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FOR GENERAL READING.

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PREFACE.

On submitting to the Subscribers the Ninth Volume of a Magazine over which he was suddenly and unexpectedly called upon to preside, and which, under the able management of his talented predecessor, had attained to a firm standing in our periodical literature, the present Editor might well feel some degree of uneasiness, lest what had been so auspiciously begun, should, under a different management, lose somewhat of its hold upon the goodwill of its supporters. If, however, the circulation of the Magazine is at all to be taken as a test, such apprehensions are happily unfounded. Indeed, it will be evident that no organic changes have been made in the conduct of Sharpe at all calculated to give alarm as to the stability of those general principles upon which it was originally founded, and by the advocacy of which alone it can continue to stand firm.

It will be seen that our old-established favourites are, almost without an exception, still with us, while our pages have been from time to time enriched by new and talented contributors. Concerning the introduction of topics such as "Penal Economy," "Juvenile Depravity," &c., there will of course be different opinions among our numerous subscribers. To many, we cannot doubt, such inquiries, in times like these, will be peculiarly acceptable, while to others they may prove importuuate. But as it must be evident to all alike that no party or political prejudice is subserved by their introduction, that the sole object is to throw light upon whatever may ameliorate society, to interest all in the good work of social progress, it is confidently hoped that in the main they can only serve to render our Journal more valuable and acceptable. To those who differ from this opinion we would however remark, that it was never intended that such subjects should form a prominent feature, or intrench too far upon that instructive and amusing variety, which, with the infusion of a high moral and religious tone, has justly obtained for Sharpe's London Magazine its high and honourable position.

London, 1849.

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SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL.

BRITTANY, NEAR DOL.

We have selected this subject, chiefly as an admirable specimen of the works of the academician, Stanfield.

A ruinous old windmill on a rising ground, a level expanse of coast, with here and there some bolder eminence to relieve its flatness, a bridge, a spire, and a glimpse of the distant Atlantic;—such are the simple objects from which this admirable artist has wrought out the composition before us. It is redolent of the breadth and lustre of open daylight, and the fresh movement of a breezy seaside sky is very finely conveyed. The still, hazy grey of the background is full of feeling, and the handling of the old mill and the few and simple objects in the foreground is absolutely magical. It is a perfect gem of its kind, and shows how art can transmute to gold materials the most ordinary and even unpromising.

Within the scope of the landscape are the towns of Dol and St. Malo. There is little to notice in the former place save its large Gothic cathedral. Conspicuous in the view is the conical hill called Mount Dol,—a place invested with all the superstition peculiar to this secluded, old-world corner of Brittany, the Cornwall of France. It was visited, like St Michael's in Cornwall and St. Michael's in Normandy, by the "First Knight," and, as the monks of Mount Sinai show the footprints of Mahomet's camel in the rock, so do the Dolais point out that of their renowned saint. St. Malo is a place of considerable importance. Its cod-fishery is extensive, and it is said that the cod prepared by the Malouins has an acknowledged superiority over that prepared in England. It is memorable as the port from which Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Newfoundland and Canada, sailed upon his different expeditions, and the establishment of this fishery was one of the earliest advantages reaped by this bold adventurer. Those days of early enterprise were the great days of St Malo; and the chronicles of Haylukt and Purchas are full of the picturesque details of those romantic expeditions. Besides this staple fishery, the Malouins have others of whale, mackerels, and oysters, in the great road of Cancale, off the town. Every Parisian epicure has dined at the "*Rocher de Cancale.*"

When these profitable occupations are cut off by war, the Malouins, who have always been enterprising merchants and bold and hardy sailors, turn their trading vessels into armed cruisers, and indemnify themselves by the practice of privateering. As privateers, they have always been distinguished for their peculiar daring and success; and, proud of their traditional prowess, when hailed at sea, were never accustomed to reply, "We are French," but only—"*We are Malouin.*" They have always defended themselves vigorously against the English, who have often bombarded the town, but have sustained more than one repulse. In 1758 they made two descents; but the troops were compelled to re-embark, after a loss of three thousand men and seven hundred prisoners,—the Malouins losing but four hundred men, killed and wounded.

Such are the people of St. Malo,—stern, hardy, and nursed in the spirit of emprise by calamity and persecution. Originally driven from the land by the incursions of the Normans, they took refuge among their sea-beat rocks, where they grew up strong and self-dependent, and, like the Venetians, became known for their wide-spread commerce and their adventurous merchants and travellers. There is something in the aspect of the place which strikingly harmonizes with the moral characteristics of its population. It is coldly and sternly picturesque, and almost isolated—built upon a rock projecting into the sea, and connected with the mainland by a causeway. The island is sheltered by some dark-coloured rocks, which render the fortifications on this side inaccessible to the enemy. The strong castle and bristling towers which defend the walls are grand and striking in effect. The whole place looks like the cradle of a bold and independent race of seamen, whose isolation from the world maintains their energetic qualities and their ancient superstitions alike untouched by modern influences. For, as Leitch Ritchie observes in his Travelling Sketches on the Sea-coasts of France, "a thousand odd superstitions still prevail among the Bas Bretons. When a sick man is about to die, a funeral car is sure to be seen approaching the house, covered with a white cloth, and driven by skeletons; or if the *cortège* is not seen, the wheels, at least, are heard, and the terrified listeners hide their faces in their hands till the unearthly show has passed. Certain dwarfs, one foot high, are supposed to inhabit the earth under the Chateau Morlaix, for the purpose of guarding the treasures it contains." The same ideas are still current on the opposite coast, in those parts of Wales which are the seat of old traditions. There, too, we find the enchanted cave of Merlin, and the spell-bound treasures concealed among the rocks. Doubtless all these superstitions took their rise from some common origin.

St. Malo has given birth to several distinguished characters, among whom the late René de Chateau-

briand, the author of "Atala" and the "Genie de Christianisme," is the best known to fame. His memoirs have been recently published, and are full of stirring interest: we counsel all our readers to peruse them. Chateaubriand was at Paris in 1789; he was present at the taking of the Bastile. With the revolutionary fervour that carried away so many youthful minds, he hoisted the tri-coloured cockade; but the sight of the bloody heads of Foulon and Berthier, borne past his window by the infuriated populace, somewhat changed his political dispositions. He determined on leaving for a while his native land, and embarked at St. Malo for America, where he fell in with Washington. He afterwards became a royalist. Our space will not allow us to trace his further career, the outlines of which are besides pretty generally known, and of which the details are minutely recorded in his Autobiography. He was buried, with every mark of honour from his townsmen, in a romantic spot near the place of his nativity, overlooking the wide expanse of ocean,—a resting-place for his remains which he had himself selected, with something of that romantic feeling which runs through "Atala" and the rest of his productions.

