

Pig iron :		
Charcoal . . .	336,018 tons, worth	£2,137,720 = £6 7 2 per ton.
Coal and coke . . .	526,134 " " "	2,523,600 = 4 16 1 " "
Total . . .	862,152 " " "	£4,666,320
Wrought iron :		
Charcoal . . .	107,861 " " "	£1,819,850 = £16 17 5 " "
Coal and coke . . .	412,237 " " "	5,140,170 = 12 9 4 " "
Total . . .	520,098 " " "	£6,960,020

It results from this table that about three-eighths of the pig and about a quarter of the wrought iron are still made with charcoal, and that the total make of both kinds amounted in 1859 to 1,382,250 tons, worth 11,626,340*l.* But it must be observed, with reference to the average values shown for that year, that not only have prices fallen since about 10 per cent., but that the above mean rates for wrought iron include the proportionate cost of plates, girders, and all the other more expensive classes of iron. The actual wholesale prices of ordinary bar do not exceed, as have just been said, 10*l.* for charcoal iron, and 8*l.* to 8*l.* 10*s.* for coal iron.

It is extremely difficult to give any reliable details of the present cost of manufacture without going into private calculations, which, after all, would have no real value. The only official figures recently published on the subject are contained in the evidence taken before the committee appointed to fix the duties under the commercial treaty with England; but no confidence can be placed in them, because they were given by the iron masters themselves, with the natural intention of exaggerating cost, in order to obtain the highest possible protective duty. As, however, they offer the only information bearing on the matter which has appeared of late years, it is worth while to quote them, but with the express reserve that they can only be regarded as illustrative.

The iron makers of the Haute-Marne gave their cost as follows for the manufacture of pig with charcoal and its conversion into bar with coal :

Ore—3 tons at 6 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i> . . . . .	£1 0 0
Labour and general expenses . . . . .	1 1 0
Charcoal . . . . .	3 15 0
Cost of 1 ton of pig . . . . .	£5 16 0

To turn this pig into bar, the further expenses are :

1 ton 6 cwt. of pig at 5 <i>l.</i> 18 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> , delivered at the forge . . . . .	£7 14 0
Labour and general expenses . . . . .	2 10 0
1 ton 6 cwt. of coal at 1 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i> . . . . .	1 14 0
Cost of 1 ton of bar . . . . .	£11 18 0

For Franche-Comté, which is exclusively a wood fuel country, and where charcoal alone is used both for pig and bar, the details were given as follows :



Ore—4 tons at 11s. 3d. . . . .	£2 5 0
Labour and general expenses . . . . .	1 4 0
Charcoal . . . . .	3 17 0
	<hr/>
Cost of 1 ton of pig . . . . .	£7 6 0
	<hr/>
1 ton 7 cwt. of pig, at 8 <i>l.</i> at the forge . . . . .	£10 16 0
Labour and general expenses . . . . .	2 0 0
Charcoal . . . . .	4 0 0
	<hr/>
Cost of 1 ton of bar . . . . .	£16 16 0

Both these accounts, especially the latter, are evidently swollen, for with such a cost of production compared with present sale prices all the works in France would be hopelessly ruined in six months. In contradiction with both, M. Eugène Flachet, one of the first engineers of France, declared to the same committee, in evidence which presents the most complete and lucid statement which has ever been published of the nature of the difficulties with which the iron trade has to struggle, that charcoal pig can be manufactured for 4*l.* 12s. It should, however, be remarked that the wood-fuel iron makers are obliged to keep a large amount of capital unproductive in consequence of the heavy stocks of charcoal which they have to maintain, and that this constitutes a serious charge for interest, and so increases the amount of general expenses.

The cost prices of coal and coke iron were not presented to the committee with the same professed exactness as those of charcoal iron. Besides, they vary materially with the locality and with the distances of carriage on ore and coal. For instance, M. de Wendel raises ore at Hayange (Moselle) which costs him 3s. 8d. per ton, and he mixes it with Nassau ore, which is worth 1*l.* 3s. At Creusot the coal does not probably stand at a higher price than 7s., while certain forges of the Haut-Rhin pay 1*l.* 10s. for it. The only statement offered to the committee of the cost of coal-made pig was put in by M. Pinard, of Marquise, near Boulogne; his figures are as follows:

Ore—3 tons, at 8s. . . . .	£1 4 0
Labour . . . . .	0 8 0
General expenses . . . . .	0 16 0
Coal—2½ tons, at 19s. . . . .	2 7 6
	<hr/>
Cost of 1 ton of pig . . . . .	£4 15 6

The real figure is probably somewhere about 4*l.* 8s.

Before the recent commercial treaties with England and Belgium the duties on the importation of foreign iron into France were—on pig, 1*l.* 18s. 5d. per ton; and on wrought iron, from 4*l.* 10s. to 6*l.* 14s. 3d., according to the class. For some years the customs returns had indicated the introduction of only imperceptible quantities of wrought iron, and showed that the importation of pig was steadily diminishing. The sale of foreign pig was, indeed, almost entirely limited to the north-western and Channel coast districts; in the interior it was scarcely used at all, excepting to give softness and liquidity to certain hard French pigs, with which it was mixed. The first cause of this diminution was

the constant increase of the French make, combined with a corresponding reduction of price; but another important motive was the rapid augmentation which has occurred in the importation of Belgian ore, which has latterly been supplied at low rates to the iron works in the north of France, so enabling them to produce pig cheaper than with their own mineral. While the annual deliveries of foreign pig fell from 100,000 to 60,000 tons in the three years ending 1858, the importation of Belgian ore rose from 58,000 tons in 1857 to 118,000 tons in 1859.

This was the state of the case when the new treaty came into force on the 1st October, 1860. The duties applied under it are 1*l.* on pig, and 2*l.* 16*s.* on wrought iron of all kinds, the only distinction of class being for very thin sheets or very heavy plates, which latter pay 3*l.* 16*s.* The present tariff presents, therefore, about half the former rates.

During the first six months of 1860, under the old law, France paid duty on 13,677 tons of foreign pig and on 173 tons of wrought iron; while during the same period of 1861, with the new tariff in force, the quantities which passed the custom-houses amounted to 44,574 tons of pig (of which 38,477 tons came from Great Britain) and 727 tons of wrought iron: it appears, therefore, that each category has more than tripled under the influence of the reduced duties. The returns of previous years had already shown that there is a wide practical difference in the disposition to import the two categories of iron, for while pig comes in in comparatively large quantities, wrought iron appears to be scarcely imported at all; the figures of 1861 bring out this fact more clearly still. The distinction, as will presently be seen, is not so absolute as it looks at first sight, but still it really exists to a marked degree; it proceeds from the circumstance that the French want pig, especially for mixing, and that they do not want bar for home consumption, their own production sufficing for their interior wants of the latter; it does not arise in any way from an excess of duty on bar comparatively with pig; on the contrary, the present difference of duty between the two is only 1*l.* 16*s.*, while the French iron masters calculate the difference of the cost of manufacture of pig and bar at an average of 4*l.* If the importation depended on the amount of the duty alone, it is obvious that, admitting 4*l.* to be the real French margin between the two, bar could now be brought in proportionately more advantageously than pig.

The fact is that both the duties are prohibitive. Taking Scotch pig at 2*l.* 15*s.* at Glasgow, it costs in Paris, after adding 1*l.* 12*s.* for carriage and 1*l.* for duty, 5*l.* 7*s.* per ton, while French coal pig can be got for 4*l.* 12*s.* Bar iron, which costs 5*l.* 15*s.* in Wales, costs 1*l.* 8*s.* for carriage, and 2*l.* 16*s.* for duty, making the price in Paris 9*l.* 19*s.*, while the retail price of coal bar there is about 9*l.* 5*s.* It is therefore evident that England cannot sell either class of iron in the interior of France under the new tariff, and that if the importation of pig goes on it is because it is really wanted. The pig brought in is almost all Scotch, and of the cheapest quality, the high-priced English pigs finding no demand at all.

There are, however, circumstances behind the curtain which put a different face on to this question of importation.

An imperial decree of October 17, 1857, authorised the temporary introduction into France, without duty, of pig and wrought iron, steel, and copper, destined to be manufactured into engines, ships, or iron construc-

tions of any kind, and to be re-exported within six months, the importer proving that he really requires the materials for orders under execution.

Under this decree any French iron ship or engine builder is therefore able to supply himself with iron from England or Belgium far under the prices in France, and bring it in duty free, engaging himself by a special bond, called an *acquit à caution*, to export the object manufactured with it, or, failing such exportation within six months, to pay the duty. The advantage thus accorded to the French machine and iron bridge makers is so great that the amount of such articles sold abroad doubled in eighteen months after the promulgation of the decree. This was its first consequence; it has had a second one, which particularly affects the conditions of the general importation of foreign iron.

There are in France several large engine builders who buy all the iron they use, and who therefore profit largely by this arrangement, which enables them to purchase it economically abroad. But there are many others who are iron masters as well as engine builders, and who use their own iron exclusively for all the machines, bridges, and other work which they deliver. The latter, of course, found themselves at once beaten by the former for all foreign orders, in consequence of the difference thus produced in the first cost of the iron used by each. To compensate this they invented the expedient of creating in their own favour a drawback on the exportation of their iron by selling to others the right which they possessed under the decree of importing, duty free, a weight of metal exactly equal to that of the manufactured objects which they were about to make for exportation with their own French iron. Three or four active brokers, who perceived the importance of this new traffic, constituted themselves intermediates between the manufacturers who had French iron goods to export and the dealers who had foreign iron to bring in. They bought from the former the right of importing, so producing a premium on the article exported, and they sold it to the latter at a price which, after deducting the broker's profit, has averaged for the last three years about 1*l.* 10*s.* per ton under the real duty.

To make the case quite clear, take the example of a French firm tendering for a Spanish railway bridge: the price would be about 20*l.* a ton for delivery at the frontier or in a port, but as, at the present value of drawback warrants, the exporter would sell the right of importing an equal weight for 1*l.* 10*s.* a ton, he is able to tender at 18*l.* 10*s.*, so coming down to the price of his rivals, who manufacture the same bridge with foreign iron brought in for the purpose duty free. The difference between this 1*l.* 10*s.* and the duty of 2*l.* 16*s.* represents the value of the carriage paid by the houses who use foreign iron; the prices of the iron material used come out therefore equal in both cases. The broker who buys the right of importation at 1*l.* 10*s.* sells it to a dealer for 1*l.* 12*s.*, and all that the parties have to do is to take care that the exportation takes place within six months after the importation. These figures are not absolutely exact, as will presently be observed; they are only intended to be illustrative.

The trade in these warrants is now regularly established; it offers at this moment the means of importing pig iron at about 5*s.*, and wrought iron at from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 5*s.* per ton below the duty. It is openly carried on under the eyes of the government, and wrought iron may be said to

be exclusively brought into France by this system; for on an article for which the demand is comparatively so small, no dealer can afford to pay the full duty, while his competitors confine themselves to the use of warrants.

While, however, it enables importers to bring in wrought iron at a duty of from 1*l.* 12*s.* to 1*l.* 16*s.*, instead of the tariff rate of 2*l.* 16*s.*, it has the double inconvenience of limiting the effective importation to a weight which cannot exceed that of French iron exported (the quantity which only passes in transit not constituting any addition to the consumption), thereby restricting the sales of English and Belgian iron to a proportion which cannot exceed that of the foreign sales of the French iron masters; and also of presenting sudden fluctuations of rate, the price of the power to import varying with the more or less momentary activity of the exports of French iron and of the demand for warrants. In the months of June, July, and August the price always rises, because at that period the introduction of Swedish iron takes place, and creates a temporary addition to the wants of the dealers.

On the other hand, it has the merit of enabling Welsh bar to be delivered in the French Channel ports at about 8*l.* 5*s.*, so leaving a profit to the importer against the French price of 9*l.* 5*s.* This advantage continues to exist almost all round the coast, from Dieppe to Bayonne, and it also presents itself, though in a less degree because of the higher freights, in the Mediterranean ports. North of Dieppe the Belgians get in cheaper than the English, from the shortness of their carriage. No absolute line can be fixed on the inland limit of the sale of English wrought iron; but it is doubtful whether any important deliveries can ever be made as far in as Paris, the additional transport increasing the price with the distance travelled, while the cost of carriage on French iron diminishes in inverse proportion with the greater proximity to the centres of manufacture.

The practical consequences of the system of importations under acquits à caution have been that, during the first six months of 1860, the total importation of pig was 43,433 tons, of which, as has previously been said, only 13,677 tons paid duty; while the importation of wrought iron was 9958 tons, of which only 173 tons paid: the difference in each case was either really re-exported, or served to counterbalance a corresponding exportation of French iron. There are no means of distinguishing between the two. For the first half of 1861 (under the new tariff), the figures are 70,527 tons of pig, of which 44,574 paid duty, and 17,467 tons of wrought iron, of which only 727 tons paid. Therefore, according to the results of the first six months of this year, nearly half the pig and virtually the whole of the wrought iron brought into France from other countries come in under this system of drawback, and exactly compensate an equal amount of exportation of French manufactured articles. The augmentation from year to year of the difference between the total quantities imported and those on which duty is really paid, affords the surest test of the rate of progress of the foreign trade of France in metallic constructions.

It follows from the preceding statements that the great effect of the new tariff, and probably its only effect beyond a temporary stimulation of the importation of pig, will be to create a maximum price for French

iron, which, of course, quality for quality, and allowing for the relative distances of carriage, cannot rise higher than that at which foreign iron can be imported.

The production of pig in France being now (1859)	. 856,151 tons
And its importation (calculated on the rate of 1861).	. 141,034 „
<hr/>	
It follows that the whole annual consumption reaches	. 997,205 „
<hr/>	
The production of wrought iron is	. 520,099 tons
And its importation is at the rate of	. 34,934 „
<hr/>	
The annual consumption is therefore	. 555,033 „

The two items together form a total of 1,552,238 tons; the quantity exported, though not indicated in the customs returns, ought to be exactly equal to that imported under acquits à caution, which, as results from the figures given above, is, for this year, at the rate of 51,906 tons of pig, and 33,480 tons of wrought iron, giving a total of 85,386 tons. Deducting this figure from the whole quantity employed, it follows that the annual interior consumption of France is now at the rate of 1,466,652 tons. Now England produces, or rather did produce before the present crisis in the trade, about four millions of tons per annum, of which 1,500,000 tons were exported, leaving 2,500,000 tons for the needs of the country. The whole real consumption of France does not, therefore, quite equal the weight exported by Great Britain, and it amounts to only three-fifths of the home wants of the latter. As the present proportion of population between the two countries is roughly as 6 to 5, it follows that the consumption per head in England is very nearly double that of France.

The manufacturing and constructing parts of the iron-trade are carried on in France with great success and perfection. The more difficult classes of wrought iron are made with singular cheapness as compared with England: plates, for instance, sell in Wales and at Newcastle at from 8*l.* to 9*l.* per ton up to 4 cwt. each, while in France they cost about 12*l.*; but this difference disappears with augmentation of size and weight, and at 8 cwt. per plate the cost is nearly the same on both sides of the water, the French having scarcely any additions of price for extra sizes, as is the custom in England. The same conditions apply with equal force to angle and T iron, of which the heavier sizes are actually cheaper in France than in England; indeed, many of the sections now currently rolled in France are not known in this country, where they are considered too difficult: such are, for instance, the double I bars, 2 feet high and 16 feet long, made at Châtillon for 20*l.* a ton. So far from hesitating before the difficulty of manufacture of these special types, French engineers are always seeking to create new ones, in order to suppress riveting and hand labour by single pieces rolled complete to the size and shape wanted.

The reasons of this advanced state of all rolled work are, first, that the French forges certainly possess, on the whole, better and more powerful machinery than the English—their rolls and fly-wheels are particularly large; that they are always on the watch for new inventions and new means of production, feeling that with the high price of their raw

material their prospect of success against foreign competition lies in the economies which they can introduce into their manufacture, properly so called; and, lastly, that their labour is cheaper than in England or Belgium. The latter point is a very important one. The English workman is paid more than the Frenchman, and though he is more of a machine than the other, and will spend his whole life in making the same object, so attaining great dexterity and producing work at the lowest cost, while the Frenchman requires change, and aspires after promotion, still, the intelligence and quickness of the latter, added to the real economy of pay, gives a decided money advantage to France. Even as compared with the Belgians, whose wages are lower still, the French bring out their work cheaper. The *Compagnie Générale des Matériels de Chemins de Fer*, which has establishments at Paris and Brussels, finds that the same work costs less in France than in Belgium notwithstanding the difference of the price of labour.

The same economy of manufacture is found in engines, locomotives, bridges, and other metallic constructions. With iron always dearer than in England or Belgium—for even allowing for the advantages of the system of temporary free admission, there is always the extra carriage to pay—the French makers can produce many sorts of work at nearly the same average prices as the English, and indeed on certain products can almost beat them. By far the greater part of the bridges, station-roofs, and locomotives which have been supplied to the railways of Europe during the last six years have been made in France; rails alone continue to be taken from England. This fact is partly explainable by the circumstance that the majority of the railways recently got up in continental Europe have been promoted by Frenchmen, with French capital, and with French engineers, who have naturally given their orders in preference to their own country, but it has arisen also from the indisputable manufacturing talent and rapid progress of the French makers. Rails, which are almost raw iron, cost at this moment about 2*l.* 10*s.* less in England than in France, but directly the metal is converted into a construction of any kind, the difference of first price begins to disappear; the greater the labour employed, the more the raw material is worked, the quicker do the French pull up their disadvantage at starting, and without exaggerating the advance which they have effected during the last ten years so much as to say that they can yet generally compete with England for railway plant or metallic constructions, it may be said with certainty that they are already almost able to hold their own, and that in a few years more they will probably become serious rivals to the English makers. This is rendered more likely still by the astonishingly low rates at which the Germans are now taking orders for locomotives and bridges; they have been twenty per cent. under both English and French for several recent contracts, and in their own defence the latter will do their best to still further bring down their prices. In the manufacture of spinning and weaving machinery, however, the French are still backward and dear.

The French forge work, also, is very far advanced. The engineers of their navy, who have opportunities of comparing the heavy forgings of the two countries, declare positively that they are ahead of England in machinery, workmanship, and economy.

Iron work for railway carriages, which is a growing branch of the trade, is produced in the Ardennes, where special works have been put up to make it, at prices which now average 26s. per cwt. all round, which, for such light pieces as the French use, is under the English rates, notwithstanding the extra cost of iron.

The production of steel has risen most rapidly. In 1826, the total make amounted to 4757 tons; in 1852, the latest date to which official quantities are published, it reached 13,746 tons, of which 3938 tons were forge steel, and 9808 tons cemented steel. Since 1852 the production has again immensely increased: M. Petin, of Rive de Gier, told the tariff committee that he alone now makes 6000 tons of steel a year, and that he estimates the present annual yield of France at 50,000 tons. The latter figure seems high, but M. Petin's opinion has great weight, and it is confirmed by the numerous new applications for which steel has been used in France during the last four or five years. Not only is it employed for tires, axles, cylinders, and other heavy parts of machinery, but M. Petin is now manufacturing railway wheels entirely of cast steel, and in one piece.

The mean wholesale prices of forge steel have fallen, since 1847, from 33*l.* 7s. 6d. per ton to 28*l.*; cemented and cast steel remaining nearly unchanged, the former at about 24*l.*, and the latter at about 60*l.*

Not only has the production of steel increased in the large proportions indicated, but it is now manufactured almost exclusively with French iron, less than 5 per cent. of the whole being made with Swedish iron. The ore which gives the French steel comes from Corsica, the Pyrenees, the Dauphiné, Perigord and Savoy; much of it produces natural steel. All of it is smelted with charcoal.

The quality of the French steel is good: it is even alleged that their steel plates for covering ships of war perfectly resisted cannon-balls during the experiments made on them at Vincennes, while English plates brought over to test against them broke in the trial. But, notwithstanding the excellence of the quality, some of the Paris cutlers still continue to use Sheffield steel for fine work: the importations of the latter is now at the rate of 2650 tons per annum, of which about five-sixths come in under drawback. The new tariff has increased this importation by a fifth, the duty on bar steel being reduced from 14*l.* 8s. to 6*l.*

Of the minor branches of the iron-trade some progress but slowly; while others have attained considerable development during the last few years. The make of iron wire is estimated at 40,000 tons per annum: such of it as is manufactured with charcoal iron is of the very best quality, as, indeed, it needs to be to withstand the tests to which it is subjected by the administration of the telegraphs, who are its largest consumers. The production of tin plate (*fer-blanc*) is 10,000 tons against 70,000 tons in England: in this item the French are a long way behind. In the manufacture of pins and needles, also, France is not at all advanced; here their great competitors are not the English, but the Germans; the importation amounts to 750,000,000 needles per annum, of which only one-fifth come from England, and four-fifths from Germany.

The tendency to employ iron for new applications is very marked.

The use of double **I** girders for house floorings has not only become universal in Paris during the last six or seven years, but is spreading in the provinces in every direction. In Paris alone the consumption of iron, for building purposes, rose from 9995 tons of wrought iron and 9105 tons of castings in 1859, to 18,153 tons of wrought iron and 12,289 tons of castings in 1860.

These various details of the recent progress of the trade are remarkably instructive; they show how the innate intelligence and aptitude of the French have enabled them not only to create a totally new industry, but to carry it almost to perfection in forty years, in the face of all sorts of difficulties. With a raw material which, when coal is included, costs them far more than it does their neighbours, they have managed, by skill and good administration, to convert it into manufactured articles, at prices which nearly regain the difference of first cost. This economy of handling is a better protection for them than all the duties imposed on foreign importations; and though, in order to prevent the destruction of the trade, the latter will long be necessary on pig and on the simpler forms of bar iron, which, from the price of coal and the long distances of carriage, the French can scarcely hope to ever produce as cheaply as in England, it is probable that before long they will be in a position to sell the higher classes of wrought iron, and also machinery, without any fiscal protection at all, especially if allowance is made for the exactness and admirable finish of their work.

With the tariff, as it now stands, England can scarcely sell at all in France, and if hereafter, by a further reduction of duties, the introduction of foreign iron should become possible on a large scale (to permit which it must be supposed that French prices do not continue to fall), it will rather be the Belgians than the English who will get command of the market. Their prices are generally rather dearer than those of England, excepting for difficult forms, which, as in France, they produce with scarcely any augmentations of rate, and the quality of their metal is inferior, but they have the immense advantage of being able to execute the smallest orders immediately by railway, and of working to French weights, measures, and money, while the English, on the contrary, can only deliver in complete cargoes and roll to their own scales, which do not correspond with those of France.

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## COURT OF PRUSSIA.\*

M. DE STERNBERG constitutes, with Prince Pückler Muskau and Countess Hahn-Hahn, a class apart in German literature. The success of certain of his novels has given him celebrity, all of them bearing the internal evidence of aristocratic feelings and a perfume of the ancient régime. In the presence of the democratic literature that is daily gaining the ascendancy in Germany, as in our own country, M. de Sternberg belongs almost to bygone ages. As a Russian gentleman, involved in the intricacies of German literature, he naturally sought for a home in the world of salons, and it is to this circumstance that we are indebted for his "Souvenirs," which have led many to regret that, where there was so much art, there was not also more discretion. But such was never the author's forte. When reproached with not belonging to the times he lived in, his only reply would be some new epigrammatic literary success; and, as to the world of the salons, he never considered it as a world of privacy in any shape whatsoever.

Yet M. de Sternberg, although described by some, from their aristocratic antipathies, as belonging to a past order of things, himself repudiated the works of Goethe and Schiller as worn-out topics. Author, man of the world, and a man of fashion, he took more delight in the author of "Semilasso" and of "The Letters of a Dead Man." Prince Pückler Muskau, in his quality of "grand seigneur," takes, indeed, the first place in these Memoirs. The glory of the prince ranks side by side with that of the "Pelham" of Bulwer. His was the great epoch of Dandyism. Casanova and Byron turned all heads. The "beau" D'Orsay had succeeded to Beau Brummel. M. de Sternberg belonged to the same school. "My business and my art are to live," said Montaigne. Prince Pückler Muskau took up the theory in its most serious aspect, and to show that he knew how to live, he had mistresses that he posted up, horses that he ran, and duels that attracted attention even in London and Paris. Travel usually forms the heart and the mind. Prince Pückler Muskau wandered about the world in the character of a worn-out sceptical and mocking spirit, indifferent to everything, travelling for mere travelling's sake. Hence his affected horror of anything that appears to be a preconceived plan, his careless and pretentious style, and his sublime contempt for all the great interests of life, which he only touches, as it were, with the tips of his lips, and with that air of satiety with which an over-fed man crumbles a biscuit on the tablecloth; but all this does not prevent him coquetting with liberal ideas, at the very time that it is manifest that he does not believe in them, and that he frequently avers that the greatest epochs in history are those when despotism and slavery were triumphant. A cunning, blasé, used-up epicurean, he only loved the world so far as it contributed to his pleasures, and he is himself only worth the times that he lived in. After having sacrificed all social position in England, he

\* *Erinnerungsblätter von A. von Sternberg.* Six vols. Leipzig: 1859. Le<sup>s</sup> Salons de Vienne et de Berlin. Par l'Auteur "Des Hommes du Jour." Paris: 1861.

imbibed extravagant notions of travel, taking care, at the same time, to confine himself within limits where comforts could attend upon him, and he ascended the Nile, having on board a whole battery of cuisine and the contents of a perfumer's shop. Shawls and kaftans appear also to have played their part in this Orientalism in action. The prince obtained introductions to Muhammad Ali, whom he designated as an African Napoleon, and he filled several volumes with his amusing personalities; but as the East had, in the matter of women, nothing but poor old Lady Esther Stanhope upon whom to let off his epigrams, he soon found himself deprived of the customary outlet for his satire, and was glad to get back to Europe, bringing with him, as a result of his adventurous voyage, a new receipt for boiling rice. He is also said to have brought back with him a beautiful Ethiopian slave, who, after having languished in sorrow, fell a victim to the severity of the Berlin climate. Deprived of this last resource, and not having even the government of his estates to apply himself to, for he had sold these, reserving to himself solely the title, the illustrious pilgrim carried his ennui from town to town. He was to be seen at Berlin, at Hanover, at Paris, one moment here, another there. At Berlin he was not received at court. King Frederick William liked to play first fiddle at home. With the Princess of Prussia he was, on the other hand, a great favourite. With all his foibles, Prince Pückler is acknowledged to have had great taste in sketching and in landscape gardening. His amateur travelling had enriched this natural taste, and his greatest ambition was to combine the Italian with the Dutch styles, and to wed England to France; to soften off, as it were, the pompous and architectural style of the classical Lenôtre, who put nature into courtier-trim, into the picturesque beauties advocated by Pope and Addison, or the wild and romantic upheld by Rousseau. Unfortunately, his fancies were too costly; he would turn the beds of rivers, dig valleys where before he had raised hills, and turn up whole parks from top to bottom. The petty sovereigns, and still more so the petty dukes of Germany, held him in great horror. The old King of Hanover, Ernest Augustus, especially could not hear of his arrival in his estates without trembling. The mania for modifying perspectives, opening the horizon, and veiling obtrusive objects, was the most extravagant of all manias. Not only statues and kiosks, but whole groves and woods had to change places to suit his frivolous fancy. He is said to have been the originator of the changes brought about in the Bois de Boulogne, but this is not attested. It is certain that many of the princely residences in Germany are indebted to him for improvements, or, at all events, alterations, and notoriously Babelsberg, which belonged at that time to the Princess of Prussia. The prince took infinite pleasure in marrying the beech to the false acacia, and the solemn cypress to the trembling aspen; and the prince, on his side, to whom life offered nothing but what was monotonous, discovered a new source of satirical enjoyment in rendering even nature artificial.

Frederick William IV. was celebrating at that epoch the fine days of his reign, and consoled himself in the society of learned men, poets, and artists, for the concessions wrested from him by the spirit of the times—concessions that were doubly painful and cruel to him, as no monarch was ever more jealous of the rights of the crown. It can easily be imagined how much it must have cost this descendant of the old Bur-

graves of Nuremberg to have placed between himself and his people that bit of parchment yeleft the Charter, and which, after all, is much less mischievous than it is so often represented to be, for it is to be found in times of trouble, and if individuals pass it over, it remains: "scripta manent." As he had a right magnanimous heart, his dream was to reign like a prince of the middle ages, and to dispense the treasures of his wisdom and justice as suited his convenience. He might even have made up his mind to grant a constitution, but it must have been at his own convenience, and after it had been slowly and silently drawn up in the language of traditional poetry and past mysticism. In the mean time, it was taken from him by force. He thought and willed as a king, but the age was practical and positive. Times moving and kings dreaming did not keep pace together. A crisis came in 1848, and if the divorce was got over, the susceptibilities have been legacied to his successor—witness the excitement anent the Huldegard.

At the period we are now speaking of nothing irreparable had taken place; there might be difficulties, but they were of trifling import, and of a character that were easily soothed by poetry and the fine arts. Frederick William IV. did not create the romantic movement; it originated in the awakening of the national spirit against France by the wars of the Empire; but he appropriated to himself all that remained of it like a refined epicure. Old Tieck, when he read "Phantasus" and "Zerbino" at Charlottenburg, or the "Chat Botté" at the theatre of Potsdam, could fancy himself restored to the days of his early youth. Another literary delectation of this "roi bel esprit" was to have the "Antigone" of Sophocles and Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" played with the music of Mendelssohn. Strange to say, these harmless tastes, which appear to us so innocuous, and which would have earned applause for any ordinary prince, were only received by the public with mockery and contempt. The opposition made them the ground of reproach to the illustrious Mæcenas, that he isolated himself from the nation even in his pleasures. That such an archaism was not well timed might perhaps be admitted, and it cannot but be felt that it would have been nobler to have seen a prince of such high intelligence gathering the great poets and philosophers of the day around him, and impressing them with a generous sympathy for national interests, as was once done at the little court of Weimar; but Charles Augustuses are rare in history, and every one has not a Goethe and a Schiller in his states. Certain it is, that on this occasion, as on many others, a great injustice was done to this king, who was possessed of elevated instincts and noble manners, and it ought, at all events, to be remembered that, if he could have done better, he could also have done worse, and there was nothing to prevent his corrupting the morals and manners of a whole nation, by importing the vaudevilles of the Gymnase and of the Palais Royal.

M. de Sternberg favours us with an amusing description of a court festival, at which he first met King Frederick William. This was about 1848. The nobility had gathered together from the provinces *in focchi*; Cornelius, allowing himself for a moment to be withdrawn from his religious compositions, had embellished the festival with heroic acts, borrowed from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and painted in a dramatic

style, with infinite grace, in which a slight mannerism and affectation was, however, easily detected. All the poets, all the musicians, as likewise all the ministers and diplomatists, were there; for with Frederick William, Meyerbeer and Cornelius, Rauch and Tieck, came first; Eichorn and Stolberg, Uzedom and Gerlach, followed. "I felt, amidst all this crowding and confusion," M. de Sternberg relates, "curiosity and interest for only one person; the others affected me but slightly. Suddenly a way opened in this dense crowd from one end of the apartment to the other, and a man advanced, dressed as a black domino, by the passage thus opened, a glass to his eye, and bowing to the right and left as he advanced. This was the king, the only person that was clothed in sombre hues in all that variegated crowd. As I happened to come in a line with his eyeglass, he stepped up to me, and spoke to me of my last work in the most amiable manner, and without any of those common-places which princes usually consider themselves obliged to utter when expected to compliment. I cannot say much for the king's physiognomy; the impression was not very favourable if we consider grace of manner and beauty of features solely, but the seduction of the serenity, mildness, and extreme benevolence of the expression, was irresistible."

Nor ought a marked expression of intelligence to be omitted from among the characteristic signs of this royal personage. He should have been seen after dinner, his coffee-cup in his hand, going familiarly from one to another, and talking of all things with a spirit, piquancy, and felicity of expression that would have made the fortune of the editors of *Kladderadatsch*. Old Tieck seldom said much on these occasions; he would listen or nudge his neighbour with a malicious smile that seemed to say: "I too—I have been witty in my time, and so much so that I have left it all the more difficult for others to follow." His great occupation was what he called his "Readings." He excelled in this kind of exercise, and people at one epoch crowded to Dresden from all parts of Germany to hear the chefs-d'œuvres of Shakspeare and of Calderon, and to pass the Greek theatre in review, for he did not merely read, he explained, commented, and criticised, and his lectures were courses of literary history. At Berlin, the king, a just appreciator of peculiar talent, reserved Tieck for quiet evenings and family parties. Lectures under such circumstances were very delightful, but, as like everything else, they did not harmonise with the feverish spirit of agitation that reigned without—only a few chosen spirits were invited to enjoy them. The king, seated at a table, would amuse himself in sketching architectural devices. Tieck would read, the ladies embroidered or did crochet work; as to the men, their enjoyment was moderate, and if two or three held good against Morpheus, others yielded softly to his charms, and only woke up to glance at the timepiece, and wonder if it was not near supper-time.

Musical evenings would rally the profane vulgar and arouse joyous animation: there were Jenny Lind and Schrœder-Devrient, or Meyerbeer accompanying on the piano that unfortunate Countess Rossi who was destined so soon to succumb before the theatrical triumphs, of which she pursued even the echo in the salons.

Among the number of those intimates who never failed to be at family as well as at public receptions, was the aged Prince de Wittgenstein, a

courtier of the old school, and last example of a species now extinct. Cold, imperturbable without, full of gall and hatred within, he knew how to utter such impertinent things to persons that it made honour fall from their mouths like a bad tooth. When the late king wished to embarrass himself of an importunate person, he usually handed him over to the prince, who would execute him with the hand of a master. High in consideration and of great influence with the old court, Prince de Wittgenstein was the man most dreaded at the new. He knew no end of scandalous secrets and anecdotes, and diplomatists disputed among themselves for the honour of a hand at whist with him, always promising that they had made up their mind to lose. Hence arose scenes of the most comical nature. Short in stature, with a wrinkled parchment face, the prince appeared to be always trying to hide his malignant expression beneath an assumed air of candour and good nature. During the last reign his influence was paramount. It was he who prevented Goethe coming to Berlin, by intimating to the person who had undertaken the negotiation, "Leave it alone, I am quite certain that the *master* will not deem his company desirable." And perhaps he was in this respect in the right, knowing as he did the character and tastes of Frederick William, who, in the matter of authors and poets, never appreciated any one so much as Auguste Lafontaine, whose novels M. de Humboldt, like another Aristotle, used to read to him on his travels.

Nevertheless, Prince de Wittgenstein enjoyed a certain popularity at Berlin. His house in the Behrenstrasse was known to all, and when his carriage, turning the corner, stopped at the gateway lit up by two lanterns, a group of boys used to station themselves there to welcome him, saying, "The old fox has been dining at the palace."

The most imposing personage among the members of the royal family was the Prince of Prussia—the present king—but the palm for amiability was always given to Prince Augustus. Although at that epoch advanced in years, the prince's hair was still dark, and his eyes shone with all the brilliancy of youth. If the *Almanach de Gotha* had not told the fact, no one would have recognised in him any of the characteristic features of the House of Prussia. He was more like a French general of the time of the Empire—same independence, same roughness, and same cavalier manners. Prince Augustus had long enjoyed the friendship of Madame de Staël, and had resided with her at Coppet. He was brother to the romantic Louis Ferdinand, whom we have before met in the salons of Rahel and of Madame de Récamier—both, indeed, great favourites of all the great ladies of the day—an heroic couple well known in the country of Cythera, where they achieved many conquests and some victories: "poetic Dioscuræ, the foggy firmament of La Marche," as they have been designated.

The days of trial were approaching, and whilst the king was still occupied with fine arts and the middle ages, Berlin, anxious and gloomy, was growing bolder and bolder in its disquiet, innovating spirit. Two fatal events came, as it were, one upon the other to prepare the royal family for a catastrophe. Princess William died, and her son, Prince Waldemar, followed her shortly afterwards to the tomb. He had been a strange young man this Prince Waldemar. Pale, taciturn, almost gloomy, he had the aspect of an anchorite. The very opposite of his

cousins, he had no turn for military matters. For him, parades and manœuvres, the all and everything with Prussian princes, had no charms. It was an incomprehensible thing that a grand-nephew of old Fritz should prefer solitary and melancholy walks in the Thiergarten to prancing in the rear of a line of artillery, or galloping by the side of a squadron of horse. As a relief, he took himself off to India, and this journey, of which he has published a well-known and interesting narrative, cost him his life—or rather, as many said, he seemed by his manners never to have thoroughly belonged to this world, and to have been destined to be taken from it at an early age.

It is related that Queen Christina of Sweden, in order to while away the ennui of long court evenings, used to amuse herself by assigning flowers to the shields of her nobility, marking out a lily to one, a thistle to another, a rose to a favourite, and a briar to an enemy, which was, at all events, a much less reprehensible pastime than what she afterwards devoted to the person of the unfortunate Monaldeschi. The history of Prince Waldemar involuntarily reminds one of these lilies and roses. He was in the royal shield of the House of Prussia a flower lost amongst lions, eagles, and swords. If Prussia had her Bayard in Louis Ferdinand, she had also her Hamlet in this pale and dreamy prince. His father, Prince William, the king's uncle, also perished a few years later; he was a good, worthy, excellent man, very intelligent and very quiet, who never gave pain to a single person, and whom no one ever sought to annoy or injure. Prince Waldemar had as a brother Prince Adalbert, now a general, of a totally different character, healthy, robust, and lively; and as a sister the present Queen of Bavaria, who, not married at the time we are speaking of, was one of the most resplendent stars of the court.

How many among those who are still living may now be ranked among the red spectres that did not see the light till the revolution of 1848, and among the white spectres that put on the armour of resistance under the *Gazette de la Croix*? "You love Germany," said, quite recently, one of our friends to a man of the new administration. "Well, be assured that Prussia is strong, and has nothing to fear from any one, not even from parties." The statement has in it nothing that is exaggerated. On the one hand, the new monarch is quite liberal enough; his mind is sufficiently open to "ideas of progress" not to allow of his being dismayed by compromising manifestations, whilst, on the other hand, he is far too sincerely the friend of order, and he esteems far too highly the importance of the rights that have been entrusted to him, to ever place himself in the power of a party, which he is intimately acquainted with of old. "What is the Prince of Prussia?" a person once asked, in our presence, of the same individual alluded to above. "The Prince of Prussia," was the reply, "is a Prussian." And so simple an answer embodied the chief points in his character.

The present king has all the appearance of a true sovereign: tall, robust, with a noble and open brow, he has loyalty in every feature and movement. It is needless to dwell upon the military turn of his aspect; in the monarchy of Frederick the Great, in a state which has made itself what it is by the sword, every prince wears a uniform almost as soon as he is born, and even if an individual, as has been more than

once the case, has no real taste for the profession of arms, family traditions insist upon his at least carrying out the pretensions for such. But the present King of Prussia has all the qualities of a soldier, and with him it is a real vocation that inspires the attitude. Even a Franco-Swedish alliance would have no terrors with one who could cement German unity with one hand, and pluck an English alliance with the other.

This noble military figure is at the same time characterised by much courtesy and amenity—charming gifts, for which the prince is indebted to his illustrious mother, Queen Louise. It is very fine, no doubt, to be a brave soldier and to look it, but to be a king it requires more. The military character of the present king has been much exaggerated at the expense of his political abilities. With a quick intelligence, open to conviction, and honest at the same time, the present king belongs to that class of men upon whom no teaching is lost. He has had his bad days as well as another distinguished potentate, and his times of error and trouble, to which, unfortunately for the principles which they represent, the legitimate heirs of royal races are as subject as other men, and if we revive here an allusion to the emigration into England in 1848, and the precipitate abandonment of his native soil at the crisis of a revolutionary movement, it is not to bring up a fault long ago forgotten, but to show how he could make even an error profitable to the future guarantees of Germany. The atmosphere of a free country is not always breathed with impunity. Emigrating to England by the advice of the blindest of all partisans, the brother of Frederick William IV. completed there his constitutional education, and it was the same residence that, no doubt, at a later epoch, brought about that alliance between the young son of the prince and the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, of which Prussia has a right to show herself so proud.

We might mention another circumstance which helped with this enforced residence in England to expel the spirit of coterie from the mind of the Prince of Prussia. The violent debates that arose upon the subject of the federal constitution, of which the majority of the Assembly of Frankfort demanded the reform, must be fresh in the minds of all. The Assembly expressed the views of the majority in Germany, and nothing was wanting but that the policy of Prussia should have adapted itself to the crisis; but, despite of all efforts, the policy of the day failed. The Prince of Prussia, who had openly declared in favour of reform, was seriously annoyed at this failure, and he from that epoch turned his back on the party of the "Cross." He could not, however, openly oppose the government of his brother—that would not have been consistent with his loyalty—so he confined himself to the military government of the provinces on the Rhine, till the war in the East came once more to place parties in opposition to one another. The differences that arose between the king and the Prince of Prussia were ably and actively turned to the advantage of Russia, which, seconded by the party of the "Cross," brought about the dismissal of General de Bonin, minister of war. Anywhere else but in the bosom of a family so deeply united, such an incident would have entailed unpleasant consequences. The inviolable friendship which those two noble hearts had vowed to one another from childhood resisted this trial, as it had done many before; and if the Prince

of Prussia was for a moment about to withdraw from public affairs, the king was prepared to anticipate him by naming him superior general of infantry—a dignity equivalent to that of field-marshal—which it is not customary in Prussia to grant to princes of the royal blood.

This tender and pious affection of two illustrious brothers, which no untoward events could sever, serves also to explain the painful trials which the prince had to undergo when, his brother being still living, he had, as Prince Regent, to take the reins of government in hand. To continue as such the policy of Frederick William, which he had so openly disavowed and opposed, could scarcely be consistent with his dignity as a man. On the other hand, the honesty of his conscience reproached him with the idea of bringing to the government of a great country principles which he knew to be opposed to those of the reigning king. What would Frederick William IV. think of his conduct? What would his beloved brother have said of the changes brought about, should it have happened that his mind had awakened from the stupor into which it was plunged? The news of these changes might also be conveyed to the ears of the afflicted king under the most malevolent aspects. Mere scrupulousness, some will say. Well, let it be so. We will admit the scruples, since they are becoming so rare, that it is high time to give some credit to such things, even among those who are called upon to govern men. Besides, such motives and such impulses only belong to elevated minds, and can in no way compromise the firmness, which is one of the most remarkable qualities of the present king, as well as of the party by whom he is surrounded.

The rare beauty of the present Queen of Prussia has been much spoken of, her high intelligence, her varied and solid instruction, her passionate taste for science, letters, and arts, have been the theme of universal admiration. All these advantages are not fictitious in her. M. de Humboldt, who was a good judge, would have said that merit in this instance exceeded praise; but a further superiority, which has not been remarked upon in this amiable person, is the strength of her character, her good sense united to a quick imagination, an implacable will, with supreme art in regulating it, moderating it, and even, if necessary, disguising it. Few do so much at the same time that they appear to do so little. The law of always living apart from public affairs, which she had imposed upon herself, had its origin in other feelings besides the love of study and the pleasures of an intimate circle of society. Unpleasantness at the court of her brother-in-law there could not be for her, but her presence might have excited such. There are disappointments, associated with the existence of some people, that nothing can console them for, and which would finish by souring the heart of an angel. The wife of Frederick William IV., Queen Elizabeth, having had no children, could only see in the Princess of Prussia the happy mother of the heir to the throne. Beauty, intelligence, and youth, may be easily forgiven; but there are gifts of Providence that the noblest and purest spirit forgets itself in envying, even in a sister. So far from seeking to court favour by the advantages of her position, the Princess of Prussia, on the contrary, sought, as it were, to excuse herself from even the responsibilities; she, indeed, seldom dwelt at Berlin, but mainly at Coblenz and in the Grand-Duchy of Baden, where her virtues, her benevolence, and her exquisite tact, earned her an exceeding popularity. How many in her place would have only seen in



the occupation of the Grand-Duchy by the Prussian troops an occasion for coming forward and domineering? The Princess of Prussia understood her duty in quite a different manner, and it was by dint of persevering good taste, by kindnesses to the one, and graceful attentions to another, that she succeeded in making the temporary authority of her husband accepted by a country only recently conquered from the revolutionary bands, but in which it was desirable at once not to irritate the public mind or the sovereign family, to which support was given.

In spite of her rare instincts as an artist, the Queen of Prussia was born for the active field of politics. If we find in her the blood of that Charles Augustus who was the friend of Goethe, we must admit that she is, at the same time, the worthy daughter of her mother, the Dowager Grand-Duchess of Saxe Weimar, eldest sister of the Emperor Nicholas. Maria Paulowna was, indeed, the soul of the court, and of all that charming country which owes so much to her under the last reign. Schiller intoned hymns to her glory, and Goethe, whose inspiration cared not to lash the proudest, felt nothing but respect in her presence. So much goodness, mildness, and sympathy under so noble a physiognomy and so much apparent coldness, can scarcely be imagined. The Queen of Prussia exercises, as her mother did, at once a moral and intellectual ascendancy, from which her enemies have never been able to withdraw themselves at Baden any more than at Berlin.

The constitutional rise of Prussia has been laborious, uncertain, sometimes retrograde, but it is only all the more instructive on account of these very circumstances, and let us hope it will only be all the more vivacious. The Germans have been reproached with being too speculative, at one moment abstracted, at another violent; with being better pleased with the vague independence of systems than with the practical liberty of institutions; it was even against these presumed national tendencies that King William struggled with all his energies in his best days, and he perhaps went to an excess in only admitting as liberties those which he designated as "historical consequences," and rejecting the rest as dangerous theories. However that may be, the resistance was loyally obstinate without being absolute: it combated without destroying; it restrained the impulse without breaking it, or without destroying the spring. Hence a comparatively easy and rapid progress for a new ruler; hence the more noble the mission to be accomplished by the enlightened prince who has received the crown in his keeping, the affirming the constitution by leaving to it complete action and the rallying of minds by the movement of the Legislative Chambers themselves, and by the just influence which is assured by this movement to patriotism, to talent, and to political aptitude.

The old king said many years ago upon one of those solemn occasions that preceded intestine disturbances, that Prussia, strong in its compact territory and its fifteen millions of souls—Prussia, agricultural and warlike, had for the future an important part to play in Europe, and that it would never abandon that position. It must be admitted that that part may attain the highest elevation in the moral and political scale, by the free and happy action of the social guarantees of which Prussia already possesses the framework and the form. Minds are prepared for such: the first experiment has been made, the inconveniences are known and signalled, the advantages well understood and appreciated.

The doctrines of M. Ancillon would no longer find a single accredited echo in Prussia: all the opinions that are admitted determine for a monarchy acting by the Chambers and with the Chambers. It is to this dominant disposition that the wise and firm language of the Regent was mainly addressed before he assumed the responsibilities of constitutional monarchy. The result will put a memorable experiment in evidence. The penetrating and tenacious spirit, which is also one of the attributes of the German race, will, ultimately, carry the day without an obstacle over the spirit of illusion and reverie. Prussia is, on that very account, better prepared for the introduction of new practices than any other country in Germany, the men answer to the circumstances, and the most noble pledges for the future bring aid to the present. Prussia, under such auspices, appears to be destined to give two great examples to the world—the free action of liberal institutions in a monarchy, and the intelligent and real practice of those institutions, as at once upholding the stability of the throne, and ensuring the prosperity, while they maintain the dignity, of the country.

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## A FEUILLE VOLANTE

### APROPOS OF SOME TASTES OF THE DAY.

STRAWS tell us the way of the wind, and every-day trifles are a fair gauge of popular taste. As the septum of an ammonite's shell, or the splintered bone of a fossil skeleton, tell the geologist or naturalist; class, order, and period, so its art, its literature, and its decorations, from the form of its public buildings to the mere burden of its street ballads, show the tastes of a bygone generation to the student or historian. Those household meubles turned up afresh the other day at Pompeii speak with living voices; the soul of the dead Greeks exists as plainly in the peristyle of the Parthenon as in the pages of Æschylus and Thucydides; the courts of Versailles, a miniature by Mignard, a *cafetière* that has belonged to the Du Barry, brings the Age Doré back again upon the scene, with its point ruffles and powdered locks, its costly magnificence and brilliant genius, its *bonbonnières* jewelled with diamonds, and its *racaille* brooding over the nucleus of that storm destined to burst a century afterwards over the Place de la Révolution, as clearly as the pages of Montespan Sévigné, Saint-Simon, and De Richelieu.

Sometimes I wonder what future generations will say about the taste of *our* day when, centuries hence, some dilettante inspects one of our *tableaux de genre* with a reverential "Hush! it is very old! Look at the date—as far back as 1861!" or some antiquarian, bent on learning all he can of the social customs of the time for his great work, the History of the Nineteenth Century, takes from the accumulated dust of ages some novel illustrated by Phiz, and written in the far-off reign of Victoria Guelph? I wonder! An age, perhaps, cannot judge of itself much better than a man can judge of the sound of his own voice; he

knows how its tone strikes on his own tympanum, but he can hardly tell how it may strike on the tympana of others. With the rush of its crowd, the roar of its eddies, the whirr of its wheels within wheels in our ears, with the fight of factions, the flambeau glare of contemporary fame, the party-sifflage of personal spite seething around to warp our judgment or to bribe our praise, looking now through Claude glasses, now through burnt ones, believing all the while that we use but our own eyesight, it must be difficult for any man to estimate entirely how his own age will appear in the eyes of future ages. Its true verdict will be given by those who stand at a distance and give judgment dispassionately; you must go for the plan of a battle to those who look on from a height; a soldier in the thick of the *mêlée* knows little beyond his own quarter of the science or issue of the fight.

Still, straws tell the way of the wind; and from things of the day one can give an accurate gauge of the taste of the day; and glancing at the bias of taste in ours, I am afraid that those future dilettanti and bibliopoli will agree—and not unmeritedly so, either—that it was—vulgar! Vulgarity is an unflattering verdict; a discreditable; possibly, considering it is among the pet prides of the time to look upon and vaunt ourselves as super-raffinés and hypercritical, it may be thought a startling and impertinent one. But is it possible to disprove it? I think not. The general bias of the day is, more or less, low, the general taste of the day meretricious; and most of those who should lead and elevate popular taste, unhappily only succumb to the clap-trap and go with the tide, doing little to improve and raise it.

If we look to the general taste in dramatic literature, what is the favourite it has selected for a patronage almost unparalleled in histrionic annals? A sensation drama, "The Colleen Bawn," whose scenes are laid among an Irish peasantry, and whose interest turns on the excitement of represented assassination. Tested by literary merit, has it anything to account for its success? To merit *such* success, it needed the brilliance of "The Rivals" or "The Critics," the power and pathos of "Marion Delorme" or "Le Roi s'Amuse," the divine genius of a second "Othello," a new "King Lear." It has no such claim, yet we know that the Adelphi piece has *drawn* as none of those would do. Wherein lies the key to its success? In its melodramatic element, in the thrill of horror it sends through the nerves of its spectators, in its gratification of that same low thirst for excitement which gathers crowds round Robert's house in Northumberland-street, and makes any account of M. de Vidil received with such bloodhound gusto? It pleases the palate of the majority better to have their nerves strung to concert pitch by the loathsome terror of well-imitated murder, than to enjoy mere intellectual gratification from the corruscations of wit and the utterances of genius. In no age, either, save in one vulgar at the core, however refined and irreproachable in speech and profession, would the recent exhibition at the Crystal Palace have had so much countenance and fascination. An acrobat's tours de force advance no purpose, display no genius, answer no aim. Their sole attraction lies in the hazard attendant on them, and in either the sickening sense of impending danger to the poor wight who has spent a lifetime in attaining a useless perfection in a purposeless art, or in a low taste for a silly diversion that ought not to have a moment's attraction for any person of the smallest intellect or cultivation. Does the

marked favour such entertainments have received speak well for the refinement of the age?

The spirit-rapping superstitions, which find credence and support in an era of intellectual culture and scientific discovery that *should* shame such follies back into the darkness of those times of ignorance and credulity whence, in Dr. Dee's and Kelly's crystals, they first took their undoubted, though their unacknowledged, birth;—the red-brick and composite pretensions of the suburban "villas," where retired traders build their stucco domiciles and glory in their misnomers, christening the centre number in a terrace of fifty houses all joined together, and all similar to one another as any row of lettuces, "Sebastopol Villa," or "Cicero Lodge;"—the flaming covers of the "cheap editions" of standard works, in which (the genius of great authors being, I presume, thought insufficient to attract the public unaided) the publishers think it necessary to herald our chefs d'œuvre of romance with a gorgeous lithograph of Riccabocca, with his red umbrella; or Solomon Eagle, with his blazing brazier; or Rebecca leaping from the battlements in a scarlet turban, watched by the Templar with crimson face and savage guise;—the Cockney travels published by young fellows who scamper over Europe or Egypt for ten days, visit the most sacred shrines of history or antiquity only to turn a clumsy jest upon them, call the Parthenon or the Pyramids a "rum lot," or a "queer sort of old boy," imitate Carlyle's angularities, Dickens's idiosyncrasies, or Landor's spelling, as though, through such imitations, the mantle of their genius will fall on them! and mix efforts at humour with fine writing and bad grammar, till the English language is not recognisable;—the existence of that prevalent type of fast young ladies with slangy language and loud voices, thick Balmorals and pork-pie hats, pretentious stable-talk, and boastful, strong-minded independence, who fancy men are most attracted by a parody on, and imitation of, themselves, and utterly neglect to learn any of that refinement, delicacy, and intellectuality, without which the society of their sex can have no lasting charm or lasting influence,—what are all these but indices of the taste of the day? What do they all show, but that that taste is, au fond, vulgar?

Unhappily, too, literature, having first imbibed the same taste, now fosters it. The more lively writers are vulgar in a jocose strain, treat of the passion of love in a semi-comic, semi-maudlin style, representing it merely in its silliest phases, such as only pass in real life between overgrown schoolboys and tittering pensionnaires; and travesty the most graceful, the most heroic, or the most pathetic story from the classics, to supply themselves with a strained Grimaldian joke: while the graver ones, with their newly invented clap-trap of muscular Christianity (which would seem to be a peculiar mélange of corporeal "sinews" and spiritual "convictions," invented expressly for those young gentlemen who, having animal spirits, but deeming to give vent to them may be sinful, talk ethics walking down to a boat-race, and draw a profound moral from the pewter when it is won), are but vulgar in a more oppressive style through the religious stucco with which they plaster and overload their stories that they may attract the public eye. The vulgarity is almost worse when it assumes the guise of simplicity and utility, cloaking itself as it daily does under great aims or great reforms, in public writings and public speeches, than when it flares out undisguisedly in money-making barbarities, similar to that which is now felling the sacred trees of Hol-

land Park, which all the memories of great men gone have failed to sanctify sufficiently to their nation, for that nation to stretch out its hand to protect them from desecration and invasion. In either it is bad enough; in either it takes its rise from the same mainspring, the lust of money-making, coûte que coûte, that lust which is daily threatening more and more to reign paramount in England.

There is a vulgar taste visible under all the varnish and hypercriticism of the day, visible in everything, great and small, more or less, from the labourer's wife who scorns to be neat, and loves to be fine, wearing dirty artificial flowers in a dirty bonnet, on a still dirtier head, and dresses her children on a Sunday, little tawdry mountebanks, who, if they haven't had any meat for a week, will be sure to rejoice in a draggled feather in their hats, to those authors, who, like the lady that wrote "Adam Bede," proclaim—and with pride in the proclamation, too, as though it were something highly praiseworthy—that no head of Raphael's can give her the pleasure that the contemplation of some Dutch picture affords her, by the representation of an old woman, ugly and homely, washing carrots in a tub. There *may* be minds to whom such a kitchen-interior gives more pleasure than the Transfiguration, the St. Michael, the Rospigliosi Aurora—there may be: carrots are abundant and genius is rare, and many have eaten the one who cannot know anything at all of the other. There may be such minds, to whom the alehouses, and saucepans, and batterie de cuisine of the Dutch painters give far greater pleasure than the melancholy beauty of Sassoferrato's Virgin, or the divine glories of Raphael, or Michael Angelo—peut-être! People are strangely constituted, and I *have* known some who thought a comet so unimportant and uninteresting a trifle that they did not care to stir off their sofas to look at our nameless wanderer of this July. The carrots and the sofas will always be preferable to the Raphael and the comet with some minds, and while the preference is only confined to a few writers, or a few individuals, whatever we may think of their taste, it matters but little; but when the taint of that taste threatens to spread more widely, it becomes a plague-spot.

Vulgarised taste is nowhere more visible than in the yearly exhibitions of the Royal Academy. "Man has lost his dignity, but Art has saved it," writes Schiller in his "Æsthetic Education." It is a true saying of true Art: Art has saved for men much that otherwise would have been lost to them for ever; saved all that is nobler, more divine, more pure; it has spoken to them in sweeter, holier voices, that without it would have been drowned in the rush of rapid material life, and it has preserved through turbulent, semi-barbaric, and sensuous ages, all that has ever made men their greatest and their best. In bygone days, if taste was outraged by iconoclasts, she took refuge in the studio of the sculptor and the artist; what would become of her if the ateliers of our day were her sole refuge now? To judge by what issues from them, she would fare very barrenly indeed.

Setting aside all discussion of the amount of talent displayed by the myriad artists whose names fill the catalogues of the year, glance at their general type and stamp: 311, "Dinner-time;" 312, "Baby's Awake;" 314, "A Dinner Party;" 315, "Writing to Mother;" 208, "Preparing for Dinner;" 136, "The Blot—'That boy did it, sir,'" 251, "Toothache;" 356, "Live Lobsters." Those are a few taken hap-

hazard out of last year's list of the subjects of the pictures exhibited in '61. The preponderance (after portraits) of these the commonest sort of tableaux de genre, proves one of two things—either that the taste of the artists has deteriorated to produce, or the taste of the public to prefer them. If art were not at a low ebb, and popular taste vulgarised, we should not be inundated with them as we are. Over and over again are the same dull and tawdry common-places repeated, with nothing to elevate, instruct, or refine in their yards of canvas and their sea of paint. The most uninteresting phases of the commonest life, children taking nasty medicines, ugly babies in every nursery-stage, partings or meetings, semi-lachrymose, semi-comic, where part of the group suck oranges, and the other part sob farewells,—these are the staple goods, the stock-in-trade that make the generality of the popular pictures of the day. Yet this is styled *Art*. God help us! Had no nobler and better art ever dawned upon the canvas to have made great names immortal, and taught us what art could be in the hands of its great masters and reverent apostles, anch'io son pittore, would be a sorry subject for self-congratulation. The men who have been great would never have been so had no nobler ideals thronged their brain, no worthier works occupied their hours—some tastes of the day make one think oddly of George Morland's preference for "the post-boy, the pawnbroker, and the pugilist" to all higher company, all better conversation! But it is easy to imitate; it requires study, reverence, and thought to create. It is facile work to reproduce the every-day common-places and comicalities of a third-class carriage, a fractious schoolboy, a raging toothache; it needs earnest study, unwearied application, unusual genius to produce a work of art at all worthy of the name, and so artists content themselves with mediocrity, and less than mediocrity, and the same dreary comicalities and domesticities are fallen back upon and reproduced, and will be so, as long as public taste does not emancipate itself from the leading-strings of journalist-reviewers, and correct itself, and them.

The third-class carriage interiors of life superabound in literature as in art. Mr. Dickens first started the peculiar and just now popular theory (surely as complete an opticism as ever the reverse one to it can be) that hard hands, the minimum of brains, and total ignorance of grammar are sufficient vouchers for a man's moral character being lovable, noble, and praiseworthy, while white hands, cultured brains, and correct English are considered equally damnatory to their owner, who gets verdict of "villain thrice accursed" without any other witness against him. The theory has been exaggerated by Dickens's imitators, as all styles by their imitators invariably are, and without his humour and his genius, while the lead has been followed with a comical seriousness by what are called the healthy writers of the day, who ignore every class save the one they take under their wing, and allow no virtue or good feeling to the higher classes while ascribing every virtue and good feeling to the lower. There is a curious sameness in all the novels of the day: the heroes of them are invariably coal-merchants, mill-owners, tanners, or mechanics, as exclusively as ever the heroes of the Minerva-press romances were dukes, marquises, earls, and princes in disguise. Invention is strained to produce for them names of an impossible, plebeian, and monosyllabic ugliness, unknown in the lists of any procurable church register; and we know these inevitable gentlemen by a family likeness of "rugged brows," "strong angular limbs," and "horny brown hands, marked with deep

lines like oak fibres," as well as ever the Villiers were known by their beauty, and the Derwentwaters by their horse-shoe frown. It is a singular idiosyncrasy of the fiction of the day, that it loves to describe, to dwell upon, and to adore common life exclusively; it will have no men but self-made men, no education but self-education, and the style in which good society is described, and good blood venomously attacked, would suggest that the authors possibly know little of the one, and have vainly toadied the other. There is a strained-up holding of the one pet class throughout them all, an exaggerated colouring given to factory girls with evangelical principles, youthful tan-yard boys, and interesting wheelwrights, professors of "muscular Christianity," that give as unreal a tint to the working classes as ever the footlights and pastoral crooks, hats, and ribbons, give to the shepherds and shepherdesses of the stage. The writers of this prevalent school prate of their selected class as though all the worth of the English nation were concentrated there, and there alone; they take credit to themselves for certain vulgarities of taste, which might be better weeded out, instead of boasted of; and they bring in characters of a higher rank only if they need shades for their picture and foils for their pet portraits; it is a singular feature of the tastes of the day that such a school exists, still more singular that it should be paramount. Are there no classes of real social life worth representation save these? Is uncouthness of manner a necessary attendant on nobility of character? Are hard brown hands an infallible voucher that their owners have done no dirty work with them, gathered up no ill-begotten money? Are there no such things as pecculations, chicanery, over-reachings, short reckonings, dishonesties, known among this favourite class? In the world we find only too much, I fear; seeing that frauds, adulterations, trade tricks, and all other trifles of the sort, take their rise and being from among them! Each class may well have its representative in literature as in legislature; but no class should have the monopoly of representation. This adoring and exalting of the lower classes is one of the clap-traps of the day—a clap-trap to which an author resorts if he wants to curry favour with the public, whose hobby it just now is, and to pace tranquilly through his couple of editions unassaulted, allowed to come out of quarantine with a patronising bulletin of "safe and healthy" from reviewers.

A century back, in the time of honeyed dedications, Latin odes to some English Mæænas, and weary waitings in lordly ante-chambers, for the helping hand into literary success which only the lordly purse and patronage could give, the aristocracy were worshipped too exclusively; in literature, in our day, the democracy and plutocracy receive the worship, to the full as fulsomely and to the full as exaggeratedly. If a sentimental scene in a novel be told of as in a miner's or a weaver's cottage, it is voted "tender, true, unspeakably touching;" the same scene, related as having taken place between two characters described as of good birth and station, it would be quoted with the query after it, "Does this writer fancy the blue blood of which he is so fond must needs run so much more warmly and tenderly than other people's?"

This inseparability of the vulgar and the virtuous is an odd mania: like all manias it will have its run, and then die. Meantime, a preference for the Gerard Dow and Teniers cuisines is as marked in literature as in art, and it is permissible to sentimentalise over an iron

saucepan, but forbidden over a silver heirloom. Heroes of the workshop, the tan-yard, and the carpenter's shed are dilated upon and exalted in the peculiar fashion of the day by both the authors who write their fictitious biographies and the critics who review them, as though no other classes were worthy of eulogy, no work praiseworthy, but their manual labour, no toil but their corporeal one worth thanks. It is certainly a curious opticisim, prejudice, or ignorance, whichever it be, in face of the head-work, relentless and unwearied, the toil voluntarily accepted and cheerfully gone through, the lives surrendered to the service of the nation by men like the man's whom we have lately lost—he who, highly born, highly bred, grand seigneur by birth, by wealth, by taste, by manners, with the blood of "Sydney's sister, Penbrooke's mother," in his veins, has yet died of "over-work"—work voluntarily assumed, and but too earnestly and zealously done, in whose harness he has laid down his life, long ere its due close, on the battle-field of public strife, as Philip Sydney before him laid down his on the plains of Zutphen. We will hope that the petty, envious, snarling, silly sneers that one meets with so constantly against his Order, full of small malice and illogical venom, in the current literature of the day, will be silent for a little while over the grave of Sydney Herbert.

The tastes of the day are sadly deteriorated, and it were time that the taint of the plague were removed before it spreads into a national pestilence. Writers now write to suit the clap-trap of the hour, that their copies may sell and find favour with librarian censors; artists throw off superficial pictures that will "take" with superficial purchasers. All are contented to do as much as will "pay well," *sequitur*, none do their best; and under such a régime genius falls to the ground, and is displaced by love of gain, medium talent, and pandering to popular cant, as the avenues of Holland Park fall under the building mania, and are displaced by composite and cement. In an age when the standard for all things is high, men unconsciously grow upwards to it; in an age when it is medium or low, they as unconsciously grow down. It has been said, "when I have been reading Homer all men look like giants;" in such a sense the taste dominant in any age should be Homeresque, so that men imbibing it might be elevated by it, and, "looking on the great, grow great themselves." Wherever mediocrity is permitted to pass off as the *best*, there, will nothing better than mediocrity be found.

The tastes of the day are unworthy of us; if uncorrected they may go a step farther, and—disgrace us. Such a bias is only too apt to increase, for a downward progress is always easier than an upward, and what is elevated will never be generally popular; what is coarse will be but too often so. His people would have rebelled if Antiochus Epiphanes had imparted to them lessons of increased humanity or examples worthy imitating; but they imbibed almost instantly the foreign taste for the brutality of the gladiators' arena.

If art, literature, good taste, everything that elevates and improves a nation, is to be sacrificed, as it threatens to be, to the love of gain, and the expedient flattering of popular prejudices, one must ask, with Sydney Smith, "If everything is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? Why don't you cut her up into small pieces at once, and make portable soup of her?" The individual outrage, he suggests, would surely not be worse than the national holocaust!



## THE FEDERAL CITY OF WASHINGTON.

BY J. G. KOHL.

IN the selection of the capitals of their states, the Americans have generally been guided by two considerations, the first of a political, the second of a geographical nature. They desired before all to keep the legislative assemblies, governors, and officials, who were resident at these towns, free from the influences of party, and especially of the turbulent mob ever found in large cities, and hence they never selected the most populous town as the seat of government. At the same time they sought, as far as possible, to hit the geographical centre of the state territory. Hence, a district where these two requirements were satisfied, was frequently staked out in the middle of a forest or prairie, and then the necessary buildings were erected for the legislature—first barns, then houses, and finally palaces.

The same views prevailed at the close of the last century, when a political centre for the entire Confederation was sought. Hitherto, President and Congress had resided at various cities, for a while at Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, at Philadelphia, and so on. There was an unwillingness to give preference to any of the larger cities, and hence the states of Maryland and Virginia were induced to surrender a district of about ten square miles, and in 1793 the building of the new city was commenced on an elevation in the centre of this territory on the mouth of the Potomac. The locality appeared suitable, because it was near the centre of the Confederation. It was nearly the mid-point of the Atlantic coast-range from Maine to Florida, which then formed the great portion of the Union, as the latter did not yet contain the Far West, Mexico, or Texas. At the same time it lay on the border-line between the Free and Slave States, but unfortunately on the territory of the latter. The influence of the Southern States and statesmen, which had hitherto dominated in the Union, may have been the reason that Washington was established on slave territory. The Southern Confederation, consequently, at this moment regards the state and its district as belonging to its section, and should it conquer the city it would be only regaining its own.

The federal capital necessarily bears the character of all the other seats of government in the country, which resemble straggling villages set down in the midst of a pleasant landscape, though some here and there have assumed urban elements. Washington extends along the water-side for more than five miles, and covers nearly as much ground as London, with its population of two and a half millions. But only fifty thousand souls are scattered over this wide field, and hence we can imagine what an unfinished aspect it offers. The streets are miles in length and superfluously broad, and in the suburbs small cottages stand at wide intervals. Only in the centre is there a more compact body, and the whole resembles a frame of Berlin wool work, in which the fair embroideress has made spasmodic attempts at a commencement. The Americans, who, in ordinary life, have given their large towns a popular sobriquet, are hence accustomed, in joke, to call Washington "the city of magnificent distances." The plan for the city was designed as if intended for a second

Rome, but the expectations have been woefully deceived during the past seventy years' growth of the city. There is no state in the world which possesses proportionately so small, scantily populated, and shabby a capital as the American Union.

In accordance with the system of counterpoises affected in the constitution, Washington contains two principal centres, Congress House and the President's Mansion, better known as the "White House." Each is situated on an elevation, and from each as a centre radiate large streets, here called "avenues." Such an arrangement gives the public squares and blocks of houses a very unpleasant-looking shape, for, wherever the main arteries are intersected by other streets, irregular triangles are formed, which are difficult to make use of, and offer an ugly aspect.

The avenues have received their names from the States of the Union: one is "New York Avenue," another "Ohio Avenue," and so on. One of these, Pennsylvania Avenue, connects the House of Congress and the White House in a straight line, and is hence one of the principal arteries of circulation in the city. It was for a long time the only paved street in Washington, and, indeed, the majority of the streets are still without that useful article. During rainy weather, consequently, the city is a swamp, and in the dry season constantly full of dust clouds. Along Pennsylvania Avenue are the principal shops, and hence it is the favourite, almost sole promenade, of the fair sex. The public processions march along this avenue, and it is to a certain extent the *Via Sacra* of this American New Rome. The President, after being installed at the Capitol, also drives triumphantly along Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. As this road runs from one hill to the top of another, with the Capitol and the White House in the distance, it might have become a splendid street had the other public buildings been erected along its line. But that is not the case; on the contrary, the different large governmental buildings have, I know not for what reason, been scattered over distant parts of the city. Concealed among clumps of small private houses, with which they do not harmonise, their splendour is thrown away, while, had they been arranged along the above avenue, they would have formed a magnificent colonnade, and produced a very imposing effect.

The Capitol, the gathering-place of the two Houses of Congress, is built on the highest point in the city at the edge of a plateau, that gradually slopes away to the water's edge. Pleasant gardens adorn the slopes, and you walk through flower-beds and playing fountains to the palace. Ten years ago this Capitol was regarded as one of the most magnificent edifices in the world, and was commenced in 1815, after the destruction of the old confined building by the English. It consisted then of two richly decorated wings, the main building being adorned with a large rotunda and dome. Even at that period the building had the respectable length of 352 feet, but it was found much too small for the requirements of the rapidly growing republic, and in 1851 two fresh wings were begun, each 240 feet in length, and a splendid new dome substituted for the former one. The old building is of carved stone, and the new wings of marble, the whole being in the most florid Corinthian style. The American Capitol thus offers a striking contrast to the English Houses of Parliament, which have remained true to the Gothic,

but the Americans do not care for traditional and historic Germanism. They wished to place themselves on a level with the Greeks and Romans, and leap over mediævalism to bring back the golden age. I believe that there are more Corinthian and Ionic pillars in America than ever were in Greece. Hence, the name of "Capitol" and the title of "Senate" were taken from Rome, and they wished even to have a Tiber in Washington. A little muddy stream, which in winter bears a little water along the base of the Capitol, but in summer is hardly liquid enough for geese, is, consequently, called "Tiber creek."

One of the new wings contains the Senate Hall, the other that of the Representatives, and a number of rooms remain over for the archives and library of Congress, and a meeting hall, open to the general public, in the Rotunda. The innumerable rooms glisten with gold and gay colours, and all sorts of well-intended pictures—portraits of Washington, scenes from American history, as well as frescoes, meant to glorify agriculture, navigation, trade, and other social avocations, which cover the walls. What American sculptors have effected for the decoration of the Capitol is scarce worth æsthetic criticism, although the ethnographer who investigates the character of a nation can find abundant employment and satisfaction in the study of these marble abortions of American fancy. I cannot here give a detailed description of these marvels, but will allude to a few. Among other things, I was specially struck by the way in which "Commerce" was personified. It was not after the Greek fashion, in the idealised manner of a lightly soaring Mercury, for that would have been too far fetched for the Americans. They desired their artists to dig into the strata of human life. Hence, in order to reproduce an image of Commerce, the sculptor took a New York book-keeper, and seated him under the portico of the Capitol, with inkstand, pen, desk, and stool, all carved in marble, and around him bales and bags of money, bearing the trade mark of the house, just as they may be seen in the port. Even on the money-bags the astonishing number of dollars each contains is carefully carved, and the marble tradesman among them wears a coat and necktie in the New York fashion, and has the thoroughly Yankee features of Mr. Thompson or Smith. Very naturally particular attention has been paid to the portrayal of the steam-engines, machines, and tools. The Americans admire these things greatly, and go into ecstasies about their truth and fidelity to life. An entire cargo of such statues arrived from Rome, where a celebrated and highly-honoured American artist invented and carved them. It is astonishing that this gentleman forgot so little in the home of art, and estimated his countrymen so correctly, in spite of the Italian air he inhaled.

These productions are quite new, and when I saw them were hardly unpacked. But the statues patched on to the old building are in no better style, and among them is one of Columbus, which may defy the most tasteless specimen of art in the world. The figure of this hero is produced in an advancing position: he appears to be in a hurry, and chasing like a busy Boston broker. The world he circumnavigated, and discovered to be round, he holds in his hand, like an orange lie is offering for sale. He reminded me of a skittle-player preparing to floor all ten pins at a throw, and this was probably the leading idea of the American creator of the work. In the gardens round the Capitol there are various art prop-

ductions, in a similar style; for instance, a statue of Washington, by Greenough. The good general is nearly as nude as the Jupiter Capitolinus, and sits on a chair among the flowers and shrubs, utterly without rhyme or reason, for a seated statue can only be thought of in connexion with a temple or other building.

A few equestrian and foot statues—fortunately but a few—may be noticed in the open squares of the city, and are all in the style of the above described book-keeper. Such, for instance, are, at the White House, the statue of Jefferson and an equestrian statue of Jackson, in Lafayette-square. In both we have Yankees most faithfully copied from the life, and the features are no more idealised than in a photograph. Daguerreotyping life is the highest point American sculptors strive after: they cling to reality because they do not possess the genius to idealise. This statue of Jackson is highly praised by the Americans, because the horse, though at a gallop, balances itself on its two hind legs, without any further support. This artistic effect is said to be produced by a cleverly-calculated arrangement of the heavy metal in the hollow body of the statue, but the American has a practised hand in everything connected with weighing and measuring.

This is displayed in other edifices besides the Capitol: the proportions of the majority are not only grand but pleasing to the eye. I hardly think there is a building in all London to be compared for design and site with the Post-office, the "City Hall," or the "Patent Office." All these are magnificent palaces of marble, which may seek their equal through the world, but unfortunately they form no ensemble.

The public localities and offices given up to the clerks in these palaces are of a nature to make a European reflect on what he has seen in his own country. They form a most favourable contrast with similar localities in England, France, or Austria. Any one who has had occasion to take a peep at the crowded offices of a French or Austrian police bureau, or the ante-chambers of a Russian governor of a province, will have discovered there a class of suffering humanity that deserves his compassion. This class of hungry, shabbily-dressed officials, overheaped with work and cares, does not exist in America, though, on the other hand, the employés in that country are only sure of remaining in the service for four years. They have no prospect of pensions, medals, and gradual promotion: but the office is not converted into a torture-room during their period of service. They have not only a sufficient salary, but spacious, cheerful apartments in which to carry on their several duties.

The democratic principle, which obtains in this country in everything, has naturally regulated these matters after its own fashion. Hence the scale of salaries in the United States does not reach so thick a point at one extreme, nor so thin a one at the other, as is the case among ourselves. What a fearfully long ladder it is in Germany from the chief of a department down to the lowest and most poorly paid clerk! What a short leap it is in America from the 5000 or 6000 dollars of a secretary of state to the salary of a man who only understands writing and arithmetic, and yet cannot be procured under 1000 or 1500 dollars a year! The same parallel exists in the fitting up of the public rooms and offices; the minister whom you visit to talk over the affairs of the world you find

in a cabinet containing everything that is necessary, but little more ; and if you walk through the rooms of his vice-secretaries and subordinates, you find the lowest of these with his comfortable easy-chair and everything he needs.

In Washington, more than any other city of the United States, you have an opportunity to observe and study this peculiar official world. Not only do the principal officials, the supreme judges, and the highest military authorities, with their respective appendices, live here the greater part of the year, but a multitude of place-hunters are constantly present in Washington. That seeking after office should have grown to such a head in our old Europe, where all other paths are crowded, is easy to comprehend ; but that young America should begin so early to suffer from such an evil, I did not find very easy to understand at the first glance. All roads to advancement are still so broad in this country, all the objects of private ambition so accessible and valuable, that we might suppose it would be difficult for the state to obtain the necessary strength and hands to work its machinery. Even the independent feeling of the Americans, who so unwillingly put on the yoke of another, and among whom " Help yourself " has become proverbial, ought, we should think, to have rendered them averse from public service.

Nor can ambition or desire for renown be a great incentive, for the popular spirit in America regards the officials in such wise that very little honour can be acquired in the service of the state. The American officials, from the President downwards, are not externally distinguished by a purple hem on the toga, by orders, brilliant uniforms, and sentries, which could flatter vanity, but, moreover, enjoy remarkably little respect in the hearts of the people. They are not requited by praise and love, like the violet, for their modest and unpretending appearance. The captain of a passenger steamer, the landlord of a large hotel, the director of a bank or railway, the head of a high-standing New York house, the owner of a New England factory, or the founder of a Western colony,—such are the men to whom the public of the great republic willingly show respect, and before whom they scatter incense. These boasted " self-made men," they flatter in a frequently exaggerated and even repulsive way. When, on the other hand, you hear how people talk of these public-salaried officials—including the President and the supreme judges—you must fancy that they are all animated by a sovereign contempt of them. They seem to have a passion for dragging their state officers and public characters through the dust. They speak of them as a master does of his servant, and even a criminal steps into the presence of the magistrate with a most arrogant and insulting air. (By the way, this is another of the resemblances that have been discovered between Russia and America. The emperor speaks of his officials in an openly contemptuous manner, just like the mob-king here.) Nor do American citizens obtain any distinction or honour for having once held a high office, as was the case with the Roman ex-consuls, who always retained an honorary seat in the Senate. When their time has expired, or they no longer please a higher party, they are most suddenly deprived of their office, and thrown overboard from the state vessel into the sea of private affairs, where they either sink or swim onward, if they understand the " Help-yourself " system.

Even the fact of a man having once been president brings him no honour, and no one has a laurel wreath for him.

Hence, I repeat, it cannot be love of renown and ambition which causes people to become place-hunters in this country, where no laurels grow; nor can the want of employment and the desire for it act, in my opinion, as a very powerful incentive. To receive a salary for a few years, and then be thrown on one's own resources, without a pension, would not appear to a European as peculiarly desirable; and the acceptance of a moderately paid office, assured for only a short period, seems, on the contrary, a very unpleasant interruption of those private affairs which pay so well in America.

It is curious that, in spite of all this, there should be hundreds and thousands in America who, at every presidential election, and the distribution of loaves and fishes connected with it, should rush forward as candidates, to flatter the sovereign people, or force their way into the ante-chambers of the dispensers of office, and who set in motion everything—the interference of their friends, the intrigues of their wives, entreaties and threats—to gain a paltry situation. This disease—from which the whole of a young country is already suffering so extensively—must hence find its explanation in other American conditions. It may partially emanate from the struggle of the political parties for the supremacy. If one party has gained the victory over the other in a presidential election, it naturally strives to keep the power in its hands, and can naturally only do so by occupying the public posts which secure this power. The party thrusts its own people forward to take hold of the state rudder, and hence many of the candidates who flock in can only be regarded as the representatives of their party, which forces them to give up their profitable private employment, and accept an unproductive public appointment.

Many men may also take into account the favour and opportunities offered them by public life for their further career. If American offices produce but little honour and a moderate salary, they give power, and very extensive power in some instances. For American democracy has this again in common with Russian autocracy, that it provides its officials with "too limited instructions"—to borrow De Tocqueville's remark. American magistrates and officials have, in fact, such lax instructions, and such unlimited power, that it is nearly akin to pure autocratic despotism. This power is, to a certain extent, only a capital fund lent for a period, but good interest may be procured from it. A man can gain all sorts of advantages from it, and not merely for the period of holding office; he can acquire friends and connexions, who may personally help him on in his legal career, or his banking business, or whatever other profession he selects.

Lastly, the pay is an inducement to the American: some thousand dollars a year, if only for four years, are, the Yaukce thinks, a "job," which may be picked up on the wayside. He even estimates it higher than we Europeans do, who wish to provide for the future; for the American does not trouble himself about his prospects. He greedily grasps at the office which keeps him going; for the moment at least, and which he can employ in many ways to promote his various schemes. In many men, then, it is not a liking for indolence, a longing for employment, or a feeling of the need of a support—though this has

recently greatly increased—but rather their activity, their want of fixity, and inclination for change, which drive them to place-hunting. They wish to be sent, at the public expense, as postmasters to a remote district—perhaps a gold-field in California—or as consuls at Hakodadi, in Japan, or at the Sandwich Islands, for they can look about them there, and go ahead.

It is remarkable how rapidly the Americans feel themselves at home in the posts which fall to their share in the “division of plunder.” The presidents of the Union, although not at all educated by princely tutors, or instructed in the laws of etiquette by court chamberlains—several of them grew up in the backwoods—assumed a princely dignity when they entered the White House, and behaved with a caution and formality that left little to be desired. The passionate journalists, the noisy stump-orators, who formerly displayed all the qualities of turbulent tribunes of the people, felt, when appointed to an office at Washington, which was the sole object of their exertions, a seriousness, a respect, and a clever decision, as if converted by the magician’s wand from Red Ultras into the strictest Conservatives. It is a universal feature of Americans to feel at home in all positions of life; and this feature they have attained through their adventurous course from their earliest youth. Before they reach the age to accept any important office, they have been engaged in so many professions and ways of earning a livelihood, that the new one does not present any difficulty. Through these constant changes they certainly do not obtain in any branch a thorough knowledge, but they have a certain general smattering and business routine which is fitted for anything, even for office.

I knew in Washington a native of Ohio, who had been a lawyer in some hole-and-corner town of his state. He had done such eminent service during the election of a president, that the latter was compelled to reward him with a valuable office. He therefore made him secretary of Indian affairs. When we take into consideration that some thirty or forty Indian tribes, or remnants of tribes, are scattered over the States, that their circumstances vary greatly, that their interests are closely connected with those of the White men in the West, and that the forty tribes speak the same number of different languages, we can imagine that the duties and difficulties of a “Great Father of the Red men” cannot be slight. He has continually to receive deputations and embassies from one or the other offended nations, and hear, through an interpreter, their complaints and explanations about infringements of their privileges, and listen to the opposite statements of the White men who are squabbling with the Red skins in the far West, and which the Father of the Indians dares not ignore. In all parts of the Union he has “Indian agents” under him, appointed to be guardians of the small Indian tribes, but who too frequently play the part of shepherds and wolves simultaneously. At times the quarrel in the West breaks out into a flame, and renders the presence of the Great Father necessary; he must hurry to the sources of the Mississippi or the foot of the Rocky Mountains, make conciliatory speeches to the children of the forest, and draw up treaties, every article in which must be cleverly weighed. I should like to see a German country lawyer summoned to the head of such a department: he would be probably confounded utterly; but such was not the case with my friend. As I took an interest in the Indians, I visited him at times at

his office, met him now and then on Indian territory, and had an opportunity of watching him under various circumstances. He seemed to me like a man who had been long seated in the saddle of the tall horse he rode. He managed his business with the greatest calmness; sat with the dignity of a pretor in his chair when the Indians argued before him; and, whenever he opened his own mouth, his remarks were to the purpose. He had very rapidly obtained a fair knowledge of the various interests entrusted to him, and I learned from him much that was valuable about the Indians. When his period of office expired, he naturally was obliged to give up his office, and returned to the little town in Ohio to try and get his legal connexion together again.

I could produce several more instances of the same nature, but it will suffice to state that the same knowledge of business and routine, and a great talent for directing and managing, are to be found throughout the whole American official world and its departments. A clear, precise style is also visible in all their state documents, and it would be desirable that the scientific authorship of the Americans were at so high a stage as that employed in business. But this divergence to American officials, to which I was led by the description of the splendid public buildings at Washington, is long enough, though it can hardly be called a divergence, as one-half of this official city is occupied by them.

Millions have been expended at Washington in other beside official buildings, which must become more or less useless in the event of the union between North and South remaining ruptured. Not only are enormous sums invested in the huge hotels for members of Congress and their families, and the shops to supply their wants, but there are also a great many institutions for promoting science and education. Not only politics, but also science, have formed with the course of time a central point in Washington, and no little injury will be produced should the seat of government be broken up.

During the last ten years numerous investigations have been going on in Washington, which found there not only their promoters but the requisite hands and heads. We find there the Coast Survey, which manages the cartography of the extensive seaboard of the United States; the Engineers'-office, and the Land-office, which undertook the Ordnance survey of North America; then, again, the National Observatory, from which Lieutenant Maury's revelations about the ocean emanated; and the well-known Smithsonian Institute, which employed first-rate meteorologists and naturalists, and formed an infinity of other scientific departments, in which Japan, or Chili, or the North Pole, or the Amazon River, or the natural marvels of the Rocky Mountains and California were studied, collected, described, and copied by the officers of the Union who had been sent on missions to those countries, and who had a staff of artists and savans attached to them.

The Congress of the United States during the last ten years behaved in a most liberal manner, for it not only ordered a number of voyages to be undertaken—though not all for the sake of science—and published the results of such voyages, but made presents to all the governments and institutes of Europe of these many-volumed works about the Indians, the territory on the Rio Bravo, the physical nature of the Rocky Mountains, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, &c. The typo-, litho-, and xylo-



graphic establishments lately formed in Washington for this purpose were really splendid. But if the Union goes to pieces, and the Federal city becomes a field of battle, all these and the other scientific departments will go with it. I regret most the cessation of the labours of the Coast Survey, which had commenced a careful and valuable study of every sandbank, and a plan of the shallows in the now blockaded ports. It was a very laborious undertaking, begun with the foundation of Washington, and which, in all probability, will now be brought to no satisfactory conclusion.

Mr. Smithson, too, is to be pitied, whose 120,000*l.*, laid on the altar of the Muses, are now so seriously compromised. He left this sum to found a scientific institution in the United States, because he thought he could not find a safer place for it anywhere in Europe, and regarded America as the promised land where any peaceful undertaking would best flourish. At the present moment this splendid foundation is in the centre of a conflagration which he little anticipated.

Many excellent works, highly esteemed by connoisseurs, have issued from the Engineers-office. To particularise, I may allude especially to the fine chartographies of the splendid water-basins of inland America, or General Todd's most instructive book on the defences of the coasts of the United States. The completion of these and many other geographical, historical, and physical works, commenced in Washington, must depend on the duration of the Union, and they were naturally suspended upon the disunion. Washington was also a central point for meteorology and astronomy, and the telegraphic network organised for their services. From this spot the electric batteries played peacefully in all directions through the whole country, placed the Washington observatory in close connexion with all the others, and daily collected a remarkably valuable store of information about atmospheric and celestial appearances. The Americans ran their first meridian through the Washington observatory, on which all their maps are based, with the exception of the marine charts, which follow the Greenwich meridian. The threads of this net are temporarily broken, and it is very questionable whether they can ever be restored in the old way.

Washington is equally well provided with pleasant gardens, clumps of trees, alleys, and flower-beds. This circumstance, and especially that of long rows of trees accompanying the streets, gives the city a very pleasant aspect, and it looks like a large rural village. The prettiest gardens and public places are round the White House, or the Mansion, as it is called in the higher and official style. Here a multitude of magnificent magnolias, tulip-trees, and other flowering plants blossom in Lafayette-square, and on the other side in the President's garden. During spring, which often begins here in February, with the pleasantest days and mildest air, the city assumes almost an idyllic garb. The kine pasture in the streets, the bull-frogs croak and roar in the side lanes, the birds of passage twitter in all the trees, and humming-birds flash around every flower; while the neatly built, unpretending White House, which has obtained its name from the colour of innocence, is situated in the midst of all this, just as we might ideally fancy that the house of the first citizen of a republic ought to be. In the form the whole could not be better, and it is very nearly what Washington designed: it is a pity that the

public spirit has not remained so unsullied as the first President might like to imagine it.

Unfortunately, in this respect, the original well-meant intentions of the founders of the city have diverged far from their object. When we hear what a profitable trade loose adventurers of every description carry on in this idyllic city during the sitting of Congress; when we hear of the gambling-houses which have everywhere nestled themselves among these gardens and these pleasant walks; when we observe the behaviour in the high and low hotels and inns, in which a poor waiter was shot by a sovereign republican because he did not serve the coffee with sufficient speed and politeness; when we endure the sight of Northern senators being flogged by brutal Southerners in the very Senate Hall of this city, which was founded for open speech; when we survive such holidays as Christmas and New Year's-day are at Washington, where nothing is seen in the streets but shooting, pelting, and intoxication; and when, finally, you have witnessed in these streets wild partisan fights and tumults, all the idyllic poetry and æstheticism disappear, and you feel as if you had unexpectedly come across a rattlesnake in the midst of a smiling American landscape.

The founders of Washington were, moreover, most unsuccessful in keeping aloof the partisan fury of the populace, and their influence over the rulers of the state. Washington has produced a powerful mob among its sixty thousand inhabitants, and, since the formation of railways, the Federal capital has drawn much nearer to Baltimore, and this ever-heaving volcano possesses one of the most violent and dangerous mobs, notorious throughout the Union for their recklessness and violence. As Baltimore is only an hour's ride from Washington, the President's village is often stormed by bands of turbulent fellows, who appear there at times to aid or correct, in their way: for instance, when matters, such as elections, do not go on so as to suit them, or turn to the advantage of their party, they arrive with clubs and revolvers, and help their friends to drive their antagonists from the field. The mob, in such cases, throw stones and fight for hours in the very streets that run past the President's house, and a wild yell is raised, such as no other mob in the world save an American can produce. This strange, peculiarly American yell, which startles the European on first hearing it almost into fits, seems to be an imitation of the Indian war-whoop, and is indubitably one of the numerous echoes from the early ages of the colony, which may still be heard here and there in America. The proverb, "Where the Romans are Rome is," is decidedly referable to the Americans, and it has not availed the fathers of the country that they retired with the chiefs of their states into the deserts of nature, as our monks did into their monasteries. Were the Americans to fly to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, the populace would accompany them.

A portion of the Washington street population consists of negroes, both free and slaves, for I have already hinted the fact that the city belongs to the slave territory of the Union. There are said to be nearly 10,000 negroes. Owing to the harsh laws and severe police jurisdiction under which they stand—for in Washington, among other restrictions, no black man dare be caught out of the house after sunset, unless he have a special pass from his master, and a lantern in the bargain—these negroes

form the most inoffensive portion of the population. Although the partisan fights and tumults of the white men often originate about slaves, the latter never interfere in them, just as we see, in the present war, North and South fighting about the negroes, who do not stir hand or foot. Surely these raving Southerners display unexampled boldness: they resemble people throwing fire about on a ground strewn with gunpowder. But that they could venture it, and successfully too, is the most remarkable proof of the durability of the fetters, and the permanency of that system of serfdom in which they have entangled their natural foes, as a spider does the fly whose life-blood it sucks out.

The negroes of Washington are, in ordinary times, a very harmless race. They live in the suburbs, in cottages, many of which are comfortably furnished, round which you may see the black children happily playing. They have their own churches, generally well built, and tidily kept up, and in which Methodist preachers of their own nation and colour perform the service. The female slaves are mostly the washerwomen, milliners, and cooks of the city, and the men principally engage themselves as hackney-coachmen and drivers. Next to the Russian droschki drivers, the negroes are the best-tempered fellows in the world. When not engaged, they may be seen standing in groups, joking and laughing tremendously. On Sunday the city appears almost entirely to belong to the negroes, for on that day they, and specially their wives, or, as they call them, "ladies," parade in the most elegant costumes, the most glaring colours, the broadest crinolines, rustling in silks, and most closely imitating the white ladies and gentlemen. When you look them in the face, you really fancy that you have monkeys before you, for it is impossible that Africa can produce uglier faces than some of those you notice among the long-expatriated, English-speaking and christened negroes of Washington. Where these "oppressed" people obtained their finery was long a mystery to me; but I saw, also, negro funerals, at which long rows of two-horsed carriages formed the cortège. I also noticed at times a hackney-coach full of laughing negro faces, driven by a white coachman, who had hired himself out for the day; but I never noticed that the white mob or the street boys annoyed or insulted the negro women, though they might be most absurdly attired. More than once I witnessed negro boys fighting with white lads, and heartily thrashing them. I mention all these minor facts merely as matters characteristic of the life of the city I am describing, though I cannot here enter into further details or explanations.

Many of the smaller citizens are decided partisans of slavery, and exercise the power and privileges they have acquired over their black fellow men as rigorously and unmercifully as any Louisiana planter. "Why are you so sad?" I once asked Mary, a negro slave, and mother of two children, who waited on us in the house of a small Washington tradesman and letter of lodgings. "Ah! sir," she replied, "I have just heard some terrible news;" and with many tears in her eyes, she told us how, on the previous evening, she had overheard a conversation between her master and his wife, the subject being her little boy Johnny, thirteen years of age. "Johnny," the mistress began, "is nearly thirteen, and fit for work. He is in our way here, we can make no use of him, and he eats more every day. Would it not be as well to think of taking

him to market?" "I thought of that long ago," Mary's master answered. "Johnny is worth his one hundred dollars now, and I had quietly made up my mind to take him to Richmond next week, where we can best dispose of him." "Won't you take his sister, little Evangeline, with you too?" "We had better keep her a little while longer. She is only ten, costs us but little, and will be worth one hundred dollars more three years hence. She can stay."

Such conversations and consultations the *bons petits bourgeois* of Washington hold by the cheery light of the lamp, when preparing for bed, and ere they repeat the evening prayer. We Europeans cannot help, on hearing such remarks, thinking of the story of the ogre, who asks the ogress which of Hop-o'-my-Thumb's companions he shall kill first. At the same time, there appears before my mind's eye the fettered negro, in whose company I entered Washington for the first time. He was a tall, handsome, powerfully-built man, a runaway slave, who had been fetched from the North, and was being conveyed back to the South. His muscular arms had been handcuffed, and his legs laid in shackles, and he was thus placed in an upright position in the last compartment of our railway train, which was filled with freemen of the republic. As we spoke with this poor victim of the harsh laws, and made him a slight present, a pale little tobacco-chewer, a wretched weakling, with common though crafty features, emerged from among the passengers. He was the negro's owner or watcher, who came up and exchanged a few glances with us and his gigantic victim. My travelling companion at the time was a senator, a liberal, nobly-minded man of the North, who shed silent tears of pity and compassion at seeing a foreigner enter the capital of his land under such auspices and impressions. But neither he nor I dared, in the company in which we found ourselves, to make any further display of our feelings and sentiments.

Very pleasant and beneficial to me was the slice of Europe that may be found in the Federal capital, mingled with all the other American, African, and Indian elements. All our great powers are naturally represented here by their ambassadors, and these, with their families, generally present most agreeable society. What is offered you there you accept the more eagerly and gratefully on account of the contrast. And a European, even if he be an Englishman or a German, feels himself here the brother of the Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian, and is united to them by a bond of sympathy. All strangers make here, to a certain extent, a common front against the Americans, which may serve as a proof how strangely their peculiar colour and physiognomy is opposed to that of old Europe.

Most of the diplomatists reside on the pleasant hills of Georgetown, a sort of suburb of Washington, which in this respect bears a resemblance to the Constantinopolitan Pera, also inhabited by diplomatists. Strictly speaking, this Georgetown, which reminds us of the old English kings, is a town of itself. It is of much older date than Washington, whose existence in this locality, where the navigation of the great Chesapeake Bay terminates, and that on its rivers and canals begins, was attached to very natural conditions. Hence it will in all probability survive Washington, whose life is connected with such changeable political conditions.

The skirts of the wooded range of Georgetown, in the distance enclosing Washington, which lies in the heart of a plain, are adorned by a

number of very pretty country-houses and gardens, in which we spent many a pleasant hour. With most pleasure, however, I visited the Jesuit college enthroned on those heights, the only spot in Washington where you can still find in the foundation library old pig-skin bound books, and honest, solid and heavy folios; where you have, too, opportunity to associate with men of college education, and where we sought shelter with the greatest pleasure on Sundays. For on such a day the liberal Jesuits—at any rate, they have kept themselves free from the terroristic, criminal, and hyperpuritanic Sabbath laws—closed their outer gates to keep themselves aloof from the city, which was wearisome and mournful on this day; and within these walls a merry life, pleasing both to Heaven and man, went on. Their young pupils, after the morning service, played at racquet and other games, and the fathers with their guests walked in pleasant converse through the vineyards that cover the slopes of the monastery hill. These vineyards have an historic import for the American vintage, which has made such progress during the last few years, for they are the oldest in the United States. The Jesuits made here the first American wine, and first ennobled here the wild American grape, shoots of which were afterwards sent to the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. I might have mentioned this Jesuit college, by the way, among the secular establishments of Washington, for its astronomer observatory has done no inconsiderable service in American astronomy, and one of the brothers of the order edited for many years an astronomical journal.

The prospect from the towers of the building is as fine as that enjoyed from the terrace of the Capitol. You can overlook thence the city, with its wholly or half-finished palaces and monuments extending at its feet, and in the background the green skirt of the woods forming a semicircle to the north. To the south the eye is lost in the broad expanse of water hurrying to the ocean, while on either side the distant hills of Maryland and Virginia display their bluish hazy outline. The prospect in itself would be attractive enough, and has been brilliantly reproduced by many American artists; but what a shadow seems cast over the smiling landscape when heavy clouds have gathered on the political sky that over-arches it.

The Collegiate hill, the silent abode of serious brethren, is four miles from the opposite pole of the city, the hill of the Capitol, the gathering-place of embittered parties, at the extreme end of the city district. From it you can descend by agreeable footpaths to the Potomac, and walk along its green banks to the pretty cataracts, which are a frequently visited and grateful spot to the few friends of nature that exist in Washington. "Here all is so peaceful and silent," we feel and say with Pliny; "here no toga is required. There is no one at hand to run against you, and in the charming sound of the waters you readily forget the repulsive murmur of the Forum."

## SUMMER DAYS IN SCOTLAND.

A GREAT charm of the ruined abbey of Melrose (the first place of celebrity I visited on my way to Argyllshire in the sunniest days of the now bygone summer) is the character of the scenery by which it is surrounded. Wooded acclivities adorn the landscape, and the silvery Tweed flows by green haughs bright with the golden flowers of "the bonny broom," by

—waving fields and pastures green,  
With gentle slopes and groves between,

in a region "where every field has its story and every rivulet its song," and where the natural features of the country derive a heightened charm from their historic memories. But the interest of association seems to culminate in "the ruined pride" of Melrose, which, with the Eildons' purple peaks on the one side, and the bright river on the other, is set in a thoroughly Cistercian valley of wood and water.

That was a great day for Melrose and for Scotland which beheld a little colony of monks from Rievaulx arrive, at the bidding of St. David, in this fair valley of the Tweed to found a new abbey under those weird hills, and in the shadow of the great name of that older Melrose, which (originally deriving its faith from Iona) had been founded here in the seventh century by St. Aidan, the Celtic apostle of Northumberland, and was long a lamp of Christianity to the northern province. But the Cistercians, who now came to plant the light of the Gospel among the rude and turbulent natives of this part of the old Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, chose for their abbey a different site to that of old Melrose, and reared its Norman walls upon a meadow sloping to the Tweed, where the triple peaks of Eildon rose above the adjacent hills of the royal forest in which the jolly abbots afterwards loved to chase their deer. But of this early fabric no portion remains. During the Wars of the Succession in Scotland, Melrose suffered in common with the other Border abbeys, and in 1326 the present edifice rose, under the care of King Robert Bruce, who marked his pious affection for the place by appointing his heart to be deposited within its walls. The architecture of the chief part of it shows that it was built before the close of the fourteenth century, but the graceful symmetry of its structure, and the delicacy as well as profusion of its sculptured ornaments, render it the glory of Scottish ecclesiastical art.

It must be confessed that the reality falls short of the poetic ideal of Melrose; and certainly, on a first view, to see the grey and shattered ruins standing hardly apart from the little town, is to be disenchanting, for mean and unsightly dwellings have crept up to the walls of the church and deprived it of the romantic seclusion which generally characterises a Cistercian abbey, and always renders more impressive its "calm decay." But I forgot these incongruous surroundings when I stood—not, indeed, by moonlight, but in "the gay beams of lightsome day"—in the interior of the deserted pile. The nave is ruined and roofless, but the choir and transepts are in better preservation, and remarkable for their dignified beauty, and over the east end the fretted and sculptured stone roof remains. The

—slender shafts of shapely stone  
By foliated tracery combined ;

the capitals, the mouldings, the architectural enrichments and sculptured figures, are as sharp and perfect as when they were cut; and the east window and the south transept window retain their elegant tracery. The ruined central tower, with its curious parapet of quatrefoils, rises on lofty and massive pointed arches; the chancel roof remains, and the vaulting and quaint sculptured adornments of the range of chapels in the south aisle are almost entire. On the outside, most of the pinnacles, canopies, niches, statues, and strange goblin-looking heads that so profusely cover the building, remain. But in every part of the abbey church that sacrilegious hands could reach, and in the total destruction of the monastic buildings, we see the barbarous ravages committed, first by the Earl of Hertford's army, in 1545, and afterwards by the fanatical rage of the reforming mobs roused by the hateful Knox, and of the Covenanters, in whose sight all architectural beauty was abomination. When more peaceful times arrived, the abbey became a convenient stone quarry for the buildings of the town.

I did not visit any other abbey of the Tweed or the Teviot, but, after seeing Melrose, climbed "the steep where" Roslin's chapel "shines afar," and felt the striking contrast presented between the *Renaissance* decorations of that unique and celebrated building and the Gothic graces of Melrose. Roslin chapel was built not long after the completion of the latest portions of that abbey church, for it was founded in 1446, but so exotic is its style, and so elaborately is it encrusted with decorations, that it seems a kind of architectural dream perpetuated in sculptured stone. The chapel is being prepared for Anglican worship, but the attempt at fac-simile restoration of decayed parts destroys all historical validity in the building: indeed, what is done is not restoration but substitution. It is exalted on a lofty ridge, from which there is a fine view of the picturesque Pentland hills and the distant range of the Lammermoors. The adjacent massive archway and tiers of strong vaults are the remains of the castle of its ancient lords—the stronghold "where erst St. Clairs held princely sway," and it is a fit scene for the most romantic legends. By supernatural aid the first Baron of Roslin is recorded to have won this lordship from Robert Bruce, and on the death of the lords of Roslin a supernatural illumination in the chapel is said to have been always witnessed.

It is pleasant to pass from the vaults of Roslin to the sunshine and exhilarating air—from the decaying monuments of human splendour to the ever-renewing beauties of nature in the adjacent scenery; and I do not know a river glen where wood and rock and water are seen in more enchanting combination than in the deep dell which winds between Roslin and "the classic Hawthornden." The mansion is built above caverned precipices, on a lofty cliff, round the base of which the North Esk river flows through a deep, luxuriantly wooded winding dell; and the house seems externally in much the same state as it was when repaired, in 1638, by the poet and historian William Drummond, and when Ben Jonson made his pedestrian journey from London to visit him.

In those pre-locomotive days people were not so constantly admonished to "move on"—they enjoyed leisure to linger amidst caves and wooded rivers, and to turn aside from the crowded highways to visit monuments

of religion and chivalry; but I was "to the Highlands bound," and a short ride exchanged these quiet old-world scenes for the metropolis of Scotland.

A nation's history seems to be displayed in the variety and multitude of picturesque objects which Edinburgh presents. Striking, indeed, is the contrast between the ancient and the modern city—between the squalid and narrow wynds of the former, with their tall dilapidated houses, and the broad and stately avenues of the new town. The change of times and manners can hardly be more strikingly displayed than it is in Edinburgh. Thus, in the Cowgate—the hollow to the south of the central ridge on which the old High-street stands—the Lowland nobility and judges resided before the extension of the city, but now their residences are abandoned to the poorest of the community; and many of the closes that diverge from the Canon (Kynning) gate, formerly inhabited by nobles and men of eminence, are now dark, dirty, and of unsavoury odour, and strangely unworthy of the noble appellations they retain.\* All the historic scenes (of course) cluster in the unique line which runs from Holyrood to the castle, and to mention them would be to write a book; whereas, the present sketch is dedicated only to the archæological and the picturesque. The most ancient part of the palace is the north-west angle, which was built in 1525 by James V.; the rooms shown as Queen Mary's are in a part of the building which is, perhaps, hardly older than the reign of Charles II. Of the ruined chapel (still, as in mockery, called the Chapel Royal), the oldest portion is a Romanesque door, which may belong to the age of the Augustine canons whom David, the royal founder of the abbey, brought hither in 1128, when, in the romantic wilds of what is now called the Queen's Park, the kings of Scotland chased the forest deer. The piers of the nave are of the middle of the thirteenth century, and the western front is of transition date, but none of the windows seem much earlier than the time when Holyrood was the scene of the gay nuptial festivities held on the marriage of the English princess, Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., to James of Scotland. The so-called cathedral of St. Giles, the parish church of Edinburgh, contains some fine relics of second pointed architecture in the choir and in the piers of the tower. The modern façade of the buildings of the law courts in the Parliament-square does not prepare the visitor for such a sight as the spacious old Parliament chamber, with its open roof of dark oak timber—the Westminster Hall of Scotland; but the noblest monument that this Temple of Themis contains is the splendid library founded by Sir George Mackenzie, lord advocate. It is not rich in illuminated MSS., but among its 160,000 printed volumes are many rare works of literary as well as professional value, and among their curiosities are some poems from the press of Walter Chapman and Andrew Millar, who in 1507 introduced printing into Scotland. From an instructive visit to the unique and well-arranged Museum of the

\* Of this decadence, the large sombre mansion called Queensberry House, which encloses three sides of a court, affords an example. It was built chiefly by William the first duke, was the frequent residence of his son James, the second duke (one of the chief promoters of the Union), and the birthplace of Charles, third duke, who, with his duchess—the "wild, witty, and beautiful" Catherine Hyde, commemorated by Prior, Pope, Gay, Swift, and Horace Walpole—here resided, but the last duke having dismantled and sold the mansion, it has now become the "House of Refuge."



Society of Antiquaries, and the silent relics of the Celtic and Scandinavian and mediæval inhabitants of the country, it is a striking transition to pass again into the region of daily life in the busy and splendid line of Prince's-street, from which the most striking of the architectural and characteristic features of the city are seen in such picturesque combination. Looking westward from that commanding terrace, considerable portions of the old town are beheld clustering on the ridge that terminates in the magnificent escarpments of the Castle rock, while a few steps in the opposite direction bring into view the new town of stately but monotonous streets, crescents, squares, and terraces, with their pleasant gardens overspreading the declivities to the east. How different was the scene on which David I. looked down when he came to visit his castle of Edinburgh and his monks of Holyrood, for in those days the country round was a wild forest tract, partly covered with native wood, and inhabited only by wild animals of chase! Probably the only existing edifice that was then standing in Edinburgh is Queen Margaret's chapel, on the highest ridge of the Castle rock, from whence, in the new gun-fire signal at one every afternoon, time is now electrically flashed from the Observatory clock on Calton-hill. What a wonderful view is beheld on these ramparts, where the eye ranges from the dusky grandeur of Holyrood and the lion-shaped Arthur's Seat, and the clusters of cone-shaped turrets and tall gables, on the one hand, to the gleaming lines of the new town on the other, and farther northward to the waters of the Forth and the distant shores of Fife; then turns to the monumental heights of the Calton-hill, the blue expanse of sea beyond, and the rocky wilds of Salisbury Crag, soaring darkly above the grey floating haze; and while "the murmur of the city crowd" is wafted to the ear, beholds the silent landscape of the far-off hills, the stretching woods and heights and yellow corn-fields lying in their "soft peacefulness of light." One cannot stand on this rocky citadel, and look over its precipices of basaltic greenstone, without carrying back the thoughts to that remoter pre-historic period when Edinburgh had no existence, and when glaciers or masses of ice probably traversed the Castle-hill and the Calton-hill, as well as the Castle-hill of Stirling, and left the striæ and marks of glacial action which have been traced upon these basaltic heights.

The traveller who wishes to make a rapid transition from the busy life and traffic and splendour of to-day, and to step back, as it were, into the decaying old-world life of former days, should stop on his way from Edinburgh to Glasgow at David's old royal burgh of Linlithgow (the chief industry of which appears to be that of the sons of Crispin), where the palace—the finest of Scottish regal buildings, the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots, though in ruins, is full of interest architecturally as well as historically. The only other very noticeable building here is the adjacent church of St. Michael, the scene of the spectral pageant that warned James IV. against the campaign which ended so fatally for him on Flodden field.

It was not until a century ago, when the population of Glasgow had risen to about thirty-five thousand, that a regular conveyance for passengers between that city and Edinburgh was established, two previous attempts having proved abortive; and very deliberate was the pace, for with four horses the coach took twelve hours for the journey of forty-two

miles, and for thirty years (as we learn from those entertaining "Domestic Annals of Scotland," for which the public is indebted to Mr. Robert Chambers) this was the only stage-coach upon the road. Yet Glasgow was described more than a hundred and thirty years ago as the emporium of the west of Scotland for its commerce and riches; but a carriage was unknown in Smollett's time, and Glasgow had not then seen the rise of the West Indian trade. The visitor, when he finds himself in the crowded thoroughfares, amidst the material, mechanical, and commercial activity of a vast manufacturing city with half a million of inhabitants, contrasts the time when "the tobacco princes" were the aristocracy of Glasgow, and might be seen on the plain stanes daily with their scarlet cloaks, curled wigs, cocked-hats, and gold-headed canes, the people reverently making way for them; or the earlier time when its antique burghers clustered under the shadow of its cathedral undisturbed by dreams of gigantic manufacture, and when the Blackfriars' monastery and the University (founded late in the fifteenth century) were the chief foundations of St. Mungo's town. But Glasgow now retains few monuments of the past save the Cathedral, once the metropolitan cathedral of the west, an edifice which has been justly described as the noblest un mutilated specimen of ecclesiastical art in Scotland. Here, again, we are on the footsteps of King David; and when his previous fabric rose, the population of the west of Scotland comprised descendants of the Britons of Strathclyde, and Saxon colonists, Norwegians, Celtic Highlanders, and men of Galloway, and with wonder must the rude natives have seen the Romanesque grandeur of his Norman church. The present edifice succeeded to it early in the thirteenth century, and very characteristic of the period are its massive clustered piers and graceful lancets, its long perspectives, its symmetrical and impressive crypt, and its pervading dignity; and much to the honour of the town and of the neighbouring contributors is the recent enrichment of this fine structure with stained glass, which is chiefly from Munich artists. What a contrast, to step from such a monument of the art and reverence of the past, to the sordid and repulsive streets around! How it helps us to realise the chasm between our days and the picturesque middle ages when warriors and ecclesiastics raised such a building as Glasgow Cathedral! With a sense of relief and thankfulness I escaped from the dense, sunless atmosphere, the din and turmoil of Glasgow, and the muddy river crowded with the trade of nations and darkened by smoke, and ere long rejoiced in the wild freshness of the hills that lay in all the glory of sunshine beyond the bright rippling waters of the Firth of Clyde.

The tourist sees few spots of historical interest on the voyage between Glasgow and Loch Goil. The most conspicuous is the rocky citadel of Dumbarton, a curious isolated mount, which is said to have been the seat of royalty in the days of the British kingdom of Strathclyde, and, in the middle ages, a strong castle "standing" (as Froissart describes it) "in the marches against the wild Scots." Geologically, this picturesque hill, with its double peak, is remarkable as a mass of trap rock—a formation which composes other isolated hills visible on the route; and the shores of the Clyde on either side present other objects of interest to the geologist, for sea-worn terraces or ancient beaches may be observed; and on the igneous range of Kilpatrick there are boulders of ice-borne rock; and he

sees the characteristic forms of the mica-schist mountains of Dumbarton and Argyll; and, below Gourock, the red sandstone on the shore.

After passing Helensburgh, the high but not mountainous shores of the Gareloch, with its promontories and rocky bays, and the white houses of its somewhat upstart sea-bathing villages, and the wooded peninsula of Roseneath, form a succession of pleasing objects; and then comes the grandeur of Loch Long, from whose clear deep water the blue hills rise in a picturesque variety of outline, their tints ever changing as the cloud-shadows traverse their wastes of rock and heather, every change in light and shade and distance and colour presenting the landscape as a new picture. Then, past the silent glens, and under the dark, craggy hills that advance as if to bar the approach of man to the mountain fastnesses, the steam-boat speeds on through the still, cold depths, and seems a profane intruder on the solitude of nature. The mountainous shores of Loch Long have a grand breadth and massiveness, and, in their general forms and character, resemble the upper and finer parts of Loch Lomond; and the distant view of the "Alps of Arrochar," seen before diverging into Loch Goil, is one of wild sublimity. That mountain wilderness of rock and heather hears no voice but the wild bird's cry; and the occasional sound of a waterfall in some gorge or wild ravine which the melted snows have worn upon the mountain-side, seems to deepen our sense of the solemn stillness of the hills—

The work of God untouch'd by man.

The tourist on Loch Goil is not likely to forget the favourite lyric of which the "dark and stormy water" is the scene; and leaving behind—not pursuing foes, but—the cares of the busy world, he quits the boat at the head of the loch, and ascends the wild ravine called Hell's Glen (the name seems to be a memory of the Scandinavian goddess), where the great hills rise in magnificent walls of wild crag and natural wood. The steep road traverses a wilderness of mountainous wastes strewn with riven masses of rock in such wild confusion, that this glen might seem part of the primeval realm of chaos. On gaining the highest point of the road, the gleaming water of Loch Fyne suddenly delights the eye, lying fringed by its wooded slopes, and surrounded by lofty hills, with the little town and the shipping of Inveraray sheltered in a pleasant bay, and the noble woods of the Duke of Argyll's castle stretching to the distant heights of Glen Aray; and the mountainous forms around Glencroe rising in still and sunny heights and depths of sombre shadow.

Arrived in the county town of Argyllshire, the antiquary does not find any object of interest save the Inveraray cross—a fine specimen of those stone crosses which form the most perfect of the ecclesiastical remains of the diocese. It is said (but not historically known) to have been brought hither from Iona: the sculptured tombstones and stone crosses of Argyllshire are commonly, however, called "Iona stones" and "Iona crosses"—perhaps because they originated with the monks who, in rude and barbarous ages, cultivated art among the western waves and colonised Argyll.\* Foliage resembling vine branches, with a kind of double leaf, is sculptured

\* The original position seems to have been near the chapel in the old town, but until late years it was lying at the entrance of the great Beech avenue, and is now erected near the edge of the Loch at the end of the principal street of Inveraray.

on this cross, with figures of animals, in the style of the Runic crosses, but the characters of the inscription it bears seem of the thirteenth century. The Argyll crosses are often rudely sculptured with a hunting scene or a mounted horseman, and the legs and tails whirl off in a strange way into intricate scroll-work and trails of wandering foliage which surround the stone. The art was probably of Scandinavian origin, like the one-masted galley with oars, which is borne as an heraldic device by certain families who had possessions on the coast—as, for example, the Earls of Arran, Orkney, and Caithness, and for the lordship of Lorn, and is quartered with the arms of several families in the west of Scotland.

But onward lies our route, through the magnificent woods of Inveraray Castle, where the graces of English park scenery and ornamental forest trees seem hardly in keeping with the wildness of the adjacent alpine country; but the tourist gladly exchanges the gloomy grandeur of barren crags and moorland wastes for luxuriantly wooded hills and an avenue of noble trees, stretching for more than two miles, and bordered by the sounding torrent of the Aray, which skirts a great part of the road to Loch Awe, and forms more than one beautiful waterfall in a rocky chasm, overhung by wood. When the plantations end, the road through Glen Aray becomes mountainous, and as you ascend, the magnificent group of mountains which enclose Loch Awe come into view; and then the cheerful gleaming water is beheld, with its wooded promontories and its retreating bays—(seen in its length, it seems a broad river rather than a loch); and soaring beyond mountain slopes on its north-western side, Ben Cruachan is seen, with the white mists floating below its peaks and filling its dark crevices.

The shores of Loch Awe to the southward, though affording a thousand attractions to the artist, are tame and uninteresting compared with the northern end where Glen Orehay opens to the lake, and where the scenery has a picturesque sublimity peculiar to itself, and affords a good example of that which is so great a charm of Highland landscape, viz. its infinite variety—the mingling of the beautiful and the wild—the combination of sylvan beauty with rugged forms and mountain grandeur. The fair landlocked expanse is seen, bright as a burnished shield in the blaze of sunshine, set in a grand framework of bold mountainous forms, melting in the distance into blue aerial tints; a softer beauty suffuses the scene when the roseate hue of evening glows upon the lake, or the clouds, piled up in fleecy masses beyond the western sky, are bright with the orange tints of sunset, and throw the warm radiance on the glassy water, its islets and bay-indented shores; but in the soft lustre of moonlight, Loch Awe is a scene of unearthly beauty. And then—when only distant waterfalls break the silence of the summer night—the mind recalls the ancient association of these shores with the first apostles of Christianity in Argyll, the early religious sanctity of some of its shadowy islands, and the legends of which they are the scene. There is Fraoch Eilan, for example, which had its enchanted apples that were guarded by a dragon or great serpent, until it was slain by some mythic chieftain—strange, that this remote isle of heather should be the scene of what seems a Highland version of the Hesperian fable! Then, there is the isle of Inishail (“the Lovely Isle”), where the inhabitants were more substantial, for it was the site of a Cistercian nunnery, and

The fairest island on the lake  
Is the island of the nuns.

Crosses and sepulchral slabs of old chieftains of the hills mark this lonely island of the dead. The burial-ground is still a sacred object, and in the chapel of the convent service was performed down to the time of George II., but now the chapel has disappeared.

Monuments of the feudal ages likewise remain on the shores of Loch Awe, and the chief of them is the famous Kilehurn, which appears to rise out of the water that nearly insulates it under the dark slopes of Ben Laoidh. It occupies the whole of a rock which seems to have been formerly an island at the mouth of the river Orchay; its aspect is well in keeping with its situation amidst the dark and solemn mountains, and it brings before us vividly the wild and picturesque life of its ancient lords. Although much ruined and very wild looking, it retains its massive strength, and has traces of ancient stateliness. And who can forget Kilehurn's well known legend about Sir Colin Campbell (its owner in the time of our Henry V.), who, after long absence in the wars, returned hither, disguised as a mendicant, to find that his wife (a very strong-minded woman she must have been) had during his absence built this keep tower as a surprise for him, but having given him up for dead, was on the very day of his return about to marry again, when he opportunely revealed himself at the wedding feast. On Fraoch Eilan are the ruins of the MacNaughton's castle, with a great tree growing in what was the chieftain's hall.

The Orchay and Cladich rivers, and some lesser rills, fall into Loch Awe, but the river Awe is its only outlet, and within living memory the waters of the lake permanently submerged lands upon its shore, on which thriving plantations have risen since the channel of the river was artificially deepened. The Pass of Awe opens through very wild and impressive scenery. As the shores narrow towards its straits, the steep side of the mountain, covered to a great height by a thick wood of dwarf timber and coppice, leaves only a narrow strip of stony beach, above which the road from Obauto Dahnally has been formed; while the southern shore is almost a wall of steep and barren rock, rising precipitously from the water. This arm or outlet of the lake, after gradually contracting, ends at the rocks of Brandir, which approach so near that a tall mountain-pine might reach across the strait, and, indeed, a rude bridge did probably exist at this spot in the days when great timber flourished in the forests of Glen Etive. From this outlet there is a gradual descent to the sea loch of Etive, and the Awe rushes foaming over a bed strewn with the *débris* of the neighbouring heights. The defile where the mountains approach is dark and gloomy, and the ceaseless waterfall and the rushing torrent of the Awe fill the rocky pass with a sound like the roar of the sea. It was in this pass that the warlike clan of MacDougal of Lorn were nearly all destroyed by Robert Bruce. And by an old oak-tree—described by Scott as growing at the foot of a cliff from which a mountain stream leaps in a fall of sixty feet, near the bridge of Awe, on the left hand side of the river as it descends, and where the rocks retain few remains of the wood that probably once clothed them—the superstitious believe that "the Woman of the Tree," Scott's Highland Widow, may still be seen seated, as was her wont.

Ben Cruachan, "one of the noblest of Scotland's mountain kings," is about the same height as Snowdon, but its base has a circumference of more than twenty miles, and, with its five wave-like peaks, it is conspicuous for its majestic outline as well as for its mass. The mountain seems to be composed of red and grey granite, with veins of porphyry, but clay slate and mica slate, veined with quartz, are found on its sides.

Some of the most beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Loch Awe is in Glen Nant, a pass which lies between it and Loch Etive, and Ben Cruachan forms a very grand object from the road. The rocky stream which traverses the glen is overhung in part by wild crags, and the other side of the ravine is covered with dense hanging woods of native oak, and birch, and hazel.

The scenery of Loch Etive derives a peculiar character from the granite hills that bound its shores, and from lying at the foot of the grand precipices and dark ridges of Ben Cruachan, while on the other side the deer forests rise steep from the water's edge in wild hills of grey crag and dark-green coppice, which are reflected in deepened colour in the still and tinted water. The head of Loch Etive presents one of the finest landscapes to be seen in the Western Highlands, for there the glen opens to Buachaille Etive and the other mountains which extend northward and eastward towards Glencoe. But Cruachan is the Giant of the Loch.

Loch Etive could boast at least one religious foundation—

Lone Ardchattan's abbey gray—

which was founded more than six centuries ago for Benedictine monks. Robert Bruce is said to have held a parliament here, the business of which was transacted in Gaelic. The buildings of the monastery are much dilapidated, but the basement walls of the church remain. This edifice and the prior's house appear to have faced the loch, and the house is almost entire. A green pasture ground adjacent is still called "the Monks' Garden," and the aspect of the spot is such that one of the most beautiful scenes in Argyllshire seems here fitly consecrated to religious calmness.

At the head of this loch some of the large oak-trees, which appear to have abounded in this country in the time of Edward's wars, are, or lately were, remaining; and, though they stand in rocky soil, some of the trunks measure more than twenty feet in circumference. And near Inverawe, at the base of Cruachan, a group of noble and gigantic fir-trees of great age, standing together, form quite a dark and solemn grove.

Returning by the Pass of Awe, I traversed the really noble vale of Glenorchy (from which the Marquis of Breadalbane takes a second title), one of the most attractive scenes in the Highlands. The grand mountainous forms of Glenorchy, rising one beyond another, compose landscapes which continually change as you advance; and from the peaceful village of Dalmally, whose English-looking white church-tower in the vale marks the site of Clachan Dysart—"the place of the High God"—the hills rise in many a grand unbroken sweep, and over their crests the white wings of the mists are floating, while rivulets that here only gleam like silent lines of quicksilver are traversing their furrowed sides.

On a hill near Dalmally, commanding a fine view of his native glen, a monument in granite has lately been raised in honour of Duncan Bane Macintyre, the bard of Glenorchy, who is stated to have served in the

Argyll militia at the battle of Falkirk, and to have denounced in a poem (which led to his imprisonment) the vindictive attempts which were made by the government, after the rising of 1745, to crush the national spirit and the inborn loyalty of the Highlanders. Admirers of this native bard have ascribed to him the descriptive power of Thomson with the versatile genius of Burns. He could not have pointed out a finer situation for his monument than the height on which it stands.

The vicinity of Tyndrum—a station at the head of Strathfillan, between Dalmally and Loch Lomond, is wild and dreary, yet Strathfillan was probably not so desolate a tract when St. Fillan was the apostle of the vale. The lead mines worked at Tyndrum, on the property of Lord Breadalbane, are a proof of the intelligent zeal of the noble marquis in mineralogical researches.\* At Crianlarich, (where the Perthshire road diverges from that to Loch Lomond), the river takes the name of the Dochart, and a linn, called “the pool of St. Fillan,” was in repute for the cure of insanity, but the process was a trying one, for the patient was immersed at sunset, and left bound in the ruins of St. Fillan’s neighbouring church until the morning! After traversing “the chilling deserts of Tyndrum,” the wooded banks of Glenfalloch are quite refreshing to the eye, and the course of the river is diversified by more than one rocky cataract, and by scenes of grandeur as well as beauty when the glen opens to the mountains round the head of Loch Lomond.

It is not surprising that the palm of pre-eminence in beauty has been awarded to this charming lake. It would be the Mediterranean of the Highlands if it was an arm of the sea. Its shores are full of varied scenery; the grand and rugged mountainous forms that surround the upper or higher end of the lake, are as remarkable for the picturesque character of their outlines as its shores and rocky promontories and islets are for their wooded beauty; while the majestic heights of Ben Lomond, which culminate above the wild mountains of its eastern shore, form a magnificent and distinguishing feature of its scenery; and there the giant and master-presence of the Loch seems serenely looking down for ever on mountains, and lakes, and far-off western isles. In the lower part, where the lake expands into such a breadth that it seems an inland sea, it is crossed by a belt of wooded islets rich in picturesque beauty, and (many of them) distinguished by legendary associations, and marked by white villas now inhabited by “descendants of clansmen at enmity no more.” The reader may like to be reminded that it was chiefly in the mountains between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, then a Highland border country, that the ancestors of the Robin Hood of Scotland, popularly known as Rob Roy, had their abode. He appears to have held, and was perhaps entitled to hold, the domain of rock and forest called Crag Rostan, lying on the eastern side of Loch Lomond, where its bright waters are narrowed by the approach of the dark mountains of Glen Falloch, and here his cave, not far to the northward from Inversnaid, is shown. But to mention the spots with which his name is associated, would be to dwell longer on the Loch Lomond country than the limits of this article permit.

\* The neighbourhood is one of great interest to the geologist, and presents one very remarkable feature—viz. a vein of quartz running for miles like a high wall over hill and vale.

A good road and the "Roderick Dhu" coach, and a steam-boat on the lake, afford facilities for traversing Rob Roy's country, which, if they had existed in his days, would have deprived us of much of the attractive romance which surrounds his exploits.

Loch Katrine is a scene of wondrous beauty, marked by features which, in many respects, give its scenery a character different from that of other lakes. Its waters are so tranquil, its shores of emerald green are so beautiful in form, they rise against a background of grey mountains so picturesque in character, its islands, or peninsulas of rock and wood, are so charmingly picturesque, and their graceful trees come down to the water's edge, and stand

With their green faces fixed upon the flood,

doubled in such magical clearness and beauty of tint, that the whole scene may appear a fit realm for Titania and a glimpse of fairyland. Then there is the beautiful declivity of Ben Venue, and there are the belts of natural wood hanging on the mountain's side, or marking the course of a waterfall in some deep ravine, and there is the softened tint of purple in which the regions of dark heather glow in the sunshine, and the changes of colour on the hills when the cloud-shadows sweep their distant sides or darken their mysterious hollows; and there is the subjective and ideal charm which some of the most charming poetry in the English language has thrown over the scenery of Loch Katrine. I shall not attempt to describe that unique labyrinth the pass of the Trosachs—the "bristled territory"—where a narrow winding mountain-gorge or ravine is clothed almost to the grey crests of the wild rocks with luxuriant native wood, and every turn in the defile exhibits

These native bulwarks of the pass

under some new form of picturesque beauty. The waters were rippling in the morning light, and the feathery birch "that waves and weeps on Loch Achray," was bending to the breeze, when, with renewed love for the Highland hills, and with a pleasant recollection of the hospitalities of friends, of the salmon and mutton, and of the cream and butter of Highland farms, and the pure buoyant air, and the thousand scenes of beauty and grandeur, and the high-arched skies that spread above them, I quitted these realms where Nature seems commissioned from Heaven to awaken the delight and gratitude of man, to return by the interesting valley of the Teith, between Loch Katrine and Callandar, to the more prosaic lowlands,

Where wrangling courts and stubborn law,  
To smoke and crowds and cities draw.

I have aimed at describing—not all that is worth seeing even on the route embraced in these notes, but—only what I saw in a few pleasant days in Scotland; and glad, indeed, shall I be if these pages shall recal to the reader pleasant recollections of places which have been to him also scenes of enjoyment.

W. S. G.



## TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

ALTHOUGH not brought up with Belgravian ideas on the subject of matrimony, Miss Augusta Molesworth, at five-and-forty, remained unmarried. In this case the men were clearly to blame, and not her extravagant expectations; for if, at one period of her life, she had rejected innumerable suitors, there came a time when she was less fastidious—when, in the language of selling-off tradesmen who seek to dispose of damaged goods, no reasonable offer would have been refused.

What the men's motives were in neglecting so charming a person as Augusta Molesworth, it may be difficult to say: some might have thought her too tall and thin, too scraggy, in fact, for their notions of beauty; some might have stood in awe of a certain acerbity of temper; others might have thought her too learned, or too strong-minded; while others, again, were possibly deterred from asking her hand because of her want of fortune, an annuity of a hundred a year constituting the whole of her worldly possessions.

Augusta Molesworth, nevertheless, was hopeful. She reasoned like Malvolio: there was "example for 't;" she had herself been acquainted with a spinster—a bosom friend, indeed (until the event took place)—who actually became a wife at fifty. Then why not she? And, in the circle in which she moved, were there not available that estimable bachelor, Reginald Pith, who, having retired with pockets well lined from the practice of the law, had nothing now left to do but to seek out a trusting bosom on which to repose for the rest of his days? Reginald Pith was good natured, gave her advice, gratis, on matters of business, took an interest generally in her affairs, and invited her now and then to very pleasant little dinners: so she thought herself perfectly justified in setting her cap at him.

A lady with only one hundred a year must, of necessity, be economical; and though, when thirsting after knowledge, she developed her strong-mindedness by going in an omnibus to the British Museum, a cab—which she called a fly—always conveyed Augusta Molesworth when she accepted one of Mr. Reginald Pith's invitations to dinner.

The memory of the late Mr. Fitzroy is not, perhaps, much cherished by the fraternity who ply the thong and urge the labouring steed, but cabmen, like princes, and other great ones, may still be occasionally unjust; and if they took into consideration the fact that Mr. Fitzroy fixed his minimum rate at too low a figure for delicate minds to take advantage of it, they would rather bless than revile the author of the Act of Parliament which substituted a sixpenny for an eightpenny fare.

Miss Augusta Molesworth was unquestionably endowed with great delicacy of feeling, but, after all, she was a woman, and did not like to be done; besides, the more she could husband her resources until a real husband saved her the trouble of doing so, the better for her slender income. Now the star of Miss Augusta Molesworth had very frequently been in opposition to the stars of sundry cabmen who drove her, not only to Mr. Reginald Pith's, but to various other places. She felt convinced—"morally convinced" were the words she used—that she over-

paid them, and they affirmed, in still more forcible language, that they were always imposed upon. When the impartial mind reflects upon the probabilities of the case, it will not be long in discovering the abode of truth on these occasions. However this may be, Augusta Molesworth looked round for the means of remedying what, in moments of irritation, she designated as "an infamous extortion." For some time she looked in vain. Her pocket-book, although published under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and overflowing with statistics, only set forth the legitimate fare from the various railway stations to the principal squares, streets, and public buildings of the metropolis: of the distance from her lodging in York-street, Portman-square, to any given point, it told her nothing. She was consequently, as she said, "invariably at the mercy of those wretches!"

Complaining of this state of things one evening to Mr. Reginald Pith, that gentleman suggested the means of escape from it. He wobbled a little in his talk, but thus he imparted consolation:

"My dear Miss Molesworth—yes, Miss Augusta—Miss—yes—a friend of mine—friend of mine—set you right in a moment—moment—yes, moment—wonder I never thought of it before. Sir Richard Mayne—head of police, you know—uncommonly intimate—do anything for me—ask him for table of cab fares—yes, table of cab fares—stand in Quebec-street, close to where you live, you know—nothing so easy—learn 'em by heart—can't be done then—down upon 'em then in less than no time—shut 'em up quite—yes, quite!"

Mr. Reginald Pith was as good as his word, and Sir Richard Mayne, though he made a great favour of it, granted his demand, and very soon after the printed sheet had been forwarded to Miss Augusta Molesworth it was varnished and mounted on a roller, and hung up in her sitting-room, an object of admiration to her landlady and of terror, in prospective, to the whole race of cabmen. This formidable weapon of self-defence bore on it the following inscription, in characters which those who ran might read—if they had ever been to school: "Fares for Hackney Carriages and distances, within a circle of four miles radius from Charing-cross; measured by authority of the Commissioners of Police. Quebec-street (Portman-square) Standing. To or from." Then followed a long list of fares calculated in miles and yards, and authenticated as genuine by Sir Richard Mayne's signature, with the additional information that "one mile is 1760 yards."

He who at last succeeded in deciphering the Rosetta stone bestowed some pains upon the task before he discovered that the Enchorial, the Phonetic, and the Demotic characters which are graven on its surface have all one meaning; but his perseverance was nothing to that of Miss Augusta Molesworth when she resolutely set to work to store her mind with the valuable information transmitted from Scotland-yard. Her resolution was rewarded by the achievement of her endeavour: in less than a week she was a match for the knowingest cabman in London, whom she scornfully defied to cheat her. That which had formerly been agony became now a positive treat. Fear and trembling, heretofore her constant vehicular companions, were utterly discarded, and in their place a quiet courage was enthroned.

Miss Augusta Molesworth had scarcely time to hibe her precious

knowledge, before an opportunity was afforded for its display: Mr. Reginald Pith gave one of his delightful dinners, and the lady was one of his honoured guests. One of them, do I say? In her opinion she was the guest *par excellence*, for had not Mr. Pith been more than commonly attentive of late, and what but one thing—she should like to know—could that mean?

The *ci-devant* lawyer was somewhat old fashioned in his habits, and, summer or winter, invariably dined at four o'clock. It was summer—bright July—when, hinting venison, he sent out his invitations for a party of ten. At what hour Miss Augusta Molesworth began to dress—strong-minded though she was—it might be impertinent to inquire and unhandsome to relate: suffice it that at twenty minutes to four she gave the finishing twitch to her shawl, looked at herself in the glass for the last time, finally adjusted her most elaborate cap, sighed gently as she surveyed the taper third finger not yet adorned with the mystical ring, and then ringing the bell, calmly desired the maid who answered it to fetch her a nice clean cab.

In a few minutes the maid returned, and said the cab was at the door. Miss Augusta Molesworth threw a parting glance at the list of fares, and serenely descended to her carriage.

The cab was not amiss, but the driver scarcely answered to the description of nice and clean. He was a rough, dirty fellow, deformed in face and figure, with his head buried in his shoulders, and one leg shorter than the other. His name—as it had been given him by his companions, and he acknowledged no other—was Sloppy, a name derived, in all probability, from some awkwardness on his part in watering his horse. Sloppy was known on the Quebec-street rank, and indeed on many others, for the most argumentative—or, as the waterman said—"the cheekiest lot in London."

Thus graced, personally and mentally, Sloppy held the door of his cab open for Miss Augusta Molesworth, who, sweeping proudly past, stepped in and ordered him, in her most determined tone, to drive to No. 35, Sussex-square. With cheerful alacrity Sloppy climbed to his box; but though his cheerfulness did not abate, his alacrity, when in position, was somewhat diminished, for he held the policy common to his craft of driving at a slower pace than usual when he had a short fare—need I say, to make the distance seem greater than it was. This tardiness was not agreeable to Miss Augusta Molesworth, and several times during the drive she impatiently lowered a window, desiring him angrily to get on faster. At length, however, Sloppy reached Sussex-square, and pulled up at No. 35. It was plain to Miss Augusta Molesworth that she was late, for looking up at the drawing-room floor she saw Mr. Reginald Pith and several of his guests peering through the panes, as if anxiously desiring her arrival, in order that dinner might be served. For one so excessively punctual as Miss Augusta Molesworth, this was a positive vexation, and, to a certain extent, it threw her off her balance, and tended to precipitate her movements.

"Ring the bell and let me out," she said, in haste, as Sloppy appeared at the cab-door. On his return from executing the first part of her behest, and as he was preparing for the second, she extended her hand and dropped a coin into his open palm.

"Hello!" said Sloppy, hoarsely, "what's this?"

"Your fare, man!" replied Miss Augusta Molesworth, haughtily.

"What, sixpence! for drivin' of you over pretty nigh two mile of ground. Not if I knows it!"

"Two miles! You may not know it, but I do. The distance from Quebec-street to this place is exactly one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five yards."

"Is it?" said Sloppy, rather astonished at the precision of this statement, but not inclined to knock under. "Wot o' that?"

"The Act of Parliament," pursued Miss Augusta Molesworth, with great volubility, "says: 'For every mile, or part of a mile, sixpence.' A mile in length is one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards. Your fare is under the distance by five yards."

"Blow'd if ever I heerd tell of such meanness!" ejaculated Sloppy, for the moment quite dumb-founded.

"Stand aside, fellow," exclaimed the lady, triumphantly, "and let me pass!"

But a moment's cogitation had enlightened Sloppy, and he kept his ground.

Again he held out his hand, and looking contemptuously, first at the sixpence and then at Miss Augusta Molesworth, doggedly said: "My fare's *one* shilling!"

"I have already told you," returned the lady, now irritated beyond belief, for she saw Mr. Pith and her friends up-stairs laughing, and the footman at the street-door following suit; "I have already told you it is *not*. Sir Richard Mayne,—that is to say, a friend of his,—has sent me the official table of fares from Quebec-street to every part of London. As I said before, the distance is five yards under the mile. Now, at your peril, dare to ask me a farthing more than your fare!"

"I sees where this is to end," said Sloppy, banging to the cab-door, with Miss Augusta Molesworth still inside. "This here's a case for the beak!"

Saying which he hastily scrambled to his box, and set his animal in motion.

"Stop! stop!" cried Miss Augusta Molesworth; "where are you going to? Let me out! Let me out!"

Sloppy pulled up with a jerk, and turning his head, asked if she meant to give him the shilling.

"No!" returned the imprisoned lady, with desperate indignation.

"Then I takes you to Marybone office, that's all," replied Sloppy. "If you're so fond of the Hact o' Parlyment you shall have enuff of it!" And so saying, he whipped his horse along as fast as he could go—ten times faster than appearances warranted—leaving Mr. Reginald Pith, his guests, and the footman all staring with astonishment, and wondering what on earth was the reason of Miss Augusta Molesworth's sudden flight.

"A little touched here, I should say," observed a stout gentleman, one of Mr. Pith's anxious guests, tapping his bald forehead.

"Always flighty!" added a gaily-dressed widow, who entertained rival pretensions to the name of Pith.

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Tinkler!—bless my soul—do you think so—

think so?" exclaimed the disturbed host; "taken off to a madhouse, I dare say—yes—madhouse—very shocking—very. Dinner on table, hey? No use waiting, is there, Crammer? My arm, Mrs. Tinkler. Wonderful thing! Most extraordinary!"

If Sloppy's purpose was stern, that of Miss Augusta Molesworth was no less so. Not only was her memory perfect, but she had fortified it by a special extract from the official table, which was entered in her tablets. How Mr. Reginald Pith would applaud her resolution! It would fix his wavering fancy. She should hear no more praises of *that* Mrs. Tinkler! So, without another word of remonstrance, she sat quietly in the cab, waiting patiently for the issue of the question, of which she had not the slightest doubt.

A case of organ-grinding was before the magistrate when the strong-minded Augusta Molesworth and her litigious antagonist made their way into court, amidst a jeering, grinning crowd, who welcomed their arrival with phrases more earnest than polite. The lady was accommodated with a seat apart, but Sloppy mingled with the herd, delighting them by the manner in which he prepared them for his story. The complainant in the organ-grinding case was a learned Professor, whose calculations were set at nought by an Italian boy who professed not to understand English. The elaboration of the charge and the stolidity of the defence occupied the court for a full hour, during which the situation of Miss Augusta Molesworth was anything but pleasant. She endured it, however, with that dignity and firmness which the sex always display when they know they are in the right.

At length the Italian boy was dismissed with a caution, the only equivalent the Professor obtained for a whole day wasted in a police court, and Sloppy stepped forward.

"He was the plaintiff," he said, "and this here was how it was. He took up the party now before his wershup from his stand in Quee-bee-street, which he druv her to Sussex-square, over a mile, and a tanner was all as the lady—call *her* a 'lady'—wanted to give. He was a poor man, and worked hard for his lively-hood"—sympathising groans from the host of idlers in court—"he hadn't had never another fare before that blessed day"—more groans—"and to think of his being took and shoved off with a sixpence!"

The magistrate, who seemed familiar with this strain, took no notice of Sloppy's eloquence, but addressed himself to the facts of the case.

"What is the distance?" he asked.

Before Sloppy could reply, Miss Augusta Molesworth made answer: "Seventeen hundred and fifty-five yards!"

The magistrate smiled:

"Rather a close——" shave, he was going to say, but substituted the word "thing." "Is that so?" he inquired of the clerk, who sat beneath him. The clerk referred to a book at his elbow, and replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the magistrate, "I must give it against you, cabman."

"If yer wershup will on'y listen," pleaded Sloppy, winking his eye at his friends in the crowd.

"I have decided," said the magistrate, abruptly. "The case is dismissed. I am sorry, madam," he added, addressing Miss Augusta Moles-

worth, "that you have had the trouble to come here. Good morning." He prepared to leave the court—for it was past his dinner-hour—when Sloppy's voice arrested him.

"Wot I wishes fur to say, yer wershship, is this: that there defendiant is guilty of purgery! I took her more nor a mile."

The magistrate returned to his seat, and the clerk handed him the book he had referred to.

"The lady is right," he said; "the distance is five yards under the mile."

"From the rank," said Sloppy.

"Just so," returned the magistrate.

"Which," continued Sloppy, "I took the lady up at her own door, round the corner in York-street, five-and-twenty yards from the bottom of the rank—went over the same agin on leaving of Quee-bec-street,—put them two five-and-twenties together, yer wershship, that's fifty,—subtract five, add that to make up the mile, and wot remains? Why, five-and-forty yards to the good, which, being 'any part of a mile,' as the Hact says, my fare is one bob."

Cheers in court, which nobody endeavoured to repress.

"I now arsts for another bob, from Sussex-square here, and my time"—out came Sloppy's watch—"one hour and forty minnits, at two shillings an hour, makes three and six, altogether five and six! Yer wershship, I 'ope, will give a order."

"I am afraid I must," said the magistrate.

Sloppy had been "too many" for Miss Augusta Molesworth.

Amidst the laughter of the spectators Sloppy received his demand; but though his aspect was rude, humanity was not extinguished in his bosom.

"And now," said he, pocketing the money, "if the lady likes to go back to dinner, I'll drive her there for nuthin."

There was no alternative, for no other conveyance was at hand.

"A dispute which has been rectified by the magistrate," said Miss Augusta Molesworth, entering Mr. Reginald Pith's dining-room at the end of the third course, and taking the vacant seat at the end of the table.

"Bless my heart—what—overcharge—only sixpence—not pay sixpence—never heard of such a thing—peace of mind and quietness—no use quarrelling with cabmen—sure to do you—sure. Always pay—always pay!"

These were the consolatory words of Mr. Reginald Pith. Bad enough in themselves, but this was not the end of Miss Augusta Molesworth's mortifications. She learned from a friend, a few days afterwards, that Mr. Reginald Pith was engaged to Mrs. Tinkler.

### Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

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

#### ABOUT PORTRAITS AND PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

##### I.

IF there has always been a tendency to disparage portrait-painting, as a department of pictorial art, never have there been wanting some one or two stalwart champions, Johnson-like, to vindicate its pretensions and magnify its office. Maga's self-styled Ignoramus on the Fine Arts, was severe, some years ago, on those mal-contents in matters æsthetical, and sons of Zoilus in criticism, who decry portraiture as a wen, a fungus, a parasitical sucker, a pampered menial, a slave, that has usurped dominion over its master; as a poor, base, sordid, mechanical, bowing, cringing, interest-making, money-getting handicraft. Is it true, asks Hartley Coleridge, that the portrait is a work of mere mechanical dexterity, in which the hand and the eye alone are employed; and all that constitutes the man is out of office? A portrait may be produced mechanically, he admits, as an air may be composed—by rule, and note, and memory; but it may safely be assumed that a good portrait cannot be painted, without some of the best talents of the poet and the philosopher. It does not, indeed, demand the fancy, the invention, the constructiveness, that enter into the composition of an epic, a tragic, or a comic picture (in Hogarth's way), but these are faculties which many poets of no trivial name, have either not possessed, or never exerted. But if—to continue the genial critic's argument—if it be a function of philosophy to discover, amid the ceaseless flux of phenomena, the permanent, the essential, the ideal—to form abstractions which are not mere words, but the bonds and regulations of true knowledge; if it be the business of a shaping imagination, to invest such abstractions with an appropriate body, and congruous circumstances; to bestow a vital unity, organised in coherent numbers—if to arrest a moment, and make it an adequate symbol of a total being, be the more peculiar constituent of pictorial genius, then he says, that the man who delineates a satisfactory likeness, even of an undistinguished child of earth, proves that he has evoked and educated the finest powers of his intellect.

“It must be observed, that to draw the living person, even with technical accuracy, is a very different thing from copying a picture, which may be done by rule and measurement. In the picture, not only is all that belongs to proportion and perspective ready made, but the aspect is unchangeable; the copyist may work and look again, and inquire of his model, and receive the same invariable faithful answer. But copying will go but a very little way with a human countenance; there a novice might look and look, and be so far from getting his lesson by heart, that he will find each previous impression impaired and modified by the succeeding. He will not be able to note down one feature in just keeping, and will probably throw the blame on the restlessness of the sitter; and at last either produce a plan instead of a portrait, or such an anarchy of lineaments as it would have puzzled Munden to

realise. The fact is, that the representative image, the impression on the brain, which corresponds with each person of our acquaintance, is abstracted from many continuous or successive acts of vision; and may probably be different in different individuals, according to the perfection of their organs. But as the substratum to these uncertain representatives, there must be an intelligible, and therefore communicable form; which the portrait-painter transfers to the canvas. He will paint you—not as you do look at this or that particular time—but as you must, and ought to look, to answer the best possible idea of yourself. This is what Vandyke, Lely, Reynolds, and Lawrence have done, for the great and the fair of their respective ages.\*

Hence fidelity as a copyist is by no means the portrait-painter's highest praise. It was complained of the late Sir William Ross, for instance, that, with all his talent in accurate imitation, line upon line, he yet had little of the highest powers of the artist—that of choosing the noblest moment of the sitter, when “the God within him lights his face:”—he had little power of idealisation—of that true idealisation which does not seek to beautify the face by modelling it to any pre-conceived type in the artist's mind, but only to ennoble the features, as earnest thought or strong feeling ennoble them for the moment, and sheds a sudden glory over them that leaves behind for ever a subtle trace of its purifying power. But Ross, it was objected,† without much exertion of thought, simply did his best to imitate what he saw; though it is allowed that, having a most refined sense of colour and appreciation of character, he produced works far more valuable than those of men of greater power of thought, but of less truthfulness and simplicity.

The portrait by Raeburn of Sir Walter Scott was greatly admired for its literal fidelity. A more faithful likeness, admiring gazers would exclaim, there could not be. And yet deeper observers felt that, after all, it was not like. Literal fidelity there was; but it missed the living spirit of the man, and depicted him as he was, not at his best, not in his most characteristic moments of vivacity and excitement, but in dull, inert, common-place repose. The example is of every-day recurrence, among every-day men.

An intelligent critic on Art Exhibition, in one of the (now plural, and no longer, as in Gifford and Jeffrey's days, merely dual) quarterlies, recently discussed the reasons for viewing the portrait department, as it often is viewed, with some kind of contempt. He grants that it is tiresome enough to be called upon to look at the prosaic renderings of dozens of mean and uninteresting faces; but contends that it is as much the painter's fault as the sitter's that the pictures are not worth looking at. He appeals to the giants of ancient art who could idealise the most homely countenances; and reminds their modern *mis*-representatives that it is the function and province of the painter to discover and perpetuate what is the essence of a man's likeness—not merely what he is, but what he might be and perhaps will be. “Who has not observed with awe the forgotten resemblances, the new expressions, the strange refinement, and we might almost say glorification, which the calm of death develops in the lineaments of the departed—when human passion is stilled for ever, and, as the past and actual fades away, the possible

\* Essays and Marginalia, I. 288 *sqq.*

† *Saturday Review*, No. 31.



and future dawns upon the spectator? Some such insight ought to be the prerogative of the true artist. And when once a painter has so seized the reality of his sitter's countenance, the portrait immediately takes rank among the highest creations of art, and, as we said, the most unimportant countenance is endowed with immortality.\* The critic rejoices to recognise a growing recognition of this doctrine in practice, and hails the endeavours of existing artists who, without servilely imitating the manner of Holbein or of Titian or of Reynolds—as some would have them do—honestly try to do in their own way, with equal intensity and truth, what those great painters achieved before them.

Mr. Slick of Slickville may be a safe guide in the art of driving a good bargain, and "doing" a 'cute customer; but in the regions of high art he is perhaps, like the curate in Shakspeare, a little o'erparted. Else he might supply us at once with a glib scheme of portrait-painting made easy. According to his friend, the Honourable Eli Wad, and as far as his observation goes, the whole art lies in a free sketch of the leading feature. "Give it good measure: do you take? No, says I, I don't understand one word of it. Well, says he, what I mean is this; see what the leadin' featur' is, and exaggerate that, and you have a strikin' likeness. If the nose is large, just make it a little more so; if there is a slight cast of the eye, give it a squint; a strong line in the face, deepen it; a big mouth, enlarge it; a set smile, make it a snirk; a high cheek-bone, square it out well. Reciprocate this by paintin' the rest o' the face a little handsomer, and you have it complete; you'll never fail—there's no mistake. Dead colorin', with lots of varnish, will do for that market, and six dollars apiece for the pictures is about the fair deal for the price. If you don't succeed, I will give my head for a football. You'll hear 'em all say, Oh! that's her nose to a hair—that's her eye exactly; you could tell that mouth anywhere, that smile you could swear to as far as you can see it—it's a'most a beautiful likeness. She's taken off complete—it's as nateral as life."† Here the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the sitters of their limner, a six-dollar man, of first-class sign-post power.

There are gentlemen fifty times as dear, however, whose flashy stare and glare find hasty admirers that ought to know better. Second thoughts correct first impressions. On some portraits, as Christopher North says, you at once exhaust your admiration; and are then ashamed of yourself for having mistaken the vulgar pleasure, so cheaply inspired, of a staring likeness, for that high emotion breathed from the mastery of the painter's skill—and blush to have doted on a daub.‡ Mark the poet's rapture at the painter's art, as displayed in the hall of Timon's Athenian mansion:

*Poet.* Admirable! how this grace  
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

*Painter.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch: Is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,

\* *Bentley's Quarterly Review*, No. II. Art. viii.

† *The Clockmaker*, vol. ii. ch. xviii.

‡ *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, April, 1830.

It tutors nature : artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.\*

If Shakspeare was keenly cognisant of the relations of ideal and real in art, he also appears to have heard and noted something of that dreariest of cant, the cant of connoisseurship. The complaisant criticism of his sonorous Poet, and the affected modesty of his complacent Painter, have a smack of being studies from life.

Upon that question of the relations, or the antagonism, of real and ideal, may be said to depend much of what is alleged for and against photographic portraits. How can your sun-picture be otherwise than a true one? Was it not asked by them of old time, Who so audacious as to charge the Sun with fibbing? *SOLEM quis dicere falsum audeat?* And yet the solar portraits are again and again felt to be unsatisfactory. They are not, somehow, accepted as reliable tellers of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Or, at best, as extremes meet, they are so true as to be suggestive of falsehood—and their too literal fidelity involves them in the charge of being unfaithful in effect.

How is this? Can the *rationale* of the paradox lie in the moral of Gay's fable?—

So very like a Painter drew,  
That every eye the picture knew ;  
He hit complexion, feature, air,  
So just, the life itself was there.  
No flattery with his colours laid  
To bloom restored the faded maid ;  
He gave each muscle all its strength ;  
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length ;  
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,  
And mark'd the date of age and youth.  
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd ;  
*Truth should not always be reveal'd.*  
In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
For no one sent the second pay, &c.†

Granta's popular Professor of Modern History has discussed the daguerreotype difficulty, in a fictitious colloquy about the province of realism in high art. He denies utterly the assertion that one is bound to paint what is actually present on the object to be delineated. You must paint, he says, not what is there, but what you see there. You must not forget that human beings are men with two eyes, and not daguerreotype lenses with one eye, else you introduce into your pictures the very defect of the daguerreotype which the stereoscope is required to correct. Thus, the pre-Raphaelites are accused of forgetting that the double vision of our two eyes gives a softness, and indistinctness, and roundness to every outline. Hence, it is argued, that while for distant landscape, motionless, and already softened by atmosphere, the daguerreotype is invaluable, yet for taking portraits, in any true sense, it will always be useless—and this, because "it tries to represent as still what never yet was still for the thousandth part of a second: that is, a human face; and as seen by a spectator who is perfectly still, which no man ever yet was."‡ What painters call idealising a portrait is, by the same argument, if it be wisely

\* Timon of Athens, Act 1. Sc. 1.

† Gay's Fables, "The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody."

‡ Charles Kingsley, "Two Years Ago."

done, really painting for you the face which you see, and know, and love—her ever-shifting features, with expression varying more rapidly than the gleam of the diamond on the lady's finger.

In the same way a National Reviewer observes of an eminent living poet—with the justice of the application we have nothing to do—that he gives a likeness from a fixed standpoint; and, although a complete likeness, yet one of only a single aspect of his subject; while a man like Rembrandt or Sir Joshua Reynolds, poring long upon a face, possesses the magic power of indicating something of the whole character in his one likeness of the countenance.\*

It has been remarked that in the following passage Wilkie seems unconsciously to have anticipated the invention (or rather the discovery) of the daguerreotype, and some of its results. He says: "If by an operation of mechanism animated nature could be copied with the accuracy of a cast in plaster, in tracing on a wall, or a reflexion in a glass, without modification, and without the proprieties and graces of art, all that utility could desire would be perfectly attained, but it would be at the expense of almost every quality which renders art delightful."

Mrs. Jameson suggests as one reason why the daguerreotype portraits are in general so unsatisfactory, the reflection, that every object which we behold we see not with the eye only, but with the soul (this being especially true of the human countenance, which in so far as it is the expression of mind we see through the medium of our own individual mind)—so that a portrait is satisfactory in so far as the painter has sympathy with his subject, and is delightful to us in proportion as the resemblance reflected through *his* sympathies is in accordance with our own. "Now in the daguerreotype there is no such medium, and the face comes before us without passing through the human mind and brain to our apprehension."† This she submits as the reason why a daguerreotype, however beautiful and accurate, is seldom satisfactory or agreeable, and that while we acknowledge its truth as to fact, it always leaves something for the sympathies of desire.

It was long prior to the epoch of photographic portraiture that Goethe penned this *obiter dictum*: "One is never satisfied with a portrait of a person that one knows. I have always felt for the portrait-painter on this account. One so seldom requires of people what is impossible, and of them we do really require what is impossible; they must gather up into their picture the relation of everybody to its subject, all their likings and dislikings; they must not only paint a man as they see him, but as every one else sees him."‡ How far the pictorial puissance of the Sun has been from improving on this state of things, there needs no gloss or marginal comment of ours to explain.

One might almost say that Soutley, too, had unconsciously anticipated daguerreotype fidelities, when he wrote, in 1828, of a certain counterfeit presentment of himself, as erring,

Where erring, only because over-true,  
Too close a likeness for similitude;  
Fixing to every part and lineament

\* W. Caldwell Roscoe, *Critical Essays*.

† Mrs. Jameson's *Commonplace Book, Notes on Art*.

‡ *Wahlverwandschaften*, II. § 2.

Its separate character, and missing thus  
That which results from all.\*

Contrast with this the peculiar effect ascribed in one of Mr. Hawthorne's fancy-pieces, to his mysterious painter's works of art: "In most of the pictures the whole mind and character were brought out on the countenance, and concentrated into a single look, so that, to speak paradoxically, the originals hardly resembled themselves so strikingly as the portraits did."† The paradox is not, to students of art, so wilful or preposterous as to the uncritical it might appear.

There is considerable truth in the averment, that the success or failure of a photographic portrait not unfrequently affords some clue to the character and habits of the sitter: men of phlegmatic temperament and heavy countenances, for example—men whose minds are slow to receive and slow to part with an impression—men of strong and substantial rather than of active and nimble brains—dull, stupid, gloomy, reserved, and selfish men—all making good sitters. Whereas men of mercurial temperament, who pass rapidly from one phase of thought or feeling to another—men of shallow minds or quick wits, as well as men of ready and discursive sympathies, much affected by external circumstances, and requiring the stimulus of conversation and suggestion to call forth those expressions of countenance which their friends most care to see—hardly ever succeed in getting good photographic likenesses of themselves. The portrait-painter is justly said to be always glad of the presence of some intimate friend, capable of drawing forth the "characteristic idiosyncrasies" of the sitter, and of "suggesting a line of conversation likely to interest and animate him." All such aids and appliances would be labour lost on the photographer. *He* is nothing if not mechanical. But the "great portrait-painter's is no mechanical art—he ought to have the detective instincts of a Fouché, combined with the education and refinement of a scholar and a gentleman. These important auxiliaries the photographer must forego. If he be capable of using them, he has not the chance of bringing them into play; and even if he could succeed in attracting the expression he required, the moment it was bidden to stay, even for the swift action of the sunbeam, it would disappear. He must work with his hands tied; and, in the great majority of instances, the result must be fatal to anything like complete success."‡

The photographer's failures, even his successes, perhaps, do but remind us of what one of Queen Anne's men says, in pointing a moral to adorn his tale—

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting,  
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;  
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace  
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;  
May justly own the picture wrought  
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:  
Yet, if the colouring be not there,  
The Titian stroke, the Guido air;  
To nicest judgment show the piece;  
At best 'twill only not displease.§

\* Southey's Epistle to Allan Cunningham.

† The Prophetic Pictures.

‡ See an instructive article on Photographic Portraiture, in No. 43 of the *Saturday Review*.

§ Matthew Prior.

Sir James Stephen warns biographers, that, in order to truth of effect, a narrator must suppress much of the whole truth: Charles V. of Spain, he assures them, and Charles I. of England, still live in picture, as they lived in the flesh, because Titian and Vandyke knew how to exclude, to conceal, and to diminish, as well as how to copy.\*

Mr. Emerson's canon is, that, in the fine arts, not imitation, but creation is the aim. The artist engaged on a portrait, is to inscribe the character and not the features, and must "esteem the man who sits to him as himself only an imperfect picture or likeness of the aspiring original within."† This may have a transcendental accent, in tune with the voice of the transatlantic essayist; but the underlying principle is no novelty in æsthetics. It differs not in meaning from what our cis-atlantic laureate expresses in idyllic verse—

As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,  
The shape and colour of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children, ever at its best  
And fullest.‡

Identical in critical significance, almost in the very words, is what a robust laureate, of two centuries since, expressed in his eulogy of Sir Godfrey's portraits—

Likeness is ever there; but still the best,  
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest. . . .  
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought;  
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

And again, later in the same piece:

A graceful truth thy pencil can command;  
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.  
Likeness appears in every lineament;  
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.  
Tho' nature there her true resemblance bears,  
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears. . . .  
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,  
When on wild nature we engraft our skill,  
But not creating beauties at our will.§

When Phœbe Pyncheon, in Mr. Hawthorne's romance, owns her no great love for daguerreotype likenesses,—“they are so hard and stern; besides dodging away from the eye, and trying to escape altogether,” as though conscious of looking unamiable, and therefore hating to be seen,—the artist allows, in reply, that most of his likenesses do look unamiable; but the very sufficient reason, he fancies, is because the originals are so. There is a wonderful insight, he affirms, in heaven's broad and simple sunshine. “While we give it credit only for depicting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth that no painter would ever venture upon, even could he detect it. There is, at least, no flattery in my humble line of art.”|| The truth of the last sentence is a recognised truism. Were there a similar recognition as

\* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 135.

† Emerson's *Essays*, “Art.”

‡ Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*: “Elaine.”

§ Dryden to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

|| *The House of the Seven Gables*, ch. vi.

regards the previous sentence, all would be over with photographic portraiture, and the daguerreotypy's occupation gone.

Suppose it to be true, however, that sunshine does, as the cynical artist alleges, bring out the secret character with unerring precision and absolute fidelity,—how invaluable an agency we should then have for securing an Historical Portrait Gallery of contemporary worthies. What an easy method of fathoming the hearts of all our kinsfolk and friends. What a royal road to learn the innermost being, the springs of action, the motives, designs, and principles of our ministers and mistresses, pastors and masters!

But that case being a Not Proven one, we do well to make the best of the best character-portraits we can get—whether of public or private interest. The amount of self-evident verisimilitude in any particular instance may be, and perhaps is ever liable to be, a vexed question; for, according to Professor Reed, a faithful painter may, in the highest style of his art, portray a human face with all its characteristic expression, and in all its true individuality; and yet the nearest relatives are not only the hardest to satisfy, but, by the very nature of their familiarity with the subject, will often be the worst judges of the likeness.\* There is, however, no denying the value of clever portraiture as a text-book for students of character. Mr. Helps has remarked that you may learn more of a person even by a little converse with him, than by a faithful outline of his history,—the most important of his actions being possibly anything but the most significant of the man, since they are likely to be the result of many things besides his nature: “To understand *that*, I doubt whether you might not learn more from a good portrait of him, than from two or three of the most prominent actions of his life.”† So again writes Mr. Carlyle, when taking stock of a series of Portraits, a hundred in number, “many of them understood to be accurate likenesses,” as aids to understand the history of the French Revolution. “The natural face of a man,” says he, “is often worth more than several biographies of him, as biographies are written.”‡ How thankfully the same writer, in his History of Frederick the Great, welcomes any and every authentic likeness of his hero and family—especially Painter Pesne’s picture, “approved by mankind there and then,” of little Fritz drumming, with sister Wilhelmina looking on—all the more precious for standing out as an exception, a real thing, from among unrealities that deal with goat-footed Pan, Europa’s bull, Romulus’s she-wolf, &c. &c.,—welcome, therefore, Pesne’s graceful little picture, “like one tiny islet of Reality amid the shoreless sea of Phantasms.”§ A true portrait has its price for whosoever believes, and acts on the belief, that the proper study of mankind is man. It affords a means of study never to be despised or overlooked. Long after Lord Chesterfield had avowedly given up buying pictures by way of *virtù*, he professed that there would be temptation for him in the portraits of remarkable people; accordingly he commissioned Mr. Stanhope, then in Paris, to bid and buy for him in that department—if he could pick up, for instance, at a reasonable price, “undoubted originals” of Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Retz, of Turenne or Condé, of Mesdames de

\* Lectures on English History, by Prof. H. Reed, I.

† Essays written in the Intervals of Business.

‡ Carlyle’s Miscellanies, vol. iv., Hist. of the French Revolution.

§ Carlyle’s Hist. of Friedrich II., book iv. ch. vi.

Montespan, de Fontauges, de Sévigné, de Maintenon, de Chevreuse, &c.\* Hartley Coleridge envies the Vandykes, Lelys, and Knellers, who, foreigners though they were, are naturalised as the illustrators of our history; and happy he calls the painter who was summoned to realise the narration of Clarendon,—to justify the panegyric of Waller,—to show how they looked upon earth, whose spirits speak to us from the grave: “But most happy are we, who with hearts as tranquil as the mute image of departed sorrow, can look on the likenesses of the illustrious dead, and, wondering, ask ourselves if such things really were.”† *Un portrait est plus éloquent qu'un tombeau*, says M. Arsène Houssaye,‡ when counselling us to study Voltaire in his portrait at Versailles, by Largillière, and not in the sepulchral associations of the Panthéon, or amid the ruins of Ferney. The painter is called by Zanoni a veritable magician: a Venetian noble might be a fribble, or an assassin—a scoundrel or a dolt; worthless, or worse than worthless; yet, let him sit to Titian, and his portrait may become inestimable—“A few inches of painted canvas a thousand times more valuable than a man with his veins and muscles, brain, will, heart, and intellect.”§

It was an inspection of the portraits by Titian and Rubens in the Pitti Palace, that constrained the late William Collins, that genuine artist in another line of art, to deplore so emphatically the retrograde tendency of modern portraiture, and to lament that its professor did not, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, devote himself to the study of the masterpieces of the old painters. “Surely,” he writes to Wilkie, from Naples, in 1838—“surely portrait-painting may become more like what it was two hundred years ago, and yet be more original than it now is. Do you recollect that magnificent picture by Sebastiano del Piombo, in the Doria Palace? It is the portrait of an admiral—a distinguished person at that time. I can never forget it. . . I am so much impressed with it, that were I ten years younger I would turn portrait-painter,”|| in emulation of so fascinating a power.

To feel the spell that is exercised on our spirits by the pictorial occupants of a portrait-gallery, there needs no such association of mystery or legend as in Hood's poem, where, in gloom and an atmosphere of decay,

—from their tarnish'd frames dark Figures gazed,  
And Faces spectre-pallid.  
Not merely with the mimic life that lies  
Within the compass of Art's simulation;  
Their souls were looking thro' their painted eyes  
With awful speculation.¶

Nor needs there that perplexing phenomenon, that almost alarming prerogative, which all of us must have, some time or other, noticed in certain portraits—the seeming power, namely, of the painted eye to follow our own, look which way we will, or move in what direction soever we may. Mrs. Browning speaks of a curtainless window, in the bedroom of poor Marion Erle, that

\* Chesterfield to his Son, 1752.

† Ignoramus on the Fine Arts, Part II.

‡ Portraits du XVIII<sup>me</sup> Siècle.

§ Zanoni, book iii. ch. vi.

|| See Memoir of W. Collins, R. A., vol. ii. pp. 124, 140.

¶ Hood's Poems, The Haunted House.

fixed you with its torturing eye,  
Defying you to take a step apart,  
If peradventure you would hide a thing.\*

When Anthony Wohlfart, in Herr Freytag's debit-and-credit novel, comes safe back from his first smell of powder, and is questioned by his companions as to his sensations while the Polish peasants were taking aim at him, he tells them, "It gave me a turn when I saw all the mouth-pieces were directed at my face . . . but when, on our return, each of the carriers maintained that he alone had been aimed at, I came to the conclusion that this universality must be a peculiar property of the gun-barrels, a kind of optical delusion, which [as Mr. Toots would say] was of no consequence." The peculiar property belongs equally to painted eyes—explain it objectively, subjectively, how you please. The fact is one of fiction's common-places. Sir Walter Scott takes note of it, in the instance of William Christian's portrait, as uneasily gazed upon by Julian Peveril. "Such was the tumult of Julian's mind, that while he traversed the parlour, it seemed to him that the dark melancholy eyes of the slaughtered Christian's portrait followed him wherever he went, with the fixed, chill, and ominous glance, which announced to the enemy of his race mishap and misfortune."†

Sir Edward B. Lytton takes note of it, when he describes Maltravers in his study at evening-tide, drawing aside the curtain that veils a woman's portrait, and gazing with deep emotion, not unmixed with awe, upon "the beautiful face whose eyes seemed fixed upon him with mournful sweetness. There is something mystical about those painted ghosts of ourselves that survive our very dust! Who, gazing upon them long and wistfully, does not half fancy that they seem not insensible to his gaze, as if we looked our own life into them, and the eyes that followed us where we moved were animated by a stranger art than the mere trick of the linner's colours?"‡ One may attribute some such train of thought to the first bewildered perceptions of Leontes, when a rapt spectator of the supposed statue of his living queen.

Mr. Thackeray, again, takes note of the same optical illusion. As where he (or Mr. Brown the elder, for him) describes a civic feast in the hall of the Bellow-menders' Company, and says: "August portraits decorate the walls. The Duke of Kent in scarlet, with a crooked sabre, stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. The Duke of Cumberland, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere."§ So, too, with Cecilia Lovel's "simpering effigy," that "looked down upon us, over her harp, and from the wall. The eyes of the portrait followed you about, as portraits' eyes so painted will; and those glances, as it seemed to me, still domineered over Lovel, and made him quail as they had done in life."||

Mr. Dickens illustrates the fact, in his experiences of little Paul Dombey at Doctor Blimber's Brighton establishment, where there was "a portrait on the stairs, which always looked earnestly after him as he went away, eyeing it over his shoulder; and which, when he passed it

\* Aurora Leigh, book vi.

† Peveril of the Peak, vol. i. ch. xii.

‡ Alice; or, the Mysteries, book x. ch. iii.

§ Sketches and Travellers in London: A Dinner in the City.

|| Lovel the Widower, ch. iv.



in the company of any one, still seemed to gaze at him, and not at his companion.\*

All such weird influences apart, a portrait-gallery ever contains frequent matter for musing minds, even though its pictured denizens be but of the common run of

Steel Barons, molten the next generation  
To silken rows of gay and garter'd Earls  
\* \* \* \* \*

And Lady Marys, blooming into girls,  
With fair long locks, . . . .  
And Couutesses mature in robes and pearls.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Generals, some all in armour, of the old  
And iron time, ere Lead had taken the lead;  
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,  
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed:  
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold;  
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed;  
And here and there some stern high Patriot stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.†

No lack of matter pensive and pathetic, either, in such company. For how big with truth the little couplet,

A picture is the past; even ere its frame  
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

On which account, few things are less exhilarating, perhaps, than to study the past and present of family pictures, and draw for oneself the contrast between now and then. Does the reader remember that domestic group on the wall of Mr. Osborne's dining-room, in "Vanity Fair?" There was a picture of the family, we are told, over the mantelpiece,—George was on a pony, the elder sister holding him up a bunch of flowers; the younger led by her mother's hand; all with red cheeks and large red mouths, simpering on each other in the approved family-portrait manner. "The mother lay underground now, long since forgotten—the sisters and brother had a hundred different interests of their own, and, familiar still, were utterly estranged from each other. Some few score of years afterwards, when all the parties represented are grown old, what bitter satire there is in those flaunting childish family-portraits, with their farce of sentiment and smiling lies, and innocence so self-conscious and self-satisfied.‡ A degree of the same feeling may attach to the inspection of individual portraits. But who would be without a faithful one, that could secure it, of any endeared and honoured presence, whom he may not, *can* not, always have present with him—and whose counterfeit presentment is therefore cherished by him, or one day may be, *will* be, in the spirit of that gentlest of poets and sons, who could say, as he gazed on what art could yet tell him of his Mother as she looked and lived, sixty years before, that

—while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.§

But this is a subject to be pursued, if at all, in another and concluding paper.

\* Dombey and Son, ch. xiv. † Byron. ‡ Vanity Fair, ch. xxiv.  
§ Cowper: On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.

## THE LAST NIGHT.

BY MARY C. F. MÜNSTER.

MARY, is that the cry of some late crane  
 Up-sailing from the black pools of the marsh?  
 And yet I thought that full three hours ago  
 I heard the last tired straggler as he flew  
 Clamouring in the darkness.

How the wind  
 Hisses through all the dry leaves of the beech!  
 Poor leaves, that will not fall, though dead and sere!  
 Still clinging to the boughs, as to our hearts  
 Cling memories of hopes dead long ago—  
 The air is full of dismal sounds to-night:  
 The swollen beek chafes on the stepping-stones  
 With such a full-voiced moan of wild complaint  
 That I could almost think I lay again,  
 As in the nights that never can return,  
 Beneath the shelter of my father's roof,  
 And listened to the plaining of the sea  
 Breaking against the shingles of the beach.  
 That time is so far back, so blotted out  
 By all the waves of misery and pain  
 That have washed o'er me since, that I could doubt  
 If I was ever cherished by fond hearts,  
 And cared and tended like some precious thing.  
 Ah! Mary, when those tender parents died,  
 I thought the earth had not another joy  
 Could win me to forget. I prayed to die—  
 And would my childish heart's pray'r had been heard!  
 For I have thanked high Heaven full often since  
 That those who loved me slept so sound a sleep  
 As had no room for dreams or thoughts of me.  
 Hush!—what was that?—did you not hear a voice?  
 Come nearer, for a sudden awful hush  
 Has fallen on my soul.

Has the night changed  
 To bitter cold? or is it ebbing life  
 In its last startled, feeble flutterings,  
 That chills me to the heart?

It may be so,  
 For I have heard that in the solemn hour  
 When Time stands trembling between Night and Morn,  
 Death cometh oft'nest to the weary bed  
 Where sickness lies, and taketh thence his own.  
 'Tis a fit hour for death, this dark, still time,  
 And I shall use it, for full well I know  
 I shall not see another sun go down

Behind the long blue hills; and when the moon  
 In her new pallid beauty shall arise  
 And shine into this room to-morrow night,  
 Her beam shall light a face pale as her own.  
 I shall look on her never more again,  
 For where I'm bound to, sun and moon are not,  
 Nor any star, but that unclouded light  
 Whence they draw theirs, and which shall never fade,  
 But shine on, never paling, through all time.

Nay! do not weep for me, but rather joy  
 That I am near my longed-for rest at last;  
 You, you alone, true friend! fond, faithful heart!  
 Who held to me when all beside were false,  
 Ay! you alone will miss me from the world.  
 No baby cries shall call me to return,  
 No husband's tears shall fall on my cold brow,  
 No vacant place by any household hearth  
 Shall tell that one beloved by many hearts  
 Is gone for ever—none will mourn for me.  
 One bubble more gone from the sea of life,  
 One handful more of dust returned to earth,  
 One trembling spirit gone to meet its Judge,  
 And all is said.

The spring will come again,  
 And shroud with verdure one more narrow grave,  
 And ere the grass be green above my breast  
 Dear cares and joys shall leave no thought of me  
 With even you, save as you might look back  
 'Mid waking life, conscious of sudden gloom,  
 The sole remembrance of a painful dream.  
 A dream! ah, what is life but one long dream?  
 This last hour is the waking.

For the Soul  
 Grows eagle-visioned as the hand of Death  
 Palsies the mould of clay. I see it now,  
 The past is all before me, and I know  
 How I have wandered from my destined path.  
 All! what I was, and am, what might have been,  
 And how I cast the proffered good away,  
 To strain at that which I could never gain.  
 'Tis all there written—now, when all too late,  
 I see what way I might have been beloved,  
 And safe and happy.

Near—come near to me.  
 A terrible mistake, from first to last,  
 Has been my life.

Better had I been born  
 The meekest creature that e'er hugged her chains  
 And fawned upon her gaoler, glad and proud  
 To pace for ever in the narrow bounds

Well trodden down, and closely fenced about,  
Where woman has her sphere.

Ay, better thus,

With little children hanging round my neck,  
And *one* to hold me in his heart of hearts,  
Than be as I have been, a weak, vain thing,  
The sport of flatteries, that bid me raise  
The standard of my sex, and strive with man,  
On his own field, for fame; but those who strive  
In such a cause must own no tenderness,  
Have never known it, or have buried it  
So deep and long ago, that let it cry  
Loud as it may, they shall not hear the call,  
Else in the very hottest of the strife  
The woman's need of love awakes full grown,  
And, finding nought, the weakling sinks to die  
Amid the crowd that crush her in the dust.  
Men love her not, for she has forfeited  
Her right to fond protection when she dared  
To enter on their path; her own poor sex,  
Cruel as ever are the weak, will say,  
"Let her lie there, poor fool of idle dreams!  
Mised with vanity, and half unsexed  
By her own act; she has deserted us;  
We will not help her, lest our masters say  
We share in her rebellion. Let her die.  
We want but what we have; our pretty wiles  
Suffice to gain our ends; we ask no more."  
Ah! Mary, if the wrong be e'er set right,  
'Twill need a woman with a man's great soul  
And her own subtle skill. 'Twas not for me  
To do the deed.

When too late to return,  
I knew I had no power for the task;  
And when I lost all faith in mine own might,  
I lost all fitness.

Once I was beloved,  
And spurned the blessing, and, when all too late,  
I loved. Well! that is over, like all else,  
For me on earth: it will not hurt me more  
To think that, ere another month be passed,  
His feet will tread the path beside my grave  
As forth he leads the bride whose childish heart  
Loves but the glitter of his gold and fame.  
In yonder world we shall not love in vain,  
Nor miss our way: there is no sorrow there,  
Nor death, nor parting—

What has quenched the light?  
Where is your hand? cold, cold.

Yes, ah! I come

## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A CAT'S-PAW.

IN one of the boxes of the obscure *restaurant*, of which mention has already been made, sat the *soi-disant* Comte de la Roquetaillade.

It was Sunday, the dullest of all dull days to a Frenchman in London, and as he pored over a weekly newspaper that was spread out before him, it seemed as if he were desirous of prolonging his breakfast to the utmost, in order to dispose of as much of that dull Sunday as possible.

But, in truth, this was not the case : other objects were in his thoughts—all of them having reference to what he read, and had London been as gay as Paris, its amusements would not at that moment have claimed his attention. Let us follow his meditations as he soliloquised, but not aloud.

"This young fellow, it appears, has shown some reticence. All he knew of me he, naturally, told, and fortunately that was very little; but why did he refuse to say where I lived? He must have had some motive for his silence in that respect! What can it have been? I should imagine not love for me who got him into this scrape! Something else, then. Let me consider!"

But consideration on this point was vain, and the Count felt compelled to admit that Lorn's conduct puzzled him.

"It was quite as well," he went on, "that the address was not given, though Drakeford has put it out of their power to trace my movements. He has made his first *coup*, I see, by burning down his house; his second, the question of compensation from the insurance-office, is his affair, not mine. The report of the fire looks very well in print: 'At an early hour on Wednesday morning the inhabitants of Perceval-street, Clerkenwell, were roused from their slumbers by fearful cries of "Fire!" which, it was speedily ascertained, proceeded from the roof of the house No. 9, situate in that street, where it appears that a young female, who acted as domestic servant to the tenant of the house in question, a most respectable inhabitant of the parish, named Drakeford, had taken refuge, in order to escape from the devouring element which already raged within, and threatened to involve the whole neighbourhood in one vast and destructive conflagration. The shrieks of the affrighted and bewildered girl, as she cowered between the chimneys-pots, to one of which she clung in the agony of desperation, were of the most appalling and heartrending character; and when it was observed that the smoke, accompanied every now and then by fierce jets of flame, came pouring out of the windows of the upper story, none of the spectators, who had now assembled in multitudes, entertained for a moment the consolatory idea that anything

short of a miracle could interpose to prevent the sacrifice of human life which appeared to be inevitable. Providentially, however, at this crisis, and before the engines had time to arrive, a fire-escape was elevated to the battlements of one of the houses adjoining the devoted edifice, and with a courage which was truly superhuman, Edward Nudds, who had charge of the life-preserving apparatus, was seen to ascend, regardless of the danger to which he was exposed, and quickly traversing the space which intervened between the battlements already mentioned and the stack of chimneys before alluded to, caught up the terrified maid-of-all-work, raised her on his shoulder, and while he supported her there with one hand, grasped, with the other, the rounds of the ladder attached to the fire-escape, in which he deposited his almost lifeless burden, and steadying the descending machine, eventually succeeded in reaching *terra firma* amidst the shouts of the excited crowd that thronged the street, eager to bestow their applause on the gallant fellow whose daring bravery and large-hearted humanity words are inadequate to describe. 'Ma foi!' ejaculated the Count at this point of the narrative, "whoever wrote this description had words enough at his command; but the reason is clear—his profit lies in their judicious employment. This is what they call the art of the penny-a-liner! To proceed:

"While this interesting scene took place before the spectator's eyes, another act of the terrific drama was making rapid progress. The pent-up torrent of flame spurning the limits within which it had hitherto been confined, came issuing through the scorched and blackened window-frames, from which the broken glass, shivered by the intensity of the heat, fell with jingling noise upon the pavement, and licked the walls with serpent-like tongue and burning breath, calcining the surface of the smouldering brick and igniting the more inflammable woodwork, joists, and timbers. It was a magnificent spectacle, but even this faded before a feature of human interest which now suddenly developed itself. It had been originally supposed by those whom the conflicting feelings of fear, wonder, curiosity, and the love of the terrible had collected in one spot, that the unfortunate domestic rescued by Nudds, the fire-escape conductor, from a harrowing fate, was the only individual on the blazing premises, but their astonishment was raised to the very highest pitch when it became apparent, by the sudden bursting open of the door which gave access to the house from the street, that another occupant had up to that instant been confined within the tenement. This was no other than Mr. Drakeford himself, who, divested of his coat and waistcoat—having only time to hurry on his inferior garments—now rushed into the street, with the frantic haste of one who is pursued by an implacable foe. It appears that Mr. Drakeford is a very sound sleeper, and only awoke to discover that the house in which he resided, and which was filled with the most valuable property, including gems of art of the rarest and furniture of the most expensive kind, was a prey to the greedy and insatiate agent of destruction. In the absence of the other members of his family, who, most fortunately, had gone on a visit to some relatives in the country only a few days before, Mr. Drakeford had chosen a sleeping apartment on the ground-floor, to which circumstance may be ascribed the fact that he did not perish in the flames; otherwise, in all human probability, he must have become their prey. We have here to mention a *trait* of cha-

acter, revealing true nobility of mind. No sooner had Mr. Drakeford reached the street, than, utterly regardless of the immense losses which, at a single glance, he saw he must have sustained, and thinking only of others'—new features, these," said the Count, "in my friend's character—'his first thought was for the safety of the girl, whose miraculous preservation it has been our gratifying task to record. The meeting between master and servant—for that, as we have said, was the relation in which they stood towards each other—was of the most affecting nature, and many an eye that had calmly and steadily beheld the ravages of the devastating element now became moistened with sympathetic tears. Coincident with this touching demonstration was the arrival of the fire-engine from the station in Watling-street'—ah, I need not read any more—stay, what's this: 'It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Drakeford was restrained from throwing himself into the midst of the blazing ruins'—catch him at it—no, no, Drake is not quite so soft as that! Very well acted, though, I dare say! Throw himself into the flames! Out of sympathy, I suppose, for the fire-offices, for the writer says, 'Luckily, Mr. Drakeford was insured.' He adds, too, 'The origin of the fire is not precisely known, but it is believed to have been caused by the negligence of the maid-servant in accidentally leaving a lighted candle on the kitchen dresser when she went to bed.' Very good! It is easy to see where some of this information comes from. But why do I trouble myself about this matter, when there are other things that concern me still more nearly?"

The Count crumpled the paper and threw it from him, picked it up again, smoothed it, turned the page, and again read for a few moments: " 'At the Devonshire Hotel, Albemarle-street, the Count and Countess de la Roquetaillade, from Paris.' It *was* he, then, whom I saw as they were taking that young fellow to the station; and, what is more to the purpose, he saw me, too, I fancy, though his eye met mine only for an instant. Well, what of it? I knew he must be in London shortly, and that an accidental meeting was possible. To prevent it from being more than accidental, I must drop the title I have borne, and take another name. There are plenty to choose from without trespassing on the Comte de la Roquetaillade's manor! I have already trespassed there enough, both lately and long ago. Have I done with him, then? Not quite. Something yet remains to be accomplished; the best, perhaps, of all. But before I renew my operations I must examine my position. Since I last returned to this rich but stupid country I have done remarkably well. The affair of the ring, to begin with, was cleverly managed. Ah, my brilliant friend, I have you still! The pawnbroker did not ask too much for you: you are worth fifty guineas, *en dernier ressort*, and to your lawful owner twice as much. It is true I parted with you, in the first instance, for less than a fifth of your value, but that was one of my earliest ventures; I wanted money badly, and I also wanted experience; moreover, I was afraid to keep you, for fear of accidents. Then, there was the resumed connexion with Drakeford—a very good speculation in its way, but a little too slow for me, and subject to a variety of accidents. Finally, the *coup* upon the bank, to which I should not have had recourse to so speedily if I had not wished to utilise that boy, of whom I began to have my doubts. Well, the result of it all is, that I have about

a hundred pounds in money, my ring, and the faculty to make debts, if I choose to fix myself in one place. Just at present, however, I have no desire to fix myself anywhere—neither would it be altogether safe; though, after all, the most careful precautions may be upset by the merest trifle. To turn to the right instead of to the left makes very often all the difference. It is quite a thing of chance. If I had never met with Paul Bréval that morning in Paris when he proposed to me a certain *grande affaire* which ought to have turned out better than it did, I probably might never have worn the green cap at Toulon, nor have hobbled with him in the same chain: he, perhaps, may say as much! In this world luck is all! Nothing really depends on ourselves, though we try to make others believe so; neither does anything ever come to pass precisely in the way we expect. Nevertheless, we must act as if Fortune were under our control; there are so many fools in the world, that nine times out of ten we shall find our account in it. But, to go back to the question of my future proceedings—so far as my will can direct them—what is to be done? My inclination leads me to beautiful Esther, and I do not feel disposed to balk my inclination. There is only one obstacle to its indulgence: I don't know where she is. That cunning creature, Nelly, had some motive, I am sure, for taking her away, besides the necessity of leaving a house about to be burnt to the ground. Jealousy? Nonsense! In spite of the terms we are upon, Nelly wouldn't care if I made love to all the women in Europe before her eyes. Her own interest is all she thinks of. She is, of course, consulting that now; in what way it must be my business to discover. If she and Drakeford understand each other, as is most likely, it's of no use attempting to get it out of him; besides, he is making himself scarce just at present, till he sees, as he says, 'which way the cat jumps'—the very thing that I am doing. There is, however, not much fear of my being disturbed to-day, and I will think of business matters no longer. What shall I do with myself?"

He rose and went to the window, looking wistfully up and down the street. An old applewoman seemed to be its only tenant, and he was in the act of turning away again, when his friend Coupendeux came round the corner, very gaily dressed, and walking very fast. The little tailor saw him, made a grimace of delight, and crossed over to the *restaurant*.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he entered, "I was afraid not to find you!"

"What is the matter?" asked the other, thinking that the police were on his track, and growing pale.

"Nothing," replied Coupendeux. "I only want you to come with me."

"Where are you going?"

"To Richemont! Que diable! Who would pass a Sunday in London if he could be anywhere else? Mais c'est mourir que de rester ici! We will take a cab to Wauxhall station, and—Paf!—in half an hour we shall be there."

Some of the mercurial temperament of his countrymen was wanting in the Count—perhaps it had been taken out of him at Toulon—for he paused to consider before he answered.

"Is it that you will not go?" demanded Coupendeux, impatiently.

"Do not fear for your pocket. C'est à moi le régal."

"I was thinking of something else," returned the Count; "and for your advantage."



"We will talk about it *en route*. Now let us be off!"

"*Chemin faisant*, we may do more than talk about it. Do you know the Devonshire Hotel?"

"Certainly. Several of my customers go there."

"And I hope to procure you another. Let us go, then."

Having paid for his breakfast, the Count took the arm of Coupendeux, and they went out together. On their way the former explained what he had just hinted at.

"I must tell you, *mon cher*, that there has arrived at the hotel I mentioned a French nobleman of fortune, Monsieur de la Roquetaillade. He does not know me, but a relation of mine was once in his wife's service, and it is on her account that I am desirous of obtaining some information. As a perfect stranger I could not make the inquiry, but with you there will be no difficulty. Your card—as you are known at the hotel—will readily procure you admission to Monsieur de la Roquetaillade; he will be glad to employ you, and you will find him an excellent *pratique*; for he is rich, and you can charge what you like. In the course of affairs you can gain from his valet such and such particulars as my poor cousin Marguerite wants to learn; but for the present it is simply necessary to find out how long Monsieur de la Roquetaillade means to stay in London."

Though as free as day in spending money, its acquisition was the object nearest to the heart of Monsieur Coupendeux. Talk to him about gold, give him the slightest hint of how it might be procured, and you could do anything with him. Another feature of his character was that he idolised rank, and to be thrown into contact with nobility was a joy second only to that of revelling in the cash which came out of noble pockets. The Count—who, however, had not disguised from Coupendeux that the title *he* assumed was a mere travelling convenience—knew well every *faible* of his present companion, and felt certain of an assent to his proposition. It was agreed to at once, and Coupendeux went direct to the Devonshire Hotel, while the Count waited for him in an adjoining street. In a very short time the artist reappeared, with a face all smiles. There was no doubt, he said, of his success, for the valet of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, whom he had seen, had already been desired to inquire for a tailor, had taken his card, and settled the question of his presentation next morning, adding, that his master's stay would probably be of some weeks' duration.

"I shall make a fortune out of this nobleman," exclaimed Coupendeux, exultingly; "we will make the money fly, *mon cher*, and, to begin with, we will dine famously to-day. Hé! Cabbie! Drive like a devil to Wauxhall station!"

The cabman appealed to approximated as nearly as possible to the diabolic quality of celerity required, and was paid with a liberality which actually exceeded the amount he intended to overcharge; the friends caught a train on the point of starting, and twenty minutes afterwards were free to follow their own desires at Richmond.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A DISCOVERY

THE first thought of Monsieur Croupendeux was the famous dinner which he had promised. No place for the purpose would satisfy him but one of the best hotels, the cost of a thing never entering his head when he had money in his purse, or the prospect of quickly filling it when empty.

He went, therefore, to "The Tower"—that well-known house of entertainment—and gave his commands with,—what shall I say, the air of a prince or a millionaire? No! this comparison badly illustrates the magnificence of Monsieur Croupendeux, for princes have, for the greater part, very little money to spend, and millionnaires make a point of saving theirs;—of one, then, who is ordering dinner at a friend's expense instead of his own.

This point settled, and the locality chosen in one of those pleasant recesses level with the green sward,—recesses like hermit's cells, when hermits were epicures with ten thousand a year,—Monsieur Croupendeux and the Count strolled to the low garden-wall that overhangs the river, and there surveyed the scene.

It is noticeable that no one can look upon water in England, whether salt or fresh, but straightway a voice salutes his ear, inquiring if his honour would like a boat, with the additional remark—whether truly or falsely urged—that the day is most propitious, for either sail or oar.

No sooner did Monsieur Croupendeux and the Count show themselves, than an appeal of this sort was instantaneously made by half a dozen different boatmen, who were congregated below in expectation of a job.

The proposition was particularly agreeable to Monsieur Croupendeux, on account of its novelty,—for his experience in aquatics was of necessity limited.

Although he knew that his companion was no "Count," he always delighted to give him that title; and although few spoke worse English than he, his greatest pleasure was talking it.

"Will you some boat, Count?" he said. "Come, let us go in him!" Then, turning to the nearest waterman, he added, "How mosh, my fellow?"

As a matter of course, the jovial Briton grinned at hearing bad English,—his own dialect being of the most refined and exquisite description,—but he made shift to reply by asking where his "honner" wanted to go to? "Was he for Kew, or Twitnam, or up to Teddinton Lock?"

Monsieur Croupendeux was puzzled; he was familiar with none of these names; he wished, he said, to take a walk upon the water.

Not only did the querist, Jacob Tubbs by name, burst into a fit of horse-laughter at hearing of this new kind of locomotion, but his mirth was loudly echoed by all the bystanders, who interchanged a variety of jokes at the expense of Monsieur Croupendeux, whom they politely called "a froggy Freuchman." Perceiving signs of ire, however, on the coun-

tenance of his probable fare, Jacob Tubbs recovered himself sufficiently to say :

"Ax yer honner's pardon, but when you talks of a walk on the water you means, p'raps, a row!"

"Yes! yes!" returned the placable artist, "dat is vot I shall say. Vere ve go to?—vot is to pay?"

Having measured his customer's means by the splendour of his waistcoat and the *breloques* which dangled from it, Jacob Tubbs modestly put the figure at five shillings an hour, and as Monsieur Coupendeux was in no mood for haggling, and, moreover, was perfectly innocent of the arts of the river-cabmen, the terms between the two high contracting parties were soon settled.

These preliminaries might have been arranged even sooner had the Count thought proper to interfere, but it was his cue to appear quite ignorant of English, and he allowed the tailor, who was to pay for everything, to have entirely his own way.

Up-stream, then, the *Lovely Nancy* went with her freight, Jacob Tubbs laying himself down to his work, as if it were something uncommonly severe, though, as the tide was in his favour, his energies were not very greatly taxed.

"Yes, yer honner," observed Jacob Tubbs, in answer to no remark, when they were fairly under way, "this here pulling takes it out of a man—it do! But what's the odds! Dooty's a pleasure, when one has gen'l'men aboard as is gen'l'men! When a party says to me, out upon a excursion just as this may be, 'Tubbs,' says they, when we comes back, 'you've done your dooty like a man, and we're satisfied, there's a half-crown over your fare,' why I feels all of a glow like, not for the sake of the gratooty, mind you—tho' I'm a poor man with a wife and thirteen young 'uns—but for the manner in which they recompensifies me!"