AN HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE TO ST. GERMAINS EN LAYE,

AND A PEEP INTO A FRENCH PRISON.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE gratifying interest with which my simple details of Two Hours in a Prison have been received, not only by those true philanthropists who labour in the high vocation of Christian civilization, but by the public in general, inclines me to hope that my reminiscences of the only penal institution I had the opportunity of visiting during a brief sojourn in France may be equally acceptable. The institution to which I allude was the military penitentiary at St. Germains en Laye, an establishment guarded with jealous care from the curiosity of strangers by the late government of France. Now, although curiosity be regarded as one of the peculiar attributes of my sex, I can honestly declare that I had not the slightest wish to see anything connected with a department which I scarcely imagined could be of a nature to interest ladies. My motives in desiring to obtain admittance within the walls of that now desecrated abode of royalty, the chateau of St. Germains, were simply for the purposes of historical research. I was engaged in writing the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, the consort of James II., and it was necessary to acquaint myself not only with the rich collection of inedited Stuart papers in the secret archives of France, but with the localities of the royal asylum, where she spent the last thirty years of her existence, in order to perform the duty of a faithful biographer by giving the reader clear views both of the events by which those years were marked, and the scenes where they occurred. It was for this purpose, and to collect materials for the French portion of the life of Mary Queen of Scots, that my sister and myself undertook our historical pilgrimage to St. Germains, in the spring of 1844.

We embarked at Southampton with our maid in the Lady Saumarez steam-boat, on a lovely April evening, a full moon flinging a long line of radiance over the waters of the picturesque bay as we left the shore. At nine the next morning, when we came on deck, we saw the bold cliffs of Normandy stretched like a wall before us. At eleven, we arrived at the quay of Havre de Grace, and set foot for the first time on foreign land, three errant damsels, each encumbered with thrice the quantum of baggage expedient to bring to a country where the fashions and manufactures of our own are held in little esteem. I wish some of the free-trade orators could have witnessed the irrepressible indications of this national feeling betrayed by the douaniers, themselves, whose business it is to attach an exaggerated value to every article of foreign produce, during that painfully interesting process to lady travellers, the scrutiny of trunks and bandboxes. What a rich commentary on the good to be anticipated from that measure it was to watch the telegraphic shrugs and signs with which they silently communicated their disapprobation of the materials of every dress and shawl they drew forth and unfolded! But when the unpacker opened the box containing our neat new straw cottage-bonnets, trimmed with white satin ribbons, he could not refrain from holding them up to general observation with the sarcastic exclamation, "*Voila deux chapeaux de Londres!*" Whereupon every Frenchman present directed a critical glance towards the luckless bonnets, elevated his shoulders and eye-brows, and with difficulty repressed the utterance of the contemptuous interjection "Bah!"

This scornful review of our miscellaneous articles was, however, followed by certain seizures, for the sake of extorting the penalties to which inexperienced lady travellers become liable. The worst of the matter was, they detained us and our luggage, in their inodorous town of Havre till the next morning, before they would let us know the amount of the damage. In consequence of this annoying delay, we were compelled to make our voyage up the Seine to Rouen on the Good Friday morning, April 5th. It was a day of alternate sunshine and showers, with occasional snow-storms and pelting of hail; but the intense interest with which we regarded the scenery along the banks of the Seine induced me to keep the deck.

A courteous old antiquarian Abbé proved a useful and intelligent *compagnon du voyage*, by telling us the names of the ruined castles, monasteries, and picturesque Norman villages as we proceeded. When we approached Rouen, he pointed with no slight feeling of national pride to the stately towers of Nôtre Dame and St. Ouen, and appeared to enjoy our admiration as our vessel glided majestically towards the

quay, and the antique town, with its venerable spires, beautiful bridges, picturesque hills, and trees, interspersed with shipping, rose before us and about us, as it were; for we appeared as if suddenly placed in the foreground of a grand architectural and maritime panorama.

We entered Rouen in the style of conquerors, the Havre band, which had accompanied us, playing "Rule Britannia" on their cracked fiddles and squeaking fifes, in the hope of obtaining a liberal largess from the English passengers by this appeal to our national pride. It was richly worth a franc to make our entrance into the old Norman capital, which legally owed obedience to the royal representative of the race of Rollo, (our queen,) to such a melody; although, truth to tell, it scarcely sounded like the same air as when played by English musicians, who, feeling the inspiration of every note, always play *con amore.* Our sly *messieurs* of the Havre *corps musicale* performed "Rule Britannia" to flatter British passengers for the lucre of gain, and played it, like the sorry fellows they were, very vilely.

The details of our perambulations among the historical antiquities of Rouen would exceed my present limits. Suffice it to say that we proceeded by railroad to Paris the following afternoon, and after resting two nights there we started for St. Germains by the eleven o'clock train on the Easter Monday, and in due time arrived at the terminus at Chatou about a mile and a half from the town, the railroad not extending any farther at that time.

On leaving the railroad carriage we said we would proceed to St. Germains in a *petite voiture,* or fly. No sooner had we signified our intention than a sturdy old peasant, in a blouse, flat leathern cap, and jack-boots, seized our carpet-bags, and exclaiming, "*Allons, mesdames Anglaises,*" trotted off with them at a round pace. We followed as quickly as we could, supposing he was leading the way to the stand of carriages. Instead of this, he conducted us to a villanous vehicle of his own, called a *cuckoo,* a sort of covered car, of the rudest construction, with two benches, one behind the other, with old leathern cushions. Having, in spite of all remonstrances from our maid, stowed our luggage under the back seat, he invited us to enter his "*joli cuckoo,*" with many laudations of its comforts and superior accommodations. It was to no purpose that we assured him that we never travelled in "a cuckoo," and demanded the *sacs de nuit.* He positively refused to resign them—protested that the *dames Anglaises* always preferred his carriage to any other, and that if we would not go in it ourselves, he was determined to have the honour of conveying our baggage.

"Whatever you do, never lose sight of the baggage in a foreign land," was the advice a veteran general gave me on a similar occasion. Having already had cause to remember in our journey from Rouen to Paris this prudential caution, we yielded to the force of circumstances, which had decreed that we should cross the Seine and ascend the lofty hill of St. Germains in this outlandish equipage, drawn by a shaggy cart mare, with wooden harness and rope reins. Strangers and pilgrims as we were in the land, what did it matter?

My sister and I ensconced ourselves in the back seat; our English maid occupied that by the side of the driver, whose square face and broad head gave him a droll likeness to the portraits of our Henry VIII. As soon as we had taken our places, he expressed his glee at having carried his point, by snapping his fingers, cracking his whip, and repeating to himself, "*Bon, bon, bon, bon, tres bon!*"

"If his *bon bons* are no better than this fine French shandy, they are not worth talking so much about," was the aside comment of our maid Harriet.