Honest Tubbs paused at this point of his disinterested exposition to see if he was understood, but though Monsieur Coupendeux had listened to the harangue with great attention, he had not clearly comprehended its drift, and was obliged to ask his companion, in French, what it signified. The latter, who sympathised with everything in the shape of a swindle, supported the waterman's views, and replied that it was customary in England to give a handsome "*pour-boire*" on occasions like the present—on which Monsieur Coupendeux smiled and nodded at Tubbs, exclaiming, "All right," a phrase he greatly rejoiced to use whenever he had an opportunity.

Putting his own interpretation on the reply, Jacob Tubbs, who was professionally given to grumbling, felt an unusual degree of mental elevation, and after favouring the foreigners with one or two snatches of melody, volunteered any amount of local information that might be desired.

"If," he said, "he didn't know the river, having been on it, man and boy, ever since he was that high, he should like to know who did?"

As nobody disputed his experience, he proceeded :

"That there big house on the left, among the trees, just on a level with the water, and sometimes pretty nigh under it when the floods is heavy, belongs to the Dook of Buckloo, a nice place for fate-shampeters and such like, only they haven't given none lately, which is a loss to us

poor watermen as has a deal to do, I can assure yer, to make both ends meet, and then the railway bridge carries folks ever so far away, to Stains and Winsor, and the Lord knows where, among a parcel of fellers as don't know a boat's head from her stern, and behaves like shirks to their fares which Richmond watermen scorns. They'd like to make ferry-boats on us, they would, or more degradin', and expect to pay ferry-boat prices. Not but what the rail brings down a lot of people, specially of Sundays and Mondays in summer-time. But where's the good of that to us? Very few on 'em goes on the water; they takes their perwious up the hill and guttles it down in the Park, because they says they wants to see the view. Them fields on the right is Twitnam Meadows, where such as don't know no better stauds on the bank and fishes when they ought for to be settin' in punts right out in the river and givin' employment to somebody; not that I've no need to speak up for punts, nuffrodite things as no wherrymau would condescend to put his foot into, 'cept for the sake of a job when nothing else was a doin'. Out there away, still further to the right, is Marble Hall—yer honnur has heard tell of the song so called, I was a hummin' of it just now—*opposite* is Ham House, a queer old place and full of ghosts, they say; *to the right* again, opening out behind them tall trees, is Orleans House, once the residence of King Lewy Phillip, and now the property of his son the Dook Demaul. And that there public, as you sees close to the water's edge, is "The Swan;" shall I pull in a bit, yer honner? P'r'aps yer honners would like to taste their ale! They says it's remarkable fine."

Of course Jacob Tubbs had no personal knowledge of the quality of the ale served at "The Swan," but was moved to state the fact of its excellence from a simple sense of justice towards the publican, or of consideration for his fare: it is even probable that he was himself a water-drinker—when no other beverage could be had.

"Palale?" inquired Monsieur Coupdeux.

"Both that there and t'other," replied Jacob Tubbs, directing the boat's head to the shore.

The pale ale was procured, Jacob Tubbs intimating his preference for "a drain of old," and justifying his preference by disposing of a pot; "not that he ever took more beer than was good for him, but on a day like this, pullin' on the river made a man thirsty, and nothing, he was told, squenched a man's thirst like a good glass of ale: it was far better nor sperrits, which nothing could induce him to touch only when he felt cold in his stummock."

This slight refreshment taken, the voyage was resumed, Monsieur Coupdeux, who got tired of merely listening, giving utterance to a flood of talk, which would, no doubt, have been highly edifying to Jacob Tubbs, if he could have comprehended only a tenth part of what was said; however, he tried to accommodate himself to the situation by answering in a broken kind of dialect, so that a good deal of bad language passed between them, but without any interruption to the general harmony. That harmony was not disturbed, neither was it promoted by the Count, who remained profoundly silent, while the *Lovely Nancy* pursued her way. In passing Twickenham Eyot, Jacob Tubbs did not forget to praise the eel-pie establishment—it was a weakness of his nature to be partial to the delicacies manufactured there—but either Monsieur Cou-

pendeux was not hungry, or he had no fancy for eel, except *à la Tartare*, for Jacob Tubbs took nothing by his motion, and, with a returning sense of personal injury, rowed on. The intimation that Pope's villa adorned the scene created some confusion in the mind of Monsieur Croupendeux, who had never heard of any Pope but the triple-crowned one, who lodges so uneasily in the Vatican; nor could he readily be made to understand that Strawberry Hill was neither a hill nor a place for strawberries, but only a lath-and-plaster imitation of a Gothic mansion in the very worst style of art, or, to use the actual words of the river *cicerone*, "a queer, outlandish, rickety sort of a place, which gentlefolks might like, but he didn't."

The Count's silence, however, was not destined to last throughout the trip, for at a bend of the river near Teddington something occurred which suddenly awoke him from his reverie.

It was a loud burst of laughter which came from a garden-lawn, planted thickly with shrubs close to the water's edge.

In an instant the Count's meditative air was changed to one of extreme animation; he quickly raised his hand and motioned to the waterman to stop, while he listened intently in the direction towards which his eyes were turned.

Presently there came another peal of laughter, not quite deep enough for a man's voice, but louder than usually proceeds from the throat of woman. A smile, but not a pleasant one, parted the Count's lips, and his eyes gleamed, but not altogether with satisfaction. He whispered a few hasty words to Monsieur Croupendeux, and then, in an under tone, desired Jacob Tubbs, in perfect English, and much to his astonishment, to row quietly under the bank, and lay by there. The boat was accordingly shot beneath an overhanging willow, and the Count rose cautiously to examine the spot from whence the sounds which had attracted his attention proceeded. The height of the bank, and the way in which the shrubs were scattered about, enabled him to take a complete survey of a large garden without being seen by any one there.

The Count's quick eyes soon discovered what he sought, with something in addition: the lady he looked for, and a good-looking, well-dressed, elderly gentleman.

They were seated in rustic chairs under the shade of a weeping ash, and closely engaged in conversation. Of the gentleman, the Count knew nothing; he had never seen him before, that he was aware, though there was an expression on his face recalling features which once had been familiar to him. About the lady there could be no mistake: there, in all the plenitude of her ample charms, sat his own charming friend, Mrs. Drakeford; she was, as usual, very gaily attired, and appeared in the highest spirits.

The first sensation which the Count experienced was a pang of jealousy at witnessing the very intimate terms on which the good-looking, though elderly, gentleman and Mrs. Drakeford seemed to be; for though he could look over unfaithfulness in himself—as many men can—he was not at all disposed to be lenient in the case of a fair one whom he had once honoured with his love; if a *liaison* like theirs might, without profanation, be likened to love. He strained his sense of hearing, therefore, to the utmost, to discover what the gentleman was so impressively saying, but he spoke in so low a voice that the distance prevented the Count

from at once satisfying his curiosity. Again, however, Mrs. Drakeford laughed in her boisterous manner, and he guessed that, whatever their conversation related to, an amorous suit to her address was not in question. Very shortly, all doubt on the subject was removed by what Mrs. Drakeford said—her utterance being distinctly audible to an eager listener like the Count.

“I can’t help it, Sir William”—such were her words—“if you talk in that sort of way, I must laugh. To think of your letting yourself be thrown over by a chit of eighteen. Upon my word, I had a better opinion of you!”

At the first interview between Mrs. Drakeford and “Sir William,” described in these pages, it was remarked that the lady, though familiar, was respectful in conversing with her friend: the familiarity had now increased, and the respect appeared to have vanished; from which it may be inferred that Sir William had put himself in Mrs. Drakeford’s power, and depended more upon her assistance than he had originally expected or intended.

“It’s not often I go to church, God knows!” continued Mrs. Drakeford—“but to oblige you, and leave the field! quite clear, I made the sacrifice to-day; went to be reminded of my sins and hear an exhortation to repentance from the stupidest parson that ever mouthed a sermon, and all to no purpose; I’m none the better for it, that I know of, and you’re further off than before from getting what you want so desperately. Esther, you say, is different from the rest of her sex. Stuff and nonsense! Women, at bottom, are all alike. There’s not a pin to choose between ’em if men only go to work the right way. There you are, a gentleman, a man of rank, handsome still—I don’t flatter, Sir William, and you know it—and as to your being a trifle older than she is, Lord! what do we see every day! Half the women like a man all the better for it. Tell me again what she said, and how she said it?”

Sir William’s answer was conveyed in the same low tone as before, though the earnestness with which he spoke allowed an occasional word to escape in a higher key. To an indifferent listener, or one who had not heard what had fallen from Mrs. Drakeford, these occasional words would have conveyed no meaning; but the Count’s suspicious nature, his knowledge of his dear Nelly’s character, and, above all, the allusions she had made, gave him a perfect clue to the whole affair. Mrs. Drakeford’s visit to “her aunts in the country” was clearly interpreted by him to be an expedition for the purpose of selling Esther to a wealthy libertine. *A la bonne heure*, if the Count had not desired to occupy the wealthy libertine’s place; but Esther’s beauty had made a deep impression on him, and to gain her, by any means, was as much the subject of his thoughts as the other acts of villainy which he was constantly contriving.

Sir William’s renewed explanation was received more soberly by Mrs. Drakeford than the former one, but a spice of levity was still in the consolation she offered.

“I must help you, then,” she said, “in my own way. If I can’t talk her into it, we know what we have to depend upon. Girls always make such a fuss—and pretty fools they call themselves afterwards, when they find they have lost a chance they can never hope for again. If my time had to come over once more, I know what I should do, clever as I thought

myself when I did begin. You may smile, Sir William, but you've no idea how strict I was brought up, and how correct I was."

The Count smiled too; Mrs. Drakeford's antecedents were not unknown to him, from the earliest period of her career.

The conversation was now put an end to by Mrs. Drakeford and Sir William both rising, and quitting their retreat. She moved towards the house, and he turned into a winding walk leading deeper into the shrubbery, and presently both were lost to view, while the Count, having nothing further to learn, dropped quietly into his seat, and desired the boatman to resume his oars.

After they had proceeded a little way, the Count carelessly asked Jacob Tubbs if he knew whose the villa was which they had just passed.

"I can't say quite for sartain," was the reply, "but I have heerd as how it belongs to a rich gen'l'man in London, of the name of—let me see, what did my mate tell me?—he knows, if I don't;—oh, now I remember—Sir William Cumberland—same as the county so called; that's it. Has yer honner's lordship heerd tell on him?"

"Never," said the Count, speaking truly for once, but atoning for the truth by a lie: "I fancied I recognised a voice I knew, but I must have been mistaken. Some persons were talking in the garden, but they were hidden from my sight. Did you hear them where you sat?"

"I tried to," returned Jacob, "but being onfortunately rayther deaf on one ear—a accident, yer honner, owing to the bustin' of crackers close alongside my head on the fifth of last November twelvemonth, on Richmond-green, when the boys was skylarking with their Guys—I couldn't make out nothin' whatsomdever. It's a sad thing to be afflicted, yer honner!"

"Very," said the Count, laconically.

"And costs a deal of money for doctors," pursued tentative Jacob.

"I dare say," was the unsympathetic rejoinder.

"And mostly 'taint of no use," persisted the afflicted waterman—whose affliction was neither here nor there.

"Exactly," replied the Count. "Take my word for it, my good friend, that doctors, like all the rest of the world, are very great humbugs."

This remark put a stopper on the efforts of honest Jacob, who saw, as he mentally observed, that it was "no go" in that quarter, assigning to the Count, at the same time, a considerable share of the quality so universally distributed.

No further incident of consequence marked the remainder of the excursion, save that the hopes entertained by Tubbs, of a handsome tip at its close, were doomed to disappointment. Monsieur Coupendeux looked wistfully at the half sovereign which he paid for his two hours' recreation, and put up his purse without the promised *pour-boire*, when it was recalled to his memory by the ever-watchful Jacob.

"Yer honner won't forget the poor waterman. There's two on us as shares; me and my partner, and times is werry hard."

"Ah! I vos forget!" exclaimed Monsieur Coupendeux, arrested by this speech as he was in the act of following the Count. He then groped in his pockets, and succeeded at last in finding the coin he was in search of, which he placed in Jacob's hand. "That is to drink to my health," he

said, and skipped lightly up the steps before Jacob's stupefaction could express itself in words.

"What's he give yer, Jacob?" asked a brother waterman who witnessed the transaction.

"So help me—only a mag!" replied Tubbs, showing a battered half-penny. "Blest if I haven't a mind to chuck it after him."

"Ah! they're reg'lar mean uns, them Frenchmen!" observed the other; "there's nothing to be got out of *them*, 'cepting it may be in the shape of fares."

"I b'lieve yer," said Tubbs, as he buttoned up the half sovereign with its copper companion.

It was a question with the Count whether or not he should inform Monsieur Coupendeux of his recent discovery; but, after mature consideration, he came to the conclusion that he had trusted him far enough already. He therefore contented himself with assisting the little tailor to dine as expensively as possible; and mine host of "The Tower," having also indulged his guests in that particular to their hearts' desire, Monsieur Coupendeux returned to town as light of heart as when he set out, and a good deal lighter in purse. On parting for the night, the Count strenuously enjoined his friend to make every use of his wits at the next morning's interview with the valet of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade. "Remain at home till the evening," he said. "I don't return to my old lodging. I go—no matter where."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE.

IF Mischief be never at rest in this world, it is yet some comfort to think that those who represent the principle do not have it all their own way: there is always some Good at work to counterbalance the Evil by which we are surrounded.

Moved by many reasons—the chiefest being his own advantage—Mr. Squirrel took up Lorn's cause with an energy that was remarkable in one who had in him so much more of the Levite than of the Samaritan.

We left him arm-in-arm with Smudge, on his way to the attorney of whom he had spoken to her, and will follow his movements for a little space.

Mr. Raphael, of Jewish origin, as his name indicated, possessed more than an ordinary share of Jewish intellect. Quick, subtle, and sagacious, he not only perceived all the facts of a case the moment it was laid before him, but saw at once—as clearly as if that, too, had been related—what should be the course he must pursue to bring the matter in hand to a successful issue. This perspicuity procured for him a reputation for gaining every cause he undertook; his failures—events of very rare occurrence, and attributable only to circumstances beyond his control—being altogether lost sight of in his general good fortune.

Such a man was the very person to suit Mr. Squirrel, who, when he ventured his money, liked to have every chance of getting it back with interest.

Mr. Raphael was luckily at home when the pawnbroker and his *pro-tégée* arrived at the office.



"I've come to you, sir," said Mr. Squirrel, "about a little matter of business."

"Glad to see you," replied the attorney. "What is it? Unlawful pawning—stolen goods—anything of that kind—hey?"

"No, sir, not precisely—though them offences may be mixed up with it—but this here is concerning of a youth which he lately lived with me, and has got into trouble through one of the artfullest of scoundrels to be met with in all London."

"Indeed! Do I know him?"

"That I can't say, sir. But you ought to, for he's a reg'lar bad 'un." This was meant as a compliment, and the lawyer so received it.

"What name does he go by?" he asked.

"He's not very fond of giving his name, but they calls him 'Count.'"

"A foreigner, then?"

"Yes. But he speaks English, and knows English ways, as well as you or me."

"Give me the particulars."

Mr. Squirrel then stated all the circumstances he knew respecting the Count, with which the reader is acquainted, adding that he had never since seen either the foreigner or his apprentice, nor heard of the latter till he learned from his foreman of the youth's arrest on a charge of attempting to pass forged cheques; and that, convinced of the innocence of his apprentice, he had come to Mr. Raphael to get the poor young fellow out of his trouble.

It was easy for the acute lawyer to perceive that Mr. Squirrel—whose humanity he accurately gauged—had not made a full exposure of the motives which led to this application.

"What is the name of your apprentice?" he inquired.

"Lorn Loriot," answered the pawnbroker.

"A singular name," observed Mr. Raphael, "and not altogether English. Who were his parents?"

"He were a foundling," replied Mr. Squirrel, "and the name were give him by chance."

"And he came to you a boy about ten or twelve years old, bound by the parish, I suppose."

Mr. Squirrel said he would explain those circumstances on another occasion, and the lawyer did not press him further respecting them, but inquired about Lorn's character:

"Was he honest? Had he ever been guilty of any petty theft? Did he tell the truth on all occasions? Had he habits of concealment? Was he easily led astray—was he idle or artful? What was his general conduct?"

To all these questions Mr. Squirrel replied that "boys would be boys"—a phrase which was meant to imply that his own nature was much the more angelic of the two—but, the fact of temper apart, he didn't know a better youth than Lorn, never had any serious fault to find with him, and did not believe he was capable of doing anybody harm.

"He has been nearly six months absent, you say?" remarked Mr. Raphael. "You have no notion where he was all that time?"

Yes, that was a point Mr. Squirrel was coming to, and thereupon he begged to introduce "this young lady, Miss Mortimer." She could give the information required.

Mr. Raphael now, for the first time, scrutinised Mr. Squirrel's companion. Was she of those who inveigle youth to their destruction? Did a repentant Millwood stand before him? He looked steadily at Smudge, and steadily she returned his searching glance. It was not the hardihood of impudence that enabled her to meet his eye, but the fearlessness of conscious innocence which sustained her. Neither did he—like Mr. Cramp—acknowledge charms in her face too dangerous to the peace of mankind. A plain, honest, hard-working girl—a little overdressed—was all that her appearance denoted, and when she spoke her language confirmed the impression.

Resolute to rescue Lorn, if her testimony could avail or tongue persuade, she told her story in the simplest and most straightforward manner, and Mr. Raphael felt satisfied she only uttered the truth in relating all she knew of Lorn's course of life while they were both under the same roof. But, after all, her evidence in his favour was only of a negative character; her opinion must be taken for what it was worth, and that, in a court of justice, Mr. Raphael was aware, would be very little, the proofs being wanting for incriminating others. To lead to that result he questioned her closely about her late master and mistress and their associates. That they were altogether a bad set was plain to him, but when, overcoming her real disinclination to repeat the secret she had imparted to Lorn, Smudge described the brand she had seen on the Count's shoulder, all the lawyer's doubts were dissipated. The initials T. F., a stumbling-block to most British minds, were no mystery to him: he knew that they signified "*Travaux forcés*," and saw in the bearer of them a French convict, and in all probability an escaped one, capable of any crime.

To effect this man's capture every effort must be made, for unless he were secured the case was hopeless. So much Mr. Raphael intimated to the pawnbroker, from whom he learnt with satisfaction the step he had taken in sending round his trade circular. With a copy of that paper in the hands of the police, and such further information as he could obtain from Lorn, they should soon, he trusted, be on the felon's track, and he readily agreed to conduct the affair. Smudge's address being taken down, she was dismissed to her avocations, Mr. Squirrel, after warmly shaking hands with her, remaining behind to enlighten Mr. Raphael on the subject of Lorn's early history.

This, of his own accord, he freely told, omitting nothing; and now the lawyer was at no loss for the motives which had prompted him so earnestly to proclaim the innocence of his late apprentice. It was then agreed that Mr. Squirrel should relinquish his proposed visit to Clerkenwell prison, Mr. Raphael, as Lorn's professional adviser, going there instead; and the pawnbroker also took his departure, and wended homeward.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### MR. CRAMP IN LOVE.

As the bird in his cage pursued Yorick into his room, so the image of Smudge haunted the equally sentimental mind of Mr. Cramp after that damsel had left the shop.

Although a widower, he had never experienced the delights of the tender passion; his union with the late Mrs. Cramp, who was the relict

of a marine store dealer, having been formed on the French principle of convenience ; and, like many marriages of that kind, the results had been extremely inconvenient.

In the first place, the amount of the lady's property had not realised Mr. Cramp's expectations, or, to speak more accurately, her estate, when she listened to his suit, was encumbered : so much so, in fact, that, within a week of their wedding-day, she was, what is technically termed, "sold up," and the effects falling short of the creditors' claims, Mr. Cramp had to make up the difference. He might, perhaps, to a certain extent, have indemnified himself for this disappointment, which he called "a dead take in," by beating his wife—a remedy of frequent application for matrimonial ills ; but, unluckily in this instance, the grey mare was the better horse, and so far from daring to lay a finger upon her, Mr. Cramp soon found that his wife was perfect mistress of that truly feminine weapon her nails, as his scarified visage only too frequently declared.

Then Mrs. Cramp was blessed with a tongue, a domestic qualification which he might have learned from the spirit of her defunct first husband, had he been skilled, before marriage, in the invaluable science of table-rapping ; but, as so often happens in this life, his knowledge came too late to be of use, all he knew of spirits and table-rapping being conveyed through the medium of Mrs. Cramp herself, when too much taken of the one violently induced the other.

Mrs. Cramp's habits, too, were expensive : she spent all his earnings, was a slattern as well as a virago, and so exercised her authority that the marital position of her unfortunate spouse might be safely likened to that of a toad under a harrow.

Joyful, therefore, was the day when, after a ten years' ordeal, Mr. Cramp witnessed the departure of Mrs. Cramp for the realms of bliss. He was, as we have seen, at all times given to biblical quotation, and on this event occurring he reconciled himself to his loss and his garret in the slightly modified words of his favourite Preacher: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in—a first pair front."

The proverb tells us that a burnt child dreads the fire, but all proverbs are trampled under foot by a man in love. Besides, every one sees his own case in an exceptional point of view, and there was no resemblance whatever between the late Mrs. Cramp and Smudge.

The former, a tall, bony, angular, elderly woman, seemed to have absorbed in her person all the metallic properties of her ante-nuptial trade ; and Mr. Cramp, having picked up the word in a newspaper, in a fit of desperation once called her "hoxide of hiron."

Now Miss Mortimer, round, plump, and firm, suggested to Mr. Cramp's mind ideas of a totally different nature. There was nothing ferruginous in her aspect ; on the contrary, she appeared to him, in disposition as well as in person, of a melting and—so to describe it—buttery nature : one who would listen to a tale of love, and yield without a struggle.

Lovers proverbially deceive themselves,—but of this hereafter. Mr. Cramp had no Sancho at his side to disenchant him of his mistress ; but though he did not, like Don Quixote, imagine that his queen of beauty passed her time in stringing pearls or embroidering devices in threads of

gold,—he yet imagined a being as far from the real Smudge as the peerless Dulcinea from the homely Aldonza Lorenzo. The occupation she followed, and the place where she lived, were also pleasant objects for his imagination to dwell upon. The Old Bailey, to many a “word of fear,” was to Mr. Cramp a harbour of refuge from all the ills of the world.

“Slyver’s dining rooms!” he ejaculated. “I wish they was mine! That would be something like a business to go in for, with Her behind the counter, slicing the biled beef, peeling the taters, and spooning out the gravy. It makes my mouth water to think of it! Ashamed of her name! I fancy not! Where’s there a nicer! Yes, I knows of one. Sarah Cramp! That’s about where it is! ‘I, Sarah, takes you, Obadiah——”

Has there yet been a lover with bosom untortured by jealousy? What was the object of Miss Mortimer’s visit that day? To plead,—how earnestly!—for Mr. Squirrel’s interference in behalf of Lorn,—to offer all she had to procure his release from prison!

“She took and hemptied her puss just as if she’d been shovelling out so much dirt! And a crying she was! What’s that young feller to her? ‘He wasn’t no stranger to me.’ Them was her words; and she called him ‘poor Lorn.’ I’d ‘poor’ him if I had him here! If you’ve anything to pledge”—This was addressed to a shabby-gentee person who came with a bundle into the front shop—“if you’ve anything to pledge, take it round to the right door, we don’t do business of that sort behind this here counter. Parcel of fools! Haven’t got no hies in their ’edds. I say, you Peter, whatever that chap brings show it to me! Squirrel, the old screw, was looking quite sweet on her, too! Give her his harm when she went out. ‘Two and six’ for a coloured shirt,—a rag like that! Why it ain’t worth a fourpenny bit! Threepence is all we can give. There! Roll it up, Peter, and make out a ticket!”

Maudering after this fashion—his attention claimed from time to time by the duties of his profession—Mr. Cramp passed the greater part of the afternoon.

It was late when Mr. Squirrel returned,—too late for Mr. Cramp to carry out a project that day which had just entered his brain,—and the pawnbroker’s reception by his assistant was far from cordial.

“He didn’t want to know nothink about the young wagabone. Mr. Squirrel might keep his news till it was asked for. It would be long enough, he dared say, afore he got any one to interest theirselves about him!”—a conclusion which, as far as Mr. Squirrel was concerned, was certainly very probable; and wrangling and jangling as usual, the evening closed upon the pair.

At No. 4, Snead’s-gardens, that night, Mr. Cramp sat up till a very late hour. A bottle and a tumbler were before him, and gin and sentiment had reduced him to a very maudling condition.

“Thy neck,” he muttered, “is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose is as the tower of Leb-Leb-Lebanon, which looketh towards Dam-ascus. Thy hair is like a fl-fl-flock of go-go-goats, that ap-pear upon M-M-Mount Gil-Gilead. Thy teeth—what else does he say? No m-m-matter. I’ll d-d-dine there to-m-m-morrow!”

## THE IMPROVEMENTS OF PARIS.

THE works which have been executed in Paris since the re-establishment of the Empire have certainly made it the most admirable city in the world.

The new streets afford the best existing specimens of the straight line architecture which the popular taste of the moment regards with such affection; they present this type under the most striking conditions of width, height, and length. In some of them, especially in the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard de Sebastopol, the excessive regularity of the outline disappears in the almost endless perspective which they offer; the proportions are so large that the monotonous uniformity of the detail is forgotten under the impression produced by the splendour of the whole.

The new public buildings are generally well placed and effective. The Louvre, though open to criticism in some minor points, is magnificent when regarded as a mass; the great barracks of Prince Eugène and Napoléon would be almost palaces elsewhere; the restorations, particularly those of the Bibliothèque Impériale, the Beaux Arts, Notre-Dame, and the Sainte-Chapelle, have been generally well studied and perfectly executed. Indeed, with the exception of a few glaring failures—among which the Mairie which has been stuck up as a pendant to the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and the two theatres now building on the Place du Châtelet, stand first for conspicuous ugliness and bad taste—all that has been done is externally complete and grand. This praise applies with still greater force to the parks and gardens which have been so liberally created in and round Paris. The squares of the Louvre, St. Jacques la Boucherie, the Conservatoire, the Temple, and the Innocents, are all pretty and attractive; while the new flower-beds of the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Bois de Vincennes, are really admirable specimens of ornamental gardening applied on the largest scale. Nothing so perfect, or so perfectly kept up, exists in England.

Whichever way the eye is turned in the finished quarters of Paris it meets the same magnificence of view, the same vastness of proportion. Strangers may well be bewildered by the interminable lines of splendid streets, with their six-floored white stone houses, showing twelve or fifteen windows in a row. At every large opening there is a fountain or a bed of many-coloured flowers, replaced as fast as they fade. The clear sky brings out the house-tops as if they were cut in cardboard, and shows up the distant green hills, with no smoke or mist to dim their outline. The senses yield to the pleasant influence of so much grandeur, and brightness, and colour; but just when you are thinking what a charming place Paris is, and how admirably it is all kept up, you suddenly come on to a street which is being pulled down from end to end; the palaces and gardens you have just left are replaced by crumbling walls and crashing timbers, the sky so bright just now is hidden by the dust of falling rubbish, the pavement is ankle-deep in dirt, and the road is barred by carts of old materials and swearing drivers. You are painfully and practically reminded that other streets have been demolished, and other houses pulled down by thousands, to make room for those which you

were admiring before your day-dream was interrupted by this bitter contrast; and, in spite of you, a little question suggests itself to your mind, "How is all this done—what has it cost—and when is it going to stop?"

The question is impertinent. It concerns nobody, and nobody can answer it. At least so they seem to think in Paris.

It is true that it is very difficult to answer; it is even admissible that the Parisians are right, and that they cannot answer it at all, not because reply is impossible, but because, with all their intelligence, they have never tried to make one.

It may be because they think the subject beyond human investigation that the people of Paris have never attempted to inquire into the system pursued, and the cost incurred in the reconstruction of their city since 1852; it may be because they are so much accustomed to see their paternal administration do every single thing for them, without consulting them, that they are, by habit, content and pleased beforehand with all the acts of their chiefs; it may be because they are afraid to calculate the outlay, for fear it should be too awfully big, and that they prefer doubt to certainty; or it may be because—But no, that would be seditious, so we will not say it.

Whatever be the cause of their silence on a subject which concerns them so profoundly, the fact is that, though there has been a good deal of grumbling about it lately, they have scarcely yet attempted to seriously discuss the system under which their houses are being demolished, and still less to make a total of the various elements which have constituted the expenditure of the last nine years on the streets and public works of Paris.

It is true that they have talked between themselves, and that they have even ventured to cry out once or twice, with a timid little voice, against the continuation of so much destruction and so much expense without their leave being asked. They have hinted on one or two occasions that perhaps, with all respect and submission to the prefect and municipality, it might just be possible to do otherwise; and they have presumed to back this impudent suggestion by the observation that, after all, it is they who pay the bill. A small campaign on the point was attempted in the Chamber in March, and a series of good articles were published on it in the *Opinion Nationale* during the spring, by MM. Guérault and Ferdinand de Lasteyrie. But the object of these futile efforts was rather to acquire some sort of control for the future than to help any one to ascertain the history or cost of what has already been done.

The care of the future belongs to the Parisians themselves; if they are satisfied to go on as they are, we have no right to tell them to do otherwise. But the past is the property of the whole world; it belongs to us as much as to them, and as they have not attempted to examine its details, there is no reason why we should not do so for our own instruction; they might be offended if we presumed to say for theirs also.

The question is triple. "How has it been done—what has it cost—and where is it going to end?" We will look at each part separately.

#### HOW HAS IT BEEN DONE?

The improvements of Paris have been ordered by an absolute government, whose object and interest it was to adorn the capital and to provide sure living for its population by the creation of constant work. They have been directed and partly executed by a municipal administration named by the state, which, while obeying the orders it has received, has

been stimulated to exaggeration by the inevitable ambition of associating its memory with the immensity of the results it has attained. They have been developed beyond all measure by the incredible rise which they have produced in the value of land, and by the profits which they have suddenly created in favour of those who have been mixed up in their execution. If the gambling public had not been attracted to the operation the state and the town alone could never have performed a tenth part of what has been already done; but they called speculation to their aid, and it has come with such a rush that one-half of the destruction of the last nine years is the voluntary act of the house-owners themselves. The state and the prefect set the avalanche rolling, but others have helped them to push it on, and if it has come down on the people's heads it is not the sole fault of the government.

The improvements, though exclusively controlled and approved by the municipality, are divided into the two classes of works imposed and partly executed by it, and of works proposed and carried out by private speculators with the permission of the town. The whole moral responsibility, and the whole merit or demerit of the plans, rest with the administration; but the speculators of Paris have taken a large share in the execution, and have seized with avidity the opportunities of personal profit afforded by the huge commotion produced by the acts and initiative of the government.

See what M. Guérout says on this point in almost the only publication that has appeared on the subject.\*

"Until a few years ago building in Paris was a purely private affair. A proprietor restored an old house or built a new one on unoccupied ground. A builder put up a block in the hope of selling it at a profit. But in each case the proprietor or the builder took account of the habits and necessities of the inhabitants of the quarter. If they built in the Faubourg St. Honoré, they put up a large hotel in dressed stone; if they found themselves in a trading neighbourhood, the house was in rubble; in each case it was planned to meet the wants of its special class of tenants.

"Latterly, a different system has been followed. The destruction or construction of an entire district has been decreed *à priori*, and in order to find the money required for such a heavy undertaking, the municipality generally treats with a powerful company possessing large capital. And this is how the thing is done:

"The company, which is directed by very clever people, and which employs engineers and architects of talent, submits to the administration the plans which it has imagined for the creation of a new quarter. If there is any chance of their being adopted, the company buys beforehand, quietly and conditionally, all the land and buildings which lie in the road of the projected work. As the owners have no notion of the grand destiny reserved to their property, they sell it at a reasonable price. As soon as the plan is adopted, the *Moniteur* announces that it is to be executed, and then the price jumps up. We know of cases where the land was bought by the executing company at 2*l.* per square yard, and was re-sold by it at 10*l.*

"But the company cannot do everything itself. It re-sells part of the

\* La Liberté et les Affaires, p. 9.

land to speculators, and, of course, as the latter buy it at 10*l.*, they sell it again at 12*l.* or 14*l.*

“With land costing so dear (and it is generally far above these rates), it is natural to try to make a good use of it. So a grand house in carved stone is put upon it, and as the house, therefore, costs a considerable quantity of money, it is equally natural that it should be let at an exceedingly high rent.

“The person who at last buys the house as an investment,\* takes it at a price which covers all the profits previously realised by the company, the land speculator, and the builder; he only gets out of it a fair interest for his money.”

This quotation gives a fair general idea of how it has been done. There have been variations of detail; in some of the largest cases the town itself has played the part of the company, has bought the fated houses, has pulled them down, and has re-sold to the inevitable speculator the surface left after deducting the area of the new street created. In other cases, the proprietors have demolished their own houses of their own accord, and no better proof can be given of the profits gained by the substitution of new houses for old ones, than the fact that of the 4349 houses pulled down from 1852 to 1859, only 2236 were destroyed by the town, and the rest by the owners themselves.† But whatever be the name or position of the destroyer, the same system has been followed, and the same result produced in every case: the land has come to the builder at such a price that he could not afford to put a poor house upon it: he was forced to build a splendid hotel with gilded rooms, in order to be able to let them at a rent sufficient to pay interest on the outlay. The purely speculative nature of nearly all this building is further proved by the circumstance that out of 814 houses built in 1854 and 1855, only 354 were directed by architects,‡ the rest were constructed by the contractors themselves on their own plans, to sell again.

And these grand houses were dear, not only from their own magnificence, not only because the land they stood on was dear in itself, but because its price contained the value of the previous house pulled down to make room for the new one. M. Guérout says:§ “If you pull down an old house to put a new one in its place, it is because you are certain to let the latter at a price which will pay interest not only on its own real cost, but on the value of the house you destroy, and on the cost of pulling it down.

“If you pull down existing houses to replace them by others, you cannot help raising rents, and if this is done simultaneously in every direction all over the town, you produce a rise beyond all measure, which is still further aggravated by every new application of the system.

“If you built on unoccupied land the result would be perfect; the new houses would then compete with the old ones, and rents would fall in both. But it is the exact contrary which is done.”

Not only are the rents of the new houses enormous, for the reasons just given, but those of the old ones have been tripled, out of pure and natural sympathy with the splendid and expensive neighbours they have

\* As the system of ground-rent is unknown in France, all houses are freehold, and the land they stand on is bought with them.

† *Moniteur*, December 8, 1859.

‡ *Revue Municipale*, June 16, 1855.

§ *La Liberté et les Affaires*, p. 19.



received. The proprietors of the old houses, that is to say, those who owned them before 1852, have now about three times their original income; while those who buy houses at present, whether new or old, only get five per cent. for their money, and will be ruined as soon as the inevitable reaction arrives. When that reaction takes place, the public will gain in one respect by the changes which have been effected, for they will return to ordinary rates of rent with infinitely finer-looking houses than they had before.

And this is not all. Not only have entire districts been swept away; not only have thriving streets been turned into blocks of houses, and blocks of good houses pulled down to make room for streets that nobody wanted; not only during the first four years of the improvements were the demolitions more numerous than the constructions, so suddenly depriving the constantly increasing populations of a sufficient supply of lodging; not only have rents and land got up to such fantastic rates, that some of the fortunes made by land speculators since 1852 are almost as rapid, and almost as great, as those of Aladdin or Monte Christo; not only are the Parisians ruining themselves as fast as they can go, because the cost of life has grown beyond their means, and because they will not change their habits and go to live in the country, but, in addition to all this, some of the works executed, or projected, are so miserably planned that, as far as they are concerned, this wanton expense and riotous elevation of price have either been utterly thrown away as regards sensible and useful improvement, or have been incurred under circumstances which might have been avoided by a little management or forethought. The twelve concentric boulevards round the Arch of Triumph are a good example of the absurd folly which has sought destruction for destruction's sake; the new street through the gardens of the Luxembourg is another; the proposed reconstruction of the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées is a third; the prolongation of the Boulevard St. Germain is a fourth. Entirely new houses, only a year or two old, are being pulled down again, in consequence of a modification of the municipal plans. But perhaps the most striking case, because we have details about it, is that of the new Boulevard Malesherbes, which was opened on August 14. This street was projected in 1808 by Frochet, then prefect of Paris, who estimated that it would cost the town 56,000*l.*; as it was not wanted it was not executed, and the project remained asleep until it was suddenly taken up and instantly executed eighteen months ago, no one knows why, unless it be to prove that the prefect can draw a hay-fork, which is its shape, as well as a straight line. If it had been constructed under the First Empire it might have been understood, as it would then have cheaply laid open a new quarter of Paris; but its execution now has cost the town 1,200,000*l.*,\* more than twenty-one times the original estimate. The ten houses of the left side of the Rue Rumfort, which were destroyed to put that quiet street into the line required, cost alone 115,000*l.* What incredible folly!

We asked how has it been done? It has been done by the strong hand of irresponsible power; it has been carried out by obedient and irresponsible instruments; it has been backed up and developed by furious private speculation; it has been done recklessly and wildly, without measure or prudence, and everywhere at once. The town has been em-

\* *Revue Municipale*, July 20, 1860.

bellished, the streets widened, and circulation rendered more easy, but the poor have been driven out, Heaven knows where, and the middle classes have been loaded with charges which they cannot bear; it is true that the rich have been magnificently lodged, and that the lucky people who have dealt in land have made so much money that the world is glad to take its hat off when it meets them, and envies their rapid fortune. Such is the morality of the moment.

WHAT HAS IT COST ?

The cost of the improvements of Paris is not composed solely of traceable items of expenditure. The apparent outlay, officially acknowledged, is comparatively nothing. But the unseen cost is incredibly enormous; it amounts to a sum which figures hardly express and the head hardly realises. And this vast expenditure is not all, there is the social and sanitary price which is paid as well. The Parisians—for it must be borne in mind that it all falls on them—not only pay in hard cash and in every form for their splendid streets and flowery squares, not only does their dinner cost them more because the octroi dues are raised in order to provide for the increased expenditure of the town, not only is their rent tripled since 1851 because the value of property has gone up in that proportion, but, though they can live in more gorgeous houses and in grander rooms (provided they pay for them), their conditions of existence are beginning to be modified, and their health will probably ultimately suffer from the various consequences of the system pursued during the last nine years. These are big sounding words to apply to the results of street-building; time will show whether they are true.

Let us look at the cash part of the account first; the other elements will come in afterwards.

The works executed in Paris are paid for either by the state, the municipality, private individuals, or companies.

The expenses incurred by the state for building purposes are indicated in the detailed budgets of the different ministries under whose control they are laid out. It would take a week to trace them all, and the labour would virtually be thrown away, for the following reasons. Government expenditure, in a reasonable limit, is always more or less necessary in a capital, and is only open to criticism or attack when it becomes extravagant or out of proportion with the results obtained. This is not yet the case in Paris, for the share of the improvements effected since the Empire, which have been charged to the national account, is said not to exceed six millions, including the Louvre. Again, the sum, whether it be five, six, or seven millions, is such a drop of water in the total at which we shall presently arrive, that we might almost pass it over with indifference. Furthermore, the question is to trace the cost paid by the Parisians themselves for these improvements. While, therefore, we will count six millions as the approximative amount of the government outlay, it is really a matter of no import whether that figure is right or wrong.

The expenditure incurred by the town is more easy to get at, because the analysis of the budget of each year states, under the title of extraordinary expenses, the annual outlay for new works. From 1852 to 1861 inclusive these extraordinary expenses, including the cost of annexing the banlieue (which must be counted among the improvements), have amounted to nine millions of net cost, after deducting the value of land and materials re-sold, but not including the immense and constantly

growing expense of keeping up the new works, especially the parks and gardens. The real outlay has, of course, been very much larger; from 1852 to 1856 alone the town paid more than five millions for houses to pull down.\*

Of the nine millions, the principal known items are :†

Cost of the changes and enlargements	£	£	£
of the Bois de Boulogne . . . . .		566,000	
Less—subvention from the govern- ment . . . . .	95,000		
Sales of land and materials . . . . .	283,000		
		<u>378,000</u>	
			188,000
Avenue de l'Impératrice . . . . .			170,000
Boulevard de Sebastopol . . . . .		1,082,000	
Less—subvention from the govern- ment . . . . .		126,000	
		<u>956,000</u>	
Halles Centrales‡ . . . . .		1,492,000	
Rue de Rivoli . . . . .		2,506,000	
		<u>3,998,000</u>	
Less—sales of land and materials . . . . .		1,280,000	
		<u>2,718,000</u>	

The rest is in comparatively smaller works.

The nine millions were provided partly by an increase of the octroi and house taxes, but mainly by a series of loans on municipal debentures, repaid annually out of the revenue of the town.

The state and the town together have therefore spent about fifteen millions between them; if the cost of the improvements of Paris were limited to that, it would be a very moderate price to pay for such a splendid external result.

But this figure might just as well be thrown aside altogether, for it shrinks into contemptible insignificance when the unseen elements of cost are brought to light.

These unseen elements cannot be absolutely proved, for nobody has ever put them together; they can only be estimated by personal appreciation; but as it is possible to base the estimate mainly on the figures of the *Moniteur* itself, it can hardly get very far wrong.

From 1852 to 1859, 9617 houses were either built or rebuilt in Paris;§ in 1860, 3986 others were added to the list;|| it is probable that 1861 will see as many more, but to keep safe, we will only count it for 3000. The general total of new constructions since 1852 amounts, therefore, to 16,603. Now a proportion of these houses were only enlarged or restored; the official returns do not distinguish them from the others, but leave you to vaguely suppose that nearly all were entirely new. Let us be generous; let us count only 12,000 as new, and the remaining 4603 as old houses enlarged or repaired. It cannot be denied that the average space occupied by each of these 12,000 houses is at least 300 square yards, courts included; no Parisian will consider this estimate to be exaggerated. As the land they stand on has frontage on streets, which are now among

\* *Moniteur*, September 23, 1856.

† *Ibid.*, May 6 and 7, 1853.

‡ *Ibid.*, December 24, 1860.

§ *Ibid.*, April 13, 1857.

|| *Ibid.*, December 5, 1859.

the best in Paris, it certainly represents to the present proprietors an average value of at least 16*l.* per square yard. But in 1851 the mean value of this same land was not above 4*l.*; there has therefore been a rise of 12*l.* per yard since. If the two elements of 16*l.* and 4*l.* are not absolutely exact, the difference of 12*l.* between 1851 and 1861 is certainly real. At 12*l.* per yard for extra value produced by the improvements, the land alone of the 12,000 houses represents an additional cost of 43,200,000*l.* The price of building is known; it cannot be far, either way, from 25*l.* per square yard for a six-floored house of the expensive and uselessly ornamental type adopted. Calculating this on 250 yards per house, which allows the large proportion of one-sixth of the whole area for courts, the 12,000 houses have cost 75,000,000*l.* So that, unless there is a mistake in the multiplication, the whole outlay to the present owners comes out at 118,200,000*l.* for the 12,000 houses, not including 14,400,000*l.* for the original value of their surface at 4*l.* per yard. Adding the latter sum, the average value per house stands at 11,050*l.*

The number of houses demolished up to this date may be put at 6520.\* One-half of them may be supposed to have been destroyed by the town, and the cost therefore is counted in its budgets; but the other half, 3260, were pulled down by the proprietors themselves. If the value of these latter is put at only 2000*l.* each, without land, their demolition represents a loss of 6,520,000*l.*

We have estimated that 4603 houses have been enlarged or repaired; the cost of this work may be put at an average of 1500*l.* per house, giving a total of 6,904,000*l.*

The total cost of the private demolitions and constructions since 1851 comes out, therefore, at 131,624,000*l.*

And this incredible amount is in all probability considerably under the reality; for the fact is, that while we have taken the present average value of land in the new streets at 16*l.*, it is worth 10*l.* in the worst of them, and 50*l.* in the best.

But this is not all yet. There is a little addition of one hundred and seventy millions to make from another source.

The real value of an operation is not represented by its apparent first cost alone; all the subsidiary expenses resulting either from the operation itself or from the consequences produced by it must be included. It is, therefore, necessary to remember that the improvements of Paris have had the effect of enormously increasing the rental of all the houses left untouched. The contagion of the extravagant rents of the new houses has spread everywhere, and the opinion of the best-informed people is, that, as we have already said, the old houses are now let at a mean of three times what they fetched in 1851. In fact, during the last eight years the Parisians have perpetually found themselves in the pleasant position of choosing between a notice to quit or a rental successively doubled, tripled, or quadrupled, according to the position of the house or the imagination of the landlord. This universal rise in the value of property exceeds even the abundant ideas formed on the subject by the house-owners themselves. Here is a proof of it. At the auction sales in France the upset price is generally fixed at very nearly the supposed

\* 4349 houses were pulled down from 1852 to 1859 (*Moniteur*, Dec. 5, 1859); 1171 in 1860 (*Moniteur*, Dec. 24, 1860); and say 1000 in 1861: total, 6520.

value, but now-a-days the prices obtained go far above it; on 27th April last fifteen old houses were sold at one sitting; their total upset price was 60,750*l.*, and they fetched 97,210*l.*: this case is a very ordinary one. The rise is a direct, distinctly traceable, and inevitable consequence of the works which have been executed, of the destruction of more than a fifth of the whole number of houses which previously existed (there were 30,770 houses in 1851, and we have just shown that 6520 have been pulled down since), and of the exaggerated value given to the new ones not only by their splendid frontage in the best streets in Paris, but also by the accumulation of the value of two houses into one. It cannot, therefore, be denied that as the Parisians pay in the form of increased rental for the general rise in the value of the old houses, just as they pay by higher taxes for the expenses incurred by the town, the capital sum represented by this rise of rent or interest (which in this case is exactly the same thing) ought to be included in the total effective cost of the operation which has produced it.

The increase of capital thus created, exists; the fact is indisputable; what is the amount which it has attained?

We know almost exactly what was the total amount of the rents of Paris in 1851: the returns of the house taxes enable us to arrive at it. We have only to allow for the notorious fact that rents are always stated to the tax-gatherer at 20 per cent. under their real amount, and for the circumstance that, as all rents under 6*l.* are not taxed at all, the number of lodgings in that category must be calculated by subtracting the number of taxed apartments from the total number known to exist at the time: the difference will necessarily indicate the number of untaxed lodgings.

Now in 1851 the taxed rents were composed as follows:\*

	£	£	£
57,139 apartments from 6 to 10	say	8	457,112
57,617 " " 10 " 16	"	13	749,021
12,240 " " 16 " 20	"	18	220,320
6,810 " " 20 " 24	"	22	149,320
4,127 " " 24 " 28	"	26	107,302
4,996 " " 28 " 32	"	30	149,880
5,033 " " 32 " 40	"	36	181,188
3,157 " " 40 " 48	"	44	138,908
5,402 " " 48 " 64	"	56	302,512
4,481 " " 64 " 96	"	80	358,480
5,302 " above 96	"	110	583,220
<hr/>			<hr/>
166,304			3,397,763
To reach the known total of 385,242 lodgings, 218,938 lodgings of less than 6 <i>l.</i> rent must be added—say 5 <i>l.</i>			1,094,690
			<hr/>
			4,492,453
But to arrive at the real total of 1851, we add, for the reason given above, 20 per cent.			898,490
			<hr/>
Total			£5,390,943

On the total population of 1,021,530, not including the garrison, this gives, for 1851, an average rental of 5*l.* 5*s.* per head.

\* *Consommations de Paris*, p. 38. Husson.

As one-fifth of the houses on which this table was drawn up have been pulled down since, its total must be reduced in the same proportion for the purposes of the present calculation. Let us take it, therefore, at only 4,312,755*l.*, representing at 5 per cent. a capital of 86,255,100*l.* We put the present total rent of the old houses still existing at three times its amount in 1851; it therefore follows, that as the value of money has not changed in the interval, the capital also is tripled. The 86,255,100*l.* of 1851 have, therefore, become 258,765,300*l.* in 1861; the difference between the two, 172,510,200*l.*, must be carried to the debit of the cost account of the works which have produced it.

And now let us add all this up :

	£
The state has spent . . . . .	6,000,000
The town of Paris has spent . . . . .	9,000,000
The 12,000 new houses have cost, not including } the value of their surface in 1851 . . . . . }	118,200,000
The private demolitions have cost . . . . .	6,520,000
The enlargements or repairs of 4603 old houses } have cost . . . . . }	6,904,000
The surplus value given to the old remaining } houses by the general movement is . . . . . }	172,510,000
The total present cost of the improvements of } Paris is therefore . . . . . }	£319,134,000

If it were possible to count it exactly, it would probably come out a vast deal higher.

Of this general total cost, either directly paid or indirectly produced, how much has been useful and productive expenditure, and how much has been pure waste and loss? The calculation would be incomplete if we did not make an attempt to distinguish between the two.

First of all, we exclude altogether from the question the rise which has taken place in the price of land; that rise either represents a definitely acquired increase of value, or is only a speculative and momentary augmentation, which will disappear with the reaction which will infallibly arrive. If it disappears again, it will have produced a simple displacement of capital from one pocket to another, without really affecting the general wealth; while if, contrarily to our expectations, it should become consolidated, the extra value will remain a permanent charge on the future in the form of rent. In neither case can the rise be considered either as loss or as productive outlay; it forms a category apart in the composition of the present cost of the works of Paris.

Let us look at the other items of the account, which consist solely of demolitions and constructions.

We will suppose that the whole of the six millions spent by the state has been usefully employed in public buildings or in justifiable subventions.

But the value of the 6520 houses which have been pulled down is utterly wasted: at 2000*l.* each, the rate at which we have already estimated them, they represent a net loss of 13,040,000*l.*, of which one-half stands against the 9,000,000*l.* spent by the town, and the other half against the private proprietors.

The 12,000 new houses, which have been constructed at an average cost of 25*l.* per square yard, constitute a class of building out of all

harmony with the fortunes and wants of the people ; if their means and necessities had been considered, these houses would have been built like their predecessors, and their cost would not have exceeded 17*l.* per yard. We have explained why they have been put up on so extravagant a model ; the expense so incurred has created a difference of 8*l.* per yard of utterly useless outlay, which will disappear with the reaction, when, notwithstanding their large first cost, the value of these houses will fall to a level with the rent-paying means of their inhabitants. As we have calculated the 12,000 houses to occupy 250 yards each, this waste of 8*l.* per yard constitutes an effective loss of 24,000,000*l.*

The cost of enlarging or repairing the old houses is a wise and useful expenditure ; there is nothing to be carried to loss under that head : indeed, it is a pity that the sum is not larger.

We have, then, the following items of absolute waste :

	£
Demolition of 6520 houses, at 2000 <i>l.</i> each . . . . .	13,040,000
Over-cost of the 12,000 new houses . . . . .	24,000,000
Total wasted . . . . .	37,040,000

The items of useful expenditure are :

Spent by the state . . . . .	6,000,000
Spent by the town, the difference between . . . . .	£9,000,000
and half the loss on the houses demolished . . . . .	6,520,000
	2,480,000
Useful and durable value of the 12,000 new houses, the difference between their total cost . . . . .	75,000,000
and their over-cost, counted above . . . . .	24,000,000
	51,000,000
Cost of the repairs of old houses . . . . .	6,904,000
Total of useful expenditure . . . . .	66,384,000

As all the surplus beyond these two calculations represents the rise in land, the general division of outlay comes out as follows :

Amount wasted and lost . . . . .	£37,040,000
Amount usefully expended . . . . .	66,384,000
Rise in the value of land since 1851 . . . . .	215,710,000
	£319,134,000

The money cost of the improvements of Paris being thus approximately established, with the aid, it is true, of a good deal of hypothetical calculation, let us see what are the other elements of the price paid for them.

In 1817 the population was 713,966 (including the garrison for 15,549), the number of houses was 26,801 ;\* consequently the number of inhabitants per house averaged 26½. As the area of the town, within the old octroi walls, was 8492 acres, it follows that the density of the population was at the rate of 82 persons per acre.

In 1851 the population had risen to 1,053,262 (of whom 31,732 were soldiers), the number of houses had got up to 30,770,\* but as 544 of them were either unlet or were under construction, the proportion of occupants per house must be calculated only on the 30,222 houses really

\* Statistique comparée de la France, ii. 414. Block.

let, and this latter figure still includes 813 houses used as public establishments, and which, therefore, did not serve to lodge inhabitants in the ordinary sense of the term. But, without making any reduction on that score, it results that the proportion of inhabitants per house had got up to  $34\frac{2}{3}$ ; the total number of separate families, or tenants (corresponding to the number of apartments let), was 385,242; so the average number of tenants per house was  $12\frac{2}{3}$ : the general density had risen to 124 per acre. This was the state of the case when the improvements began.

In 1856 the population was 1,174,346, of whom 22,368 were soldiers: the density had thereupon risen to  $138\frac{1}{2}$  per acre. And this augmentation was aggravated by a diminution in the number of houses, which, from 30,770 in 1851, had fallen, in consequence of the excess of demolitions over the new constructions, to 30,175 in 1856. Of the latter number 609 were building or uninhabited; therefore the occupied houses amounted to only 29,566, containing an average of 40 people each.

But while the number of houses had diminished, the number of apartments which they contained had risen from 411,649 in 1851, to 432,501 in 1856;† so that the growing density of the population had already begun to produce the cutting-up of the old apartments into two. This multiplication of lodgings cannot be attributed to the greater number of them contained in the new houses, because comparatively few of the latter were yet finished in 1856. The pressing demand for lodging-room in 1856 is still further proved by the fact that, while there were 26,407 apartments vacant in 1851, there were only 5659 to let in 1856.‡ The wholesale demolitions had produced their effect, and had screwed up the population to an unendurable density.

In 1859 matters had decidedly improved. There are no exact returns for that year, but, by a little arithmetic, it is possible to arrive at an idea of the position. The number of houses pulled down from 1852 to 1859 having been 4349, and the number built during the same period 9617, a balance of 5268 houses had been added (counting them all as new, which was not the case) to the total of 30,770 which existed in 1851; there were, therefore, 36,038 houses in 1859. As there was a diminution of 595 houses from 1851 to 1856, it follows that the increase from 1856 to 1859 was 5863. In 1856, 609 houses were building or empty, at least 1000 may be supposed to have been in the same state in 1859, so that the total number of inhabited houses in that year cannot be estimated higher than 35,000. The population was probably about 1,250,000, so that, on these showings, the number of inhabitants per house had fallen again to  $35\frac{2}{3}$ , while the general density had increased to 147 per acre.

This brings the history of the movement caused by the demolitions and new constructions to the latest date at which a comparison with preceding years is possible, for on January 1, 1860, the limits of Paris were carried from the octroi wall to the fortifications, incorporating the banlieue, increasing all the figures, and upsetting the terms of the calculation. Let us see what were the economical and hygienic consequences to the population of the works executed from 1852 to 1859.

In 1851, before the improvements began, there were  $34\frac{2}{3}$  inhabitants per house, paying an average rent of 5*l.* 5*s.* per head, and the general density was 124 persons per acre.

\* Statistique comparée de la France, ii. 415; and Consommations de Paris, p. 22. Husson.

† Statistique comparée de la France, ii. 415.

‡ Ibid.



In 1859 the number of occupants per house was materially the same, 35  $\frac{1}{2}$ , but the density had risen to 147 per acre, and the mean rent to 15*l.* 15*s.* per head. The number of apartments was still insufficient, for there were only 10,998 vacant in December, 1860,\* against 26,407 in 1851. The temporary rise to 40 inhabitants per house, which occurred in 1856, had passed away, but the growing agglomeration of population, though it may be attributed rather to the general movement of the country to the towns, which has been so marked in France of late years, than to the special effects of the works executed, had exaggerated the evil consequences which have resulted for the population from the character and form of the new houses which have been built.

Previously to 1852, the Paris houses generally, with certain exceptions in the commercial quarters, had large back courts, and many of them had even gardens. But when the value of land began to rise, such open spaces became too valuable to be left idle. They were all very well as long as land averaged 8*l.* per square yard, but when it got up to 20*l.* or 30*l.*, the capital they represented grew too large to be kept unproductive. Another house was built behind the old one (two or three if the court or garden were long enough), and the same surface at once lodged two or three times as many inhabitants, and produced a proportionate increase of rental. This system, which would have been impossible formerly, because the people would have refused to live in such places, was accepted by the unhappy Parisians of 1856, who took refuge from the demolitions in these back courts. The want of air and light was no concern of the landlord; all he cared for was the sudden productiveness of idle capital.

It is true that this system of building deep houses one behind the other is not absolutely new; examples of it exist in some of the old houses. No. 30, Rue Basse du Rempart, now pulled down to make room for the Hôtel de la Paix, had four successive court-yards, but they were all large and airy, and did not resemble the dark wells of the present system, from the bottom of which you can almost see the stars by daylight up a shaft seven stories high.

Go into the courts of the new houses (when they have any) and see what they are like. Count the windows which take their air and light from them; in some of the worst cases you will find eighty windows looking into a well twenty feet square and seventy feet deep.

A more striking example still is furnished by the view from the tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie. Cross the pretty garden which surrounds the base of that old Gothic steeple—try not to be upset by the four or five hundred children who are romping there in the air which their mothers cannot give them at home—and pout up the winding staircase to the top. At your feet run the Rue de Rivoli, east and west, and the Boulevard de Sebastopol, north and south, each some two miles long, and straight on end, excepting where the latter twists across the Place du Clâtelet and the Seine with a wriggle so mysteriously crooked, that one cannot help imagining that when the prefect planned it he must have been suffering from a momentary indigestion of his much-loved straight lines, and that he invented this singular contortion to revenge himself, like an Indian, on his deity. Directly you look over the parapet you are struck by the extraordinary compression of the houses which form these two great streets. Almost everywhere else there is a certain little

\* *Moniteur*, December 24, 1860.

space remaining between the backs of the houses, but behind the splendid buildings which border these gigantic alleys there is no space at all. The houses are packed back to back: they seem all roof. There is only one comparison possible of the scene before you. You fancy at once that an immense plough has driven a furrow down each of the streets, turning up the houses tight against each other right and left, just like clods in an autumn field. Many of them are simple veneers, one room thick. The average surface of court-yard in the two streets is certainly not one-tenth of the whole area. How could it be otherwise? the land is worth 40*l.* a yard! The air has been taken out of the courts and put into the street; the front rooms have more of it than they had before, but the back ones, which are by far the most numerous, have none at all.

Now, as the great majority of the 12,000 new houses, and not a small proportion of the enlarged old ones, are more or less constructed on this plan, can it be denied that their inhabitants pay something more than a simple money price for the changes effected? Is the privation of air and light to be counted for nothing? The Parisians are not toads or tortoises, and cannot live without breathing or seeing. These unhealthy houses have often been attacked, but with no result; their dangers were publicly but vainly indicated in 1857 by the lectures of the Professor of Civil Construction at the Conservatoire des Arts et M<sup>ét</sup>iers, but they go on growing at the rate of thousands a year. Add the certain consequences of this system of lodging to the 319,000,000*l.*, and you have the total price of the improvements of Paris.

We have answered, as approximatively as possible, the first two points of our question. To the third part, WHERE IS IT GOING TO STOP? we can make a very distinct and positive reply.

It is not going to stop at all—at least, as long as things remain as they are in France. We need not go far for our proofs, and they are very complete and convincing. On 19th March last M. Picard, an audacious deputy, ventured to move an amendment to the address to the effect that the people of Paris should be allowed to have a voice in the expenditure and administration of their town. A one-sided debate took place on his motion; its last words paint the situation so perfectly that we will simply copy them.\*

M. Billault (minister without office): "The honourable M. Picard has condensed the object of his amendment into a picturesque formula which we are delighted to find. He has said, 'Paris belongs to the Parisians just as France belongs to the French; when will you give us back Paris?' Well, we will not give it you back at all." (Cheers and prolonged laughter.)

M. Picard: "We will take it."

Several Members: "Order! order!"

M. Billault: "If it is with the help of the majority of this chamber, you will wait a long time first. If it is by force, you will wait for ever." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

This makes the question clear. M. Billault has relieved it from all doubt or uncertainty. The present system is to go on until Paris is wiped out and put in again; it is to be "improved off the face of the earth," as the Yankees say they will do with Canada—when they get it.

\* *Moniteur*, March 20, 1861.

One cannot help admiring the plucky frankness of M. Billault. He said point-blank what he was told to say, without hesitating over the peculiarity of the principles he enounced.

But if we respect M. Billault's courage, what are we to say of the deputies of France who called to order the honest advocate of common sense and justice, and who cheered and laughed at the reply which was made to him?

So it is all to go on indefinitely. A fifth of Paris is down, and the turn of the rest is coming. The demolition is now proceeding in every direction. The houses which still remain upright need only be patient, they will not lose anything by waiting. They certainly cannot help themselves: all that they can do is to put a brave face on it, bow their heads obediently before the Prefect of the Seine, the Cæsar of modern building, and cry out, with the consciousness of their impending fate, like the gladiators in Gérôme's picture of the Roman Circus, "Ave, Haussmann! morituri te salutant."

NOTE.—As the opinion that the rents of the old houses of Paris are now three times as high as they were in 1851 may possibly be called in question, notwithstanding its universal adoption, we give two calculations in support of it.

First, all the Parisians say that while they devoted one-tenth of their income to rent under Louis Philippe, they now spend a fifth of it for the same object. This at once doubles the rate. But it is notorious that in consequence of the dearness of living in Paris, all salaries have been increased by an average of about thirty per cent. during the last ten years. Consequently, if on an income of 1000 fr. 100 was spent in rent, while in a revenue of 1300fr. 260 is now devoted thereto, the real rise is not 2 but 2.6, which is not far from 3. If this is true of the large class of salaried inhabitants which Paris contains, who, with their limited incomes, are obliged to seek cheapness, it is still more true of the foreigners and richer inhabitants, to whom the amount of rent is a matter of comparative unimportance. Here, therefore, is a first corroboration.

The second one is based on the extremely probable fact that while there were, in 1851, only 5302 apartments of a rent superior to 96*l.*, there is now an average of at least one and a half apartments above that price in each of the old houses. As there remain 24,250 old houses (30,770 in 1851, less 6120 pulled down since), they contain, on this supposition, 36,375 apartments above 96*l.* (in the new houses the rents vary from 60*l.* to 600*l.* per floor). These 36,375 apartments may be put at a mean of 120*l.* each, so that their rental would be 4,365,000*l.* The total for 1851 of the rents under 96*l.* was (including the 20 per cent.) 4,997,079*l.*, from which we deduct one-fifth to compensate the demolitions; there remains 3,997,663*l.* Supposing that this category has only doubled since, which surely nobody will attempt to deny, it would now represent 7,995,321*l.*, total 12,360,326*l.*, while three times 4,312,755*l.*, which was the total amount in 1851 (after deducting a fifth for the demolitions since), is 12,938,265*l.* The two results are close enough to give another confirmation to the opinion that the whole mass of rents has been tripled. If the shop rents were included, the proportion would be higher still.

## AMERICAN NOTABILITIES.

LINCOLN—JEFF DAVIS—STEPHENS—FREMONT—BEAUREGARD—  
M'CLELLAN—BANKS.

ALTHOUGH the prominent men of North and South have been considerably ill-used by the press recently, and made the subjects of newspaper paragraphs, more or less incorrect, we have not yet come across any comprehensive sketch of their lives which would enable readers to institute comparisons. We, therefore, think that at so interesting a period of the world's history, we need offer no apology for stringing together some half-dozen biographies, which, if they possess no other merit, have, at any rate, that of correctness. We will give the first rank to the President of the Federation, and place side by side with him Jeff Davis, and proceed in the same manner with a few other statesmen and warriors.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is descended from an obscure and poor family, and from his earliest youth was compelled to trust to his own resources. He progressed rapidly from one employment to another, from the lowest mechanical labours to those which demand the highest intellect—a transition certainly great, promoted by the nature of American institutions. Through the power of his mind and the strength of his will, unaided by arms or the chances and changes of revolution, he has raised himself to the highest dignity an American can obtain. Whatever may be our political views on this vexed question of protectionism *versus* slavery, we cannot refuse our respect to such a man as this.

Lincoln's forefathers were Quakers, and lived in Pennsylvania and Virginia. His grandfather, who removed from Virginia to Kentucky in 1782, was killed by the Indians two years later, while engaged in clearing his land. The president's father, Thomas Lincoln, also a poor man, married in 1806 Nancy Hanks, a Virginian. On February 12, 1809, their son Abraham was born to them, in Harding Co., Kentucky. In 1816 Thomas Lincoln migrated with his family to Indiana, and cleared a small farm in Spencer Co. His son Abraham, who was remarkably tall and powerful for his age, helped his father in felling the forest, and this hard work remained his occupation for the next ten years. Abraham only visited at rare intervals a school lately established in the vicinity, and the whole amount of his education did not exceed twelve months. Anything he knows he therefore acquired through his own industry, and was not indebted for it to teachers. At the age of nineteen Abraham made a trip to New Orleans in a flat boat, and about the same time his father lost his small farm through being security for a friend. The whole family thereupon proceeded to Illinois in 1830, where the father purchased some government land and started in the world afresh. His son Abraham helped to build the log hut, and split the fence rails required for the farm. In this task he wielded the axe with such strength and skill that he attained a great reputation among the backwoodsmen as rail-splitter, which has not yet died out, and has maintained his renown among the small farmers and labourers. Enterprising Abraham left his family scantily housed in 1831, and proceeded to Macon Co. (Illinois), where a Mr. Hawks gave him a job to make thirty thousand rails. At

the same time he formed the acquaintance of another man, who invited him to build a flat boat. This boat, laden with corn and other provisions, was intended to sail to New Orleans, down the Sangamon, Illinois, and Mississippi rivers, where the cargo could be sold at considerable profit. Lincoln built the boat, and then started in her as "captain." He reached New Orleans in good condition, sold boat and cargo, and returned home as deck-hand aboard a steamer. This speculation was several times repeated, and Lincoln was able to put by a few hundred dollars.

Lincoln next became book-keeper to the same man, who had a shop and mill at New Salem. In 1832 a volunteer company was formed here, intended to march against the Indians, who had begun hostilities under their redoubtable chief "Black Hawk." Lincoln, to his great surprise, was elected as captain, for he was already considered both an energetic and cautious man. At a later date Abraham declared that this appointment caused him greater pleasure than all the future successes of his life. The campaign lasted three months, but we are unaware whether Lincoln's company had an opportunity to distinguish itself. On his return he was put forward by the Whigs as candidate for the state legislature, but was beaten, because the majority of electors consisted of democrats. Lincoln now went into trade, and started a shop at New Salem, in partnership with another man. As the business did not succeed, the partner proposed adding to it a spirit store, to which Lincoln strenuously objected, because he has all his life been a teetotaler. The partner, after a while, took the sole charge of the business, and utterly ruined it, Lincoln not only losing all his savings, but being responsible for a debt of eleven hundred dollars.

Lincoln saw that as a common labourer he would never be able to discharge the debt, and this circumstance urged him to seek a higher and more profitable profession. Misfortunes, instead of crushing him, only aroused all his mental faculties. He was appointed postmaster of New Salem, and at the same time began studying law. As he was too poor to buy books, he borrowed them from a lawyer living near; he fetched in the evening the work he wished to study, and took it home again early the next morning, as his kind friend might want to use it during the day. For such exertions not only great strength of mind, but also a physical constitution such as Lincoln possessed, was required. "At that time," as his great political opponent once said at a popular meeting, "he was an unequalled runner, and conquered everybody in wrestling. At horse-races and boxing-matches in the neighbourhood he was usually elected president, and performed his duties with a dignity and impartiality beyond all praise." In spite of his nocturnal studies, he also resolved to become a field-surveyor. He obtained a government job, laid in a chain, compass, and a useful work on surveying, and set about the task, while not becoming untrue to his higher object. In 1834 he was elected to the legislature of New Salem, and was re-elected in 1836, 1838, and 1840. He was attached to the Whig party, and distinguished himself by his simple, clear, and persuasive oratory.

In 1836, Lincoln had received permission to practise, and in the following year removed to Springfield, the capital of Illinois, where he opened an office in partnership with Major F. Stuart. About this time he married a Kentucky woman, a plain industrious housewife, who has borne him

several children. He rapidly attained a legal position; but in spite of his large practice he did not withdraw from politics, and remained for many years a prominent leader of the Whig party in Illinois. Through his industry and modest style of living he had also become a prosperous man. He was frequently selected by the Whigs as an elector, and in this quality he, in 1844, was a great partisan of Henry Clay, gaining him many votes in Illinois and a part of Indiana. The democrat Polk, however, gained the victory. In 1846, Lincoln was sent to congress, and in 1847 took his seat in the House of Representatives. Here he showed himself a decided anti-slavery man, and supported all the petitions and motions directed against the peculiar institution. For the same reason he opposed the annexation of Texas, but voted for the Loan Bill, which enabled government to defray the expenses of the Mexican war. In 1848 he was a member of the Whig National Convention, and a zealous partisan of General Taylor. In 1849 he was candidate for the senatorship, but was defeated by General Shields, in consequence of the democratic party having the upper hand in Illinois.

Until 1854, Lincoln remained quiet, but then again entered the political arena by helping to carry the election of Mr. Trumbull to the senate in the place of Shields. This was effected under the most critical circumstances. On the occasion of the Nebraska-Kansas Bill, Senator Douglas, of Illinois, had managed to effect the repeal of a clause in the Missouri compromise of 1820, which had stipulated that slavery should be excluded from the territory to the north of 36 deg. 30 min. of latitude. In the place of this clause the principle had been established that henceforth, in each territory, the people would be at liberty to regulate their own affairs, including slavery, under the condition that the Federal legislature was not assailed. This was, in reality, opening the way for slavery all over the Union, but the arrogant conduct of the Southerners after the abrogation of this clause led to a great change in the formation of American parties, which was destined to have mighty consequences for Lincoln's political career. The democratic party, who originally defended the liberty of the people against aristocratic assaults, and had retained the upper hand, with but few exceptions, in the Union since Jefferson's election, had in the course of years grown the mere instrument of the Southern slave party, and had become demoralised and broken up. In 1854 a large and powerful party was formed against it in the North and North-West, which received the name of the republican, and in the course of time included all who were inclined to protest against the encroachments of slavery, and the selfishness and terrorism of the Southerners. The new party proposed to bring the power of the Federal government and the rights of the several states into a proper relation—that is to say, authorise government to check the further extension of slavery and the predominance of the Southern States. The party also declared itself opposed to the proposed attacks on Cuba, Mexico, and Central America, which were only intended to spread slavery. The Republican National Convention in 1856 selected Colonel Fremont as candidate for the presidency, and the republicans of Illinois carried Lincoln's election as vice-president. But the fear of a dissolution of the Union, which the Southern States threatened, robbed the republican party of a great number of votes in the Northern States, and the election of Buchanan, a democrat, was carried through. In June, 1858, Lincoln

was put up by the Illinois Whigs as candidate for the presidency, while the democrats worked for the election of Douglas. Both candidates made a tour through the state, and often appealed to the people at the same place and from the same platform. This struggle, in which Lincoln openly declared himself opposed to slavery and the policy of the Southern States, was carried on by both sides with great zeal and talent, and excited general interest. Douglas, however, eventually gained the day, while Lincoln had the advantage that his name acquired great popularity for the future. In May, 1860, the Republican Convention at Chicago selected Lincoln as candidate for the presidency, and all the world knows the result and its consequences.

Lincoln is a man of almost gigantic stature, and measures six feet four inches. His body is not stout and muscular so much as thin: his arms are long, but not out of proportion to his height. He walks along slowly and thoughtfully, with his head bent forward, and his hands on his back. He attaches little importance to his dress, and, though always cleanly, he does not follow the fashions. In his manners he is simple and cordial, and in society he tells anecdotes with considerable success. His politeness is sincere, and never calculated or offensive, and he greets his friend with a warm shake of the hand and a still more pleasant smile. His features reveal a marked character, but they are not good: his hair is black and thin, his head well proportioned, his nose Roman, his mouth broad, and his complexion swarthy.

The twin King of Brentford, JEFFERSON DAVIS, was born in Kentucky on June 3, 1808. When very young, he followed his father, a planter, to Mississippi, at that time a territory, and not formed into a state until 1817. After receiving a good education, Davis, at the age of sixteen, went as cadet to the war academy of West Point, which he quitted four years later with the rank of sub-lieutenant in the United States army. On his request to be actively employed, he was sent to the west, and placed under the orders of Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterwards general and president in 1849. In the skirmishes that daily took place with the Indians, Davis distinguished himself so greatly, that, on the formation of a new regiment of dragoons, he was appointed its lieutenant-colonel. The illustrious Indian chief, "Black Hawk," a fanatic enemy of the Americans, was taken prisoner in this campaign, and was affected by such an admiration for Davis, that he formed a warm friendship for the young officer, and declared that for his sake he would give up his enmity for the whites. This friendship was only interrupted by the death of Black Hawk.

In 1835, Davis left the army and settled on a cotton-plantation in Mississippi, where he devoted himself zealously, not only to the cultivation of the ground, but also to political and social studies. In 1843 he turned his attention to practical politics, and formed the democratic party. In 1844 he was nominated presidential elector for Mississippi, and made a tour on behalf of Polk. Davis, who was obliged constantly to speak, rendered himself so remarkable by the graceful style and manly force of his oratory that his fellow-citizens elected him in the following year their representative in congress. A few years previously he had married Zachary Taylor's daughter, and under the orders of that general he was now once again to distinguish himself on the battle-field. When the war with Mexico broke out, in 1846, Davis sent in his resignation as member of congress to place himself at the head of the Mississippi Volunteer Rifles,

who had elected him their colonel. At the storming of Monterey, Davis was one of the negotiators who settled the terms of the capitulation with the Mexicans. The Americans also owed their success at the battle of Buena Vista in a great measure to his heroic efforts, and the courage with which he inspired his men. Although wounded in the beginning of the action, Davis remained on horseback until the defeat of the Mexicans was completed.

In July, 1847, the period for which Davis's regiment had to serve was concluded, and he led it back to Mississippi. Polk wished to appoint him brigadier-general of volunteers, but Davis declined the offer, because he thought that such an appointment on the part of the government of the Union would be an encroachment on the rights of the state. Colonel Davis had gained an honourable name on the battle-field, but less honourable was the part he played in the settlement of the financial affairs of his native state. The state had contracted a debt out of all proportion to its scanty revenue, which had been incurred through supporting badly-managed banks, especially the Planter's Bank, for whose advantage the state sold bonds, which it was unable to redeem. Davis stepped forward as a zealous adviser of the repudiation of these bonds, but the Legislative Assembly rejected the proposal almost unanimously, and passed a declaration that "some financial scheme for the payment of the bonds and the restoration of the state credit" should be devised. This most desirable scheme was not invented, however, and hence recourse was had to the repudiation so strongly recommended by Davis.

In 1848, Davis was elected as senator, and devoted his attention principally to military matters, but showed himself a warm defender of slavery, and strove to limit as far as possible the Federal authority over the several states. In 1851, he resigned his seat in the senate, in order to stand for the governorship of his native state, but was defeated by his opponent, Foote, candidate of what was called the Union party, and he retired for a time into private life. In 1852, Davis did the democratic party, or Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee, a great service, by helping to carry Pierce's election. When the latter moved into the White House, in 1853, he therefore appointed Davis Secretary of War. In the cabinet of this weak president he was the most influential member, and governed not only the president, but most of his colleagues; Marcy, who was at the head of the foreign affairs, was almost the only one who managed to keep aloof from his influence. In his important position, Davis most energetically promoted the interests of the slave states, and proved himself a zealous opponent of the Abolitionists. Under Buchanan's presidency, Davis was again a member of the senate, and when, in January, 1861, the state of Mississippi announced its secession from the Union, Davis returned home. A few weeks after, the congress of the seceded states elected him president of the Confederation at Montgomery, in Alabama. On February 16, he was invested with his new dignity, which, according to the constitution of the Confederation, he will hold for six years.

By those of his own party, Davis is described as a man as gentle as he is earnest, possessing all the physical and social qualities that please the world. When he speaks, his voice is clear, his expression fiery, and his demeanour dignified. In his writings he manages to defend the cause of the slave states with practised and attractive sophistry.



The vice-president of the Confederation, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, was born in Georgia, on February 11, 1812. His youth was passed in such a state of poverty that he was indebted for his education to the kindness of strangers. In 1834, he started as a lawyer, and by his talent soon attracted public attention to such an extent that he was regarded "the cleverest man in the South." He was sent to congress as a Whiig in 1843, but on the dissolution of that party he joined the Democrats, and became their recognised head in congress. He retained this position till the election of 1858, when he retired into private life, as he believed for ever. The secession of the Southern States, however, recalled him to active life, and he was elected vice-president. Stephens is a most wonderful instance of the power of the will over bodily suffering, for he has always been ill, and is so thin that he never weighed more than ninety-six pounds. His voice is penetrating, sharp, and, on first hearing, most unpleasant; but his eloquence is practical, and certain of success, and his judgment so accurate, that his colleagues have always readily left the deciding vote to him.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT is the son of a French ensign and a Virginian lady, and was born at Savannah, in Georgia, on January 31, 1813. He received a good education, though he lost his father in his fourth year; and when he left Charleston College, at the age of seventeen, he was able to help in supporting his mother and the younger children. After making several voyages he directed his attention to civil engineering, and in 1836 surveyed the country between Cincinnati and Charleston. Soon after he was engaged on the survey of the land situated to the west of the Mississippi, selected as a new home for the Cherokees, who were expelled from Georgia; and in 1839 accompanied Nicollet on a journey of discovery to the Upper Mississippi. All these labours he only regarded as a preparation for a great expedition to the West, which he commenced in January, 1842, after his appointment as a lieutenant of engineers. With a handful of men he reached the celebrated South Pass, and not only divided the geographical position of the road, by which myriads of emigrants have since found their way to California, but investigated the natural circumstances, geology and meteorology of the country, and selected the points where the flag of the Union now flutters over a chain of desert forts. At that period he also climbed up the highest peak of the Windriver Mountains, in which the sources of the largest American rivers are situated, and whose culminating point bears the name of "Fremont's Peak." For his important discoveries Fremont received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Soon after he undertook a second expedition, to perfect the results of the first, and to bring them into connexion with Commodore Wilkes's survey on the Pacific coast. Fremont started on May 29, 1843, from the village of Kansas, ascended the heights to the south of the Pass, turned to the great Salt Lake, and examined the whole district between that internal water and the Rocky Mountains. Southward of this range extended a wide region, which still belonged to the realm of fable, and upon which he longed to lay the touchstone of exact success. It was the beginning of winter, but without resources or a sufficiency of provisions, without guides, and with only twenty-five comrades, he commenced his journey over the Rocky Mountains. During nine months, amid adventures and sufferings of every description, he

travelled a distance of three thousand five hundred miles, in sight of the eternal snow, and returned to Washington safely in August, 1844, after crossing the Sierra Nevada, discovering the valleys of St. Joaquin and San Francisco, and settling the geography of the western half of the American Continent.

He was preparing for a third expedition while writing the history of the first and second, and ere it was published he had hastened off with his faithful comrades to the Pacific. This journey enriched science with new acquisitions, and the United States with the gold mines of California. In the spring of 1846, Fremont was in the vicinity of Monterey, with about sixty companions. The commandant of the town, Don Juan de Castro, gave the strangers orders to quit the country, and prohibited their farther advance. Fremont planted the North American flag, declared war on his own account, as he had not yet heard of the rupture between the United States and Mexico, and on June 15 carried the military post of Sonoma, where he captured nine guns and other material of war. After this he pushed on into the valley of the Sacramento, where a large number of Americans had settled, who elected him their governor. At the same period he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy by government, and on January 13, 1847, he effected with the Mexicans a capitulation, which ended the war in California, and left the land in the possession of the Americans. Soon after this fortunate result, which Fremont had done so much to promote by his bravery and decision, he was mixed up in a quarrel with General Kearney, in consequence of which he was brought before a court-martial, and condemned to be cashiered. Like Columbus before him, he was conveyed home as a prisoner from California, where he had been discoverer, conqueror, and governor. The president wished to restore him to his rank, but Fremont broke off all relations with government, and retired into private life. He determined to restore his honour on the same field where attempts had been made to deprive him of it. In October, 1848, he started from Puebla with thirty-three companions and one hundred and thirty mules, on a fourth exploring expedition, in order to find a road from the head of the Arkansas through the mountains, over which he hoped that a railroad might be carried to Arkansas. Led astray by his guides, he found himself in a terrible position on the Sierra San Juan. All his mules and most of his men were killed by the more than Siberian cold, and he reached Santa Fé on foot, and stripped of everything. But the men of the desert assembled round him, equipped him afresh, and, continuing his journey, he forced his way through the country of the ferocious and untamable Apaches, conquered or intimidated the savages, and within one hundred days reached the banks of the Sacramento. Here he was enthusiastically received, and almost unanimously elected as the representative of California in the senate of the United States. In 1852 he visited Europe, where the learned world received him with great respect; and in 1853 he made a fifth and most successful expedition from the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific.

Although born in a Slave State, Fremont belonged, body and soul, to the republican party, and attained so great a popularity, that, in 1856, he was put up as candidate for the presidency. The majority of the Free States declared for him, but the moment had not yet arrived when the principles for which he contended would gain the victory, and after

a desperate struggle, the democratic candidate was elected by 163 votes against 125. Fremont returned to California, and managed his enormous estates in Mariposa district, which brought him in great wealth, but also entailed endless lawsuits upon him. In 1860 he proceeded to Paris, in order to sell a portion of them to the French government, and while there heard of the triumph of the republican party. Soon after, Lincoln invited him to take major-general's rank in the Federal army. In answer to this summons, he sailed from Havre for America in June, 1861, and it is highly probable that a brilliant future awaits him. Fremont married a daughter of the deceased senator Benton, a man whose name frequently turns up in the recent history of the United States.

Our sketch would be incomplete did we not give some account of the two generals who have so long been opposed to each other on the banks of the Potomac. The general of the Confederates, PETER G. T. BEAUREGARD, is descended from a very aristocratic French-Creole family in Louisiana, and was born in 1818. His father, a rich planter in the vicinity of New Orleans, sent him to the military academy at West Point, which he left as lieutenant of artillery. He fought in the Mexican war as first lieutenant, and was promoted to a captaincy on the field of Churubusco (Aug. 20, 1847). At the storming of Mexico in the same year he was wounded. After the termination of the war, the Washington government employed him to conduct various public works, among others, the fortress works at the mouth of the Mississippi. Under Buchanan's presidency there was an intention of appointing Beauregard director of West Point Academy, but he lost the favour of the president through a very violent speech which his brother-in-law, Senator Stedell, made against government in congress. He sent in his resignation, and was one of the first to join the insurrectionary movement of the South. On Feb. 24, 1861, Beauregard was appointed commandant of the forts and troops of the Southern Confederacy, with the rank of brigadier-general, and entered upon his duties on March 4. In this capacity he had to direct the works of defences round Charleston, through which the surrender of Fort Sumter was rendered compulsory. Beauregard is stated to be a clever engineer officer as well as master in strategies, and to possess equal bravery and caution. As a private man he also enjoys a good reputation. Our readers know what he has done already, and we are tolerably certain that he will do more yet.

GEORGE M'CLELLAN, flatteringly christened the Napoleon of America, was born at Philadelphia in December, 1826, and destined for the military service. In his sixteenth year he was sent to West Point, and left it in 1846, as second lieutenant in the engineers, to take part in the Mexican war. His bravery in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco gained him promotion, and at the storming of the forts of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec his conduct was so brilliant that it gained him his captaincy. After the peace, he was appointed a teacher at West Point, where he wrote a manual of the art of war, which is highly esteemed by American soldiers. After this he built Fort Delaware, and then was ordered to Texas and New Mexico to make a topographic survey of the district through which the Pacific Railway was to run. This difficult task was interrupted by a summons to Washington, where the military department had selected him, in conjunction with Major Mordecai and Captain Delafield, to go and witness the operations in the Crimea, which

excited as great interest in America as they did in Europe. The departure was so long delayed that the American commissioners did not reach Sebastopol till after the fall of the Malakhoff, and when the war was virtually over. Still this did not hinder M'Clellan from drawing up a report for his government, which, only partially based on personal observations, is one of the best descriptions of that memorable war, and is as conspicuous for its display of knowledge as for its impartiality. As there was no prospect of active service on his return home, M'Clellan determined to leave the army, and accepted the post of technical director to the Illinois Central Railway, which he held for several years with credit. In this position the outbreak of the civil war surprised him, and as he was universally respected and known in the West, he was at once called to a high post. The governor of Ohio appointed him major-general and chief of the militia of that state, but by the recommendation of General Scott he was made major-general of the regular army, and entrusted with a most important command in Western Virginia. On 12th July he defeated the Secessionists at Rich Mountain, captured their camp and a portion of their artillery, and on the next day occupied Beverley, where he took nearly one thousand prisoners. On July 14th he fought the battle of St. George, in which the Confederates were routed, and their leader, General Garnett, killed. Through these three days' successful operations, Western Virginia was perfectly cleared of the Secessionists, and a moral effect produced which was of even greater value than the material advantages. After the defeat of the Federal army at Bull's Run, M'Clellan was summoned to Washington to take supreme command.

We cannot conclude our sketch without offering a specimen of one of the "lawyer generals" whom Lincoln has been so heartily abused for appointing. NATHANIEL PRENTIS BANKS was born on January 30, 1816, at Waltham, in Massachusetts. His father was overseer in a calico factory, in which the son was obliged to work while attending the village school. At a later date he became a machine builder, and at the same time wrote articles for the papers. As partisan of the democratic party, he was appointed to the Boston custom-house during Polk's presidency, and in 1849 was sent to the legislature of his state. Through a coalition of the democrats and free-soilers he was elected speaker in 1851, and in 1853 sent to Washington as member for Massachusetts. Here he declared himself against the Nebraska-Kansas Bill, whose unfortunate consequences he foresaw, and hence definitively broke with his former partisans. Still the republicans, whom he now joined, succeeded in carrying his election to congress, where he was put up as candidate for the speakership, and was elected after a two months' struggle, which threw the whole Union into excitement. By this election the predominance of the Southerners in congress was first shaken, and it may be regarded as the first of the events which led to the secession of the Slave States and the dissolution of the Union. In 1857, Banks was chosen governor of Massachusetts, which office he held for three years in succession. When he was offered it for the fourth time, however, in 1860, he declined the honour, and expressed a determination to retire from public life. He proceeded to Chicago to undertake the management of a railway, but in May, 1861, was summoned to Washington by President Lincoln, and sent as commandant to Baltimore with the rank of a general.

CROOKED USAGE;  
OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE REASON FOR THE PLEDGE.

“ANOTHER day! making five since we were there! Surely it is time to inquire again!”

These words, uttered with a deep sigh, fell from the lips of the lady whose visit to Mr. Squirrel was recorded in a former chapter.

“Did not the man say you were to wait a week?” replied the gentleman who was her companion on that occasion.

“Yes! Victor. But he also told me that he might have tidings in three or four days. It is very, very long to wait!”

“Long, Agnes? After the eighteen years so patiently borne!”

“What made me bear them, Victor? Was it not for your sake I concealed a grief that never ceased to prey upon my heart? We were utterly without expectation, everything was a blank, till by a strange chance we learnt that we had been cruelly deceived. Ah, Victor, there is nothing so impatient as hope revived! I must see that person to-night?”

“To what purpose, Agnes? If the boy has not yet returned, your disappointment will only be increased. It was the man’s own interest to name the shortest time. Eager to obtain a further reward, he would not keep you waiting an hour longer than he could help. Depend upon it, nothing would be gained by applying too soon. I am as anxious as yourself, but I have learnt the folly of precipitation.”

Madame de la Roquetaillade gazed earnestly on her husband, and sighed again. As anxious as herself! A mother yearning for a long lost child—and calmly advised to wait! In that moment, in all its agony, how vividly to her recollection came all the past.

The Past! It is time that the curtain should be raised by which much that relates to the history of these two has so long been hidden. Much, but not all; for an angry man has already revealed a part.

When Sir William Cumberland told Mrs. Drakeford of the marriage of his sister Agnes, he was speaking of that of Madame de la Roquetaillade; but, in his anger, he did not altogether describe her husband correctly, though in one essential particular the description was true.

In the sense in which the word is generally accepted, Monsieur de la Roquetaillade was not an adventurer. He had every right to the name he bore and the position he filled in society, but, at the time he met with Agnes, fortune he had none. Youthful extravagance had originally impaired a very fair inheritance, but the Comte de la Roquetaillade’s ruin was caused by his love of play. He had fled from his ruin to Italy, purposeless in all save his resolve to shun the gaming-table for the

rest of his days. To strengthen this resolve came his love for Agnes, and in the first happy days that followed their union no disturbing thought arose to lead his desires to their abandoned track.

But the sudden death of Sir John Cumberland, and the lawsuit consequent upon his will, brought Monsieur de la Roquetaillade and his wife to England, and there his evil genius once more encountered him.

He had fully expected to gain his cause, employing the best counsel, and sparing no expense to procure witnesses from abroad; but he was beaten on a technical point, and the loss of a heavy sum, besides the disappointment of his expectations, was one consequence of his defeat. But there was another consequence still more dangerous. The remnant of the fortune which he had received with Agnes was all he now possessed. At the rate he was accustomed to live, it would barely have sufficed for a year's expenditure, and the income which might accrue from investment in the funds or elsewhere, was too paltry for his consideration.

For a man of enterprise, however, with money in his pocket, there is always an opening; and the chances of play suggested themselves as the readiest means not only of retrieving what the chances of the law had robbed him of, but of making a fortune exceeding that which had escaped his grasp. A gambler is never taught by experience. He says to himself—as Monsieur de la Roquetaillade said :

“True! I have hitherto been unsuccessful, but ill-luck cannot always last! If that were so, the world would be exactly divided into the fortunate and unfortunate. But is this the fact? Look at — and —, for instance! Were not they, and fifty others I could name, at one time completely beggared—and see how they have recovered themselves! On the other hand, what has become of the fellows who won their money? Changed places with them, of course. Well, if any change takes place—and it always does—my case is perfectly clear. One must win some day, if one only has patience. It's a long lane that has no turning, and everybody's turn comes at last. The mistake men make at play is in not knowing when to stop. If you leave off after losing a certain sum, why the money is gone for ever! That stands to reason. If, on the contrary, you hold on, back it all comes again, like the tide, in regular ebb and flow. Then is the time, while the vein lasts, to make the most of it. Catch me going an inch beyond high-water mark! The moment I set myself straight—and something to boot—good-by to the *tapis vert*!”

With such arguments as these Monsieur de la Roquetaillade convinced himself that the game was entirely in his own hands, and the opportunity not lacking for speculating after this fashion, he lost no time in setting to work. Unhappily for him, the fickle goddess whose smiles he courted had taken a different view of the question. Offended, perhaps, at his former desertion, or thinking that his probation had not been long enough, she did not suffer his previous losses to count, but frowned upon his renewed endeavours as persevering as before. This did not discourage Monsieur de la Roquetaillade; he persisted in the principle he had laid down, and the end was precisely what might have been expected: for the second time he was ruined.

The event was infinitely more serious on this than on the first occasion. Then, he was a single man, having only his own wants to think of, but

with the means of shaping his course in a hundred different ways ; now, he had a wife and a child but newly born to provide for, with no prospect either for them or for himself. On his own side, relations of nearer kin to the head of his house barred the way to any future succession, neither did he stand in good odour there ; while, on that of Agnes, the enmity of her brother had been provoked by the recent lawsuit, and her aunt had adopted Sir William's prejudices.

Though captivated by the beauty of Agnes, Monsieur de la Roquetaillade had never really known what it was to love : position, present fortune, and the expectation of more, weighed as much with him in marrying as other considerations. He did not give himself wholly to the woman of his choice, but nurtured worldly reserves. As long as all went well he was the most charming, the most agreeable of men ; but when the skies around grew dark he caught their reflexion, and became gloomy and severe. The approaching contest with his brother-in-law was the first thing, after his marriage, to sour a temper naturally not a good one ; when doubt yielded to certainty, and the law stripped him of what he believed to be his unquestionable right, his temper grew worse ; and when his losses at play consummated his ruin, not only his temper, but even his nature, seemed wholly altered.

Agnes noticed the change with much misgiving. She felt that some evil impended greater than any she yet knew of—the lawsuit having been decided just before her confinement—but when her husband entered her room where she was playing with her baby, about a fortnight after her recovery, she had no prescience to divine what his lowering brow foreboded. How could she, who loved him with all a wife's devotion, imagine the alternative which he came to offer.

"Agnes!" he said, abruptly, as he threw himself into a chair, "this country is no longer any place for us: we must leave it."

"I am not surprised at your saying so," she replied; "we have little cause to linger here now; they, certainly, have not used us well, who are bound to us by the nearest ties."

"Neither they nor the rest. All are heartless alike! Ties! What ties are binding upon people whose only motive is the basest self-interest? That truth might have struck you, I should imagine, without waiting for legal iniquity to drive you to its comprehension!"

"Why are you so angry now, Victor? We have known the worst some time."

"The worst! You think so, do you?"

"Is there anything else, Victor? I do not like your looks."

"You will like my words less. Listen! You are the only sister of one of the richest men in England; I am—the Comte de la Roquetaillade—a rich man, too, once upon a time. How much, do you suppose, we possess between us?"

"You know, Victor, that what my father gave me was yours without control. Why ask such a question? I have nothing!"

"Nor I, Agnes!"

"What do you mean, Victor? I do not understand you. Our expenses cannot have been so great as entirely to absorb our fortune!"

"Those harpies, the lawyers, took their share, but they did not swallow up everything. There have been other mischances. I—I——"

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade paused, a feeling of shame interfering with his intended confession.

"You hesitate, Victor!" said Agnes. "You need not. I can bear to hear whatever you may have to tell."

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade looked steadily at his wife; she returned his glance with equal firmness.

"I hoped," he said, speaking very fast, "to have replaced the money we lost by that accursed suit. I had a project for the purpose, but it failed."

"What was it?"

"You may as well be told. I played. Night after night I strove to conquer Fortune. Yesterday I thought I had succeeded. This morning I found out my mistake. At midnight I was the winner of three thousand pounds: an hour ago, when I quitted the table, every shilling I had in the world was gone!"

"Is nothing left then?"

"You heard me say so just now."

"What is to be done?"

"Go back to France! There, perhaps, we may find the means of living. But there are conditions upon which that step is dependent. I will speak of them presently. In the mean time, our bills must be paid, the servants discharged, and money had for the journey."

"My jewels are valuable, Victor; they cost a good deal."

"We must raise what we can upon them. I, also, have some objects of value. Together we may make up enough for present purposes. The future must take care of itself."

So saying, Monsieur de la Roquetaillade rose and left the room. But it was only for a moment, as he returned almost immediately with a dressing-case in his hand. He placed it on a table and sat down again before it, applied the key, and opened the box.

"These are trifles," he said, taking out two or three sets of studs, a gold pencil-case, and a few other articles of *bijouterie*, "and will not fetch much. My diamond ring is the principal thing. Why, where can it be? It always lies in this drawer. Have you seen the ring, Agnes?"

"How should I, Victor? You never wear it. And the key of the box is always in your possession."

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade did not reply; but once more examined the case; he turned out all the contents, slowly, carefully, leaving nothing behind. The ring was not there!

"Who enters that room?" he asked, with forced calmness.

"None but ourselves and the servant whose duty takes her there."

"A person belonging to the house?"

"Yes. You have seen her. A tall, handsome young woman."

"I remember. She must be interrogated."

"Is it worth while, Victor, at such a moment, when we have so much to think of?"

"It is quite worth while. You do not know the value of that ring. It was given to my grandfather by Louis the Fifteenth. At any time I would not have parted with it for a hundred pounds. Judge if I can afford to lose it now!"



The servant in question was summoned. Madame de la Roquetaillade had described her rightly, but her beauty was not of a pleasing kind; there was a daring expression in her large brown eyes that gave no favourable idea of her character, and her language corresponded with her looks. With far more vehemence than was necessary, she declared that she had never set eyes on the ring. How should she? The case was always locked, and she fancied she didn't keep the key! She hoped she wasn't going to be suspected! Things might take and be lost, she supposed, without attacking of characters, which was all a poor girl had to depend upon.

In vain Madame de la Roquetaillade assured her that no accusation was intended, and that the question was one of simple inquiry; she refused to be pacified, uttered a violent denunciation against the meanness of laying things at people's doors, and finally insisted that her box should be searched—an ordeal which, as everybody knows, is the infallible test of domestic innocence.

"That person, without doubt, is the thief," said Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, when she was gone. "How she accomplished the theft is the mystery. We will ask Bastide about her."

Michel Bastide was Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's valet. He had been in his service some time. He was a Gascon, with all the attributes of the south of France in his appearance, and though only four or five-and-twenty, looked several years older. Monsieur de la Roquetaillade placed implicit confidence in him, and when he learnt that his master had been robbed his desolation was quite heart-rending. No one could behold those clenched hands, those set teeth, those sparkling eyes, without being satisfied of the genuineness of his passion.

And Monsieur suspected that bold-faced girl, of whom, he confessed, he had never entertained a good opinion! Yes! it was most probable; for one who could jeer at the sacred affection which he, Michel Bastide, bore to another that was far away, was capable of anything! He had ceased to speak to her, and her spite declared itself in many ways. She was a person very fond of show, and lately he had observed a great change in her dress. Only the Sunday before, she wore a shawl that appeared to be perfectly new. Her wages could not account for that. Did Monsieur desire that he should consult the police, without giving Monsieur the trouble of appearing in the matter? He would go instantly; he would lay down his life to serve Monsieur—and Madame; that they both very well knew. Ah! He could tear that false one to pieces!

Honest Michel! He departed after this harangue, but on what mission? To relate, in broken English, to Miss Nelly Harper, with whom he was desperately in love, the suspicions of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, and describe the steps he never meant to take to set the police-inquiry on foot. How they both laughed when they compared notes on the good understanding that existed between them! Yes, Nelly Harper's shawl was a new one, but how did she come by it? He gave it, who made no scruple of attributing the theft to the woman who had given herself to him. What was a woman's reputation to one who had no respect for his own master's property?

But it mattered little just then whether Michel Bastide were honest or a traitor. As Madame de la Roquetaillade had said—was that a moment

to think of lesser things when the prospects of a life were at stake? Perhaps Monsieur de la Roquetaillade really thought as she did, and made the most of his loss—though he could not but feel it—to avoid coming at once to the subject that filled his mind. It was Agnes who returned to it.

"This discovery," she said, "makes it more necessary than ever that my jewels should at once be sold. Take them, Victor, and do with them what you please!"

"But there is yet a greater sacrifice to be made," observed Monsieur de la Roquetaillade.

"I would make any sacrifice for you, Victor."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Yes! I repeat—any sacrifice! But what have I left?"

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade leant over his wife, and said, in a voice that was scarcely audible,

"Your child."

Madame de la Roquetaillade gazed upon him in astonishment.

"My child!" she echoed. "Sacrifice him! Good God! You bewilder me, Victor!"

"Yet I speak plainly, Agnes. You must part with your child."

"Never! never!" exclaimed Madame de la Roquetaillade, pressing her infant to her bosom.

"It must be done. If not, when I quit this room you see me no more—alive."

"Oh, this is horrible! What do you intend, Victor?"

"Nothing but what necessity compels me to perform. Look here! I have already told you that we are completely ruined—by my fault if you like—but the fact remains the same. We have no one to depend upon but ourselves—that is to say, my efforts can alone procure us a subsistence. I must be as little hampered as possible."

"Oh, he shall be no difficulty, Victor. I will work for him, for you, for myself—for all of us. Gracious Heaven! A child—can I calmly utter the words—a child is no expense!"

"Could you nurse it yourself, Agnes,—perhaps not much,—yet still a great encumbrance. But as you are compelled to hire a substitute, another person is necessary to our establishment, and servants of our own we must do without. Nay, do not interrupt me. I do not mean that you should part with your child altogether—that is to say, for ever. I wish it to be placed at nurse with some safe person who will treat it as you would yourself. As soon as circumstances change with us—and it may be sooner than we expect—the boy shall be restored to you; but at present it is imperatively necessary that you should be separated from him for a while. I am about to undertake a long journey, with you for my companion—unless you force me to take one still longer—alone!"

Madame de la Roquetaillade read her husband's dark purpose in his gloomy eyes: she tried to speak, but utterance failed her, and she burst into an agony of grief. After an interval her tears subsided, but the mother was still strong in her heart. Once more she pleaded—exhausted every argument—avowed her willingness to submit to every privation provided she could only keep her babe. Monsieur de la Roquetaillade was inflexible. He would listen to nothing but obedience to his will, though

he tried to render obedience easier by reiterating his former assurances and suggestions. With that he left her, taking with him the valuables which his wife had collected, but promising to return within a couple of hours, "by which time," he added, "he expected to hear no more of refusal."

What it cost Madame de la Roquetaillade to bring herself to the desired condition it would be a vain effort to attempt to describe. How she kissed and wept over her baby, till her heart was fit to break, was a picture of sorrow that need not be drawn. Let it be simply said that she yielded at last to the dire necessities of her situation. That which chiefly acted upon her determination was the recollection which suddenly came to her mind of the existence of a person, one of a tender heart and kindly nature, who had been her own nurse when a child, but had married and settled in London, the wife of a pawnbroker living somewhere in the Strand. If she must obey her husband's orders, to that person's care she would confide her darling.

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade returned with two hundred and fifty pounds, and, after a renewed consultation with his tearful wife, prepared to carry out his intentions. He discharged all his servants, with the exception of Michel Bastide, paid everything that was owing, reserved fifty pounds for his wife's especial use, for with no smaller amount would she be satisfied, and then despatched his valet with the greater part of his effects to wait for him at Boulogne.

At a later hour in the evening Monsieur and Madame de la Roquetaillade followed, but before they reached the City Hotel, where they passed the night, Agnes went on her painful mission to the Strand. How she left her precious burden, as a pledge with her old nurse's husband, Mr. Squirrel, the reader already knows.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### ▲ RESPECTABLE CAREER.

MICHEL BASTIDE had other antecedents, the relation of which will throw some light on the proceedings of the individual who has hitherto figured as "the Count" in this narrative.

Brought up to any trade requiring ingenuity in mechanics or the exercise of the imitative faculty, Michel Bastide would soon have made a name and a competence; but steady application to a regular pursuit was not to his taste, his preference being given to a condition of life which left him, comparatively, a free agent. No harm in this, had he been honestly disposed, but the freedom he coveted was of the kind which owes no obedience to the restraints of conscience. He had, however, dissimulation enough in his nature to enable him to conceal his real tendencies, and passed for a very frank, ingenuous, trustworthy young man, not the worse thought of because of an apparent impetuosity of disposition, which made him often say, if he did not do, the most extravagant things.

With an excellent recommendation from a former master, who knew nothing whatever of his character, Michel Bastide entered the service of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade when he was about twenty years of age, and consequently was well acquainted with all the vicissitudes of the Count's career.

A gentleman may be ruined and nevertheless keep his valet, while a valet may be quite aware of his master's ruin and yet feel no disposition to leave his service. Monsieur de la Roquetaillade was attached to Michel Bastide, and would not discharge him with the rest of his establishment when he went to Italy; and Bastide, believing that there was a good deal to be learnt and something still to be gained by his adherence, vowed and protested that, unless he were driven away, nothing should prevent him from following the Count's fortunes.

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's example had also its influence. If his master indulged in play, why should not Michel do the same? Though not on the same scale or in the same set, it was not difficult for Bastide to meet with those who were willing to gratify his propensity. Indeed, there was only this difference between the master and the valet, that while the former lost his money like a man of honour, the latter, companionship by rogues, soon learned the art of fleecing. This knowledge, however, did not always prevent Bastide from losing too—for those who teach, generally reserve some part of their secret for themselves; and it happened that upon one occasion he was stripped completely bare. To retaliate upon those who had outwitted him, more money was necessary, and his wits were all he had to fall back upon. They suggested to him the application of the grand social maxim, that the exclusive right to property is a selfish fiction, and that what another possesses may lawfully become yours if you only have skill to obtain or courage enough to take it. Accordingly, Michel's nimble fingers went to work, and without borrowing the key of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's dressing-case, which was never detached from his watch-chain, he soon contrived to open and close his treasury, abstracting the diamond ring, and leaving no mark or sign to show by what means the robbery had been effected. Once in his possession, it was not long before the ring went to the pawnbroker's, chance leading Bastide to the shop of Mr. Squirrel, who, as we have seen, advanced upon it only as much as he pleased, and Bastide, new to the business then, as he afterwards said, thought it would not be over safe to insist too much upon its value.

So much for the episode of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's diamond ring! As to the means that were to be taken for discovering the thief, Bastide overheard enough to satisfy him that things of more immediate interest would be likely to supersede further inquiry, and, of course, took no steps in the matter. He, therefore, gaily bade adieu to Miss Nelly Harper, and took his departure from England, with a promise of speedy return, but caring little about its fulfilment.

Bastide, however, did return a few months afterwards, being sent on a special message, at the urgent entreaty of Madame de la Roquetaillade.

Through the interest of the head of his family, who had no objection to render a service that kept his relative at a distance, Monsieur de la Roquetaillade obtained a consular appointment in the Levant; but before proceeding thither with his wife—who, at the time, was very ill—Bastide, to whom the secret of the deposit at the pawnbroker's had been made known, was sent to London to reclaim it. Being very low in funds, the Count would willingly have deferred taking this step, but Agnes was so anxious to recover her child, whom she feared she might never see again, that he could not oppose her desire; and succeeding in raising money on

the strength of his appointment, he was enabled to supply Bastide with sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey, and reward Mrs. Squirl with another fifty pounds.

The emissary reached London in due course; but he had occupied himself on the way in reviewing his position, and came to the conclusion that the time had arrived for quitting Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's service. Considering his master's greatly reduced means, the nature of his employment, and its distance from Paris, Bastide thought he should never have a better opportunity of feathering his nest at the Count's expense, and therefore resolved to put into his own pocket the money which had been entrusted to him. Had temptation been wanting to incite him to this act of dishonesty, he would have found it in the society of his friends, Miss Nelly Harper amongst the rest; but Michel Bastide needed no stimulus, and long before the temptation was offered his plans were formed. Immediately on his arrival in London he paid a visit to an old acquaintance of his, one John Drakeford, at that time a clerk in the Registrar-General's office, and a great frequenter of the low gaming-houses near Leicester-square. For a trifling consideration Bastide procured from him a blank certificate of death, which was filled up and signed by an imaginary registrar, and then enclosed in a letter to Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, which (translated) ran as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—Eager to perform the sacred duty which I had so gladly undertaken, I lost no time in seeking out the persons to whom had been confided the object so dear to your heart and to that of Madame la Comtesse. Those honest people gave me a cordial reception, and I was with my own eyes assured that a prodigal care had been bestowed upon the charming infant. I did not hesitate, therefore, at once to place in their hands the sum of money which, by the direction of Madame la Comtesse and of yourself, was intended to recompense them for their trouble. Here, Monsieur le Comte, I would willingly cease writing, but I have a sad, a painful task to perform. That sweet angel, whom I loaded with caresses, as I carried it to the hotel where I had taken up my abode;—that cherished darling in whose features I already discovered the noble bearing of one parent and the ravishing grace of the other, combined with the most perfect resemblance to both;—that innocent creature to whose future I had already resolved to consecrate my days, was seized the same night with a fever of a most malignant kind. I immediately summoned the best medical aid that could be procured—the nurse I had hired never for an instant quitted her charge—and, sleepless for three days and nights, I, myself, watched by its little couch: but all our solicitude was vain! With a smile on its seraphic lips the chosen one of another world departed. To have given my life for that of the adorable infant, ah, how promptly would I have laid it down! For me, at this moment, all the riches of the world would be only dust could I give them to restore to you your precious child. I dare not picture to myself the desolation which my words will convey to the tender heart of a mother, neither does the courage remain to me of witnessing so great a grief. No, Monsieur le Comte, I am unequal to the effort of appearing again before you. I have no neglect with which to reproach myself, but still your

offspring died while under my charge. That alone appears to my mind a crime, and compels me to hide my face from you for ever. Neither can I return to my native France; it would awaken too many painful associations. Permit me, then, Monsieur le Comte, to relinquish a service which has been my pride and happiness, and suffer me to bury my sorrows in a distant land. I present my respectful duty to Madame la Comtesse, and throw myself upon your benevolent consideration, begging you, Monsieur le Comte, to accept the eternal regrets of your devoted servant,†

“MICHEL BASTIDE.”

Having penned this touching and truthful epistle, Monsieur Bastide passed a very jovial evening in the company of Mr. John Drakeford and others of equal respectability, defraying the cost of the entertainment out of the money so considerably handed over to Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel, whom, it is needless to say, he never went near.

As long as this money lasted, Bastide remained in London. When it was gone, he ran no risk, in returning to France, of meeting with Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, who by that time had departed for his Levantine consulate, taking with him his heart-stricken wife, for whom a southern climate was now a necessity. To Paris, therefore, he went, and soon became the associate of the most notorious sharpers, English as well as French, who honour that luxurious capital with their presence. Having tested the opportunities for plunder which our own metropolis affords, Bastide took care to keep up his London connexion, and for several years he passed his time alternately in either city, timing his visits according to those circumstances of the moment which make it prudent occasionally to shift one's place of residence, for though a man may be a gambler and a fatalist—terms almost synonymous—it is not wise to trust entirely to good luck. The *bona Dea* did, however, befriend Michel Bastide much longer than—if her reputation for propriety be of any consequence—she ought to have done; but she turned her wheel at last, and with so sudden a jerk that her worshipper lost his hold and fell sprawling in the dirt. To drop the metaphor, he became involved in an affair which sent him to the galleys.

It happened in this wise :

The most intimate associate of Bastide, in Paris, was a man named Paul Bréval, who ostensibly pursued the calling of “a dealer in domestic animals,” but was in reality a *repris de justice*, and under the *surveillance* of the police. One morning, as Bastide was strolling through the Quartier des Blancs Manteaux, somewhat short of cash, and on the lookout for anything that might turn up, he met with Bréval, whom he had not seen for some weeks, one of those incidents common to gentlemen of his profession having caused his temporary absence from Paris. A word from Bréval as he passed, without appearing to recognise the other, made Bastide turn back and follow him at a distance, till he saw him enter a wine-shop in the Rue de Paradis. A few moments afterwards, having ascertained that the coast was quite clear, Bastide entered also, and presently they were both seated in a back room behind the shop, with a bottle of wine before them. They conversed in a low tone, and, for still greater security, in the *argot*, or *langue verte*, with which they were both familiar, and Bréval communicated to his friend an idea which, he said,

had arisen to his mind, but which he could not execute without assistance.

In the course of his peregrinations through Paris—his fancy-dog business giving him access to almost every house he wished to enter—he had discovered that, in an hotel in the Rue des Capucines, there was just arrived a jeweller from Geneva, bringing with him a great variety of watches and other samples of his trade. Bréval's proposal was to rob this merchant, and murder him, too, if necessary, but at all events to obtain possession of his property. Bréval had ascertained that it was the custom of the jeweller, who came every year to Paris, to leave the hotel every morning after breakfast, with a small box containing his samples, and go the round of the trade, seldom returning till dusk, when he deposited his box in his apartment, and occupied himself out of doors for the rest of the evening. If, then, they could conceal themselves in the hotel, and wait the arrival of the Genevese merchant, the robbery—or what else might befall at such an hour, when the streets were noisy and people occupied—might easily be effected. Bastide manifested not the slightest objection to assist in this enterprise, and it was arranged to take place the same evening.

Under the pretext of winding up the clock, and carrying a worthless *pendule* under his arm in case he were questioned, Bastide succeeded in entering the hotel, and hid himself on the staircase above the floor on which the jeweller lodged, where he waited for his accomplice. It was the season of short days, and about five in the afternoon he heard the approach of heavy footsteps. It was the luckless Genevese with his box, and behind him came another man similarly laden. The last of the two was Bréval, who, by adopting this device and following close, appeared to be a porter whom the jeweller had employed. Having seen Bréval close to him below, and presuming that he was known to the *concierge*, the Genevese mounted, without dreaming that anything was wrong, unlocked the door of his apartment and went in, leaving the key outside. Bréval, divested of his load, was on his knees the instant afterwards, peeping through the keyhole, from which he noiselessly withdrew the key. He watched for a few minutes, and then—the *quinquet* on the staircase shedding a feeble ray—signed to Bastide to descend. A whispered conference took place, Bréval relating what he had seen. The jeweller had lit his own lamp, opened his box, and was looking over the glittering contents. The moment, therefore, was opportune for a seizure. Bréval would garotte the Genevese while Bastide rifled the box, and the affair was at an end. So the ruffians designed, but a little difficulty intervened. The jeweller sat with his back to the door, to open which and enter unperceived, was easily accomplished, but in the attempt to twist the cord round the unfortunate man's throat, Bréval made a false cast, and caught him by the lower part of the face. The jeweller jumped up, and being strong and resolute, grappled with his intended assassin, uttering at the same time loud cries. It was not a moment for hesitation, had Bastide even been so disposed, and with a heavy life-preserver which he carried in his sleeve, he struck the wretched Genevese a violent blow on the back part of the head, scattering his brains and stretching him dead on the floor. The movements of the villains were now precipitate: they had calculated upon executing their crime in silence, but their vic-

tim's cries had been loud enough to alarm the whole street. He had shouted "Au secours ! au secours !" in the unmistakable accents of one engaged in a struggle of life and death, and not an instant, therefore, was to be lost. Hastily they seized upon a few of the coveted objects, thrust them into their pockets, and ran down stairs. The first and second flights were cleared without interruption, but at the foot of the lowest they saw two men approaching, gentlemen by their appearance, and the *concierger* of the hotel behind them carrying a light. In one of the two gentlemen, Bastide, to his astonishment, recognised Monsieur de la Roquetaillade. He bent his head and tried to force his way, but the blood with which his face was bespattered revealed the crime which the strangers, hearing cries from the house as they were passing by, had hurried to prevent, and his progress and that of his companion was opposed. A conflict at once ensued; all four were powerful men, but the odds were against the murderers: before they could free themselves from their antagonists, a crowd was assembled within the *porte cochère*, officers of police arrived, and they were arrested.

Caught, red-handed, in the fact, with the body of the jeweller still warm, and his property on their persons, there could be no doubt of the guilt of Bréval and Bastide, and at their trial, which Monsieur de la Roquetaillade attended as a principal witness, they were found guilty; but as the surgeons declared that the Genevese had been killed with only one blow, and as the ownership of the weapon that caused his death could be traced to neither of the culprits, "extenuating circumstances" were added to the verdict, and instead of death, the galleys for life was the sentence passed on each.

In the course of the trial, the searching interrogations of a French court of justice brought to light many particulars which made Monsieur de la Roquetaillade acquainted with Michel Bastide's whole course of life. That he was the thief who stole his ring and subsequently invented a lie to conceal the embezzlement of the money with which he had been trusted, became perfectly clear; though Bastide, in an interview with the Count in prison, refused to confess anything, and maintained throughout a sullen silence, not even yielding an answer to his earnest solicitation to tell him whether his child were alive or dead.

It was an accidental circumstance that took Monsieur de la Roquetaillade to Paris at the moment when the murder of the jeweller was perpetrated. He had been summoned from his post to give information to the government on some questions which vitally affected the French trade in the Levant, and thus happened to be upon the spot. When his business was concluded he went back to his wife with strange intelligence, leaving behind him a deadly enemy, powerless, it is true, to all appearance, but still implacable.

It is no wonder, then, that a man of strong passions, vindictive as he was subtle, should seek to revenge himself in every way upon one to whose interference was owing the fatal mark by which his breast was branded; no wonder that Michel Bastide, when he escaped from Toulon, should seek to dishonour the name of Monsieur de la Roquetaillade by using it as his own, and try to blast with felony the character of the boy in whom he had discovered Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's long-lost son.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## SITTING FOR ONE'S PICTURE.

ON the evening of the day after the excursion to Richmond, Michel Bastide kept his appointment at the lodging of Coupendeux. He found the tailor full of hope and excitement, having received a very profitable order for clothes, on which he was busily at work. That did not interest Bastide, all he wanted to know having reference to the movements of his former master. Coupendeux had not, of course, anything to report of what took place during his interview with Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, beyond the circumstances that concerned himself, but he did not quit the hotel without a long conversation with the Count's valet, Monsieur Duval, who was only too delighted to have a Frenchman to talk to. From him he learned the following particulars, which we give in the tailor's words:

"After mutual compliments," said Coupendeux, "and the offer on my part to cut him, gratuitously, a superb suit of black out of the materials I was commissioned to buy for his master—an offer acknowledged by him with effusion—we took a cup of coffee together, and soon became excellent friends.

"'Is it long,' I demanded, 'since you placed yourself in relation with Monsieur de la Roquetaillade?'

"'It is now two years,' returned Monsieur Duval, evidently charmed with the delicate manner in which I alluded to his position; for he saw in me at once a man who understands *les bienséances*.'

"'Bah!' ejaculated Bastide. 'Go on!'

"'And where,' I continued, 'have you chiefly resided?'

"'Sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; at our château in the department of the Garonne, near Agen, and at our hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Germain of Paris——'

"'Diable!' interrupted Bastide. 'Well?'

"'Occasionally,' pursued Monsieur Duval, 'we go to the baths of Néris, Vichy, or wherever the physicians send us,—our health,—that is to say, the health of Madame la Comtesse being *chancelante*—but generally speaking, during the proper seasons, those are the places where we are to be found.'

"'Monsieur de la Roquetaillade, then,' I permitted myself to observe, 'is a nobleman of large estate?'

"'By a combination of fortunate events,' answered my friend, 'he has become so. If it is not trespassing too much upon time, which I am convinced is of the greatest value to the world in general as to yourself,—you see, Monsieur Duval is not a stupid,—I will inform you in what manner.'

"I assured him my time was entirely at his disposition, and he proceeded:

"'Monsieur le Comte had originally a good fortune of his own, but, as far as I can learn, he suffered so much by bad speculations of an extensive nature, and the loss of an important *procès*, affecting the inheritance of Madame la Comtesse, who is an English lady, that he was

induced him enter the diplomatic service, and accepted the post of consul at Athens, one of the islands of the Mediterranean ocean, not far from Jerusalem.'

" 'Yes,' I remarked, 'I have heard of Athens. They do not wear coats in that island. I have seen, at the Louvre, statues of those people, absolutely without clothing, which proves to me that they must be savages.'

" 'It is possible,' replied Monsieur Duval. 'I have never been there, for I am a native of Bordeaux, and became known to my patron in my native city, on his return from that strange place. There had been what I may term an epidemic in the family of Monsieur le Comte, his great-uncle and three cousins having all died within the space of five years, leaving him sole heir to the property of the former, upon which he renounced diplomacy and settled in France. On the occasion of which I spoke, when Madame la Comtesse lost her *procès*, Monsieur le Comte visited England, a country he would never have desired to see again, but for a particular circumstance—indeed, I may say, for two reasons, though one of them is a secret which I would only reveal to a man of honour like yourself, who knows how to respect a confidential communication.'

" 'It is unnecessary for me to swear by the sacred ashes of my mother,' I returned; 'nevertheless, I am ready to do so if you desire it.'

" 'On the contrary,' said Monsieur Duval, 'it would wound me to the heart to shock your feelings by an appearance of distrust. The candour that shines in your countenance satisfies me of your discretion. The first motive of Monsieur le Comte in coming here for the second time was to profit by a magnificent succession which has fallen to Madame la Comtesse by the death of a venerable lady, her aunt; the second, if I must assign to it only that rank, had for its object to ascertain the existence of a child supposed to have died in its infancy, having been left, for hygienic reasons, with its nurse, when Monsieur le Comte and Madame la Comtesse quitted England. It was only three or four days ago that an accidental occurrence revealed to them that the child was still living, their expectations being, by the kind permission of *le bon Dieu*, thus doubly crowned.'

The countenance of Bastide assumed a singular expression at hearing this last piece of information, and he asked Coupendeux if the valet had stated what the occurrence was to which the revelation was owing?"

"That was precisely my inquiry," rejoined the tailor. "'I have seen,' I said, 'at the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, a drama, in which the heir of a noble family is recognised by the lively similitude of a cockchafer impressed on one of the surfaces of the epidermis suddenly, by a torn garment, exposed to view. Did this discovery partake of that nature?'

"His answer was in the negative.

" 'In effect,' he replied, 'they have beheld no part of their offspring's person, for as yet they have not seen him at all.'

A grim smile spread over the face of Bastide, but he made no observation, and Coupendeux went on.

" 'To what circumstance, then,' I asked, 'is to be ascribed the knowledge of which you speak?'

" 'To this,' returned Monsieur Duval. 'In former years—as far back as the period of Monsieur le Comte's residence in England—a very wicked fellow was my predecessor in the office which I have the honour to hold. This villain—can you credit it, Monsieur?—did a thing wholly unheard of! He robbed his master! Not only of valuable property, but also of money, with which he absconded, at the same time persuading Monsieur le Comte by means of documents, whose testimony seemed undoubted, that the infant whom he had been sent to reclaim from its nurse had died. Afterwards this man became notorious amongst thieves, and, having committed a murder in Paris, was branded as a felon, and sent for life to the galleys at Toulon, where, if living, he now expiates his numerous crimes.' "

Another smile, bitter but triumphant, played for an instant on the thin lips of the listener to this narrative of his own misdeeds.

"Did he mention the name of the hero of this pleasant tale?" he carelessly inquired.

"He called him Michel Bastide," replied Coupeneux. "When one hears the name of a rascal like that one does not readily forget it."

"No!" said Bastide. "Such rascals fortunately are great rarities. Let us be thankful, *mon cher*, that neither you nor I have ever met with one. But what was the end of all this *galimatias*, none of which, I imagine, will prove of interest to my cousin Marguerite?"

"The end of it," returned Coupeneux, "was, that we had each of us a *chasse-café* of excellent cognac, and I came away."

"Monsieur de la Roquetaillade," said Bastide, after a short pause, "seems to bestow his confidence very freely: a defect in his character, as it strikes me. However, that is his affair. I think Monsieur Duval led you to believe that he had never seen his far-off predecessor!"

"Evidently not."

"And I should say," pursued Bastide, in a cynical manner, "that the Comte de la Roquetaillade was not likely to have preserved his portrait, so that Monsieur Duval's curiosity, if he has any, remains ungratified. *A la bonne heure!* But, do you know, Coupeneux, your new friend appears so pleasant a person that I should like to make his acquaintance. You must give him an invitation to sup with you; he will doubtless be glad of an opportunity to escape from the monotony of the hotel, where, probably, there are none but English people; and I can meet him here."

"With all my heart," said Coupeneux, "and we can have a little *écarté*. I shall see him again to-morrow morning, and will ask him for the same evening."

"I will look in, then, in the course of the day. Adieu!"

Bastide went straight to the Devonshire Hotel, and wistfully examined the range of windows in front; this scrutiny over without apparently affording him the satisfaction he sought, he went round to the Mews behind, and made a longer and closer examination. He then turned away, and was lost to the sight of the policeman on the beat, whose attention his movements had attracted.

## THE FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1862.

THE annual recurrence of a class of publications, which some are inclined to treat with too great an indifference, presents us with an excellent opportunity of treating of various minor matters and topics, which are not precisely adapted for formal or lengthy notice, and which it is, nevertheless, grievous to pass by altogether. The French Almanacks, which are not so business-like as the same class of publications in our own country, and do not devote themselves to particular interests, as in the instance of our Clerical, Agricultural, Gardening, Meteorological, and other annuals, but seek simply to amuse and at the same time inform the public generally, are especially adapted for this kind of treatment.

The great topics of the past year were the eclipse and the comet; the progress of French arms in China, in Cochin-China, and in Syria; the cession of Menton and Roquebrune to France; Garibaldi in Italy, and the siege of Gaeta; the advent of the Siamese ambassadors; geographical discovery; commercial reform; literature and the drama; the opening of the Boulevard Malesherbes, and of the canal of Suez; for, with respect to the latter, we are gravely told that "au point où sont les travaux, il est humainement certain que l'année 1862 verra un canal."

The antithesis is admirable, and is, we have no doubt, duly appreciated by the unfortunate Mentonites and Roquebrunites.

Passing over all questions as to the origin of species, or specific creations, or developmental energies, it is gratifying to know that although Providence has endowed particular countries with peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life, it has not limited their existence to the countries in which they have apparently had their origin. Every one knows how many plants and animals now acclimatised in this country we are indebted for to others. Why should not this apply to fish as well as to animals, birds, and plants? It must be acknowledged that the French are before us in this respect. They are always making experiments in this useful direction, and some, as in the case of the Prussian carp, have been most successful.

A gentleman sent into China on a special mission by the French government, M. Eugène Simon, has made a valuable report on the fish and fisheries of that country, and has also despatched specimens of several kinds, which he thinks capable of being bred in Europe. He speaks of these in the highest terms, and says that it would not be difficult to select forty or fifty species worthy of observation. Amongst others is the Lo-in, or king of fish, classed as *Crenilabrus* by Dr. Bridgman, measuring sometimes six or seven feet in length, weighing from fifty to two hundred pounds, or even more, and said to be equal to the famous salmon of the Rhine. Then come the Lien-in-wang and the Kan-in, almost as good, and even larger in size than the other; the Li-in, finer than any carp in Europe, and weighing sometimes thirty pounds; and the Ki-in, or Tsi-in, which does not weigh more than ten or twelve pounds or so, and is the finest and most delicate of all in flavour, partaking at once of the characteristics of the trout and sole. M. Simon also speaks of the immense care which the Chinese in former times paid to the embankment

of their rivers, the directing of their course through mountains and along plains, and in the formation of immense lakes, in which millions of fish find refuge from all but omnivorous man.

There is no doubt that great difficulties occur in the way of success to these experiments—as in the case of the transport of our own salmon over to Australia—from distance: some fish will also only thrive in certain rivers, and we have seen that one species of salmon only thrives in the Amur up to its confluence with one of its numerous affluents; then, again, the kind of food to which the fish of the Yang-tse-kiang are accustomed may not exist in the Seine or the Thames; but these things are worth a trial, and if success followed in the case of only one description of fish, how great would be the reward!

The Chinese seem, indeed, to know a very simple secret for the transport of fish. It is recorded that among the late arrivals at Toulon from China is an intelligent Chinese, who has brought with him some four or five thousand young fishes of the best kinds produced in his country. These were transmitted in three jars, the water being changed frequently on the way. When the voyage from one port to another was too long for this, the simple expedient was adopted of throwing the yolk of an egg into each jar. On arrival, our Chinaman was amazed at the price charged him for a fish breakfast at Toulon, and wrote a short memoir showing how anybody having a small pond at disposal may raise any quantity of fish at almost no expense. All that is necessary is to watch the spawning time, and throw yolks of eggs into the water from time to time, by which means an incredible quantity of the young fry are saved from destruction. These specimens of the productions of far eastern rivers and lakes are to be presented to the Minister of Agriculture, and will probably figure in the new aquarium in the Bois de Boulogne.

“I shall remove: there is no longer any wit in my quarter,” said, one day, Mademoiselle de Scudery, as she was making up her mind to quit the Place Royale, and yet she did not go. She was a patient as well as a clever person, and she felt upon reflection that if she went away it would only make things worse. So it is with the veteran Jules Janin. He threatened last year to give up his critical throne. Historians, romancers, poets, dramatists, and inventors, he declared to be all afflicted with the same deep-seated malady of a profound moral corruption. This year he has thought better of it, and he returns to the charge strengthened by the proverb: “If a man does what he can, and pay what he owes, no one has a right to ask more of him.” So, if Edouard Pailleron indites a poem entitled “Les Parasites,” anatomising with his satiric scalpel the faded camellias of the day, he declares that he has youth, audacity, and style in his favour, that he can write in verse, which is a rare gift, and he contents himself with appealing to him to quit this “monde obsène,” and to revel in “chaste love, spring-time, and graceful landscapes!” On the other hand, Michel Ferouillat has published a “Poëme Sentimental.” What are the results? All the world has laughed and quoted his own condemnation:

J'ai noyé mon bon sens dans des flots d'harmonie.

So also of Auguste de Vaucelles, who has ventured, in the greenness of his youth, upon “Inspirations Champêtres.” He is spoken of in terms

of pity, which are not pleasing to the pride of honest purpose. Then, again, Prosper Delamarre has composed a series of "Petites Comédies par la Poste." Drive on, coachman! They pass by, and when they are passed they are forgotten. "Les Papillotes de Jasmin" are adorned with a portrait of the author, in which the man's hair is made to resemble a lion's mane, but there is nothing leonine in the poetry save in the Parisian sense. "Les Anges Noirs" of Adolphe Perreau are compared to Young's "Night Thoughts," for no other reason than that the subject is a gloomy one. There is a story of four coffins passing by, those of a child, of a mother, of a lover, and of an old man. The moral is a mere version of Hamlet's soliloquy :

Et je pensais : "Sont-ce des corps—  
Rien de plus,—ou ne sont-ils morts  
Que pour revivre ailleurs ? . . . Peut-être !

Armand le Baille belongs to the day we live in. He chants with a loud voice "Les Chants du Capitol." He launches boldly into the great Italian movement, and his work is full of life and animation. M. Martin has related a pretty Hungarian legend, entitled "Mariska," also replete with national aspirations, at the same time that Etienne Arago soothes his home-sickness by a "Voix de l'Exil." The terrible book of the day is, however, M. Charles Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal." The title of some of these flowers of evil will suffice to give an idea of the work : "Le Serpent qui danse et le Vampire," "La Sépulture et le Tonneau de la Haine," "Spleen, spleen, spleen," "La Danse Macabre," "La Vie des Chiffonniers."

From poetry to prose, M. J. Salvador's "Paris, Rome et Jerusalem" is considered to be the great book of 1861. Critics agree that M. Salvador has in him something of an apostolic vigour; he is sincere, he is convinced, and he carries the reader with him. And yet M. Salvador is an Israelite! We have given a careful analysis of the work, so need not return to its pious vagaries now. M. Jules Simon's "L'Ouvrière" nearly gained the 20,000-franc prize of the Academy. It was, however, superseded by M. Thiers's eighteenth volume of "The Consulate and the Empire." The latter crowned an epoch of reminiscences at once glorious and humiliating to France; the theme of the "Ouvrière" was humiliating without what the world chooses to call "glory" to relieve it. There could be no doubt where the choice would lay "en attendant" that Paris becomes the New Jerusalem!

Continuations are with a few exceptions the order of the day. We have the eleventh and twelfth volumes of Louis Blanc's "Histoire de la Révolution Française," the fourth of Guizot's Memoirs, and the fourth of M. Dupin's. We have also the first of the Memoirs of Carnot, published by the heir to his austere probity, H. Carnot. Guizot has also found time to write an essay on Washington as an introduction to the work of his worthy son-in-law, M. de Witt. M. de Gasparin's "Un Grand Peuple qui se Relève" is also a work of the day. Mignet's "La Mer," a poem in prose. Tears have been shed over "La Sœur Jeanne," a story by Saint-Germain Leduc, while Martin Bernard's true tale, "Dix Ans de Prison au Mont St. Michel," has, perhaps, hardly won a sigh! It is the fashion to sympathise with the heroes of fiction and the drama, but nothing

is in worse taste than to feel for suffering reality. There may be method in this assumed indifference, from which the only way to rouse a people is to sound the alarm, as M. Proudhon has done in his "La Guerre et la Paix," and M. Charles Richard when writing "Des Révolutions Inévitables dans le Globe et dans l'Humanité."

Apart from these, some pretty little books of less pretensions have made their appearance. "Greta," by Valery Vernier, may be signalised amongst them. M. Amédée Gouët's "Aventures d'une Caravane Parisienne égarée dans le Désert" is an especially graphic story. "Les Deux Filles de M. Dubreuil" is declared to be one of the best educational books of the nineteenth century. It was time to have something new, for the children of the present age are tired of "Paul and Virginia." "La Comédie Enfantine" is also said to be a most graceful and exquisite production. There have been some good books of travel, too, in the literary sense; such are M. Dargaud's "Voyage en Danemark," and M. Commettant's "Scènes de la Vie Américaine." Nor must we omit to notice "Précieux et Précieuses," by M. Charles Livet; nor "Les Légendes d'une Ame Triste," and "Les Légendes Américaines," by Dr. José Guil y Rente, an inventive and dramatic Spaniard. "Les Contes à ma Voisine," by Amédée de Brot, and "La Belle aux Cheveux Blancs," by M. Plouvier, constitute pleasant railroad reading; while M. Xavier Aubriet and M. Arnould Frémy tackle with the follies, the pretensions, and the vices of the day—the one in his "Jugements Nouveaux," the other in his "Mœurs de Notre Temps." M. Arthur de Graviillon's "J'aime les Morts" is a chef-d'œuvre, from the press of Louis Perrin, at Lyons. M. de Sacy has worthily edited Madame de Sévigné. A good edition has likewise been published of the works of Madame Emile de Girardin. The "Bibliothèque Elzévirienne," still in progress, is, however, the subject of the greatest pride, and is designated to be "a monument of the French language."

The Drama has for the greater part persevered in the career previously marked out for it, a career which makes all honest minds grieve at the degeneracy and utter perversion of the stage, once the most influential of all teachers in the path of virtue and heroism. Take M. Octave Feuillet's "Redemption," for example: the interest is centred in the unconquerable love of a young man and a courtesan; both know and feel the danger, yet neither can muster courage to avoid it. The great event of the season was the "Pied de Mouton;" five long hours of gods and goddesses, of shepherds and shepherdesses, of nymphs and bacchanalians, of spirits, phantoms, and necromancers, a perfect chaos of dramatic proprieties and improprieties. M. Vacquerie dared to intervene with a real drama in the midst of these frantic successes: "Les Funérailles de l'Honneur" carried the audience to the country of guitars and swords, of alcaldes, pages, mistresses, and duennas, but it only survived a few representations. "Our epoch," said a critic, upon the withdrawal of this poetic drama, "is a great epoch, it is an age of puffs, and is furrowed by Robert Macaires. We have invented the sewing-machine, Létard, Rigolboche, the Louvre magazines, and the 'Pieds de Mouton,' with Panurge sauce; but we have," it insinuates, "turned our backs upon the legitimate drama:" so, also, the writer might have added, upon the virtuous drama. Some one, who could not have been aware of the time

that he lived in, penned a comedy, in three acts, called "Les Vertueux de Province." It is almost needless to say that the whole pit rose in a mass to put down a thing so insipid as virtue. It was admitted that "Les Mariages d'Amour" were vulgar; "La Vengeance du Mari" was more, it was repulsive.

The Théâtre-Français produced three new comedies during the past season, "La Considération," by Camille Doucet, "Les Effrontés," by Emile Augier, and "Un Jeune Homme qui ne fait Rien," by Ernest Legouvé. The first was like the Athenian's house that was all portico. It gave importance to an almost undefinable theme, the respect that attaches itself to certain characters, and that without being able to carry it out with the sense of dignity which it inspired. It was like passing through a triumphal arch to reach some homely cottages. The second, a mere comedy of one act, in verse, took Paris by storm. Vernouillet, D'Hauterive, and Giboyer, have become household words where every one has the representative of one or the other descriptions of impudence within the circle of his own acquaintance. "Un Jeune Homme qui ne fait Rien" is, as might be supposed, the very man to fall in love; but an austere father will not have him because he has nothing to do. In such a dilemma it might have been supposed that a profession, even a business, would have been suggested; not so with a Parisian father-in-law in perspective, his ambition lies in another direction:

Eh bien ! faites en donc, des arts, de la musique,  
Voire même des vers, des tableaux ! Ecrivez  
Othello, Jocelyn, tout ce que vous voudrez !

The idea of not only writing, but telling a man to write what has been already written, is very amusing. It reminds us of a piece of critical biography penned nearer home, and which traces a well-known author's successes to his having jumped over the backs of two other popular writers of older standing, after long and successfully imitating their style. "L'Oncle Million" was of quite a different way of thinking to the father of Emma; he shut the door on his nephew because he wrote verses, and the nephew revenges himself by his successes! As much cannot be said of the author. Of five acts, he might very well have left out three.

What the French of the old school used to call cobbler's rhetoric, and what we designate as Billingsgate, had full play in a piece of eight tableaux and five acts, called "La Fille des Chiffonniers;" nor was "La Mariée du Mardi-Gras" much more refined. "Les Femmes Fortes" of M. Victorien Sardou was more successful. His strong-minded women were Americanisms engrafted on a Gallic base, and the product was exquisitely ridiculous, in spite of a few queer spellings, as "gin-toddy," and translations, as "un verre de queue de coq" for cock-tail, and a few other trifling and laughable inconsistencies. This M. Victorien Sardou is the most successful writer of the day. He has also produced a piece called "Piccolino," which, despite the disagreeable preface of a young girl seduced, winning round her artistic lover disguised as Piccolino, the little pago artist, is full of action, movement, and bustle, and met with great success.

After M. Sardou comes M. Henri Meilhac. They are both of the same age, and, after having written the "Petit-fils de Mascarille," the



latter has brought out another success, "La Vertu de Célimène," only that the very idea of virtue, unless as Janin has it, "c'est une vertu aussi courte que le jupon," being disagreeable to Parisian ears polite—the thing has been voted "bourgeoise"—that is to say, vulgar. If so, what must we think of the good taste of "Le Crétin de la Montagne?" "We have had," says the veteran critic, "'Le Muet,' 'Le Fou,' 'Le Lépreux,' now we have 'Le Crétin,' and we shall soon have 'Le Goîtreux' and 'Le Galeux!'" Pleasant promises for the future, certainly! The "Crétin de la Montagne" is bad enough, but there was a step beyond, and that is to be found in the "Crétin des Salons" and "Esther Ramel." Esther is not even what Erasmus called "meretrix honesta;" and this venal girl, enriched by the assiduous exercise of every degree of corruption, comes to dishonour her own father in the crisis of his life, and when about to give an innocent daughter in marriage!

Luckily, amidst such perversion of the dramatic art, "La Vie Indépendante," by MM. Alphonse and Fournier, comes to the aid of order and marriage. "L'Ange de Minuit" was mainly remarkable for having caused an inspired actress to shine for a moment, and then to disappear almost as suddenly. "Un Mariage à Paris," by MM. About and De Najac, deserves kindly mention. It was a second edition of "Le Jeune Homme Pauvre." Finally, the ballet may be said to attach itself in modern times to comedy; and "Le Papillon," signed by her "adopted" daughter, Emma Livry, has been a great success. All Paris is in raptures with the butterfly Emma, and every lip repeats:

A la pointe des vents, on dirait une fleur!

"Alas!" said an old poet, eighty years of age, "it was not worth being born!" The old man was wrong; it is better to live, if only to take the world as we find it. The grace, the smiles, the arch eyes and childlike foot of Emma Livry, have won another old man to life again, and Jules Janin will evidently survive another year's dramatic beauties, inconsistencies, and outrages.

The progress of demolitions in Paris has, it may be observed, expelled the thieves and beggars of Paris from one of their notorious haunts, which dated from the time of the Carlovingian King Pepin. The traditional history of the place was to the effect that Pépin le Bref was presented on the day of his consecration by one of his archers with a fine white rabbit. The king, it is said, did not relish tame rabbits, however fat, and he declined the present; but, out of gratitude for his follower's kind intentions, he gave him liberty to open a canteen near the Chancellery. A white rabbit was adopted as its sign, and it has remained ever since, as the emblem of the well-known "tapis franc" the Lapin Blanc, No. 6, Rue des Fèves, in the Cité, for now some eleven centuries, till finally carried away by the improvements being effected in the metropolis.

Volumes might be written upon the adventures and terrible scenes and dramas of which this tavern has been the theatre, from the time when the triumphant soldiers of Pépin le Bref met there to commemorate by Bacchic libations their victories over Astolpho, King of the Lombards, to our own times, when it has served alternately as a trap to the police and to fill a chapter in the "Mysteries of Paris."

One of the not least remarkable points associated with this den of vice and poverty was its museum. The class of persons who frequented it are well known to possess often no small amount of talent and ingenuity, however misapplied, but their partiality for strange pets, monsters, and the grotesque in works of art, is almost universal, and is generally well known. The fraternity had, in times of prosperity or of trouble, or probably still more often for want of another place to deposit them, consigned their riches to the "Lapin Blanc." Heated in the centre by a huge poêle, secured in a vast bed of clay, with here and there a wooden table and stools, often with only three legs, the walls of this forbidding locality were actually studded with engravings, framed pictures, and statuettes, while huge busts, with broken spectacles on their noses, a pipe in the mouth, or the shabbiest of all shabby hats on their heads, crowned the more prominent stations. Among these were dispersed a hundred strange and nondescript relics; stuffed Siamese pups, geese with two necks, two cats tilting in a tournament, and, above all, the real old white rabbit, seated in a hutch formed by cutting out a panel from a small cask, with a glass in one hand and a bottle in the other. This beggars' museum was, however, more curious than brilliant; the entrance to the place was dark, the light within scant and lugubrious, the atmosphere full of tobacco-smoke, and the walls besmeared with the dust and soot of ages.

Prophecies are without the domain of science, and as many persons are in the same category, it is not surprising that they adhere to an intimate relation existing between comets and terrestrial tribulations. These persons tell us that the comet of 813 preceded by only a few months the death of Charlemagne; that of 999 (by a considerable interval), the conquest of England by the Normans; that of 1264, the death of Urban IV.; that of 1265, the death of Manfred, King of Naples; that of 1456, the defeat of Muhammed II. before Belgrade; that of 1460, the death of Charles VII.; that of 1516, the Reformation; that of 1556, the abdication of Charles V., and that of 1558, the death of the same monarch; that of 1560, the death of Francis II.; that of 1572, St. Bartholomew's Eve; that of 1859, the death of Jerome Napoleon; and that of 1861, the death of Abd ul Medjid. These and other coincidences only show how many events of importance occur every year. It is more remarkable that such men as Charles V. should have been a believer, that De Thou should have looked upon the comet of 1560 as announcing the death of Francis II., and that Napoleon I. saw in the comet of 1820-21 the announcement of his own decease. Newton and De Paw are accredited with having stated that in the year 2255 a great comet will so affect the sun as to leave no hopes of its being in a fit and proper condition to warm and illuminate this planet after the collision. One thing is certain, we shall not live to see the accomplishment of this unpleasant prophecy. The canal across the Isthmus of Suez is, we are also informed, to be opened in 1862. This some of our readers may live to see! It is, however, to be a very little canal. The dimensions are not given. It is to prove the possibility of the thing, not to establish a real canal of intercommunication! The French will persist in the existence of a race of men with tails. In 1842, M. du Couret saw a man with a tail at Mekkah, and a drawing of what he saw figures in the frontispiece to a work published in

1854, being a "Voyage au Pays des Niam Niams, ou Hommes à Queue." M. Fresnel lent, we believe, his official authority as consul to the imposition. We now know that the story had its origin in an artificial caudal appendage worn by the Niam Niams, or Niyam Nams, just as is worn by the Indian tribes on the Rio Colorado. Mollhausen, for example, tells us that the tail is a sign of distinction among the Mohaves, and he relates that when one of their chiefs had been presented with a pair of trousers, and put them on, he manifested great embarrassment because this tail was no longer visible. Now we are told that certain of the inhabitants of Formosa have real caudal appendages, and that M. H. Marie Martin speaks, in an essay on the Valley of the Amazons (*Rev. Contemp.*, July 31, 1856), of Indian tribes with tails, and, further, that M. de Castlenau, a high authority, locates them in the Rio Jurna! These reports have no doubt had their origin in some ornamental appendages of the savages. In the discussion that has arisen with regard to the relations of man and the gorilla, in which one party attaches all importance to the analogies, and another grants no importance save to the differences, both being thereby wide from the truth, the existence or non-existence of a tail in man has not been dwelt upon. The fact is, that such an appendage, looked upon solely as such (just as some persons are satisfied to take their stand upon some slight difference of structure in the gorilla as distinguishing him from man, as if it had ever been argued that he was in every respect a human being), would place man below the gorilla and his congeners the tailless *simia*. This shows the absurdity of attaching too much importance to any one peculiarity of structure in such a discussion. All the analogies and all the differences should be taken into consideration to establish the actual amount of coincidence and divergence. Can the gorilla, for example, be strictly called a quadrumanous animal? He may be more so than man, yet not entirely so. Man, it is to be remembered, loses his voice and becomes covered with pile in a savage state. Blondin uses the great toe more than the thumb. One evening two insects, a fly and a gnat, came into a room. The fly saw a cup full of honey on the table. "That is just what I like," says he, and he hurried off to the cup; but first his feet and then his wings got entangled in the honey.

"Oh, the fool!" buzzed the gnat, as it flew away, and singed its wings in the candle.

We are all fools, each in our own way. It is not enough to avoid the faults committed by our neighbours, we should not invent others for ourselves.

There is not a bad moral lesson conveyed even in a bit of structural anatomy, if considered in a proper light. We have two ears and only one mouth. This is manifestly that we should hear much and speak little. We have two eyes to one mouth. That we should see much, but preserve silence. We have two hands and one mouth. That we should labour diligently and eat moderately.

Commercial reform is advocated in the almanacks for 1862, in a manner well adapted for the limited intelligence of the commonalty. A poor cultivator in the Gironde is described as having raised by dint of labour a small vineyard. After much fatigue and toil, he was at length rewarded by a barrel of wine.

"I will sell it," he said to his wife, "and with the produce I will buy linen enough for our daughter's dowry."

The poor countryman hastened away to town, where he met with a Belgian and an Englishman. The Belgian said to him :

"Give me your barrel of wine, and I will give you in return fifteen pieces of linen."

The Englishman said to him :

"Give me the wine, and I will give you twenty pieces of cotton, for in England we can weave at a cheaper rate than in Belgium."

But a custom-house officer interfered :

"My good man," he said, "you may exchange with the Belgian if you like, but I am bound to prevent your exchanging with the Englishman."

"What !" exclaimed the countryman, "you wish me to content myself with the fifteen pieces from Brussels, when I can have twenty from Manchester?"

"Precisely so. Do you not see that France would be the loser by your receiving twenty pieces instead of fifteen?"

"No, I do not see it," replied the obtuse countryman.

"Nor can I explain it," said the custom-house officer ; "but the thing is certain."

The imaginary danger of France being rendered tributary to England is ably combated as an idea unworthy of France, of its intelligence, its zeal and capabilities, of its resources, its exhibitions, and its incessant "perfectionnements." Here is, however, a curious exposé :

A merchant at Havre despatches to America a ship laden with 200,000 fr. of merchandise, which sell for 250,000 fr. With this money he buys other merchandise, which, brought back to France, fetches 300,000 fr. He gains by the transaction 100,000 fr., but the balance of the transaction attests that the exportations have been less by 100,000 fr. than the importations. Every one grieves: we are tributaries to the stranger.

The same merchant immediately afterwards places 200,000 fr. more of merchandise in the same ship destined likewise for America, but this time the ship goes down with its freight; our merchant is no doubt ruined, but the custom-house registers not the less these 200,000 fr. among the exportations, nothing for imports, and the balance of commerce is triumphantly declared to be in favour of France!

PARIS PORT DE MER!—How many aspirations have been breathed in the vain hopes of seeing this most desirable result accomplished? It has long been one of the fondest illusions of the Parisian. Many will remember the "Voyage à St. Cloud par Mer et retour par terre" that heralded the first navigation of a frail steamer on the bosom of the Seine. If some semi-maritime creature strayed up to the metropolis by way of its river, the fact was at once announced as proof positive that Paris was becoming a seaport. The excavations effected for the convenience of trade at the railway termini were designated as "doeks," simply to uphold the same agreeable illusion. But still it was only an illusion, till one fine day all Paris was disturbed from its wonted sobriety by the arrival of an actual sea-going vessel, a ship drawing four feet of water, propelled by a screw, originally constructed for the Sultan, and destined to navigate the stormy waters of the Bosphorus, if not of the Euxine itself, of seventy-five tons burden, and bearing as a worthy freight

its owner, Mr. E. Watkin Edwards, and his friends, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth and Mr. Lyster O'Beirne. This time the fact itself, and no apparition, came puffing up the golden stream, nor halting in its triumphant progress till moored off the Tuileries! The delight of the Parisians at thus seeing their hopes so pleasantly fulfilled can be more easily imagined than portrayed. They rushed in crowds to see the unexpected visitors, nor will they soon forget the *Penelope* of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, which first satisfied many a badaud that Paris had real communication with the ocean, and was in fact a "Port de Mer!"

"Isn't he proud," says the pale-faced moon to the sun, whose spots are said this year to resemble the hirsute appendages of a certain great personage, "since he believes himself to be an artist?"

"Stupid moon, and so would you be," replies the sun, "if you could make photographs like I do!"

The moon seems altogether to have got out of sorts. She is said even to have refused to change her quarters any more unless the astronomers will pay the expenses of removal. The old moons have also rebelled against making way for new ones, on the plea that the Academician Flourens declares that they are still quite young. Hands in the pockets! John Bull and buttoning-up the pockets have long been synonymous, but if we are to judge by the never-ending illustrations of certain sore points repeated year after year, our good friends and neighbours are quite as susceptible upon that point as ourselves. The dearth of lodgings is demonstrated by guests getting up to the chimney-pots, emigrating, sleeping in the streets, &c., and the rapacity and hard-heartedness of concierges and portiers, and their avidity for new year's gifts, are joked at in a hundred different ways. One writer is especially vindictive; he declares that all those who dwell "en loge" were born under the sign of the Scorpion, and he adds, "Que le diable les emporte!"

In January, hands in pockets for toys; in February, little suppers after masked balls; in March, fair suppliants at church doors; in April, rent falls due; in May, flowers come in; in June, little girls set up out-of-door lotteries; in July, "expositions;" in August, young hopeful brings home his crown of laurels and expects a present; in September, pay for shooting your neighbour's dog, cat, rabbit, or barn-door fowl; in October, disburse college expenses; in November, pay the sweep; and in December, your pockets will be M. T.

The garden of acclimation gives origin to some quizzical ideas. The kangaroo has, it appears, given to the "bonnes" the notion of placing their little charges in their pockets, so that they converse with the military at their ease. "I say, sergeant," asks a recruit, "what is a zebra?" "An old horse with no end of good-conduct marks."

The triremis lately constructed for the emperor has naturally attracted much curiosity. "I say, Arthur," says a fair one, with her waist under her shoulders and a long train behind, "you are always calling me your Cleopatra; now buy me a machine like that so that I may be really like her." If the fair one had known that, with the exception of the sculptures on Trajan's column, almost the only example on record of a war-galley, with three banks (ordines) of oars, was an ancient fresco painting representing the flight of Paris and Helen discovered in the early part of

the past century amongst some ruins in the Farnese gardens at Rome, but no longer in existence, as the colour evaporated soon after it was exposed, she would have had another and more practical suggestion to make. One adventurous person is said to have got on board this vessel of olden times, and inquired if they were bound for Rouen? "Rouen!" was the contemptuous reply; "no, sir, we are bound to Ithaca, to Carthage, and to Lesbos!" In the mean time, the inhabitants and the houses of Saint Cloud are about to alter their style and appearance to one that shall be more in keeping with the triremis moored off their shores.

A new definition of "Union" is offered to the Academy; it represents two Americans fighting with revolvers and bowie-knives on each side of the stripes and stars. A crocodile biting a man in two is also made to represent "un grand séparatiste Américain." "Pamela," says one fair one to another at the races, "are you for the jockey in green?" "No; I prefer the bottle with the green seal," was the reply. John Bull as a volunteer throws away his rifle and takes to his fists. The gallant cuirassiers are inquiring, since all the ships are about being *cuirassés*, if they also are to be sent to sea. Old Time has, we are told, given up his scythe and adopted a "canon rayé" instead. The work is more quickly performed. The Artesian well of Passy is made a matter of congratulatory jokes, but it will be no joke when, after a time, all the wells of Paris will be found to be exhausted. Such is the progress of hirsute fashions, that the sapper of Paris is obliged to carry his axe with him in order that he may not be mistaken for a *garçon de café*. Britannia is certainly not improved in appearance as she is represented making her toilette preparatory to receiving travellers on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1862. We hope she will look better by that time. The new Sultan comes in for his share of the ridiculous. "Get out, you rascal," he says to Cupid, who monopolised so large a share of the "caisse publique." "You shall no longer remain there." "Mesdames, you have a new master," the chief of the eunuchs announces to the fair ones of the seraglio. "Has he many handkerchiefs?" is the exclamation in reply. But another eunuch—a black one this time—makes his appearance with a broom. "Ladies," he says, "I am ordered to make a clean sweep here." "Delighted!" exclaim the fair ones; "shan't we have plenty of fun when we get out!" Sea-bathing has also its illustrations more or less felicitous, but not always very refined. "Sir, you must pay beforehand, the sea is dangerous here," and the marchioness followed by her two footmen in the sea, are among the most innocent. The ladies, it appears, come home from the "waters" with bags full of gold, the gentlemen with bags empty, and very chapfallen too. The inevitable *chasseur* on the plain of St. Denis, the English riflewoman, the progress of photography, the Rigolboche style of dancing, the *bébé* (baby?—how can French taste tolerate such a monstrosity for a second year?), and the trees still in their swaddling-clothes, help to fill up the minor illustrations for 1862. There is one wise observation, however, to be found even in the lighter department of almanack literature: "A savant," we are told, "has invented an infernal-machine with which to blow up the world. It has been said that he would have done a better thing, if he had discovered the means of curing the potato disease."

## THE SEVEN-YEAR MAIDEN.

LITTLE seven-year maiden,  
 Thou with choice gifts laden,  
 Lean thy head upon my breast as on familiar place;  
 God in thee hath given,  
 Foretaste of His Heaven,  
 Little household angel with thy loving childish face.

Since my darling blessed me,  
 Cares that erst distressed me  
 All have fled like sunbeams chase the cloud from mountain-side;  
 Heavy griefs by sharing,  
 Thou hast helped my bearing,  
 And hast danced like rippling light across my life's dark tide.

Oft now I misdoubt me  
 Of the life without thee,  
 What I did before thou camest a fluttering snow-white dove.  
 How, 'mid shadows pondering,  
 O'er earth's vain dreams wondering,  
 Sudden substance blessed me, and the baby's name was Love.

Not in earth's lore cunning,  
 But with bright thoughts sunning  
 Life that else had saddened down to dull material ways;  
 Taking right of loving,  
 And with child-heart proving  
 His kingdom of these "little ones" who bless our life's dark days.

So I pray the Lord of Heaven,  
 Who this darling child hath given,  
 To keep her for me safely—I have trust and faith in Him—  
 Till I come to rest more surely,  
 Through this love I hold so purely,  
 And my Angel, who has blessed me, close my weary eyelids dim.

Thus little seven-year maiden,  
 With thy precious child-gifts laden,  
 Do I bless thee on thy birthday, while I pray God of His grace  
 I may ne'er with earth's disguise  
 Cloud the spirit in thine eyes,  
 Nor dim with sordid worldliness the Angel in thy face.

A. L.

## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## No. VIII.—BEET-SUGAR AND ALCOHOL.

THE existence of sugar in beetroot was discovered in 1747 by Margraff, a Prussian chemist.\* He published a detailed note on the subject, indicating its agricultural and manufacturing importance; but the price of cane-sugar was then very low, the consumption was small, the disposition of the period was not in favour of industrial enterprises, and he was not able to give a practical form to his discovery.

Twenty-five years later Achard, another chemist of Berlin, took up the ideas of Margraff, and made new experiments on the production of beet-sugar. Encouraged and helped by Frederick the Great, and then stopped again by his death, Achard was not in a position to publish the results of his efforts until 1795. The book which he then printed on the question contains the most exact appreciations of the various uses for which beet has since been employed; he speaks, almost like a prophet, of the head, leaves, and pulp as food for animals; of the manure produced by this system of cattle-feeding; and of the residues of the sugar manufacture made into alcohol or vinegar. His theoretical indications have been confirmed in practice.

But he did not limit himself to theory only; aided by a subvention of 8000*l.* from the Prussian government, he applied his ideas on a manufacturing scale at the farm of Cunera, in Lower Silesia, where he devoted sixty acres of land to the cultivation of beet. The success of his experiments continued, and in 1799 he presented to the king the first specimens of white beet-sugar. A commission was named to examine his process; its report was very favourable; it even went so far as to assert that brown sugar could be produced at a cost price of 26*l.* per ton, which at that time, with the processes then available, was certainly impossible. The report was equally commendatory as concerned the utility for agricultural purposes of the residues of the crop and sugar. Achard even pretends that the success of his system was regarded as so certain, that the English government, frightened by the possible effects which its adoption might produce on the colonial trade of Great Britain, offered him privately a large sum to abandon its pursuit, and that he indignantly rejected the proposal.†

In 1799 the news of the discovery began to circulate in France. A letter from Achard, giving the details and cost of his process, was published in the *Annals of Chemistry*, and produced a great sensation. The Institute immediately named a commission to examine the matter, and shortly afterwards the Society of Agriculture of the Seine (now the

\* *Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave*, p. 51. Dureau. 1860.

† *La Question des Sucres*. Protin. 1860.

† *Etude sur le Système Colonial*. De Chazelles. 1860.

† Dureau, p. 54.



Imperial Central Society of Agriculture) awarded a gold medal to Achard.\*

The experiments made by this commission produced sugar at the rate of 18 cwt. from 100 tons of roots, or not quite 1 per cent. Moreover, this sugar was of such a nature that it was not possible to refine it into a crystallised form. But, notwithstanding these indifferent results, and the high price at which the commission fixed the cost of production in France—64*l.* per ton—the report, as a whole, was favourable. But the moment was not propitious for the establishment of a new trade, which might be destroyed in a moment by the expected conclusion of peace with England (it was just before the treaty of Amiens); only two small factories for the manufacture of beet-sugar were put up, and they were speedily closed again.

Shortly afterwards public attention was momentarily distracted from beet by the much-talked-of attempts to make sugar from grapes, and to introduce the sugar-maple and cane in the south of France. Indeed, it was natural enough that all sorts of efforts should be made to produce indigenous sugar, for war had begun again, the continental blockade had come into force, and the retail price of sugar had risen to 5*s.* per lb.; it had become almost a medicament, instead of an article of general consumption, and was no longer sold by the grocers, but by the druggists.

Pressed by this difficult position, Napoleon named a new commission to examine the various means of manufacturing home-made sugar; its report, drawn up by M. Deyeux in 1810, was again favourable to beet. Experiments continued, MM. Schumacker and Co. founded a factory, and at last, on January 2, 1812, M. Benjamin Delessert informed the government that he had succeeded in producing refined crystallised white beet-sugar. The Emperor instantly went to his works at Passy, warmly congratulated him, and gave him the Cross on the spot.† The next day the *Moniteur* announced that a great revolution in French trade was effected, and that date may be taken as the real starting-point of the industry which has since become so important.

The question was, however, only theoretically decided, and was not yet quite susceptible of practical application. M. Barruel, a pupil of M. Deyeux, continued to investigate it, and shortly afterwards published an account of the insufficient processes then known. He arrived at a yield of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of sugar on the weight of beet worked, and at a cost price of 137*l.* per ton. But this price, the highest which had been named, is explainable by the circumstance that he bought his beet, which was grown exclusively in market-garden ground round Paris, at the excessive rate of 1*l.* 4*s.* per ton. Furthermore, he operated on a very small scale, and without any of the advantages which the working of a large factory affords. While, therefore, he candidly acknowledged what his sugar really cost him, he expressed the opinion that it could be produced, if the manufacture were fairly established, at 39*l.* for brown sugar, and 56*l.* for refined.

Almost simultaneously with the experiments of M. Barruel, M. Derosne, whose name is intimately associated with the history of the trade, obtained a yield of 2 per cent. It is chiefly he who has introduced, conjointly with

\* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1, 1857, p. 96.

† *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement*, Feb., 1861, page 69.

his partner, M. Cail, the successive improvements in the system of sugar-plant which have placed the great firm of Cail and Co. among the first machinists of Europe.

Efforts made in other parts of France raised the yield to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and towards the end of the same year (1812) an imperial decree prescribed the establishment of government works for the manufacture of beet-sugar. It was ordered that 100,000 acres should be immediately sown with beet, which, at the then average crop of 15 tons per acre, would give 1,500,000 tons of roots, and, at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. thereon, 375,000 tons of sugar per annum. Free licenses were granted to all those who had begun the manufacture, and they were exempted from taxes for four years.

This time the trade was taken up with enthusiasm; beet was sown, and sugar works put up all over France. In 1813, 3500 tons of sugar were made in 334 factories;\* but the trade was fated to encounter new difficulties and new failures: 1814 was at hand, and, as the well-known agriculturist, Mathieu de Dombasle, has since said, "The French armies entered Moscow when the beet was sown, and the Cossacks were quartered in the works when it was converted into sugar."

The peace suddenly opened the ports of France; the price of sugar fell from 5s. to 7d. per lb.; and all the beet factories, put up eighteen months before with such brilliant hopes of success, were suddenly ruined. One single establishment, that of M. Crespel Delisse, continued to hold on.

It looked as if the beet-sugar trade was hopelessly lost with its imperial founder, for it could not live against foreign competition. But one of the first acts of Louis XVIII. was to issue an ordonnance which, confirmed by another of 17th Dec., 1814, created a duty of 16*l.* per ton on French colonial sugar (the four colonies of Martinique, Guadaloupe, Guyane, and Bourbon had just been restored to France), and of 40*l.* on all foreign sugar: these duties were shortly afterwards modified to 18*l.* and 38*l.* respectively. Under this relative protection the colonies began to resume the cultivation of cane, which they had abandoned during the war, and in 1816 they sent the mother country 17,000 tons of sugar. But the home beet trade profited also by these duties imposed on its rivals, and, after a good deal of hesitation, began in 1822 to show new signs of movement. In 1825 several small factories had got to work; in 1827 there were 39 in activity, producing 1218 tons of sugar; in 1828 there were 58 works, which made 2685 tons† (M. Maurice Block gives this quantity at 6665 tons,‡ but it appears to be an error); the yield of sugar had risen to 3 per cent., and several important improvements, which will presently be indicated, had been introduced into the manufacture.

The resuscitation of the trade attracted, however, the attention of the colonial planters,§ as well as of the maritime interest and the refiners. They combined together to attack it; the planters urged that it was the duty of the state to protect them against untaxed competition; the

\* Statistique de l'Industrie de la France, page 281. Moreau de Jonnés.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1, 1857, page 113; *Annuaire de l'Economie Politique*, 1859, page 138; and *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement*, Feb., 1861, page 73.

‡ Statistique comparée de la France, vol. ii. p. 202. Block.

§ *Etudes sur le Système Colonial*, p. 135. De Chazelles.

shipowners alleged that sugar-refining was an old national industry, which would perish if home-made white sugar got hold of the market (foreign and colonial sugar were and are only allowed to come in in the brown state, and a large premium is paid to the refiners on its re-exportation in loaves); and the refiners declared that the existence of the merchant navy depended on the transport of colonial products. The two latter classes craftily fought each other's battle, so as to make their action appear disinterested. As early as 1822, the colonists residing at Bordeaux had petitioned the government to modify the sugar tariff in their favour. The merchants of Marseilles, Nantes, and Havre had backed their complaints, and had even demanded the entire exclusion of foreign sugar until colonial sugar reached the price of 68*l.*, duty paid, instead of the then current rate of 48*l.*

The ground was, therefore, prepared for an attack against the beet trade, and under the pressure of the interests hostile to it, which grew stronger every year, the government ordered an inquiry to be made in 1828. No result was arrived at, but the beet-sugar makers were warned that a tax would eventually be levied on their products. The events of 1830 prevented the immediate execution of this project, but the agitation afterwards became more violent than ever. Meanwhile, the production, still unfettered by taxation, increased rapidly; in 1834 it reached 20,000 tons, and in 1836 it got to 40,000 tons, made by 436 factories in 37 departments. The trade had, therefore, become sufficiently considerable not only to give an appearance of justice to the complaints of its rivals, but also to tempt the government to grant their demands of a tax on indigenous sugar, because of the new branch of revenue which would thus be created.

But the beet trade was not alone to fight its battle; influences had grown up in its favour; it was actively supported by the agricultural party; and it was not easy to conquer it. The conflict was long and bitter, but finally the colonial interest carried its object, and succeeded in passing through the Chamber a law which, promulgated on 18th July, 1837, imposed an excise duty of 6*l.* 12*s.* (*décime* included) on beet-sugar, applicable from 1st July, 1838.

This law upset the trade again; the production, which was 49,000 tons in 1838, fell to 39,000 tons in 1839, and to 22,000 tons in 1840; 166 factories were shut up, and the manufacture disappeared in 17 departments.\*

The colonial party did not, however, gain much by their hard-earned victory. The increase of their exports in 1839 was only 3000 tons, and the price of sugar did not rise. On the contrary, it fell regularly, the demand diminished at the same time, and, instead of the sudden success which they had hoped for, the colonists found themselves with heavy stocks and new difficulties. Once more the government came to their aid; an ordonnance of 21st August, 1839, diminished the duty on colonial sugar from 18*l.* to 13*l.* 4*s.*, so constituting, with the excise of 6*l.* 12*s.* already imposed on beet-sugar, a difference of 11*l.* 8*s.* in fourteen months against the latter. It was, however, recognised that these measures were too violent, and by another law of 3rd July, 1840, the duty on colonial sugar

\* Dureau, p. 80.

was re-established at 18*l.*, while that on beet-sugar was carried to 10*l.*, so reducing the difference between them to 8*l.*

The question of tax being at last apparently settled, the beet trade calmed down, and once more began to develop rapidly. From 22,000 tons in 1840, the production rose to 26,000 tons in 1841, and to 30,000 tons in 1842. But the colonies were indefatigable in their jealous hostility; they complained again, and the government, wearied by this interminable dispute between the two interests, actually proposed to the Chambers, on 10th January, 1843, to settle the difficulty by the entire suppression of the beet-sugar trade, with indemnities to the persons engaged in it.

The commission appointed to examine this singular project had the good sense to reject it. All sorts of plans were proposed and discussed, and finally the principle of an equal duty of 18*l.* was adopted by the law of 2nd July, 1843. But in order to give the home trade time to prepare for an open struggle with its colonial rival, the whole addition of 8*l.* to the excise duty then in force on beet-sugar was not applied at once; it rose at the rate of 2*l.* per annum up to 1st August, 1847, when the two duties became equal. Since that date the beet maker has had no protection whatever, excepting against foreign sugar, properly so called, which has always continued to pay a higher duty, varying with quality and origin.

The remarkable vitality of the beet trade was proved by the results which followed the suppression of the differential tariff which had so far existed in its favour. In 1843 its make was 28,000 tons, and the importation of colonial sugar 83,000 tons; in 1847 the former had risen to 60,000 tons, and the latter to 99,000 tons. All the effects of the cane interest had failed to crush the home production, and notwithstanding several vexatious laws on points of detail, especially that of 31st May, 1846, which regulated the conditions under which the excise tax was to be levied, it continued to progress, until, in 1850, it at last surpassed the amount of the colonial yield. The effects of the commotion of 1848 had naturally affected both makes, but in 1850 the quantity of beet-sugar was 64,000 tons, while that of colonial sugar was only 46,000 tons.

The beet trade was not, however, at the end of its troubles. In 1851 the duties were modified again; an entirely new system of application, based on the proportions of chemically pure sugar, was adopted, and at last beet sugar was taxed at a higher rate than colonial produce. The duties were fixed at 17*l.* 12*s.* on pure colonial sugar, 20*l.* on pure beet-sugar, and 24*l.* 8*s.* on foreign sugar. On 27th March, 1852, the tariff was altered once more to 25*l.* 4*s.*, 18*l.*, and 22*l.* 16*s.* respectively. This last decree contained conditions on the subject of refining which were very disadvantageous to beet; under their influence the production fell from 75,000 tons in 1851, to 68,000 in 1852, while the importation of colonial sugar, which gained by the same clauses, jumped up to 71,000 tons. Furthermore, 34,000 tons of foreign sugar were suddenly brought in. The total stock for consumption in 1852, after deducting the quantity re-exported in a refined state, amounted to 159,000 tons, which was more than the country could absorb. During the whole year there were constantly 15,000 tons of sugar in bond,\* the price of lump fell to

\* Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave, p. 95. Dureau.

56*l.*, and twenty factories were shut up in the single department of the Nord. The position was aggravated by the inferior quality of the two last crops of beet, which had produced a fifth less sugar than the previous average. To make it worse still, the government issued, on September 1, 1852, one of those incredible ordonnances of detail on the subject of the interior management and control of the beet-sugar works, which are peculiar to countries where the state administers everything, and which take away from the trader a large part of his liberty of action. Fortunately for the manufacturers of England they are not "administered."

In 1853 the production rose again to 75,000 tons, but the trade had received a serious shock from all these capricious changes in its fiscal conditions, and it is not surprising to find that it seized with avidity an opportunity which suddenly offered itself in that year of turning its attention in another direction.

The ordinary production of alcohol in France, before the special circumstances which are about to be mentioned, was about 14,500,000 gallons, of which 12,000,000 were made from grape, and the rest distilled from grain, potatoes, and the molasses of the sugar works.\* This quantity is calculated on the ordinary French strength, called the 3-6 of Montpellier, which corresponds to a density of 33 deg. of Cartier's areometer, English proof being 21 deg. of the same.† But the potato disease, which broke out in America in 1843, and appeared in Europe in 1845, had already diminished one of these sources of production; in 1853, the disease of the vine became so universal that the manufacture of spirit in the Montpellier country was greatly affected; and, to make the matter worse, short corn crops, and the consequent temporary prohibition of the distillation of grain, deprived the alcohol trade at the same time of its principal remaining field of supply. Under these circumstances, the price of alcohol, which had averaged 2*s.* per gallon from 1847 to 1851, rose to 4*s.* 9*d.* in 1852, and to 7*s.* 9*d.* in 1853.‡ When, therefore, the sugar-makers found themselves in the latter year with an overloaded market and a trade crippled by competition, they saw in the conversion of their factories into distilleries a means of suddenly escaping from their difficulties, and of realising, by the high price of alcohol, profits which sugar had ceased to offer. Almost all the sugar machinery was fit for this new destination; the only extra plant wanted were the fermenting tanks and stills, costing about 800*l.* for works able to treat 30 tons of roots per day.§ A large number of sugar works were, therefore, instantly converted into distilleries.||

This change of pursuit was stimulated by another circumstance. From 1851 the price of beetroots began to rise in the north of France; it got up in 1853 and 1854 to the exceptional figure of 1*l.* 5*s.* This rate left no profit on the manufacture of sugar, but it permitted a gain on distillation, not only from the higher sale price of spirit, but also because the proportionate yield of alcohol is necessarily larger than that of sugar in consequence of its utilising all the uncrystallisable parts of the juice.

\* *Distillation des Betteraves*, p. 3. Payen.

† *Précis de Chimie Industrielle*, vol. ii. p. 444. Payen. 1859.

‡ *Distillation des Betteraves*, p. 2. Payen. 1855.

§ *Chimie Industrielle*, vol. ii. p. 406. Payen. 1860.

|| *Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 115. Nov. 1, 1857

About four-fifths of the saccharine matter can be made into alcohol, while, by the ordinary processes, only about two-thirds can be converted into sugar.\*

The results of the sudden diminution of the ordinary sources of production of alcohol and of the rush into its manufacture made by the beet-sugar trade, are shown in the following table, which gives the fluctuations, in gallons, of the quantities of each category of spirit made from 1852 to 1857: †

	Beet.	Molasses.	Potatoes and grain.	Sundry substances.	Wine and lees.
1852 . .	352,000	1,452,000	770,000	22,000	12,980,000
1853. . .	1,452,000	4,466,000	858,000	44,000	8,712,000
1854 . .	4,818,000	4,004,000	1,584,000	154,000	9,548,000
1855. . .	5,888,000	1,848,000	22,000 ‡	352,000	3,278,000
1856 . .	7,260,000	2,464,000	4,070,000	484,000	2,574,000
1857. . .	9,240,000	3,300,000	2,200,000	770,000	5,060,000

From 1852 to 1855 the production of beet spirit rose, therefore, twenty-five-fold, and as the net cost of each gallon of alcohol in the latter year, at the then price of beet (15s. 5d.), and with the processes then employed, was just 3s. per gallon, § while the average sale price was 6s. 1d., the profit was 100 per cent.

The immense success thus obtained by the conversion of the sugar works into distilleries was, however, only temporary. In 1857 the vine began to recover from the disease, at least sufficiently so to allow of a partial resumption of the manufacture of grape spirit, and the price fell again rapidly. The sugar-makers began, therefore, to go back to their regular trade, and their return to it was aided by the high price which sugar momentarily attained in 1857, and by the unexpected abundance and consequent cheapness of beet in that year. The sugar made in 1858 amounted to 160,000 tons, while the colonies sent in only 100,000.

But beet alcohol had got a footing. The trade thus suddenly created has outlived the temporary necessity which called it into existence, and though most of the sugar factories returned in 1857 to their original destination, the distillation of beet established itself definitely under another form. When the sugar-makers abandoned it because the price of alcohol no longer offered them a sufficient margin of gain, the large farmers took it up in considerable numbers, profiting by the newly-invented process of M. Champonois, which enables them to distil cheaply and with a small plant, and also to retain as food for their cattle not only the pulp, but also all the alimentary substances which remain in the residues of the distillation. About 250 farms now distil their own roots.

Since this rapid incursion into another field of action, the beet-sugar trade has gone on steadily. In 1859 it produced 134,574 tons of sugar, and in 1860, 142,729 tons. But its difficulties about duties have fol-

\* *Traité de la Distillation de l'Alcool*, p. 52, Payen, 1858; and *Distillation des Betteraves*, p. 13.

† *Statistique comparée de la France*, vol. ii. p. 202. Block.

‡ The distillation of grain was prohibited in 1855.

§ *Chimie Industrielle*, vol. ii. p. 410, Payen; and *Distillation des Betteraves*, p. 66.

lowed it pertinaciously : the tariff was again altered on June 30, 1856, and once more on August 24, 1860.\* The law of the latter date is the one which is now in force. It fixes the duties (including the double *décime*) at 12*l.* on beet-sugar, 10*l.* 12*s.* on colonial sugar (which will rise to 12*l.* on June 30, 1866), and 13*l.* 8*s.* on foreign sugar.

This is the last stage of the bitter conflict which French home and colonial sugar have maintained against each other for the last thirty years. From entire liberty and no taxation, beet-sugar has been successively taxed up to a higher point than cane-sugar, and still remains so, subject to an equalisation of duty five years hence, provided no new change occurs in the interval.

While the trade was struggling against these exterior difficulties, it effected a series of most important improvements in the two branches of its interior economy, the cultivation of the roots and the processes of manufacture.

The beet, which, according to Olivier de Serres, was brought from Italy to Northern Germany towards the end of the fifteenth century, and was grown there on a considerable scale as food for cattle, scarcely resembled the root which now furnishes a sixth of the sugar of the world. At first no care was given to its cultivation, but when attention became directed to its value as an industrial plant, it was remarked that its richness in saccharine matter depended on its treatment and on the nature of the soil. It was observed that too much manure increases the quantity of roots, but diminishes the proportion of crystallisable sugar which can be extracted from them. After a certain time employed in experiments, the Prussian farmers began to adopt beet instead of their customary fallows, sowing it after two corn crops, the first only of which was manured. In Silesia the suppression of the fallow after two years of wheat became universal; the consequent gain to the farmer was immediate and great. When the manufacture was resumed in France in 1822, the varieties of roots were studied with care. The seven different sorts known were tested and experimented on, and the yellow and red beets were abandoned in favour of the sweeter white Silesian variety, introduced into France by Mathieu de Dombasle,† which contains from 10 to 12 per cent. of sugar, has the shape of a pear with the point upwards, and scarcely surpasses the level of the ground, while most of the other species are longer and grow more or less above the surface, so increasing the volume of the upper part of the root, which, in every variety, contains a less proportion of sugar than the bottom. The Prussian system of intermediary cultivation was generally applied in France, and more care was taken in the details of sowing, manuring, and hoeing. The crop per acre was reduced, by a diminution in the number of roots allowed to grow, from the previous average of 15 tons to about 11 tons, but as the quality was thereby improved, the price rose from 10*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* per ton. It was found that the best soils are deep sandy clays, and that the calcareous and pure sandy lands are the worst.

‡ Notwithstanding the attention which they have paid to the subject, and the progress which they have effected, the French have not, however,

\* *La Question des Sucres*, p. 1. Protin. 1860.

† *Guide Pratique du Fabricant de Sucre*, p. 191. Basset. 1861.

yet reached the perfection which the Germans have attained in the production of good roots. The latter have now almost entirely given up manuring; they get small crops, but more sugar. While the average yield of sugar in France does not exceed 5 or 6 per cent., the Germans get 7 and 8. But this is not a result of better cultivation alone; they pick their roots before crushing them, while the French makers generally throw them all together into the rasping-mill as they arrive from the fields. The root test used in Prussia\* is based on the theory that the proportion of saccharine matter rises with the specific gravity of the roots. They are, therefore, plunged successively into three different tanks filled with salt water of the respective densities of 4, 5, and 6 deg. Beaumé; the roots which float in the first tank are at once rejected as bad; those which float in the second tank form the third quality; those which float in the third tank form the second quality, while those which sink in it constitute the first class. By the aid of this simple test the Germans have arrived at extraordinary yields of sugar from picked roots; they have a special interest in obtaining the richest possible beet, for in the Zollverein the excise is levied on the weight of roots used, not on the quantity of sugar made; it amounts to 12s. per ton on the roots (as much as their cost price in France), which at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of sugar, is equal to 8*l.* per ton thereon.†

It is probable that by crossing the varieties, and by improvements in cultivation yet to be discovered, the quantity of sugar in beet will be increased. Indeed, M. Knauer, in Prussia, and M. Louis Vilmorin in France,‡ have already announced that they have succeeded in creating new races of beet which are of a richness previously unknown. The analysis of the roots obtained by the former shows  $17\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of sugar, while those produced by the latter give the astonishing proportion of 24 per cent., which is considerably more than the cane contains. These, however, are experimental results which have not yet been confirmed on a practical scale; it is said that the Magdeburg beet contains generally 14 per cent. of sugar, but the original average of 10 to 12 per cent. is still universally found in France. But as by attentive cultivation, and especially by sowing early and keeping the roots as late as possible in the ground, according to what is called Kœchlin's system,§ from the name of the agriculturist who first tried it, it is now possible to get larger crops of really good roots, even up to 18 and 20 tons per acre, it may be considered as probable that, putting aside the expectation that sweeter varieties of beet will soon be generally produced, and calculating solely on the actual difference of saccharine richness between cane and beet, the same surface of ground will soon produce more sugar from the latter than from the former. M. Payen seems to think|| that this advantage exists only as regards the cane of Guadaloupe and Martinique, that of Brazil being more productive of sugar, but M. Michel Chevalier is of

\* Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave, p. 294. Durcau.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Nov., 1857, p. 108.

‡ Guide du Fabricant de Sucre, p. 764. Basset. Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave, p. 295. Durcau.

§ Culture de la Betterave, p. 23; and Guide du Fabricant de Sucre, p. 206. Basset.

|| Chimie Industrielle, vol. ii. p. 235. 1859.



opinion\* that an acre of beet already gives more sugar than an acre of cane, and M. Basset quotes official figures to prove† that, whatever be the theoretical calculation, the practical yield of cane in the four French colonies is  $11\frac{3}{4}$  cwt. per acre, while that of beet is 12 cwt.

The introduction of the best sugar manufacture has naturally had a great effect on the agricultural prosperity of the districts where it is established. The production of corn appears to have extended in all of them, and the multiplication of cattle cannot be doubted. When the emperor visited Valenciennes in 1853, the arch of triumph under which he passed to enter the town bore the following inscription: "Production of wheat in the arrondissement, before the manufacture of sugar, 970,000 bushels; number of oxen, 700. Production of wheat now, 1,157,000 bushels; number of oxen, 11,500." In the whole department of the Nord there were, in 1825, 173,000 head of cattle; in 1840, there were 227,000, and 300,000 sheep.

While, however, it affords so much food for cattle, many people assert that beet is an exhausting crop for the soil. They say that it extracts from it a large quantity of its azote.‡ But there are arguments against this theory: the azote remains almost entirely in the pulp, and is therefore found again in the manure; so that, as the residues of the factories are consumed exclusively on the very farms which have furnished the beet, the soil does not really lose much. Furthermore, the wheat grown after beet is said to produce heavier heads and longer straw than in any other conditions of rotation. Again, the specific gravity of the juice remains the same as it was forty years ago; it is argued from this, that as the chemical composition of the roots is unchanged, and is not affected by their periodical cultivation in the same soil, the soil cannot be affected either.

While the agricultural part of the question has thus advanced, the details of manufacture have also attained much greater perfection. The processes employed in 1812 were very different from those now in use. The roots were badly washed, and the dirt left in them diminished the value of the pulp as animal food. The crushing was insufficiently and slowly done; it did not exceed 3 tons per day, even in a well-managed factory, while now the average reaches 100 tons. The juice was squeezed out by screw hand-presses; hydraulic presses, though already used for crushing olives, were not applied to beet. The yield of juice amounted to only 60 per cent. of the weight of the roots. Its defecation was effected by lime, used in large quantities. The vacuum-pan was not invented, and M. Aehard proposed to evaporate the juice by placing the coppers in baths of boiling water, in order to avoid the damaging effects produced by direct exposure to the fire. The syrup was purified by wet clay or felt. Regular crystallisation, as practised now, was unknown; all that was done was to loaf the sugar into a confused granular mass, of a conical shape. Finally, after some two months' labour, raw sugar was produced, which, after drying for another month, was sent to the refiner. The whole process, refining included, is now completed in three days, within the walls of the same factory.

\* *Annuaire de l'Economie Politique*, p. 413. 1854.

† *Guide du Fabricant de Sucre*, pp. 249 to 257.

‡ *Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave*, pp. 145, 146. Dureau.

But after 1822 these incomplete processes were rapidly replaced by others. The peculiar decolorising properties of animal charcoal were brought into play; they had long before been indicated by the Russian navigator Lovitz, but it was not till 1810 that bone charcoal was employed by Guillou for whitening ordinary syrup; and though, in 1813, the experiments of Derosne and Crespel Delisse showed its applicability to vinegar and beet juice, and the refiners partially adopted it from that date,\* it was not really taken into use by the sugar-makers till 1825. The cylindrical saw-rasp, making 300 revolutions per minute (increased now to 800), was invented. Windmills and water-power began to replace manual labour. The hydraulic press was adopted, and the yield of juice was raised to 70 per cent. The defecation was still effected by lime; but sulphuric acid (which had long before been recommended for the purpose by Achard) was used to correct its excess. The result of these, and other ameliorations of detail, was to raise the yield of sugar to 3 and 4 per cent.; the cost price fell to 35*l.*, and M. Crespel Delisse declared, in 1826, that he was already getting 5 per cent. of sugar at a cost price of 25*l.*†

Successive improvements have now brought the general yield, by the ordinary processes, to 5 or 6 per cent., and the average cost of manufacture of white lump sugar to 18*l.* per ton, beet being calculated at 10*s.* 6*d.* One of the most remarkable signs of the progress effected is the greatly increased average production of each factory. In 1828, 58 works produced 2685 tons of sugar, or 46½ tons each; in 1836, 436 factories made 40,000 tons, or 91¾ tons each; while, in 1860, 334 works gave 142,729 tons,‡ which is equal to 427 tons each.

But there is room for still further progress. The coal consumed is at the rate of 16 cwt. per ton of roots, a quantity which is certainly susceptible of reduction: this point is especially important in a country where coal is so dear. Another source of economy and advantage would be the formation of an association of the sugar-makers, between whom no link whatever has hitherto subsisted, each of them going his own road without communication with his neighbours. In Germany such an association, under the name of the Industrial Sugar Society of the Zollverein, has long existed with the most useful results; its members meet every year to discuss their common interests.

During the last ten years several special processes, offering more or less peculiar advantages, have been invented. Each of them has its friends and its enemies, and it is difficult to arrive at any definite opinion as to their real relative merits; it is, however, worth while to enumerate the most important of them.

The system of Schützenbach, which has been largely tried in Prussia, consists in the desiccation of the sliced roots, and their maceration in water afterwards. Liebig said of this process that it raised the yield of sugar to 8 per cent., but that it required so much outlay for coal and labour that the extra expense was not compensated by the extra yield. Besides, it produced an unusually large proportion of uncrystallisable sugar, which, however good for distillation, was of no value for refining.

The process of M. Maumené suppresses bone charcoal, and replaces it

\* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1, 1857, p. 98.

† *Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave*, p. 74. Dureau.

‡ *Annuaire de l'Economie Politique*, p. 170. 1861.

by lime applied to the syrup cold : it is said to considerably increase the yield, but it requires very large special cisterns hermetically closed.

M. Pésier mixes alcohol with the syrup, and then distils away the former : this process also is said to dispense with charcoal and to increase the quantity of sugar.

M. Rousseau's process consists in the saturation of the juice with carbonic acid.

M. Dubrunfaut extracts crystallisable sugar from molasses, by a reaction of barytes. Until this invention all the molasses were made into alcohol or potass, excepting a small quantity, which was converted into vinegar at a factory near Lille. In Germany, spirit has been distilled from the pulp also.

A new process of M. Rousseau, consisting mainly in the defecation of the juice by peroxyde of iron, was announced at the beginning of this year. It was to render the manufacture of sugar so simple that the farmers were to make it themselves, as they are now doing for alcohol. Judging, however, from the silence which surrounds it, it does not appear to have answered the hopes which its first description created. It is not the first time that the idea has been put forward of making sugar on the farms :\* it has been recommended more than once by the Central Society of Agriculture, and by the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry ; but hitherto it has not been realised. The Belgian peasants have, however, long made beet syrup, which they sell to the sugar manufacturers, reserving the pulp for their cattle : this system saves a good deal of carriage. The same is the case in certain parts of Germany ; at Cologne and at Hans special factories exist for the treatment of this syrup.

The beet-sugar trade may now be considered as definitely established in France ; it has assumed a really important place in the commerce of the country. Some of the principal manufacturers have established themselves on an immense scale. M. Crespel Delisse, for instance, the same who held on alone after the invasion of 1814, cultivated, in 1855, 2500 acres of beet, fed 1000 head of cattle with the pulp, and got from them manure enough to grow 27,500 bushels of wheat.† M. Dureau says‡ that the capital invested in the trade amounts to 2,500,000*l.*, of which 1,600,000*l.* are in machinery, and 900,000*l.* in buildings. The same authority estimates as follows the annual outlay necessitated by the manufacture :

Wages . . . . .	£500,000
Coal . . . . .	280,000
Chemicals and sundries . . . . .	192,000
Carriage . . . . .	172,000
Machinery . . . . .	120,000
Buildings . . . . .	80,000
Distillation of molasses . . . . .	180,000
Cloth and linen for sacks, &c. . . . .	100,000
Bone charcoal . . . . .	108,000
Sundries . . . . .	140,000

£1,872,000

\* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Nov. 1, 1857, and *Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave*, p. 249. Dureau.

† *L'Agriculture et la Population*, 1857, p. 60. L. de Lavergne.

‡ *Fabrication du Sucre de Betterave*, p. 169.

The cost of manufacture of beet-sugar, by the ordinary process, is given, as follows, by M. Payen:\*

Roots: 5000 tons, at 10s. 5d. per ton, after deducting the value of the heads and leaves . . . . .	£2600
Labour . . . . .	840
Coal . . . . .	720
Bone charcoal . . . . .	450
Interest on capital . . . . .	700
General expenses and repairs . . . . .	990
	<hr/>
	£6330
Deduct value of residues:	
Molasses: 60 tons at 7l. 4s. . . . .	£432
Scum and bone charcoal . . . . .	93
Pulp, 1125 tons, at 7s. 1½d. . . . .	405
	<hr/>
	930
	<hr/>
	Net cost £5400

The product is 300 tons of sugar (5000 tons of roots, at 6 per cent.), which therefore cost 18l. per ton.

The account of sale is as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Cost price . . . . .	18	0	0
Carriage, store rent, discount, &c. . . . .	6	0	0
Duty . . . . .	12	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£36	0	0

The market price varies now from 40l. to 50l.

The details of first cost of beet alcohol have no longer any interest as concerns the large factories, which have almost entirely abandoned its manufacture. But its production by the farmers themselves is, on the contrary, a most important question, and may be worthy of examination by English agriculturists. The extraction of spirit direct from beet was attempted, in 1824, by M. Dubrunfaut, but the price of grape alcohol was then too low to allow of its success. In 1845 the idea was taken up again, but it was not till 1853 that the special circumstances which have already been related allowed it to be put into execution on a large scale. The processes then employed, though able to produce with a profit during the crisis in the trade, were too costly to be used when prices returned to their ordinary level. Unless, therefore, a new system of manufacture had been discovered, the make of beet alcohol would probably have expired in 1857. But the adoption of M. Champenois's process, which had already been described in 1854,† took place just in time. It is chiefly based on the maceration of the roots by the liquid residues of the previous distillations (vinasses); it requires very little plant, an apparatus, to work 2½ tons of roots per day, costing only 200l.; the manufacture is very simple, and remarkably cheap, the profit is considerable, and the pulp is of the most nutritive quality hitherto produced.‡ With such advantages, it is not surprising that, notwithstanding the disagreeable smell of the spirit made by this process, it should be largely adopted, that the distillation of

\* *Chimie Industrielle*, 1859, vol. ii. p. 274.

† *Echo Agricole*, 9th and 12th February, 1854.

‡ *Traité de l'Alcoolisation de la Betterave*, 1858, p. 129. Bas set.

beet should now form almost an ordinary adjunct of a well-managed farm in the north of France, and that agricultural distilleries should be increasing in number. As the consumption of alcohol is rising in France (it has more than tripled since 1830), it is probable that the farmers will find a steady and remunerative market for their products.

The cost of manufacture by Champenois's system is given in all the recent French treatises on distillation; the average of the examples quoted comes out at from 1s. 9d. to 2s. per gallon of rectified spirit at 39 deg. Cartier; but M. Payen gives the details\* of production on a farm in Touraine belonging to M. Cail, which amount to only 1s. 3d. He counts the cost as follows on nineteen days' working:

	£	s.	d.
102 tons 12 cwt. of roots at 12s. . . . .	61	12	0
Coal, labour, casks, and all other expenses . . . . .	38	12	0
Total . . . . .	100	4	0

The products were:

	£	s.	d.
82 tons 1 cwt. 2 qrs. of pulp at 6s. 4d. . . . .	26	5	0
1188 gallons of spirit at 39 deg. costing 1s. 3d. . . . .	73	19	0
Total . . . . .	100	4	0

This price of 1s. 3d. is, probably, an exceptionally low rate; the ordinary cost does not appear to range under 1s. 9d. M. Basset says† that the practical average is 50 centimes per litre, which is exactly 1s. 9½d. per gallon; but he counts his strength at only 33 deg. Cartier, so that his price would come out higher still if applied to 39 deg. The theoretical cost of distillation is less than half these sums.

In order to show the importance which the beet-sugar trade has assumed as a whole, it will be useful to give, before terminating this article, a table of the production of sugar in the world. It has been several times estimated. M. Michel Chevalier stated it in 1854‡ at 2,342,000 tons. M. Payen gave it in 1859§ at 2,550,000 tons, composed as follows:

	Tons.
Cane sugar . . . . .	1,950,000
Beet „ . . . . .	480,000
Palm „ . . . . .	100,000
Maple „ . . . . .	20,000
Total . . . . .	2,550,000

He does not, however, indicate the quantity of beet-sugar produced by each country; he limits himself to the total of 480,000 tons (which has since been confirmed by other authorities). It is to be regretted that no general table appears to exist of the geographical division of the present production of beet-sugar. Mr. McCulloch gave one in 1856, but he arrived at a total of only 220,000 tons, which is less than half the actual

\* *Chimie Industrielle*, vol. ii. p. 432.

† *Traité de la Culture et de l'Alcoolisation de la Betterave*, p. 37.

‡ *Annuaire de l'Economie Politique*, 1854, p. 407.

§ *Chimie Industrielle*, vol. ii. p. 176.

quantity. It is probable that the yield for 1861, of each of the producing countries, is roughly as follows:

	Tons.
France . . . . .	160,000
Belgium . . . . .	30,000
Zollvercin . . . . .	160,000 (110,000 in 1857)
Russia . . . . .	60,000
Austria . . . . .	40,000
Other states . . . . .	30,000
Total . . . . .	450,000

This, however, is only an approximative estimate, made in the absence of reliable information: it can only be regarded as illustrative.

The great fact is, however, clear, that a root which has really been only brought into use since 1822 already produces more than a sixth of all the sugar of the world. This result has been attained in forty years, and against all sorts of difficulties. With this experience before us, is it not possible to admit that the continental market may ultimately be entirely supplied by home-grown beet-sugar?