An energetic stamp on the foot-board of the cuckoo, a gruff shout, and a second crack of the whip, stimulated the mettle of the mare to action; she responded with a loud neigh, and off we set, at a sort of scrambling gallop, which made boards crack and irons rattle. We brought up the rear of a procession consisting of four rattle-trap flies, yellow, blue, and green; a tandem as ancient as the days of the Empire, tottering under the weight of Parisian cockneys, going to ruralize in the forest of St. Germains; two omnibuses, crowded with a motley freight of *soubrettes* and shopmen in *fête* attire; Norman *bonnes,* with caps half a mile high; and peasant women, with coloured cotton handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, carrying baskets of live chickens and pigeons for sale. A third omnibus, filled with grinning men in blouses, in a state of perfect enjoyment, having a band of music on the top playing popular airs, and by general consent, took the lead of all the others, and was loudly cheered as it passed. *Monsieur le conducteur* himself was playing on the fiddle, as he stood on the step with his back to the door, to the delight of all beholders. Four open carts, loaded with the far-famed giant pigs of Poissy, followed by a herd of about forty more, as tall as donkies, and of the colour of dirty flannel, brought up the rear, running every way but the right, grunting and squeaking, in clamorous discord, an unwelcome vocal accompaniment to the instrumental concert on the top of the omnibus.

The whole thing was as rich and characteristic of a French *fête* day as could well be, while the air was so fresh and exhilarating, the heavens so bright and blue, that not to enjoy the adventure was impossible.

Louise de Coligni, who was destined to become the bride of a Prince of Orange, made her first appearance in the city of Amsterdam as a lonely fugitive in a butcher's cart, sitting on a rough plank, that had been thrown across it for her accommodation. Why, then, should we have been annoyed at entering the dear old jacobite town of St. Germains en Laye in a cuckoo on a fine Easter Monday, when every kind of conveyance was in requisition? Many gaily

dressed demoiselles were compelled to carry their own *sacs de nuit*, and walk on foot behind the pigs of Poissy, covered with dust. Just as I had made up my mind that a cuckoo was not to be despised on such an occasion, we reached the barrier, when out darted *Monsieur de l'Octroi*, like a spider from his web upon an unwary fly, and, putting his foot on the shaft of our conveyance, demanded in a fierce voice if we had any thing to declare?

Startled into forgetfulness of the troublesome customs of France, we treated him as if he had been a douanier who was desirous of penetrating into the mysteries of our carpet bags, and presented them and our keys. Never was any surrender more uncourteously received, for it was self-evident that they contained none of the articles that were subject to the municipal excise. A vituperative colloquy, interlarded with much French swearing, took place between him and our driver, who was, as we afterwards learned, a notorious carrier of contraband goods, such as bottles of *eau de vie*, legs of mutton, &c. &c., which, when stowed among the straw behind the back seat, occasionally passed *undeclared*, under the shelter of such lady passengers as he could induce to enter his cuckoo. I know not how it happened that the choleric functionary did not insist on turning us all out and searching the conveyance, for when we opened our bags he cried "Peste!" with a ferocious look. At last, recollecting ourselves, we assured him "we had nothing to declare," and he permitted us to proceed.

We took up our quarters, as more than one person of our name and blood had done before us, at the old jacobite hotel, "Le Prince de Galles," under the auspices of the veritable portraiture of the disinherited heir of England, the Chevalier de St. George, representing him, as I have already described in my Life of the Queen his mother, on the one side the sign as a lovely smiling child of seven or eight years old, on the other as a tall, slender youth of thirteen, with the melancholy expression of a true Stuart, so unluckily exaggerated by the artist as to make him a knight of the doleful countenance in good earnest.

We next proceeded to call on our English friends in the Parterre, which is a terrace of pretty summer residences, built within the precincts of the palace garden, separated from the town by lofty iron palisades and gates guarded by sentinels, which are always locked at eleven o'clock at night. The Parterre, though it can no longer boast of the fountains, statues, and obelisks with which it was elaborately adorned in the days of the Valois and Bourbon sovereigns of France, and those of the later tenants of the palace, our own royal Stuarts, retains features of picturesque and romantic interest. The long-drawn allies, embowered with beech and privet—the stately arcades of horse-chesnuts, which mingle with the forest glades—close shaven slopes, and lawns of velvet turf—and the noble terrace which overhangs the valley of the Seine, and commands a view of Paris and the opposite heights of Montmartre in the distance. Fancy still peoples these scenes with the mournful shadows of fallen greatness—our luckless second James, his faithful consort, and their children, attended and surrounded by the noble exiles who had sacrificed all worldly and selfish considerations to share their evil fortunes.

We were at first assured that it was impossible for any person, under the present arrangements, to obtain admittance within the gates of the chateau. Fortunately, we had an influential friend among the English residents, who, on explaining that our object was only to see the apartments occupied by the king and queen of England, obtained from the governor an order of admission for me and my party the following afternoon.

We crossed the bridge over the fosse, where, instead of water, there are now gardens, which form a green and flowery garland round the basement of the castle. We entered at the most ancient part of the edifice, a long, dark, gloomy cloister, through which we were conducted into the central court. Here we were received with great respect by the Commandant, who deputed one of the officers of his staff to show us the apartments of *Jacques Deux le Roi, et la Reine d'Angleterre*, and told him to pay us proper attention, and to explain everything as fully as he could.

Although the recent arrangements of Louis Philippe had done more to sweep away royal antiquities and associations than the lapse of ages and the storms of two revolutions, there is something favourable to the cause of legitimacy in the very atmosphere of St. Germains, where the crushed lily of the expatriated Bourbons, and the white rose of Stuart, are still fondly cherished from feelings of poetic sentiment. I found the names of James and his queen indeed familiar as household words, and, as the biographer of the latter, came in for a reflected portion of the reverence with which their memories are regarded in their former house of refuge.

Our friends took advantage of this feeling to ask leave to bring two ladies of rank,—descendants of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnell,—on the following Sunday, to view the suite of apartments occupied by the exiled Stuarts. The desired permission being accorded, I accompanied the party to the chateau, in order to imbue my memory more thoroughly with the *locale* of these apartments.

The Commandant received us as before, but instead of deputing one of his officers to act as our *cicerone*, he offered his arm to me with a profound bow, and said he would have the honour of showing me the penitentiary before we proceeded to the apartments of *le Roi d'Angleterre*.

On crossing the inner court of the prison, I observed a selection of Scripture texts painted in large characters on the walls, each containing a proclamation of God's gracious offers of pardon and peace to repentant sinners. The first on which my eye rested was the 27th verse of the 18th chapter of Ezekiel:—

"*Quand le méchant homme, &c.*"—according to our own familiar, but not more literal version, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." The next, those persuasive words from Isaiah, "Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow: though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Those, and several other sentences from Holy Writ, of similar import, how touching did they appear, how much more impressive in their sublime simplicity and comprehensive brevity than the eloquence of the pulpit, where human vanity so often betrays preachers into the fallacy of diluting strength with weakness, and wearying their hearers by amplifying a short story into a long one! Men, whose ears wax dull during a sermon, have felt the rock riven, the hard heart melting within them, and the stubborn will subdued by a single sentence from Holy Writ brought home to their own case. To those who, through gross ignorance or the perversions of evil training, have fallen into notorious and grievous sins, imprisonment in penal institutions where reformation rather than vengeance is the end of punishment, becomes a means of opening, through a course of Christian instruction, the seals of the book of life.