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## A FEUILLE VOLANTE

### APROPOS OF A CERTAIN LACK OF REVERENCE.

“LES grandes âmes ont beaucoup de vénération,” writes one who rarely wrote any but axioms, however bitter his wholesome kernels taste to the palates of most men, who prefer their oily Amontillado to his *amari aliquid*. “LES grandes âmes ont beaucoup de vénération:” true enough! but one must append a vexatious rider to it: Combien de grandes âmes y-a-t-il? Measured by such a gauge, the generality of mankind would be found to have very petites âmes indeed, I fear. The few might reverence Socrates, but the many flocked to enjoy Aristophanes’ burlesque on him, and appreciated the caricature, which suited the common taste and passing hour, far better than they did the wisdom it travestied.

Rochefoucauld’s veneration is rare, as rare as superstition or credulity is rife. Over and over again has Harvey’s theory been ridiculed, and that of Paracelsus been received; Galileo been reviled, and Cornelius Agrippa been exalted; Jenner’s science mistrusted, and Cagliostro’s accredited; Nostradamus honoured by Kings at St. Germain, and Ramus assassinated for heresy by the Sorbonne, for dogged credulity and dogged irreverence go hand in hand; your peasant who nails up a horseshoe with implicit faith in its potentiality, would ridicule a savant who told him of a simple rational disinfectant. Veneration is a very exceptional quality, and one, I believe, Virgil would have been much quicker to feel for Homer, Jean Paul for Goethe, De Quincey for Pascal, than the world in general to feel for any or for all of them. Pescara would rather have been judged by his opponent Bayard, Corneille by his supplanter Racine, Pitt by his born foe Fox (and rightly, since each was better appreciated by

his rival), than by the whole troop of their individual partisans and claqueurs.

"The immortal bowed to the mortal," writes Sir Walter Scott in *Kenilworth*, concerning the meeting of Shakspeare, the Stratford poet, with the Queen's favourite; and one can fancy well how not only Leicester, but scores of other mortals besides—infinitesimal pages, proud of the chink of their toy rapiers and the borrowed inches of their high-heeled boots, honoured by being numbered in the suite of her Majesty or her Majesty's lover—gave the playwright a condescending bow, and thought they honoured him very kindly if they lingered a moment en passant to play with their ribbon-knots and comment on the last new tragedy brought out at the Globe. Was not Chettle then writing in the "Groatsworth of Wit" depreciative criticism of the Warwickshire actor, that "upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country?" Was not Shakspeare then being classed, carelessly and blindly, with all the rest of the Blackfriars company, and the cast for the *Sejanus* being coupled with Burbidge and ranked below the salt by the Lacys? And though his contemporaries had been assured by the show-stone of Dee and the glass bells of Kelly, by geomancy and necromancy, and all the arts of divination, of his future immortality, would they have believed in it, or if they had believed would they not have avenged, the prophecy for the future by flinging sneers at the player of the present, by raking up the boyish story of the Charlecote poaching, by glutting over the marital discord of his life, and by quoting the condemnatory wisdom of the "Groatsworth?" In the player of the Globe none saw the Teacher of the Future; and the little pages jingled their rapiers and picked holes by the light of their small wits in the life of the great Immortal; and—their descendants are among us to this day!

Chettle is only remembered now by having defamed Shakspeare and apologised for it; but there are plenty of Chettle's tribe in every generation, and they write their "Groatsworths," and plume themselves on their wit, and buzz about with their little venomous sting, the same in our time as in the Elizabethan. Veneration is as often lacking among us as among the Athenians who flocked to Aristophanes' burlesque, only that, with us, it has rarely the excuse of wit, like Aristophanes, to plead for it. There is a sort of inquest very common just now, a sadder post-mortem than any that sits on a dead body drawn from the Serpentine, or laid out in the Morgue, needing more tenderness, more delicacy, more respect—I mean the post-mortem that living men hold over the manes of silent brains and embalmed thoughts, over opinions that their owners can no longer defend, over genius that can throb no longer with vital fire, over lips that the "coal from the altar" can touch no more into withering eloquence. Reverence and delicacy of touch are needed, if ever needed anywhere, at such an inquest; yet, strangely enough, the dissectors think only of proving the sharpness of their own knives, the precision of their own guesswork, the skill of their own incisions, and if they have predicted the canker of a disease, only triumph in finding their prediction right, and exultingly hold up to light the cruel blotch on the otherwise fair and noble frame. At the inquest

every raw, rough student tries his new probe, and shows off his new knowledge, careless how he mangles the powerless limbs; after the inquest the dead lie unburied, unpalled, and every daw comes to peck, and every carrion-bird to feed! Such an inquest has been lately held in a good many places upon Porson—in each the unfortunate propensity (so singular in its intensity that, originated in disease, it may plead to have clearly raged beyond his own control) is ruthlessly dwelt upon in painful detail, and every reminiscence of his unhappy vice raked up and retailed without mercy to the great intellect it clouded and the great character it marred; that the man was superior to his fellows, is only a reason why his fault must never slumber with him, why the one misshapen limb must never be covered with the pall of pity and oblivion. With similar acrimony men delight in pointing the finger at Fox and Sheridan at the faro-table and in the sponging-house; their indiscretions are cited twice as often, ten times more fully than any one of their brilliant talents, their noble traits, their lovable qualities; the one flaw in the diamond is seized on eagerly, and the critical lapidaries vie in running down the value of its otherwise perfect water.

Does the world in general rejoice that there is no marble so stainless but what it has a dark vein somewhere crossing its gleaming whiteness, no ray of light so brilliant but what it brings some shadow with it? One would think so, for the vein may be as infinitesimal, the shadow as faint as may be, but the Praxitelean beauty of the statue, the noontide radiance of the light, are passed over, and the one stain is seized on, the one shade remembered. Because he can find an error in the shoe, the shoemaker always thinks himself qualified to judge the painting; and the graciousness of Apelles has rarely any other effect than to foster the cobbler's presumption. The *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, however trite, is always a golden motto, but it is one which falls heedlessly on the tribe who might benefit by it: the cobblers will criticise and the Chettles will write, and Apelles and Shakspeare are judged, with the mass of their own contemporaries at the least, by their judgments.

There is a certain lack of veneration perceptible now-a-days in much that is written and said. If the shoe-tie in the artist's picture be out of drawing, all his greatness and his genius fail to hallow the picture sufficiently to prevent the common herd from crowding in to try it by their little inch measures. Smaller minds have at all times and in all ages delighted in earping at and picking flaws in greater ones. Scaliger could only see in Montaigne "an ignorant hardi," and the Père Daniel, passing over the wit and humour, truth and talent of the Provincial Letters, triumphed in discovering a few "chicanes minutieuses," and glugged over some little trifling inelegancies and tautologies, the sole perceivable fault in a brilliant and world-famous whole. The ignorant so often fancy the best proof of their own wisdom lies in condemning and depreciating the wisdom of others! Will not a Cockney connoisseur attack, pooh-pooh, and run down the beauties of an antique before which Flaxman or Canova would have stood in delighted admiration? ("Ho veduto il Tintoretto ora eguale a Titiano, ora minore del Tintoretto," said Caraccio. Caraccio was, at least, just, if severe and satirical; but I don't doubt that the smaller swarm of pretentious dilettanti were delighted to make use of his words and stretch them to a very different sense, ignored the ninety-nine



times Tintoret had rivalled Titian, and exultingly dwelt on the hundredth, when he had not equalled himself.) There seems a great deal of this Cockney connoisseurship about amongst us just now, and while much that is weak and mediocre is permitted to pass current (by a rule directly contrary, by-the-by, to the elder Disraeli's, which wisely decrees that mere industry can produce a faultless *mediocrity*, but Excellence, the daring and the happy, can only be procured by stars exceptional, who *must* wander at their own will and in their own paths), great men and great works, requiring the utmost delicacy of discrimination and reverence of touch, are dealt with and dismissed, shallowly and summarily, by men who fancy they have fathomed the ocean when they have dropped into it a plummet that would barely reach to the bottom of a pailful of spring water. "Il est aisé de critiquer, mais il est difficile d'apprécier," says Vauvenargues. And he is right: an ordinary man can point out at a cursory glance the errors and short-comings in a new project or a new invention; it needs the eye and brain of a man of intellect to embrace its utility, its value, and its promise; yet the one will pronounce sentence unhesitatingly, the other will stay to study fully before daring to give judgment. To criticise, gratifies the vanity inherent to human nature, and the love of petty power so often inherent to it too; to appreciate, needs a reverential humility *not* so pleasant to men's amour-propre; and the shallow hypercriticism, which seems to me a rather favourite indulgence of the day, is best explained perhaps, after all, by another of Luc de Clapier's sayings: "Nous méprisons beaucoup de choses pour ne pas nous mépriser nous-mêmes!"

There is an odd lack of reverence for the great who have gone before very perceptible, from the vandalism such as swept away Gore House, with all its brilliant memories and hallowed Lares, before the scourge of that prosaic but ruthless Attila—Stucco—to the Chettle-like criticism which à son gré bedaubs with whitewash or begrimes with lamp-black a man's memory or writings, as Mr. Malone plastered the Johnson-Shakespeare bust. The Florentines might go too wide in *their* reverence when they marked the door of each house where a person of any eminence had died with his name—possibly the streets looked ludicrous, and the honour grew cheap in time; but *we* go as wide the other way, and too often only mark the closed door of a past life, as officiously and pestilentially as, according to chronicles, the devil marked the doors of the good Milanese with his plague-salve, to the ruin of their city, in 1630. When the lion lies dead, the asses can borrow his skin, and the jackals can rifle his lair, and the mosquitoes can sting his wounds with impunity. There is an odd lack of reverence in many men and many writings of the present day; the majority of young writers have little or no veneration for the men who have gone before them, whose thoughts have moulded their thoughts, whose intellects have formed their intellects, whose eagle-flights have first incited them to try the strength of their own unfledged pinions. Boys of five-and-twenty dip their pens in flippant criticism of those whom they would do better reverently to study; and young fellows, barely free from coaches' lectures and proctors' reprimands, attack Macaulay's style, and treat Byron's pretensions with magnificent contempt. "Monsieur, je n'ai jamais vu un homme qui prêchât à la fois si tôt et si tard," said Voiture to the child Bossuet, when he preached, at fourteen, to a midnight

gathering of the wits and philosophers who met in the glittering salons of Rambouillet. We have plenty now who preach almost as early, with Bossuet's temerity—but, alas! not with Bossuet's talent to leaven it—to men as much their seniors and superiors as Voiture was his. *Toutes les grandes âmes ont beaucoup de vénération.*" I do not believe there was ever a great mind *without* veneration: we should feel sure, even did we not read, how Trajan the pupil revered Plutarch the tutor; how Alcibiades revered his master in the days of youth, before the Sacred Ship had come from Delos, and the roses of the fatal bauquets bloomed. We know that Milton is certain to have read his Spenser fondly and admiringly, strolling through the Christ Church meadows in the summer noons, and to have bowed his head, reverently uncovering its long silky chesnut locks, before the man imprisoned, for the one giant sin of Truth, in the dungeons at Florence—who would dream of *his* having taken the "Faerie Queene," only to pen a pert critique upon it? visited Galileo, only to sketch his theories and dismiss them in a supercilious superficial paper? But there is very little of this sort of reverence left abroad with us; those who cannot chip a letter on a common tombstone, consider themselves fully competent to sit in judgment on the Belvedere or the Laocoon; and fools rush in, every day of their lives, where angels—Anglicè, wise men—fear to tread a step!

The individual flippancy, irreverence, or impertinence, is innocuous, and matters little, but in the aggregate it becomes offensive and painful: the lion lies dead, and the stings cannot harm him; but one longs for a switch to drive away the mosquito-swarms that cannot respect him even in the sanctity of death. "What was Hermion? A wild, handsome young aristocrat, stuffed full of that passionate egotism and inordinate love of approbation which is the bane of many second-rate, of a few even first-rate, geniuses. . . . Whipped on one cheek, caressed on the other, and maddened by all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, this poet, this demi-god, who lived not long enough to know himself a fool, ay, and somewhat of a villain to boot, was discovered, after his death, to be both!" Thus is Byron, disguised (for shame's sake?) under the nom de fantaisie of Hermion, treated of in one of the literary ephemera of the hour, in some so-called "Studies from Life," by a lady-writer, very popular, I believe, with lady-readers, and one of the leaders of the feminine squadron of that "safe and healthy" corps I reverted to last month. "A selfish, conceited, parsimonious, narrow-minded, vacillating, irritable fop; yet," she goes on kindly to add, with amiable condescension, "not void of some redeemable qualities, and an undoubtedly great poet, for poets are but men;" but calculated, she considers, to "create a belief that all poets are weak, puppyish, and egotistical, because this one poet was so." So is Byron treated of, and dismissed! Ah me! we need not trouble ourselves about it; the little mauve-bound Mudic-circulated volume will have dropped into the Fountain of Oblivion, and be left to moulder there, while eyes will glisten and hearts throb over Childe Harold and the Isles of Greece through many an unborn generation. Still, there is at once something inexpressibly ludicrous, and as inexpressibly painful, in this shallow, superficial, vituperative judgment, so good a sample of such scores of judgments that pass current through and with the world. A woman, who can in no way

comprehend his life, whom the temptations that beset him can never touch, whose pulses can never beat with the molten fire that throbbled in his, and throb in those of men of like passions with him, yet ventures to sit in inquest on him, and passes her verdict of "villain and fool" unhesitatingly! The bitter wrongs of Byron's life need no comment, one knows them but too well; from the scurrilous lash of venomous reviewers, from the faithless heats and chills of public adoration and public detestation, from the wife who was to him like ice to fire, from the nation who insulted his coffin with prurient pharisaism,—one knows them all only too well, but it is sad to see him still written of shallowly, irreverentially, spitefully. When the eagle has so long dropped down in his flight, when it is so long since the death-film came over the eyes that used to look up at the sunlight, one would think the flies might have ceased their feast and hushed their buzz. "I will try and sleep now," were the last words at Missolonghi. God help him! the irreverent clatter above his tomb would break that slumber, and wake him, if it could, to wound him yet afresh.

There is something, as I say, strangely ludicrous yet strangely painful in the way with which this lady author dips her pen in anathema and presumes to judge, scoring him off coolly and nonchalantly as fop and puppy, villain and fool! She can know so much of that passionate, sensitive, fiery, generous heart (to none so great an enigma as to himself), that beat with such hot love and shrank under such cruel chills, that was scorched with such bitter tears and worn with such weary yearning for rest and tenderness never found—never, even in the last hour, when strangers and hirelings tended his death-bed;—she can understand so much of its conflicts, its temptations, its bitterness of grief, its delirium of joy, its warring passions, its gifted genius, whose very contrarities urged him at one hour to the mad revelry of the bacchanalia, at another to the sanctified and voiceless prayer of mountain solitudes—she can know so much of them! Yet, unhesitatingly, irreverently, she tries him at her little tribunal, and passes her little blackening verdict without pause! The flies cannot harm the dead lion; the cobbler could not harm Apelles; Chettle could not harm Shakspeare; still, one would fain, as I say, take a switch and drive the whole insect swarm away.

This sort of inquests and verdicts is, unhappily, prevalent and popular just now, and the ruder the student who chances to use the dissecting-knife, the more ruthlessly is the corpse mangled, the more completely is the sanctity of death forgotten and insulted in the exultant display of his new-learnt skill and clap-trap technicalities. It is so easy to cut and slash, and show off a little common-place, catchpenny science; but how difficult to know how the sensitive nerves, now numbed, may have quivered; the throbbing brain, now powerless, have planned; the disease, whose stain they track and canker they point out, have first crept in! At such inquests there is never remembered all that most needs remembrance; they invariably forget, above all, how surely must predominance of intellect be accompanied by increased susceptibility—a susceptibility that the mass of minds cannot for a moment feel with, or judge. A common coil of wire will not respond to a tornado: finely stretched and strung it trembles to every sigh of the passing breeze!

The common taste has no love for those whom genius has marked out

from amongst them, and it delights in pouncing upon any blemish which it thinks may draw them nearer to the common level: it loves to point out Hoffman heading his Bedlam jubilee with riotous revel, to hold up to Lynch law every irregularity of Shelley's life of love, to mourn over De Quincey's surrender of intellect and time to the dreamy delights of the nicotine; it has no eye, or ear, or power to know and reverence all that was greater, tenderer, holier, most hidden, least fathomable, in the minds and the lives of each. It can string up Goethe à la lanterne for his amours with Christiana or Miuna Herzlieb; what can it know of him in his best moments penning the wisdom of the Wanderjahr, or listening "to the beautiful things the vines said" to him? To discern and venerate may be the pleasure of the few, but to level and condemn will ever be the pet pastime of the many. A poet listens to the lark, and thanks it for its hymn, watching it wing its heavenward flight; a cow-boy only sees a little plain brown bird that spoils the corn, and flings a stone to bring it to the ground. The world has little gratitude or sympathy for those whose diviner songs fill it with music, and touch it, for a time at least, into something better than the hard, material, selfish stir and toil of its ordinary life; it has no sympathy with the exceptional nature that urges such to unfollowed flights, and makes them tear their breasts against the bars of cages where other birds might dwell contented; but like the cow-boy by the lark, it is deaf to the God-given melody, and only registers the little trifling daily short-comings, the few grains of wheat wasted, or the single sod of turf spoiled!

It has always been so, it probably always will, for to one Apelles there are a hundred cobblers in every city, and their inch-measures are the popular gauge of length, and breadth, and worth. "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him, just to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face," says one whose sins are generally considered to lie on the side of cynicism and scepticism rather than of like weaknesses; but there is very little of this species of reverential love to be found in the world, where groat worths of wit pass current as irreproachable ton weights of wisdom, and the one trifling flaw in the diamond outweighs all its carats of value. If side by side with the pure gold there run a vein of the darker quartz, if on the spotless leaves of the lily there be flung a single stain from the common earth where it blooms, are we to decree the metal valueless, the flower impure; only take up the alloy, only point out the soil? Surely not; yet this is what we see done literally and mercilessly, with exultant opticism, only too often with the precious coinage of a brain, and the sensitive leaves of a life, when both have become the prey of public espionage, simply from both having been marked out and lifted up from the common mass as belonging to a Man of Genius.

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

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

## ABOUT PORTRAITS AND PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

## II.

GOETHE says—or at least makes his diary-keeping Otilie say—that of the various memorials and tokens which bring nearer to us the distant and the separated, none is so satisfactory as a picture. That to sit and talk to a beloved picture, even though it be unlike, has a charm in it, like the charm which there sometimes is in quarrelling with a friend: we feel in a strange sweet way, that we are divided and yet cannot separate.\*

Even though unlike;—for as an English singer apostrophises a portrait by Comerford,

Unjust to Nature, though not all untrue,  
 A skilful hand these cherish'd features drew;  
 The general lines with faithful touch it gave,  
 And so secured some triumph o'er the grave.†

Still, the likeness is a material element in the value. Boswell once asked Dr. Johnson which he preferred, fine portraits, or those of which the merit is resemblance. "Sir," replied the sage, "their chief excellence is being like." Whereupon Mr. Boswell would fain know whether his oracle was of that opinion as to the portraits of ancestors, whom one has never seen? "Sir," responds the oracle, "it then becomes of more consequence that they should be like;" adding that he would have them in the dress of the period, which makes a piece of history. "One should like," for instance, said he—being in the Hebrides at the time—"to see how Rorie More looked. Truth, sir, is of the greatest value in these things." To which Mr. Macqueen was pleased to add an "observe"—the same Rev. Donald, minister of Kilmuir, in Skye, with whom Johnson had a war of words anent Ossian—that if you think it of no consequence whether portraits are like, if they are but well painted, you may be indifferent whether a piece of history is true or not, if well told.‡

The short-comings of portrait-painting in this one capital regard, are discussed by North and the Shepherd at one of their Ambrosial repasts. Were a picture perfectly like one's deceased friend—no shade of expression, however slight, that was his, wanting—none there, however slight, that belonged not to the face that has utterly faded away—then might a picture, Christopher is about to say,—but what he is about to say is lost in the Shepherd's Doric eruption, irruption, or interruption, which runs thus: "But then that's never the case, sir. There's aye something wrang, either about the mouth, or the een, or the nose—or, what's warst o' a, you canna fin' faut wi' ony o' the features for no bein' like; and yet the painter, frae no kennin the delichtfu' character o' her or him that was

\* Wahlverwandtschaften, II. c. ii.

† Poems by Edward Quillinan.

‡ Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.

sittin till him, leaves out o' the face the entire speerit—or aiblins, that the portrait may na be deficient in expression, he pits in a sharp clever look, like that o' a blue-stocking, into saft, dewy, divine een, swimmin wi' sowl,"\* &c. Where there is any such massacre of the innocencies of native expression, a post-mortem examination of the counterfeit presentment can hardly be solacing to the wistful survivor.

And yet again, a likeness may be *too* like to bear survey, on the part of some exceptionally sensitive natures. We find Mr. Cruchley telling Fanny Burney that he, for one, could never endure to have the picture of any one he loved, as, in case of their death or absence, he should go distracted by looking at it.†

It is just in regard of death or absence, however, that a portrait becomes so valuable a possession in the eyes of mankind at large. Pathetic have been the laments of survivors that no portrait was taken of the darling that is lost, ere the loss was impending or foreseen. The father and mother of four—of whom one is taken, three are left—can rejoice in the picture of the three, “yonder on that wall displayed,” one gentle girl, and of boys a joeund pair—

But that loved one, who has left  
Us of so much joy bereft,  
Whom our yearning hearts require,  
Whom our aching eyes desire,  
We, alas! have not of him  
Even this poor memorial dim.  
Oh unhappy chance! the three  
Whom around us still we see,  
That do with their presence bright  
Ever make us pure delight,  
Whom at any hour we may—  
Every hour of every day—  
To our bosoms fold and press,  
Visions of delight that bless  
Daily our glad eyes, and still  
With their living voices fill  
Full of joyfulness our bowers,  
Triad sweet, that still are ours;  
We may on their portraits feed,  
In this richer than we need,  
Hardly needing these, the while  
They themselves upon us smile.  
But that loved one, loved and lost,  
Who has left our life's bleak coast,  
After whom our eyes we strain,  
Whom we listen for in vain,  
For he comes, he comes not back,  
Well-a-day! of him we lack  
Rudest effort that should trace  
The dear features of his face;  
Which if it had truly caught,  
Though by artless limner wrought,  
It had still been in our eyes  
Dearer relie, costlier prize,

\* Noctes Ambrosiang, May, 1829.

† Diary of Madame d'Arblay, vol. ii.

Than great work of master's hand,  
By far-famed artist planned,  
Looking calmly from the wall  
Of some old ancestral hall.\*

Hence, in the instance of those who have died and left no sign, no counterfeit presentment of themselves, on canvas or cardboard,—hence the price set by survivors on approximate likenesses of them, by chance resembling them, though drawn from and meant for others. Hence, for example, the eagerness with which Southey—not only the best of sons, best of husbands, and best of fathers, but also the best of nephews—traced out a close likeness to his uncle Hill, in Holbein's portrait of Sir Thomas More. Southey dedicated his Colloquies on the Progress of Society "to the Memory of the Reverend Herbert Hill"—and prefixed his Portrait to that work. Whose Portrait? It was Sir Thomas More's in reality; but it did duty for the good old rector of Streatham, then lately deceased. "Prefixing here," thus run Southey's affectionate lines *in memoriam*, "Thy perfect lineaments, two centuries Before thy birth by Holbein's happy hand Prefigured thus. It is the portraiture of More, the mild, the learned, and the good," such as he was when Erasmus loved him, and ere yet a director of persecution,—such as he was in his best and happiest time. Gratefully, then, did Robert the Rhymer recognise in Holbein's picture the very features and expression of his own mother's brother, to whose love his past life had been indebted for sunshine in more than one shady place.

It would have been a grief for me to think  
The features, which so perfectly expressed  
That excellent mind, should irreticvably  
From earth have passed away, existing now  
Only in some few faithful memories  
Insoul'd, and not by any limner's skill  
To be embodied thence. A blessing, then,  
On him, in whose prophetic counterfeit  
Preserved, the children now, who were the crown  
Of his old age, may see their father's face,  
Here to the very life portrayed.†

How Madame de Sévigné, in her daughter's absence, dotes and gloats on the precious picture of that cherished idol! The most lovable thing in the world, she protests, is a well-painted portrait. *La plus aimable chose du monde est un portrait bien fait*. There is hardly a thing she can refuse to that *plus beau de tous les prélats*, the handsome and winsome Abbé de Grignan; but when Monsieur l'Abbé goes the length of begging the loan of the younger lady's portrait, to show it to a dame of taste and title, Madame says No with a will—says it without hesitation, or remorse, or condition, or any such thing—says No with all her maternal might and main—if need were would say it a thousand times, *mille fois Non*, but that once for all is sufficient, in such a tone and with such a look. It is not the first time she has said No to a similar request; nor is the *bel Abbé* the highest Person of Quality, by any means, against whom she has launched that peremptory negative. The Great Made-

\* Elegiac Poems (Anonymous). Moxon, 1843.

† Southey's Poetical Works, Inscriptions, xlv.

moiselle herself had made the same application, and met with the same point-blank refusal.

But let us hear Madame's own version of the affair. "Hier au soir je dis adieu au plus beau de tous les prélats; il me pria de lui prêter mon portrait, c'est-à-dire le vôtre, pour le porter chez madame de Fontevrault; je le refusai *rabutinément*, et lui dis que je l'avois refusé à MADEMOISELLE: et en même temps je le portai moi-même dans une petite chambre, où il fut placé et reçu avec tendresse et envie de me plaire: je suis sûre qu'on ne l'en tirera pas; on sait trop bien ce que c'est pour moi que cette charmante peinture; et si on vient le demander ici, on dira que je l'ai emporté: M. de Coulanges vous apprendra où il est. M. de Pomponne le voulut voir l'autre jour; il lui parlait, et croyait que vous deviez répondre, et qu'il y avait de la gloire\* à votre fait: votre absence a augmenté la ressemblance; et ce n'est pas ce qui m'a le moins coûté à quitter."† Depend upon it there was a scene in that *petite chambre*, on the occasion of taking leave of the portrait, when Madame quitted Paris for the provinces, with her two outriders, as she tells its fair original, and in her heavy-going coach and six.

Richardson's portrait of Lord Bolingbroke elicited a note of thanks from their common friend and admirer, Alexander Pope. "It is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend"—(the poet had just before been inviting the painter to come to Twickenham, and sketch his poor dead mother, then awaiting interment)—"another friend, so much the same! and which (alas for mortality!) will outlast the other. Posterity will, through your means, see the man whom it will for ages honour, vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more."‡

Mrs. Browning opens her principal poem with a simile,

As when you paint your portrait for a friend,  
Who keeps it in a drawer, and looks at it  
Long after he has ceased to love you, just  
To hold together what he was and is.§

One is reminded of such a passage by what Moore tells us of Byron's "romantic design," at one-and-twenty, of collecting together the portraits of his school-friends. There is a letter of Byron's extant, to one of these Harrow chums of his, Mr. Harness, in which the scheme, and its partial accomplishment, are set forth. "I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart, I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate schoolfellows; I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. . . . It will be a tax on your patience for a week; but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough; but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and to contemplate, in the resemblance of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions."||

\* *Gloire* seems to be here used in the sense of *orgueil*.

† Lettres de Madame de Sévigné, 9th Sept., 1675.

‡ Pope to Richardson, 1733.

§ Aurora Leigh.

|| Lord Byron to Mr. Harness, March 18, 1809.



From the Byronic standpoint there must surely be a deal more of pain than pleasure in these retrospective reviews.

But pleasure there is, of no mean order, to every gentle (even though unpoetical) lover of his kind, in the present possession, and ever-present inspection, of an honest friend's honest face over the chimney-piece. To Francis Horner, toiling and moiling in his dusty solitude in the Temple, a veritable likeness of Webb Seymour's placid phiz, is at once a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. "By this time," writes the lonely Templar to his friend, "I have no doubt Henning has put your physiognomy upon paper, if not into wax. You will take care to let me have the best of the drawings he makes of you, and as soon as he will part with it. Your company over the chimney-piece here will assist me in dreaming of the rest; and your countenance will remind me of many valuable discussions, and wholesome advices."\* A year or two later we read the result. "The drawing [by Henning] is placed at length upon my wall, and gives me a shadow of company at breakfast, by recalling many of the most valuable hours of my life, and bringing upon me, by its associations, that temper of mind in which I am both calmer and more aspiring than at any other moment."†

Happy, then, because so happy-making, by the evidence alike of prose-men and poets, is the art, or rather the gifted artist,

—to whom, as to a second self,  
Nature, or Nature's next of kin, the Elf,  
Hight Genius, hath dispensed the happy skill  
To cheer or soothe the parting friend's alas!  
Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass,  
That makes the absent present at our will;  
And to the shadowing of his pencil gives  
Such seeming substance, that it almost lives.‡

La Fontaine glances at but a small section of the circle embraced by this Art, when he, characteristically, records the solace it can furnish to separated lovers. Painting personified is the speaker—*c'est la Peinture qui parle*—in this bit of self-glorifying æsthetics:

Dans les maux de l'absence on cherche mon secours :  
Je console un amant privé de ses amours,  
Chacun par mon moyen possède sa cruelle.  
Si vous avez jamais adoré quelque belle  
(Et je n'en doute point, les sages out aimé),  
Vous savez ce que peut un portrait animé :  
Dans les cœurs les plus froids il entretient des flammes.§

Rogers sounds the same chord, with a difference, when his Pleasures of Memory include the reminder

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :  
We gaze on every feature till it lives !  
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid ;  
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !||

\* Francis Horner to Lord Webb Seymour, Nov. 30, 1805.

† Idem, July 6, 1807.

‡ S. T. Coleridge : "To the young artist, Kayser of Kayserwerth."

§ *Songe de Vaux*, iv.

|| *The Pleasures of Memory*, part i.

And more elaborately and comprehensively does the author of that other set of Pleasures—those of Hope—standing in relation to Memory as *à parte ante* to *à parte post*,—more fully and forcibly does Thomas Campbell sing the praises of Painting, and her power of producing the sacred image of a friend. All is not lost while that sweet memorial remains.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid  
A treasure to my soul has given,  
Where beauty's canonised shade  
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

Fervid, therefore, is the minstrel's benediction on an art which can give us back the dead, even in the loveliest looks they wore;—which can, to adapt De Quincey's language, restore to us those blessed household countenances, cleansed from the dishonours of the grave.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,  
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems!  
Whose tablet of a thousand hues  
The mirror of creation seems.  
From Love began thy high descent;  
And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,  
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent;  
And call thee brightest of the Nine!\*

The well-graced portrait of even one Unknown, may exercise a potent influence over impressionable natures. In the Confessions of an English Opium-eater is recorded the writer's vivid remembrance, after a lapse of some twenty years, of the spell wrought on his feelings in boyhood, by a picture that hung in his sleeping-room at the school from which he took such an abrupt and eventful fitting. He could see, while he wrote, as if it were but yesterday, the lineaments and expressions of the object on which he fixed his parting gaze—viz. the picture of a lovely lady, which hung over the mantelpiece; the eyes and mouth of which, he says, were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with divine tranquillity, that he had a thousand times laid down his pen, or his book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. The portrait was alleged to be a copy from Vandyke, of a now unknown lady, who had, however, been a "special benefactress" to one of the colleges at Oxford. "She was also a special benefactress to me, through eighteen months, by means of her sweet Madonna countenance." And in some degree it served to spiritualise and hallow this service, as De Quincey further remarks,† that of her who unconsciously rendered it he knew neither the name, nor the exact rank or age, nor the place where she lived and died. She was parted from him by perhaps two centuries; he from her by the gulf of eternity.

In a not unlike mood it is that Wordsworth describes his musings on a portrait, not, however, of a fair incognita, but of one well known and personally endeared. Beguiled into forgetfulness of care due to the day's unfinished task—of pen or book regardless, and of that fair scene "in

\* Campbell, Stanzas to Painting.

† Confessions of an English Opium-eater, edit. 1856.

Nature's prodigality displayed" before his window,—oftentimes and long, he of Rydal tells us,

I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam  
Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,  
Or seems to charm it, into still repose;  
Whose silence, for the pleasur of the ear,  
Surpasses sweetest music.

In virtue of that portrait alone, and of its suggestive power—its re-creation of the past, and restoration of the absent, and perpetuation of the evanescent—might ample warrant be found for the poet's affirmative query, "Is not then the Art godlike, a humble branch of the divine, in visible quest of immortality, stretched forth with trembling hope?"—and for a fervid benison on the

Art divine,  
That both creates and fixes, in despite  
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.\*

But of all benisons of this kind, of all benedictions in this key, with which English poetry has hailed the portrait-painter, there is none, probably, that speaks so home to the common heart, as that by Cowper, in the familiar instance (familiar in all our mouths as household words—for a household word it is, in itself,) of his Mother's Picture. He was in his fifty-ninth year when the Gift of his Cousin, Ann Bodham, elicited so tender and ever-memorable a welcome. "I am delighted," he writes to Lady Hesketh, "with Mrs. Bodham's kindness in giving me the only picture of my mother that is to be found, I suppose, in all the world. I had rather possess it than the richest jewel in the British crown, for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated."† And to the donor, Ann Bodham herself, the grateful recipient writes on the day after: "The world could not have furnished me with a present so acceptable. . . . I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits something akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy."‡ O that those lips had language! Life had passed but roughly with him since he kissed them last. The lips he recognises as hers—her own sweet smile he sees, the same that often in childhood had solaced him: voice alone is wanting—else how distinct their utterance, "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!" Then comes the familiar benison, of which we spake—none the less earnest or impressive for being placed within a parenthesis—

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

\* Wordsworth, Lines on a Portrait by F. Stone.

† Cowper to Lady Hesketh, Feb. 26, 1790.

‡ Cowper to Mrs. Bodham, Feb. 27, 1790.

The value attached, in after years, to any such "faithful remembrancer of one so dear," should have, and, no doubt, has its weight, in bearing down the scruples of those who object, in a general way, or for particular reasons, to sit for their portrait, as the phrase goes. Happily for the portrait-painting profession—to say nothing of surviving connexions—the absolute refusal to sit is a comparatively rare occurrence. Mock-modesty, that declines at first, in the style of a young lady's No (conventionally speaking), and then, without any very urgent application of the screw, is rendered all compliance, and assumes a studied attitude forthwith,—this sort of thing is an every-day matter. But the modesty that really shirks the process, and that will not come to terms on any condition, but is flatly determined to die and leave the world no copy,—this is rarity enough to breed wonder in the many, and sometimes sneering unbelief as well. Modesty, pure and simple, may not be the whole and sole motive for refusal; but be the motive what it may, it is sure to meet with rather hard measure from the less scrupulous. People who have sat, will always be in a goodly majority, and inclined as such to be a little intolerant of the crotchety few, the few and far between, who can't be made to sit, bully them as much as you will.

Doctor Johnson once inquired of Bennett Langton if his father and mother had sat for their pictures, which he thought it right for each generation of a family to do; and being told they had opposed it, he said, "Sir, among the anfractuosities of the human mind, I know not if it may not be one, that there is a superstitious reluctance to sit for a picture."\* If reluctant people could be frightened into compliance by hard words, it might suffice to use against them a single piece of ordnance such as anfractuosity, which, if discharged in Johnsonian emphasis, *ore rotundo*, in all its hexasyllabic plenipotence, ought surely and speedily to tell, if anything of the sort can.

Unquestionably the bore is a prodigious one, of sitting to be taken.

—Must you have my Picture?

You will enjoin me to a strange punishment,

complains one of John Webster's† characters. When Sheridan was asked, during his last illness, by his medical attendants, who feared they might have to perform an operation upon him, whether he had ever undergone one, "Never," he replied, "except when sitting for my picture."‡ Sir Walter Scott, after sitting, all in one year, to Newton, at Lockhart's request, to Leslie, at Mr. Ticknor's, to Wilkie, for his picture of George IV. arriving at Holyrood House, and to some one besides—had to resume his seat to Mr. Knight, at the request of Terry; and thus chronicles the sensation, after so much sessional practice: "I am as tired of the operation as old Maida [his dog], who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes."§ *Mr. Punch*

\* Johnsoniana, collected by Mr. Langton.

† The Devil's Law Case.

‡ He is said to have added, "Or having my hair cut."—Table-talk of Samuel Rogers.

§ Diary of Sir Walter Scott, Jan. 7, 1826.

advises his son that if there be a plague upon earth, it is the plague of sitting under a continual struggle to call into your face, and keep there, your prettiest and most amiable look, until duly fastened by pigments, upon wainscot or canvas.\* Horace Smith puts on record the unique manner of our Merry Monarch's sitting, at Bruges, to Gerhard Douw—ensconcing himself cozily in a chair, while the newly-introduced artist proceeded very leisurely to handle his brush, and then asking him, of a sudden, how long it would be before the head was finished. The artist hoped, if his Majesty sat every day, to complete it in a month. "A month!" exclaimed Charles, in disgust. "Ods-fish, man! it is more than my head is worth: so you may even paint the rest from memory or imagination." With which deliverance, as the story goes, he bounced out of the chair, and ran out of the room, leaving the astounded painter staring at the doorway through which he had vanished. Mynheer's first astonishment is further said, however, to have been dissipated by a pinch of snuff—after which he took the royal hint *in memoriam*, carried the canvas home, and in rather more than a month completed "from memory" a very successful portrait.†

Mr. Pepys was anything but indisposed to sit for his portrait, but even he found the required posture-making almost too much for him. "This day I began to sit [to Hales], and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by."‡ Pepys panting in a *pose not plastique*—le pauvre homme!

And yet, given an intelligent artist, of genial and social temperament, the infliction has been found endurable enough, and the time not so leaden-footed after all. Southey, who hated London, was fain to own that he had spent some golden hours there—and among these he includes the time bestowed on the great sculptor of the day—thanks to the pleasant converse of Sir Francis himself, backed by Allan Cunningham and Grosvenor Bedford, who, the one officially, the other *suâ sponte*, assisted at the séances.

They were not leaden-footed while the clay  
Beneath the patient touch of Chantrey's hand  
Grew to the semblance of my lineaments.  
Lit up in memory's landscape, like green spots  
Of sunshine, are the mornings, when in talk  
With him, and thee, and Bedford (my true friend  
Of forty years), I saw the work proceed,  
Subject the while myself to no restraint

(such as that, *par parenthèse*, and *par exemple*, which gave poor Pepys a crick in the neck),

But pleasurably in frank discourse engaged:  
Pleased, too, and with no unbecoming pride  
To think this countenance, such as it is,  
So oft by rascally mislikeness wrong'd,

\* Punch's Letters to his Son, No. XXI.

† See Chapter the Tenth of "Irambletye House."

‡ Diary of Samuel Pepys, March 17, 1666.

Should faithfully to those who in his works  
Have seen the inner man portray'd, be shown,  
And in enduring marble should partake  
Of our great sculptor's immortality.\*

For Southey had no objection to sit for a good likeness: all that he objected to was the being libelled and mislikened by incompetent practitioners. Their misresemblances of him comprised, as he tells honest Allan, such an array of villanous visages, that if among them all there were but one which as a likeness could be proved upon him, it were enough to make him, in mere shame, take up an alias, and forswear himself. In one of these libels, for instance, he figured as a dainty gentleman, with sleepy eyes half closed, and an utterly expressionless countenance, sawney, simpering, and sentimental. In another, as a jovial landlord, with a swollen and red suffusion in the boozey eyes, all glazed and dim with drink. In a third, as a demure evangelical, "dull by formation, by complexion sad; by bile, opinions, and dyspepsy sour." In another, as Sir Smug, with visage of cold propriety. Then again as a Jew—and one on trial at the Old Bailey, charged with dealing in base coin, and, by his look, safe to be convicted. Once more, as a mere nobody, or anybody, with

A face which might be just as like Tom Fool's,  
Or John, or Richard Any-body-else's,

the original of which is conjectured to have been an advertising barber, or perchance his block. If only, then, to repudiate and cancel such calumnies as these, Southey was glad to sit to a true man for a true portrait. But even without any such extra inducement, he seems to have been utterly free from the "anfractuosity" which makes some men so loth to sit.

Charles Lamb had one of these anfractuons idiosyncrasies. True, he sent Coleridge his portrait once; but then that portrait had been taken "on the sly"—by stratagem—while he was thinking of other things, and looking another way. In the letter which accompanied this sketch of himself—not a flattering one, by the way—he writes to S. T. C.: "If I know myself, nobody more detests the display of personal vanity, which is implied in the act of sitting for one's picture, than myself. But the fact is, that the likeness which accompanies this letter was stolen from my person at one of my unguarded moments by some too partial artist, and my friends are pleased to think that he has not much flattered me. Whatever its merits may be, you, who have so great an interest in the original, will have a satisfaction in tracing the features of one who has so long esteemed you. There are times when in a friend's absence these graphic representations of him almost seem to bring back the man himself."† This consideration would have availed, no doubt, with just a decent modicum of coaxing, to seduce Lamb into a seat—despite his quite sincere detestation of the "display of personal vanity" which that sedentary habit might imply.

Hartley Coleridge, on the other hand, attacks the imputation of vanity—especially in the case of plain-looking, insignificant people who choose

\* Southey, Epistle to Allan Cunningham, 1828.

† Lamb to Coleridge, June 1, 1826.

to sit for their portraits; as if, forsooth, says their apologist, anybody was insignificant by his fireside, or as if we could have no affection for our friends' visages or our own, without fancying them handsome. The philosopher, he maintains, will not despise the meanest sketch, profile, or outline, that presents a human face; and will smile benignantly at the veriest daub that ever stared from the smoky walls of a club-room—if it represent an honest man, for he cannot but know that there are, or have been, some of his fellow-creatures to whom it was dear. "Were the *Jus imaginum* limited, as at Rome, to the great and noble, not only would many worthy citizens, limners, oilmen, colourmen, dealers in canvas, &c., be deprived of their bread, but a vast store of innocent pleasure would be lost to good people; and what is worse, our hearts would miss many profitable hints and salutary influences. We are all too apt to forget the absent and the dead, and yet, did we keep them in our thoughts, from how much evil would they preserve us! . . . Who, with his father's picture looking from his walls, would disobey that father's parting charge?"\*

It is alleged by Mr. Hawthorne that nothing, in the whole circle of human vanities, takes stronger hold of the imagination, than this affair of having a portrait painted. Yet why should it be so? he asks: the looking-glass, the polished globes of the andirons, the mirror-like water, and other reflecting surfaces, continually present us with portraits, or rather ghosts of ourselves, which we glance at, and straightway forget them. But we forget them, he argues, only because they vanish. It is, by his theory, the idea of duration—of earthly immortality—that gives such a mysterious interest to our own portraits.† The theory, if good for anything, might account for what Dr. Johnson called that superstitious reluctance which, as we have seen, he characterised in an overwhelming word of six syllables.

Superstitious or not, the reluctance is a fact for the philosophers who may please to debate its ways and means. Various men, various motives. Plotinus refused to permit his picture to be taken, because‡ it would unduly perpetuate the image of a body he deplored. Magliabechi, partly from want of time, and partly (says an ecclesiastical essayist) from the consciousness that an accurate likeness of him would be a caricature on humanity at large, would never allow his portrait to be taken; though what the pencil was not permitted to do, the pens of his acquaintances have so attempted, that he would have judged better in allowing the painter to do his worst.§ Readers of Saint-Simon are familiar with the ingenious schemings of that accomplished Duke and Peer, to secure a likeness of his admired friend, the Abbé de La Trappe—for "such was his modesty and humility," testifies the Saint by name, of the Saint by nature, "that I feared to ask him to allow himself to be painted."|| The stratagem succeeded, and "a perfect likeness of my venerable friend" was the result. But La Trappe was excessively distressed when the deception that had been practised upon him was penitently acknowledged, and pardon

\* A Modest Defence of Portrait-painting.

† Twice-told Tales: The Prophetic Pictures.

‡ Archer Butler's Ancient Philosophy, vol. ii.

§ Sir James Stephen, The French Benedictines.

|| See the Mémoires de Saint-Simon.

besought by the offender. Pardon was indeed granted; but the good father took care to let his suppliant know, that although he loved the traitor, the treason he hated with real and righteous hate.

When John Howard was applied to, for consent to sit for his picture to be placed in public, he, in his own words, "hesitated not a moment in showing any aversion to it."\* Had he done nothing to deserve the application, but spouted at vestries, or talked bad grammar in common-council rooms, he would have probably snapped at it, in Scott's phrase, like a cock at a grosset, or gooseberry. Before Glorious John's days—meaning another John than Howard—and since, there has ever been pictorial groundwork for that vigorous poet's complaint,

Good Heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain  
To wish their vile resemblance may remain,  
And stand recorded, at their own request,  
To future days, a libel or a jest!†

Dryden scarcely conceals his indignation, by the way, at the transforming magic of Sir Godfrey's pencil—at whose touch fools almost cease to look foolish, and senseless idiots seem at last to think. Why, if they must be painted, could not the artist paint them to the life? Why not work in the spirit of the limner whom the late Lord Protector had so straitly enjoined not to leave out his wart? Cromwell's injunction in this respect is set, by Homer Wilbur, A.M., over against Cæsar's solicitude to conceal his baldness; and the comparison induces the reflection, that men generally are more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than in their characters; and, as a rider to that proposition, that we shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in the Recording Angel's gallery.‡ Many are the trials of the portrait-painter. Apart from the constant quantity of ugliness or imbecility he may have to cope withal, your sitters, as Mr. Eagles remarks, are a whimsical set, and most provokingly shift their features and position, and always expect miracles, at a moment, too; and are perpetually asking him what feature he is doing now, that they may call up a look—screwing up their mouths, and trying to put all the shine they can into their eyes, till, from continual effort, they look like those of a shotten herring; and yet they expect all to be like what they are in their ordinary way.§ One of our old dramatists graphically and satirically depicts a sitting of this kind:

With what a compell'd face a woman sits  
When she is drawing! I have noted divers  
Either to feign smiles, or suck in the lips,  
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheeks,  
To have the dimple seen; and so disorder  
The face with affectation, at next sitting  
It has not been the same: I have known others  
Have lost the entire fashion of their face  
In half an hour's sitting—in hot weather—  
The painting on their face has been so mellow,  
They have left the poor man harder work by half  
To mend the copy he wrought by.||

\* Dixon's Life of Howard, ch. xi.

† Dryden, To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

‡ The Biglow Papers, Introduction.

§ Sitting for a Portrait. (Letters to Eusebius, 1844.)

|| John Webster.



The ridicule occasioned by such-like sitters to the act of sitting at all, is part cause of the reluctance to sit, which Johnson called superstitious. Vanity has infected the seat, vulgarised it to the level of the barber's chair. The recusants, many of them, are simply too proud to be vain. Was this the case of Agesilaus? who would suffer no portrait or statue of him to be made while he lived, and at his death peremptorily forbade it.\* His majesty's diminutive figure, however, and mean aspect, may have been the real withholding cause. Why Scioppius and Gataker, among modern scholars, were equally stringent in prohibition, we can only guess, or reckon, as the Yankees say.

Cowper is good-naturedly fussy, once and again, in his familiar correspondence, about his bookseller's importunity to have his likeness taken for publication. "Johnson's plan of prefixing my phiz to the new edition of my poems is by no means a pleasant one to me. . . . But if you judge that it may really have an effect in advancing the sale, I would not be so squeamish as to suffer the spirit of prudery to prevail in me to his disadvantage."† Cowper remembers somebody telling an author that there was more vanity in refusing his picture, than in granting it,—on which the said author instantly complied; and though Cowper himself does not perfectly feel all the force of the argument, "it shall content me," says the poet, "that he did." Nearly a year later we find him announcing to Hayley that he expects company at Weston, Mr. Rose and Lawrence the painter. For, "yet once more is my patience to be exercised, and once more I am made to wish that my face had been movable, to put on and take off at pleasure, so as to be portable in a handbox, and sent to the artist."‡ A few weeks after which, he thus reports progress, and resigns himself to the penalties of fame :

"He does great honour to my physiognomy by his intention to get it engraved; and though I think I foresee that this *private publication* will grow in time into a publication of absolute publicity, I find it impossible to be dissatisfied with anything that seems eligible to him and to you. To say the truth, when a man has once turned his mind inside out for the inspection of all who choose to inspect it, to make a secret of his face seems little better than a self-contradiction."§ Possibly some such consideration may have weighed with that reverend and once popular poetaster, whom Macaulay so ruthlessly roasted alive—and of whose portrait, prefixed to one of his books, that castigating critic remarked, that in it the sitter certainly appeared to be doing his very best to look like a man of genius and sensibility, though with less success than his strenuous exertions deserved.

\* Plutarch, Life of Agesilaus.

† Cowper to Samuel Rose, Nov. 9, 1792.

‡ Cowper to Hayley, Oct. 5, 1793.

§ Cowper to S. Rose, Nov. 29, 1793.

## THE WORRIES OF A CHAPERONE;

OR,

LADY MARABOUT'S TROUBLES.

By OUIDA.

SEASON THE SECOND.—THE HORROR.

## I.

LADY MARABOUT'S FIT OF ILL NATURE.

"If there be one class I dislike more than another, it is that class; and if there be one person in town I utterly detest, it is that man!" said our friend Lady Marabout, with much unction, one morning, to an audience consisting of Bijou, Bonbon, and Pandore, a cockatoo, an Angora cat, and a young lady sitting in a rocking-chair, reading the magazines of the month. The dogs barked, the cockatoo screamed, the cat purred, a vehement affirmative, the human auditor looked up, and laughed:

"What is the class, Lady Marabout, may I ask?"

"Those clever, detestable, idle, good-for-nothing, *fainéant*, fashionable, worthless, men about town, who have not a penny to their fortune, and spend a thousand a year on gloves and scented tobacco—who are seen at everybody's house, and never at their own—who drive horses fit for a Duke's stud, and haven't money enough to keep a donkey on thistles—who have handsome faces and brazen consciences—who are positively leaders of ton, and yet are glad to write *feuilletons* before the world is up to pay their stall at the Opera—who give a guinea for a bouquet, and can't pay a shilling of their just debts,—I detest the class, my dear!"

"So it seems, Lady Marabout. I never heard you so vehement. And who is the particular scapegoat of this type of sinners?"

"Chandos Cheveley."

"Chandos Cheveley? Isn't that that magnificent man Sir Philip introduced to me at the *Amandines'* breakfast yesterday? Why, Lady Marabout, his figure alone might outbalance a multitude of sins!"

"He is handsome enough—so was Satan! *Did* Philip introduce him to me, my dear? I wonder! It was very careless of him. But men *are* so thoughtless; they will know anybody themselves, and they think we may do the same. The man called here while we were driving this morning. I am glad we were out: he very seldom comes to *my* house."

"But why is he so dreadful? The *Amandines* are tremendously exclusive, I thought."

"Oh, he goes everywhere! No party is complete without Chandos Cheveley, and I have heard that at September or Christmas he has more invitations than he could accept if he lived as old as the '*Comte pour rire*' St. Germain's; but he is a most objectionable man, all the same—a man every one dreads to see come near her daughters. He has extreme fascination of manner, but he has not a farthing! How he lives, dresses, drives the horses he does, is one of those miracles of London men's lives

which *we* can never hope to puzzle out. Philip says he likes him, but Philip never speaks ill of anybody, except a woman now and then, who teases him; but the man is my detestation—has been for years. I was annoyed to see his card: it is the first time he has called this season. He knows I can't endure his class or him."

With which Lady Marabout wound up a very unusually lengthy and uncharitable disquisition, length and uncharitableness being both out of her line; and Lady Cecil Ormsby rolled her handkerchief into a ball, threw it across the room for Bonbon, the spaniel puppy, and laughed till the cockatoo screamed with delight:

"Dear Lady Marabout, do forgive me, but it is such fun to hear you positively, for once, malicious! Who is your Horror, genealogically speaking? this terrible—what's his name?—Chandos Cheveley?"

"The younger son of a younger son of one of the Earl Danvers, I believe, my dear; "le cadet d'un cadet—an idle man about town, you know, with not a sou to be idle upon, who sets the fashion, but never pays his tailor. I am never malicious, I hope, but I do consider men of that stamp very objectionable."

"But what is Sir Philip but a man about town?"

"My son! Of course he is a man about town. My dear, what else should he be? But if Philip likes to lounge all his days away in a club window, he has a perfect right; he has fortune. Chandos Cheveley is not worth a farthing, and yet yawns away his day in White's as if he were a millionaire; the one can support his *far niente*, the other cannot. There are gradations in everything, my love, but in nothing more than among the men, of the same set and the same style, whom one sees in the Ride and Pall-Mall."

"There are chesnut horses and horse-chesnuts, chevaliers and chevaliers d'industrie, rois and rois d'Yvetot, Carrutherses and Chandos Cheveleys!" laughed Lady Cecil. "I understand, Lady Marabout. Il y a femmes et femmes—men about town and men about town. I shall learn all the classes and distinctions soon. But how is one to know the sheep that may be let into the fold from the wolves in sheep's clothing, that must be kept out of it? Your *bête noire* is really very distinguished-looking."

"Distinguished? Oh yes, my love; but the most distinguished men are the most objectionable sometimes. I assure you, my dear Cecil, I have seen an elder son whom sometimes I could hardly have told from his own valet, and a younger of the same family with the style of a D'Orsay. Why, did I not this very winter, when I went to stay at Rochdale, take Fitzbreguet himself, whom I had not chanced to see since he was a child, for one of the men out of livery, and bid him bring Bijou's basket out of the carriage? I did indeed—I who hate such *bêtises* more than any one! And Lionel, his second brother, has the beauty of an Apollo and the air noble to perfection. One often sees it; it's through the doctrine of compensation, I suppose, but it's very perplexing, and causes endless embrouillements."

"When the mammas fall in love with Lord Fitz's coronet, and the daughters with Lord Lionel's face, I suppose?" interpolated Lady Cecil.

"Exactly so, dear. As for knowing the sheep from the wolves, as you call them," went on Lady Marabout, sorting her embroidery silks, "you may very soon know more of Chandos Cheveley's class—(this Magenta

braid is good for nothing; it's a beautiful colour, but it fades immediately)—you meet them in the country at all fast houses, as they call them now-a-days, like the Amandines'; they are constantly invited, because they are so amusing, or so dead a shot, or so good a whup, and live on their invitations, because they have no locale of their own. You see, all the women worth nothing admire, and all the women worth anything shun, them. They have a dozen accomplishments, and not a single reliable quality; a hundred houses open to them, and not a shooting-box of their own property or rental. You will meet this Chandos Cheveley everywhere, for instance, as though he were somebody desirable. You will see him in his club window, as though he were born only to read the papers; in the Ride, mounted on a much better animal than Fitzbreguet, though the one pays treble the price he ought, and the other, I dare say, no price at all; at Ascot, on Amandine's or Goodwood's drag, made as much of among them all as if he were an heir-apparent to the throne; and yet, my love, that man hasn't a penny, lives in *chambres garnies* in St. James's-street, and how he gets money to keep his cab and buy his gloves is, as I say, one of those mysteries of settling days, whist tables, periodical writing, *Baden coups de bonheur*, and such-like fountains of such men's fortunes which *we* can never hope to penetrate—and very little we should benefit if we could! My dearest Cecil! if it is not ten minutes to five! We must go and drive at once, or we shall be too late for Lady George's dinner."

Cecil Ormsby was a great pet of Lady Marabout's; she had been from a child; so much so, that when, the year after Valencia Valletort's discomfiture (a discomfiture so heavy and so public, that that young beauty was seized with a fit of filial devotion, attended her mamma to Nice, and figured not in Belgravia the ensuing season, and even Lady Marabout's temper had been slightly soured by it, as you perceive), another terrible charge was shifted on her shoulders by an appeal from the guardians of the late Earl of Rosediamond's daughter for her to be brought out under the Marabout wing, she had consented, and surrendered herself to be again a martyr to responsibility for the sake of Cecil and Cecil's lost mother. The young lady was a beauty; she was worse, she was an heiress; she was worse still, she was saucy, wayward, and notable for a strong will of her own—a more dangerous young thorough-bred was never brought to a gentler Rarey; and yet she was the first charge of this nature that Lady Marabout had ever accepted in the whole course of her life with no misgivings and with absolute pleasure. First, she was very fond of Cecil Ormsby; secondly, she lounged to efface her miserable failure with Valencia by a brilliant success, which should light up all the gloom of her past of chaperonage; thirdly, she had a sweet and long-cherished diplomacy nestling in her heart to throw her son and Lord Rosediamond's daughter together, for the eventual eusnar-ing and fettering of Carruthers, which policy nothing could favour so well as having the weapon for that deadly purpose in her own house through April, May, and June. Cecil Ormsby was a beauty and an heiress—spirited, brilliant, wilful, very proud; if she did not like what you said to her, she would give you a glance out of her long violet eyes that would send you *en cachette*, though you had as much brass in you as our magnificent bronze coinage; altogether, *comme je vous l'ai dit*, a more spirited young filly never needed a tight hand on the ribbons, a

light but a firm seat, and a temperate though judicious use of the snaffle to make her endure being ridden at all, even over the most level grass countries of life. And yet, for the reasons just mentioned, Lady Marabout, who never had a tight hand upon anything, who is to be thrown in a moment by any wilful kick or determined plunge, who is utterly at the mercy of any filly that chooses to take the bit between her own teeth and bolt off, and is entirely incapable of using the snaffle, even to the most ill-natured and ill-trained Shetland that ever deserved to have its mouth sawed,—Lady Marabout undertook the jockeyship without fear.

“I dare say you wonder, after my grief with Valencia, that I have consented to bring another girl out, but when I heard it was poor Rose-diamond’s wish—his dying wish, one may almost say—that Cecil should make her *début* with me, what *was* I to do, my dear?” she explained, half apologetically, to Carruthers, when the question was first agitated. Perhaps, too, Lady Marabout had in her heart been slightly sickened of perfectly *réglées* young ladies brought up on the best systems, and admitted to herself, though never to us, that the pets of the forcing houses may *not* be the most attractive flowers *après tout*.

So Lady Cecil Ormsby was installed in Lowndes-square, and though she was the inheritor of her mother’s wealth, which was considerable, and possessor of her own wit and beauty, which were not inconsiderable either, and therefore a prize to fortune-hunters and a lure to misogynists, as Lady Marabout knew very well how to keep the first off, and had her pet project of numbering her refractory son among the converted second, she rather congratulated herself than otherwise in having the pleasure and *éclat* of introducing her; and *we* voted the Marabout Yearlings Sale of that season, since it comprised Rosediamond’s handsome daughter, as dangerous as a horse-dealer’s auction to a young greenhorn, or a draper’s “sale, without reserve, at enormous sacrifice,” to a lady with a soul on bargains bent.

“How very odd! Just as we have been talking of him, there is that man again! I must bow to him, I suppose; though if there *be* a person I dislike——” said Lady Marabout, giving a frigid little bend of her head as her *barouche*, with its dashing roans, as good horses—thanks to Carruthers—as any that pace round the Ring at six o’clock on a May-day, rolled from her door, and a private Hansom passed them, driving slowly through the square.

Cecil Ormsby bowed to its occupant with less severity, and laughed under the sheltering shadow of her white parasol fringe.

“The Horror has a very pretty trap, though, Lady Marabout, and the most delicious grey horse in it! Such good action!”

“If its action is good, my love, I dare say it is more than could be said of its master’s actions. He is going to call on that Mrs. Maréchale, very probably; he was always there last season.” And Lady Marabout shook her head and looked grave, which, combined with the ever-damnatory demonstrative conjunction, blackened Mrs. Maréchale’s moral character as much as Lady Marabout could blacken any one’s, she loving as little to soil her own fingers and her neighbours’ reputations with the indelible Italian chalk of scandal as any lady; I know, being given, *au contraire*, when compelled to draw any little social croquis of a back-biting nature, to sketch them in as lightly as she could, take out as many lights as possible, and rub in the shadows with a very chary and pitying

hand, except, indeed, when she took the portrait of such a Horror as Chandos Cheveley, when I can't say she was quite so merciful, specially when policy and prejudice combined to suggest that it would be best (and not unjust) to use the blackest Conté crayons obtainable.

## II.

## LADY MARABOUT'S COBRA CAPELLA.

CHEVELEY couldn't, and wouldn't, have denied the correctness of the silhouette Lady Marabout had snipped out for the edification of Lady Cecil, had he caught a glimpse of it: he *was* le cadet d'un cadet; he had no habitation, nor was ever likely to have any, save a bachelor's suite in St. James's-street; he had been an idle man for the last twenty years, with not a sou to be idle upon; the springs of his very precarious fortunes, his pursuits, habits, reputation, ways and means, were all much what she had described them; he set the fashion much oftener than Goodwood, and Dukes and millionnaires would follow the style of his tie, or the shape of his hat; he moved in the most brilliant circles, as Court Circulars have it, and all the best houses were open to him. At his Grace of Amandine's I have seen him, staying there for the shooting, alter the stud, find fault with the claret, arrange a Drive for deer in the forest, and flirt with her Grace herself, as though, as Lady Marabout averred, he had been Heir-Apparent or Prince Regent, who honoured the Castle by his mere presence, Amandine all the while swearing by every word he spoke, thinking nothing well done without Cheveley, and submitting to be set aside in his own house, with the greatest gratification at the extinction. But that Chandos Cheveley was not worth a farthing, that he was but a Bohemian on a brilliant scale, that any day he might disappear from that society where he now glittered, never to reappear, everybody knew; how he floated there as he did, kept his cab and his man, paid for his stall at the Opera, his club fees, and all the other trifles that *won't* wait, was an eternal puzzle to every one ignorant of how expensively one may live upon nothing if one just gets the knack, and of how far a fashionable reputation, like a cake of chocolate, will go to support life when nothing more substantial is obtainable. Lady Marabout had sketched him correctly enough, allowing for a little politic bitterness thrown in to counteract Carruthers's thoughtlessness in having introduced him to Rosediamond's daughter (that priceless treasure for whom Lady Marabout would fain have had a guard of Janissaries, if they wouldn't have been likely to look singular and come expensive); and ladies of the Marabout class did look upon him as a Horror, guarded their daughters from his approach at a ball as carefully, if not as demonstratively, as any duck its ducklings from the approach of a water-rat, did not ask him to their dinners, and bowed to him chillily in the Ring; others regarded him as harmless, from his perfect vaurienism and pennilessness, as Goodwood from his unimpeachable eligibility (what danger was there in the fascinations of a man whom all Belgravia knew hadn't money enough to buy bird's-eye, though he always smoked the best regalia?); while others, the pretty married women chiefly, from her Grace of Amandine downwards to Mrs. Marchale, of Lowdes-square, flirted with him, à outrance, and considered Chandos Cheveley

what I believe nobody ever succeeded in disproving him, the most agreeable man on town, with the finest figure, the best style, and the most perfect bow, to be seen in the Park any day between March and July. But then, as Lady Marabout remarked on a subsequent occasion, a figure, a style, and a bow are admirable and enviable things, but they're not among the cardinal virtues, and don't do to live upon; and though they're very good buoys to float one on the smooth sparkling sea of society, if there come a storm one may go down, malgré eux, and become helpless prey to the sharks waiting below.

"Philip certainly admires her very much; he said the other day there was something in her, and that means a great deal from him," thought Lady Marabout, complacently, as she and Cecil Ormsby were wending their way through the Countess Patchouli's crowded rooms, meeting Carruthers en route. "Of course I shall not influence Cecil towards him; it would not be honourable to do so, since she might look for a higher title than my son's; still, if it should so fall out, nothing would give me greater pleasure, and really nothing would seem more natural with a little judicious manage——"

"May I have the honour of this valse with you?" was spoken in, though not to, Lady Marabout's ear. It was a soft, a rich, a melodious voice enough, and yet Lady Marabout would rather have heard the hiss of a Cobra Capella, for the footmen *might* have caught the serpent and carried it off from Cecil Ormsby's vicinity, and she couldn't very well tell them to rid the Patchouli's salons of Chandos Cheveley.

Lady Marabout vainly tried to catch Cecil's eye, and warn her of the propriety of an utter and entire repudiation of the valse in question, if there were no "engaged" producible to softly chill the hopes and repulse the advances of the aspirant; but Lady Cecil's soul was obstinately bent saltatory-wards; her chaperone's ocular telegram was lost upon her, and only caught by the last person who should have seen it, who read the message off the wires to his own amusement, but naturally was not mag-nanimous enough to pass it on.

"I ought to have warned her never to dance with that detestable man. If I could but have caught her eye even now!" thought Lady Marabout, restlessly. The capella *would* have been much the more endurable of the two; the serpent couldn't have passed its arm round Rosediamond's priceless daughter and whirled her down the ball-room to the music of Cote and Timney's band, as Chandos Cheveley was now doing. "Why did *you* not ask her for that waltz, Philip?" cried the good lady, almost petulantly.

Carruthers opened his eyes wide. "My dear mother, you know I don't dance—I detest it! I come to balls to oblige my hostesses and look at the women, but not to carry a seven-stone weight of tulle illusion and white satin, going at express pace, with the thermometer at 80 deg., and a dense crowd jostling one at every turn in the circle. Bien obligé! that's not my idea of pleasure; if it were, the Pyrrhic dance, now, or the Tarantella, or the Bolero, under a Castilian chesnut-tree——"

"Hold your tongue! You might have danced for once, just to have kept her from Chandos Cheveley."

"From the best waltzer in London? Non, jamais! Ask Aman-dine's wife if women don't like to dance with that fellow!"

"I should be very sorry to mention his name to her, or any of her set,"

responded Lady Marabout, getting upon certain virtuous stilts of her own, which she was given to mount on rare occasion and at distant intervals, always finding them very uncomfortable and unsuitable elevations, and being as glad to cast them off as a traveller to kick off the échasses he has had to strap on over the sandy plains of the Landes. "What could possess you to introduce him to Cecil, Philip? It was careless, silly, unlike you; you know how I dislike men of his—his—objectionable stamp," sighed Lady Marabout, the white and gold namesakes in her coiffure softly trembling a gentle sigh of assent in the perfumy zephyr raised by the rotatory whirl of the waltzers, among whom she watched with a horrible fascination, as one watches a tiger being pugged out of its lair, or a deserter being led out to be shot, Chandos Cheveley, waltzing Rosediamond's priceless daughter down the Patchouli ball-room. "He is so dreadfully handsome! I wonder why it is that men and women, who have no fortune but their faces, will be so dangerously, so obstinately, so provokingly attractive as one sees them so often!" thought Lady Marabout, determining to beat an immediate retreat from the Patchouli salons, since they were infested by the presence of her Horror, to Lady Hautton's house in Wilton-crescent. Lady Hautton was tant soit peu raide, headed charitable bazaars, belonged to the Cummingite nebulae, visited homes and hospitals (floating to the bedside of luckless feminine patients to read out divers edifying passages, whose effect must have been somewhat neutralised to the hearers, one would imagine, by the envy-inspiring rustle of her flounces, the perfume of her Essence of Viola Montana, the flash of her rings, and the chimes of her bracelets, chains, and châtelaine), looked on the "Amandine and Patchouli set" as âmes damnées, and, sequitur, "did not know" Chandos Cheveley—a fact which, though the Marabout and Hautton antagonism was patent to all Belgravia, served to endear her all at once to her foe; Lady Marabout, like a good many other people, being content to sink personal resentment, and make a truce with the infidels for the sake of enjoying a mutual antipathy—that closest of all links of union! Besides, though they were bosom foes, they were very intimate—vous concevez. We all are now-a-days—Claudius gives Caius Silius the box-seat on his drag, and Piso, while plotting his fall, offers Germanicus a Manilla; and Sempronius lounges arm and arm with Domitian down Pall-Mall; and if we don't always fulfil the apostolic injunction, and love one another quite as much as we might, at least we put our enemies on our visiting list, and smile at them as we pass on to retail the last little chronique scandaleuse concerning them—which reticence and freedom from malice bespeak a decided improvement in amiability amongst us you must admit, monsieur, from those deucedly pronounced, compromising, demonstrative, and ill-bred days, when fellows gave cuts by the dozen, and troubled themselves to show it, when they thought a man was a black-guard. We know much better now; we pocket an insult from anybody very well worth knowing, and from anybody *not* worth;—why! we just set the law-hounds on him, for it, to get costs and damages out of him, so that everything be made to *pay*—voyez-vous?—from blackened eyes to blasted honour!

Lady Marabout and Lady Hautton were foes, but they were dear Helena and dear Anne, tout de même; dined at each other's tables, and smiled in each other's faces. Women go beyond us in this sort of



amiability, as they surpass us in everything, chères dames, where the heart is concerned. So far beyond, indeed, that one would positively think they *did* love one another à la St. John, if one did not now and then catch a glance sous les cartes, see the whip-cream preparing for the sweet vanille-flavoured meringues, watch it bubble, white and promising, at the dinner-hour or the supper-table, and know how the empty foam will melt and disappear with a hiss as soon as the entertainment is over, and the various plats no longer required! They might be private foes, but they were public friends, à la Cæsar and Anthony; and Lady Marabout beat a discreet retreat from the Patchouli salons to the Hutton's—"so many engagements" is so useful a plea!—and from the Hutton she passed on to a ball at the Duke of Doncaster's; and, as at both, if Lady Cecil Ormsby did not move, like Apuleius's Psyche, "a goddess from above," she moved—what is a vast lot more agreeable—a brilliant, sparkling, nonchalante, dangerous woman, with some of her sex's faults, all her sex's witcheries, and more than her sex's mischief, holding her own royally, saucily, and proudly, à la fois, and Chandos Cheveley was encountered no more, but happily détenu at a petit souper in a certain Section of the French Embassy, Lady Marabout drove homewards, in the grey of the morning, relieved, complacent, and gratified, dozing deliciously, till she was woke up with a start:

"Lady Marabout, what a splendid waltzer your Mr. Chandos Cheveley is!"

Lady Marabout opened her eyes with a jerk that set her feathers trembling, her diamonds scintillating, and her bracelets ringing an astonished little carillon.

"My love, how you frightened me!"

Cecil Ormsby laughed—a gay, joyous laugh, innocent of having disturbed a doze, a lapse into human weakness of which her chaperone never permitted herself to plead guilty.

"Frightened you, did I? Why, your bête noire is as terrible to you as Cœur de Lion to the Saracen children, or Black Douglas to the Lowland! And, really, I can't see anything terrible in him; he is wonderfully distinguished-looking, is excessively brilliant and agreeable, has something worth hearing to say to you, which most men haven't—craving their lordships' pardon, though they *are* so fond of writing and talking about our being 'inane,' 'trifling,' and 'uncompanionable'—and his waltzing is——!"

Lady Cecil Ormsby had not a word in her répertoire—though it *was* an enthusiastic and comprehensive one, and embraced five languages—sufficiently commendatory to finish her sentence.

"I dare say, dear! I never denied, or heard denied, his having every accomplishment under the sun. The only pity is, he has nothing more substantial!" returned Lady Marabout, a little bit tartly for *her* lips, only used to the softest (and most genuine) milk of roses.

Lord Rosediamond's daughter laughed softly, and played with her fan.

"Poor man! Brilliant and beggared, fashionable and friendless, courted and cashiered—je le plains! Do you know, Lady Marabout, I have half a mind to champion your Horror!"

"My love, don't talk nonsense!" said Lady Marabout, hastily, at which Lady Cecil only laughed still more softly and gaily again, and sprang down as the carriage stopped in Lowndes-square.

## III.

## THE FIRST HISS OF LADY MARABOUT'S COBRA.

"ROSEDIAMOND's daughter's deucedly handsome, eh, Cheveley? I saw you waltzing with her last night," said Goodwood at Lord's the next morning, watching a match between the Household Cavalry and the Zingari Eleven.

"Yes, she is the best thing we have seen for some time," said Cheveley, glancing round to see if the Marabout liveries were on the ground.

"Don't let the Amandine or little Maréchale hear you say so, or you'll have a deuce of a row," laughed Goodwood. "She's worth a good deal, too; she's all her mother's property, and that's something, I know. The deaths in her family have kept her back two years or more, but now she is out, I dare say Lady Tattersall will put her up high in the market."

"No doubt. Why don't *you* make the investment—she's much more attractive than that Valletort ice statue who hooked you so nearly last year? Fortescue's out! Well done, little Jimmy! Ah! there's the Marabout carriage. I am as unwelcome to that good lady, I know, as if I were Quasimodo or Quilp, and as much to be shunned, in her estimation, as Vidocq, armed to the teeth; nevertheless, I shall go and talk to them, if only en revanche for the telegraphic warning of "dangerous" she shot at Lady Cecil last night when I asked her to waltz. Goodwood, don't you envy me my happy immunity from traps matrimonial?"

"There is that man again—how provoking! I wish we had not come to see Philip's return match. He is positively coming up to talk to us," thought Lady Marabout, restlessly, as her *bête noire* lifted his hat to her with that bow which was one of Cheveley's *pieds à terre* in London society. In vain did she do her best to look severe, to look frigid, to chill him with a withering "good morning" (a little word, capable, if you notice, of expressing every gradation in feeling, from the nadar of delighted intimacy to the zero of rebuking frigidity); her coldest ice was as warm as a *glacé à la vanille* that has been melting all day under a refreshment tent at a horticultural fête! Her rôle was *not* chilliness, and never could be; she would have beamed benign on a headsman who had led her out to instant decapitation, and been no more able to help it than a peach to help its bloom or a claret its bouquet. She did her utmost to freeze Chandos Cheveley, but either she failed signally, or he, being blessed with the brazen conscience she had attributed to him, was steeled to all the tacit repulses of her looks, for, malgré elle, he leant against the barouche door, let her freeze him away as she might, and chatted to Cecil Ormsby, "positively," Lady Marabout remarked to that safest confidante, herself, "positively as if the man had been enfant de la maison at my house for the last ten years! If Cecil *would* but second me, he couldn't do it; but she *will* smile and talk with him just as though he were Goodwood or Fitzbreguet! It is very disagreeable to be forced against one's will like this into countenancing such a very objectionable person; and yet what *can* one do?"

Which query she could by no means satisfactorily answer herself,

being a regular female Nerva for clemency, utterly incapable of the severity with which that stern Catiline, Lady Hautton, would have signed the unwelcome intruder out of the way in a brace of seconds. And under Nerva's gentle rule, though Nerva was longing with all her heart to have the courage to call the lictors and say, "Away with him!" Cheveley leant against the door of the carriage unmolested, though decidedly undesired by one of its occupants, talked to by Lady Cecil, possibly because she found him as agreeable as her Grace of Amandine and Lillia Maréchale had done before her, possibly only from that rule of contrariety which is such a pet motor power with her sex; and Lady Marabout reclined among her cushions, tucked up in her tiger-skin in precisely that state of mind in which Fuseli said to his wife, "Swear, my dear, you don't know how much good it will do you," dreading in herself the possible advent of the Hautton carriage, for that ancient enemy and rigid pietist, of whose keen tongue and eminent virtue she always stood secretly in awe, to see this âme damnée, this demon, this worthless and utterly objectionable member of that fast, graceless, and "very incorrect" Amandine set, absolutely en sentinelle at the door of her barouche!

Does your best friend *ever* come when you want him most? Doesn't your worst foe *always* come when you want him least? Of course, at that juncture, the Hautton carriage came on the ground (Hautton was one of the Zingari Club, and maternal interest brought her foe to Lord's as it had brought herself), and the Hautton eye-glass, significantly and surprisedly raised, said as distinctly to Lady Marabout, as though elfishly endowed with vocal powers, "You allow *that* man acquaintance with Rosediamond's daughter!" Lady Marabout was stung to the soul by the deserved rebuke, but she didn't know how the deuce to get rid of the sinner! There he leaned, calmly, nonchalantly, determinedly, as if he were absolutely welcome; and Lady Cecil talked on to him as if he were absolutely welcome too. Lady Marabout felt branded in the eyes of all Belgravia to have Chandos Cheveley at her carriage-door, the most objectionable man of all his most objectionable class.

"It is very strange!" she thought. "I have seen that man about town the last twenty years—ever since he was a mere boy, taken up and petted by Adeliue Patchouli for some piece of witty Brummelian impudence he said to her on his first introduction—and he has never sought my acquaintance before, but always seemed to be quite aware of my dislike to him and all his set. It is very grievous he should have chosen the very season I have poor dear Rosediamond's daughter with me; but it is always my fate—if a thing *can* happen to annoy me it always will!"

With which Lady Marabout, getting fairly distracted under the iron-hand of adverse fate, and the ruthless surveillance of the Hautton glass, invented an impromptu necessity for immediate shopping at Lewis and Allonby's, and drove off the ground at the sole moment of interest the match possessed for her, viz. when Carruthers was rattling down Hautton's stumps, and getting innings innumerable for the Household.

"Mais ce n'est que le premier pas," in all things, "qui coûte," the old proverb's so true we wear it threadbare with repeating it! Lady Marabout might as well have stayed on Lord's ground, and not lacerated her feelings by leaving at the very hour of the Household Cavalry's triumphs, for any good that she did thereby. The Hautton eye-glass had lighted

on Chandos Cheveley, and Chandos Cheveley's eye-glass on Rosediamond's daughter. Cecil Ormsby arched her eyebrows, and gave her parasol a little impatient shake as they quitted Lord's.

"Lady Marabout, I never could have believed you ill-natured; you interrupted my ball last night, and my conversation this morning! I shall scold you if you ever do so again. And now tell me (as curiosity is a weakness incidental to all women, no woman ought to refuse to relieve it in another) why *are* you so prejudiced against that very handsome, and very amusing *bête noire*?"

"Prejudiced, my dear child! I am not in the least prejudiced," returned Lady Marabout. (Nobody ever admitted to a prejudice that *I* ever heard. It's a plant that grows in all gardens, and is sedulously matted up, watered, and strengthened; but invariably disavowed by its sturdiest cultivators.) "As for Chandos Cheveley, I merely mentioned to you what all town knows about him; and the dislike I have to his class is one of principle, not of prejudice."

Lady Cecil made a moue mutine:

"Oh, Lady Marabout! if you go to 'principle,' tout est perdu! 'Principle' has been made to bear the onus of every private pique since the world began, and has had to answer for more cruelties and injustice than any word in the language. The Romans flung the Christians to the lions 'on principle,' and the Europeans slew the Mahomedans 'on principle,' and 'principle' lighted the autos-da-fé, and signed to the tormentor to give a turn more to the rack! Please don't appeal to anything so severe and hypocritical à la fois. Come! what are the Horror's sins?"

Lady Marabout laughed, despite the subject.

"Do you think I am a compiler of such catalogues, my love? Pray do not let us talk any more about Chandos Cheveley, he is very little worth it; all I say to you is, be as cool to him as you can, without rudeness, of course. I am never at home when he calls, and were I you I would be always engaged when he asks you to waltz; his acquaintance can in no way benefit you."

Lady Cecil gave a little haughty toss of her head, and lay back in the barouche.

"I will judge of that! I am not made for fetters of any kind, you know, and I like to choose my own acquaintance as well as to choose my own dresses. I can't obey you either this evening, for he asked me to put him on my tablets for the first waltz at Lord Anisette's ball, and I consented. I had no 'engaged' ready, unless I had had a falsehood ready too, and *you* wouldn't counsel that, Lady Marabout, I am very sure?"

With which straightforward and perplexing question Cecil Ormsby successfully silenced her chaperone, by planting her in that disagreeable position known as between the horns of a dilemma; and Lady Marabout, shrinking alike from the responsibility of counselling a "necessary equivocation," as society politely terms its indispensable lies, and the responsibility of allowing Cecil acquaintance with the pet mauvais sujet of the Amandine set, sighed, wondered envyingly how Anne Hutton would act in her place, and almost began to wish somebody else had had the onerous stewardship of that brilliant and priceless jewel, Rosediamond's

daughter, now that the jewel threatened to be possessed with a will of its own, the greatest possible flaw in a gem of pure water, which they only want to scintillate brilliantly among the bijouterie of society, and let itself be placed passively in the setting most suitable for it, that can be conceived in the eyes of lady lapidaries entrusted with its sale.

"It is very odd," thought Lady Marabout; "she seems to have taken a much greater fancy to that odious man than to Philip, or Goodwood, or Fitz, or any one of the men who admire her so much. I suppose I always *am* to be worried in this sort of way! However, there can be no real danger; Chandos Cheveley is the merest butterfly flirt, and with all his faults none ever accused him of fortune-hunting. Still, they say he is wonderfully fascinating, and certainly he *has* the most beautiful voice I ever heard; and if Cecil should ever like him at all I could never forgive myself, and what *should* I say to General Ormsby?"

The general, Cecil's uncle and guardian, is one of the best-humoured, best-tempered, and most *laissez faire* men in the Service, but was, for all that, a perpetual dead weight on Lady Marabout's mind just then, for was not he the person to whom, at the end of the season, she would have to render up account of the successes and the short-comings of her chaperone's career?

"Do you think of proposing Chandos Cheveley as a suitable alliance for Cecil Ormsby, my dear Helena?" asked Lady Hautton, with that smile which was felt to be considerably worse than strychnine by her foes and victims, at Anisette House, Grosvenor-place, that night.

"A Dieu ne plaise!" prayed Lady Marabout, mentally, as she joined in the Hautton laugh, and shivered under the stab of the Hautton sneer, which was an excessively sharp one, Lady Hautton being one of a rather numerous class of eminent Christians, so panoplied in the armour of righteousness that they can tread, without feeling it, on the tender feet of others.

The evening was spoiled to Lady Marabout; she felt morally and guiltily responsible for an unpardonable indiscretion — with that man waltzing with Cecil Ormsby, her "graceful, graceless, gracious Grace" of Amandine visibly irritated with jealousy at the sight, and Anne Hautton whispering behind her fan with acidulated significance certain remarks on the "necessity of weeding your visiting-list with the utmost carefulness and severity, now that such very queer people and such objectionable characters were passed into society;" Lady Marabout had never been more miserable in her life! She heard on all sides admiration of Rose-diamond's daughter; she was gratified by seeing Goodwood, Fitzbreguet, Fulke Nugent, every eligible man in the room, suing for a place on her tablets; she had the delight of beholding Carruthers positively join the insouciant negligent beauty's train; and yet Anisette House was a *pro tempore* pandemonium to Lady Marabout, for Chandos Cheveley had his first waltz, and several after it, and the Amandine set were there to gossip, and the Hautton clique to be shocked, at it.

"Soames, tell Mason, when Mr. Chandos Cheveley calls, I am not at home," said Lady Marabout, at breakfast.

"Yes, my lady," said Soames, who treasured up the order, and told it to Mr. Chandos Cheveley's man at the first opportunity, though, greatly

to his honour, we must admit, he did *not* imitate the mild formula of fib, and tell his mistress her claret was not corked when it was incontestably.

Cecil Ormsby lifted her head and looked across the table at her hostess, and the steady gaze of those violet eyes, which were Rosediamond's daughter's best weapons of war, so discomposed Lady Marabout, that she forgot herself sufficiently to proffer Bijou a piece of bread, an unparalleled insult, which that canine Sybarite did not forgive all day long.

"Not at home, sir," said Mason, as duly directed, when Cheveley's cab pulled up, a week or two after the general order, at the door of No. 100, espionné from the windows of the Maréchale boudoir at No. 110.

Cheveley smiled to himself as his grey had her head turned, and the wheel grated off the trottoir, while he lifted his hat to Cecil Ormsby, just visible between the amber curtains and above the balcony flowers of one of the windows of the drawing-room—quite visible enough for her return smile and bow to be seen in the street by Cheveley, in the room by Lady Marabout.

"Some of Lady Tattersall's generalship!" he thought, as the grey trotted out of the square. "Well! tant mieux perhaps, I have no business there. Cecil Ormsby is not her Grace of Amandine, nor little Maréchale, and the good lady is quite right to brand me 'dangerous' to her charge, and pronounce me 'inadmissible' to her footmen. I've very little title to resent her verdict. Set me down at the Travellers', Harris!"

"My dearest Cecil, whatever possessed you to bow to that man!" cried Lady Marabout, in direst distress.

"Is it not customary to bow to one's acquaintances—I thought it was?" asked Lady Cecil, with demure mischief.

"But, my dear, to go to the window when Mason is saying we are not at home!"

"That isn't *Mason's* fib, or *Mason's* fault, Lady Marabout!" suggested Cecil, with wicked emphasis.

"There is no falsehood or fault at all anywhere—everybody knows well enough what 'not at home' means," returned Lady Marabout, almost pettishly.

"Oh yes," laughed the young lady, saucily. "It means 'I am at home and sitting on my causeuse in my drawing-room, but I shall not rise out of it to receive you, because you are not worth the trouble.' It's a polite cut direct, and a honeyed rudeness—a bitter almond wrapped up in a sugar dragée, like a good many other bonbons handed about in society."

"My dear Cecil, you have some very strange ideas; you will get called satirical if you don't take care," said Lady Marabout, nervously.

Cecil Ormsby's tone worried her, and made her feel something as she felt when she had a restive, half-broken pair of horses in her carriage, for the direction of whose next plunge or next kick nobody could answer.

"And if I am—what then?"

"My dear child, you could not anyhow get a more disadvantageous reputation! It may amuse gentlemen, though it frightens half *them*; but it offends all women irremediably. You see, there are so few whom it doesn't hit somewhere," returned Lady Marabout, quite innocent of the neat satire of her own last sentence.

Cecil Ormsby laughed, and threw herself down by her chaperone's side :

"Never mind : I can bear their enmity ; it is a greater compliment than their liking. The women whom women love are always quiet, colourless, inoffensive—foils. Lady Marabout, tell me, why did you give that general order to Mason ?"

"I have told you before, my dear. Because I have no wish to know Mr. Chandos Cheveley," returned Lady Marabout, as stiffly as she could say anything. "It is, as I said, not from prejudice, but from prin——"

"Lady Marabout, if you use that word again I will drive to uncle Ormsby's rooms in the Albany and stay with him for the season ; I will, positively ! I am sure all the gentlemen there will be delighted to have my society ! Pray, what *are* your Horror's crimes ? Did you ever hear anything dishonourable, mean, ungenerous, attributed to him ? Did you ever hear he broke his word, or failed to act like a gentleman, or was a defaulter at any settling day ?"

Lady Marabout required some explanation of what a defaulter at a settling day might be, and, on receiving it, was compelled to confess that she never *had* heard anything of that kind imputed to Chandos Cheveley :

"Of course I have not, my dear. The man is a gentleman, everybody knows, however idle and improvident a onc. If he could be accused of anything of that kind, he would not belong to such clubs, and associate with such men as he does. But that is not at all the question."

"Ne vous en déplaît, I think it very much and very entirely the question," returned Lady Cecil, with a toss of her haughty little head. "If you can bring nothing in evidence against a man, it is not right to send him to the gallows and mark him 'Forçat.'"

"My dear Cecil, there is plenty in evidence against him," said Lady Marabout, with a mental back glance to certain stories told of the "Amandine set," "though not of that kind. A man may be perfectly unexceptionable in his conduct with his men friends, but very objectionable acquaintance for us to seek, all the same."

"Ah, I see ! Lord Goodwood may bet, and flirt, and lounge his days away, and be as fast a man as he likes, and it is all right, because he is the fils aîné ; but if Mr. Cheveley does the same it is all wrong, because he is le cadet d'un cadet, and not worth forgiving."

"Naturally it is," returned Lady Marabout, seriously and naïvely. "But how very oddly you put things, my love ; and why you should interest yourself in this man, when everything I tell you is to his disadvantage, I cannot imagine."

A remark that showed Lady Marabout a skilful tactician, inasmuch as it silenced Cecil—a performance rather difficult of accomplishment.

"I am very glad I gave the order to Mason," thought that good lady. "I only wish we did not meet the man in society ; but it is impossible to help that. We are all cards of one pack, and get shuffled together, whether we like it or not. I wish Philip would pay her more attention ; he admires her, I can see, and he can make any woman like him in ten days when he takes the trouble ; but he is so tiresome ! She would be exactly suited to him ; she has all he would exact—beauty, talent, good blood, and even fortune, though that he would not need. The alliance would be a great happiness to me. Well, he dines here to-night, and he

gives that concert at his barracks to-morrow morning, purely to please Cecil, I am sure. I think it may be en train."

With which pleasant reflection she went to drive in the Ring, thinking that her maternal and duenna duties would be alike well fulfilled, and her chaperone's career well finished, if by any amount of tact, intrigue, finesses, and diplomacy she could live to see Cecil Ormsby sign herself Cecil Carruthers.

Opportunity is a great ally of Cupid's, and has betrayed stoics before they knew it ere now. Lady Marabout's pet project was not so very visionary after all.

"If that man were only out of town!" she thought, as Cheveley passed them in Amandine's mail-phaeton at the turn.

#### IV.

##### HOW LADY MARABOUT VALOROUSLY DETERMINED TO CRUSH THE COBRA.

LADY MARABOUT might wish Cheveley was out of town—and wish it devoutly she did—but she wasn't very likely to have her desire gratified till the general migration should carry him off in its tide to the deck of a yacht, a lodge in the Highlands, a German Kursaal, or any one of those myriad "good houses" where nobody was so welcome as he, the best shot, the best seat, the best wit, the best billiard player, the best whist player, and the best authority on all fashionable topics, of any man in England. Cheveley used to aver that he liked Lady Marabout, though she detested him; nay, that he liked her *for* her detestation; he said it was cordial, sincere, and refreshing, therefore a treat in the world of May-Fair; still, he didn't like her so well as to cut 'Town in the middle of May to oblige her; and though he took her hint as it was meant, and pulled up his Hansom no more at her door, he met her and Rosediamond's daughter at dinners, balls, concerts, morning-parties innumerable: he saw them in the Ring; he was seen by them at the Opera; he came across them constantly in the gyration of London life; night after night Lady Cecil persisted in writing his name in her tablets; evening after evening a bizarre fate worried Lady Marabout, by putting him on the left hand of her priceless charge at a dinner-party; day after day all the harmony of a concert was marred to her ear by seeing her Horror talking of Beethoven and Mozart, chamber music and bravura music in Cecil's: morning after morning gall was poured into her luncheon sherry, and wormwood mingled in her vol-au-vent, by being told, with frank mischief, by her desired belle-fille, that she "had seen Mr. Cheveley leaning on the rails, smoking," when she had taken her post-déjeuner canter. "Chandos Cheveley getting up before noon! He *must* mean something unusual!" thought her chaperone.

"Helena has set her heart on securing Cecil Ormsby for Carruthers. I hope she may succeed better than she did with poor Goodwood last season," laughed Lady Hautton, with her inimitable sneer, glancing at the young lady in question at a bazaar in Willis's Rooms, selling rose-buds for anything she liked to ask for them, and Queens (tied up with blue ribbon!) half a guinea the half-dozen, at the Marabout stall. Lady Hautton had just been paying a charitable visit to St. Cecilia's Re-



fuge, of which she was head patroness, where, having floated on with much benignity, been worshipped by a select little toady troupe, administered spiritual consolation with admirable condescension, and distributed illuminated texts for the adornment of the walls and refreshment of the souls, she was naturally in a Christian frame of mind towards her neighbours. Lady Marabout caught the remark—as she was intended to do—and thought it not quite a pleasant one, *peut-être*; but, my good sir, did you ever know those estimable people, who spend all their time fitting themselves for another world, ever take the trouble to make themselves decently agreeable in the present one? The little pleasant courtesies, affabilities, generousities, and kindnesses, that rub the edge off the flint-stones of the *Via Dolorosa*, are quite beneath the attention of Mary the Saint, and only get attended to by Martha the Worldly, poor volage thing! who is fit for nothing more serviceable and profitable!

Lady Marabout *had* set her heart on Cecil Ormsby's filling that post of honour of which no living woman was hardly deserving, in her opinion—that of "Philip's wife" (an individual who had been, for so many years, a fond ideal, a haunting anxiety, and a dreaded rival, *en même temps*, to her imagination); she *was* a little bit of a match-maker—she had, over and over again, arranged the most admirable and suitable alliances; alliances that would never have given Sir C. C. one bit of trouble, that would have shamed the scepticism of the world in general, as to the desirability of the holy bonds, and brought every refractory man to the steps of St. George's—alliances, that would have come off with the greatest *éclat*, but for one trifling hindrance and difficulty—that the people most necessary to the arrangements could never by any chance be brought to view them in the same light, and were certain to give her diplomacy the *croc-en-jambe* at the very moment of its culminating glory and finishing finesses. She was a little bit of a match-maker—most kind-hearted women are; the tinder they play with is much better left alone, but *THEY* don't remember that! Like children in a forest they think they'll light a pretty bright fire, just for fun, and never remember what a seared, dreary waste that fire may make, or what a prairie conflagration it may stretch into before it's stopped.

"Cecil Ormsby is a terrible flirt," said Lady Hautton, to Mrs. Rondelitia, glancing at the rapid sale of the rosebuds and cigars, the bunches of violets and the sprays of lilies of the valley, in which Rosediamond's daughter was doing such thriving business at such extravagant profits, while the five Ladies Hautton—the confounded quintette, as we call them; not politely, I grant, but these women *are* so oppressive!—presided solemnly over *objets de vertu*, and articles of gorgeous splendour, which threatened to be left on hand, and go in a tombola, as ignominiously as a beauty after half a dozen seasons, left unwooed and unwon, goes to the *pêle-mêle* raffle of German Bad society, and is sold off at the finish to an unknown of the Line, or a Civil Service fellow, with five hundred a year. "Was Cecil a flirt?" wondered Lady Marabout. (Far be it from *me* to say. I dare say she was a little bit. Anne Boleyn had her head off for flirting; but if similar decapitation were entailed by the soft *pêché véniel* now-a-days, what *would* become of the beau sexe?—they'd

be all of them as headless in an instant as the sign of that satirical hostelry called the "Good Woman.") Lady Marabout was fain to confess to herself that she thought she was—nay, that she *hoped* she was: if it wasn't flirting, that way in which she smiled on Chandos Cheveley, sold him cigarettes, laughed with him over the ices and nectarines he fetched her, and positively invested him with the cordon d'honneur of a little bouquet of roses d'amour, for which twenty men sued, and he (give Satan his due) did not even ask—if it wasn't flirting, *what was it?* Lady Marabout shivered at the suggestion; and though she was, on principle, excessively severe on flirting, she could be very glad of what she didn't approve, when it aided her, on occasion—like most other people—and would so far have agreed with Talleyrand, as to welcome the worst crime (of coquetry) as far less a sin than the unpardonable faute of encouraging a Horror!

"I can't send Cecil away from the stall, as if she were a naughty child, and I can't order the man out of Willis's Rooms," thought that unhappy and fatally-worried lady, as she presided behind her stall, an emphatic witness of the truth of the poetieism that "grief smiles and gives no sign," insomuch as she looked the fairest, sunniest, best-looking, and best-tempered Dowager that ever shrouded herself in Chantilly lace.

"I do think those ineligible, detrimental, objectionable persons ought not to be let loose on society as they are," she pondered; "let them have their clubs and their mess breakfasts, their Ascot and their Newmarket, their lansquenet parties and their handieap pigeon matches, if they like; but to have them come amongst *us* as they do, asked everywhere if they happen to have good blood and good ton, free to waltz and flirt and sing, and show all sorts of attention to marriageable girls, while all the while they are no more available for anything serious than if they were club stewards or cabmen—creatures that live on their fashionable aroma, and can't afford to buy the very bottles of bouquets on their toilette-tables—fast men, too, who, knowing they can never marry themselves, make a practice of turning marriage into ridicule, and help to set all the eligibles more dead against it than they are,—to have them come promiscuously among the very best people, with nothing to distinguish them as dangerous, or label them as 'ought to be avoided,'—it's dreadful! it's a social evil! it *ought* to be remedied! They muzzle dogs in June, why can't they label Horrors in the season? I mustn't send poor little Bijou out for a walk in Kensington Gardens without a string, these men ought not to go about in society without restriction: a snap of Bijou's doesn't do half such mischief as a smile of theirs!"

And Lady Marabout chatted across the stall to his Grace of Doncaster, and entrapped him into purchases of fitting dual prodigality, and smiled on scores of people she didn't know, in pleasant *pro tempore* expediency that had, like most expediency in our day, its ultimate goal in their purses and pockets, and longed for some select gendarmierie to clear Willis's Rooms of her Cobra Capella, and kept an eye all the while on Cecil Ormsby—Cecil, selling off everything on the stall by sheer force of her bright violet eyes, receiving ten-pound notes for guinea trifles, making her Bourse rise as high as she liked, courted for a spray of mignonette as entreatingly as ever Law was courted in the Rue Quincampoix for Mississippi scrip, served by a corps d'élite, in whom she had actually

enlisted Carruthers, Goodwood, Fulke Nugent, Fitzbreguet, and plenty of the most desirable and most desired men in town, yet of which—oh the obstinacy of women!—she had actually made Chandos Cheveley, with the *croix d'honneur* of those wicked *malin* little roses d'amour in his coat, positively the captain and the chef!