It was satisfactory to observe the profound acquaintance with the constitution of the human heart indicated by the system adopted in this penitentiary—a system based on Christian philosophy, and conducted on the principles of Christian love, which teaches that the repentant sinner, who has given proofs of a sincere desire to lead a new life, is not to be severed from the social links of the human family, like an abominable branch, but to be regarded as a brand plucked from the burning—in fact, as a regenerate person, occupying a similar position to the Corinthian converts to whom St Paul, after recapitulating the revolting practices of those who, by obstinate continuance in their sins, were excluded from the hopes of heaven, addresses these solemn words, 1 Cor. vi. 11.—"And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

If penal prisoners could be led to hope that a Christian society would thus regard them, on a sincere amendment of life, our jails would be what well-regulated schools are to those equally pitiable victims of bad beginnings, spoiled children—places of salutary restraint, where bad habits are eradicated, not by punishment alone, but by a patient course of moral and religious instruction, and, above all, by encouragement in the path of duty.

> "To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
> Wrapped in his sins, against the storm prepared;
> But when the softer beams of mercy play,
> He melts, and casts the cumbrous cloak away."

Of all the plans that Christian philanthropy and legislative wisdom have yet devised for the reformation of penal prisoners, the Mark System, first successfully practised, and since earnestly recommended, by Captain Machonochie, R. N., late Lieutenant-Governor of Norfolk Island, appears the most rational and hopeful. "Reform," says that gentleman, "is a highly worthy—a highly Christian object, to seek in our prisons, even as an end; but it is yet more interesting when regarded as a means. For good or evil, every discharged prisoner is an instrument by which to act on others; and, rightly regarded, it is a greater duty, a greater protection to society, to reform than to punish him." [1]

To proceed, however, in the details of the facts which fell under my observation in the institution of which I am now speaking. It was Sunday, and the hour of recreation between the seasons of public worship, and such of the prisoners as were, by perseverance in good conduct, entitled to indulgence, were in the exercising ground, occupying a sheltered space between the chateau and the outer wall, apparently in a state of great enjoyment. In one little nook, a group of seven or eight were basking in the sun, listening with pleased attention to another who was reading aloud to them. Others were sitting apart, reading to themselves; some were writing letters; one I observed had a palette on his thumb, and was standing before an easel, on which he had an oil painting in progress. One was playing on the flute, another copying music, some were carving little toys out of wood, or making fancy works of straw. Those who preferred active exercise were playing at skittles and quoits, and I was surprised to see a pair fencing with foils,—in short, every one was amusing himself according to his own tastes.

The national institutions of France and England are as different as the temperament of the people, and I am persuaded that the mingled recreations and occupations which I saw encouraged in a French penitentiary, would have an injurious effect in a country where they are opposed to the precepts of the church. I had no opportunity of seeing what books the prisoners were reading, or of speaking to any one; I merely looked down upon the scene as a privileged spectator from one of the tall windows in the grand state gallery of the palace. That gallery, once so richly gilded and decorated, which has been associated with the royal pageantry of the Valois and Bourbon sovereigns of France, what a change has come over it since it was paced by Mary of Scotland, in the morning flower of her maiden charms, successively witnessed the gay courts of the gallant Henry of Navarre, the *fêtes* of his magnificent grandson, Louis Quatorze, and the

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(1) It would greatly exceed the limits of this article to enter properly into the principles of the Mark System. I beg to refer the reader to Captain Machonochie's own deeply interesting tracts on Crime and Punishment, and his account of Norfolk Island, lately published by Hatchard, Piccadilly, wherein he enters into a clear explanation of the system, and triumphantly refutes the objections which ignorance and prejudice have endeavoured to raise against it.

melancholy attempts of our own hapless Stuarts to support the dignity of British royalty in exile and in poverty.

The dormitories of the prisoners are in this gallery; a long line of separate cells, each about seven feet square, containing a folding bedstead, with mattress, &c. and a wooden seat. They were clean, cheerful, and airy.

Over the door of each cell was written the name of the prisoner by whom it was occupied, and the period of incarceration to which he had been sentenced. I was told that both the rigour of the imprisonment and the length of its duration might be mitigated by good conduct. Observing that a sentence of confinement for twenty years was decreed to the tenants of two of these cells, I inquired what had been the offence for which so severe a penalty was inflicted.

The Commandant replied, "In both instances it was for murder. One case was that of a private soldier, who had stabbed his commanding officer, but under circumstances of such intolerable provocation, that, although he had been found guilty and condemned to die, it had been considered proper to commute his sentence into twenty years' imprisonment. The other criminal was a young soldier of the garrison of Toulon, who had, in a transport of jealous fury, murdered a girl to whom he had been engaged and on the point of marriage, when she forsook him for another. There had also been circumstances of an extenuating character in his case; for it was well known that he had been passionately attached to the girl, a heartless coquette, who had cruelly trifled with his happiness. Fortunately for him, it happened that the Princess de Joinville landed on the very morning appointed for the execution of his sentence, and the business being represented to her, she interceded for him with great earnestness, entreating that the day of her arrival in France might be marked by her becoming instrumental in preserving the life of a fellow creature. The petition of the illustrious and amiable young supplicant was granted, and the sentence of the condemned criminal was commuted into twenty years' imprisonment in the penitentiary of St. Germains." None of the prisoners were in their cells, except two, who were busily employed in drawing tableaux on the walls of those they occupied in black chalks. Several of the cells were thus adorned; some in coloured chalks, with pictures of battles; others with marine subjects, and fancy groups, executed in a bold free style.

The French have a fondness for artistical pursuits, and the national taste for decorating the interior of their domiciles extends to the humblest classes of society. Where this inclination prevails it indicates a natural affection for the sacred ties and blameless joys of home. The coarsely engraved prints or rude drawings, the beaupots, the little porcelain figures, the crosses, the hearts, the wreathes of *immortelles*, with which we see the rough walls of the one small apartment which contains the laborious artizan and his family are adorned, votive offerings to the Lares and Penates of that lowly but happy household, are they not pleasant things to look upon?

The experience of every cottage visitor in England will testify that a neat clean house seldom shelters vicious inmates. It is in the squalid haunts of dirt and sloth that crime abounds. The broken casements stuffed with filthy rags, the unwashed floor, the murky walls, the fragments of black tobacco pipes, the greasy pack of cards, garnishing the dusty chimney-piece, are not these unmistakeable indications of the abodes of the sluggard sottish husband, the cruel father, the hopeless, torpid, or it may be furious slattern, his wife, and their miserable brood, who find the kennel and the sewer places of agreeable recreation in comparison to the horrors of their home—a home which is, in sooth, a nursery for the jail.

It is from such scenes that the felon, the disturber of the public peace, and the murderer, emanate, not only in Paris, in London, and all great towns, but even in the rural districts, the by-ways as well as the highways of life.

The prisoners in the St. Germains Penitentiary were judiciously encouraged to employ their hours of relaxation in innocent or useful pursuits, such occupations being, generally speaking, of an improving and refining nature, calculated to divert the attention of erring and unhappy creatures from dwelling on subjects of guilty contemplation, either in retrospect or perspective.

Nothing can be more unfavourable to the reception of moral or religious impressions than the torpor of the mental and physical powers—the atrophy of the soul which is produced by despair,—the obtuse despair of the sullen, hopeless, and refractory criminal. No human creature, however guilty, ought to be deprived of hope, or treated as if beyond the pale of Christian charity, because such severity is contrary to the wisdom and goodness of our heavenly Father, who hath said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

The prisoners when at work were employed chiefly as sadlers, tailors, shoemakers, cap-makers, and hosiers. The grand hall of presence, or throne-room, was the principal *atelier* of the tailors and *bonnetiers*. It was not without regret that I saw this magnificent apartment devoted to such a purpose. The folding doors by which it had formerly communicated with the bedchamber once occupied by James II. and his queen, the lovely and unfortunate Mary Beatrice, have been walled up, so that we had to go round by a darksome labyrinth of mysterious staircases and passages, called "the queen's back-stairs," connected with what had been the apartments of the bedchamber women and maids of honour in waiting on "La Reine d'Angleterre."

M. le Commandant, who was perfectly familiar with the local traditions pertaining to the residence of the exiled Stuarts in the chateau, obliged me with some interesting information on the subject.

It seemed as if I had stepped back into the first year of the last century, when I identified the small

square window, in the sloping wall of the back stairs lobby, where little Mary Plowden, when in disgrace with her mamma, used to climb up, and interrupt the melancholy occupations of King James, as he sat in his closet below, by tapping and preferring her tearful petitions for him to send for her from her penitentiary, and thus succeeded in obtaining an honourable enfranchisement.[1]

Every chamber, hall, and corridor, had once its pretty tradition or historiette connected with the widowed queen and children of James, and their adherents, which one or two of the surviving relics of the old *regime* in St. Germains remember to have heard from the lips of the unfortunate Jacobite tenants of the royal chateau, stately widows, and ancient spinsters,

> "All of houses so noble, so stainless, so old,
> That one drop of their blood was worth ounces of gold;"

whose parents had been of the household of Queen Mary Beatrice, and having lost their possessions in England, Scotland, or Ireland, for their adherence to the cause of the white rose of Stuart, she had with her dying breath obtained for them the privilege of continuing to occupy her apartments in the palace till the restoration of her son to the throne of Great Britain; an event which, probable as the unpopular manners and conduct of George I. rendered it, was never to occur: so the noble British refugees remained undisturbed in this palatial shelter, for more than half a century after the death of their royal mistress, and kept the state apartments, and especially her bedchamber, in precisely the same state as if they had expected her return from Chaillot. All these fond memorials were swept away at the time of the first French revolution The paintings, the mirrors, the tapestry, have all been torn from the walls. Sofas, tabourets, fauteuils, draperies, and curtains have vanished, leaving everything bare and desolate; but still the alcove remains where the bed once stood—that alcove where the tender scene of the first meeting between the royal fugitives took place, after the perils of their separate escape from England, on which occasion the sailor-king astonished the ceremonious French courtiers and their sovereign, by clasping his consort to his bosom, and kissing her fondly before them all.

There, also, is the closet where Mary Beatrice, after she had been compelled by the priests to leave the bedside of her dying lord, came to keep her anxious vigils unseen, and listened with suspended breath to his laborious respiration. In the same alcove she herself died, in the thirtieth year of her exile, and the seventeenth of her sorrowful widowhood, after enduring the severest bodily sufferings. The windows of that chamber look towards the forest, and upon the arcades of chesnut trees in the parterre: those trees were in all the pride of their early May verdure, when the poor queen looked her last upon them.

A vaulted niche near the stairs, resembling a shrine, containing a small grey-and-white marble altar, was pointed out as the private oratory of the Queen of England; the Commandant bowed his head, crossed himself, and whispered a prayer, as we passed.

We visited the beautiful chapel royal of the kings and queens of France, where the unfortunate James of England was seized with apoplexy during the performance of the anthem, the first words[1] of which were too painfully applicable to his own case.

The mutations of time, the changes of public opinion, at the close of the last century involved the royal lily of Bourbon in a like ruin with that of the white rose of Stuart. The age of succession wars is over, but the memory of those historic flowers, and all their chivalric and romantic associations, will long continue to flourish at St. Germains en Laye, where Jacobite songs are sung with as much animation as if the royal exiles still kept court in the chateau and promenaded on the terrace on summer evenings, surrounded by that devoted little English world over which they reigned in the midst of the empire of France.

Those who are old-fashioned enough to cherish the now exploded notion, that kings are the vicegerents of the highest source from which human power can be derived, and that there can be no security for the sacred rights of liberty and private property, in the stormy passions and frequent changes which attend republican governments, the desolation of the ancient abodes of royalty to which recollections like those which linger round the chateau of St. Germains are attached cannot be contemplated without regret.

The fate of the Palais Royal and the Tuileries ought not to surprise those who thus, with selfish but purblind policy, have systematically laboured to efface the veneration of the people of France for everything connected with the chivalry of royalty. Verily, they have had their reward.

(1) See the life of Queen Mary Beatrice. Queens of England, vol. ix. pp. 333, 334.

(1) "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us. Consider, and behold our reproach; our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens."

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.

JOURNALL.

Forest Hill, Oxon. May 1st, 1643.

* * * SEVENTEENTH birth-daye. A gypsie woman at ye gate woulde faine have tolde my fortune; but mother chased her away, saying she had doubtlesse harboured in some of ye low houses in Oxford, and mighte bring us ye plague. Coulde have cried for vexation; she had promised to tell me ye colour of my husband's eyes; but mother says she believes I shall never have one, I am soe sillie. Father gave me a gold piece. Dear mother is chafed, methinks, touching this debt of five hundred pounds, which father says he knows not how to pay. Indeed, he sayd, overnighte, his whole personal estate amounts to but five hundred

pounds, his timber and wood to four hundred more, or thereabouts; and the tithes and messuages of Whateley are no great matter, being mortgaged for about as much moore, and he hath lent sights of money to them that won't pay, so 'tis hard to be thus prest. Poor father! 'twas good of him to give me this gold piece.