"It is enough to break one's heart!" thought Lady Marabout, wincing under the Hautton glance, which she saw only the plainer because she *wouldn't* see it at all, and which said with horrible distinctness, "There is that man, who can hardly keep his own cab, who floats on society like a pleasure-boat, without rudder, ballast, or anchors, of whom I have told you, in virtuous indignation and Christian charity, fifty thousand naughty stories, who visits that wicked, notorious little *Maréchale*, who belongs to the *Amandine* set, who is everything that he ought not and nothing that he ought to be, who is le cadet d'un cadet, who hasn't a penny he doesn't make by a well-made betting-book or a dashed-off magazine article,—there he is flirting all day at your own stall with *Rosediamond's* daughter, and you haven't the *savoir faire*, the strength of will, the tact, the proper feeling, to stop it!" To all of which charges Lady Marabout humbly bent her head, metaphorically speaking, and writhed, *in petto*, under the glance of her ancient enemy, while she talked and laughed with the Duke of Doncaster. C. Petronius, talking epicurianisms and *jeux de mots* while the life-blood was ebbing away at every breath, was nothing to the suffering and the fortitude of Helena, Lady Marabout, turning a smiling, sunny, tranquil countenance to the world in front of her stall, while that world could see Chandos Cheveley admitted behind it!

"I must do something to stop this!" thought Lady Marabout, with the desperation of a Charlotte Corday.

"Is Cheveley going in for the *Ormsby tin*?" said *Amandine* to *Eyre Lee*. "Best thing he could do, eh? But Lady *Tattersall* and the trustees would cut up rough, I am afraid."

"What does Chandos mean with that daughter of *Rosediamond's*?" wondered her *Grace*, annoyedly. She had had him some time in her own rose chains, and when ladies have driven us long in that sort of harness, they could double-thong us with all the might of their little hands, if they fancy we are trying to break away.

"Is Chandos Cheveley turning *fortunc-hunter*? I suppose he would like Lady *Cecil's* money to pay off his *Ascot* losses," said Mrs. *Maréchale*, with a *malin* laugh. At *Ascot*, the day before, he had not gone near her carriage; the year before he had driven her down in her mail-phaeton: *sequitur*, what would there be too black to say of him *now*?

"I must do something to stop this!" determined Lady Marabout, driving homewards, and glancing at *Cecil Ormsby*, as that young lady lay back in the carriage, un peu *rêveuse* for *Rosediamond's* brilliant daughter, a little bit grave, a little bit *distraite* after her day's campaign—signs of the times terrifically ominous to her chaperone, skilled in reading such meteorological omens. But how was the drag to be put on the wheel? That momentous question absorbed Lady Marabout through her toilette that evening, pursued her to dinner, haunted her through two *soirées*, kept her wide awake all night, woke up with her to her early coffee, and flavoured the potted tongue and the *volaille à la Richelieu* she took for

her breakfast. "I can't turn the man out of town, and I can't tell people to strike him off their visiting-lists, and I can't shut Cecil and myself up in this house as if it were a convent; and, as to speaking to her, it is not the slightest use. She has such a way of putting things that one can never deny their truth, or reason them away, as one can with other girls. Fond as I am of her, she's fearfully difficult to manage. Still I owe it as a sacred duty to poor Rosediamond and the General, who says he places such implicit confidence in me, to interfere. It is my duty; it can't be helped. I must speak to Chandos Cheveley himself. I have no right to consult my own scruples when so much is at stake," valorously determined Lady Marabout, resolved to follow stern moral rules, and, when right was right, to let "le diable prendre le fruit."

To be a perfect *femme du monde*, I take it, ladies must weed out early in life all such little contemptible weaknesses as a dislike to wounding other people; and a perfect *femme du monde*, therefore, Lady Marabout was not, and never would be. Nohow could she acquire Anne Hautton's invaluable sneer—nohow could she imitate that estimable pietist's delightful way of dropping little icy-barbed sentences, under which I have known the bravest to shrink and levant, frozen out of her path *pour toujours*. Lady Marabout was grieved if she broke the head off a flower needlessly, and she could not cure herself of the same lingering *bêtise* in disliking to say a thing that pained anybody; it is incidental to the *De Boncœur* blood—Carruthers inherits it—and I have seen fellows spared through it, whom he could else have withered into the depths of their boots by one of his satirical mots. So she did not go to her task of speaking to Chandos Cheveley, armed at all points for the encounter, and taking pleasure in feeling the edge of her rapier, as Lady Hautton would have done. The Cobra was dangerous, and must be crushed, but Lady Marabout did not very much relish setting her heel on it; it was a glittering, terrible, much-to-be-feared, and much-to-be-abused serpent,—but it might *feel* all the same, you see.

## V.

## HOW LADY MARABOUT ACCOMPLISHED THE CRUSHING, AND WHAT SHE GAINED THEREBY.

"I DISLIKE the man on principle, but I don't want to pain him," she thought, sighing for the Hautton stern *savoir faire* and Achilles impenetrability, and goading herself on with the remembrance of duty and General Ormsby, when the opportunity she had resolved to seek presented itself accidentally at a breakfast at Lady George Frangipane's toy villa at Fulham, and she found herself comparatively alone (alone always is used in a comparative sense through the season) in the rose-garden with Cheveley, for once without Cecil's terrible violet eyes upon her. "Will you allow me a few words with you, Mr. Cheveley?" she asked, in her blandest manner—the kindly hypocrite! The blow must be dealt, but it might as well be softened with a few chloroform fumes, and not struck savagely with an iron-spiked mace.

Cheveley raised his eyes. ("How sad they look!" thought Lady Marabout) "With me? With the greatest pleasure!"

"He is a mere fortune-hunter. I will *not* spare him, I am resolved," determined Lady Marabout, as she toyed with her parasol handle, re-

marked incidentally how unequalled Lady George was in roses, especially in the tea-rose, and dealt blow No. 1. "Mr. Cheveley, I am going to speak to you very frankly. I consider frankness in all things best, myself——"

Cheveley bowed, and smiled slightly.

"I wish he would answer, it would make it so much easier; he will only look at one with those eyes of his, and certainly they are splendid!" thought Lady Marabout, as she went on quickly, on the same principle as the Chasseurs Indiens approach an abattis at double-quick. "When Lord Rosediamond died last year he left, as probably you are aware, his daughter in my sole care; it was a great responsibility—very great—and I feel, of course, that I shall have to answer to him for my discharge of it."

Lady Marabout didn't say whether Rosediamond was accustomed to visit her per medium, and hear her account of her stewardship nightly through a table-claw; but we must suppose that he was. Cheveley bowed again, and didn't inquire, not being spiritually interested.

"Why *won't* he speak?" thought Lady Marabout. "That I have not been blind to your very marked attention to my dear Cecil, I think you must be aware, Mr. Cheveley, and it is on that subject, indeed, that I——"

"Wished to speak to me? I understand!" said Cheveley as she paused, with that faint smile, half sad, half proud, that perplexed Lady Marabout. "You are about to insinuate to me gently that those attentions have been exceedingly distasteful to you, exceedingly unacceptable in me; you would remind me that Lady Cecil Ormsby is a beauty and an heiress, and that I am a fortune-hunter, whose designs are seen through and motives found out; you would hint to me that our intercourse must cease: is it not so?"

Lady Marabout, cursed with that obstinate, ill-bred, unextinguishable weakness for truth incidental and ever fatal to the De Boncœurs, couldn't say that it was *not* what she was going to observe to him, but it was exceedingly unpleasant, now it was put in such plain, uncomplimentary terms, to admit to the man's face that she *was* about to tell him he was a mercenary sliemer, whose attentions only sprang from a lawless passion for the beaux yeux of Cecil's cassette. She would have told him all that, and much more, with greatest dignity and effect, if he hadn't anticipated her; but to have her weapon parried before it was fairly out of its sheath unnerved her arm at the outset. "What *would* Anne Hautton do? Dear me! there never was anybody perpetually placed in such wretched positions as I am!" thought Lady Marabout, as she played with her parasol, and murmured something, not very clear relative to "responsibility" and "not desirable," two words as infallibly a part of Lady Marabout's stock in trade as a sneer at the "swells" is of *Punch's*. How she sighed for some cold, nonchalant, bitter sentence, such as the Hautton repertoire could have supplied! how she scorned herself for her own weakness and lack of severity! But she wouldn't have relished hurting a burglar's feelings, though she had seen him in the very act of stealing her jewel-boxes, by taxing him with the theft; and though the serpent *must* be crushed, the crushing began to give Lady Marabout neuralgic twinges. She was no more able to say the stern things she had rehearsed and resolved upon, than she was able to stab him with her parasol, or strangle him with her handkerchief.

"I guessed rightly what you were about to say to me?" said Cheveley, who seemed somehow or other to have taken all the talk into his own hands, and to have become the master of the position. "I thought so. I do not wonder at your construction; I cannot blame you for your resolution. Lady Cecil has some considerable fortune, they say; it is very natural that you should have imagined a man like myself, with no wealth save a good name, which only serves to make lack of wealth more conspicuous, incapable of seeking her society for any better, higher, more disinterested motive than that of her money; it was not charitable, perhaps, to decide unhesitatingly that it was impossible I could be drawn to her by any other attraction, that it was imperative I must be dead to everything in her that gives her a nobler and a higher charm; but it was very natural, and one learns never to hope for the miracle of a charitable judgment, *even* from Lady Marabout!"

"My dear Mr. Cheveley, indeed you mistake!" began Lady Marabout, restlessly. *That* was a little bit of a story, he didn't mistake at all; but Lady Marabout, collapsing like an india-rubber ball under the prick of a sarcasm, shivered all over at his words, his voice, his slight sad smile. "The man is as dreadful as Cecil," she thought; "he puts things so horribly clearly!"

"Mistake? I do not think I do. You have thought all this, and very naturally; but now hear me for a moment. I have sought Lady Cecil's society, that is perfectly true; we have been thrown together in society, very often accidentally; sometimes, I admit, through my own seeking. Few men could be with her and be steeled against her. I have been with her too much; but I sought her at first carelessly, then irresistibly and unconsciously, never with the motive you attribute to me. I am not as utterly beggared as you deem me, but neither am I entirely barren of honour. Believe me, Lady Marabout, my pride alone would be amply sufficient to raise a barrier between me and Cecil stronger than any that could be opposed to me by others. Yesterday I casually overheard words from Amandine which showed me that society, like you, has put but one construction on the attention I have paid her—a construction I might have foreseen had I not been unconsciously fascinated, and forgetful, for the time, of the infallible whispers of my kind friends. Her fortune, I know, was never numbered among her attractions for me; so little, that now that Amandine's careless words have reminded me of the verdict of society, I shall neither seek her nor see her again. Scores of men marry women for their money, and their money alone, but I am not one of them; with my own precarious fortunes, only escaping ruin because I am not rich enough to tempt ruin, I would never take advantage of any interest I may have excited in her, to speak to her of a love that the world would tell her was only another name for avarice and selfishness. I dare not trust myself with her longer, perhaps. I am no god to answer for my self-control; but you need not fear; my own honour will bar me from her more surely than any obstacles you could remind me of. I shall leave town to-morrow; what I may suffer matters not. Lady Cecil is safe from me! Whatever you may have heard of my faults, follies, or vices, none ever told you, I think, that I broke my word?"

"And when the man said that, my dear Philip, I assure you I felt as

guilty as if I had done him some horrible wrong; he stood there with his head up, looking at me with his sad proud eyes—and they are beautiful!—till, positively, I could almost have cried—I could, indeed, for though I don't like him on principle, I couldn't help pitying him," said Lady Marabout, in a subsequent relation of the scene to her son. "Wasn't it a terrible position? I was as near as possible forgetting everything due to poor Rosediamond, and saying to him that I believed Cecil liked him and would never like anybody else, but, thank Heaven! I remembered myself, and checked myself in time. If it had been anybody but Chandos Cheveley, I should really have admired him, he spoke so nobly and he looked so gallant! When he lifted his hat and left me, though I *ought* to have been glad (and I *was* glad, of course) that Cecil would be free from the society of anybody so objectionable and so dangerous, I felt wretched for him—I did indeed. It *is* so hard always to be placed in such miserable positions!" By which you will perceive that the triumphant crushing of Lady Marabout's Cobra didn't afford her the unmix'd gratification she had anticipated.

"I have done what was my duty to poor Rosediamond, and what General Ormsby's confidence merited," she solaced herself that day, feeling uncomfortably and causelessly guilty, she hardly knew why, when she saw Chandos Cheveley keeping sedulously with the "Amandine set," and read in Cecil's tell-tale face wonder, perplexity, and regret thereat, till the Frangipane fête came to an end. She had appeased the manes of feu Rosediamond, who, to her imagination, always appeared sitting up aloft keeping watch over the discharge of her chaperone's duties, but she had a secret and horrible dread that she had excited the wrath of Rosediamond's daughter. She had driven her Horror off the scene, it is true, but she could not feel that she had altogether come off the best in the contest. Anne Hutton had congratulated her, indeed, on having "acted with decision *at last*," but then she had marred it all by asking if Carruthers was likely to be engaged to Cecil? And Lady Marabout had been forced to confess he was not; Philip, when pressed by her that very morning to be a little attentive to Cecil, having shaken his head and laughed:

"She's a bewitching girl, mother, but she don't bewitch *me*! You know what Shakspeare says of wooing, wedding, and repentance. I've no fancy for the inseparable trio!"

Altogether, Lady Marabout was far from peace and tranquillity, though the Cobra *was* crushed as she drove away from the Frangipane breakfast, and she wasn't nearer them when Cecil turned her eyes upon, her with a question worse to Lady Marabout's ear than the roar of a Lancaster battery.

"What have you said to him?"

"My dear Cecil! What have I said to whom?" returned Lady Marabout, with Machiavellian surprise.

"You know well enough, Lady Marabout! What have you said to him—to Mr. Cheveley?"

Cecil's impetuosity invariably knocked Lady Marabout down at one blow, as a ball knocks down the pegs at lawn billiards. She rallied after the shock, but not successfully, and tried at coldness and decision, as recommended by Hutton prescriptions.

"My dear Cecil, I have said to him what I think it my duty to say to him. Responsible as I am for you——"

"Responsible for me, Lady Marabout? Indeed you are not. I am responsible for myself!" interrupted Lady Cecil, with that haughty arch of her eyebrows and that flush on her face before which Lady Marabout was powerless. "What have you said to him? I *will* know!"

"I said very little to him indeed, my dear; he said it all himself."

"What did he say himself?"

"I *must* tell her—she is so dreadfully persistent," thought the unhappy and badgered Peeress; and tell her she did, being a means of lessening the young lady's interest in the subject of discussion as little judicious as she could well have hit upon.

Lady Cecil listened, silent for once, shading her face with her parasol, shading the tears that gathered on her lashes and rolled down her delicate flushed cheeks, at the recital of Chandos Cheveley's words, from her chaperone's sight.

Lady Marabout gathered courage from the tranquillity with which her recital was heard.

"You see, my love, Chandos Cheveley's own honour points in the same direction with my judgment," she wound up, in conclusion. "He has acted rightly at last, I allow, and if you—if you have for the moment felt a tinge of warmer interest in him—if you have been taken by the fascination of his manner, and invested him with a young girl's auréole of romance, you will soon see with us how infinitely better it is that you should part, and how impossible it is that——"

Lady Cecil's eyes flashed such fire through their tears, that Lady Marabout stopped, collapsed and paralysed.

"It is by such advice as that you repay his nobility, his generosity, his honour!—it is by such words as those you reward him for acting as not one man in a hundred *would* have acted! Hush, hush, Lady Marabout, I thought better of you!"

"Good Heavens! *where will it end?*" thought Lady Marabout, distractedly, as Rosediamond's wayward daughter sprang down at the door with a flush in her face, and a contemptuous anger in her eyes, that made Bijou, jumping on her *comme d'ordinaire*, stop, stare, and whine in canine dismay.

"And I fancied she was listening passively!" thought Lady Marabout.

"Well! the man is gone to-day, that is one comfort. I am very thankful I acted as I did," reasoned that ever-worried lady in her boudoir the next morning. "I am afraid Cecil is really very fond of him, there were such black shadows under her eyes at breakfast, poor child! But it is much better as it is—much better. I should never have held up my head again if I had allowed her to make such a disadvantageous alliance. I can hardly bear to think of what would have been said, even now the danger is over!"

While Lady Marabout was thus comforting herself over her embroidery silks, Cecil Ormsby was pacing into the Park, with old Twitters the groom ten yards behind her, taking her early ride before the world was up—it was only eleven o'clock; Cecil had been used to early rising, and wouldn't leave it off, having discovered some recipe that made her independent of ordinary mortals' quantum of sleep.



"Surely he will be here this morning to see me for the last time," thought that young lady, as she paced up the New Ride under the Kensington Gardens trees, with her heart beating quickly under the gold aiglettes of her riding-jacket.

"I must see her once more, and then——" thought Chandos Cheveley, as he leaned against the rails, smoking, as he had done scores of mornings before. His man had packed his things; his cab was waiting at the gates to take him to the South Eastern station, and his port-manteau was lettered "Baden." He had only come to take one last look of the face that haunted him as the Amandine's, or the Maré-chale's, or any other had never succeeded in doing. The ring of a horse's hoof fell on his ear. There she came, on her roan hack, with the sun glancing off her chesnut hair. He looked up to bow to her as she passed on, for the Ride had never been a rendezvous for more than a bow (Cecil's insurrectionary tactics had always been carried on before Lady Marabout's face), but the roan was pulled up by him that morning for the very first time, and Cecil's eyes fell on him through their lashes.

"Mr. Cheveley—is it true you are going out of town?"

"Quite true."

If her voice quivered as she asked the question, he barely kept his own from doing the same as he answered it.

"Will you be gone long?"

"Till next season, at earliest."

His promise to Lady Marabout was hard to keep! He would not have trusted his strength if he had known she would have done more than canter on with her usual bow and smile.

Cecil was silent. Twitters waited like a statue his ten yards behind them. She played with her reins nervously, the colour coming and going painfully in her face.

"Lady Marabout told me of—of some conversation you had with her yesterday?"

Low as the words were, Cheveley heard them, and his hand, as it lay on the rails, shook like a girl's. It went hard enough with him then to remember honour.

Cecil was silent again; she looked at him, her eyes full of unshed tears, as the colour burned in her face, and she drooped her head almost to a level with her hands as they played with the reins.

"She told me—you——"

She stopped again. Cecil was new to making proposals, though not to rejecting them. Cheveley set his teeth to keep in the words that rushed to his lips, and Cecil saw the struggle as she bent her head lower and lower to the saddle, and twisted the reins into a Gordian knot.

"Do you—must we—why should——"

Fragmentary monosyllables enough, but sufficient to fell his strength and change his life, as his hand closed on hers.

"If *you* bid me stop, I stay, Cecil! Let the world say what it likes!"

"Drive back to St. James's-street, Harris; I have changed my mind about going to-day," said Cheveley, as he got into his cab at Albert-gate.

"How soon she has got over it! Girls do," thought Lady Marabout, as Cecil Ormsby came in from her ride with the brightest bloom on her

cheeks a June breeze ever fanned there. She laid her hat on the table, flung her gauntlets at Bijou, and threw herself on her knees by Lady Marabout, a saucy smile on her face, though her lashes were wet.

"Dear Lady Marabout, I can forgive you now, but you will never forgive me!"

Lady Marabout turned white as her point-lace cap, gave a little gasp of paralysed terror, and pushed back her chair as though a shell had exploded on the hearth-rug.

"Cecil! Good Heaven!—you don't mean——"

"Yes I do," said Cecil, with a fresh accès of colour, and a low, soft laugh.

Lady Marabout gasped again for breath:

"But General Ormsby!" was all she could ejaculate.

"General Ormsby? What of him? Did you ever know uncle Johnnie refuse to please *me*? And if my money is to interfere with my happiness, and not promote it, as I conceive it its duty and purpose to do, why, I am of age in July, you know, and I shall make a deed of gift of it all to the Soldiers' Home or the Wellington College, and there is only one person who will care for me *then*."

Lady Cecil was quite capable of carrying her threat into execution, and Lady Cecil had her own way accordingly, as she had had it from her babyhood.

"I shall never hold up my head again! And what a horrible triumph for Anne Hautton! I am always the victim—always!" said Lady Marabout, that day two months, when the last guest at Cecil Ormsby's wedding *déjeûner* had rolled away from the house. "A girl who might have married anybody, Philip; she refused twenty offers this season—she did, indeed! It is heart-breaking, say what you like; you needn't laugh, it is. Why did I offer them Fern Ditton for this month, you say, if I didn't countenance the alliance? Nonsense! that is nothing to the purpose. Of course, I seemed to countenance it to a degree, for Cecil's sake, and I admire Chandos Cheveley, I confess (at least I should do, if I didn't dislike his class on principle); but, say what you like, Philip, it is the most terrible thing that could have happened for *me*. Horrors *ought* to be labelled, or muzzled, or done something with, and not be let loose on society as they are. Think what *you* feel when an outsider, as you call it, beats all the favourites, upsets all your betting-books, and carries off the Doncaster Cup, and then realise, if you've any humanity in you, what *we* feel under such a trial as this is to me! Only to think what Anne Hautton will always say!"

Lady Marabout is not the only person to whom the first thought, the most dreaded ghost, the ghastliest skeleton, the direst aggravation, the sharpest dagger-thrust, under all troubles, is the remembrance of that one omnipotent ogre—"QU'EN DIRA-T-ON?"

"Laugh at her, mother," counselled Carruthers; and, amis lecteurs, I pass on his advice to you as the best and sole bowstring for strangling the ogre in question, which is the grimmest we have in all Bogynod.

# THE WORRIES OF A CHAPERONE;

OR,

## LADY MARABOUT'S TROUBLES.

BY OUIDA.

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### SEASON THE THIRD.—THE DETRIMENTAL.

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#### I.

##### LADY MARABOUT'S PUZZLE.

"My dear Philip, the most unfortunate thing has happened," said Lady Marabout, one morning; "really the greatest contretemps that could have occurred. I suppose I never *am* to be quiet!"

"What's the row *now*, *madre carissima*?" asked Carruthers, seating himself back in a *dormeuse*, tired with the heat, dust, and bore of a field-day at Wormwood Scrubs, the first of that season, having sworn at the weight of his harness, lighted a cigar as he trotted homewards, and drunk Hock and seltzer to refresh himself afterwards, in common with the rest of the Blues.

"It is no row, but it is an annoyance. You have heard me speak of my poor dear friend Mrs. Montolieu; you know she married unhappily, poor thing, to a dreadful creature, colonel of a West India regiment—nobody at all. It is very odd and it is very wrong, and there must be a great mistake somewhere, but certainly most marriages *are* unhappy."

"And yet you are always recommending the institution! What an extraordinary obstinacy and opticism, my dear mother! I suppose you do it on the same principle as nurses recommend children nasty medicines, or as old Levett used to tender me dry biscuit sans confiture: 'Tisn't so nice as marmalade, I know, Master Philip, but then, dear, it's so wholesome!'"

"Hold your tongue, Philip," cried Lady Marabout; "I don't mean it in that sense at all, and you know I don't. If poor Lilla Montolieu is unhappy, I am sure it is all her abominable odious husband's fault; she is the sweetest creature possible. But she has a daughter, and concerning that daughter she wrote to me about a month ago, and—I never was more vexed in my life—she wants me to bring her out this season."

"A victim again! My poor dear mother, you certainly deserve a Belgravian testimonial; you shall have a statue set up in Lowndes-square commemorative of the heroic endurance of a chaperone's existence, subscribed for gratefully by the girls you married well, and penitentially by the girls you couldn't marry at all."

Lady Marabout laughed a little, but sighed again: "'It is fun to you, but it is death to me'——"

"As the women say when we flirt with them," interpolated Carruthers.

"You see, poor dear Lilla didn't know what to do. There she is, in that miserable island with the unpronounceable name that the man is

governor of; shut out of all society, with nobody to marry this girl to if she had her there, except their secretary, or a West Indian planter. Of course, no mother would ruin her daughter's prospects, and take her into such an out-of-the-world corner. She knew no one so well as myself, and so to me she applied. She is the sweetest creature! I would do anything to oblige or please her, but I can't help being very sorry she has pounced upon me. And I don't the least know what this girl is like, not even whether she is presentable. I dare say she was petted and spoiled in that lazy, luxurious, tropical life when she was little, and she has been brought up the last few years in a convent in France, the very last education I should choose for a girl. Fancy, if I should find her an ignorant, unformed hoyden, or a lethargic, overgrown child, or an artificial French girl, who goes to confession every day, and carries on twenty undiscoverable love affairs—fancy, if she should be ugly, or awkward, or brusque, or gauche, as ten to one she will be—fancy, if I find her utterly unrepresentable!—what in the world shall I do?"

"Decline her," suggested Carruthers. "I wouldn't have a horse put in my tilbury that I'd never seen, and risk driving a spavined, wall-eyed, underbred brute through the Park; and I suppose the ignominy of the *début* would be to you much what the ignominy of such a turn-out would be to me."

"Decline her? I can't, my dear Philip! I agreed to have her a month ago. I have never seen you to tell you till now, you know; you've been so sworn to Newmarket all through the Spring Meetings. Decline her? she comes to-night!"

"Comes to-night?" laughed Carruthers. "Tout est perdu, then. We shall see the Countess of Marabout moving through London society with a West Indian, who has a skin like Othello, has as much idea of manners as a housemaid that suddenly turns out an heiress, and is invited by people to whom she yesterday carried up their hot water, reflects indelible disgrace on her chaperone by *gaucheries* unparalleled, throws glass or silver missiles at Soames's head when he doesn't wait upon her at luncheon to her liking, as she has been accustomed to do at the negroes—"

"Philip, pray don't!" cried Lady Marabout, piteously.

"Or, we shall welcome under the Marabout wing a young lady fresh from convent walls and pensionnaire flirtations, who astonishes a dinner-party by only partaking of the first course, and excusing herself from the sins of entremets and hors d'œuvre on the score of *jours maigres* and conscientious scruples; who is visited by *révérends pères* from Farm-street, and fills your drawing-room with High Church curates, whom she tries to draw over from their 'mother's' to their 'sister's' open arms; who goes every day to early morning mass instead of taking an early morning canter, and who, when invited to sing at a *soirée musicale*, begins '*Sancta Maria adorata!*'"

"Philip, *don't!*" cried Lady Marabout. "Bark at him, Bijou, the heartless man! It is as likely as not little Montolieu may realise one of your horrible croquis. Ah, Philip, you don't know what the worries of a chaperone are!"

"Thank Heaven, no!" laughed Carruthers. "Fancy if a boy, launched on London life after his Eton and Trinity course, had to be

placed under the wing of some male chaperone, who must never lose sight of him; who must take care he never gets into the Café Regence, or wander to Cremorne; who must mind his conduct is irreproachable and his acquaintances carefully weeded; who must preserve his unsoiled mind from French novels, and his innocent soul from the coulisses—what a life we and the boys should lead! I don't know which of us would be martyred the most!"

"It is easy to make a joke of it, and very tempting, I dare say—one's woes always *are* amusing to other people, they don't feel the smart themselves, and only laugh at the grimace it forces from one—but I can tell you, Philip, it is anything but a pleasant prospect to have to go about in society with a girl one may be as ashamed of as a rococo bonnet. I don't know anything more trying; I would as soon wear paste diamonds as introduce a girl that is not perfectly good style."

"But why not have thought of all this in time?"

Lady Marabout sank back in her chair, and curled Bijou's ears with a sigh.

"My dear Philip, if everybody always thought of things in time, would there be any *bêtises* committed at all? It's precisely because repentance comes too late, that repentance is such a horrible wasp, with such a merciless sting. Besides, *could* I refuse poor Lilla Montolieu, unhappy as she is with that bear of a man?"

"I never felt more anxious in my life," thought Lady Marabout, as she sat before the fire in her drawing-room—it was a chilly April day—stirring the cream into her ante-prandial cup of tea, resting one of her small satin-slipped feet on Bijou's back, while the firelight sparkled on the Dresden figures, the statuettes, the fifty thousand costly trifles, in which the Marabout salons equalled any in Belgravia. "I never felt more anxious—not on any of Philip's election-days, nor even when I've been listening to any of his speeches in the Commons, I do think. If she *should* be unrepresentable—and then poor dear Lilla was not much of a match, and the girl will not have a sou, she tells me frankly; I can hardly hope to do anything for her. There is one thing, she will not be a responsibility, like Valencia or Cecil, and what would have been a bad match for *them* will be a good one for her. She must accept the first offer made her, if she have any at all, which will be very doubtful; few Benedicts bow to Beatrices now-a-days, unless Beatrice is a good 'investment,' as they call it. She will soon be here. That is the carriage now stopped, I do think. How anxious I feel! Really it can't be worse for a Turkish bridegroom never to see his fiancée's face till after the ceremony than it is for one not to have seen a girl till one has to introduce her. If she shouldn't be good style!"

And Lady Marabout's heart palpitated, possibly prophetically, as she set down her little Sèvres cup and rose out of her fauteuil, with Bijou shaking his silver collar and bells in a courteous *bienvenue*, to welcome the new inmate of Lowndes-square, with her sunny smile and her kindly voice, and her soft beaming eyes, which, as I have often stated, would have made Lady Marabout look amiable at an Abruzzi bandit who had demanded her purse or an executioner who had led her out to capital punishment, and now made her radiate, warm and bright, on a guest whose advent she dreaded. Hypocrisy, you say, *ami lecteur*. Not a bit of

it! Hypocrisy may be eminently courteous, but, take my word for it, it's never *cordial*! There are natures who throw such reflets d'or around them naturally, as there are others who think brusquerie and acidity cardinal virtues, and deal them out as points of conscience; are there not sunbeams that shine kindly alike on fragrant violet tufts and barren brambles, 'velvet lawns and muddy trottoirs? are there not hail-clouds who send jagged points of ice on all the world *pêle-mêle*, as mercilessly on the broken rose as on the granite boulder? (If Lady Marabout makes me too poetic, *mes chers amis*, *pardonnez moi*, she is a friend of mine, and I like her.)

"She is good style, thank Heaven!" thought Lady Marabout, as she went forward, with her white soft hands, their jewels flashing in the light, outstretched in welcome. "My dear child, how much you are like your mother! You must let me be fond of you for her sake, first, and then—for your own!"

The conventional thought did not make the cordial utterance insincere—*point du tout*. The two ran in couples—we often drive such pairs, every one of us—and if *they* entail insincerity, *Veritas, vale!*

"My dear mother, I called to inquire if you have survived the anxiety of last night, and to know what *jeune sauvage* or *fair religieuse* you may have had sent you for the galvanising of *Belgravia*?" said Carruthers, paying his accustomed visit in his mother's boudoir, and throwing macaroon at Bijou's nose.

"My dear Philip, I hardly know; she puzzles me. She's what, if she were a man, I should classify as a detrimental."

"Is she *gauche*?"

"Not in the least. Perfect manners, wherever she learned them."

"Brusque?"

"Soft as a gazelle. Very like her mother."

"Brown?"

"Fair as that statuette, with a beautiful bloom; lovely gold hair, too, and hazel eyes."

"What are the short-comings, then?"

"There are none; and it's that that puzzles me. She's been six years in that convent, and yet, I do assure you, her style is perfect. She's hardly eighteen, but she's the air of the best society. She is—a—well, *almost* nobody, as people rank now, you know, for poor dear Lilla's marriage was not what she should have made, but the girl might be a royal duke's daughter for manner."

"A premature artificial *femme du monde*? Bah! nothing more odious," said Carruthers, poisoning a macaroon on Pandore's nose. "Make ready!—present!—fire! There's a good dog!"

"No, nothing of that sort; very natural, frank, vivacious. Nothing artificial about her; very charming, indeed! But she might be a young countess, the queen of a *monde*, rather than a young girl just out of a French convent; and, you know, my dear Philip, that sort of wit and nonchalance may be admirable for Cecil Ormsby, assured of her position, but they're dangerous to a girl like this *Flora Montolieu*: they will make people remark her and ask who she is, and try to pull her to pieces, if they don't find her somebody they *dare* not hit. I would much rather she were of the general ordinary pattern, pleasing, but nothing remark-

able, well-bred, but nothing to envy, thoroughly educated, but monosyllabic in society; such a girl as that passes among all the rest, suits mediocre men (and the majority of men *are* mediocre, you know, my dear Philip), and pleases women because she is a nice girl, and no rival; but this little Montolieu——”

And Lady Marabout sighed with a prescience of coming troubles, while Carruthers laughed and rose.

“Will worry your life out! I must go, for I have to sit in court-martial at two (for a mere trifle, a deuced bore to us, but le service oblige!), so I shall escape introduction to your little Montolieu to-day. Why *will* you fill your house with girls, my dear mother?—it is fifty times more agreeable when you are reigning alone. Henceforth, I can't come in to lunch with you without going through the formula of a mild flirtation—women think you so ill natured if you don't flirt a little with them, that amiable men like myself haven't strength of mind to refuse. You should keep *your* house an open sanctuary for me, when you know I've no other in London except when I retreat into the Guards' and the U.S.!”

“She puzzles me!” pondered Lady Marabout, as Despréaux disrobed her that night. “I always *am* to be puzzled, I think! I never *can* have one of those quiet, mediocre, well-mannered, remarkable-for-nothing girls, who have no idiosyncrasies and give nobody any trouble; one marries them safely to some second-rate man; nobody admires them, and nobody dislikes them; they're to society what neutral tint is among body-colours, or rather what greys are among dresses—inoffensive, unimpeachable, always look ladylike, but never look brilliant; colourless dresses are very useful, and so are characterless girls; and I dare say the draper would tell us the greys in the long run are the easiest to sell, as the girls are to marry; they please the common-place, mediocre taste of the generality, and do for every-day wear! Little Montolieu puzzles me; she is charming, very striking, very lovable, but she puzzles me! I have a presentiment that that child will give me a world of anxiety, an infinitude of trouble!”

And Lady Marabout laid her head on her pillow, not the happier that Flora Montolieu was lying asleep in the room next her, dreaming of the wild-vine shadows and the night-blooming flowers of her native tropics, under the rose-curtains of her new home in Lowndes-square, already a burden on the soul and a responsibility on the mind of that home's mistress and head, Lady Marabout, née de Boncœur.

## II.

### HOW LADY MARABOUT'S PUZZLE AMUSED SOCIETY.

“If she were a man I should certainly call her a detrimental,” said Lady Marabout, after a more deliberate envisagement of her charge. “You know, my dear Philip, the sort of man one calls detrimental; attractive enough to do a great deal of damage, and ineligible enough to make the damage very unacceptable: handsome and winning, but a younger son, or a something nobody wants; a delightful flirtation, but a terrible alliance; you know what I mean! Well, that is just what this little

Montolieu is in our sex; I am quite sure it is what she will be considered; and if it be bad for a man, it is very much worse for a woman! Everybody will admire her, and nobody will marry her; I have a presentiment of it!"

With which prophetic mélange of the glorious and the inglorious for her charge's coming career, Lady Marabout sighed, gave a little shiver, such as

Sur des maux ignorés nous fait gémir d'avance,  
as Delphine Gay well phrased it, and floated out of her boudoir to the dining-room, for luncheon, at which informal and pleasant meal Carruthers chanced to stay, eat some quenelles de veau, criticise a new dry sherry, and take a look at this unsaleable young filly of the Marabout yearling sales.

"I don't know about her being detrimental, mother," laughed he; "but I vow she is the prettiest thing you've had in your list for some time. You've had much greater beauties, you say? Well, perhaps so; but I bet you any money she will make a sensation."

"I'm sure she will," reiterated Lady Marabout, despairingly. "I have no doubt she will have a brilliant season; there is something very piquant, taking, and uncommon about her; but who will marry her at the end of it?"

Carruthers stroked his moustaches, and shouted with laughter.

"Heaven forbid that I should attempt to prophesy! I would undertake as readily to say who'll be the owner of the winner of the Oaks ten years hence! I can tell you who *won't*—"

"Yourself; because you'll never marry anybody at all," cried Lady Marabout. "Well! I must say I should not wish you to renounce your misogynistic notions here. The Montolieus are not at all what *you* should look for; and a child like Flora would be excessively ill suited to you. If I could see you married, as I should desire, to some woman of weight and dignity, five or six-and-twenty, fit for you in every way—"

"De grace, de grace! My dear mother, the mere sketch will kill me, if you insist on finishing it! Be reasonable! Can anything be more comfortable, more tranquil, plus à mon aise, than I am now? I swing through life in a delicious rocking-chair; if I'm a trifle bored now and then, it's my heaviest trial. I float as pleasantly on the waves of London life, in my way, as the lotus-eaters of poetry on the Ganges in theirs; and *you'd* have the barbarity to introduce into my complacent existence the sting of matrimony, the phosphorus of Hymen's torch, the symbolical serpent of a wedding ring?—for shame!"

Lady Marabout laughed malgré elle, and malgré the solemnity, in *her* eyes, of the subject.

"I *should* like to see you happily married, for all that, though I quite despair of it now; but perhaps you are right."

"Of course I am right! Adam was tranquil and unworried till fate sent him a wife, and he was typical of the destinies of his descendants. Those who are wise take warning; those who are not neglect it and repent. Lady Hautton et C<sup>o</sup> are very fond of twisting scriptural obscurities into 'types.' *There's* a type plain as day, and salutary to mankind, if detrimental to women!"

"Philip, you are abominable! don't be so wicked!" cried Lady Mara-



bout, enjoying it all the more because she was a little shocked at it, as your best women will on occasion; human nature is human nature everywhere, *mon ami*, and the female heart gives pleasurable little pulses at the sight of *les fruits défendus* now, as in the days of Eve.

"Who's that little Montolieu with your mother this year, Phil?" dozens of men asked Carruthers, that season, across the mess-table, in the smoking-room of the Guards, in the Ride or the Ring, in the doorways of ball-rooms, or anywhere where such-like questions are asked and new pretty women discussed.

"What is it in her that takes so astonishingly?" wondered Lady Marabout, who is, like most women, orthodox on all points, loving things *de règle*, worrying if they go out of the customary routine, and was, therefore, quite incapable of reconciling herself to so revolutionary a fact as a young lady being admired who was not a beauty, and sought while she was detrimental in every way. It was "out of the general rule," and your orthodox people hate anything "out of the general rule" as they hate their prosperous friends: the force of hatred can no further go! Flora Montolieu's crime in Belgravia was much akin to the Bonapartes' crimes to the Bourbons. Thrones must be filled legitimately, if not worthily, in the eyes of the orthodox people, and this Petit Caporal of Lady Marabout's had no business to reign where the Hereditary Princesses of the houses of Hautton, Fixateur, Sangroyal, Mechlin, and all the other noble lines failed to sway the sceptre. Lady Marabout, belonging to the noble lines herself, agreed in her heart with them, and felt a little bit guilty to have introduced this democratic and unwelcome element into society. Flora Montolieu "took," as people say of bubble companies, meaning that they will pleasantly ruin a million or two; or of new fashions, meaning that they will become general with the many and, *sequitur*, unwearable with the few. She had the brilliance and grace of one of her own tropical flowers, with something piquant and attractive about her that one had to leave nameless, but that was all the more charming for that very fact perhaps, full of life and animation, but soft as a gazelle, as her chaperone averred; not characterless, as Lady Marabout fondly desired (on the same principle, I suppose, as a timid whip likes a horse as spiritless as a riding-school hack), but, *au contraire*, with plenty of character, so much, indeed, that it rather puzzled her *camériste*. "Girls shouldn't have marked character; they should be clay that one can mould, not a self-chiselled statuette, that will only go into its own niche, and won't go into any other. This little Montolieu would make just such a woman as Vittoria Colonna or Madame de Sablé, but one doesn't want *those* qualities in a girl, who is but a single little ear in the wheat-sheaf of society, and whom one wants to marry off, but can't expect to marry well. Her poor mother, of course, will look to me to do something advantageous for her, and I verily believe she is that sort of girl that will let me do nothing," thought Lady Marabout, already beginning to worry as she talked to Lady George Frangipane at a breakfast in Palace Gardens, and watched Little Montolieu, with Carruthers on her left and Goodwood on her right, amusing them both, to all semblance, and holding her own to the Lady Hauttons' despite, who held *their* own so excessively chillily and loftily that no ordinary mortals cared to approach them, but beholding them, one thought involuntarily of the stately icebergs off the Spitz-

bergen coast, only that the icebergs *could* melt or explode when their time came, and the time was never known when the Hautton surface could be moved to anger or melt to any sunshine whatever. (At least, whether their maids or their mother ever beheld the first of the phenomena, far be it from me to say, but *we* never saw either.)

"Well, Miss Montolieu, how do you like our life here?" Carruthers was asking. "Which is preferable—Belgravia or St. Denis?"

"Oh, Belgravia, decidedly," laughed Lady Marabout's charge. "I think your life charming. All change, excitement, gaiety, who would not like it?"

"Nobody that is not fresh to it!"

"Fresh to it? Ah! are you one of the class who find no beauty in anything unless it is new? If so, do not charge the blame on to the thing, as your tone implies; take it rather to yourself and your own fickleness."

"Perhaps I do," smiled Carruthers. "But whether oneself or 'the thing' is to blame, the result's much the same—satiety! Wait till you have had two or three seasons, and then tell me if you find this mill-wheel routine, these circus gyrations, so delightful! We are the performing stud, who go round and round in the hippodrome day after day for show till we are sick of the whole programme, knowing our white stars are but a daub of paint, and our gay spangles only tinfoil. You are a little pony just joined to the troupe, and just pleased with the glitter of the arena. Wait till you've had a few years before you say whether going through the same hoops and passing over the same sawdust is so very amusing."

"If I do not, I shall desert the troupe, and form a circus of my own less réglé and more enjoyable," responded little Montolieu.

"Il faut souffrir pour être belle, il faut souffrir encore plus pour être à la mode!" said Goodwood, on her right, while Lady Egidia Hautton thought, "How bold that little Montolieu is!" and her sister, Lady Feodorowna, wondered what her cousin Goodwood *could* see there.

"I do not see the necessity," interrupted Flora, "and I certainly would never bow to the 'il faut.' I would make fashion follow me; I would not follow fashion." ("That child talks as though she were the Duchess of Amandine," thought Lady Marabout, catching fragmentary portions across the table, the Marabout oral and oracular organs being always conveniently multiplied when she was armed cap à pie as a chaperone.) "Sir Philip, you talk as if you belonged to the 'nothing-is-new, and nothing-is-true, and it-don't-signify' class. I should have thought you were above the nil admirari affectation."

"He admires, as we all do, when we find something that compels our homage," said Goodwood, with an emphasis that would have made the hearts of any of the Hereditary Princesses palpitate with gratification, but at which the ungrateful Petit Caporal only glanced at him a little surprisedly with her hazel eyes, as though she by no means saw the point of the speech.

Carruthers laughed:

"Nil admirari? Oh no. I enjoy life, but then it is thanks to the clubs, my yacht, my cigar-case, my stud, a thousand things,—not thanks at all to Belgravia."

"Complimentary to the Belgraviennes!" cried Flora, with a shrug of her shoulders. "They have not known how to amuse you, then?"

"Ladies never *do* amuse us!" sighed Carruthers. "Tant pis pour nous!"

"Are you going to Lady Patchouli's this evening, Miss Montolieu?" asked Goodwood.

"I believe we are. I think Lady Marabout said so."

"Then I shall exert myself, and go too. It will be a terrible bore—balls always are. But to waltz with *you* I shall encounter it!"

Flora Montolieu arched her eyebrows, and gave him a little disdainful glance.

"Lord Goodwood, do not be so sure that I shall waltz at all with you. If *you* take vanity for wit, I cannot accept discourtesy as compliment!"

"Well hit, little lady!" thought Carruthers, with a mental *bravissima*.

"What a speech!" thought Lady Marabout, across the table, as shocked as though a footman had dropped a cascade of iced hock over her.

"You got it for once, Goodwood," laughed Carruthers, as they drove away in his tilbury. "You never had such a sharp brush as that."

"By Jove, no! Positively it was quite a new sensation—refreshing, indeed! One grows so tired of the women who agree with one eternally, and court one au désespoir. She's a charming little thing, on my word. Who is she, Phil? In an heraldic sense, I mean."

"My dear child, what could possess you to answer Lord Goodwood like that?" cried Lady Marabout, as her barouche rolled down Palace Gardens.

"Possess me? The Demon of Mischief, I suppose."

"But, my love, it was a wonderful compliment from him!"

"Was it? I do not see any compliment in those vain, impertinent, Brummellian amour-propreisms. I must coin the word, there is no good one to express it."

"But, my dear Flora, you know he is the Marquis of Goodwood, the Duke of Doncaster's son! It is not as if he were a boy in the Lancers, or an unfledged *petit maître* from the Foreign-office——"

"Were he her Majesty's son, he should not gratify his vanity at my expense! If he expected me to be flattered by his condescension, he mistook me very much. He has been allowed to adopt that tone, I suppose; but from a man to a woman a chivalrous courtesy is due, though the man be an emperor."

"Perhaps so—of course; but that is their tone now-a-days, my love, and you cannot alter it. I always say the Regency-men inaugurated it, and their sons and grandsons out-Herod Herod. But to turn a tide, or be a wit with impunity, a woman wants to occupy a prominent and unassailable position. Were you the Duchess of Amandine you might say that sort of thing, but a young girl just out *must not*—indeed, she *must not*! The Hauttons heard you, and the Hauttons are very merciless people; perfectly bred themselves, and pitiless on the least infringement of the convenances. Besides, ten to one you may have gained Good-

wood's ill-will; and he is a man whose word has immense weight, I assure you."

"I do not see anything remarkable in him to give him weight," said the literal and unimpressible little Montolieu. "He is neither so brilliant nor so handsome by a great deal as many gentlemen I see—as Sir Philip, for instance, Lady Marabout?"

"As my son? No, my love, he is not; very few men have Philip's talents and person," said Lady Marabout, consciously mollified and propitiated, but going on, nevertheless, with a Spartan impartiality highly laudable. "Goodwood's rank, however, is much higher than Philip's (at least it stands so, though really the Carruthers are by far the older, dating as far back as Ethelbert II., while the Doncaster family are literally unknown till the fourteenth century, when Gervaise d'Ascotte received the accolade before Ascalon from Godfrey de Bouillon); Goodwood *has* great weight, my dear, in the best circles. A compliment from him is a great compliment to any woman, and the sort of answer you gave him——"

"Must have been a great treat to him, dear Lady Marabout, if every one is in the habit of kow-towing before him. Princes, you know, are never so happy as when they can have a little bit of *laissez-faire*; and my speech must have been as refreshing to Lord Goodwood as the breath of his Bearnese breezes and the freedom of his Pyrenean forests were to Henri Quatre after the court etiquette and the formal ceremonial of Paris."

"I don't know about its being a treat to him, my dear; 'twas more likely to be a shower-bath. And your illustration isn't au point. The Bearnese breezes were Henri Quatre's native air, and might be pleasant to him; but the figurative ones are not Goodwood's, and I am sure cannot please him."

"But, Lady Marabout, I do not want to please him!" persisted the young lady, perversely.

"Dear me, how oddly things go!" thought Lady Marabout. "There was Valencia, one of the proudest girls in England, his equal in every way, an acknowledged beauty, who would have said the dust on the trottoir was diamonds, and worn turquoises on azureline, or emeralds on rose, I verily believe, if such opticisms and gaucheries had been Goodwood's taste; and here is this child, for whom the utmost one can do will be to secure a younger son out of the Civil Service, or a country member, cannot be made to see that he is of an atom more importance than Soames or Mason, and treats him with downright nonchalant indifference. What odd anomalies one sees in everything!"

### III.

HOW A LITTLE OUTSIDER PROMISED TO WIN THE GOLD CUP OF THE MATRIMONIAL STAKES.

"WHO is that little Montolieu with you this season?" Lady Hutton asked, smiling, that acidulated smile with which that amiable saint always puts long questions to you of which she knows the answer would be *peine forte et dure*. "Not the daughter of that horrid John Montolieu, who

did all sorts of dreadful things, and was put into a West India regiment en désespoir? Indeed! *that* man? Dear me! Married the sister of your incumbent at Fernditton? Ah, really!—very singular! But how do *you* come to have brought out the daughter?"

At all of which remarks Lady Marabout winced, and felt painfully guilty of a gross democratic dereliction from legitimate and beaten paths, conscious of having sinned heavily in the eyes of the world and Lady Hautton, by bringing within the sacred precincts of Belgravia the daughter of a mauvais sujet in a West India corps, and a sister of a perpetual curate. The world was a terrible dragon to Lady Marabout; to her imagination it always appeared an incarnated and quaint bugbear, Argus-eyed, and with all its hundred eyes relentlessly fixed on her, spying out each item of her short-comings, every little flaw in the Marabout diamonds, any spur-made tear in her Honiton flounces, any crease in her train at a drawing-room, any lèse-majesté against the royal rule of les convenances, any gauche glissade on the polished oak floor of society, though like a good many other people she often worried herself needlessly; the flaws, tears, creases, high treasons, and false glissades being fifty to one too infinitesimal or too unimportant to society for one of the hundred eyes (vigilant and unwinking though I grant they are) to take note of them. The world was a terrible épouvantail to Lady Marabout, and its special impersonation was Anne Hautton. She disliked Anne Hautton; she didn't esteem her; she knew her, au contraire, to be a narrow, censorious, prejudiced, and strongly malicious lady; but she was the personification of the world to Lady Marabout, and had weight and terror in consequence. Lady Marabout is *not* the first person who has burnt incense and bowed in fear before a little miserable clay image she cordially despised, for no better reason—for the self same reason, indeed, my good sir.

"She evidently thinks I ought not to have brought Flora out; and perhaps I shouldn't; though, poor little thing, it seems very hard she may not enjoy society—fitted for society, too, as she is—just because her father is in a West India regiment, and poor Lilla was only a clergyman's daughter. Goodwood really seems to admire her. I can never forgive him for his heartless flirtation with Valencia; but if he *were* to be won by little Flora Montolieu, what would the Hauttons say?" And sitting against the wall, with others of her sisterhood, at a ball at Rondeletia House, a glorious and golden vision rose up before Lady Marabout's eyes. If the unknown, unwelcome, revolutionary little Montolieu should go in and win where the Lady Hauttons had tried and failed through five seasons—if this little tropical flower should be promoted to the Doncaster conservatory, where all the stately stephanotises of the peerage had vainly aspired to bloom—if this Petit Caporal should be crowned with the Doncaster diadem, that all the legitimate rulers had uselessly schemed to place on their brows—the soul of Lady Marabout rose elastic at the bare prospect—it would be as great a triumph for a chaperone as for a general to conquer a valuable position with a handful of boy recruits. If it *should* be! Anne Hautton would have nothing to say after *that*! And Lady Marabout, though she was the most amiable lady in Christendom, was not exempt from a feeling of longing for a stone to roll to the door of her enemy's stronghold, or a

flourish of trumpets to silence, pour toujours, the boastful and triumphant fanfare that was perpetually sounding at sight of her defeats from her opponent's ramparts.

Wild, visionary, guiltily scheming, sinfully revolutionary seemed such a project in her eyes. Still, how tempting! It would be a terrible blow to Valencia, who'd tried for Goodwood fruitlessly, to be eclipsed by this unknown Flora Montolieu, it would be a terrible blow to their Graces of Doncaster, who held nobody good enough, heraldically speaking, for their very difficile heir-apparent, to see him give the best coronet in England to a bewitching little interloper, sans money, birth, or rank. "They wouldn't like it, of course; I shouldn't like it for Philip, for instance, though she's a very sweet little thing; all the Ascottes would be very vexed, and all the Valletorts would never forgive it; but it would be *such* a triumph over Anne Hautton!" pondered Lady Marabout, and the last clause carried the day. Did you ever know private pique *fail* to carry the day over public charity? "It would be such a triumph over Anne Hautton!" And Lady Marabout glanced with a glow of prospective triumph, which, though erring to her Order, was delicious to her individuality, at Goodwood waltzing with the little Montolieu a suspicious number of times, while Lady Egidia Hautton was condemned to his young brother, Seton Ascotte, and Lady Feodorowna danced positively with nobody better than their own county member, originally a scion of Bullion, Cashier, Crosscheque, and Co., Goodwood's bankers! Could the force of humiliation farther go? Lady Hautton sat smiling and chatting, comme d'ordinaire, but the tiara on her temples was a figurative thorn crown, and Othello's occupation was gone. When a lady's daughters are dancing with an unavailable *cadet* of twenty, and a parvenu, only acceptable in the last extremities of *vieille-fille*-age, what good is it for her to watch the smiles and construe the attentions?

"La médaille est renversée—we shall see who triumphs now," thought Lady Marabout, with a glow of pleasure, for which her heart reproached her a moment afterwards. "It is very wrong," she thought; "if those poor girls don't marry, one ought to pity them; and as for her—going through five seasons, with a fresh burden of responsibility leaving the schoolroom, and added on your hands each year, *must* sour the sweetest temper; it would do mine I am sure. I dare say, if I had had daughters, I should have been ten times more worried even than I am."

Which she would have been, undoubtedly, and the eligibles on her visiting-list ten times more too! We shouldn't have voted the Marabout dinners and soirées so pleasant as we did, under the sway of that sunshiny hostess, if there had been Lady Maudes and Lady Marys to exact attention, and lay mines under the Auxerre carpets, and man-traps among the épergne flowers of Lowndes-square. Nor would Lady Marabout have been the same; the sunshine couldn't have shone so brightly, nor the milk-of-roses flowed so mildly under the weight and wear of marriageable but unmarried daughters; the sunshine would have been fitful, the lait de roses curdled at best. And no wonder! Ces pauvres femmes! they have so much to go through in the world, and play but such a fade, monotonous rôle, taken at its most brilliant and best, from first to last, from cradle to grave, from the berceanettes in which they

commence their existence to the mausoleum in which they finish it. If they *do* get a little bit soured when they have finished their own game, and have to sit at the card-tables, wide awake however weary, vigilant however drowsy, alert however ennuyées à mort, superintending the hands of the fresh players, surreptitiously suggesting means for securing the tricks, keeping a dragon's eye out for revokes, and bearing all the brunt of the blame if the rubber be lost—if they do get a little bit soured, que voulez-vous? shouldn't *we* be considerably worse than soured in their place, and send cards, tables, and players alike to the deuce?

"That's a very brilliant little thing, that girl Montolieu," said Goodwood, driving over to Hornsey Wood, the morning after, with Carruthers and some other men, in his drag.

"A deuced pretty waltzer!" said St. Lys, of the Bays; "turn her round in a square foot."

"And looks very well in the saddle; sits her horse better than any woman in the Ride, except Rosalie Rosière, and as she came from the Cirque Olympique originally, one don't count *her*," said Fulke Nugent. "I *do* like a woman to ride well, I must say. I promised your mother to take a look at the Marabout yearling sale, Phil, if ever I wanted the never-desirable and ever-burdensome article she has to offer, and if anything *could* tempt me to pay the price she asks, I think it would be that pretty little Montolieu."

"She's the best thing Lady Tattersall ever had on hand," said Goodwood, drawing his whip over his off-wheeler's back. "You know, Phil—gently, gently Coronet!—what spoils your handsome cousin was, as I said, that it was all mechanism; perfect mechanism, I admit, but all artificial, prearranged, put together, wound up to smile in this place, bow in that, and frown in the other; clockwork every inch of it! Now—so-ho, Zouave! confound you, *won't* you be quiet?—little Montolieu hasn't a bit of artifice about her: 'tisn't only that you don't know what she's going to say, but that *she* doesn't either; and whether it's a smile or a frown, a jest or a reproof, it's what the moment brings out, not what's planned beforehand."

"The hard hit you had the other day seems to have piqued your interest," said Carruthers, smoothing a loose leaf of his Manilla.

"Naturally, it's intriguing'd me. The girl didn't care a button about my compliment (I only said it to try her), no more than if it had been one of little Seton's, and the plucky answer she gave me amused me immensely. Anything unartificial and frank is as refreshing as hock-and-seltzer after a field-day—one likes it, don't you know?"

"I know," said Carruthers, with his Manilla between his lips. "Wonderfully eloquent you are, Goodwood. If you come out like that in St. Stephens, we shan't know you, and the ministerialists will look down in the mouth with a vengeance!"

"Don't be satirical, Phil! If I admire little Montolieu, what is it to you, pray?"

"Nothing at all," said Carruthers, with unnecessary rapidity of enunciation. "Did you notice The Bellefield, in Caradoc's trap, yesterday, on the Downs? How badly that woman wears!"

"My love, what are you going to wear to-night? The Bishop of Bonviveur is coming. He was a college friend of your poor uncle's;

knew your dear mother before she married. I want you to look your very best and charm him, as you certainly do most people," said Lady Marabout. Adroit intriguer! The bishop was going, sans doute; the bishop loved good wine, good dinners, and good society, and found all three in Lowndes-square, but the bishop was entirely unavailable for purposes matrimonial, having had three wives, and being held tight in hand by a fourth; however, a bishop is a convenient piece to cover your king, in chess, and the bishop served admirably just then in Lady Marabout's moves as a *locum tenens* for Goodwood. Flora Montolieu, in her innocence, made herself look her prettiest for her mother's old friend, and Flora Montolieu was conveniently ready, looking her prettiest, for her chaperone's pet-eligible, when Goodwood—who hated to dine anywhere in London except at the clubs, the Castle, or the Guards' mess, and was as difficult to get for your dinners as birds'-nests soup or Tokay pur—entered the Marabout drawing-rooms.

"Anne Hautton will see he dined here to-night, in the *Morning Post* to-morrow morning, and she will know Flora must attract him. What *will* she, and Egedia, and Feodorowna say?" very unusually thought Lady Marabout, with a glow of pleasure, which she was conscious was uncharitable and sinful, and yet couldn't repress, let her try how she might. In scheming for the future Duke of Doncaster for John Montolieu's daughter, she felt much as democratically and treasonably guilty to her order as a prince of the blood might feel heading a Chartist émeute; but then, suppose the Chartist row was that prince's sole chance of crushing an odious foe, as it was the only chance for her to humiliate the Hautton, don't you think it might look tempting? Judge nobody, my good sir, till you've been in similar circumstances yourself—a golden rule, which might with advantage employ those illuminating colours with which the dear beau sexe employ so much of their time just now—remembering it, they might stop their pretty soft voices, when they wonder how "that Mrs. Mountjoy *can* go about, and smile, and dress as she does, when everybody *knows* her husband is living at Paris, and can't come to England for fear of his debts—it is such hypocrisy! such heartlessness!"—and hold their white velvet hands from flinging those sharp flinty stones, that surely suit them so ill, and soil their fingers in one way quite as much as they soil the victim's bowed head in another? Illuminate the motto, mes petites! Perhaps you *will* do that—on a small ground, with a gold Persian arabesque round, and impossible flowers twined in and out of the letters; but, *remember* it!—pardon! c'est trop demander.

"My dear Philip, did you notice how very marked Goodwood's attentions were to dear Flora last night?" asked Lady Marabout, the morning after, in one of her most sunshiny and radiant moods, as Carruthers paid her his general matutinal call in her boudoir.

"Marked?"

"Yes, marked! Why do you repeat it in that tone? If they *were* marked, there is nothing to be ridiculed that I see. They were very marked, indeed, especially for him; he's such an unimpressible, never-show-anything man. I wonder you did not notice it!"

"My dear mother!" said Carruthers, a little impatiently, brushing up the Angora cat's ruff the wrong way with his cane, "do you suppose I pass my evenings noticing the attentions other fellows may see fit to pay



to young ladies? I'm not a jealous woman, nor an anxious rival, thank Heaven (I don't know which of the two rôles I should be most sorry to play), and they're the only people I can imagine interested in weighing the critical question 'Marked' or 'Not marked' over drawing-room attentions."

"I wish you wouldn't be so satirical, Philip, and make fun of everything," said Lady Marabout. "If you were to be in my place just for a night or two, or any other chaperone's, you'd be more full of pity. But people never *will* sympathise with anything that doesn't touch themselves. The only chords that strike the key-note in anybody is the chord that sounds 'self'; and that is the reason why the world is as full of crash and discord as Beethoven's 'Storm.'"

"Quite right, my dear mother!"

"Of course it's quite right. I always think you have a great deal of sympathy for a man, Philip, even for people you don't harmonise with—(you could sympathise with that child Flora, yesterday, in her rapturous delight at seeing that Cocoloba Uvifera in the Patchouli conservatory, because it reminded her of her West Indian home, and you care nothing whatever about flowers, nor yet about the West Indies, I should suppose)—but you never will sympathise with me. You know how many disappointments and grievances and vexations of every kind I have had the last ten, twenty, ay, thirty seasons—ever since I had to chaperone your aunt Eleanore, almost as soon as I was married, and was worried more than anybody ever *was* worried, by her coquettries and her inconsistencies and her vacillations—so badly as she married, too, at the last! (Those flirting beauties so often do; they throw away a hundred admirable chances and put up with a wretched dernier ressort, let a thousand salmon break away from the line out of their carelessness, and end by being glad to land a little minnow.) I don't know when I *haven't* been worried by chaperoning. Flora Montolieu is a great anxiety, a great difficulty, little detrimental that she is!"

"Detrimental! What an odd word you choose for her."

"I don't choose it for her; she *is* it," returned Lady Marabout, decidedly.

"How so?"

"How so! Why, my dear, Philip, I told you the very first day she came. How so! when she is John Montolieu's daughter, when she has no birth to speak of, and not a farthing to her fortune."

"If she were Jack Ketch's daughter you could not speak much worse. Her birth is gentle to a degree, I should suppose, and I never knew you before measure people by their money."

"My dear Philip, no more I do. I can't bear you when you speak in that tone; it's so hard and sarcastic, and unlike you. I don't know what you mean either. I should have thought a man of the world like yourself knew well enough what I mean when I say Flora is a detrimental. She's a pretty little thing and a sweet temper, very clever, very lively, very charming, as any one knows by the number of men that crowd about her, but a detrimental she is——"

"La plupart des hommes ne jugent des gens que par la vogue qu'ils ont ou par leur fortune," said Carruthers.

"—And yet I am quite positive that if she herself act judiciously,

and it is well managed for her, Goodwood may be won before the season is over," concluded Lady Marabout, determinedly deaf to the quotation.

Carruthers, not feeling much interest, it is presumed, in the exclusively feminine pursuit of match-making, returned no answer, but played with Bijou's silver bells, till that pet rang out a "delicate tintinabulation," as they phrase it in that dreadful poem of "Bells, bells, bells," which was read out to me one day by a Cantab poet-bitten, till I could have pitched him with cordial *épauchement* from the pinnacle of King's; that sort of man, off on that sort of hobby, stops no more for the physical torture he inflicts than an express that dashes over a prostrate victim lying helpless on the lines.

"I am quite positive it *may be*, if properly managed," reiterated Lady Marabout. "You might second me a little, Philip."

"I turn match-maker? Good Heavens! my dear mother, what are you thinking of? I would sooner turn torreador, and throw lassos over bulls at Madrid, than help you to fling nuptial cables over poor devils in Belgravia. Twenty to one! I must go. I'm going to the Yard to look at a bay filly of Cope Fielden's, and then on to a mess-luncheon of the Bays."

"Must you go?" said his mother, looking lovingly on him. "You look tired, Philip. Don't you feel well?"

"Perfectly, thank you; but Cambridge had us out over those confounded Wormwood Scrubs this morning, and three hours in this June sun, in our harness, makes one swear. If it were a sharp brush, it would put life into one; as it is, it only inspires one with an intense suffering from boredom, and an intense desire for hock and seltzer."

"I am very glad you haven't a sharp brush, as you call it, for all that," said Lady Marabout. "It might be very pleasant to you, Philip, but it wouldn't be quite so much so to me. I wish you would stay to luncheon."

"Not to-day, thank you; I have so many engagements."

"You have been very good in coming to see me this season—even better than usual. It *is* very good of you, with all your amusements and distractions," said Lady Marabout, gratefully. "Anne Hautton sees nothing of Hautton, she says, except at a distance in Pall-Mall or the Park, all the season through. Fancy if I saw no more of you! Do you know, Philip, I am almost reconciled to your never marrying. I have never seen anybody I should like at all for you, unless you had chosen Cecil Ormsby—Cecil Cheveley I mean; and I am sure I should be very jealous of your wife if you had one. I couldn't help it!"

"Rest tranquil, my dear mother; you will never be put to the test!" said Carruthers, with a laugh, as he bid her good morning.

"Perhaps it *is* best he shouldn't marry: I begin to think so," mused Lady Marabout, as the door closed on him. "I used to wish it very much for some things. He is the last of his name, and it seems a pity; but still marriage *is* such a lottery (he is right enough there, though I don't admit it to him: it's a tombola where there is one prize to a million of blanks; one can't help seeing that, though, on principle, I never allow it to him or any of his men), and if Philip had any woman who didn't appreciate him, or didn't understand him, or didn't make him

happy, how wretched *I* should be! I have often pictured Philip's wife to myself, I have often idealised the sort of woman I should like to see him marry, but it's very improbable I shall ever meet my ideal realised; one never does! And, after all, whenever I have fancied, years ago, he *might* be falling in love, I have always felt a horrible dread lest she shouldn't be worthy of him—a jealous fear of her that I could not conquer. It's much better as it is; there is no woman good enough for him."

With which compliment to Carruthers at her sex's expense Lady Marabout returned to weaving her pet projected toils for the ensnaring of Goodwood, for whom also, if asked, I dare say the Duchess of Doncaster would have averred on *her* part, looking through *her* maternal Claude glasses, no woman was good enough either. When ladies have daughters to marry, our sex always presents to their imaginations a battalion of worthless, decalogue-smashing, utterly unreliable individuals, amongst whom there is not one fit to be trusted or fit to be chosen; but when their sons are the candidates for the holy bond, they view their own sex through the same foggy and non-embellishing medium, which, if it does not speak very much for their unprejudiced discernment, at least speaks to the oft-disputed fact of the equality of merit in the sexes, and would make it appear that, in vulgar parlance, there must be six of the one and half a dozen of the other.

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#### THE DISCOUNT RATE OF THE BANK OF FRANCE.

AFTER rather a quiet summer, the Paris Bourse began to rise slowly and with an appearance of steadiness during the month of September. There were no external signs of monetary difficulty; politics were quiet; trade was generally rather better than it had been for the preceding two or three years; money was neither scarce nor plentiful; the discount rate of the Bank of France was 5 per cent.; the difficulties of the Treasury were forgotten; and the only question on which immediate trouble might be feared—the shortness of the corn crop—was not regarded with alarm.

Towards the 24th of September, however, rumours got about that the stock of bullion in the Bank was rapidly diminishing, and that money was going abroad in large quantities to pay for corn; but though the latter outlay appeared to be producing itself at a much earlier date than on previous occasions of dearth, no immediate rise of discount was anticipated.

Suddenly, on the 26th of September, the Bank raised the rate to 5½ per cent., and on the 1st of October to 6 per cent.; at the same moment the charge for advances on ingots, or coin, was carried from 1 to 3 per cent., and some 800,000*l.* of the Bank's reserved stock of Rentes were sent to the Bourse and mortgaged for the September settlement.

These vigorous measures revealed the existence of circumstances which nobody suspected, for the preceding balance-sheet of the Bank, published on the 12th of September, had shown 15,432,000*l.* in cash, which was only 360,000*l.* less than in August: it had not, therefore, caused any apprehension of difficulties.

A panic ensued. The Rente fell  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and all other securities were proportionately affected. It was suddenly discovered that there was a crisis; the public did not quite know how or why; but the fact was received as true, solely because the Bank had raised its rate 1 per cent. in five days.

After the first movement of surprise people began to look round them, and to ask what was the cause of this sudden pressure.

The examination of the situation of the various branches of commerce did not explain it, for they were all in a tolerably satisfactory state. The movement of foreign and coasting navigation was rising, for the number of vessels cleared in and out during the first nine months of this year was 34,792, of a total measurement of 5,412,054 tons against 32,114 ships of 5,125,703 tons during the corresponding period of 1860. Railway receipts went up from 12,500,000*l.* in the first ten months of 1860 to 13,967,000*l.* in the same interval of 1861; constituting an augmentation of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., while the extra length opened since 1860 was under 1 per cent. The coal-trade, as always, was successful and thriving. The iron-trade was in a better position than it had occupied for years past, for all the large works have orders, which, though at scarcely remunerative prices, will keep them fully going for two or three years. Textile manufactures were in a fairly healthy state; orders were increasing at Lyons; and even the cotton-trade was not yet in a difficult position, for the stock in bond on the 30th of September was still 707 tons against 1278 tons at the same date last year, without counting the quantity in private hands. The home sugar-makers, though rather less active than in 1860, had the same number of factories open, and had done a fair business during the season. The agricultural interest alone had really suffered from the general deficiency of the harvest, but even there certain compensations existed, for the wine crop, though small, is of excellent quality, and in certain districts the hay and bean crops have been remarkably good. Furthermore, the evil effects of the short-coming in the production of wheat were already somewhat counteracted, as far as the nation at large was concerned, by the fall in the price of corn, which already began to manifest itself at the end of September. The Paris retail trade was bad, but so it has been for years past; it constituted no new feature in the general position.

As this examination of the commercial position of the country, in the ordinary sense of the term, showed no signs of either distress or overtrading, the causes of the diminution of bullion, which had brought about such sudden and violent action on the part of the Bank, were to be looked for elsewhere.

They were not very difficult to find. They existed partly in certain special monetary wants which renew themselves regularly every autumn in France, partly in the known necessity for buying some 12,000,000*l.* or 15,000,000*l.* of foreign corn, and partly in the fact that several heavy calls came due from September to November.

But all these circumstances were known beforehand, if not to the general public, at all events to the directors of the Bank, especially as due notice of a drain of money had already been given by the table of the movement of bullion in and out of France. The fact was patent, only nobody paid any attention to it till rather too late. From 1848 to 1860 the balance of the movement of the precious metals had been, on every successive year, without exception, in favour of France: the total excess of importation over exportation amounted, for the whole thirteen years, to 95,456,000*l.* But in 1861, for the first time in that long period, the balance has turned the other way; during the first nine months of this year the exportation of gold and silver has surpassed the importation by 1,473,000*l.*

Every autumn a reduction of the cash in hand takes place at the Bank of France. The history of previous years brings out the fact that, from some cause hitherto unexplained, circumstances regularly produce themselves which lower the stock of bullion from September to November, and sometimes to January. According to a detailed calculation published in the *Journal des Economistes* for October, which shows how the same results occur year after year in varying proportions, the reduction of the stock of bullion, from September to October alone, on the fourteen years from 1848 to 1861, has averaged 1,480,000*l.* The bills held by the Bank have simultaneously risen during the same period by an average of 1,240,000*l.*, and the circulation of notes by 560,000*l.* This movement has been especially marked during the last five years in consequence of the general development of trade. From 1857 to 1860 the exact fall in the cash balance from September to November has been as follows:

	September.	October.	November.
	£	£	£
1857 . . .	9,920,000	9,020,000	7,580,000
1858 . . .	23,750,000	21,970,000	21,050,000
1859 . . .	23,780,000	23,690,000	22,940,000
1860 . . .	21,240,000	18,390,000	17,380,000

So that, whether the example be chosen in a year of difficulty like 1857, or in a year of abundance of money, like 1859, the difference produced is substantially the same; the balance always falls from 2,000,000*l.* to 4,000,000*l.* between September and November. And this fall is totally irrespective of the rate of discount, which was  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in October, 1857 (10 per cent. in November), 3 per cent. in 1858,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in 1859, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in 1860. The price of Rentes generally rises 2 or 3 per cent. at the same period, because of the approach of the dividend.

A diminution of bullion, beginning in September, was therefore to be expected by the Bank, and as its occurrence in previous ordinary years had produced no rise of discount, its arrival this year, in normal proportions, would have created no sufficient reason for the sudden action of the 26th of September.

As the Bank of France only publishes its balance-sheets once a month, it was not till the 10th of October that the public could judge how far the habitual autumnal reduction had been exceeded. When the account appeared it showed a fall of bullion of 3,241,000*l.*; the stock had gone

down in a month from 15,432,000*l.* to 12,191,000*l.* : the notes in circulation had increased by 370,000*l.*, while the amount of bills in hand had gone up 2,930,000*l.*

The reduction of 3,241,000*l.* since September, being larger than the ordinary average diminution during the same period, it was evident that special causes were taking money away. If the mean fall in previous years be taken at 2,000,000*l.*, these special causes had absorbed the other 1,241,000*l.* It is worth remarking that this sum closely corresponds with the net amount of bullion exported in the year.

There are no means of fixing the proportion of this excess which was absorbed by the purchase of corn ; it is estimated at all sorts of figures, some of which even largely exceed the total of the excess itself. All that can be said is, that part of it had gone for food at an earlier date than was expected, because, for the first time, considerable quantities of wheat had been bought in England and Germany for immediate delivery, instead of waiting, as before, for supplies from more distant markets, and that the remainder had served to pay calls on foreign undertakings, especially on the Italian loan, of which about a third (8,000,000*l.*) was subscribed in France.

In the face of the evident call on the resources of the country, the Bank took special and extraordinary measures. It raised the rate to 6 per cent., and negotiated the power of drawing on London for 2,000,000*l.* at three months, half the bills to be from Messrs. Rothschild, of Paris, on their London house, and the other half from the firms of Messrs. Hottinguer, Pillet-Will, Fould, Mallet, and Durand, on Messrs. Baring. As the bills were to be renewable at the option of the Bank, the duration of the advance was equivalent to six months. Part of these bills (400,000*l.* it is said) were negotiated in October. The simple announcement of the arrangement lowered the exchange on London : it may, indeed, be supposed that one of the objects of the Bank was to counteract the rise of exchange with England, which was expected to result from the commencement of operation of the treaty of commerce, and which would have produced the exportation of gold thither. Whether they will also be used to buy gold for Paris remains to be seen.

This operation has been much attacked in France, on the ground that its effects can only be temporary and illusory, and that though, if between ordinary traders it would have been a fair commercial transaction, a national institution ought never to resort to the credit of private bankers unless no other means of safety exist.

As soon as this negotiation was completed, another somewhat similar one was announced. It was reported that, with the aid of Messrs. Rothschild, the Bank of France was to obtain an advance of 2,250,000*l.* (15,000,000 thalers) from the Bank of Prussia. This operation, which is either abandoned or suspended, for the assigned reason that the Bank of Prussia can only receive bills at less than ninety days, would have had an appearance of reason for a peculiar motive. It is notorious that, in order to keep the Russian exchanges with Western Europe at a favourable rate, the St. Petersburg government maintains, at its own cost, an artificial circulation of bills on certain markets. These bills are principally drawn from Berlin on Paris, and their average amount is estimated at about 2,400,000*l.* At a moment, therefore, when France is buying corn from Russia, it would not be unnatural to call on the Russian agents

at Berlin to send cash to Paris to meet their drafts, the same money returning afterwards to Russia to pay for corn.

While the Bank was thus negotiating the means of temporarily escaping from difficulties which it might easily have foreseen, the public began to give signs of its conviction that there was really no crisis at all, and that all this energy was not wanted. After three weeks of hesitation, the Bourse recommenced its rise, and private bankers accepted discounts under the official rate.

It is possible that the public is not quite right, and that there will be some difficulty yet; for as there is still a good deal of corn to pay for, and a good deal of money to send to Turin, the stock of bullion will probably go on falling. The position will also be somewhat complicated by the necessity of liquidating part of the Treasury floating debt, which has become too heavy to be maintained in the form of exchequer-bills. In order to consolidate it, a loan, variously estimated at from 24,000,000*l.* to 40,000,000*l.*, is expected for the meeting of the Chamber in January next. But the measures adopted by the Bank of France at the end of September, to understand which the foregoing details are necessary, did a good deal of harm to trade, provoked much irritation, and have produced a rather violent discussion of its system and acts.

In order to clearly indicate its peculiar position, it will be useful to give a sketch of its history.

The Bank of France was established in 1800, with a capital of 1,200,000*l.* in 40*l.* shares. In 1803 it received the exclusive power of issuing notes, of which all the other banks were then dispossessed in its favour. At the same date its capital was carried to 1,800,000*l.* In 1806 it was again increased to 3,600,000*l.*, and the nomination of the governor and the sub-governor was reserved to the State, the election of the regents, or directors, remaining in the hand of the shareholders.

During the period from 1806 to 1848 the Bank-charter was successively renewed; but its operations extended very slowly, and scarcely any country branches were established. In 1848, the nine independent departmental banks were united to it, while the capital, which had been reduced again since 1806, was carried to 3,650,000*l.* In 1857 a new law prolonged the charter to 1897, and the capital was doubled, and fixed at 7,300,000*l.* This is the present position.

The privileges of the Bank are, first, the monopoly of the issue of notes, without any limit of amount, and without any reference to the stock of bullion; and secondly (since 1857), the exclusive right to fix its discount as it pleases, while the rate outside is maintained at the legal maximum of 6 per cent. These privileges exist throughout France, in all the departments, as in Paris. The sole restriction imposed on the Bank is that it cannot discount paper which bears less than three signatures, or which has more than 90 days to run. To obviate the former difficulty for persons who have no banker, the *Comptoir d'Escompte* was founded in 1848, expressly to provide the third signature, by its intervention between the Bank and the public.

These privileges present such exorbitant conditions of monopoly, that the public is somewhat justified in asking whether an institution which possesses a power more immense and despotic than any other similar establishment in the world enjoys, really exercises it for the best advantage of the commercial community.

The question of discount is of vital importance to French trade, for the use of bills is universal in all its branches, from the lowest to the highest. The commerce of the country may really be said to be carried on by acceptances, cheques being virtually unknown, and cash payments very rarely made. From the smallness of the capital of the mass of the traders, the great majority of these innumerable bills, many of which are for extremely small sums, are necessarily discounted. The discount is generally effected, particularly in the provinces, by the intervention of a private banker, who charges the Bank rate (subject always to the maximum of 6 per cent.), plus a commission, which varies in ordinary times from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., according to the length of the bill. The banker generally rediscounts it at once with the Bank of France, which has now 52 branches in various towns (his own signature constituting the third name required), and keeps for his profit the commission he charged to the drawer.

The Bank pays the value of the discounted bill with its own notes; its capital, the greater part of which is invested in government stock, and of which, by the law of 1857, 4,000,000*l.* can never be displaced, provides no part of the sum required, the indefinite issue of notes furnishing it all.

As, however, the Bank is always theoretically liable to be called upon to cash its notes, however improbable such an event may be, it professes to practically restrict their issue to about three times the amount of its stock of bullion. It therefore obliges itself of its own free will to keep up a cash balance, of which, if this system were really carried out, the amount ought to rise with the circulation of notes, or, which is really the same thing, with the quantity of discount. But as in practice the Bank cannot at all control its stock of bullion, the fluctuations of which result from circumstances beyond its grasp, it is always in danger of either having too much of it, in which case its profits fall from the unproductive nature of the investment, or too little, in which case it runs the risk of stopping payment, if the notes presented exceed the amount of cash in hand. The former alternative affects only the dividends payable to the shareholders, but the latter one is more serious, and in order to avoid it the Bank raises its rate of discount in moments of drain, because, according to the theory it announced in its report of last January, that "is the only known way of defending the stock of bullion."

The events of the last two months have provoked numerous attacks against this "only known" plan, of which the effect is, to say the least, doubtful, and also against the system of borrowing all over Europe, wherever a lender can be found, which is now pursued by the Bank of France at each recurrence of monetary pressure.

For the twenty-seven years previous to 1847 the official rate of discount stood, without one single variation, at 4 per cent. During that long interval many commercial and monetary difficulties occurred; the price of corn fluctuated most materially; the discount rates of other countries went frequently up and down; and the capital, influence, and credit of the Bank were far inferior to what they are at present. None of these circumstances, however, induced it to change its rate.

The revolution of 1848 arrived; the bullion stock fell to 2,360,000*l.*; the measure, always inevitable under such circumstances, of a forced cur-



rency of notes was adopted; in two months the public got accustomed to it; the notes, which had at first been depreciated, recovered their par value; gold returned to the Bank, and on August 6, 1850, the enforced circulation ceased. In October, 1851, the cash balance had risen to 25,000,000*l.*, while the notes in circulation scarcely exceeded 20,000,000*l.* No stronger proof can be given of the powerful position which had been attained by the Bank, and of the confidence with which it was regarded.

But in 1852, with all these elements in its favour, the Bank began to adopt the principle of a varying rate: from that year to 1857 discount fluctuated from 3 to the then maximum of 6 per cent. On November 11, 1857, profiting by the special and exclusive permission just granted, it rose to 10 per cent. for 90 days paper. From 1858 to 1860 it ranged from 3 to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The old system of an unchanging rate is therefore abandoned by the Bank of France, and the English rule of raising it when the balance falls has had about eight years' trial. Its results have not corresponded with those produced by it in England. On the contrary, singular as it may appear, the quantity of paper brought in for discount generally increases with the rate charged, while the stock of bullion falls instead of rising, recovering itself only some two months afterwards. Since 1856 the rate has been raised at six different periods, and four times out of six this contradictory effect has immediately resulted from the measure; on the other two occasions, though the stock of bills slightly diminished, the bullion diminished too.

On 25th September, 1856, the rate was put up from 5 to 6 per cent.; the mass of bills in the hands of the Bank immediately rose from 17,560,000*l.* on 15th September to 20,460,000*l.* on 15th October, and to 20,760,000*l.* on 15th November: in the same two months the cash balance fell from 9,430,000*l.* to 6,540,000*l.*

On 3rd May, 1859, there was an augmentation from 3 to 4 per cent.; the bills rose from 17,800,000*l.* on 15th April to 20,460,000*l.* on 15th May, and to 21,420,000*l.* on 15th June, while the bullion fell from 21,760,000*l.* in April to 20,720,000*l.* in May.

On 2nd January, 1861, the rate was suddenly raised from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The amount of bills, which was 21,580,000*l.* in the middle of December, 1860, rose to 24,340,000*l.* in the middle of January, and the cash balance diminished from 16,270,000*l.* to 14,000,000*l.*

The experience of the last two months is more striking still. After a rise from 5 to 6 per cent. at the end of September, the paper in the Bank increased from 20,256,000*l.* on 12th September to 23,192,000*l.* on 10th October, and to 24,272,000*l.* on 14th November, while the bullion stock simultaneously fell from 15,432,000*l.* to 11,410,000*l.*

On the two occasions where immediate relief was obtained by a rise of rate, it was in such small proportions that the expense and anxiety to the country were certainly not compensated by the advantage to the Bank.

In October and November, 1857, when the violent and exceptional measure of carrying the discount to 10 per cent. was adopted for the first time in the history of France, the amount of bills was only reduced from 24,348,000*l.* in October to 23,540,000*l.* in November, but the bullion fell also 1,400,000*l.* in the same time.

In November, 1860, there was a rise from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; the stock of bills fell from 22,532,000*l.* in November to 21,580,000*l.* in December, but the cash balance declined simultaneously 120,000*l.*

These remarkable figures prove that whatever be the consequence elsewhere, high rates in France cannot be depended on to check discounts, and that in no single case have they brought in bullion. As cash only comes back two or three months afterwards, it may not unfairly be supposed that it returns rather because the causes of its departure have ceased than from the effects of the modification of discount.

The enemies of the present system therefore naturally declare that it is folly to persevere, in the face of such glaringly useless results, in a line of action which, though it increases the dividends of the Bank, never reconstitutes its bullion, and causes expense, anxiety, and uneasiness to the whole community. They demand that this system be abandoned, and that the old plan of a fixed rate, which has already been applied with success for more than a quarter of a century, be readopted.

This proposition is so contrary to the theories of bank action which exist in England, that it is necessary to at once recal the fact that the Bank of England is in a totally different position from that occupied by the Bank of France. Obligated by law to maintain a certain fixed proportion between its issue of notes and its stock of bullion, the Bank of England is forcedly limited in its power of discounting by the amount of its cash balance; when it falls, the Bank naturally raises the rate as a sign that its means of discounting are diminishing. But in France, where there is no limit at all to the issue of notes, the power of discounting is equally unlimited. Consequently, as the rise of rate in Paris is almost invariably followed, as the foregoing figures prove, by an augmentation of the quantity of discount demanded, and therefore by an increased issue of notes, it follows that each rise of discount produces an increase instead of a diminution of the floating liabilities of the Bank. So that, if the Bank of France seriously desires to maintain, of its own free will, a certain proportion between its bullion and its circulation, it is evident that a rise of rate can never be depended on to assure that proportion, inasmuch as its ordinary effect is to increase the circulation of notes and to further reduce the cash balance.

Carrying these arguments farther still, some persons even profess that in the present powerful position of the Bank of France a bullion stock is virtually useless. In ordinary times it serves for nothing at all, and if ever, in a moment of difficulty, the repayment of the notes out were really demanded, it would be utterly insufficient for the purpose. The real guarantee of the French note-holders, irrespective of the capital of the Bank, is said to lie—and there is considerable truth in the argument—in the stock of discounted bills which ordinarily represent about two-thirds of the quantity of notes in circulation. This security is hardly liable to depreciation, not only because its value and date are fixed, but because, by the system of three signatures, the chance of loss is almost entirely suppressed. The yearly accounts of the Bank prove this.

But though this theory is ingenious, it is folly to pretend that a stock of bullion is unnecessary in a national bank: not only is it required as a sign of honesty to the note-holders, but, if it did not exist, where could money be suddenly found, at an emergency like the present one, when

cash purchases have to be made abroad? It is true that it exists in the pockets of the nation at large, but it would not be very handy to go to find it there in a moment of hurry.

The question is not, therefore, whether a cash balance is wanted at all, but whether it is wise, or even worth while, after the experience of the last few years, to continue to attempt to maintain it by measures which indisputably do very great harm to the trade of the country and do no good at all to the Bank, the improvement of its dividends always excepted.

In every country bullion is a merchandise quite as much as a guarantee: it is particularly so in the hands of the Bank of France, which is not bound to keep up any guarantee at all beyond its funded capital. When bullion is dearer in France than elsewhere, it accumulates there; when it is dearer elsewhere than in France, it goes away. In neither case are the credit of the Bank, or the confidence of its note-holders, or its power of discounting in any way affected by the movement. If a note were to be worth less because the bullion stock is low, it ought, on the same grounds, to go to a premium when the bullion stock is high; both of which conditions are absurd and destructive of the very existence of a bank-note, of which unvarying value is the basis and essence.

Notes have gradually become regarded in France rather as money itself than as the representative of money. The great mass of the population certainly now consider them as the real and effective equivalent of so much gold or silver, so complete is their ignorant confidence and so thorough their rapidly-acquired habit. This feeling is so general that it is doubtful whether any large amount of the current notes would be presented for payment even in the event of a revolution. The only persons who really cash notes on any scale are the bankers who deal in foreign exchanges, and who send away or receive the precious metals, according to their value, on the other markets of Europe.

These being the objections, furnished by experience, to the system of a varying rate, there is the additional argument resulting from the very nature of the operation of discounting, which is always identically and invariably the same. Provided an equal degree of watchfulness exists over the merit of the signatures, the risk cannot vary; it is, consequently, argued that the rate ought not to vary either. To the objection that as the value of money fluctuates the cost of discount ought to fluctuate too, it is replied, that while it is true that the price of bullion changes, not only from one country to another, but also in the same country at different epochs, the value of a bank-note, on the contrary, can never change. As, therefore, the value of a note is essentially immutable, why should its substitution for a bill, that is to say, the substitution of the signature of the Bank for that of three private individuals, cost more at one time than at another? The Bank replaces private acceptances at certain dates by its own acceptances at sight, and the public takes the latter as currency, without any idea of ever presenting them for payment, though, practically, they return to the Bank in a few weeks or months in reimbursement of the very discounts which they served to effect. Why should the Bank charge various rates at various times for this substitution, solely because the merchandise bullion is dearer or cheaper?

If, as is urged in France, discount is not the hire of capital, but is the

price paid for a service, its price ought to remain identical at all periods, because the service is always the same. Again, as this price is limited by law to a maximum of 6 per cent. for everybody but the Bank of France, how is it that if the service is sufficiently retributed in the one case, it may cost more in the other?

If the question of discount were restricted to its application to the interior trade of the country, there would be no reason at all for changing the rate, always supposing that discounts are granted with care and prudence, and for bills which really represent fair commercial transactions. But the foreign exchanges are the bugbear of the French Bank directors; it is because money is wanted in another country, no matter for what reason, whether to pay a debt of France or to give a premium to a bullion dealer, that they vainly try to protect themselves by modifying the rate.

The theory which appears to have been latterly adopted by the Bank of France, that all the money-markets of Europe are more or less co-interested, and that the price of discount ought to be, as much as possible, equalised everywhere, especially between London and Paris, is indignantly repudiated by the French, who will not admit that the price they pay for the service of discount ought to be gauged by its rate elsewhere. As to following the example of England, the most glaring proof of the absurdity of such a theory is in the fact that, while the Bank of France raised its rate on the 1st of October from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 per cent., that of the Bank of England was lowered a few days afterwards from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 3.

But the Bank holds tenaciously to its panacea, and it is very doubtful whether the advocates of a return to the old unchanging rate will succeed in their object. The moment is, however, propitious for the attempt, for the adoption of M. Fould's financial programme naturally creates hopes that other measures may follow, and the activity of the opponents of the Bank is stimulated by this perspective. The Bank has, however, just given a curious example of the resolution with which it carries out its theories of action through thick and thin. A circumstance has just occurred, which, after being rumoured about in financial circles in Paris, was publicly announced in the *Siccle* of the 8th of November, and has remained uncontradicted. It is said that between the 26th and 30th of September, consequently after the rise to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but before the further progression to 6, a banking establishment in Paris offered the Bank of France the loan of about 500,000*l.* of silver ingots for six months or a year, without conditions, and that the Bank preferred to raise its rate again to the acceptance of this proposal. At the same moment there were in deposit at the Bank some 2,000,000*l.* of bullion belonging to private individuals, all of which could probably have been made use of on easy terms. But instead of attempting to acquire temporary possession of it, the Bank increased its charge for advances on this very bullion from 1 to 3 per cent., as if its object were to force its proprietors to take it away.

If, in spite of all this evidence of a strong contrary tendency, the Bank does yield to the growing pressure from without, and goes back to fixed discount, it ought, for its own protection, to profit by the power it possesses of issuing two-pound notes, the emission of which would bring into its coffers a sum of coin equivalent to the value of their circulation. It

would also have to suppress the periodical publication of its balance-sheet, which, though essential as a guide to the public so long as the rate is allowed to vary, would become a danger to the Bank if a fixed discount were adopted; for, as its cash balance would, of course, continue to rise and fall exactly as it does now, moments would arrive at which the stock of bullion would be very low, and at which, if the fact were known, motives might exist for draining it further still. As the Bank could no longer resort to a rise of discount as "the only known means of defending its bullion," it would be unfair, while depriving it of this its favourite arm, to oblige it to continue to make its momentary weaknesses known.

These measures are now actively advocated in France. Public opinion, though cramped, and held down by the want of exercise and the fear of punishment, still manifests itself with a certain vigour, and several special publications are seriously taking up these views. However extravagant and unsound they may appear to English minds, it should be again remembered that fundamental differences exist in the organisation of the national Banks of the two countries; that neither the motive which renders necessary a rise of discount in England, nor the results which follow its employment here, exist in France; and that, on the contrary, the experience of eight years has shown its utter practical inutility there. The present French movement should not, therefore, be condemned solely because it does not harmonise with the system rendered obligatory in England by the Bank Act of 1844.

Wherever gold is wanted, it goes, among communities which trade together, but it only goes temporarily. At the end of a certain period, which is ordinarily short, it comes back again to its starting-point, as the blood returns to the heart in its movement of circulation. The only exception to this rule is in cases where the balance of foreign trade becomes unfavourable, in which case bullion goes away, and does not come back at all until the value of exportations again exceeds that of importations. Every yard of cloth sent from Elbeuf to Germany, every bottle of wine sent from Bordeaux to England, represents a value which must come back to France either in the price of other merchandise or of money. If France momentarily fails to maintain, as it has hitherto done, a balance of account in its favour in its dealings with the rest of the world, then its gold will emigrate to make up the difference between what it buys and what it sells. In such a case, the rise of discount will no more prevent the exportation of bullion than its purchase abroad, by bills unrepresented by merchandise, will really bring it permanently into France. The Bank tried this illusory plan in 1855 and 1856 at a cost of 448,000*l.*, again in 1857, at a further outlay of 191,000*l.*, and it is now doing so once more; but it is only to see the coin so expensively acquired go back whence it came.

When gold goes out of France, the way to stimulate its return is to develop trade in wise proportions; and it appears perfectly possible that, under all the peculiar circumstances of the case, a fixed rate of discount would produce that result, and maintain the normal balance of exchange by giving certainty and security to the extended operations which would be undertaken on the faith of it.

### Mingle-Mangle by Monks'hood.

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

#### HIGHLY RESPECTABLE.

IT may be questioned whether there has been, especially of late years, a better-abused class of people than that very influential and imposing one, the Highly Respectable.

Sad rogues have turned up from time to time, who have traded largely on the credit of the firm. And profane outsiders, jubilant at every such exposure, have ignored any tangible distinction between these outcasts and the sleeping partners of the company—and have unrelentingly condemned the company at large, on principles of quite unlimited liability.

Pope's sad Sir Balaam, who cursed God and died,—what were his antecedents? Inseparably connected with High Respectability, and the Monument on Fish-street-hill:

Where London's column, pointing at the skies  
 Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies;  
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,  
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;  
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;  
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords,  
 An added pudding solemnised the Lord's;  
 Constant at church, and 'change; his gains were sure,  
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.\*

How he grew more and more respectable in society, until that unhappy termination of his course, when he exhibited an even worse picture of dissolution than Cardinal Beaufort—for the Cardinal at least died and made no sign, whereas Sir Balaam died blaspheming—is known and read of all men, in the stinging couplets of our little Alexander the great.

Which incidental mention of Cardinal Beaufort, by the way, puts us in mind of a characteristic passage in Michelet. Monsicur is narrating, in his best anti-Anglican style, the afflictions France endured from the house of Lancaster, and the demoralising results of her intercourse with the English invader, whose evil communications so radically corrupted her good manners. "She had been made," he continues, "to endure the pious lectures of Henry V., amidst the carnage of Azincourt and the executions of Rouen. Still, all this was nothing; she had to witness in the true kings of England, its bishops, the strange spectacle of wisdom uninformed by the Spirit of God. The king of the priests [Henry V.] being dead, she had (it was the natural progression) the priest-king [Cardinal Beaufort]; that realisation of a terrible ideal, unknown to preceding ages, the royalty of usury in the churchman—murderous violence combined with Pharisæicism—a Satan!—but in a new form; no longer the old figure of Satan, in disgrace and a fugitive, but Satan authorised,

\* Pope's *Moral Essays*, ep. iii.

decent, *respectable*, Satan rich, fat on his episcopal throne, dogmatising, judging and reforming the saints.\* The italicising of the word *respectable* in the foregoing passage, is none of ours.

This may seem an uncomfortably diabolical application of the italicised word. It may be considered very French, or at least, extremely Michelet-like. But we have English authority—nay, an English *roman's* authority—for the fact that "The devil's most devilish when respectable." For Mrs. Browning, by the mouth of Aurora Leigh, thus scouts and denounces, in no very mincing manner, the fair-seeming, heartless respectabilities of her sex, who are "always hard upon the rent in any sister's virtue," their own being darned with perfidious nicety, and showing well at a little distance:

For my part,  
I'd rather take the wind-side of the stews  
Than touch such women with my finger-end!  
They top the poor street-walker by their lie,  
And look the better for being so much worse:  
The devil's most devilish when respectable.†

The transported convict in one of Mr. Peacock's satirical fictions, who has prospered on his emigration destiny, and writes home complacent epistles to his daughter, plumes himself on having so fully recovered, in an antipodal clime, the city of London reputation he had enjoyed, up to the time of his conviction, of being so highly respectable. "I am happy to say, I am again become a respectable man. It was always my ambition to be a respectable man; and I am a very respectable man here, in this new township of a new state, where I have purchased five thousand acres of land, at two dollars an acre, hard cash, and established a very flourishing bank."‡ The gentleman's experiences are encouraging to fellow-emigrants of the type of Strahan, Paul, and Bates—as indicating the compatibility of banking and respectability with an Old Bailey term of years.