May 2nd.—Cousin Rose married to Master Roger Agnew. Present, father, mother, and brother of Rose. Father, mother, Dick, Bob, Harry, and I; Squire Paice and his daughter Audrey; an olde aunt of Master Roger's, and one of his cousins, a stiffe-backed man with large eares, and such a long nose! Cousin Rose looked bewtifulle—pitie so faire a girl s[d] marry so olde a man—'tis thoughte he wants not manie years of fifty.

7th.—New misfortunes in y[e] poultrie yarde. Poor mother's loyalty cannot stand y[e] demands for her best chickens, ducklings, &c., for y[e] use of his M[y]'s officers since the king hath beene in Oxford. She accuseth my father of having beene wonne over by a few faire speeches to be more of a royalist than his natural temper inclineth him to; which, of course, he will not admit.

8th.—Whole day taken up in a visit to Rose, now a week married, and growne quite matronlie already. We reached Sheepscote about an hour before noone. A long, broade, strait walke of green turf, planted with hollyoaks, sunflowers, etc., and some earlier flowers alreadie in bloom, led up to y[e] rusticall porch of a truly farm-like house, with low gable roofs, a long lattice window on either side y[e] doore, and three casements above. Such, and no more, is Rose's house! But she is happy, for she came running forthe, soe soone as she hearde Clover's feet, and helped me from my saddle all smiling, tho' she had not expected to see us. We had curds and creame; and she wished it were the time of strawberries, for she sayd they had large beds; and then my father and y[e] boys went forthe to looke for Master Agnew. Then Rose took me up to her chamber, singing as she went; and y[e] long, low room was sweet with flowers. Sayd I, "Rose, to be mistress of this pretty cottage, 'twere hardlie amisse to marry a man as olde as Master Roger." "Olde!" quoth she, "deare Moll, you must not deeme him olde; why, he is but forty-two; and am not I twenty-three?" She lookt soe earneste and hurte, that I coulde not but falle a laughing.

8th.—Mother gone to Sandford. She hopes to get uncle John to lend father this money. Father says she may *try*. 'Tis harde to discourage her with an ironicalle smile, when she is doing alle she can, and more than manie women woulde, to help father in his difficultie; but suche, she sayth somewhat bitterlie, is the lot of our sex. She bade father mind that she had brought him three thousand pounds, and askt what had come of them. Answered; helped to fille y[e] mouths of nine healthy children, and stop y[e] mouth of an easie husband; soe, with a kiss, made it up. I have y[e] keys, and am left mistresse of alle, to my greate contentment; but y[e] children clamour for sweetmeats, and father sayth, "remember, Moll, discretion is y[e] better part of valour."

After mother had left, went into y[e] paddock, to feed y[e] colts with bread; and while they were putting their noses into Robin's pockets, Dick brought out y[e] two ponies, and set me on one of them, and we had a mad scamper through y[e] meadows and down y[e] lanes; I leading. Just at y[e] turne of Holford's close, came shorte upon a gentleman walking under y[e] hedge, clad in a sober, genteel suit, and of most beautifulle countenance, with hair like a woman's, of a lovely pale brown, long and silky, falling over his shoulders. I nearlie went over him, for Clover's hard forehead knocked agaynst his chest; but he stoode it like a rock; and lookinge firste at me and then at Dick, he smiled and spoke to my brother, who seemed to know him, and turned about and walked by us, sometimes stroaking Clover's shaggy mane. I felte a little ashamed; for Dick had sett me on y[e] poney just as I was, my gown somewhat too shorte for riding. however, I drewe up my feet and let Clover nibble a little grasse, and then got rounde to y[e] neare side, our new companion stille between us. He offered me some wild flowers, and askt me theire names; and when I tolde them, he sayd I knew more than he did, though he accounted himselfe a prettie fayre botaniste: and we went on thus, talking of y[e] herbs and simples in y[e] hedges, and I sayd how prettie some of theire names were, and that methought, though Adam had named alle y[e] animals in Paradise, perhaps Eve had named alle y[e] flowers. He lookt earnestlie at me, on this, and muttered "prettie." Then Dick askt of him news from London, and he spoke, methought, reservedlie; ever and anon turning his bright, thoughtfulle eyes on me. At length, we parted at y[e] turn of y[e] lane.

I askt Dick who he was, and he told me he was one Mr. John Milton, y[e] party to whom father owed five hundred pounds. He was y[e] sonne of a Buckinghamshire gentleman, he added, well connected, and very scholarlike, but affected towards y[e] Parliament. His grandsire, a zealous papiste, formerly lived in Oxon, and disinherited y[e] father of this gentleman for abjuring y[e] Romish faith.

When I found how faire a gentleman was father's creditor, I became y[e] more interested in deare mother's successe.

May 13th.—Dick began to harpe on another ride to Sheepscote this morning, and persuaded father to let him have y[e] bay mare, soe he and I started at aboute ten o' the clock. Arrived at Master Agnew's doore, found it open, no one in parlour or studdy; soe Dick tooke y[e] horses rounde, and then we went straite thro' y[e] house, into y[e] garden behind, which is on a rising ground, with pleached alleys and turfen walks, and a peep of y[e] church through y[e] trees. A lad tolde us his

mistress was with the bees, soe we walked towards ye hives; and, from an arbour hard by, hearde a murmur, tho' not of bees, issuing. In this rusticall bowre, found Roger Agnew reading to Rose and to Mr. Milton. Thereupon ensued manie cheerfulle salutations, and Rose proposed returning to ye house, but Master Agnew sayd it was pleasanter in the bowre, where was room for alle; soe then Rose offered to take me to her chamber to lay aside my hoode, and promised to send a junkett into ye arbour; whereon Mr. Agnew smiled at Mr. Milton, and sayd somewhat of "neat-handed Phillis."

As we went alonge, I tolde Rose I had seene her guest once before, and thought him a comely, pleasant gentleman. She laught, and sayd, "Pleasant? why, he is one of ye greatest scholars of our time, and knows more languages than you or I ever hearde of." I made answer, "That may be, and yet might not ensure his being pleasant, but rather ye contrary, for I cannot reade Greeke and Latin, Rose, like you." Quoth Rose, "But you can reade English, and he hath writ some of ye loveliest English verses you ever hearde, and hath brought us a new composure this morning, which, Roger, being his olde college friend, was discussing with him, to my greate pleasure, when you came. After we have eaten ye junkett, he shall beginne it again" "By no means," said I, "for I love talking more than reading." However, it was not soe to be, for Rose woulde not be foyled; and as it woulde not have been good manners to decline ye hearinge in presence of ye poet, I was constrayned to suppresse a secret yawne and feign attention, though, truth to say, it soone wandered; and, during ye laste halfe hour, I sat in a compleat dreame, tho' not unpleasant one. Roger having made an end, 'twas diverting to heare him commending ye piece unto ye author, who as gravely accepted it; yet, with nothing fullesome about the one, or misproud about ye other. Indeed, there was a sedate sweetnesse in ye poet's wordes as well as lookes; and shortlie, waiving ye discussion of his owne composures, he beganne to talke of those of other men, as Shakspeare, Spenser, Cowley, Ben Jonson, and of Tasso, and Tasso's friend the Marquis of Villa, whome, it appeared, Mr. Milton had knowledge of in Italy. Then he askt me, woulde I not willingly have seene ye country of Romeo and Juliet, and prest to know whether I loved poetry; but finding me loath to tell, sayd he doubted not I preferred romances, and that he had read manie, and loved them dearly too. I sayd, I loved Shakspeare's plays better than Sidney's Arcadia; on which he cried "righte," and drew nearer to me, and woulde have talked at greater length; but, knowing from Rose how learned he was, I feared to shew him I was a sillie foole; soe, like a sillie foole, held my tongue.