When that celebrated banking firm went to the dogs, a contemporary reviewer bewailed the rude shock that Respectability had suffered—its temple in the Strand having collapsed, and the Dagon of decencies and proprieties lying a very mutilated trunk, the stump of him as unseemly as that old stock in Ashdod. "Strahan, Paul, and Bates were a very triad of respectabilities. Wherever they went, they scattered a rich perfume of correctness and decorum—all the strictnesses waited upon their steps—the straitest sects quoted them, and, much to their cost, put their faith in them."§ The example was of ugly aptitude to illustrate what a London preacher, at once "eloquent and dignified (the two characteristics do not often concur)," had recently denounced from the pulpit—that perhaps the worst stage of the spiritual life is after the house is swept and garnished—when the devil of sensuality, or riot, is driven out, or rather retires from exhaustion, and the sevenfold devil of respectability enters in; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Anon, anon, sir, came the Sadleir catastrophe—and the same *ensor morum* pointed out how smoothly, calmly, and respectably all had been

\* Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. iv. l. x. ch. i.

† Aurora Leigh, book vii.

‡ Crotchet Castle, ch. xi.

§ See the first number of the *Saturday Review*.

going on with the perpetrator of that enormous and increasing mass of roguery and wickedness—not a scratch on the skin betraying the hidden cancer, not a ripple ruffling the smooth tranquillity of the Dead Sea within him. “The decorous statesman—the worthy chairman—the genial sportsman—in all shone the well-regulated and polished mediocrity.”\* But oh the pity of it that any one so highly respectable should come to the sort of end *he* did upon Hampstead Heath!

As in the respectability, so in the rascality, there are grades and degrees numerous exceedingly. As one star differeth from another star in glory, so one scamp differs from another scamp in scoundrelism. The black sheep of Mr. Anthony Trollope’s three clerks—he whose motto was *Excelsior*, and whose sentence was six months at Millbank Penitentiary—is set forth as a warning of the *facilis descensus* Averni. Easy is the slope of hell; and it is long before detection and conviction that we read of this well-to-do, rising man: “Alarie Tudor was now a rogue; despite his high office, his grand ideas, his exalted ambition; despite his talent, zeal, and well-directed official labours, he was a rogue; a thief, a villain who had stolen the money of the orphan, who had undertaken a trust merely that he might break it; a robber, doubly disgraced by being a robber with an education, a Bill Sykes without any of those excuses which a philanthropist cannot but make for wretches brought up in infamy.”† It was, meanwhile, this *Excelsior* aspirant’s appropriation to his own purposes of his ward’s money that enabled him to keep up the appearance of being so highly respectable.

To the eye ranging over the mere surface of society, remarks Sir James Stephen,‡ the master of almost every well-furnished mansion appears like an undistinguishable monad in the vast and decorous company of the obliging and the respectable.

It is not till one gets below the surface that the flaws are desiered. The upper crust of conventionalism once broken up, very strange revelations will ensue; and among those hitherto undistinguishable monads, curious classifications may be made—not without decimation and still more severe mode of elimination extraordinary.

This may be assumed as an axiom in any system of social philosophy, without going the length of the Byronian, which teaches that

Men are—what they name not to themselves,  
And trust not to each other.§

Byron astonished continental critics by his onslaughts on surfaceism in high life. Henri Beyle writes of him, in this regard: “Lord Byron se laissa entraîner, comme un enfant, à l’attaque de la haute société anglaise, aristocratie toute-puissante, inexorable, terrible en ses vengeances, qui de tant de sots riches fait des hommes *très-respectables*.”|| As in a previous extract from Michelet, so in the present from De Stendhal, be it noted that the italics are the Frenchman’s own particular.

That almost chartered monopoliser of monographs on Italian history, Mr. Adolphus Trollope, instructs us that “Respectability, though many people are inclined to deem it a specially British production, is yet now,

\* *Saturday Review*, No. xviii.

† Essay on William Wilberforce.

‡ *Œuvres posthumes de Stendhal*, t. ii. p. 71.

† The Three Clerks, ch. xxix.

§ Manfred, Act I. Sc. 2.



as three hundred years ago, far more specially an Italian virtue." No people in the world, he assures us, care so much as the Italians for what is said of them by those around them; and though it is true that much is respectable there, which would not be respected here, this is "only because all Italian society is more fully and unanimously agreed that seeming is more important than being." *Esse quam videri* read backwards. With us, Mr. Trollope goes on to say, respectability must have no chinks or crannies in its surface, through which peering eyes can discover anything derogatory to its character; whereas the Italian world declines to peer: "let only a good will to show a fair outside be apparent, and the world will industriously avoid looking beyond that outside."\* As Mark Tapley could find nothing creditable in being "jolly" under difficulties such as the old country could afford, so there can be small matter for gratulation in being, and continuing, highly respectable in such an atmosphere as Mr. Trollope here describes. The difficulty would rather seem, for a common-place man, how to miss so matter-of-course a character.

Respectable men have been defined, ethical distinctions apart, those who live in the framework of society—who accept the state of things into which they were born; to whom the arrangements of society are not laws which may be broken, but conditions of the problem of life, which they never feel the slightest temptation to infringe; who are insensible to any hampering control from them,—in fact, are not controlled by them, but, conforming always to them, have grown up into them as into a mould, which cannot press them because they fit it. "These are the men who become lord mayors and presidents of council, who are respected by their neighbours and preside at quarter sessions; men who, being bred tailors, aspire to be master tailors; who, being lawyers, think of a puisne judgeship, and never of jurisprudence; . . . men who are capable of thinking and acting for themselves in all matters in which there is not an already fixed social canon of thought, and social rule of action."† Such minds, it is conceded, give consistence, stability, and endurance to society: they inhabit, they constitute its substance. To their practical habit of thinking—for they are very practical—there is nothing satirical or offensive in the charge that they are

Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Nor would the lower and coarser exemplars of this order find anything to aggrieve them much in pictures like that drawn by Churchill from

The City, which we ever find  
A sober pattern for mankind;  
Where man, in equilibrio hung,  
Is seldom old, and never young,  
And, from the cradle to the grave,  
Nor Virtue's friend, nor Vice's slave;  
As dancers on the wire we spy,  
Hanging between the earth and sky.‡

Frequent are Mr. Carlyle's flings at "many a solid Englishman, whole-

\* A Decade of Italian Women, vol. ii. p. 238.

† W. C. Roscoe's Essays, vol. ii., "Unideal Fiction."

‡ Churchill's Poems, The Ghost, book ii.

somely digesting his pudding among what are called the cultivated classes,"\* to whom any divergence from the conventional, in creed or life, is a transgression against respectability, and not only a vexatious but an utterly inexplicable thing. Twice within one page of his essay on Boswell† does he set up RESPECTABILITY in capitals, as a butt for his arrows, even bitter words.

Heavy blows and great discouragement has it had to suffer, too, from the most popular of our novelists, male and female. Curren Bell has been smart and savage against it. Mrs. Gore has well pelted it with her best cream-laid paper pellets. Mr. Peacock has expended a series of sarcasms upon it. Mr. Charles Reade has written in grim earnest against it. Mr. Charles Dickens has impersonated it in some ugly incarnations. Mr. Thackeray has sounded some of its shallows. Sir Edward B. Lytton has been severe on some of its representatives.

To illustrate: Miss Bronte gives us in Mr. Sympson "a man of spotless respectability, worrying temper, pious principles, and worldly views." At the explosion scene between him and his niece, Shirley Keeldar, the latter tells him, parenthetically: "It is not that I hate you; you are a good sort of man: perhaps you mean well in your way; but we cannot suit: we are ever at variance. . . . As to your small maxims, your narrow rules, your little prejudices, aversions, dogmas, bundle them off."‡

Curren Bell had no bias towards a good sort of man, as the phrase is. She liked character with something characteristic about it. Charles Lamb had the same preferences in this respect. He chose his companions, to adopt his own account (of Elia), for some individuality of character which they manifested. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment: he found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else, in the weed pleased him. He "never greatly cared for the society of what we called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it."§

Let the world take him as it might,  
He would not change his road.

Mrs. Gore's description of Mr. Cadogan of Everleigh Hall is that of a gentleman who, had he belonged to a continental country, might have been cited as an eccentric character, but who, viewed as a native of England, "where custom, and the force of social prejudice, form a secondary code of legislation," must be regarded as one of a class—"of a very extensive one, nay, a very respectable—if that can be denominated respectable which is utterly useless to the community." Without aim or end in life, he supplied the hiatus by being considered what is called a "remarkably gentlemanlike man"—one whose greatness consists in his mediocrity. "It is the cue, indeed, of the gentlemanly man, while following in meek subservience the dictates of society, to affect unbounded independence. But his fetters did not the less exist, for being concealed under the five ells of fine broadcloth with which Cosmo de Medicis used to boast he could, at any time, create a man of respectability."||

\* Latter-day Pamphlets.

† Critical Miscellanies, vol. iii. p. 63, 3rd edit.

‡ Shirley, ch. xxxi.

§ Preface to *Last Essays of Elia*.

|| The *Hamiltons*, ch. xxiv.

As exemplifying another type, take Mrs. Gore's model of the Family Butler, whose "essential distinction it is to be 'highly respectable,'"—and who, though, "according to the plausibilities of civilised life, the booziest member of the establishment, is expected to be most sober-looking. A peculiar decency of vesture and gesture is required of him. Something of the cut of a county member; something exceedingly square-toed and solemn,—is the complement extern most in vogue for the decanter of port."\*

Here, again, are a pattern pair of Mr. Peacock's painting. "Mr. Dross was a tun of man, with the soul of a hazel-nut: his wife was a tun of woman, without any soul whatever. The principle that animated her bulk was composed of three ingredients—arrogance, ignorance, and the pride of money. They were, in every sense of the word, what the world calls respectable people."†

When the same author's Doctor Folliott describes Mr. Crotchet to a stranger as "my good friend, and a highly respectable gentleman," the stranger remarks, "Good and respectable, sir, I take it, mean rich?" and "That is my meaning, sir,"‡ is the reverend doctor's unhesitating reply. According to Lady Clarinda, who says it à propos of "decent families" being mentioned, decent is the distinction from respectable. Respectable, she says, means rich, and decent means poor. She would die if she heard her family called decent. And then your decent family always lives in a snug little place: now, *she* hates a little place; she likes large rooms, and large looking-glasses, and large parties, and a fine large butler, with a tinge of smooth red in his face; an outward and visible sign that the family he serves is respectable; if not noble, highly respectable.

Then there is the well-known John Meadows in Mr. Charles Reade's *Matter-of-fact Romance*—a man whose eye was "never diverted from the great objects of sober industrious men—wealth and respectability;" and accordingly his was a life of success, and "John Meadows was generally respected." A subsequent chapter convicts him of some dirty trick, however; and then we read, "You see a respectable man can do a deal of mischief; more than a rogue could." And we are told, *ex cathedra*, in the Chaplain's gaol sermon, that "Half the great sinners upon earth are what is called respectable."§

If we apply to Mr. Dickens for one or two specimens, we shall get, say, Mr. Vholes, of Symond's Inn, Chancery-lane. "Mr. Vholes is a very respectable man. He has not a large business, but he is a very respectable man. He is allowed by the greater attorneys who have made good fortunes, or are making them, to be a most respectable man. He never misses a chance in his practice; which is a mark of respectability. He never takes any pleasure; which is another mark of respectability. He is reserved and serious; which is another mark of respectability. His digestion is impaired; which is highly respectable."||

Or that servant-man of Steerforth's, "who was in appearance a pattern of respectability. I believe there never existed in his station a more respectable-looking man. He was taciturn, soft-footed, very quiet in his

\* Sketches of English Character.

† Melincourt, ch. xiii.

‡ Crotchet Castle, ch. iii.

§ It is Never too Late to Mend, ch. i., ii., xv.

|| Bleak House, ch. xxxix.

manner, deferential, observant, always at hand when wanted, and never near when not wanted; but his great claim to consideration was his respectability." This rascal, Littimer, we are informed, had not a pliant face, and had rather a stiff neck, rather a tight smooth head with short hair clinging to it at the sides, a soft way of speaking, with a peculiar habit of whispering the letter S so distinctly, that he seemed to use it oftener than any other man; but every peculiarity that he had he made respectable. "If his nose had been upside-down, he would have made that respectable. He surrounded himself with an atmosphere of respectability, and walked secure in it. It would have been next to impossible to suspect him of anything wrong, he was so thoroughly respectable. Nobody could have thought of putting him in livery, he was so highly respectable. To have imposed any derogatory work upon him, would have been to inflict a wanton insult on the feelings of a most respectable man."\* Such is our first vision of Mr. Littimer. Our last is, when he walked forth as a Model Prisoner, Number Twenty-Eight, the Favourite of the establishment—"and a murmur went round the group [of visitors], as his door shut upon him, that he was a most respectable man, and a beautiful case."†

Mr. Thackeray shall furnish us with a Lady Susan Scrapper, who is "a most respectable and honourable lady;" who subscribes to the Church and Parish charities, and is a directress of many meritorious charitable institutions, and is, indeed, "a model of a matron." The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence; for when she walks out, protected by John, that domestic has always two or three Mendicity tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all London who gets her name more often printed for such a sum of money.‡

Or, again, with that plausible man-of-the-world who did the sin-and-sorrow department in the Shabby Genteel Story, under the name of Brandon, and whom his author has since turned to account in the Adventures of Philip. This Mr. Brandon, we are instructed, at the Margate stage of his life-history, was "not altogether a bad man, nor much worse than many a one who goes through a course of regular selfish swindling all his life long, and dies religious, resigned, proud of himself, and universally respected by others: for this eminent advantage has the getting-and-keeping scoundrel over the extravagant and careless one."§

Such a scoundrel, for instance, as Barnes Newcome, who "never missed going to church, or dressing for dinner;" who never kept a tradesman waiting for his money; who seldom drank too much, and never was late for business, or huddled over his toilet, however brief had been his sleep, or severe his headache. Who, in a word, was "as scrupulously whited as any sepulchre in the whole bills of mortality."||

After *him*, it is a relief to turn to so different an exemplar of the respectable as that famous professor of music, Sir George Thrum, who belongs to the Athenæum Club, goes to the levee once a year, and "does everything that a respectable man should; and if, by the means of this

\* David Copperfield, ch. xxi.

† Ibid., ch. lxi.

‡ The Book of Snobs, ch. vi., "On Some Respectable Snobs."

§ A Shabby Genteel Story, ch. ii.

|| The Newcomes, ch. viii.

respectability, he manages to make his little trade far more profitable than it otherwise would be, are we to quarrel with him for it?"\*

Sir Bulwer Lytton supplies us with a representative man in that ex-M.P. and country banker in "Ernest Maltravers," who had risen from humble fortunes, entirely by the scrupulous and sedate propriety of his outward conduct, and who therefore connected inseparably with such a propriety every notion of worldly prosperity and honour. "Thus, though far from a bad man, he was forced into being something of a hypocrite. Every year he had grown more starched and more saintly. He was conscience-keeper to the whole town; and it is astonishing how many persons hardly dared to make a will or subscribe to a charity without his advice. As he was a shrewd man of this world, as well as an accredited guide to the next, his advice was precisely of a nature to reconcile the Conscience and the Interest; and he was a kind of negotiator in the reciprocal diplomacy of earth and heaven."† Or take the portrait of Robert Beaufort in "Night and Morning,"—neat and studied in his plain dress, bland and plausible in manner, with a voice sweet and low, and a hollow, artificial smile,—about whom, however, there was that "which, if it did not win liking, tended to excite respect—a certain decorum, a nameless propriety of appearance and bearing,"—in short, that conventional *nescio quid* which constitutes the highly respectable. Here is another glimpse of this prosperous gentleman in the decline of life. All about him "was so completely in unison with the world's forms and seemings, that there was something moral in the very sight of him. . . . He was the beau idéal of a county member,—so sleek, so staid, so business-like; yet so clean, so neat, so much the gentleman." It is by defrauding his orphan nephews that he is so well-to-do in the world, and in society so highly respected. On the eve of conviction he makes partial restitution; and society is in ecstasies at his magnanimity. For "Mr. Robert Beaufort was a man who was born, made, and reared to be spoken well of by the world; and it was a comfort to him now, poor man, to feel that his character was so highly estimated."‡

In the same story which exhibits this flourishing knave, we meet with another type of the highly respectable—in the person of a "decent tradesman," who means well, and would be glad to do his poor relatives a good turn, but is too selfishly timid, or timidly selfish, to incur the slightest risk in so doing. The term "timid selfishness" is, however, appropriated by the author, in his Preface, to Robert Beaufort aforesaid: "In this work I have sought to lift the mask from the timid selfishness which too often with us bears the name of *Respectability*." Italicised by Sir Edward, in honour of Robert himself, as the man of decorous phrase and bloodless action—the systematic self-server—in whom the world forgives the lack of all that is generous, warm, and noble, in order to respect the passive acquiescence in methodical conventions and hollow forms.

Michelet has his shot at the "timid selfishness" apt to pervade trading communities, when, in his historical narrative of the Piteous Peace of Liège (A.D. 1465), he disdainfully remarks: "It occurred to Liège, as to many other cities, that she had no lack of *respectable persons*, of

\* Men's Wives: The Ravenswing, ch. vii.

† Ernest Maltravers, book iv. ch. v.

‡ Night and Morning, *passim*.

wealthy and quietly-disposed men, who were for peace at any price—at the price of pledged faith, at the price of human blood.”\* It seems as though, both in French and English, the highly respectable had a pre-ordained affinity to italics, for here again we find them *sic in orig.*

Balaam the son of Beor has been moralised into a warning example, however respectable, of timid selfishness. Mr. Carlyle traces him setting forth, at Balak’s bidding, in the way of his vocation as Midianitish Soothsayer—not so much to “curse the people of the Lord,” as to earn for himself a comfortable penny by such means as are possible and expedient; something, it is hoped, midway between cursing and blessing. “For the man is not dishonest; far from it: still less is he honest; but above all things, he is, has been, and will be, respectable.

“Did calumny ever dare to fasten itself on the fair fame of Balaam? In his whole walk and conversation, has he not shown consistency enough; ever doing and speaking the thing that is decent; with proper spirit maintaining his status; so that friend and opponent must often compliment him, and defy the spiteful world to say, *Herein art thou a Knave?*”

Nevertheless, when his Ass not only on the sudden stands stock-still, defying spur and cudgel, but—begins to talk, and that in a reasonable manner,—what a spasm must have shot through the “brain and pericardium of Balaam!” What a collapse of his entire system! “For the thin crust of Respectability has cracked asunder; and a bottomless preternatural Inane yawns under him instead.”† Which things are a parable, intended and expressly devised for us British readers, upon whom the ends of the world are come, by a (meaning the) Latter-day Pamphleteer.

Whose name suffices to remind us of a celebrated definition of Respectability, with some slight exposition of which we may bring this *vagary* to an end.

Various and loose to a degree have been the definitions of it palmed upon society, at sundry times and in divers manners. But there is one extant, so neat, so decisive, so distinctly determinate, that it well deserves the attention it has excited.

It was elicited from a witness at the trial of the late Mr. Thurtell. “I always considered him a respectable man,” deposed the witness. Deponent was requested to define the epithet. “What do you mean by respectable?” Then came the definition—*totus, teres, et rotundus*. “What do I mean by respectable? Well; he always kept a Gig.”

Gig Respectability from that day forth became a definite species, everywhere recognised in sociological classification, of the comprehensive genus to which it pertains. Philosophy was giving evidence in the witness-box that day.

True, a century and a half previously a French moralist had said, that “selon le plus ou le moins *d’équipage*, ou on *respecte* les personnes, ou on les *dédaigne*.”‡ A quasi-graduation of respectabilities from a Gig to a Coach and Six. The Gig definition may look like a reduction of Respectability to its lowest terms. Still, the definer at the Old Bailey sessions must draw the line somewhere, and he so drew it as to give the Gigman a *locus standi* within the pale. He could not help it if some

\* Histoire de France, t. vi. l. xv. ch. i.

† Carlyle’s Miscellanies, vol. iii.

‡ La Bruyère, Les Caractères, ch. vii.

impracticable critics ran down Gigs and the drivers of them. "On no account keep a gig," writes Sir Walter Scott to the dashing hussar, his son, then a cornet at Cork: "you know of old how I detest that mania of driving wheelbarrows up and down, when a man has a handsome horse, and can ride him. They are both foolish and expensive things, and, in my opinion, are only fit for English bagmen,—therefore, gig it not, I pray you."\* This was seven years before the Thurtell trial; and no doubt the gig episode in that *cause célèbre* hardly enhanced Sir Walter's respect for vehicles of that order, though his interest in the trial itself was supreme, and his diligence unbounded in collecting contemporary ballads and prints that bore upon the Gill's-hill tragedy, including, of course, Theodore Hook's broadside, one verse of which tickled his taste to a T,—

They cut his throat from car to ear,  
His brains they battered in;  
His name was Mr. William Weare,  
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn.

Goldsmith's travelled cosmopolite from the Celestial Empire has this remark to make, among others, in his notes on the then condition and characteristics of British authorship. "As soon as a piece, therefore, is published, the first questions are, Who is the author? Does he keep a coach?"† Gigs were undream'd of in that world's philosophy.

In another letter, Lien Chi Altangi describes the inconveniences in England of marrying out of one's rank—and how it sometimes happens that a miser, who has spent all his youth in scraping up money, to give his daughter such a fortune as might get her a "mandarin husband," finds his expectations disappointed at last, by her running away with his footman: "This must have been a sad shock to the poor disconsolate parent, to see his poor daughter in a one-horse chaise, when he had designed her for a coach and six."‡ In the London Harpagon's pocket-dictionary, Gig Respectability was an unknown term.

The Brummagem adventurer who figures in Washington Irving's first work, owes his final success in America to the gig he sets up. For though, according to Launcelot Langstaff, pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognised, and, like Philip's ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance anywhere. "Mounted in his curriole or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on a high pedestal; his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. Oh, Gotham, Gotham! most enlightened of cities! how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment!"§

Humblest gig, is Byron's epithet, in his summary of the vehicles wherein cockneys disported themselves, on high days and holidays, ere George the Fourth was king.

Then the spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:  
The coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,

\* Sir Walter to Cornet W. Scott, Aug. 1, 1819.

† The Citizen of the World, let. lvii.

‡ Ibid., let. lxxii.

§ Salmagundi, No. xii., June, 1807.

And humblest gig thro' sundry suburbs whirl,  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair;  
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.\*

But this is travelling (in a hired gig, too) beyond the record; for our witness-box definition of Respectability was something that *kept* a gig, whereas these once-a-week gentry did but hire one.

When the Hobbs Hobbsses come into collision with the Fitzbobbins, in the assembly rooms at Little Pedlington, and appeal is made, as regards precedence and pre-eminence, to the Master of the Ceremonies, that bland arbiter awards the contested place to the Hobbs Hobbsses upon two grounds: first, by right of long-maintained possession; and next, and chiefly, "for that they travelled in their own one-horse fly, which the other party did not." As Mrs. Fitzbobbin recedes, she says with a sneer, "Of course, my dear Fitz, we must give up to *carriage* company! But *sich* carriage company! One-horse fly! Ha! ha! ha! Carriage company! All round my hat."† Yet how the aggrieved lady wishes, in her heart of hearts, that Fitz could vindicate his and her respectability by the simple process, and unanswerable demonstration, of keeping a gig!

For prodigious is the envy excited among non-gig-keeping outsiders, by the act of setting up a vehicle of that description, on the part of an acquaintance. So at least Mr. Thackeray gives us to understand, when he relates how "a great man, a literary man, whom the public loves"—this was written in 1840—took a sudden leap from obscurity into fame and wealth. "This was a crime; but he bore his rise with so much modesty, that even his brethren of the pen did not envy him. One luckless day he set up a one-horse chaise; from that minute he was doomed."‡ He might be as little demonstrative of it, or disposed to magnify its pretensions, as good Miss Todd in Mr. Trollope's story—"Miss Todd never aped grandeur, and always called her private carriage a fly, because it had only one horse"§—but the malcontents and malignants were not to be mollified, and only tried the harder to run down what he had presumed to set up.

There is no phrase more elegant, protests ironical Mr. Thackeray, or more to his taste, than that in which people are described as "seeing a great deal of carriage company."|| So we read in a work whose imposing alias is, *Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family*. Worthy old Miss Honeyman, in that fiction, entertains us and her friends, when talking of her previous "misfortunes" with edifying equanimity, by making it appear that her father's parsonage-house had been a palace of splendour, and "the one-horse chaise (with the lamps for evenings) from which she had descended, a noble equipage." Mr. Titmarsh is conversant with these *nuances* and niceties of genteel life, and often favours us with a specimen of the Swigby sort, who "was a commoner, to be sure; but had a good estate of five hundred a year, kept his horse and gig, and was, as Mr. Gann remarked, as good a fellow as ever lived." "What were Swigby's former pursuits, I can't tell. What need we care?"

\* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto i.

† A Shabby Genteel Story, ch. iii.

|| The Newcomes, ch. ix.

‡ Little Pedlington, ch. viii.

§ The Bertrams, ch. xxix.



Hadn't he five hundred a year now, and a horse and gig? Ay, that he had."\* And therefore was he, by witness-box definition, most highly respectable.

Time was when, according to an old Welsh saying, you might know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound. (Indeed, it was enacted by the forest-laws of Canute that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound—which then took first rank among dogs.) But scales of gentility are sliding scales; and from the definition of hawk, horse, and hound, we come down to gig, just as, by the same law of decline, we descend from gentleman to gent.

When Mr. Pickwick, in difficulties at the ladies' school, beseeches the schoolmistress to send to the Angel for his man-servant, that relenting lady turns to the writing and ciphering governess, and observes, "He must be respectable—he keeps a man-servant."† Oh the lightning intuitions of feminine logic! The fact of keeping a man-servant flashes conviction on the lady-abbess's mind—and she is as sure he must be respectable as though she heard on oath in a court of justice that he kept a gig.

Mr. Anthony Trollope relates that a great man in Egypt killed his cook one morning in a rage; and that a dragoman, learned in languages, thus told the story to an Englishman: "De sahib, him vera respectable man. Him kill him cook, Solyman, this morning. Oh, de sahib particklar respectable!" And after all, is Mr. Trollope's accompanying comment,‡ it may be questioned whether this be not a truer criterion of respectability than that other one of keeping a gig.

Many as are those whom the now hackneyed Gig definition has edified exceedingly, there is no one who has made anything like so much of it, in every sense of the term, as Mr. Carlyle. His pages bristle with it. It is, of all his favourite reiterations, perhaps *the* favourite. He is never tired of driving that Gig. On high-road, in by-road, up-hill and down-dale, at a jog-trot pace of grave argument, and at a helter-skelter gallop of wild glee, he drives that Gig—almost out of its senses. Will the reader accompany us in just a few of these drives? merely to note the manner and method of him that holds the ribbons and flourishes the whip.

Here, to begin with, is a glimpse of Imposture in Flames, the *Finis* page to the French Revolution. "Thrones are hurled into it, and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, and—ha! what see I?—all the *Gigs* of Creation: all, all! Wo is me! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in the Red Sea of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the Sea of Fire. . . . RESPECTABILITY, with all her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the Earth. . . . For it is the End of the dominion of Imposture, and the burning up of all the Gigs that are in the Earth."§

The approach of that base baron, De Villeneuve, towards Mirabeau, one beautiful summer evening, when the latter is taking the last peaceably prosperous ride he shall have for long, perhaps almost ever in the world, is thus indicated: "Lo! who is this that comes currieling

\* A Shabby Genteel Story, ch. v.

† The Pickwick Papers, ch. xvi.

‡ The Bertrams, ch. xxxviii, "Cairo."

§ The French Revolution, book vii. ch. viii.

through the level yellow sunlight; like one of Respectability, keeping his gig?"\*

Of what Fenimore Cooper calls the instinctive tendency in men to look at any man that has become distinguished, we read, "Without it, what were star-and-garter, and significance of rank, where were all ambition, money-getting, respectability of gig or no-gig?"†

Of James Boswell we are told, that "the man may be a Scottish squirelet, full of gulosity and 'gigmanity.'" And are at the same time reminded that society naturally divides itself into four classes: Noblemen, Gentlemen, Gigmen, and Men.‡

Elsewhere is exposed the current mode of training up the rich "in the miserable service of what is called Honour, Respectability; instead of a man, we have but a *gigman*—one who 'always kept a gig,' two-wheeled or four-wheeled. Consider, too, what the same gigmanhood issues in; consider that first and most stupendous of gigmen, Phaeton, the son of Sol, who drove the brightest of all conceivable gigs, yet with the scrowfullest result. Alas, Phaeton was his father's heir; born to attain the highest fortune without earning it: he had *built* no sun-chariot (could not build the simplest wheelbarrow), but could and would insist on *driving* one; and so broke his own stiff neck, sent gig and horses spinning through infinite space, and set the universe on fire!"§

That "wretched mortal" whose being's end and aim it is to be "respectable," is thus bluntly apostrophised: "Respectable! What, in the Devil's name, is the use of Respectability, with never so many gigs and silver spoons, if thou inwardly art the pitifullest of all men?"|| Why, "gigmanlike, follow the 'respectable' countless multitude?" Cagliostro himself enjoys and parades "that best voucher of respectability, a four-horse carriage." His needy accomplice, Jeanne de Saint-Rémi, presents a dismal lesson of "*Gigmanity disigged*;"¶ one of the saddest, pitiable, unpitied predicaments of man!" But she must study appearances. She must look respectable. And accordingly we see her "paying scot-and-lot; providing, or fresh-scouring silk court-dresses; 'always keeping a gig!'"\*\*\* "Worth, indeed, makes the man, or woman; but 'leather' of gig-straps, and 'prunella' of gig-lining, first makes it *go*." "The grand problem . . . is the *marrying* of Truth and Sham; so that they become one flesh, man and wife, and generate these three: Profit, Pudding, and Respectability that always keeps her gig." In fine: "Sad are thy doings, O *Gig*; sadder than those of Juggernaut's Car: that, with huge wheel, suddenly crushes asunder the bodies of men; thou, in thy light-bobbing Long-acre springs, gradually winnowest away their souls!"††

But our gig excursion must here and at once have an end; for,

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes

\* Essay on Mirabeau.

† Essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson.

‡ "Count Cagliostro."

§ The italics in this, and any other quotation here given from the same author, are Mr. Carlyle's own.

\*\* The Diamond Necklace.

† Essay on Sir Walter Scott.

‡ Essay on Goethe's Works.

†† *Ibid.*, *passim*.

in the shape of printer's devil,—the inky imp's mission being a peremptory warning that time's up, and space run out. So a large majority of Mr. Carlyle's writings must still be left unexplored, for parallel passages of Gig Respectability,—more than half his critical Essays, for instance, and all his Latter-day Pamphlets, and Sartor Resartus, and Past and Present, and Hero-Worship, and the Lives of Schiller and Sterling and Frederick the Great. For, once more, and the last time of asking,

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in the hall arm-chair, and stays for me,

but swears in his own vernacular he won't stay a second longer.

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### THE GERMAN ALMANACKS FOR 1862.

ACCORDING to our usual custom, we proceed to analyse the German Almanacks for the coming year. We need not now discuss their specialities, which, we trust, are sufficiently known to our readers, but we may observe that a very marked change for the better has taken place in them. In the first instance, the Royal Statistical office of Berlin, at the head of which stands the renowned meteorologist Professor Dove, has made a dead stand against that mass of absurdities the "Centennial Kalendar," in which all the peasants of Germany believe as in their Bible. In a cleverly written and sensible paper, the fallacies of astral meteorology are shown up, and it is fully proved that the planets do not exercise the slightest influence on the weather. This paper nearly all the popular Almanacks have inserted, and we hope that it will have a good effect. We only wish some sensible corporation in this country would make a similar onslaught on old Moore's Almanack, or the owner be compelled to live solely on his own pills.

Another encouraging thing with the German Almanacks is that they have decidedly grown more national in their tone, and the cry of them all is for German unity. William of Prussia has passed anything but a rosy time of it with the non-Prussian press since his visit to Compiègne, and one writer in the Vienna *Wanderer* openly charges him with being a lick-spittle and a sycophant. In Prussia, however, and those German states connected with it by policy, the people judge more fairly of the king's conduct: they consider that he regarded himself as the next victim to Gallic glory, and wished to do all in his power to avert the war. Seeing that Austria is but a broken reed to lean on, the Germans are anxious to restore a powerful and united fatherland under the hegemony of Prussia, and it would be a happy day for Europe when this took place.

In the mean while, the public writers of Germany are doing their utmost to keep the idea before their readers, and to foster that healthy detestation of France to which the fatherland can alone owe its safety. This year the Almanacks are filled with patriotic stories, among which

the death of Hofer occupies a great place, and, indeed, the same feeling is perceptible in all the German periodicals. In a recent number of the *Gartenlaube*, for instance, we read a detailed account of the trial and condemnation of Palm, the bookseller, and only one motive could have actuated the choice of that subject—a desire to keep before the public mind the blessings of a French domination. In fact, the whole tone of the German press is martial, and the nation seems at length aroused to a due sense of the danger they have escaped, and which may yet burst over them should M. Fould's neat little plans for making things pleasant in Paris prove a failure. For history teaches that the French never fight so bravely and desperately as when starvation is before the gates.

We need hardly say that the German Almanacks for 1862 contain numerous anecdotes about "Old Fritz," and we will condense one called "Frederick the Great as a Matrimonial Agent," which will furnish a fair idea of the rest. During the Seven Years' War the Prussian horse artillery was most serviceable, especially a gun christened the "Chesnut," because it was drawn by six horses of that colour. One day when marching into Bohemia, the king, accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, Prince Maurice of Anhalt, and General von Treskow, was engaged in reconnoitring the enemy. So occupied was he, that he did not notice that a picket of the Austrian hussars was dashing up to cut him off. A gunner of the horse artillery noticed it, however, and laid the Chesnut on the enemy, but was restrained from firing by his superior officer, who considered it an encroachment on his authority. The king curiously rode up to the spot:

"Why is the gun unlimbered?" the king asked.

"Your majesty," the soldier answered boldly, "I want to give that Austrian scoundrel one for his nob."

"My son," the king said, good-humouredly, "pray let him live."

"Indeed?" the artilleryman asked. "But suppose they give us one, and carry your majesty off; will that be all right?"

"Well, if that is your opinion, give him something for himself," Frederick said, now beginning to perceive the danger to which he had exposed himself.

The artilleryman did not require to be told twice; he pointed his gun, and was so fortunate as to kill the officer and his horse, whereupon the picket bolted off.

"Come, your majesty," the soldier said, good-humouredly, "I fancy I've given him his dose?"

"Yes," the king answered; "but you have sent the poor devil too soon into the other world."

"Too soon be hanged! Isn't that what I'm here for?"

"You have certainly done your duty, and therefore deserve my best thanks, and a reward. Farewell, lieutenant."

"Your majesty," the worthy fellow interposed, "I am not fit to be a lieutenant, for I don't understand mathematics, or any of the scientific rubbish. I should be wretched among my new comrades."

"That is really bad, my son! Still you can be a non-commissioned officer, and till the day of your death you shall draw double pay. Does that satisfy you?"

"It is more than I have deserved. May God save your majesty!"

Sauer (such was our gunner's name) proved himself worthy of the royal favour. He served brilliantly through the war, and, when peace returned, was appointed in command of Fort Prenssen, at Stettin. He married the

housemaid of Neumann, a baker in the town, who bore him one daughter, Anna, and then died. When Anna was sixteen years of age all the officers were in love with her; but her father would not stand any of their nonsense. Anna had to look after the house, and work from morning to night; for, spite of his double pay, Sauer found it difficult to make both ends meet. It would have been easy for him to fill his purse, for the aforesaid baker, Neumann, who was contractor to the garrison, offered him a handsome sum to let his bread pass without weighing it. But he had to do with the wrong man; Sauer became stricter than ever, and the baker hated him.

But the old story of the Montagues and the Capulets was to be repeated in Stettin among a humbler class. The baker had a good-looking son, who delivered the bread at the fort, and he fell in love with Anna, who was quite agreeable. His father, however, got behind the secret, upbraided Anna in no measured terms for her audacity, and Anton was forbidden to visit the fort again. But what will not love's ingenuity effect? Daily he managed to convey Anna a note, baked in one of the loaves, and which he contrived should safely reach her hands.

When the following autumn came the great king visited Stettin, for the annual inspection. Anna formed a desperate resolution, slipped out of the house, reached the king's presence, and told him all her story, reminding him who her father was. The king laughed, bade her remain in an adjoining room, and sent an aide-de-camp to command Neumann and his family to his presence. The baker came in trembling, fearing that his roguery was detected, and that it was all up with him, but recovered his spirits when Frederick told him that he had selected a wife for his son Anton.

At a sign from the king, the doors were thrown wide open, and the loving couple walked hand in hand into the cabinet. At the sight of them the baker pulled a wry face, and could not conceal his dissatisfaction.

"Your majesty," he said, in a tone of annoyance, "must surely be jesting. That girl has not a shirt to her back, and is as poor as a church mouse. With her my son must starve, for, if he marry against my will, I am firmly resolved to disinherit him."

Without deigning an answer, the king turned to the Duke of Bevern, who was also present:

"How much," he said to him, with a significant laugh, "has your grace to pay this girl?"

"Two thousand thalers," the duke replied, without hesitation.

"And you?" the king asked the Prince of Anhalt.

"Also two thousand," he answered, promptly.

"He sees, then, my dear master," the king then said, turning to the astonished baker, "the girl is not so poor as he fancies. By me she has also four thousand dollars standing, and General von Trezkow will, moreover, supply her marriage outfit and a decent dinner. Now, I hope that he has no further objection to offer against his son's marriage?"

"Yes, if the matter really be so, I am satisfied," Neumann replied, who, like the rest of the company, did not know whether the king was joking or speaking seriously.

"He still appears to doubt. Messieurs, we must out with the money to convince this incredulous Thomas."

By the king's order the privy treasurer brought in two heavy bags of coin, which he counted on a table. There were four thousand thalers in shining gold, which he told Anna to take.

"Now, my Lord Duke of Bevern," the king said, with a smile, "you will pay your debt to the girl."

"In truth," the latter said, with some embarrassment, "I do not remember——"

"Nor I, either," the Prince of Anhalt added.

"And I do not know," General von Trezkow exclaimed, "why I am called upon to supply the wedding outfit of a perfectly strange girl."

"Ei, ei, messieurs!" the king answered, seriously. "I did not think that you possessed so weak a memory. I must, therefore, come to your help, and refresh it. Do you not remember that affair in Bohemia, when we were all in the utmost danger of being cut off by a picket of Austrian hussars?"

"Of course," the Duke of Bevern answered. "A brave artilleryman noticed the danger, and killed the enemy's officer with a well-aimed shot."

"The hussars fled," the Prince of Anhalt remarked.

"And we were saved," General von Trezkow added. "Your majesty wished to promote the worthy man to a lieutenancy, but he declined the honour."

"Quite right," the king interrupted him; "that soldier's name was Sauer, and there stands his daughter, who seems to have inherited her father's resolute temper. Will you now object, gentlemen, to pay your debt?"

"We recognise the liability," the three gentlemen said, simultaneously.

"The matter is settled, then," the king said. "The girl has eight thousand thalers, is handsome, good, and virtuous. Now, my dear master, are you satisfied with the match?"

"I desire no better daughter-in-law," Neumann answered, "and gladly give my consent."

Another very charming story is told in the "Spinnstube," and relates to Fritz's brave comrade in arms, General von Seydlitz. At Zorndorff he insulted a worthy officer most grossly, who resigned. In his passion the general made an unfavourable report to the king, and the captain retired without a pension. Many years later the thought of his injustice occurred to Seydlitz, and he knew no peace till he had repaired matters. How he did so we have no space to record here: we need only mention that the anecdote is worked up into a charming little love-story by W. O. von Horn, and throws fresh lustre on the memory of the great Frederick.

One of the most valuable papers in the Almanacks is found in "Steffen's Volks Kalendar," and is entitled "Going to Law." It is the greatest curse of the German peasant that he will not let himself be put upon, and has a pernicious tendency for rushing to an advocate whenever he has the slightest misunderstanding with a neighbour. To try and check this disease, the writer brings together a number of instances from German history, some of which we will run through. In Upper Austria two peasants went to law about the ownership of a walnut-tree, which grew on the boundary line of their fields. Both thought they had an equal claim to it, and though they were recommended to take half the annual crop each, neither would give way. After three years of disputing, a flash of lightning struck the tree, broke it conscientiously in two halves, and laid one half on each side the border line. But all disputants were not so fortunate. Two peasants quarrelled about the ownership of a small ditch, value about two shillings, and the court, desirous of preventing litigation, ordered each to be paid that amount. But then came the question of costs: neither would give way, and the result was that both plaintiff and defendant were eaten out of house and home. But the most extraordinary trial of all noted here is the following:

The hero of this trial is Michael Kohlhaas, naturally an honest man, by profession a horse-dealer, thirty years of age, but, for all that, he perished miserably on the scaffold through a trifling dispute. Riding one day out of Brandenburg with a team of horses, Kohlhaas found, not far from the Elbe, a turnpike, erected by a certain Junker von Tronka to take toll of passers by. While Kohlhaas was paying the money, and shaking his head as he did so, the bailiff came down from the castle and asked for his pass, as no horse-dealer would be allowed to cross the frontier without such. Kohlhaas had already crossed eighteen times, and was thoroughly acquainted with the regulations: hence he left the team of horses under the charge of his man, and went up to the castle to seek an explanation. He found the Junker drinking with a party, and after a while they went down into the court-yard to have a look at the horses.

The Junker admired several of them, and wished to have a deal, but the owner asked such fancy prices that they could not come to any settlement. Whereupon Kohlhaas collected his string and prepared to start. At this moment the bailiff walked up, and reminded him that he had not delivered his pass. Kohlhaas appealed to the Junker, who confirmed his bailiff, and the dealer promised to get one at Dresden, and give it up when he returned; but the Junker insisted on security, and Kohlhaas, seeing that he must yield to force, left a pair of horses in pledge, and started with the rest. On reaching Dresden he found that it was a fiction about the pass, and hurried back to fetch his horses. They were delivered to him, but he soon saw they had been changed. Full of fury, Kohlhaas went to law for restitution and compensation, but lost his cause, for his adversary was related to the judges. In vain did the horse-dealer appeal: his wife even was killed by a blow from a musket as she was offering a petition to the Landgrave. Hereupon Kohlhaas sold up all he possessed and took the law into his own hands. He enlisted seven desperate fellows, surprised his enemy's castle, and burned it to the ground. Hearing that the Junker had fled to Wittenberg, Kohlhaas, now at the head of thirty men, rode to that town, demanded the surrender of his enemy, and, on refusal, fired the town at the four corners. He defeated the troops sent against him on several occasions, and even fired Leipzig, always protesting that he would disband his men and become a good citizen again if the Junker of Tronka gave him back his two horses!

By the persuasion of Martin Luther, Kohlhaas promised to conduct matters legally. A safe-conduct was given him by the intercession of the reformer, but it was broken, and Kohlhaas put in prison. He attempted to break out, still under the fixed idea of obtaining his rights, was detected, tried, and condemned to death. The Elector of Brandenburg, however, claimed him as his subject, and he was delivered up. Kohlhaas carried on his case at Dresden and gained the day. The elector, however, was unable to let him off the capital punishment: hence the horses were delivered to him just before his execution; he made his will, and laid his head on the scaffold with a smiling face—for he had gained his rights after all.

An interesting tale will be found in "Trewendt's Volks Kalendar." The scene is laid during the War of Liberation, and the heroine having no other patriotic gift to offer, sells her hair for two ducats, which she lays as an offering on the altar of her fatherland. In the same almanack Edmund Hoefler has a slap at us *in re* the Macdonald affair, in a story called "Mad Tricks," describing the practical jokes performed in a quiet German garrison town by two young Englishmen, and the way in which a final stop was put to their exploits. In the present critical state of affairs, it seems a curious infelicity for German writers to keep stirring up the past ill-feeling between England and Prussia, but this is not an isolated case. In the "Spinnstube" there is a ludicrous account of a my lord, who goes trout-fishing in the Black Forest during the troubles

of 1848, and the terror he displays about the republicans is most absurdly exaggerated. The return to this system cannot be sufficiently deprecated, especially as the Germans had given it up during the last three or four years, but they will not stir up ill-blood again among the peasants, and it will require years to allay the feeling.

"Weber's Volks Kalendar" is decidedly the best of all, though it contains but little to suit our purpose. We will, however, excerpt a few passages about Theodor von Heughlin, who has recently started for Central Africa in search of Dr. Vogel. A considerable subscription—for Germany—was raised to defray the expenses, and the expedition, consisting of six Germans—astronomers, botanists, and gardeners—set out in the early part of the year, under the guidance of Baron von Heughlin. It is not the first time he has visited Africa: in 1850 he proceeded to Egypt to study Arabic *in situ*, and in 1852 the Austrian ministry appointed him secretary to their newly-established consulate at Khartum. He made several expeditions into the interior with Dr. Reitz, the consul-general, who, unhappily, died of dysentery at Doka, in Eastern Sennaar. After burying him Heughlin returned to Khartum, where he was appointed acting consul, and began collecting rare animals. In autumn, 1854, he returned to Europe with one hundred and twenty specimens, which he presented to the Imperial Zoological Gardens at Schönbrunn. In 1856 Heughlin set out again, and wandered about Egypt and the Eastern Soudan, but soon after was wounded by the Somaulis, and compelled to return home, where he has since been engaged in writing a geographical work. His merits were so generally recognised, that directly the idea sprang up of sending an expedition to Central Africa, Dr. Petermann at once proposed Baron Heughlin as the leader. Another very interesting paper in this almanack is a trip through the Black Forest by J. Venedey; nor must we omit to mention a very clear and sensible description of Lenoir's gas engine, which, if all that is said of it be true, is destined to effect a revolution in trade. Curiously enough, while the French and German papers have recently given ample notices of this new invention, we have not come across a single one in England, and, though we have inquired, we cannot learn that a single specimen has hitherto reached these shores from Paris. In Germany and France they have been put up for some time past, and have surpassed expectation in those trades requiring but small motive power. The Lenoir engines are special favourites with the Germans, because the gas can be turned off when not wanted, and there is no expense in getting the steam up. Altogether, Weber's Almanack, both for its literary contents, excellent illustrations, and pleasing appearance, deserves to be a favourite in this country. In its home we believe that it attains a circulation of nearly two hundred thousand copies. Before parting from it, we will make one interesting extract relating to the Black Forest clock trade:

Twenty years ago a young man of the name of Hauser was engaged in the clock manufacturing trade, and was not satisfied with its progress. He knew no rest because clocks and pendules were turned out in Paris which could not be manufactured in the Schwarzwald. In his leisure hours, he set to work trying to make some improvements, but on failing, he put on a blouse and went on a voyage of discovery. Of course, it took him weeks, often months, ere he



could get behind the secrets he wanted to know, but at length he was successful. He learned all he wanted to know by patient observation, and in 1850 returned home, certain that he could make as good a pendule as any turned out in Paris. A company was speedily formed, with a capital of 10,000*l.*—a large sum for the Black Forest. At first, matters went on slowly, but the shareholders were not daunted, and, thanks to their energy, the shares are now considerably above par, and pay very fair interest.

Of Gubitz' Volks Kalendar we have not much to say, for it is eminently conservative, and the woodcuts, in this year of grace, are no better than they were twenty-eight years ago, when the almanack was first established. Nor is there anything in the contents which attracts our attention. Better in every respect is the "Illustrirter Familien Kalendar," containing some very neat cuts, and the adventures of a Dresden tailor, who pays a visit to Leipzig fair. Written in the Saxon dialect, this narrative is not everybody's reading, but it is an agreeable puzzle to try and find out the meaning. German dialects may be bad enough, but if the reader wants a genuine article, let him try to decipher one of the local almanacks published in Lancashire and Yorkshire. We believe it would require less time to become proficient in Chinese than in one of those modern languages. We had an example of English offered us during the last Exhibition, which we do not care to see repeated at the coming one. Business having called us to Woolwich, on our return we were addressed civilly by a respectable artisan. We conversed, that is to say, "he paid the expenses," as the French would say, of the conversation, for our part was confined to Yes and No, for, beyond the fact that he was a Bradford man, we did not understand a single syllable he said. He seemed so happy, though, in having so excellent a listener, that we could not find the heart to tell him the truth. But to return to our subject: here is an amusing skit on Leipzig hotels at fair time, which is not exaggerated:

The row, when we at length arrived safe and sound at Leipzig, you can form no idea of. At a poor calculation, I will merely say that there were some two thousand porters, and all shouting at me, so that in the end I did not know where my head was. Hohdell de bolonige! Black Cross! Hohdell de Bawicähr! Green tree! Come along with me—Elephant! No, you had better put up at the Brown Horse! And thus they went on, so that it really surprised me that I did not go mad there and then. I had, however, shortly reflected and thought that, as a Dresdener, I must live in a decent hotel, and so I let myself be drawn to the Hohdell de Bawicähr. When I arrived, I said to landlord, says I, "Look ye here, Mr. Landlord, I am a Dresdener, come to have a bit of a look at Leipzig fair, so give me a very nice room," I said. When I said I was a Dresdener, the landlord made a deep bow, and showed me into a nice room, where, he said, that princes had slept before now. "All right," I said to him, "for why shouldn't a Dresden tailor be able to live like a prince once in a way? We have the means for it!" . . . When I got up the next morning to ring for coffee, the waiter brings me a little piece of paper, which he lays on a table and goes off again. But when I look at it, I fancy I must have an apoplectic fit, for do you know, gentlemen, what it was? It was the bill, look ye, hear ye—and a bill, such as soon prevented me seeing or hearing. It was all in French; but though I have been to Paris, I couldn't understand it entirely; all I could understand was, that at the top stood Loschmank, 3 thalers (that is, in German, lodging); then Subch, 1 thaler; Schwriese,

10 groschen; and Buschih, 10 groschen too. I was thunderstruck, so to speak, for I had never dreamed of such a thing, and I rang for the waiter.

"Look here, I say, karrsohu (that's French for waiter); in the first place, what sort of manners is it for you to bring a guest a bill, when he has only slept here one night? Is that proper respect? I am a tailor from Dresden, but if I send in my bill at the half year it is a long time before I get any money, and yet here you send up my bill with the coffee."

"That is the custom here," said the waiter.

"Indeed!" says I, "but that don't suit me, and I shall leave at once. But tell me, what is the meaning of this, three thalers a day for a room?"

"Those are Fair prices."

"Indeed," says I. "Well, I don't think them fair. And what's this, Schrwiese and Buschih?"

"That's for attendance and lights."

"Indeed," says I. "Well, the devil may take them and you too, so here's your money, and I'm off."

As we have no desire to make our readers melancholy at this unhappy season of the year, we will not make any extracts from the only comic almanack Germany possesses, "Brennaglas' Komischer Volks Kalendar." The French Almanach Comique was sad enough, Heaven knows, this year—as a respected fellow contributor has shown—but the Almanach Comique and water, such as Glassbrenner's is, is a little too dangerous reading. At the best of times, German wit *brille par son absence*, but never before have we found it so tame as this year. There are the same old stereotyped jokes, the same unblushing plunder of *Punch*, and deliberate breaking off of the point. There is, too, the same coarseness, mistaken for humour; and, indeed, one story in the Komischer Kalendar, called "Der Lustige Kyau," makes the very paper blush on which it is printed. After all, German humour is much in the same state now as was the Dutch when Smollett wrote, and the description of the Hollander and the Mill in "Peregrine Pickle" still seems to be the model on which German jests are founded.

Altogether, then, we fear that the German Almanacks, as a rule, are a mental pabulum to be avoided, and the moral we draw from them is, that the notion of German universality of education has been grossly exaggerated. They boast that there is not man, woman, nor child who cannot read among them: but their almanacks, which form the sole reading of millions, year's end to year's end, do not prove to us that their reading ability avails them much, while, judging from the Abbé Domenech's "Livre des Sauvages," the use of the pen or pencil might safely be restricted among them.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE ROYAL NEAPOLITAN ARMY  
IN THE AUTUMN OF 1860.

BY MAJOR CHAMBRE.

*Audi alteram partem.*

ALL the accounts hitherto published of the operations that preceded and followed the retreat of the Royal Neapolitan army, in the months of September and October, 1860, from the Volturno to Gaeta, have been obtained from persons attached to, or partisans of, the revolutionary forces of Garibaldi, and they are, in many instances, partial and incorrect, owing to the ignorance of the writers of what was passing in the royalists' camp.

The following narrative is drawn up from the notes of a Swiss officer, who was attached to the staff of the general commanding-in-chief, and it gives a clear insight into the causes which led to the final capitulation of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Neapolitan monarchy.

It was this campaign which decided the fate of the Two Sicilies, and in that point of view it has an historical importance; whilst, on the other hand, the defence of the fortress creates an interest of quite a different nature.

Once the royal army in a great measure broken up, and that it only held the limited space contained within the fortifications of Gaeta, the king could neither undertake offensive operations, nor, single-handed, endeavour to reconquer the ground he had lost. On the other hand, the great powers of Europe proved, in permitting the siege of the last refuge of Francis II., that they had abandoned that monarch to his fate. They made no effort to save either his life or his crown, for the first shells that fell in the place might have destroyed him as they did so many of its brave defenders.

Having filled an important office throughout the whole campaign in the royal army, the compiler of these notes is enabled not only to give a sketch of the general operations, but also of the real reasons which brought that army, step by step, under the ramparts of Gaeta, instead of re-entering triumphantly into the capital. They were written entirely from memory, but he advances no assertions of which he is not certain, and he endeavours to state everything truly and with impartiality.

Towards the end of August, the bands of Garibaldi, harassed by forced marches during the hottest months of the year, arrived successively, to the number of about twenty-five thousand men, from Sicily and the south, and moved onwards towards Naples. With the exception of the engagements at Palermo and Melazzo, it may be said that, up to that period, there had been very little hard fighting. Treason had prepared everything to facilitate the advance of the Garibaldians. Ever since 1848 the revolutionary element, despairing of obtaining the upper hand by force, had had recourse to a more terrible weapon—secret societies. Carbonarism had infected the whole of the royal navy. The high admiral, the Prince of Aquila, brother of Ferdinand II., was secretly hostile to the government of his nephew, although he had not raised the

mask so openly as the Prince of Syracuse. Garibaldi, therefore, easily escaped the cruisers, who would not see him, and by these means he, without opposition, disembarked at Marsala.

At that moment there were about eighteen thousand royal troops in Sicily, who were soon afterwards increased to thirty thousand. But it happened with the land forces as with those of the fleet; the soldiers were good, devoted to their king, and ready to fight: the officers generally were bad, and all either ill disposed towards, or hostile to, the government: the chiefs were either bribed beforehand, or were incapable.

Generals Lanza, Cataldo, Lætitia, Clary, &c., all manœuvred so as never to oppose a serious resistance to the revolutionists. Their troops decimated by the fire of the enemy, worn out with fatigue, and in want of provisions, had to contend against discouragement. The army began to mistrust its chiefs, and, had it not been for the naturally patient endurance of the Neapolitan soldier, would inevitably have mutinied.

Faithful to their duty, Generals Mechel and Bosco endeavoured, with a few battalions of chasseurs, to resist the vast treason which was apparent in the supineness of their superiors; and in more than one instance Garibaldi and his followers were within an inch of ruin, particularly at the combats of Porta di Termini, Palermo, and Melazzo, but it always happened that an armistice, or some such circumstance, came opportunely to arrest the arm of the conqueror.

It is easy to understand how, in such a state of things, Sicily was in so short a space of time overrun by the invaders. When once the great blow was struck, and defection had commenced, the hazardous enterprise of Garibaldi advanced with giant strides. Whilst the government was deliberating on what measures should be adopted to stop the enemy's forces, the advanced guard of the invaders was approaching Naples. The king himself was for active operations, but he was innocently involved in the fatal consequences resulting from the vicious system handed down to him by his father.

He either wanted the instruments to carry out his views, or they fell to pieces in his hands. Contending against inextricable difficulties, badly advised by those about him, betrayed by his ministers, driven to different courses by diplomatic agents, civil war staring him in the face in his own capital, not knowing on what corps or on what generals he could rely, he gave up all idea of making a stand either before Salerno or before Naples. He contented himself with occupying the defiles of La Cava and Avelino, which a few thousand faithful troops might not only have held, but had they done so, they would inevitably have defeated the bands of Garibaldi, which were not only without artillery, but were scarcely organised. The king took a more decisive step: leaving Naples, he issued an order of the day to his army, and summoned all who were willing to follow his fortunes to fall back on Capua, on the other side of the Volturno, warning those who refused to do so, that he considered them as no longer in his service.

Out of more than one hundred thousand men, thirty-five thousand answered to his call. On the 7th of September, Francis II., with all his household, withdrew to Gaeta. On the 8th, Garibaldi, accompanied by two of his staff officers, entered the capital, and installed himself as dictator in the Palazzo d'Angri, without meeting with a shadow of resistance.

Matters were thus brought to a crisis, and the sword alone could decide the fate of the Two Sicilies.

The army was immediately disposed in three lines. The first was that of the Volturno, and was composed of about twenty thousand men. This was the corps intended for active operations. Capua was its head-quarters, its base, and centre. The position was protected in front by the Volturno, which, although neither broad nor rapid, is nevertheless deep and muddy. This river envelopes Capua on three sides, and can be made to surround it entirely when the sluices are opened, which allow the water to fill the ditches. The extreme right of the first line was protected by marshes and the sea, the left by the mountains, which form a part of the great chain of the Apennines. The second was that of the Garigliano, its right resting on the sea, and its left on the defiles of San Germano, protected in the rear by impracticable mountains and the defiles of Itri. The third was Gaeta, the residence of the king and of the government. By means of the electric telegraph, Gaeta was in constant communication with Capua and the intermediary stations. On the side of the Abruzzi, Teano was occupied by detachments, who were to observe and prevent the enemy from suddenly turning the flank of the army, and on the sea-side Mondragone watched the coast. On the whole, the arrangements were good; but, once made, the directing powers took no more active steps: they awaited events, and lost time.

Garibaldi, assisted by some talented officers who composed his staff, did not lose an instant; he saw the faults of his adversaries, and took a just view of the consequences. By means of the railway which unites Naples and Capua, he transported troops, without delay, to Santa Maria, Caserta, and Maddaloni, and took possession of the range of hills which command those three towns, from Mount Annibale as far as Mount Michele. At the same time, he organised, armed, and clothed his army tranquilly in Naples, where he had found not only money and immense stores, but also arsenals, in which were all the means and appliances for arming a hundred thousand men, of every branch of the service.

To the north-west of Capua, two Neapolitan miles from the town, the Volturno flows through a narrow defile, formed by one of the branches of Mount Annibale, and by the hills of Trifrisco. A broad road follows the course of the river on either side. In the direction of Trifrisco is the highway leading to Cajazzo, Pie di Monte, Alife, &c. from Capua. On the other side is the road which goes from Santa Maria to San Angelo, Bosco Santo Vito, and Limatola, joining that of Campo Basso. Cajazzo is a small town, six miles from Capua, built upon the summit of a high hill, which commands the Volturno and the above-mentioned roads. It is, in fact, the key of the pass.

In the first instance, the royal troops had occupied both Trifrisco and Cajazzo; but notwithstanding that they appeared to be well selected and faithful, and devoted to the cause of the king, they numbered many traitors in their ranks. Lieutenant-Colonel La Rosa, of the Riflemen of the Guard, abandoned the position of Cajazzo to overrun the low grounds and pursue small detached bodies of the enemy. When he got back, he found the place occupied by the division of Cosenz, one of the best in Garibaldi's army.

On the 14th of September, three battalions of chasseurs and a half-

battery of mountain guns\* left Capua, to retake the position that had been lost. The defile of Trifrisco was carried and passed successfully. Cajazzo, suddenly attacked on the side of the river by two battalions of riflemen, and then from the road by the half-battery and the rest of the infantry, was also carried at the point of the bayonet, with a courage that did the greatest honour to the Neapolitan troops. Colonel La Rosa met with the same punishment that, some months previously, was incurred by General Briganti, in Calabria—being killed by his own men when they found he had betrayed them. Few escaped the massacre that followed. Eight hundred persons perished in the flames of the burning houses, for one half of the town was burnt to ashes. The division of Cosenz was almost entirely destroyed on that day.

Nevertheless, Garibaldi did not despair of his great auxiliary—of his principal arm—treason. He had devoted emissaries in Capua, the governor of which place, General Pinedo, had agreed to surrender the fortress to him without firing a shot. It was arranged that on the 18th of September Garibaldi should bring up a portion of his army, that the drawbridges should be lowered, and that the garrison should merely make a show of resistance by firing two or three unshotted guns. He gave out to his followers that on the 19th they would breakfast in Capua. These arrangements had all been made without reference to the soldiers. They, on their part, had inspected the fortifications, and had found them in anything but a proper state of defence. Six or eight guns, which were used to fire salutes on festivals and gala days, composed all the artillery in battery; large trees and shrubs, which shaded promenaders, obstructed the glacis; yet the enemy was only two miles distant from the fortress. On the 16th, some soldiers, unknown to their superiors, forwarded a letter to the king, pointing out their critical position. His majesty immediately came from Gaeta, ordered Pinedo to be put under arrest, and appointed in his place General Salzano, a brave old soldier.

In two days the place was in a proper state of defence, all the trees were cut down, and a number of guns were mounted, particularly on the side of the camp—that is to say facing Santa Maria.

Notwithstanding his excellent system of espionage, Garibaldi had no information of this sudden change; and on the 19th, in the morning, Medici's division arrived in all haste at the railway station, not far from the walls of Capua. When the trains were within range, the cannon from the fortress opened fire; but instead of blank cartridges, they poured grape into them from guns of heavy calibre. The carnage was frightful. The trains being in motion, could not be stopped before they got within range of the guns, and the troops, crowded into the carriages, could neither retreat nor get under shelter. The artillery, which enfiladed the railway, produced a surprising effect. The Garibaldians, imprisoned in the waggons, were mowed down by thirties and forties at a time. Those who succeeded in running away were cut down by the royal cavalry, and pursued half way to Santa Maria. Garibaldi, who arrived by the last train, was able to stop in time, and fall back on his reserve. This was a terrible blow to him. His fine Medici division was nearly annihilated; his followers thought themselves betrayed, and became discouraged.

If, at this moment, the royal army had taken advantage of their success, and made a forward movement, he and his cause had been lost. The

\* The batteries had eight guns each.

positions of San Angelo and of Santa Maria might easily have been occupied, and the king would have re-entered Naples at the head of an army on which he could depend, animated and flushed with three recent successes. Garibaldi and his star began to grow pale. The best feeling reigned amongst all ranks of the royal troops; they were clamorous to bring matters to a crisis, and fight a general and decisive action. Every day numerous bands of soldiers, of twenties and fifties at a time, worn out with fatigue and hunger, arrived from the Calabrias and other southern provinces. They belonged to different army corps, which, during the scandalous retreat from Marsala to Naples, had been disbanded by traitorous chiefs. Garibaldi had given them the choice of returning to their homes, or of rejoining their royal master; and they all adopted the latter alternative, and came to group themselves around their youthful sovereign.

The king felt the necessity of prompt and decisive measures. He saw that he was not well seconded by his generals, but unfortunately he committed the same fault as the emperors of Austria on other occasions. He followed too closely the rules of military hierarchy. Rather than boldly break through an old and vicious system of acquired rights, of private considerations, and of personal favour, he conferred important commands, and even that of commander-in-chief, on officers of the highest rank, instead of giving the appointments to those of the greatest talent.

Marshal Afan de Rivera, Generals Colonna, Bertolini, Barbalonga, Negri, Polizzi, the colonel of artillery, Ussani, were all excellent officers; and although many of them had not only friends, but relatives, in the enemy's ranks, they invariably followed the line of duty and of honour.

At Gaeta the king was unfortunately surrounded by people who were far from possessing the high qualities of those above mentioned, and he was led into error by counsellors who possessed all his confidence. It followed from this, that the efforts of his best officers to serve his cause were constantly paralysed.

The general-in-chief, Ritucci, confused everything by creating imaginary difficulties, and lost time, which was precious, in attending to the details of the service, or in continued correspondence with Gaeta.

Mechel, with the foreign brigade, manœuvred on his own account, in the neighbourhood of Amoroso, Frasso, and Ducento, as if he were independent of a superior commander, so that communications between headquarters and that fraction of the army became very difficult.

The plan of a general action was openly discussed at headquarters, and every staff officer gave his opinion on it. It is easy to understand how, eight days before, Garibaldi was aware of everything, knowing by what means, when and where, he would be attacked. Ultimately it was arranged as follows:

The 1st of October was the day fixed upon to bring on a general action. General Mechel with his foreign brigade, the foreign battery of Fénot, a half-battery of field artillery under Tabacchi, and a squadron of cavalry, were to commence the attack by the Ponti della Valle, and come down upon Maddaloni.

The brigade of General de Ruitz, composed of several incomplete corps of infantry, was to ascend by way of Limatola, clamber over the mountain, descend by Caserta Vecchia, and fall upon Caserta, General Colonna remaining at Trifrisco to guard the pass, with a brigade of

chasseurs. Afan de Rivera's division was to attack the positions of San Angelo. Another division, debouching from Capua, and commanded by Ritucci himself, was detailed to advance upon Santa Maria, and to detach a corps on his right to occupy Santo Tammaro.

It will be seen, that by these combined movements, the army of Garibaldi would be threatened in front, in flank, and in rear. But to succeed, and not to compromise one corps d'armée seriously, it was absolutely necessary to be successful on all sides. The plan was rash. With twenty thousand men it was neither prudent nor advisable to attack the positions of San Angelo and Santa Maria in front; the king being obliged, from want of men, to place all his troops in line, without reserves, rendering any check, however partial, both serious and difficult to remedy. In short, the troops might be fatigued, and be obliged to fall back on some point or other, and then fresh regiments should have been kept well in hand to support them, and take their places in line.

The most rational plan would have been to push on a column by Santo Prisco, between San Angelo and Santa Maria, on Mount Annibale. This column would have thus avoided the batteries of San Angelo, would have cut off a portion of the enemy's army, and, easily gaining the heights, would have formed a junction with another force ascending on the opposite side by Limatola. In redescending the mountain it would have turned the positions of San Angelo, besides having at their feet all the batteries of Trifrisco. A portion of this column would easily have got possession of the telegraph of Santa Maria, and not only would have had the town at its mercy, but would have found itself in rear of its advanced works. Another corps, passing by Santo Tammaro, would have taken in reverse all the positions of Santa Maria. The foreign brigade, by occupying Ponti della Valle, would have acted as a reserve, would have supported the principal columns of attack, and ensured their success. This, in a few words, is the plan that ought to have been adopted. Fifteen or twenty days before, these precautions would have been useless, for none of the positions were fortified.

The day fixed upon arrived. The army was ordered to form in masses of columns at quarter distance on the parade-ground of Capua, at four o'clock in the morning. At three the troops left the town, well disposed, but in perfect silence. It was a cold, damp mornng, and very dark; the soldiers had eaten nothing, and took no provisions with them. Not a word of encouragement was uttered. Nevertheless, it was a solemn moment; the king's crown was at stake. To lose this battle was tantamount to giving up all future offensive operations, and, in fact, left the royalists no other chance of ultimate success but the intervention of foreign powers.

At daybreak the army was put in motion. The enclosure of the parade-ground marked the line of the advanced posts. Scarcely had the first corps reached the outlying pickets, when the fire commenced along the whole line. The attack was made with vigour, as well on the side of San Angelo as on that of Santa Maria; the troops advanced rapidly, and soon reached the enemy's positions. The royal guard, imprudently exposed, was decimated in a short space of time. Conducted by inexperienced leaders, the battalions in line rushed on masked batteries, which poured volleys of grape into them. These mistakes caused partial panics, and several times drove back certain regiments, which, in retreating, created disorder amongst the troops they had in their rear. The guard was



brought back to the charge three or four times. There was no longer, however, any ensemble in their movements, and, with the exception of the first attack in the morning, those that followed were neither simultaneous nor general. General Ritucci, however, did not spare himself. All day long he remained with his staff in the first line of battle, and exposed himself uselessly in endeavouring to animate the men, but no comprehensive plan ever entered his imagination.

As usual, he only looked to details, and he constantly ordered partial attacks, which had no other result than to fatigue and discourage the soldiers. On some points the enemy's line was broken, but it was by weak fractions of corps, which not being supported, became by degrees isolated, and then were obliged to fall back to prevent being entirely surrounded and overpowered.

On the side of San Angelo, the attacking party had succeeded perfectly. The battalions of chasseurs had spiked ten guns in position, but they were forced, little by little, to yield the ground they had gained, and retire towards Capua, the railway having in the afternoon brought considerable reinforcements from Naples. The cannonade was frightful, and never ceased for an instant from daybreak. Nine batteries of eight guns each were in the action. In vain did the king ride down the whole line, endeavouring by his presence to encourage the troops to make fresh efforts. They were discouraged, although it is true they continued to fight, but they were no longer capable of making a vigorous attempt to regain the day. The royal guard was demoralised, and retired in disorder to Capua. The sun was setting when some Piedmontese battalions of the regular army, recently disembarked from Genoa, arrived by the railway from Naples and decided the action. A general movement to the rear commenced, and at seven in the evening the army found itself on the same parade-ground, after fourteen hours' hard fighting, from which it had marched in the morning. The retreat was conducted in good order; the enemy not venturing to pursue the retiring forces, and both sides remained in the cantonments they had previously occupied. The royal army lost about two thousand men, Garibaldi about six thousand, although the Naples newspapers only confessed to four thousand five hundred.

At the Ponti della Valle, the foreign brigade had stormed the heights commanding the road as well as the aqueduct; but, overpowered by an enemy three times their number, who received reinforcements, they were unable to advance farther, and towards evening they regained their original quarters. De Ruitz alone, descending from Caserta Vecchia, had fallen with all his forces on Caserta; but receiving no support, and seeing himself surrounded on all sides, he was forced to retreat in haste, leaving six hundred men prisoners in the hands of his opponents.

If the result of this hard day's fighting did not produce a good effect on the moral of the royal troops, the Garibaldians were still more affected by it, although they remained masters of the field of battle. At Naples all the inhabitants were in a state of consternation and mourning. From the moment that Garibaldi no longer carried everything before him, he had to contend against reaction in the provinces. This spread in the Abruzzi, and showed itself in the Terra di Lavoro. Colonel la Grange, at the head of his volunteers, overran the mountains, and lent a helping hand to the royalists. A great deal of good, too, was expected to result to the royal cause from the interview of the sovereigns at Warsaw.

All these circumstances taken into consideration, it was resolved not to renew offensive operations, but to temporise. It was, perhaps, the wisest course that could have been taken. Inactivity was as ill-suited to the Garibaldians as to the impatience of the populations generally.

Fifteen days passed, during which the royal army had to sustain constant attacks, intended to keep the troops in check, and not to allow them a moment's rest. Sorties were made from the fortress, and some of them became serious actions. The ramparts, amply supplied with cannon of heavy calibre, protected the royalists as they re-entered the town. At Trifrisco, the fire on both sides never ceased. The Garibaldians endeavoured to cross the river at this point, to cut off all communication between Capua, the Garigliano, and Gaeta, but they were never able to force a passage. Many of their batteries were silenced, and they ended by abandoning both the lower and the rising grounds of San Angelo; the summit of the hill, however, they continued to hold with a few rifled cannon. By this means they commanded the Neapolitan batteries, although they never seriously injured them.

Entirely in the dark as to what was going on in other parts of Italy, receiving no newspapers, or even letters, the royalist officers were left to conjecture only, and they nourished hopes of something turning up in their favour, when suddenly they learnt the dissolution, rather than the defeat, of Lamoricière's army, after the battle of Castelfidardo. Then immediately after came intelligence of the entry of Piedmontese troops into the Abruzzi, under the orders of Cialdini. To continue to occupy the line of the Volturno would have been to allow the army to be caught between two fires, and by forces superior in number. It became necessary, therefore, to change the plan of operations, to leave Capua to its own resources, and to abandon the passes of Trifrisco and Cajazzo.

On the 20th of October the army marched out of Capua, taking the direction of Teano, leaving four or five thousand men in the fortress, with a month's provisions in store, under the command of General de Cornet. Lieutenant-General Salzano was appointed commander-in-chief, and Ritucci was recalled to Gaeta. At Teano, the retreating army fell in with the remnant of the first regiment of the line, and some armed peasants and gendarmes, who, after a sharp action at Isernia, some few miles distant, had retreated on the village, and there barricaded themselves. General Scuoti had been made prisoner, as well as a portion of the first regiment. The Piedmontese advanced rapidly, and were about to form a junction with Garibaldi. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, to hasten and establish the army in position behind the Garigliano, and to secure the defile of San Germano. On the 24th, Sessa, Santa Agatha, and Cascano, were occupied by the royal troops. On the 25th, Cialdini, who had arrived within a short distance of Teano, demanded an interview with General Salzano. The latter accepted the invitation, and went to meet him, attended by an officer and a squadron of mounted chasseurs. He left the cavalry at some distance from the spot where the interview was to take place, and went there accompanied by his orderly officer only.

Cialdini commenced by representing to General Salzano the impossibility of his resisting the united Garibaldian and Piedmontese troops, thinking to intimidate him. Then he endeavoured to act upon his feelings by urging him not to allow any more Italian blood to flow—the

blood of a great people, who were soon about to become brothers. He promised to respect the rights, and to ensure to the royalist officers the rank, they held in the king's army.

Salzano replied to these offers in a few words. He declared that he and his army were firmly resolved to defend, foot by foot, the ground they held in advance of Gaeta, and that one and all would follow the monarchy to its last place of refuge. Seeing that Salzano was not to be persuaded by his arguments, Cialdini left him, saying, "To-morrow you shall hear of me." On his way back, the Neapolitan general found none of his horsemen, the squadron that escorted him having been surrounded in his absence and made prisoners.

The next day, October 26th, the enemy appeared on the heights and on the Cascano road. He was kept in check by some battalions of riflemen, and by the foreign battery, up to a late hour of the night. During this time the army had reached the Garigliano, and had taken up a position on the other side of the river.

The new line of defence would have been very good if the army had been more numerous, and had the king possessed a fleet to protect its right flank, for the river, although not broad, is difficult to cross. Before it reaches the sea, it flows obliquely across a plain denuded of trees for the space of about three miles. At a quarter of a mile from its mouth is an iron wire bridge, which forms a portion of the high road from Rome to Naples. The position could only be held for a limited time by troops in such comparatively small force, and in presence of two hostile armies, numerically four times superior in strength. They were obliged to watch the whole course of the river, to guard on the left the defile of San Germano, and in rear those of Itri, and could only, in case of a reverse, operate their retreat by the defile of Scavoli, a narrow pass between high mountains and the sea.

Another embarrassing circumstance was the uncertainty as to the extent of the support that might be expected from the French fleet. Admiral le Barbier de Tinan, with five line-of-battle ships and a steamer, was on the right flank of the army, and guaranteed the safety of the shore from the mouth of the Garigliano to Gaeta. The Sardinian fleet, composed of ten vessels of war, remained in observation at some distance from the French, and in a forced inaction.

Admiral le Barbier de Tinan, whose opinions were legitimist, and who had all the fine feelings of a military man, could not resist the desire he felt of aiding a young and heroic sovereign, who was fighting against such fearful odds. He therefore exceeded the instructions he had received from his government, which simply prescribed his throwing every obstacle in the way of a blockade of Gaeta by sea; and he took upon himself to forbid the Sardinian fleet to pass beyond the mouth of the Garigliano.

On the morning of the 29th, fifteen thousand Piedmontese endeavoured to force the bridge. The attack was prompt, unexpected, and energetic; nevertheless, the Neapolitans had time to place thirty guns in battery, and to move down some battalions of riflemen, who lined the banks of the river. The Piedmontese Bersaglieri reached the bridge, having crossed the plain at the double; they were repulsed, and retired in disorder on their supports, carrying along with them the whole division, and were cannonaded by the Neapolitans till they reached their cantonments.

This action lasted at least three hours. Unfortunately, the cavalry

could not take part in it, the planks having been removed from the centre of the bridge, which prevented their crossing over. Had it not been for this circumstance, the defeat of the Piedmontese would have been complete.

The Neapolitans had to deplore the death of General Negri, who was killed upon the bridge. He was a man of talent, of irreproachable character, and a leader as brave as he was adventurous. On hearing of his death, the king could not refrain from tears.

To prevent another attack, the bridge was destroyed, parapets for guns were raised all along the banks of the river, and ditches were dug to shelter the infantry. From the top of the telegraph station of the little town of Traëte the enemy was constantly watched to prevent a surprise. On the side of the sea no works were thrown up, that being sufficiently protected by the French fleet.

The royalists were awaiting events, when, on the 1st of November, in the evening, they suddenly saw the French vessels quit the mouth of the Garigliano and retire towards Gaeta, leaving the sea open to the Sardinian fleet. In less than two hours after, some steamers came and ranged themselves in line along the shore on the right of the army, and began cannonading the camp. At midnight the order for retreat was issued. It was necessary to profit as much as possible by the darkness to effect this movement, as the only practicable road to Gaeta ran along the sea-shore. The cavalry, the greater part of the artillery, and the baggage, passed first; the infantry only left the camp at daybreak. Some corps were even obliged to cross the mountains, where they lost a part of their baggage. The cannonade from the steamers became warmer and warmer; the ships approached as near as possible to the shore, having nothing to fear, for the foreign rifled battery was the only one that returned the enemy's shots.

The whole army then arrived at Mola di Gaeta, a little straggling town, through the centre of which passes the high road to Rome. It extends along the sea-shore; on the opposite side it is commanded by a chain of mountains, with abrupt cliffs rising from the water. This narrow and broken ground would have been favourable to the defenders if they had had nothing to fear from the Sardinian fleet. Some unimportant works had been previously thrown up in front of Mola, and as the royal army was protected by the French fleet in that direction, no uncasiness was felt for the safety of the place. Now, however, every necessary arrangement was made to close the passage against the enemy, and to keep him in check as long as possible.

The next day, in the morning, the whole Sardinian fleet bore down to Mola, and opened a heavy fire on the advanced works, endeavouring, at the same time, to drive the troops out of them. Notwithstanding the intensity of the cannonade, the men bravely stood to their guns, although they were unable to return the fire with effect, owing to their not possessing artillery of sufficiently heavy calibre. The town of Mola suffered more than the army from this naval attack. The fire had lasted about three hours, when one of the French ships left the anchorage before Gaeta, came into the midst of the Sardinian fleet, stopped the cannonade, and obliged the enemy to sheer off. This apparent act of generosity raised the spirits of the royalists. During the night two 80-pounders were brought from Gaeta, in order to return, at least, one shot for every

hundred poured into the place. The damage done was repaired as far as possible, and the wounded as well as the baggage were forwarded to the fortress.

On the 4th of November, in the afternoon, the fleet again approached, and took up a position as before. At the same time, an attack was made by the land forces, not only in front by the high road, but also on the flank, by descending the mountain at Maranola. Taken simultaneously on three sides, cannonaded at short range by a fleet armed with guns of enormous calibre, having but one line of retreat, by a narrow road with high banks in one part of it, and nothing but the exposed sea-shore in the other, the troops looked upon any further resistance as useless, and they fell back to Gaeta, covered in this difficult movement by the foreign battery and some hundreds of Swiss riflemen, who sustained the brunt of the action and held the enemy in check. It was here that Captain Févot and Lieutenant Brunner, two brave officers, perished gloriously in protecting the retreat.

Half way from Borgo di Gaeta the road branches off: leading on one side to Rome, and on the other to Gaeta. The cavalry, artillery, and part of the infantry took the road to the Pontifical States. The remainder of the army ought to have followed them, but would not. They retired under the walls of Gaeta, and established themselves on Monte Secco, a small plain which serves as a glacis or esplanade on the land side of the fortress. The garrison of the place itself consisted of four or five thousand men, and this unexpected increase of troops compromised rather than favoured its defence. The campaign was decidedly over, and the king's cause lost.

Nevertheless, he, confident in the future, and not imagining that the northern powers would abandon him entirely, endeavoured, as a last resource, to temporise, to endeavour to hold his own until the spring of the year, and to encourage reaction by his presence and his example. To do this he must be free in his actions, and this multitude of followers was not only extremely embarrassing, but it exhausted the resources of the citadel, the last stronghold he possessed.

These troops, who amounted to eight or ten thousand men, remained encamped outside the town for eight days without cover, and with a slender supply of provisions. No one knew what to do with them: to enter Gaeta they were forbidden; the communications with the Roman States being intercepted, it was useless to send them in that direction. The king, having no fleet, could not forward them anywhere by sea. What, then, was to be done with these troops, who had been campaigning six months, and who had suffered severely? A rumour was spread that it was intended to disband them, and this added to their discouragement. In the night-time the men took refuge in the market town of Gaeta, but being feebly protected by a cordon of pickets, they ran a great risk of being surprised and made prisoners.

The Piedmontese lost no time in getting possession of the hills, on which they intended to throw up their siege works. On this occasion there was rather a serious action, which ended by the *débris* of the army entering the fortress. The king had taken up two small French steamers, and as the imperial fleet kept the sea open, he by degrees embarked as many as they could carry, there being at the time nearly twenty-five thousand souls in the place, citizens as well as soldiers. In addition, the

fort contained fourteen or fifteen hundred Garibaldian prisoners, as well as one hundred Piedmontese soldiers, whom the king set free. As many people as possible were sent to Terracina, or Civita Vecchia, and the vessels returned laden with flour. The enemy laboured actively, but neither from the batteries, nor from the Orlandi tower, was it possible to discover what they were doing. Night and day the batteries fired in the direction they were supposed to be at work. Some troops were sent out to reconnoitre, and a sortie under the command of General Bosco was executed, but with no positive result.

On the 1st of December, one month after the end of the campaign, the fire of the besiegers began. Their batteries, armed with Cavalli guns, which threw hollow conical projectiles, were established so far from the place, that the besieged having no heavy rifled cannon could not reply to them. The land front, having three tiers of guns, and the sea front with one, contained altogether about four hundred cannon, few of which, however, were blindés. The garrison, badly lodged and badly fed, was in want of the most indispensable necessaries. It was scarcely possible to succour the wounded and the sick. The general opinion was that the fortress could not be held for any length of time, particularly if regularly blockaded. Separated from the rest of the world, and without any intelligence, the besieged continued to believe they would receive assistance from some foreign power, and that there would be a change in the line of politics that had been hitherto followed as regarded them and their cause. But the moment of general discouragement was at hand, and traitors, who held secret councils in Gaeta itself, were to accomplish their purpose. The end of the siege proved it.

The king, the princes, the queen herself, who always refused to quit the side of her husband, sharing all his dangers, gave proofs of personal courage worthy of the greatest admiration, and of the illustrious race from which they descended. Continually in the works, or in the batteries, the king never enjoyed a moment's rest. His countenance betrayed the sufferings of his mind and the fatigue of his body. Inheriting a rich and flourishing kingdom, in a few months he had lost everything, and possessed nothing but the rocky extremity of a peninsula. He who formerly governed eight millions of inhabitants, who commanded an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and the strongest navy in Italy, had but a few thousand soldiers under his orders, and not one vessel to quit the shores that he and his family had possessed for so many years. Full of zeal, active, fond of work, endowed with an excellent heart, and having the best intentions, this youthful monarch fell under the efforts of enemies who dared to reproach him with having shelled Palermo when the city was filled with rebels, as if they ever hesitated to do so themselves. Every means have been resorted to in order to deceive public opinion with regard to the acts and the character of his government, and successfully. But will the people, his late subjects, who have been forced to change their master, be any happier? Time alone can solve the question.

As for the king himself, he has the consolation of knowing that he scrupulously fulfilled the duties of a sovereign, and in that respect his conscience is clear. On the throne he wore nothing but a crown of thorns, and in losing it, he has encircled his brow with laurels.

## LETTERS OF JUNIUS UNDER THEIR COMIC ASPECT.

THE victims of a delusion, when it has been exposed, are not unusually the first to laugh at their credulity, which is some set-off to previous discomfort or misleading. If, for instance, in the evening twilight we have mistaken a Scotch thistle for a ghost, or a black ram for a German ogre, a mirthful outbreak offers a welcome equivalent for antecedent fears and misapprehensions. These, however, are only fleeting deceptions of the senses, as unimportant as the wild imagery of a dream, and unlike the mental phantasma of a more abiding nature, by which, from mistaken impressions, a community has been misled for generations. Of this higher class may be reckoned the story of the "Letters of Junius," and having been lately occupied in completing the discovery\* of the great political enigma of nearly a century, I shall on this occasion touch upon the authorship of them in some of its more amusing presentments. Independent of the mystery of their origin, they form an epoch in political writing, from which the commencement of journalistic power may be dated, and as such, a step of intellectual progress meriting attention.

But I must first premise that I consider little or any doubt remains of the author of these celebrated epistles. That the Letters were written, and that Sir Philip Francis was the author of them, appear facts alike indubitable. But the most remarkable incident in their history is, that the world should have been so long and successfully deceived; that a score and more of persons should have been challenged, and never the right one; yet that the author should be of no mean eminence in public life, be always astir in broad day, still, notwithstanding his notoriety, continue unrevealed and even unsuspected, though several beside himself were in the secret, and that, at the last, he was only fixed upon from an accidental collocation of names and dates inadvertently furnished by himself, despite of his anxious and ever-watchful efforts to preserve to the last his anonymity.

Astounding as these truths are, they are not of difficult solution. The glittering gems in the astral vault are innumerable and unchangeable in place, but if we look for any particular star in the wrong place we shall not find it. It was so with Junius; he was sought where he was not. At the outset, inquirers were put on a wrong scent. He was a great writer, and it was concluded from his rare gifts, vast information, and lofty demeanour, that he must also be a great personage—a minister of state, generalissimo, or perhaps the king himself, for even George III. ranked among the imputed.

All that Francis did or assumed—his anonymous simulation of high connexions, proud disdain of assailants, polished and sarcastic diction—were essential to the success of his enterprise. They are the attributes wont to be associated with power, and his aim was to be oracular from a lofty perch. Less would not have sufficed. He had a great design in hand for his station—to overturn a ministry and replace it by another more favourable to his own purposes. But himself only a young man, a

\* By the Essay on the "Letters of Junius," in Mr. Bohn's Standard Library.

clerk in the War-office, thunder or fiery darts from such a crater, had they been permitted to issue by his superiors, would have been powerless. The world is shy of *parvenus*, the unknown, or untried, and perhaps wisely so. Those who assume to teach or direct it must first show credentials—have slain their Goliath like the son of Jesse—or produce other testimonial of fitness and capability. Francis could not do this. He possessed uncommon abilities, of which he was no doubt conscious; had won medals and other scholastic honours, and had obtained little places and preferments from exalted patrons—all, however, inadequate pretensions for the vocation to which he ambitiously aspired, as pilot of the state vessel, and supreme director of public opinion through the agency of the Press.

In the absence of the real, to give weight and authority to his writings, he tendered the counterfeit, which was fully and without mistrust accepted. He had previously, under other signatures, essayed his 'prentice hand, and had become master of the chief arts of popular impression and literary composition. To gain the general ear was his first object, and with this view, in his opening letter, he commences in the not unusual routine by flattering the people for their just and elevated sentiments and innocence of blame for public calamities. These he traces wholly to the executive government, none of the members of which have the requisite experience, abilities, or common sense; the king, too, he considerably exempts from blame, and lauds him for "the purest of all possible hearts," and his anxious endeavour at the outset of his reign to unite parties, and select the most worthy to rule. Having separated the innocent, he pounces on the guilty, dissects the entire ministry, holding up each singly and successively to scorn and contumely. Grafton, as the head of it, is, of course, the chief delinquent—a "young nobleman already ruined by play," and "an apostate by design from every honourable engagement;" yet to him is committed the "finances of a nation already sinking under its debts and expenses." The chancellor of the exchequer, Lord North, is next arraigned as without parliamentary abilities and influence; "repeatedly called down for absolute ignorance, ridiculous motions ridiculously withdrawn, deliberate plans disconcerted, and a week's preparation of graceful oratory lost in a moment." The rest are depicted in similar disparaging colours, and a string of terse, telling, and compact paragraphs, wound up with the declaration that the "crisis is so full of terror and despair," that nothing less can save the nation from the vices and incapacities of its administration than the "merciful interposition of Providence."

Denunciation of this Olympian pitch at once arrested public attention, and drew into the lists no unworthy opponent, with real name, distinguished in public life for military services, as well as a scholar and accomplished gentleman. Sir William Draper did not aim at a general reply to the anti-ministerial strictures of Junius, but only to rescue his particular friend, the Marquis of Granby, from the talons of his assailant. In his devotion he himself became the victim, and was unmercifully shown up in respect of his own pseudo-public services, pension, honours, and preferment. The position of Junius at the War-office enabled him to do this with minuteness and force, though he inadvertently fell into an error as to forms in his own office, which Sir William laid hold of.



The combatants exchanged several missives, and though Sir William had the worst of the conflict, Junius admitted that his labours as author did no discredit to a "newspaper." He evinced his defeat by losing his temper, and seeking to make the controversy a personal affair by calling on Junius to unmask and take the responsibility of "strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation." But this concession was inadmissible, as Junius had only appeared with visor down, and in such guise Sir William had volunteered a passage of arms.

But Junius aimed at more exalted quarry than a colonel on half-pay. It was the downfall of the Ministry he sought, and for this issue singled out its head, the First Lord of the Treasury, for annihilation. It arose from an indefensible attempt of the minister to screen from justice a party of guards who had rescued General Gansel from the hands of the sheriff's officers, after they had arrested him for debt. It was followed by others inculpatory of the public acts of the Duke of Grafton, and his private character was assailed by imputations on his morality in openly parading his mistress in a public theatre. The chancellor of the exchequer, Lord North, is addressed in a lively, sarcastic, and pungent epistle, for rewarding the services of Colonel Luttrell to the ministry, in coming forward to contest with Alderman Wilkes the representation of Middlesex. Upon the Duke of Bedford, Junius concentrated all his venom; his grace had become unpopular from his negotiation of the peace of 1763, but his great offence was his junction with the Grafton ministry, by which its dissolution was delayed. The duke was more unmercifully mangled than any, by a contumacious appreciation of his general character, bitter railing against his political conduct, and personal anecdotal disparagements. But in this consisted the subtlety of the state satirist—the most exalted are the most humiliated—serving thereby a double purpose in reducing the influence of the most powerful and magnifying that of their invisible assailant. It was more by his unsparing attacks on the grandees of the realm than the vigour and finish of his writings that the fame of Junius culminated. In respect of literary tact and polish, some of his known earlier writings were little inferior to his later compositions, but they failed, in common with effusions from others, to make a signal popular impression. It was only when ducal statesmen, or still more exalted personages, were subjected to his incisive pen that general attention was aroused. This gave a marked impulse to the sale of the *Public Advertiser*, in which they first appeared, and were thence reprinted by other journals. His famous address to the King completed his renown, established him as the most bold and accomplished gladiator that ever figured in journalist columns. Of this spirited and dignified effusion he himself appears to have thought highly. In a private note to the printer he says, "I am now meditating a capital, and, I hope, a final piece." It must have answered his utmost expectations, for an unprecedented number (seventeen hundred and fifty) of extra copies were printed of the *Public Advertiser*, and not a single copy was to be procured a few hours after its publication. It was for this production Mr. Woodfall was prosecuted, and obtained the celebrated verdict of "guilty of printing and publishing only." This novel and equivocal return gave rise to two distinct motions in court, one by defendant, for arrest of judgment, and

an adverse one by the crown. On the case being argued, the court of King's Bench granted a new trial. But this also failed, from the neglect of the Attorney-General in not producing the original newspaper by which the publication could be proved.

These futile and blundering proceedings of course made an immense noise, and elevated Junius to the highest pinnacle, on which for a season he continued as the greatest and most mysterious incendiary that had appeared, defiant of authority in its highest seats. The celebrated Horne Tooke, with others of no little consideration, essayed to break a lance with him; they helped to diversify the incidents of the battle-field, and were dealt with in that pleasant put-aside fashion that made it appear like a condescension to notice such small fry. The loftiest in the literary and political world esteemed it not beneath them to speculate on the new Hercules that had strangled, sans pity, all who had excited his ire. That he was a person of the highest mark in scholarship, unsurpassed in ability in state and legislation, in court life and personal connexions, not a particle of doubt was entertained. Among the suspected by different writers, with varying degrees of proof, from resemblance of sentiment, handwriting, style, and so forth, were six peers of the realm, two bishops, numerous commoners, and some of the principal literati of the time. Dr. Johnson thought it was Burke's thunder, but Edmund satisfied the Gamaliel of his innocence. Indeed, Burke was among the bewildered, and equally carried off his feet with the great moralist. It originated his well-known description of the mighty boar of the forest, who had broken through all the toils of the law, bearing away in his tusks the mangled "limbs of king, lords, and commons." Lord North sought to comfort the orator, assuring him that "the mighty Junius, who had foiled the hunters, would in the end be speared."

This extravagance must have been as amusing as gratifying to the unknown in his War-office retreat. The extreme caution and dexterous contrivances by which he threw the hunters, who were many besides Mr. Garrick, on a wrong scent, were quite equal, if not superior, in cleverness to his writings. Discovery would have been fatal to him in every respect—to his official permanence, to the weight and celebrity of his Letters, and to his future hopes from a Chatham restoration. Consequently, false lights were thrown out in every direction to divert suspicion from the Horse Guards. Junius thus became, to the imagination of his contemporaries and other inquirers, a patrician figure, in which every feature of personalty, birth, and position differed from the reality. "My rank and fortune," he says, "place me above a common bribe." A seat in the cabinet, of course, or more potential individuality, could only buy him. Probably he was one of the great but disappointed hereditary heads of parties—a Rockingham, Grenville, Shelburne, or Chatham. A fallen angel certainly, perhaps the highest, with Satanic powers, intense pride, hatred, and ambition. "You shall know me by my works," he tells Woodfall. Mere gain from his writings appears beneath notice. In a note respecting a reprint of his Letters, he says, "What you say about profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself, I am far above all pecuniary views."

Not content with creating an impression of affluence and rank, he sought to clothe himself, though a young man, with the venerableness of age. As one of the fruits of his past life, he strongly inculcates honesty

to Woodfall. "After long experience in the world," he tells him, "I can assure you I never knew a rogue who was happy." Wilkes tries to draw him to a Mansion-house ball; offers him tickets, and expresses the joy he would feel to see him dance with Polly, his daughter. Junius replies: "Many thanks for your obliging offer, but, alas, my age and figure would do little credit to my partner." Would not any one have inferred the writer was an old man; or, if not advanced in years, beyond middle life and somewhat portly. But Francis was never corpulent; bone and muscle, as in his writings, were dominant over the softer tissues.

Mr. Woodfall, who had been his schoolfellow at St. Paul's, and who in personal contact must have recognised him, he was very apprehensive of meeting. At one time he thought Woodfall had made the discovery; but he was reassured, and was successful in completely blinding him. The printer became so awe-struck by a sense of the great unknown with whom he was in correspondence, that he reverentially sought his guidance in the discharge of his electoral duties. The great demi-gorgon of the City lay prostrate. "I do not mean," says Wilkes, "to indulge the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times—the authorship of Junius. I will not attempt with profane hands to tear the sacred veil of the sanctuary. I am disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica, to erect an altar to the unknown god of our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." To whom the god replies, first reproofing the lax ethics of his worshipper: "I find I am treated as other gods usually are by their votaries, with sacrifice and ceremony in abundance, and very little obedience. The profession of your faith is unexceptionable; but I am a modest deity, and should be full as well satisfied with morality and good works.\*

The myrmidons of the court and responsible advisers of the crown stood aghast, confounded by the mortal shafts aimed by the invisible archer. It was the apparent omnipresence of the foe and his universal knowledge of great and small affairs that alarmed and distracted suspicious. No state council, project, or change escaped his all-prying eyes. If a secret expedition was fitting out, he knew it; if war impended, he anticipated all the quidnuncs of the Cocoa-tree. If ministerial changes were in prospect, Junius was the first to signal them. Were a nobleman affronted, he was the earliest to denounce it. "That Swinney," says he, "is a wretched but dangerous fool to address Lord George Sackville." "Beware of David Garrick; he was sent to pump you, and went directly to tell the king." Of the cabals, clubs, and officials of the city of London he was equally cognisant. He cautions Alderman Wilkes against making "himself so cheap by walking the streets so much." Doubtless, wishing it to be understood he had descried him from his carriage, or other patrician stall, in the practice of so plebeian a style of locomotion.

In such assumptions consist the chief comedy of the Junius' Letters. The writer was nearly at the lowest step of promotion's ladder, and adroitly scheming, by false lights and intense labour, to reach a higher round. His extraordinary industry and efforts to compass this issue it is impossible to consider without admiration. The composition of the

\* Excerpts from the writer's "Essay," and essential to bring out the aim of the present article.