Dinner; eggs, bacon, roast ribs of lamb, spinach, potatoes, savoury pie, a Brentford pudding, and cheesecakes. What a pretty housewife Rose is! Roger's plain hospitalitie and scholarlie discourse appeared to much advantage. He askt of news from Paris; and Mr. Milton spoke much of ye Swedish ambassadour, Dutch by birth; a man renowned for his learning, magnanimity, and misfortunes, of whome he had seene much. He told Rose and me how this Mister Van der Groote had beene unjustlie caste into prison by his countrymen; and how his good wife had shared his captivitie and had tried to get his sentence reversed; failing which, she contrived his escape in a big chest which she pretended to be full of heavie olde bookes. Mr. Milton concluded with the exclamation, "Indeede, there never was such a woman;" on which, deare Roger, whome I beginne to love, quoth, "Oh yes, there are manie such,—we have two at table now." Whereat, Mr. Milton smiled.

At leave-taking pressed Mr. Agnew and Rose to come and see us soone; and Dick askt Mr. Milton to see ye bowling greene.

Ride home, delightfulle.

14th.—Thought, when I woke this morning, I had been dreaminge of St. Paul let down ye wall in a basket; but founde, on more closely examining the matter, 'twas Grotius carried down ye ladder in a chest; and methought I was his wife, leaninge from ye window above, and crying to ye souldiers, "Have a care, have a care!" 'Tis certayn I shoulde have betraied him by an over-anxietie.

Resolved to give father a Sheepscote dinner, but Margery affirmed ye haunch woulde no longer keepe, so was forced to have it drest, though meaninge to have kept it for companie. Little Kate, who had been out alle ye morning, came in with her lap fulle of butter-burs, the which I was glad to see, as mother esteemes them a sovereign remedie 'gainst ye plague, which is like to be rife in Oxford this summer, the citie being so overcrowded on account of his My. While laying them out on ye stille-room floor, in bursts Robin to say Mr. Agnew and Mr. Milton were with father at ye bowling greene, and woulde dine here. Soe was glad Margery had put down ye haunch. 'Twas past one o' the clock, however, before it coulde be sett on table; and I had just run up to pin on my carnation knots, when I hearde them alle come in discoursing merrilie.

At dinner Mr. Milton askt Robin of his studdies; and I was in payne for ye deare boy, knowing him to be better affected to his out-doore recreations than to his booke; but he answered boldlie he was in Ovid, and I lookt in Mr. Milton's face to guesse was that goode scholarship or no; but he turned it towards my father, and sayd he was trying an experiment on two young nephews of his owne, whether ye reading those authors that treate of physical subjects mighte not advantage them more than ye poets; whereat my father jested with him, he being himselfe one of the fraternitie he seemed to despise. But he upheld his argumente so bravelie, that father listened in carneste silence. Meantime, the cloth being drawne, and I in feare of remaining over long, was avised to withdrawe myselfe earlie, Robin following, and begging me to goe downe to ye fish-ponds. Afterwards alle ye others joyned us, and we sate on ye steps till the sun went

down, when, the horses being broughte round, our guests tooke leave without returning to y[e] house. Father walked thoughtfullie home with me, leaning on my shoulder, and spake little.

15*th.*—After writing y[e] above last night, in my chamber, went to bed and had a most heavenlie dreame. Methoughte it was brighte, brighte moonlighte, and I was walking with Mr. Milton on a terrace,—not *our* terrace, but in some outlandish place; and it had flights and flights of green marble steps, descending, I cannot tell how farre, with stone figures and vases on everie one. We went downe and downe these steps, till we came to a faire piece of water, still in y[e] moonlighte; and then, methoughte, he woulde be taking leave, and sayd much aboute absence and sorrowe, as tho' we had knowne eache other some space; and alle that he sayd was delightfulle to heare. Of a suddain we hearde cries, as of distresse, in a wood that came quite down to y[e] water's edge, and Mr. Milton sayd, "Hearken!" and then, "There is some one being slaine in y[e] woode, I must goe to rescue him;" and soe, drewe his sword and ran off. Meanwhile, y[e] cries continued, but I did not seeme to mind them much; and, looking stedfastlie downe into y[e] cleare water, coulde see to an immeasurable depth, and beheld, oh, rare!—girls sitting on glistening rocks, far downe beneathe, combing and braiding their brighte hair, and talking and laughing, onlie I coulde not heare aboute what. And theire kirtles were like spun glass, and theire bracelets coral and pearl, and I thought it the fairest sight that eyes coulde see. But, alle at once, the cries in y[e] wood affrighted them, for they started, looked upwards and alle aboute, and began swimming thro' y[e] cleare water so fast, that it became troubled and thick, and I coulde see them noe more. Then I was aware that y[e] voices in the wood were of Dick and Harry, calling for *me;* and I soughte to answer, "Here!" but my tongue was heavie. Then I commenced running towards them, through ever so manie greene paths, in y[e] wood; but stille, we coulde never meet; and I began to see grinning faces, neither of man nor beaste, peeping at me through y[e] trees; and one and another of them called me by name, and in greate feare and paine I awoke!

* * * Strange things are dreames. Dear mother thinks much of them, and sayth they oft portend coming events. My father holdeth y[e] opinion that they are rather made up of what hath alreadie come to passe; but surelie naught like this dreame of mine hath in anie part befallen me hithertoe?

* * * What strange fable or masque were they reading that day at Sheepscote? I mind not.

20*th.*—Too much busied of late, to write, though much hath happened which I woulde fain remember. Dined at Shotover yesterday. Met mother, who is coming home in a day or two, but helde short speech with me aside concerning housewifery. The Agnews there, of course: alsoe Mr. Milton, whom we have seene continuallie, lately; and I know not how it shoulde be, but he seemeth to like me. Father affects him much, but mother loveth him not. She hath seene little of him: perhaps the less the better. Ralph Hewlett, as usuall, forward in his rough endeavours to please; but, though no scholar, I have yet sense enough to prefer Mr. Milton's discourse to his. * * * * I wish I were fonder of studdy; but, since it cannot be, what need to vex? Some are born of one mind, some of another. Rose was alwaies for her booke: and, had Rose beene no scholar, Mr. Agnew woulde, may be, never have given her a second thoughte: but alle are not of y[e] same way of thinking.