Letters must have been the result of elaborate pains, thought, and research, independent of the ordinary duties of his clerkship. Traces appear in some of them, from the absence of sequence, in the construction of the paragraphs, that they were not thrown off at a heat, but composed, or sketched, probably, on separate slips of paper, and then from haste, or want of time, sent to the printer without a proper fusion and arrangement of parts. Composition was only one of the anxious duties pertaining to the Letters. The materials had been to collect, inquiries to be made in various channels and of divers persons; and, lastly, the conveyance of the finished product, all under strict secrecy, to the office of the *Advertiser*.

All this, however, comports well with the history and character of Sir Philip Francis, whose ambition was less the desire of literary celebrity than of official pre-eminence. He was never a recluse, but a man of action; clever and alert in society, as well as a precocious scholar. When a minor, he frequently dined with his elders at the table-d'hôte of Slaughter's Coffee-house. Higher sources of intelligence than that of town adventures flowed from his peculiar connexion at the War-office, or from persons who, like himself, were busy in the gossip, hopes, and affairs of political life. In all these respects he was advantageously placed, both from his position in a public department and personal affinities. Early in life, from ability and trustworthiness, he had obtained the confidential patronage of the first Lord Holland, next of the Earl of Chatham; these able and influential noblemen, not directly, probably, but through the intermediate agency of Earl Temple, Mr. Calcraft, and Dr. Francis, became the chief sources of the private information of Junius. They had ample means for contributing all the parliamentary, court, and club news that rendered the Letters remarkable. The City news passed partly through the same hands, especially Mr. Calcraft's, and was obtained first from Alderman Beckford, and after his death from Alderman Sawbridge. Wilkes communicated with Junius through the medium of Mr. Woodfall. Such were the real but unconscious *dramatis personæ*, none of whom appear to have been in the secret at the outset of the Letters, and only some of them afterwards, when they had become celebrated. That they were competent auxiliaries, though unknowingly so, to all the requirements of the Junius undertaking, and that their available aid, it is likely, suggested to Francis his enterprise, will be evident from some brief indication in the Essay referred to, of their social and official relations.

Dr. Francis, the accomplished father of Sir Philip, and not very dissimilar from him, was the favourite chaplain of Lord Holland, living in intimate fellowship with him. They met at the house of Mrs. G. A. Bellamy, the noted courtesan, then in the keeping of Mr. John Calcraft, who had been the confidential clerk of his lordship in the busiest period of his career. Lord Holland, after retiring from the king's service, continued a favourite at court: he was, in fact, the confidential adviser of both the king and Lord Bute in the chief ministerial crises that rapidly ensued from 1763 to 1770. It was by his lordship's intervention the Grafton ministry was strengthened by the Bedford party, and it was this dual union that subsequently rendered the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford the bitter objects of the attacks of Junius, when his favourite patron, Lord Chatham, had recovered from his suspended animation, and had become eager to regain the premiership by the destruction of the coalition

ministry. At this later period Calcraft, who had been deputy-commissary of musters, after enriching himself in the service of Lord Holland, but unable to reach the height of his ambition, had deserted his lordship for the opposite party, and become the confidential secretary of Lord Chatham. He was a member of the House of Commons, but, Junius says, gave silent votes. Though no speaker, he was extensively connected with, and well informed on, all state affairs. With him the younger Francis appears, from the "Chatham Correspondence," to have been in constant communication under the denomination of a "friend." That this "friend" was the younger Francis, the author of the Letters, and the Sir Philip Francis of a later period, there can be no doubt. Evidence of the most intimate and friendly ties between them may be readily adduced. Mr. Calcraft exerted himself to obtain for Francis the appointment of deputy secretary-at-war; failing in that, he, on the same day Francis was dismissed from the War-office, added a codicil to his will, bequeathing him a handsome legacy, and an annuity for life to Mrs. Francis.\* This fact, and the disclosures in the Chatham papers of the constant interchange of intelligence between Calcraft and Francis, led me to conclude that letters and papers which Francis had addressed to Lord Chatham's secretary might be in the possession of his descendants. Under this impression, I wrote to Mr. Calcraft, but almost immediately after I had done so, I learned from an unquestionable source that my application would be fruitless, as nearly half a century before Sir Philip Francis, aware that a mine existed in that quarter, had got back all his papers. No doubt Sir Philip destroyed them, as no scrap of them remains with his family; they shared in common, it is likely, the fate of the manuscript of Junius's Letters and the vellum-bound copy he received from Mr. Woodfall. It was in 1787 he got back his papers; he was then in hot war against Warren Hastings, when any discovery that he was the redoubtable Junius would have been damaging to his influence, as several of his colleagues in the impeachment of the ex-governor-general were among those he had bitterly reviled under the shelter of his *nom de guerre*.

The Calcraft disclosure added an important link to the chain of testimony. In an article on Hastings,† Lord Macaulay enumerated five points, identifying in his position, pursuits, and connexions Sir P. Francis with Junius, and only two of which could be found in any other person. For myself, I reduced the roll of candidates immensely, by showing that Junius was certainly not a clergyman of any grade, nor a lawyer, nor a member of either House of Parliament. In addition, I cleared up the difficulties preceding investigators had left relative to the intellectual competence of Sir Francis to the task of Junius; his ready and various sources of intelligence; his evasive denial of the Letters; the different style of his later public writings, and the conditions of reticence which his compact with Lord North enforced both on himself and others in the secret of his authorship.

Junius will ever rank among the most able, best-sustained, and successful of literary impostures. By big words, classic style, loud professions

\* Not the lawfully affianced, as I have been informed by a lady contemporary of the parties, but living with Francis on the same terms, probably, she had previously done with the deputy-commissary.

† *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1841.

of disinterestedness, and patrician demeanour, the public was misled for almost a century. The anxious vigilance, the deception imposed on the author, must have been immense, and for which his direct reward was *nil*. He wholly failed in his leading purpose; in lieu of a Chatham, a North became premier, and the people, weary of changes without amendments, acquiesced in the substitution. Disgusted with the results, Junius withdrew from the arena to a new sphere of action, and, it may be added, of disappointment and baffled schemes.

His labours in the composition of the Letters and concealment of their authorship were enormous, without enabling him to carry off any brilliant trophy, or derive any comfort, not even that of self-satisfaction. Whatever contemporary pride he might have had in the Letters, he appears to have had none afterwards. Else why his steadfast and anxious disavowal of them? Except indirectly, in a kind of death-bed confession, never the slightest admission or indication escaped him of the authorship. Overtly and conclusively he never seems to have coveted any fame or merit pertaining to them. Indeed, he considered himself superior to them, Lord Brougham intimates; and, no doubt improving with the fashion of the age, he had become so in respect of the private details and calumnies in which Junius had freely indulged, to give piquancy to his writings. But more cogent reasons may be adduced for his abstinence in the later incidents and connexions of his public life. The avowal of the authorship would have exiled him from society; for how could many of the distinguished persons with whom he subsequently became intimately connected have associated with the anonymous defamer of their dearest connexions, both by blood and political ties? How, for instance, could the Dukes of Grafton or Bedford, who survived during the active portion of the life of Francis, and whom Junius had calumniated with unscrupulous bitterness, have consorted with him. Their numerous descendants must have cherished corresponding provocatives to alienation and resentment. In what way some of them felt towards Junius may be instanced in a distinguished living personage, better known for amiability than the violence of his antipathies. I allude to the comments of Lord John Russell in his Introductions to the "Bedford Correspondence." Junius, in the fashion of his age, sought to lessen the influence of public men by defaming their private character, a species of irrelevant hostility to which political disputants of the present day have become superior. After some reflections on this abuse of the liberty of the press, and the tendency of anonymous writing to exaggeration, Lord John Russell adverts in strong terms to Junius. "But it seems," says his lordship, "to have been the delight of this libeller to harrow the souls of those who were prominent in public life; and while he had not the courage to fight with the sword in the open daylight, he had too much malignity to refrain from the *use of the dagger, covered by a mask*, and protected by the obscurity of the night. Nor can any excuse be found for him in the warmth of his ardour for public liberty. His zeal on that subject was wonderfully tempered by discretion. He viewed favourably the taxation of America, but dreaded as excessive innovations 'the disfranchisement of Gattou and Sarum.'"<sup>\*</sup>

With such sentiments and autagonisms it would certainly not have

<sup>\*</sup> Bedford Correspondence, Introduction, vol. iii. p. 66.

been pleasant, if safe, for Sir Philip Francis, as Junius, to have encountered a scion of the house of Bedford, with full right to question him in the saloons of Holland House or the more free warren of a club-room. Discovery would have obviously and seriously endangered Sir Philip's peace, and weakened, if it had not destroyed, his political connexion; and that at a time when he needed all the strength he could raise to fight his Indian battle against Warren Hastings.

As some set-off to the personalities of the Letters may be pleaded, as already remarked, contemporary usage, their literary excellence, elevated moral tone, free but moderate constitutional sentiments. As to the bubble of high station and authority with which Junius so cleverly misled the public, they were allowable from the necessities of his position. A cause may be good, its advocacy eloquent and able, but alone they only slowly win attention. The field of popular favour is already occupied, and new admissions, jealously scrutinised; neglect at first, and stingy favour next, are the common ordeal of new aspirants to distinction. It is the same for all. Deeds, not words, are the test of merit alike in all the principal walks of life—in literature and science, the professions, forum, and the senate-house. Rank, title, and wealth are sometimes privileged, but only from popular impression, as the representatives of past services, or assumed present desert. Francis at the outset had need of these testimonials. He had great gifts natural and acquired; had worthily filled inferior places, but had no name or high position. These he necessarily sought to meet the popular prestige. His writings were a sufficient voucher of his abilities, but not of the political and personal revelations which established his authority in public opinion.

The reason the secret was so well kept has this simple solution: that all the parties privy to it were interested in keeping it. There needed no compact for the purpose, though I believe there was one. With what credit or comfort could Junius himself reveal it? Setting aside the deadly enmities he had fomented, and would have had to face in after life, he, a Whig, had accepted a "common bribe" from a Tory ministry by a lucrative nabobs'hip. George III. knew who Junius was, but had taken the rebel into his service, and the king's lips were sealed like those of his minister, Lord North. With what honour could the "great Lord Chatham" divulge it? He and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, had combined with an anonymous libeller to destroy a ministry they hoped to succeed. All traces of this undignified alliance were doubtless destroyed, as were those of the Chathamite liaisons in City intrigues with Aldermen Beckford and Sawbridge. Mr. Burke it is probable knew Junius, with whom he was in intimate intercourse after his return from India, but he had the same inducement as Francis himself to reticence, engaged as they were in concert in the impeachment of Hastings. Besides, how humiliated and how ridiculous Burke must have felt after his extravagant eulogium of the clever unknown. Alderman Wilkes had been similarly duped. He had swallowed Junius in all his disguises, and was so overcome in devotion as actually to raise an altar to the "unknown god of his idolatry." Could he, too, have been the abject worshipper of the painted devil, or could he hope to mention the name and position of the author of his delusion without being laughed at? As to Mr. John Calcraft, one of the most efficient stokers of the Junian furnace, he, with other aids, died too early for revelations.

## THE AMERICAN ATHENS.

BY J. G. KOHL.

OF all the cities of the American Union, Boston is the one that has most fully retained the character of an English locality. This is visible upon the first glance at its physiognomy and the style of building. The city is spread out over several islands and peninsulas, in the innermost nook of Massachusetts Bay. The heart of Boston is concentrated on a single small peninsula, at which all the advantages of position, such as depth of water, accessibility from the sea, and other port conveniences, are so combined, that this spot necessarily became the centre of life, the Exchange, landing-place, and market.

The ground in this central spot rises toward the middle, and formerly terminated in a triple-peaked elevation (the Three Mountains), which induced the earliest immigrants to settle here. At the present time these three points have disappeared, to a great extent, through the spread of building; but for all that, the elevation is perceptible for some distance, and the centre of Boston seems to tower over the rest of the city like an acropolis. From this centre numerous streets run to the circumference of the island, while others have been drawn parallel with it, just like Moscow is built round the Kremlin. All this is in itself somewhat European, and hence there are in Boston streets running up and down hill; at some spots even a drag is used for the wheels of carts. The streets, too, are crooked and angular—a perfect blessing in America, where they generally run with a despairing straightness, like our German everlasting poplar alleys. At some corners of Boston—which is not like other American cities, divided chessboard-wise into blocks—you actually find surprises: there are real groups of houses. The city has a character of its own, and in some parts offers a study for the architect, things usually unknown in America.

The limitation of the city to a confined spot, and the irregularity of the building style, may partly be the cause that the city reminds us of Europe. But that the city assumed so thorough an English type may be explained by the circumstance that Boston received an entirely English population. In 1640, or ten years after its formation, it had five thousand English denizens, at a period when New York was still a small Dutch country town, under the name of New Amsterdam. Possibly, too, the circumstance that it was the nearest seaport to England may have contributed to keep up old English traditions here. The country round Boston bears a remarkable likeness to an English landscape, and hence, no doubt, the state obtained the name of New England; but as in various parts of New England you may fancy yourself in Kent, so, when strolling about the streets of Boston, you may imagine yourself in the middle of London. In both cities the houses are built with equal simplicity, and do not assume that pomp of marble pilasters and decoration noticeable at New York and elsewhere. The doors and windows, the colour and shape, are precisely such as you find in London. In Boston, too, there is a number of small green squares; and, amid the turmoil of



business, many a quiet "cul de sac," cut off from the rest of the street system.

Externals of this nature generally find their counterpart in the manners and spirit of the inhabitants, and hence I believe that Boston is still more English and European than any other city of the Union. This is visible in many things; for instance, in the fact that the police system and public surveillance are more after the European style than anywhere else in America. Even though it may not be "quite so bad" as in London, it strikes visitors from the west and south, and hence they are apt to abuse Massachusetts as a police-ridden state. Even in the fact that the flag of revolution was first raised in Boston—and hence the city is generally called "The Cradle of American Freedom"—we may find a further proof that the population was penetrated with the true Anglo-Saxon temperament.

This is specially perceptible in the scientific and social life of Boston, which suits Europeans better than the behaviour in other American towns. Boston, in proportion to the number of its population, has more public and private libraries, and scientific societies, than any other metropolis of the Union; and, at the same time, a great number of well-organised establishments for the sick, the poor, the blind, and the insane, which are regarded as models in the United States. Boston, has, consequently, a fair claim to the title of the "American Athens." There are upwards of one hundred printing-offices, from which a vast number of periodicals issue. The best and oldest of these is the *North American Review*, supplied with articles by such men as Prescott, Everett, Channing, Bancroft, &c. Among the Boston periodicals there has existed for some time past one devoted to heraldry, the only one of the sort in the Union, which, perhaps, as a sign of the aristocratic temper of the Bostonians, evidences a deeply rooted Anglicanism.

The Historical Society of Boston is the oldest of that nature in the country. Since the commencement of the present century it has published a number of interesting memoirs, and the history of no portion of the Union has been so zealously and thoroughly investigated as that of New England. The "Lowell Institute," established and endowed by a rich townsman, is an institution which works more efficaciously for the extension of knowledge and education than any other of the same character in America. It offers such handsome rewards for industry and talent, that even the greatest scientific authorities of England—for instance, Lyell—have at times found it worth while to visit Boston, and lecture in the hall of the Lowell Institution. In one of its suburbs (Cambridge) Boston possesses Harvard College, the best and oldest university in America, and it has also in the heart of the city a medical school. The city library, in its present reformed condition, surpasses in size and utility most of such establishments to be found in Germany.

At Boston, too, private persons possess collections most interesting for science and art, which prove the existence of a higher feeling among the inhabitants of the city. During my short stay there I discovered and visited a considerable number. For instance, I met with a linendraper, who first showed me his stores near the water-side, then took me in his carriage to his suburbanum, where I found, in a wing expressly built for its reception, a library containing all the first editions of the rarest works

about the discovery and settlement of America, which are now worth their weight in gold. This worthy Boston tradesman was a very zealous member of the Historical Society, and has already published several memoirs upon his speciality (the earliest history of the American settlements). I was also taken to the villa of another tradesman, who made it the business of his life to make the most perfect collection of editions of the Bible. His collection is the only one of the sort in America, and, at the time I saw it, consisted of no less than twelve hundred Bibles, in every sort of edition and shape, published in all the languages and countries of the world, among them being the greatest typographical rarities. I was also enabled to inspect a splendid collection of copper-plate engravings, equally belonging to a tradesman: it consisted of many thousand plates, belonging to all schools, countries, and epochs. The owner has recently presented it to Cambridge University, where it is now being arranged by a German connoisseur.

One evening I was invited to the house of a Boston tradesman, where I found, to my surprise, another variety of artistic collections. It was a partly historical, partly ethnographical, museum, which the owner has arranged in a suite of most elegant rooms, and which he allowed us to inspect after tea. His speciality lay in weapons and coats of mail, and the walls were covered with magnificent specimens bought up in all parts of Europe, regardless of cost. He possesses all the weapons employed before the invention of gunpowder; while in an adjoining room were all the blood-letting tools of Japan. In another was a similar collection from China and several other countries. Never in my life have I seen so many different forms of knives, hatchets, battle-axes, and lances collected together as at this house.

At the same time, the company assembled on that evening was of great interest. Among others we were honoured by the presence of Fanny Kemble, who, as is well known, belongs to the United States since her marriage with an American. The fact that this most intellectual of artistes has selected Boston as her abode, will also bear good testimony to the character of the city. During my stay in Boston she was giving readings from Shakspeare, and I heard her in the "Merchant of Venice." The readings took place in a magnificent hall, capable of containing two thousand persons, and it was quite full. I have frequently heard Tieck, Devrient, and many others of our best dramatic readers, but I am bound to say that Fanny Kemble is the best of all I ever heard. She is graceful in her movements, and possesses a well-formed chest and an energetic, almost masculine, organ. On the evening I heard her she was hoarse, in consequence of a cold, and, by her own statement, weak and languid; but for all that managed so admirably that nothing of the sort was perceptible. She developed all the male and female parts in the play—especially the Jew's—so characteristically and clearly, that I could not help fancying I had the whole thing before me, brilliantly designed on Gobelin tapestry. She accompanied her reading with lively gesticulations, but did not lay more stress on them than is usual in an ordinary reading. The Boston public were silent and delighted, and it is on account of this public that I insert my remarks about Fanny Kemble. I was charmed with the praise which this excellent English lady bestowed on our German actors during a conversation I had with her. She told

me that she preferred to see Shakspeare acted on a German stage, especially by Devrient. And this, she added, was the opinion of her father, Charles Kemble. The circumstance that his wife was a native of Vienna may have contributed, however, to make Charles Kemble better acquainted with the character of the German stage.

Of course it was not in my power to inspect all the collections of Boston, and I need scarcely add that I found magnificent libraries in the houses of a Prescott, a Ticknor, an Everett, &c. In Boston a good deal of the good old English maxim has been kept up, that every one buys a book he requires. A great quantity of rare and handsome books wander from all parts of Europe annually to these libraries. In the same way as the Emperor Nicholas had his military agents in every state, the Americans have their literary agents, who eagerly buy up our books. In London I was acquainted with a gentleman permanently residing there, who was a formidable rival to the British Museum, and found his chief customers among the Boston amateurs, though he had others in New York and elsewhere.

When they desire to satisfy any special craving, the Americans are not a whit behind the English in shunning expense or outlay. Thus I was introduced at Philadelphia to a book-collector, whose speciality was Shakspeare. He had specimens of every valuable edition of the poet's works. Only one of the oldest and rarest editions, of which but three copies exist, was missing from his shelves, and when he heard that one of these would shortly be put up for sale in London, he sent a special agent over with secret instructions and *carte blanche*. He succeeded, though I am afraid to say at what an outlay of dollars, and the expensive book was shipped across the water. When it arrived at Philadelphia, the overjoyed owner invited all the friends of Shakspeare in the city, and gave them a brilliant party, at which the jewel—an old rusty folio—was displayed under a brilliant light upon a gold embroidered velvet cushion. Interminable toasts and speeches were given, and finally the volume was incorporated in the library, where it occupied but a very small space.

In other American cities I saw various remarkable collections of rarities—as, for instance, Mr. Lennox's, at New York, who has a mania for bringing together all the books, documents, and pamphlets referring to the history of America. Mr. Peter Fern, of Washington, has a similar one; but I will not stop to describe it, but return to Boston, which is to some extent the metropolis of such collections.

Alexander von Humboldt's library has been made known to the world in a copper-plate, but I must confess that I could draw a much more attractive picture of some of the studies of the Boston savans. In their arrangement, in the picturesque setting out of the books and curiosities, in the writing-tables, and chairs, as ingenious as they are comfortable, in the wealth of pictures and busts found in these rooms, generally lighted from above, you find a combination of the English desire for comfort and the American yearning after external splendour. The Americans are the only people in the world who possess not merely merchant princes, but also author princes.

I visited several of these distinguished men in their spacious and elegant studies. One morning I was taken to the house of the celebrated Edward Everett, one of the great men of Boston, who, first as preacher,

then as professor of Greek, and lastly as author and speaker, has attained so prominent a position in the Union, and is still an active and busied man in spite of sixty odd years having passed over his head. Any remarkable book a man may have written, or any sort of notoriety that brings him before the public, can be employed in America as political capital, and lead to position and influence in the state. The preacher and professor, Everett, who for a season edited the *North American Review*, and very cleverly praised and defended in its pages the manners and constitution of his country, soon after became, in consequence of his writings, member of Congress, a leader of the old Whig party, governor of Massachusetts, and lastly a diplomatist and American ambassador to England. Like many American politicians who have held the latter office, he was frequently proposed as candidate for the presidency, but did not reach the chair, because the old Whigs had lost much of their former influence. On the final dissolution of his party, Everett devoted himself to the sciences and *belles lettres*. At the time when I formed his acquaintance, he was engaged in delivering a public lecture in all the cities of the Union on the character of Washington. The great man's qualities naturally had a brilliant light thrown on them, and in comparison with our renowned monarchs, such as Frederick the Great, Joseph II., and Napoleon I., the latter came off second best. Everett had learnt his lecture by heart, and delivered it with great emphasis and considerable success, though I confess that when I heard it I could not conscientiously bestow such praise on it as did the patriotic Americans. In order that the lecture might not lose the charm of novelty, all the American papers were requested to give no shorthand report of it: hence it remained unknown in each city until the lecturer had publicly delivered it. Everett saved up his earnings for a patriotic object—namely, the purchase of Washington's estate of Mount Vernon, for which purpose a ladies' committee had been formed. In 1857, Everett had collected more than 40,000 dollars towards this object. There is hardly another country besides America in which such a sum could be collected by reading a lecture of a few pages, however effective it might be. Moreover, the whole affair is characteristic of the land, and that is why I have related it.

Boston has ever been not only the birthplace but the gathering-ground of celebrated men. In politics it frequently rivalled Virginia, while in the production of poets and literary men it stands far above all other cities of the Union. Starting from Benjamin Franklin, who was born on one of the small islands in Boston harbour, down to Everett and his contemporaries, there has never been a deficiency of great and remarkable men in the city. Hancock, who drew up with Jefferson the constitution of the United States, lived in Boston, and the most distinguished of the few presidents the North has produced—the two Adamses—belonged to Boston, where they began and closed their career. Daniel Webster, the greatest American orator of recent times, received his education in Boston, and spent all that portion of his life there when he was not engaged at Washington. There are, in fact, entire families in Boston, as, for instance, the Winthrops, Bigdons, &c., which have been rich in talented persons ever since the foundation of the city.

When I visited Boston in 1857, the circle of celebrated, influential, and respected men was not small, and I had opportunity to form the ac-

quaintance of several of them. Unfortunately, I knocked to no purpose at the door of the liberal and gifted Theodore Parker, whose house is ever open to Germans. The noble, equally liberal, and high-hearted Channing, whose pious, philanthropic, and philosophic writings I had admired from my earliest youth, and who had laboured here as the apostle of the Unitarians, I only found represented by a son, who does honour to his great father's memory. The Websters and Adamses had also been dead for some years, though I formed the acquaintance of several of their personal friends, who told me numerous anecdotes about them.

I am sorry to say, too, I missed seeing George Ticknor, the great historian of Spanish literature, a true child of Boston, where he was born and educated, and where he spends his time in study when he is not travelling in Europe, which was unfortunately the case at the period of my visit. I saw nothing of him but his splendid Spanish library, which he exclusively collected for the purpose of his classical work, which has been translated into almost every language.

As a compensation, Prescott, who was summoned away some time ago, to the regret of all his friends, was at home to receive me, and he was one of the most amiable men I ever met. I saw him both at his own house and in society, and greedily took advantage of every opportunity that offered for approaching him. As he was descended from an old New England family, and was educated, and lived, and worked almost entirely in Boston—he had only visited Europe once, and had travelled but little in the United States—I could consider him as a true child of Boston, and as an example of the best style of education that city is enabled to offer. He was a man of extremely dignified and agreeable manners, and a thorough gentleman in his behaviour. I met but few Americans so distinguished by elegance and politeness, and when I first met him, and before knowing his name, I took him for a diplomatist. He had not the slightest trace of the dust of books and learning, and although he had been hard at work all day, when he emerged into daylight he was a perfect man of the world. I found in him a great resemblance both in manner and features with that amiable Frenchman Mignet. He was at that time long past his sixtieth birthday, and yet his delicate, nobly-chiselled face possessed such a youthful charm that he could fascinate young ladies. In society his much-regretted weakness of sight was hardly perceptible, and at dinner he made such good use of his limited vision, that he could help himself without attracting the slightest attention. He frequently remarked that this weakness of sight, which others lamented so greatly, was the chief cause of his devoting himself to historical studies. Still it impeded his studies greatly, for he was obliged to send persons, at a terrible expense, to copy the documents he required in the archives of Spain. He could only employ these documents and other references—partially, at any rate—through readers. He was obliged to prepare much in his mind and then dictate it, without the help of his hand and fingers, which, as every author knows, offer such aid to the head, and, as it were, assist in thinking. At times he could only write by the help of a machine that guided his hand. I say purposely "at times," for every now and then the sight of his own eyes became so excellent and strong that he could undertake personally the mechanical part of his labour. Still, literature is indebted to Prescott's semi-blindness

for his elaborate historical works on Peru, Mexico, Isabella, and Philip II., for had he kept the sight of both eyes he would have continued the career he had already begun as barrister, and in all probability have ended as a politician and statesman.

Another somewhat younger literary talent Boston was proud of at that period, was Motley, the historian, who in many respects may be placed side by side with Prescott. Like him, he also belongs to a wealthy and respected Boston family; and like him too, he has devoted himself to history, through pure love. His union with the Muse is no *mariage de convenance*, but he entered into it through a hearty affection. The subject that Motley selected, "The History of the Netherlands in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," had a special interest for his countrymen. At that period Holland was remarkably influential all over the New World, and, *inter alia*, laid the foundations of New York State. This state and its still somewhat Dutch inhabitants consequently regard the Netherlands to some extent as the mother-country, and their history as a portion of their own. They feel as much interested in it as the French do in the history of the Franks in Germany. Moreover, they like to compare an event like the insurrection of the Netherlands against Spain with their own revolt against England. Motley, therefore, selected a very popular theme. After learning something of the world as attaché to the American Embassy at Petersburg, he travelled in Germany, and stayed for several years at Dresden, the Hague, and other European cities, in order to employ the libraries for his purpose. Nine years ago he read to a small circle of friends in Dresden, myself among the number, extracts from his historical work; for instance, his description of the execution of Counts Egmont and Hoorn, and then returned to America, where he published it. This work was a great success; and when I met Motley again at Boston, he had just been crowned with laurel. He was a handsome man, in the prime of life, with dark curly hair. Unluckily, he did not like his country sufficiently well to remain in it, and returned quickly to Europe, during my visit to Boston. Perhaps he had lived too long upon our continent, and had not the patience to go through the process of re-Americanising, to which an American who has long been absent is bound to subject himself. He proceeded to London, where he resided several years, continuing his studies, and always a welcome guest in fashionable society, until the recent troubles forced him to return home.

We might fairly speak of a thorough historical school of Boston, for nearly all the recent remarkable historians of America have issued from this school. Among these I may specially mention George Bancroft, who has selected the history of his native land as his special study. His career has a great likeness to that of Everett; like him, he went to Göttingen when a young man, and acquired his tendency for historic research from Heeren, Eichhorn, and Schlosser. Like Everett, he began his career as a professor at Cambridge University, and like him, also, his talent and the growing popularity of his books led him up to important offices and posts under government. He was for a time secretary to the navy at Washington, then American ambassador in England, and at last, as he was not successful in politics, like Everett, he retired from public life into the calmer atmosphere of his study, where he has re-

mained for several years, dividing his time between literary work and pleasant society. During the winter he now resides at New York, and during the summer at a charming villa near that pretty little watering-place, Newport, on Narraganset Bay, where he pays a visit now and then, though, to his old Boston. I had the good fortune to visit this active and energetic Historian at both his winter and summer abode. At New York, he passes the whole winter shut up in his splendid library, like a bee in his honey-cell. In the midst of the turmoil of business, his lamp may be seen glimmering at an early hour, and he lights it himself, as he does his fire, in order not to spoil the temper of his lazy American helps for the day.

I am forced to remark that the result of my observations is that this zeal and this "help yourself," are no rarity among American men of letters. Thus I always remember with pleasure old Senator Benton, whose "History of the American Congress," although an excellently written work, and a thorough mine in which to study the politics, parties, and prominent men of America, is, unfortunately, but little known on this side the water. This brave old Roman Benton, of Missouri, a man otherwise greatly attacked for his vanity and eccentricities, I remember seeing one morning at six lighting his fire, boiling his coffee, and then devoting the morning hours to his History.

This Benton was at that period above seventy years of age, and long a grandfather. He wrote his History with so firm and current a hand, that the copy went almost uncorrected from his table to the printing-office, and within a few months entire volumes could be worked off. And yet he could only devote his morning and late evening hours to the task, for so long as the sun was up he thought it his duty to take part in the debates of congress and quarrel in the committee-rooms. At times, he broke his labours entirely off, because he considered it necessary to take a trip to Missouri, and agitate for some political purpose or the other. One evening, it happened that his entire library, with all the manuscripts it contained, fell a prey to the flames. He had temporarily taken up his quarters in a small wooden house in the vicinity of the capital, which caught fire.

These fires are an almost regular and constantly menacing calamity to American authors, their libraries, and manuscripts. During my short stay in the United States I heard of a whole series of cases in which valuable literary undertakings were completely interrupted by fire. Senator Benton, on the occasion to which I refer, lost his entire library, a large portion of manuscript ready for the press, and a heap of materials, extracts, and references, which he had collected for a new volume of his History. As I was on rather intimate terms with him and his family, and, as an author myself, felt a special compassion for him, I visited him a few days after to offer him my sympathy. As it happened, President Pierce came up at the same moment and for the same object. We found the aged man, to our surprise and admiration, not in the slightest degree affected or excited. He had removed from the ruins to the house of his son-in-law, the celebrated traveller Fremont, had had a new table put together, and was busy rewriting his manuscript. With Anglo-Saxon coolness and a pleasant face, which reminded me of the stoic referred to by Montaigne, who did not allow

himself to be disturbed in his speech when a dog tore a piece out of the calf of his leg, he told us the story of the burning of his books. Mr. BENTON allowed that a quarto volume of his work, with all the materials belonging to it, was entirely destroyed, but he said, with a smile, while tossing a little grandchild on his knee, "It is no use crying over spilled milk." He had begun his work afresh on the next day, and retained in his head most of what he had written down. He hoped that he should be able to collect once more the necessary materials—partly, at any rate—and he expected that the printing would not be delayed for many days.

This man, in his present position—and there could not be a more lamentable one for an author—appeared to me like an old Roman. And, in truth, old Senator Benton had something thoroughly Roman in his features, just as you might expect to find on an ancient coin. And all this was the more remarkable to me, because I discovered such an internal value in a man who in the external world afforded such scope for jibes. In congress I saw him twice play the part of a quarrelsome and impotent old man. At times—especially when he marched into the field to support the claims of his son-in-law Fremont, or any other distinguished members of his family of whom he was proud, and whom he thought he must take under his wing, like a patriarch of old—he grew so excited, that the president several times tried in vain to stop him. Once I saw him leave congress cursing and gesticulating, and loudly declaring that he would never again appear in that assembly. When, too, he rode up and down the main street of Washington, with his grandson on a little pony by his side, and keeping as close as possible to the pavement, that he might be bowed to by the ladies and gentlemen, they certainly saluted, but afterwards ridiculed the "great man." Hence it caused me special pleasure, I repeat, to recognise in so peculiar a man an inner worth, and find the opportunity to say something in his praise. After all, there were heroes among the wearers of full-bottomed wigs and pig-tails.

Since then, the inexorable subduer of all heroes has removed old Senator Benton for ever from his terrestrial activity. He was enabled stoically to withstand the fire, but death, which caught him up four years ago, did not allow him to complete his work. Still, the fragments of it that lie before us contain extraordinarily useful matter for the history of the Union from the beginning of this century, and I therefore recommend them strongly to public writers at the present moment, when everybody wishes to know everything about America. But I will now return to Boston.

In the hot summer, when Longfellow, Agassiz, and other distinguished men of Boston, fly to the rock of Nahant, Bancroft, as I said, seeks shelter on the airy beach of Newport; and I remember, with great pleasure, the interesting trip I took thither for the purpose of spending a couple of days with the historian. The pleasant little town of Newport, which a hundred years back was a promising rival of New York, is now only known as the most fashionable watering-place in the Union. Most of the upper ten, as well as the politicians and diplomatists of Washington, congregate here in July and August. Splendid steamers, some coming from New York through Long Island Sound, others from Boston, through the archipelago of Narragansett Bay, bring up hun-



dreds of people daily. On one of these green islands in the bay, Newport is built, surrounded by a number of villas and gardens, which stretch out along the beach. And one of these hospitable villas belongs to the celebrated historian, who in that character, and as ex-minister and statesman, is reverently regarded as one of the "lions" of Newport.

When I entered his house, at a late hour, I found him surrounded by the ladies of his family, to whom he was reading a newly-finished chapter of his history from the manuscript. He invited me to listen, and told me that it was his constant practice to read his works in this fashion in the domestic circle, and take the opinion of his hearers, but, above all, of his amiable and highly-educated wife. This, he said to me, was the best way of discovering any lack of clearness or roughness of style, and after this trial he made his final corrections.

Newport is also known, to those versed in American antiquities, as the spot where an old octagonal building still stands, which the Danish savans believe to have been erected long prior to Columbus, and which they consider was built by the old Norman seafarers and heroes who visited America about the year 1000. This monument was very interesting to me to visit in the company of the historian of the United States, even though the townspeople regard it as the foundation of an old windmill, that belonged to a former inhabitant of Newport. Bancroft was of opinion that the good people of Newport were more likely to hit the truth than the scientific men of Copenhagen. I, too, after an inspection, *in situ*, consider the opinion of the latter so little founded that it is hardly worth contradicting. As is well known, to the south of New England, in the middle of a swamp on Taunton river, there is a huge rock covered with all sorts of grooves and marks, which the Danish savans regard as a Runic inscription, also emanating from the Normans. The Danes have even gone so far as to decipher the word "Thorfiun," as the name of one of the Norman heroes, while others believe that they are marks and memoranda made by an Indian hand; while others, again, are of opinion that the grooves and scratches are produced by natural causes.

Bancroft described to me the difficulties he experienced in reaching this rock—at one moment wading through the water, at another forcing his way through scrub. He was, however, unable to convince himself of the truth of any one of the above three hypotheses, and hence in his history of the United States, he could only say that the much-discussed Taunton river inscription did not afford a certainty of the presence of the Normans in these parts. But I must hasten back to Boston, where I have many an excellent friend awaiting me.

First of all rises before my mental eye the image of that noble senator, George Sumner, one of the most honoured men of Boston, whom I visited not only here in his birthplace, where he spends his leisure hours with his mother and relatives, but also at Washington, where he was delivering his bold and fiery speeches against slavery. While at the capital, I heard him deliver that magnificent speech which—although it lasted for several hours, was listened to in speechless silence by the whole Senate, even by the Southern members who were boiling over with fury—and entailed on this noble man the brutal attack from one of the chivalry of the South, which laid him on a bed of sickness for weeks, where he hovered between life and death.

How painful and sad it was to see this tall and stately man, felled like a pine-tree, and writhing in agony on his couch! His noble face, in which his lofty intellect and towering mind spoke out, was swollen and lacerated, as if he had been under the claws of a bear. English, Germans, French, Spaniards, and Italians, were the first to hurry to him on the day of the outrage, to display their sympathy and respect, and lay a crown of honour on his bleeding temples. With this great man, after his return from Europe, and several kindred spirits, I used to spend pleasant evenings *en petit comité* in Boston, and felt delighted at the opportunity of discussing with them the great questions of the day. Not so pleasant, though equally remarkable, were my feelings when I returned home at night from such an intellectual and sympathising circle, and was compelled to listen to the expectorations of a Colonel B—, of Carolina, who lodged in the same hotel. He made it a point to lie in ambush for me every night, to smoke a cigar, drink a glass of grog, and take the opportunity of explaining to me his views about the North. Although he had travelled in France and Germany, associated with the nobility, and belonged to the Southern aristocracy, the colonel was so full of prejudices against the North, that he walked about among the New Englanders of Boston like a snarling sheep-dog among a flock of lambs. He pished and pshawed, even abused loudly and bitterly all he saw, both the men—the accursed Yankees, their narrow-hearted views, their stiff regulations, their unpolished manners—as well as things, such as the northern sky, the scenery, the towns, villages, and country-houses. All that Boston or a Bostonian had or possessed seemed to him infected with abolitionism. He would even look on, with a sarcastic smile, when, during our conversation, I stroked a pretty little spaniel belonging to a Boston lady. He could not endure this Boston animal, and if ever it came within his reach he was sure to give it a harmless kick. Nothing was right with him, of course, least of all the Boston newspapers, in which he pointed out to me articles every evening, which, according to his opinion, were horrible, perfidious, atheistical, full of gall and poison, although I could not discover anything of the sort in them when he read them aloud to me with many gesticulations. To the people who surrounded us he generally behaved politely, because, as I said, he was a Southern gentleman, and did not let it be seen how his heart heaved and boiled. But if any one took up the cudgels with him, merely expressed an opinion that had the remotest connexion with the slavery question, or smelled of abolitionism, he would break out into the most enthusiastic diatribes in defence of the peculiar institution. His glances would become passionate, and his tone insulting. He appeared evidently bent on war, and I was often surprised that the Yankees put up with so much from him, and let him escape with a whole skin. In the South, had a Northerner gone to one-tenth of the same excess, it would have been enough to hand him over to the tender mercies of Judge Lynch.

If I asked him why he had come to this North, which he so heartily despised, he would reply that, unhappily, his physicians had found it necessary to send him into this exile for the sake of his health, and he had long had an intention of visiting, on the Northern lakes, the poor Indians who were so shamefully maltreated by the Yankees. The sufferings of these unhappy tribes, who perished beneath the heel of the

oppressor, and pined away in their shameful fetters, had long touched his heart. He could never think of them without emotion, and he now intended to go as far as the cataracts of St. Anthony to give the Sioux a feast, and offer them some relief from their shameful martyrdom. I remembered that I had once before noticed the same compassion for the Indians in a Southern slave-owner, and consequently that it is, in all probability, traditional among these people, to answer the reproaches cast on them for slave-holding by accusing their hostile brethren of ill-treating the Indians. Although I in no way shared my Southern friend's views about slavery and abolition, but was generally in the opposition, as a foreigner I did not seem to him so utterly repulsive as these God-forgotten Yankees. At first, at any rate, he believed that he should not be washing a blackamoor white with me. If I only would visit the South, he expressed his opinion I should be speedily converted, and grow enthusiastic for his side. Hence he condescended to argue with and instruct me, while he gnashed his teeth at his Northern countrymen when they dared to address him on the vexed question. Towards the end, however, I began to perceive that he was giving me up as incorrigible, and extended his enmity to me as well. We at length parted, not exactly as sympathetic souls, and when I now think of my Southerner stalking about Boston like a tornado in a human shape, I do not understand how it was that I did not then see civil war *ante fores* in that country.\*

It may be imagined what a relief, joy, and comfort it was for me, after the stormy evenings I spent with the Southerner, to be invited the following day to a dinner-table, where I found all the men with whom I sympathised, and whom I respected, assembled. The old Flemish painters, in their fruit and flower pieces, and in what is called "still life," have striven to represent the roast meats, wine flasks, crystal glasses, grapes and oranges which decorated the tables of their rich contemporaries. But how can I depict such a dinner at Boston, where a Longfellow took the chair, an Agassiz acted as croupier, a Prescott was my left, a Motley my right-hand, neighbour, and where my vis-à-vis was a tall, thin, dry-looking man, who, I was told, was Ralph Waldo Emerson? Between the epergnes and flower-vases I could see also the characteristic features of noble and distinguished men; the grey head of a Winthrop, or the animated face of such a benefactor to humanity as Dr. Howe, whom the blind, and the deaf and dumb combine to bless. When I reflect how rare such highly-gifted men are in the world, and how much more rare it is to be enabled to see a dozen of them sitting together cheerfully and socially over their wine, I find that we cannot sufficiently value such moments which accidents produce, and which, perhaps, never again occur in the traveller's life. When we read such books as those of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Basil Hall, or Dickens, we might suppose that there is nothing in America that can be called "good society." But when a man finds himself in such company as fell to my lot in Boston, he begins to think differently, and is at length disposed to allow that in America a good tone peculiar to the country, and possessing highly characteristic qualities, exists. I concede that it is rare, and I believe that the American, in

\* We are bound to say that we do not agree with our excellent contributor on this point. It would be just as fair to judge of the Southerners from this isolated instance, as it would be to believe that "Martin Chuzzlewit" offers us a fair criterion of the North.—ED. B. M.

order to appropriate this tone, must have passed the ocean several times between America and Europe; in this, imitating his twice-across-the-line Madeira (which, by-the-by, is magnificent in some Boston houses). The American, as a rule, becomes really full-flavoured in and through Europe. What I would assert though, is, that the American has a peculiar material to take the polish which Europe can impart, and that when he has rubbed off his American horns—for it is quite certain that the American is as much of a greenhorn in Europe as the European seems to be in the United States—a species of polish is visible, which possesses its peculiar merit, and nothing like it is to be found in Europe. There is no trace of mannerism or affectation; none of that insipid politeness, prudery, and superfinedom into which Europeans are so apt to fall. In the well-educated American we meet with a great simplicity of manner, and a most refreshing masculine dignity. Both in Boston and New York I visited private clubs, and met gentlemen belonging to the bar, the Church, the mercantile classes, &c., who possessed all these qualities in an eminent degree. In these small, retired clubs—they may have been select, and I am unable to decide how many of the sort may exist—humour and merriment were so well controlled, wit and jesting were so pleasantly commingled with what was serious and instructive, that I never knew pleasanter places for men.

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## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

### No. IX.—SILK.

THERE is a difference of opinion as to the exact date at which the silk-worm and its indispensable mulberry-tree were introduced into France. After they had been brought from China to Ceylon, and thence to Constantinople, about the year 550, they advanced together slowly to the Morea (whence comes the name of murier—mulberry), and on by degrees to Sicily and Calabria. M. Moreau de Jonnés fixes the moment of their arrival in France at the year 1494, when, according to his version,\* some gentlemen of Dauphiné, who accompanied to Sicily the invading army of Charles VIII., brought back some mulberry sucklings to France. They were planted in the neighbourhood of Montélimart, and succeeded perfectly. As soon as they were able to furnish leaves enough to feed worms, eggs were sent for to Naples, and the production of silk commenced.

Other authors, however, state that the worm was grown in France as early as the fourteenth century, and it is certain that the manufacture of silk tissues existed at Marseilles, Avignon, and Nîmes at that period. The silk employed was imported from Spain, Italy, and the Levant.

The weaving branch of the trade took strong root at its very origin; its progress was steady and comparatively rapid; but the production of raw silk advanced much more slowly. The times of the Valois were not

\* Statistique de l'Industrie, p. 145.

propitious, and though under Louis XI. the cultivation of the mulberry was somewhat encouraged, the king himself planting trees in his famous park of Plessis-lès-Tours, it was not till Henry IV. that any serious efforts were made to stimulate the growth of home silk. Urged on by his own activity, and by the advice of some of his counsellors, among whom the father of French agriculturists, Olivier de Serres, exercised great influence on the question, the Béarnais endeavoured to enforce the plantation of mulberry-trees by royal decree, just as Justinian had done in the Eastern Empire a thousand years before. And he added example to precept, for he filled the garden of the Tuileries with young trees, and grew worms in his own palace.\* These measures did not, however, succeed; some large plantations were made near Nîmes; but with that exception the royal decree produced scarcely any effect. The production languished, and the weavers, who had by this time begun to group themselves round Lyons, continued to import their raw material: the use of silk was still mainly limited to the Court, there was no general market, and the sale was small. Even the splendid wastefulness of the courtiers of Versailles, while it stimulated the weaving trade, scarcely helped to develop the yield of French-grown silk, especially as it was supposed to be of inferior quality. Colbert, however, came to the aid of the national production, and ordered, with his grand, impatient energy, the plantation of mulberry-trees all along the high roads of the south. But the landowners complained of the measure, and opposed it in every form, and Colbert, rather than give up his idea, was reduced to offer a premium of twenty-four sous for every tree three years old. The peasants were tempted by the bribe, and mulberry-trees began at last to appear very generally in the south-eastern provinces. The rearing of worms was simultaneously pushed on.

But the efforts of Colbert, and the commencement of cultivation which they created, were paralysed by the effects of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The great majority of the weavers of Languedoc were Protestants, and when they were driven out by persecution not only did the manufacturing trade suffer materially, but the local production of silk was almost suspended. The number of looms in the Lyonnais, which had previously ranged from 9000 to 12,000, fell at once to 3000.† The exiled weavers carried their secrets to London and Berlin: it was they who established the silk trade at Spitalfields in 1685.

Under the Regency and Louis XV. the trade recovered in both its branches, and rose again to some importance, but there are no detailed figures about it before 1788, when M. de Tolosan, then director of commerce, drew up the first statistics of French trade. He calculated that 1600 tons of raw and thrown silk were then annually worked up in France, and that two-thirds of the quantity were home-grown, only one-third being imported. The cultivation of worms had therefore acquired, since Louis XIV., sufficient importance and perfection to be able to compete successfully with foreign producers. The value of the tissues made amounted to 5,000,000*l.*, of which it is curious to note, as an indication of the habits of the period, that 1,000,000*l.* were in hosiery (principally silk stockings), and 1,200,000*l.* in ribbons and braid. The exportation

\* *Ecoliers et Vers-à-soie*, p. 187.

† *Rapport sur l'Exposition de 1851*, vol. iv., 13th Jury, p. 2.

reached 1,000,000*l.*, so that the home consumption under Louis XVI. amounted to 4,000,000*l.*, which, on the then population of 24 millions, gave an average of 3*s.* 4*d.* per head. When the misery and poverty of the mass of the nation are borne in mind, this rate was a most extravagant one, and proves the reality of the charge of ruinous luxury so often brought against the higher classes, who alone consumed all this quantity of silk.

But its adoption by the nobles, though it temporarily stimulated the trade, created, in fact, a new difficulty for it, for the use of distinctive garments added another notch to the score which the people were marking up against their masters, and made them hate the sight of silk itself. At the opening of the States-General in 1789, the members of the higher clergy wore the *camail* and *soutane* of violet silk, and the nobles the habit of cloth of gold and the cloak of velvet or satin, while the under clergy came in *soutanes* of black serge, and the *tiers état* in black woollen. This contrast produced, at the very outset of the Revolution, a violent feeling against the use of silk, and prepared the way for a diminution of its sale.

The events of 1793 almost destroyed both the manufacture and the production; there was scarcely anybody to buy silk; the court, the clergy, and the seigneurs had disappeared. At the siege of Lyons by the royalists the factories were destroyed. The mulberry-trees were pulled up, the worms died out, and the trade fell to such a point that, as M. Moreau de Jonnés says, "the only remaining use of silk was to make the victorious standards of the armies of France."

From 1790 to 1803 the manufacture can scarcely be traced, but in the latter year the strong hand of Napoleon brought it back to life. The re-establishment of religion, the formation of the brilliant court of the Empire, the general return to a normal state of habits, all helped to create a market and to revive the trade.

In 1812 the crop of cocoons, in the twelve departments where their cultivation then existed, amounted to 5250 tons, which produced 480 tons of thrown silk.\* The importation amounted to 244 tons, so that the total quantity woven amounted to 724 tons, which employed 27,410 looms, and 52,834 workmen. The value of the manufacture was 4,300,000*l.*, of which exportation took away 1,200,000*l.*, leaving 3,100,000*l.* for home use.

There are two remarkable facts to observe here. The first is, that, notwithstanding the augmentation of population, and the general increase of public wealth, the quantity of silk manufactured fell from 1600 tons before the Revolution to 724 tons in 1812, while the value of the average consumption per head diminished in the same period from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* The second, which is more striking still, is that the value of the 724 tons made in 1812 was almost equal to that of the 1600 tons made in 1788. The former were worth 4,300,000*l.*, and the latter 5,000,000*l.*, so that the price of silk tissues had almost doubled in twenty years. This remarkable rise resulted from the combined effects of the difference of the value of money, the rise of wages, and the continental blockade. It has been steadily maintained since.

Since 1812 the progress of the weaving branch of the trade has been regular and rapid. The number of looms rose from 27,410 in 1812 to

\* *Statistique de l'Industrie*, p. 152.

about 140,000 in 1852, while the value of the article manufactured, including mixed stuffs, got up between the same dates from 4,300,000*l.* to 15,000,000*l.* Of the latter sum about 10,000,000*l.* were paid for raw material; the remainder represented wages and profit. Of the 10,000,000*l.* of raw material, 5,600,000*l.* were supplied by France, 3,400,000*l.* were imported, and the other 1,000,000*l.* was made up by the value of the wool, cotton, and other substances mixed with the silk. Of the 140,000 looms employed to work up this material, 70,000 worked for Lyons, 30,000 for St. Etienne, 10,000 for Nîmes and Avignon, and the remaining 25,000 which were spread about Picardy, Normandy, and Alsace, for the Paris market.\*

In 1855 the number of looms had risen to 220,000, and the value of the manufacture to 21,000,000*l.*†

Since that year no official publication has been made of the progress of the make. M. Block expresses the opinion that the production of 1858 amounted to 48,000,000*l.*,‡ but it can hardly be admitted that it could have more than doubled in the three years since 1855: it had certainly largely progressed, for the exportation alone went up some 5,000,000*l.* in that short interval, but it is scarcely likely that even at this moment the annual value of the make can exceed 45,000,000*l.* at the outside, notwithstanding the progress made in 1859 and 1860.

The exportation of manufactured silk in 1860 reached 3465 tons,§ which, at the average price of 1858, 5400*l.* per ton,|| would have been worth 18,700,000*l.* If, therefore, the total production really reaches 45,000,000*l.*, there would remain a value of 26,300,000*l.* for home use, which, on the whole population of 36 millions, would give a mean of 14*s.* 7*d.* per head. These figures can only be regarded as approximative, but they suffice to show that since 1812 the manufacture has increased about tenfold, and the consumption nearly sevenfold. The exportation has gone up in the same period from 1,200,000*l.* to 18,700,000*l.*

The importation of foreign silk goods is naturally feeble; the only articles worth mentioning are the Swiss and German ribbons, of which a value of about 280,000*l.* were introduced into France in 1858, the quantity having risen regularly since 1827.

Up to 1854 the trade was mainly supplied by home-grown silk, the balace required for manufacture being alone imported; but since that date, for reasons which will presently be given, by far the larger part of the raw material has been drawn from abroad.

The silk trade of France is, of course, more important than that of England; but it is remarkable to observe that, as far as the insufficient nature of the information which exists on the subject allows of a detailed comparison between the production of the two countries, England is progressing more rapidly than France.

The proportionate weight of the two makes can be ascertained very approximatively; but there are apparent errors in the published values which render it impossible to examine the money part of the subject.

\* *Rapports sur l'Exposition Universelle de 1851*, vol. iv., 13th Jury, p. 5.

† *Rapports sur l'Exposition de 1855*, vol. ii. p. 376.

‡ *Statistique comparée de la France*, vol. ii. p. 153.

§ *Moniteur*, January 21, 1861.

|| The exportation of 1858 was 2781 tons, worth 15,120,000*l.* (See *Statistique comparée de la France*, vol. ii. p. 153.)

The importation of raw and thrown silk into England amounted in 1860 to 4197 tons;\* it had just doubled since 1846; 194 tons of thrown silk were re-exported, so that the quantity apparently left for manufacture was 4003 tons. The importation of the same raw material into France in the same year was 5278 tons;† there is no mention of re-exportation in the customs returns, so the whole quantity may be supposed to have been worked up in the country. The production of cocoons in 1860 was probably about one-third higher than in 1856; it may, therefore, be put at 10,000 tons, which, at the average yield of 14 per cent. (it varies from 10 to 18 per cent., according to the quality of the cocoons), would have given 1400 tons of raw silk. So that the total weight manufactured in France last year was probably about 6678 tons, or two-thirds more than the English quantity.

In 1846 the yield of French grown raw silk was about 2800 tons, while the importation amounted to 1200 tons; the total for that year was, therefore, about 4000 tons. As it reached 6678 tons in 1860, the trade had increased two-thirds in the interval. It has just been shown that the English make has doubled in the same period; it consequently appears that the progress of England is now more rapid than that of France.

These are the results as regards quantities alone; but if it is attempted to make a similar comparison between the relative money values of the two makes, a singular difficulty presents itself. It has already been said that the average apparent value of French silk goods comes out at 5400*l.* per ton (this includes mixed tissues). Now, the exportation in 1860 of English silk stuffs and ribbons alone, amounted to 262 tons, of a declared value of 731,941*l.*, plus 855,362*l.* for other articles, of which the weight is not given.‡ Calculating, therefore, on the former only, the average price of the English articles comes out at only 2794*l.* per ton, which is just half the French mean. There is evidently an immense error here on one side or the other; the difference of value is far too large to be explainable by the probably superior quality of the French goods. However much better they may really be, a difference of one-half on articles, of which the raw material furnishes some two-thirds of the cost, is evidently absurd. Until this error is corrected there are no means of computing the comparative value of the consumption in the two countries. All that can be said with an appearance of probability is, that as France exports about two-fifths of the manufactured value it produces, and as the proportionate weight exported may reasonably be calculated at the same rate, the quantity left for home consumption in France ought to amount to about 4070 tons; and that as England exports a weight of 468 tons of stuffs, ribbons, and twist, plus a value of 855,362*l.* of other articles, which at the same weight for value as the stuffs and ribbons would represent about 300 tons more, the total exportation amounts to about 768 tons out of the 4000 manufactured in England. The interior consumption would therefore be about 3230 tons against 4000 in France. As the proportion between the population of the United Kingdom and France is roughly as five to six, it would result that the consumption per head is slightly larger in France than in England. These calculations are, however, so uncertain in some of their elements, that they can only

\* Statistical Abstract, No. 8, p. 15.

† *Moniteur*, Jan. 21, 1861.

‡ Statistical Abstract, No. 8, pp. 35 and 37.



be regarded as illustrative. Even the important fact that France appears to export 2678 tons of silk goods, and England only 768 tons, is not absolutely proved.

While the manufacturing branch of the trade has thus advanced, its other element, the production of raw silk, has lately got into serious difficulties. As the question possesses both agricultural and industrial importance, it is worth while to give some details upon it.

The official statistics which are published on French sériciculture (which is the name given to the cultivation of silkworms) apply to the single year 1847. They announce that at that date there were 100,568 acres under mulberry, bearing 24,069,694 trees, and that the crop of cocoons was 12,500 tons.\* The plantations were almost entirely in the basins of the Rhône and the Durance, the few exceptions being in Touraine and the valley of the Garonne.

It results from these figures that the average number of trees per acre was 239, and that, as the consumption of leaves is generally calculated at an average of about twenty-six times the weight of cocoons obtained, the crop of leaves ought to have been 325,000 tons, which would be at the rate of nearly  $3\frac{1}{4}$  tons per acre, or about 30 lb. per tree. The latter average is perhaps a little tight, but it allows for the deduction of the stalks, which are not given to the worms. The very best trees, after seven or eight years' growth, do not give more than 70 lb. of leaves.†

It is, however, probable that, notwithstanding their official character, these returns are incorrect. In a detailed table of the annual production of cocoons in France, published by the celebrated chemist Dumas, the average yield from 1846 to 1852 is given, not at 12,500 tons, but at 24,254.‡ Now, as the latter figure is a mean over six years, it may be safer to put 1847 at only 20,000 tons, which quantity is supported by the calculations of other authorities. The quantity of leaves eaten scarcely varies on the whole, though it is necessarily affected in detail by their quality and by the skill of the worm-growers. It follows, therefore, that to raise 20,000 tons of cocoons, the consumption of leaves must have reached 520,000 tons, instead of 325,000. M. Dumas gives the real mean crop of leaves, from 1846 to 1852, at 575,000, so that, adopting that figure and counting at the rates which result from the official statistics, and which are generally confirmed by the special works on the subject, of 30 lb. of leaves per tree, and 239 trees per acre, there ought to have existed in France, at the date in question, 42,933,000 trees, occupying 180,000 acres, or four-fifths more than the official returns indicate.

These differences do not, however, affect the agricultural result; it probably does not much vary from the first calculated quantity of nearly  $3\frac{1}{4}$  tons per acre. Therefore, as the average sale price of leaves during the period under examination came out at 3*l.* 4*s.* per ton,§ it follows that the total value of the leaf crop was 1,840,000*l.*, or say 10*l.* 8*s.* per acre (these two figures do not exactly tally, because the average crop is not precisely  $3\frac{1}{4}$  tons). As the expense of plucking well-trimmed trees amounts

\* Statistique de l'Industrie, p. 130.

† *Ecoliers et Vers-à-soie*, p. 152.

‡ Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement, p. 181. March, 1857.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 155. March, 1857.

to 5s. per ton of leaves (on ordinary long-branched trees it would be very much more), the yield per acre is reduced to 9*l.* 1*l.* 9*d.*, which is very remunerative for a tree crop. Of course, with old trees in full bearing the return is considerably higher, but these figures suffice to show that, under average circumstances, the cultivation of the mulberry is a productive addition to southern farming. The calculations apply specially to the years between 1846 and 1852, but there is no reason to imagine that their elements would have become changed since if the sudden diminution of consumption had not reduced the sale of leaves.

The result of silk growing in the magnaneries,\* or worm-houses, varies materially with the extent of the establishment and the ability of its manager. Up to 1854, the greater part of the French-grown silk was produced by the peasants themselves in little lots, but it seems probable that, if the trade should recover from its present critical state, large magnaneries will be successively established, and that the production will become more concentrated. Before 1854 the cost of production stood about as follows:

The seed (or eggs) was worth about 3s. an ounce; to get an ounce of hatched seed it is necessary to employ about one-third over in order to compensate for the eggs which come to nothing; the value of the seed employed must therefore be put at 4s. It produced about 40,000 worms, which ate about a ton of leaves, and made about 77 lbs. of cocoons. The latter average is universally adopted, but in certain exceptional and experimental cases much larger yields have been obtained. The ton of leaves is worth 3*l.* 4s., and the trays and other utensils may be put at 10s., so that the total cost of raising an ounce of seed (which is the quantity always calculated on in France) came out at 3*l.* 14s., not including labour. The 77 lbs. of cocoons were worth (previously to 1854) about 1s. 6*d.* per lb., which gives 5*l.* 15s. 6*d.* So that on this rough calculation the peasant growers got 2*l.* 1s. 6*d.* per ounce of seed for their trouble, irrespective of their gain on the leaves, which they generally cultivated themselves.

This was the state of the case down to 1853; in that year the total yield of cocoons was 26,000 tons, worth about 4,680,000*l.*, the great mass of which went into the pockets of the small farmers of Provence. The trade had assumed serious importance, for such a home production of high-priced raw material constituted a valuable addition to the national wealth. It is probable that the yield would have continued to increase, not only by the growth of more worms, but also by further improvements in the details of management, especially in the winding of the silk from the cocoons, in which the waste was still large. But just at the moment when French *sériciculture* seemed to have such brilliant prospects before it, the disease of the worm, which had lurked about the magnaneries of the alluvial plain of the Durance for some twenty years, broke out with violence, and in every direction, at the end of 1853. Under its influence the production of cocoons fell successively from 26,000 tons in that year to 7500 tons in 1856, while their price, which had already got up since 1852 from 1s. 4*d.* to 1s. 6*d.* per lb., rose to 1s. 9*d.* in 1854, to 2s. in 1855, and to 3s. in 1856. Notwithstanding this rise of price, which the public had to pay, the damage to the worm-growers was very consider-

\* The word *magnanerie* comes from *magnan*, the old Languedocian name for silkworm.

able, for they at once lost at least half of the large and easily earned income which the cultivation had hitherto brought them.

The disease, which still continues to ravage the magnaneries of almost all Europe, was at first supposed to consist solely in the decline or exhaustion of the worm, but it has since been proved that there are several distinct maladies, each producing special and different results. Its first effect was to reduce the quantity of silk; the second was to oblige the growers to give up the use of French seed, and to import it from countries still unattacked. But from 1855 the best foreign seed began to fail also, and up to the present date, notwithstanding the remarkable efforts which have been made, it has been impossible to obtain eggs which resist the contagion. Whether brought from Italy, Spain, Turkey, or China, they are all affected in various degrees.

The importation of foreign seed, which was only 16 cwt. in 1846, rose to 10½ tons in 1851, and to 24½ tons in 1853, while its price got up from about 2*l.* 12s. per lb. in 1846, to 3*l.* 12s. in 1853, and to about 9*l.* in 1856.\* The question for the magnaniers was where to get seed which would withstand the contagion. They have tried all sorts of experiments, but with no real result. M. Pevet, prefect of the Ardèche, which is, or rather was, a great silk-growing department, reported, in 1858, that the average crop of cocoons in his district was only 19 lbs. per ounce of hatched eggs, instead of the previous average of 77 lbs. The seed brought from Andrinople had succeeded the best, as it failed only 3 times out of 108 trials, while the French seed failed 97 times out of 109. But a few months afterwards the Andrinople seed caught the malady in its turn, and no longer produced a crop.†

The disease continues to this day with almost the same virulence, and it is still impossible to express an opinion as to the final issue of the struggle between it and the worm-growers. It would, indeed, be deplorable if so thriving a trade were to be beaten by such a cause. Efforts are being made to turn the difficulty, and the scientific societies and the government are trying to introduce other species of worms, so as to prevent the trade from dying out.

The worm called the *Bombyx Cynthia*, which feeds on the leaves of the castor-oil plant, has been experimented on, especially in Prussia.‡ It produces a dull silk; but as several crops can be got in the same year, the produce can be sold at a low price.

But the worm which feeds on the Japan varnish-tree, which is now acclimatised in France, and is even planted on the Boulevards of Paris, appear to offer excellent results.§ It feeds on the tree itself, in the open air, and does not require any buildings to shelter it. The silk it gives is rough, but is superior to that of the *Bombyx Cynthia*. In the imperial farm at Vincennes, the emperor has given ground to grow the varnish-tree, and to establish the cultivation of the worm. The cocoons now sell at 1s. 2d. per lb.

Efforts have also been made to introduce the growth of silkworms (both the mulberry and varnish kinds) into Algeria, but, like everything

\* *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement*, p. 158. March, 1857.

† *Ibid.*, p. 176. March, 1859, and p. 247, April, 1859.

‡ *Rapport de M. Kauffmann à la Société Prussienne d'Acclimatation*.

§ *Rapport de M. Guérin-Méneville sur le Ver-à-soie de l'Ailante*.

else in that too military colony, the cultivation languishes. In 1854 the whole value of the cocoons obtained did not exceed 1300*l*.\* In 1857 there were 305,000 mulberry-trees, and the worm was still free from the disease.†

The general position occupied by France in the production of raw silk, before the disease broke out, had become important, not only as regards the large profit obtained, but also relatively to other producing countries. According to M. Dumas,‡ the value of the cocoons grown in the whole world, in 1853, was composed as follows :

France . . . . .	£ 4,344,000	
Italy . . . . .	11,260,000	
Spain, and other European countries . . . . .	984,000	
	<hr/>	
Total for Europe . . . . .		£16,588,000
China . . . . .	17,000,000	
India . . . . .	4,800,000	
Japan . . . . .	3,200,000	
Persia . . . . .	920,000	
Other Asiatic states . . . . .	2,192,000	
	<hr/>	
Total for Asia . . . . .		£28,112,000
Africa . . . . .	44,000	
The Pacific Islands . . . . .	24,000	
America . . . . .	20,000	
	<hr/>	
General total . . . . .		£44,788,000

According to this table, France produced about a tenth of the value of all the silk of the world, and it is certain that that proportion would have increased. It can only be hoped that the disease may yet be conquered, and that this eminently national industry may be preserved to France. It has thus far been essentially a poor man's trade, notwithstanding the great value it represents. Not only is the silk-growing mainly in the hands of the peasants, but the weaving also is principally based on the home hand-loom system. It is certain that, as has already occurred with cotton, and as is now occurring with woollen and linen manufactures, the trade will gradually slip out of the hands of the workmen themselves, and become concentrated by large firms; but up to this date the progress in that direction is small, the great mass of the Lyons and St. Etienne products being still made by isolated labour. The condition of the silk-weavers has formed the subject of a most able report presented to the Institute by M. Louis Reybaud. He does not describe their state as very satisfactory, but such of them as live in the country, especially the spinners, lead a cheerful life enough, and perhaps even merit the poetic page in which M. Michelet says of them,§ "A particular charm surrounds the working of silk. It ennobles those who make it. In crossing our rudest countries among the valleys of the Ardèche, where all is rock, where the mulberry and the chesnut seem to live without earth, on pebbles and air, where low houses in dry stone sadden the eye with their grey tints, everywhere I saw at the doors two or three bright-eyed girls, with brown skins and white teeth, who smiled at the passer-by and spun gold."

\* *L'Agriculture et la Population*, p. 74.

† *Compte-rendu de l'Académie des Sciences*. April 20, 1857.

‡ *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement*, p. 151. March, 1857.

§ *L'Insecte*, p. 171.

## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## A DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S REVENGE.

IF Bastide had waited a little longer in front of the hotel, he would have seen the light suddenly disappear from the windows of one of the suites of apartments which he had so closely examined, and, very shortly afterwards, the persons whose rooms he wished to discover descend into the street, and proceed on foot in the direction of the Strand.

Madame de la Roquetaillade's desire had prevailed, and she was on her way with her husband to obtain further tidings of her son.

Mr. Squirrel received his visitors with a much more assured countenance than on the last occasion, having seen Mr. Raphael during the day, and been fortified by his opinion.

Previously disposed to believe in the innocence of Lorn, the attorney was quite satisfied of the fact after his interview with him at the house of detention, and did not doubt that at the next examination he should be able to procure his discharge, or, at all events, obtain his release on bail. Mr. Raphael had also been again in communication with Smudge, learning from her several particulars, not previously related, that bore upon the proceedings of Bastide. A natural feeling of resentment against her late master for having designed an *auto-da-fé* at her expense, made Smudge impart everything she knew concerning him; and as Mr. Drakeford would, of course, lose no time in making his claim upon the fire-office in which he had insured, the attorney thought there would be no difficulty in putting his hand on him whenever he was wanted.

Mr. Squirrel's great object was to conceal Lorn's real situation from those who came to inquire for him, fearing that the promised reward might be withheld if he revealed the truth too soon; and there being now a very good chance of producing the poor fellow within a day or two, the pawnbroker gave a cheerful answer to Madame de la Roquetaillade's earnest questioning.

"'Appy ham I to say," he replied, with that emphasis which, amongst people of Mr. Squirrel's class, so often displace the aspirates, especially when they labour to be polite—" 'appy ham I to say that your wishes will soon be gratified. The round which he have took, as I had before the pleasure of saying of, hembraced a wider range than I hanticipated, and it was only this morning I received a letter to say when he hexpected to be back. Three days is now the houtside, and then I 'opes to see you redeem him. If not too delicate a question, might I harsk a name as could be wrote to, eprising you of his return?"

The graces of Mr. Squirrel's language were lost upon her whom he ad-

dressed. She only attended to its meaning, and immediately repeated it, in French, to her husband.

Monsieur de la Roquetaillade's brow became overcast: he did not like Mr. Squirrel's proposition. The pawnbroker noticed his hesitation, and hastened to add that all his dealings were in strict confidence, and that nothing which took place between them should ever transpire: he even offered to bind himself by an oath.

"Bind him by something stronger," said the Count. "Let it be to his interest to keep silence!"

A sum of money was accordingly named to indemnify Mr. Squirrel for the past; and an annual payment offered to hold him to secrecy for the future. The terms in both instances so far exceeded his expectations that he did not hesitate to accept them, all he prayed for being that Mr. Raphael would be able to keep his word. The yearning of Madame de la Roquetaillade was not removed by this visit, but she laid down to rest that night with a less troubled spirit than had for years oppressed her.

As for Mr. Squirrel, he could not sleep for exultation; it shone on his features when he rose, and made them so radiant that Mr. Cramp, when he came to business, scarcely recognised him.

"Whatever's come over the old file!" he muttered. "Why, he's gone and let that swell have two-pun'-ten on a watch as I wouldn't give more than a fiver for if I had to buy it myself! He'd better shut up shop if he goes on in this way."

"You'll be glad to hear, Cramp," said Mr. Squirrel, "that Lorn's likely to get off."

"I sha'n't be glad of nothink of the kind," rejoined his surly assistant. "I don't care what becomes of him!"

"As you helped to get him into the mess," retorted Squirrel, "you ought to care. Ah! he's a noble boy! If he was my own I couldn't love him better!"

"This comes of pledging, I suppose!" sneered Cramp. "We knows the valley of the article from the fust. It takes a good deal tho' to make us say so!"

"And if needful," continued Squirrel, disregarding Cramp's remarks, "I'll be one of his bail myself."

"This here's too cloying!" growled Cramp. "I can't stand it! Him as used to be always pitching into that boy as long as he'd a leg to stand on! I say," he added, raising his voice, "I'm going out."

"Well, go!" returned Squirrel; "nobody wants to keep you."

Without waiting for the permission so graciously accorded, Cramp was already out of hearing. He had registered a vow, and was on his way to fulfil it.

His course lay along the Strand and Fleet-street, the Old Bailey being the haven towards which he steered.

In a general way Mr. Cramp was a loiterer out of doors, never passing a silversmith's or pawnbroker's shop without stopping to appraise every ticketed article in the window; but on this occasion he neglected all such allurements, and pushed steadily on till he reached his destination.

"It wants a quarter to twelve," he said, glancing at the clock of St. Paul's, as he paused at the corner of the street. "Rether too soon! The jints is never in cut till twelve. Let me see! Which is Slyverses?"

A person in want of a dinner, with money in his pocket to pay for it, may pick and choose in the Old Bailey, so abundant are its gastronomic attractions. The street is, in fact, almost equally divided between the good and the bad things of this world—public-houses, coffee-shops, and dining-rooms, affording plenty of the one, and the gloomy walls of Newgate containing quite enough of the latter:

A palace and a prison on each hand.

Mr. Cramp, however, had never read "Childe Harold," and did not compare the locality to Venice; he was more intent on discovering the spot where the Maritornes of his thoughts had taken up her abode. After hunting up and down the street, his perseverance was at length rewarded by seeing the name of "Slyver" over a doorway, coupled with the intimation that hot joints were always ready there from twelve till five.

"That's the ticket," he professionally observed, and went in.

There are more magnificent places of refecton than Slyver's, in the Palais Royal and on the Italien Boulevard—

Non ebur, neque aurcum  
Meâ renidet in domo lacunar,

—but, as Mr. Cramp had never been in Paris—the cheap excursion trains not having then begun to run—he neither missed the ivory nor the gilded ceilings, and was quite content—nay, more than content, with what he beheld.

On a dresser at the farther end of a very long room was a large round of beef, smoking like a limekiln, and behind it an exceedingly fat, elderly woman, brandishing a gigantic knife and fork, and preparing for incision. Beside the beef stood a well-browned leg of roast pork—next to that a circular mutton pie of enormous dimensions—in its turn flanked by a currant dumpling, huge and heavy as one of Captain Blakesly's intended shot—and the board was crowned with dishes heaped with vegetables, amongst which the cabbage and the potato held proud pre-eminence.

But what are creature-comforts, you will say, to him whose heart is full? Nothing, of course, in comparison; though lovers with empty stomachs think of something now-a-days besides making sonnets to their mistress's eyebrow, and to this class, I am obliged to admit, Mr. Cramp belonged. He had one reason, perhaps, for thinking more of his dinner than of anything else just then, for it was his usual hour for dining, his walk had sharpened his appetite, and Smudge was nowhere visible. This latter circumstance ought, I know, to have taken away his appetite altogether, but though the victim of the tender passion, Mr. Cramp was also a philosopher, and a hungry one into the bargain. He, therefore, sat down in the nearest box, where a tablecloth, not of the purest white, invited, and in sepulchral tones called for the waiter.

"Coming!" cried a female voice, and from a corner which Mr. Cramp had overlooked came forth Miss Mortimer.

He had seen her before in her bonnet. All ladies are of opinion that this makes a great difference in the wearer's appearance, and if their particular friend is the object of comment, she, of course, owes everything to that article of dress. Mr. Cramp was not quite so critical. He

admired Miss Mortimer quite as much in her little flat cap and streamers, and fixed his eyes upon her in a way that seemed to say so. Quite unconscious that Mr. Cramp had ever seen her before, she wondered what the man was staring at, and the words to express this thought were on the tip of her tongue, when, heaving a sigh which seemed to proceed from his boots, he asked what there was ready?

With the utmost rapidity of utterance, Smudge enumerated the various delicacies which I have already described.

"Biled beef and greens, my love!" said Mr. Cramp, developing two feelings in one breath.

"Your love!" returned Smudge, scornfully. "Whose next, I should like to know! Any tatars?"

"No tatars!" said Mr. Cramp, solemnly, without removing his eyes: "I means it."

"I s'pose so!" replied Smudge, "or you'd have arsted for 'em."

"And," said Mr. Cramp, putting out his hand to take hers, a movement which she skilfully avoided, "I likes it rear!"

"Rear!" echoed Smudge, "what's that?"

"Underdone, my dear, with the gravy in it," returned Mr. Cramp. "Why what hies them is of yourn! They quite goes through a feller!"

But without listening to the compliment, Miss Mortimer disappeared, and presently her melodious voice was heard reiterating Mr. Cramp's order:

"One biled beef underdone, one greens, number four!"

These exquisite viands duly brought, Miss Mortimer turned to attend to other customers, the room now filling fast; but Mr. Cramp was an old campaigner, and contrived to detain her on various pretences, with the utterance of every want expressing sentiments which it was impossible for Smudge to misunderstand.

It may be very true that no woman dislikes admiration, but it by no means follows that she must needs like the person who offers it. Mr. Cramp's appearance was not in his favour; he was old enough to be Smudge's father; and she, moreover, had given her love, without solicitation, to another.

Mr. Cramp, therefore, met with a rebuff at every fresh demonstration of his passion, till, provoked at her indifference, or rather at the slights she put upon him, he maliciously said, while she was waiting for the money for his dinner, that he saw honest folk had no chance where gallows-birds had been there before them.

Smudge's face became scarlet at hearing words which showed that her secret,—how she could not guess,—was in the possession of a stranger. But retort was her especial forte.

"Honest folks!" she repeated. "If you'd been drest well enough, I should have thought you'd just made your escape over them spikes yonder!"

She pointed to the prison walls as she spoke.

Mr. Cramp winced, but preserved his presence of mind.

"You know more," he said, "about Newgate than I do. At all events, you're likely to. That young chap as you're so fond on was had up agen this morning and committed!"



"Who,—who,—who do you mean?" stammered Smudge, from whose cheek every vestige of colour instantly fled.

"Drop your head, and I'll tell you!"

The poor girl leant forward, and the spiteful wretch hissed a name in her ear. She gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the floor.

"This here young woman's in a fit!" said Mr. Cramp, coolly; and while the other waitress and Mrs. Slyver, who had rushed to the spot, were raising Smudge from the ground, he walked out of the eating-house without settling his score.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## SELF-SACRIFICE.

"GRACIOUS goodness, M'riar!" exclaimed Mrs. Slyver. "However come this?"

"She was took all of a sudden," said her assistant. "I seed her drop, as she was a 'olding out her 'and for the biled beef and greens's money, which he's gone and never paid. I was carrying a plate of mock at the time, and a mercy it was it didn't all go over the bald-'edded gent in number seven! But she's a coming to, I think. I 'opes it won't be stertricks; they always sets me on!"

Maria's prognostic was correct. Poor Smudge sighed heavily, opened her eyes, and looked round in dull amaze.

"Bring a glass of water!" said her kind mistress. "There, dear! How do you feel now, poor thing?"

"Better!" replied Smudge, faintly. "I—I—oh, dear! Is it true?"

And, thereupon, she gave way to an agony of grief.

"True, about what?" asked Mrs. Slyver. "P'raps she's heard of a death! Oh, my! I wish she wouldn't sob so!"

"Crying will do her good," observed Maria. "P'tickerly if it's on her mind. Nothing's such a balm to the sperrits as a good bust of tears. I know when my cousin William died——"

"Never mind him now, M'riar!" said Mrs. Slyver. "You go and look after the dinners. There's two roast porks and brockiloes been a waiting ever so long."

Maria accordingly resumed her occupation, while Mrs. Slyver led Smudge into her own parlour and sat down beside her, offering words of comfort, though unable to give them any special application.

"I arsts your pardon, Mrs. Slyver," said Smudge, endeavouring to keep down her sorrow, "but I was told some distressful news!"

"I felt sure of it!" said Mrs. Slyver. "But you know, my dear, we must all of us die some day. Is it parents or near re-la-tives?"

"Neither," replied Smudge. "Nobody's dead belonging to me, that I know of. But—but—that young man you've heard me mention—him—Mrs. Slyver, as was in the 'Ouse of Attention——"

She could not finish the sentence, but began to cry again.

Mrs. Slyver waited with great patience to give her time to recover. Then she said soothingly, "Well, what of him, my dear?"

"He's sent for trial—and he's as hinnercent as a hinfant of what they lays to his charge!"

"Did that party—the biled beef and greens—tell you this?"

"Ye—es!"

"Who is *he*, my dear?"

"I don't know. I never set eyes on him afore!"

"What made him do it, then?"

"Well, Mrs. Slyver, this is how it was. We'd had a few words per-miscous. He was too free, and I put him in his place, which his back got up, and he made use of a expression I won't repeat, meaning Somebody—tho' how he come to know that I know'd anything about them is a merrikle to my mind. Then I says something sharpish in return, and he looks daggers, and ups and tells me all—their name, and everythink, and—I couldn't 'elp it, Mrs. Slyver, but down I drops as if a canning-ball out of a gun had been shot right through my middle."

Mrs. Slyver, with great tenderness of nature, was not without penetra-tion. She looked at the case from an experienced, womanly point of view.

"You really, then, was onacquainted with the mean, good-for-nothing feller,—for I must tell you, Sally, he went away without paying, onless he give it to you as you swounded."

"He never give me nothing, Mrs. Slyver—and never, never did I see him in all my born life before."

"Then, Sally," said Mrs. Slyver, solemnly, "that man's a willing! And I don't believe one sillerble of his story!"

"You don't, Mrs. Slyver!" cried Smudge. "Oh, you're a good, kind missis to say so!"

"It was jellersy, my dear, depend on't," returned Mrs. Slyver. "People—the very worst of 'em—don't do them things out of wanting-ness. There's always motives. I haven't lived so long in the Bailey—next door, as I may say, to the very crimminles theirselves—without finding that out!"

"If I was only sure!" said Smudge.

A love affair was Mrs. Slyver's true element. She had already shown her sympathy with Smudge's anxiety, and now did so again.

"Make yourself sure!" she replied. "Put on your things and go and see. Me and M'riar will mind the s'loon."

With a grateful and a beating heart, Smudge adopted the kind sug-gestion. She was speedily equipped, and went forth on her errand. Where should she apply? At the police-office, at Mr. Raphael's, or at the House of Detention? The last was the nearest; besides, there they would be sure to know; so to Clerkenwell she hurried as fast as she could walk.

Admitted to the waiting-room, she scarcely had breath enough left to speak.

"Is he here still?" she gasped.

"He!" said the gatekeeper. "Who's 'he,' I wonder? We've plenty of hes here, and shes too, for that matter."

"I mean the young man I came to see the other day."

"He's got a name, I suppose? How am I to know without I hear it? I can't remember every face I see, tho' yours ain't a bad 'un. What do you call him?"

"Lorn Loriott," said Smudge, timidly, as if she feared to utter a name so dear to her, in such a place, under such circumstances.

"Lorn Loriott?" repeated the man, referring to a book before him. "Let me see. L! Lagblock—Larkins—Leatherlegs—Limpingstern—Lobb—Looney—oh, here it is!—Loriot; yes, we've got *him*, safe enough."

"Has he—oh, please to say—has he been—com—mitted?"

"If he was committed, my dear, he wouldn't be here. You'd have to look for him in Newgate."

"Was he examined again this morning?"

"No! He's remanded for to-morrow. 'Tain't to-morrow yet, my dear."

"You don't think he did it, do you?"

The gatekeeper laughed.

"How should I know? May be he did, and may be he didn't. It's just according."

"But will he get off?"

"He's got Mr. Rayfal. He'll pull him through if anybody can."

"Can I just say a few words to the young man?"

"Yes. He's had no wisiters to-day. You can go in."

Smudge passed through the barred gate, scudded along the corridor, and stopped at the well-remembered cell-door.

"You seems to know your way in these parts," said the churlish warder, whom Smudge also remembered.

"Quick, if you please!" she said, not noticing his remark.

"You're in a hurry," he replied, slowly proceeding to open the wicket.

"I shouldn't be if you was inside," retorted Smudge, whose spirit was very apt to rise.

What the warder said in answer she neither heard nor cared, her face being pressed against the narrow grating, with straining eyes. Lorn was seated at the farther extremity of the cell, writing, and so absorbed that he did not know the wicket had been unfastened.

"Mr. Lorn, please!" whispered Smudge.

He raised his head at the sound of her voice, and came to the door.

"What!" he said. "You come to see me again, Sarah! This is very kind."

"Ain't you well?" asked Smudge, eagerly. "You looks very pale!"

"Oh, I'm very well," replied Lorn, with a half-suppressed sigh.

"You're fretting," said the quick-eyed girl. "Don't do that! Keep a good heart! You'll get over it."

"I believe I shall," replied Lorn. "A very clever lawyer, Mr. Raphael, has been with me, and gives me great hopes,—though he won't *quite* promise that I shall be set free. He said he had seen you and Mr. Squirrel, and that I was to have a good character, which would go a great way."

"Then what makes you so down? When you've got your liberty you can do what you likes."

"Except Mr. Squirrel—of whom I didn't expect it—you're the only person, Sarah, that seems to care for me!"

"If there's others as forgets, others don't ought to be thought on!"

"One can't help thinking of those that have been kind to one. And perhaps it's not their fault. They may not know I'm here."

"Mr. and Mrs. D. won't make theirselves ill about it, I'll be bound,"

said Smudge, affecting ignorance of Lorn's meaning, and with something of bitterness in her tone.

"I did not—they were not—that is—Mr. and Mrs. Drakeford may act as they please. But—I'll tell you what, Sarah," said Lorn, speaking very quickly,—“I want you to do me a great favour!”

"I'll do anything you arsts me, as I *can* do," returned Smudge.

"When Mr. Raphael was here, he procured pen, ink, and paper for me, that I might put down things he wanted. I have done that—and—and—written a letter besides—but I don't know how to send it."

"Don't you?" said Smudge, shortly, guessing what was coming.

"You see," said Lorn, "every letter one writes, and every letter one receives here, is opened by the Governor,—so the warder told me. Now, I don't want to have my letter read, and to tell you the truth, Sarah, I don't know where to address it, for you told me the house was burnt down, so that Mr. Drakeford himself couldn't forward it, not being there."

"Well!" said Smudge.

"I wanted to ask you, then, to take charge of it, if you'd be so good."

"Who's it for?" asked Smudge, though she knew very well.

"Miss Esther," replied Lorn, in a hesitating voice.

"I don't know where she is!" said Smudge, coldly.

"But you can soon find out, Sarah. Dr. Snowballe is sure to know; he lives in Finsbury-circus; you will easily find him."

Smudge was silent for some moments. There was a strong feeling at work in her bosom, but she struggled resolutely against it, and the demon of jealousy was vanquished.

"Give me the letter," she said. "It shall go, if it's ever so!"

"Thank you! thank you! my dear Sarah," said Lorn, speaking for the first time in a cheerful manner. "How can I ever repay you! I'll fetch the letter."

He went back to where he had been sitting, and took it from between the leaves of his Bible. Smudge followed him with swimming eyes.

"He'd no need to talk of paying," she murmured. "Money wouldn't buy what I'm a going to do. He shan't see me cry, tho'!"

And she dashed away the tears as she spoke.

Lorn returned with the letter, which Smudge slipped into her bosom, with a sharper pang than when Cleopatra applied the asp.

"Good-by, then!" she said. "You'll see me in court to-morrow!"

"Good-by, dear Sarah!"

She turned, and moved slowly away, pausing for an instant to listen, for she thought she heard Lorn singing. She pressed her hand tightly on her breast, and without once raising her head, passed out of the House of Detention. When no witnesses were near, beneath the prison wall, her woman's nature claimed its due.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### A DELICATE MISSION.

ONE feminine passion exhausted, another was awakened in Smudge's bosom. She had shed tears at finding that Lorn evidently loved some one better than herself; now she was moved by jealous curiosity to satisfy herself still further of the nature of his feelings.

But her first impulse was to tear the letter of which she was the bearer into a thousand pieces. That wish, overcome by the recollection of her promise, her desire was to learn its contents.

She stopped, took out the letter, and read the superscription.

"Miss Esther."

She breathed on the adhesive fastening of the envelope, and her thumb was on its edge, about to raise it, when she paused.

"He said once it was bad and mean to open other people's letters. I ain't that, I know, and I won't be! No! I'll be as good as my word. But it's hard to have to carry pison about one for the sake of them as one hates the very name of. I should like to know what he says to her! I wonder if he calls her 'dear!' Most likely. And says she's beautiful, and all that. I never saw much beauty in her. Red hair ain't lovely, any how!"

Smudge—Smudge! You know her hair is not red. If you tell truth, you can't deny her beauty. But you're jealous, and you won't!

"Well, 'twouldn't do me no good to read it! I wish he'd write *me* a letter! I'd never leave off reading of that as long as I'd eyes to see with! But, this thing! There! Go along with you—not where you was afore, but into my pocket—that place is quite good enough for such as you! Only it was him wrote it."

This thought checked her first intention, and she put it gently and carefully away.

"Now, then," she said, "I must go and find out this here Doctor!"

Across Smithfield, through Jewin-street, along Fore-street, Smudge pursued her way, and came at last to Finsbury-circus. Like most people in a quarter unknown to them, she began at the wrong end. The house you want, especially if you're in a hurry, is always on the other side, and at the farthest extremity.

As Smudge did not know the number, she had to trust to the door-plates. There were plenty of them, denoting medical and other professions, together with the names of Greek and Hebrew firms, that put her powers of spelling to the test. At last her search was rewarded by the discovery of "Dr. Snowballe, M.D."—his doctorial capacity thus made double sure. When your right to a title is contested, nobody can blame you if you try to make the most of it.

Ringing the "patients' bell," the door was opened by a footman in the kind of livery worn by those stage-servants who come before the curtain to pick up the heroine's dagger or her pocket-handkerchief—that is to say, in a costume very fine and very much faded—who, calling her "Miss," told Smudge that "the Doctor" would presently be disengaged, and showed her into the front room.

The apartment was large, and, though not very magnificently furnished, greatly impressed poor Smudge, chiefly by means of a colossal plaster bust of Dr. Hahnemann, which towered above the sideboard, and of a number of books ranged in formal order around a large dining-table. These latter products of the brain were not so formidable as Smudge supposed, being mostly railway literature, placed there with the design of cheering up the drooping spirits of depressed patients, or perhaps of illustrating the principle that mind and body ought to suffer together; but as she did not venture to go near them, or stir from the spot on which

she stood when the footman shut her in, they passed for works of high philosophy or the abstrusest science.

After waiting about five minutes, Smudge heard voices in the next room, and then a door was shut, as if somebody had gone out—the delusion of being oppressed by multitudes being one extensively practised in “The Circus”—and then one of the folds of the dining-room door was thrown open, and the Doctor stood in the midst, with “I beg you a thousand pardons for having kept you waiting; but really——” meaning to imply that he was quite overwhelmed by his tremendous practice. Obeying the invitation to walk inside, Smudge followed the Doctor into his consulting-room, and was requested to take a seat.

But sitting down was not much in Smudge’s line, except in her own kitchen; and perceiving that the Doctor did not recognise her in her smart bonnet and mantle, she proceeded to explain.

“Please, sir,” she said, “I’m Sarah, as was at Mrs. Drakeford’s.”

“God bless me! so it is!” exclaimed the Doctor. “Something wrong with the nervous system—eh? Come to try the elixir?”

“I don’t want no doctor’s stuff,” replied Smudge. “I never takes no lixers, nor pills, nor nothink of the sort.”

“Wrong of you. Sure to do you good. Prolong life. Acts upon the vital principle. All diseases spring from the inadequate circulation of the sanguineous fluid. Nothing like the Nervo-Arterial Elixir!”

“I don’t mean to say it ain’t, sir,” said Smudge; “but I’ve no diseases as I knows of. Never had nothink wuss than the stummock-ache, and that was after eating green goos-gogs in summer-time.”

“No better thing in the world than the clixir for expelling the impurities caused by fruit in an immature condition. However, you’re not ill, you say?”

“No, sir; thank goodness!”

“What do you want with me, then?”

“I wished to arst you, sir, if you could send a letter for me to—to—Miss—Esther?”

The last words fell slowly from Smudge’s lips, as if forced out of her.

“Miss Esther—eh? Lord bless me!—ah! What a thing that fire was! Now I come to remcber, you were in it. Saved by Drakeford.”

“No, sir; nothink of the sort. It was the fire-escape as took me off of the tiles betwixt the chimbleys, and kerried me down the top ladder in his arms, and shoved me into the netting, which it sliddered me into the street. If it hadn’t been for him I should have been burnt to a cinder, or broke my precious neck!”

“Oh! the fire-escape, was it? Well! a good job you got down. Must have shaken your nerves, though! A bottle of the elixir would do you good. Charge you nothing for it.”

“Thank’ee, sir; but a cup of hot tea soon set me to rights again. I hadn’t even so much as a scorch!”

“Glad of it. Fire acts with desperate rapidity on the nervous system. Dries up all the sanguineous fluids. Horrid thing! Poor Mrs. Drakeford writes to me to tell her all about it. Only got her letter this morning. Glad you’ve come. Now I can let her know.”

“Does *she* want to know how the ’ouse was set a-fire, sir?” asked Smudge, with an incredulous smile.

“To be sure she does,” replied the Doctor. “Terrible blow to her!”

"Oh! I didn't think as how it *would* have been a blow," returned Smudge; "but there's no saying. Howsoever, I'll tell you what 'appened to me."

Thereupon she narrated all the circumstances of her fright and escape, speaking her mind, respecting Mr. Drakeford, with a freedom that quite startled the Doctor.

"Hush! hush! my dear!" he said. "You mustn't say those things."

"Well, I can't 'elp it," replied Smudge. "I has my feelings, the same as others. It's a crool thing to go and jipperdy a poor gal's life in that way!"

The Doctor thought it time to turn the subject. He had begun to entertain some doubts of his friend's honesty, but, in spite of the article in which he dealt, his own nerves were weak, and he was afraid of hearing too much, lest, somehow, the knowledge should get him into trouble.

"And so you've a letter for Miss Esther," he said. "Well, give it me! I'll send it under cover to Mrs. Drakeford. Bless *me!* What a good hand you write. Is this your writing?"

Smudge coloured to the eyes. She had not been told to keep Lorn's secret, and might have betrayed it without any treachery, but her instinct told her it would have been a betrayal, and, perhaps, injurious to Lorn, so she made it appear that the business was her own.

"I got a person as I knows, sir, to do it for me."

"Oh, you needn't blush. You're not the only one that don't write your own letters. If this was addressed to some young man, now, I should suspect a love-letter."

Poor Smudge's confusion became extreme, and her outspoken nature, mingling with a bitter feeling, almost prompted her to say it was one; but she held her peace, though with a swelling heart, and the Doctor, pleased at his own wondrous perspicacity, merely laughed, without pursuing the subject further.

"Where are you living now?" he inquired.

Smudge told him.

"You expect an answer, most likely?"

Smudge didn't know how that might be; but if the Doctor was going to write to Mrs. Drakeford, perhaps he wouldn't mind mentioning a trifle of wages that was coming to her.

"To be sure I will," said the good-natured Doctor; "and, stay—you must have been sadly hurt about losing all your things: this will help you to get some of them back again!"

Saying which, he put a sovereign into Smudge's hand. She would fain have refused it, but the Doctor was peremptory. If he made money by a process which many might think irregular or of doubtful morality, he had a kind, generous heart, and gave as freely as he received; so let the legitimacy of his gains remain a question for the medical faculty.

Smudge thanked him sincerely for his kindness, but still delayed taking leave, as if she had something more to speak about, but did not know how to say it. At last she took courage.

"I beg parding, sir," she said, "but if not making too free, which I wouldn't do it at no time with a good kind gent like you, and not on no consideration if not obligated, might I mention of the name of Loriott—the young man, sir, which he acted as sectary at Mr. Drakeford's?"

"Certainly! What of him?" replied the Doctor, who, never reading anything in the papers but his own advertisement, knew nothing of what had happened to Lorn.

"He's been took up, sir!" said Smudge, with a gulp—to keep down the never-failing *globus hystericus*—as the Doctor would have called the emotion which always accompanied her recital of Lorn's misfortunes.

"What for?" asked the Doctor.

"He was put on, sir, without knowing of it, to take a paper to the Finsb'ry and S'uthark Bank, which the name to it wasn't the right one, and they give him in charge."

"I see," said the Doctor, gravely—"an attempted forgery."

"That's what they calls it, sir," returned Smudge, "but I'm sure he didn't do it of his own 'edd!"

"At whose instigation, then? Who employed him? He had fallen into bad hands, I suppose!"

"Him as took and went and set him on to do it—him as would do anything as is bad—him as wouldn't stop at 'ousebreaking, or purgery, or wuss—him as is the greatest willing unhung—that muck of a Count it was!"

"Count! What Count? You surely don't mean——"

"I knows what you're going to say, but I do, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Drakeford's Count——Mr. Charles, or whatsomdever else he calls himself!"

The Doctor was thunderstruck. Smudge had already shaken his faith in Mr. Drakeford, and now came this terrible accusation against Mr. Drakeford's bosom friend. He remembered, too, his own losses at cards, and who had been the invariable winners. But though a timid man, he was not one who readily imbibed suspicion.

"What makes you say this?" he asked.

"I read it all in the newspaper, sir—all printed in the *Clarkingwell Gazette*. There ain't no mistake about it! It's gosple every word!"

Further inquiry elicited full particulars, and made the Doctor very reflective.

"If it really turns out as you say," he remarked, "I may perhaps be of some use to the young man. I liked what I saw of him. He seemed of a good disposition."

"He's as good as gold, sir!" exclaimed Smudge, "and never done a bit of 'arm to any one in all his life!"

"Had you known him long, then?" asked the Doctor.

Smudge was obliged to confess that her acquaintance with Lorn had originated at Mr. Drakeford's.

"Well!" said the Doctor, "I'll do what I can. I keep my account at the Finsbury and Southwark Bank, and know something of the manager. At all events, he will not press too heavily on the young man, but see that justice is done."

"That's all that's arsted for," said Smudge, confidently. "He'll come out of the brazing fry furnish like Dannell in the lying's den!"

With this apt illustration of her scriptural knowledge, Smudge curtsied to the Doctor, who shook hands with her as she took leave, greatly rejoiced at having raised up a friend for her darling Lorn. So full of hope was she on his account that she quite forgot—for the time—the original object of her errand to Finsbury-circus.



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