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* * * A few lines received from mother's "spoilt boy," as father hath called brother Bill, ever since he went a soldiering. Blurred and mis-spelt as they are, she will prize them. Trulie, we are none of us grate hands at the pen; 'tis well I make this my copie-booke.

* * * Oh, strange event! Can this be happinesse? Why, then am I soe feared, soe mazed, soe prone to weeping? I woulde that mother were here. Lord have mercie on me a sinfulle, sillie girl, and guide my steps arighte.

* * * It seemes like a dreame, (I have done noughte but dreame of late, I think,) my going along y[e] matted passage, and hearing voices in my father's chamber, just as my hand was on y[e] latch; and my withdrawing my hand, and going softlie away, though I never paused at disturbing him before; and, after I had beene a full hour in y[e] stille room, turning over ever soe manie trays full of dried herbs and flower-leaves, hearing him come forthe and call, "Moll; deare Moll; where are you?" with I know not what of strange in y[e] tone of his voice; and my running to him hastilie, and his drawing me into his chamber, and closing y[e] doore. Then he takes me round y[e] waiste, and remains quite silent awhile; I gazing on him so strangelie! and at length, he says with a kind of sigh, "Thou art indeed but young yet! scarce seventeen,—and fresh, as Mr. Milton says, as the earlie May; too tender, forsooth, to leave us yet, sweet child! But what wilt say, Moll, when I tell thee that a well-esteemed gentleman, whom as yet indeed I know too little of, hath craved of me access to y[e] house as one that woulde win your favour?"

Thereupon, such a suddain faintness of y[e] spiritts overtooke me, (a thing I am noe way subject to,) as that I fell down in a swound at father's feet; and when I came to myselfe agayn, my hands and feet seemed full of prickles, and there was a humming, as of Rose's bees, in mine ears. Lettice and Margery were tending of me, and father watching me full of care; but soe soone as he saw me open mine eyes, he bade the maids stand aside, and sayd, stooping over me, "Enough, dear Moll, we will talk noe more of this at present." "Onlie just tell me," quoth I, in a whisper, "who it is." "Guesse," sayd he. "I cannot," I softlie replied; and, with the lie, came such a rush of blood to my cheeks as betraied me. "I

am sure you have though," sayd deare father gravelie, "and I neede not say it is Mr. Milton, of whome I know little more than you doe, and that is not enough. On the other hand, Roger Agnew sayth that he is one of whome we can never know too much, and there is somewhat about him which inclines me to believe it." "What will mother say?" interrupted I. Thereat father's countenance changed; and he hastilie answered, "Whatever she likes: I have an answer for her, and a question too;" and abruptlie left me; bidding me keepe myselfe quiet.

But can I? Oh, no! Father hath sett a stone rolling, unwitting of its course. It hath prostrated me in ye first instance; and will, I misdoubt, hurt my mother. Father is bold enow in her absence, but when she comes back will leave me to face her anger alone; or else, make such a stir to shew that he is not governed by a woman, as wille make things worse. Meanwhile, how woulde I have them? Am I most pleased or payned? dismayed or flattered? Indeed, I know not.

* * * I am soe sorry to have swooned. Needed I have done it, merelie to heare there was one who soughte my favour? Aye, but one soe wise! so thoughtfulle! so unlike me!

Bedtime; same daye.

* * * Who knoweth what a daye will bring forth? After writing ye above, I sate like one stupid, ruminating on I know not what, except on ye unlikelihood that one soe wise woulde trouble himselfe to *seeke* for aught and yet fail to *win*. After abiding a long space in mine owne chamber, alle below seeming still, I began to wonder shoulde we dine alone or not, and to have a hundred hot and cold fitts of hope and feare. Thought I, if Mr. Milton comes, assuredlie I cannot goe down; but yet I must; but yet I will not; but yet ye best will be to conduct myselfe as though nothing had happened; and, as he seems to have left the house long ago, maybe he hath returned to Sheepscote, or even to London. Oh that London! Shall I indeede ever see it? and ye rare shops, and ye play-houses, and St. Paul's, and ye Towre? But what and if that ever comes to pass? Must I leave home? dear Forest Hill? and father and mother, and ye boys? more especiallie Robin? Ah! but father will give me a long time to think of it. He will, and must.

Then dinner-time came; and, with dinner-time, uncle Hewlett and Ralph, Squire Paice and Mr. Milton. We had a huge sirloin, soe no feare of short commons. I was not ill pleased to see soe manie: it gave me an excuse for holding my peace, but I coulde have wished for another woman. However, father never thinks of that, and mother will soone be home. After dinner ye elder men went to ye bowling-greene with Dick and Ralph; the boys to ye fish-ponds; and, or ever I was aware, Mr. Milton was walking with me on the terrace. My dreame came soe forcibly to mind, that my heart seemed to leap into my mouth; but he kept away from ye fish-ponds, and from leave-taking, and from his morning discourse with my father,——at least for awhile; but some way he got round to it, and sayd soe much, and soe well, that, after alle my father's bidding me keepe quiete and take my time, and mine owne resolution to think much and long, he never rested till he had changed ye whole appearance of things, and made me promise to be his, wholly and trulie.—And oh! I feare I have been too quickly wonne!

May 23d. At leaste, so sayeth the calendar; but with me it hath beene trulie an April daye, alle smiles and teares. And now my spiritts are soe perturbed and dismaid, as that I know not whether to weepe or no, for methinks crying w^d^ relieve me. At first waking this morning my mind was elated at ye falsitie of my mother's notion, that no man of sense woulde think me worth ye having; and soe I got up too proude, I think, and came down too vain, for I had spent an unusuall time at ye glasse. My spiritts, alsoe, were soe unequall, that ye boys took notice of it, and it seemed as though I coulde breathe nowhere but out of doors; so the children and I had a rare game of play in ye home-close, but ever and anon I kept looking towards ye road and listening for horses' feet, till Robin sayd, "One w^d^ think ye king was coming," but at last came Mr. Milton quite another way, walking through ye fields with huge strides. Kate saw him firste, and tolde me; and then sayd, "What makes you look soe pale?"

* * * * * *

We sate a good space under the hawthorn hedge on ye brow of ye hill, listening to ye mower's scythe, and the song of birds, which seemed enough for him, without talking; and as he spake not, I helde my peace, till, with ye sun in my eyes, I was like to drop asleep; which, as his own face was *from* me, and towards ye landskip, he noted not. I was just aiming for mirthe's sake to steale away, when he suddainlie turned about and fell to speaking of rurall life, happinesse, heaven, and such like, in a kind of rapture; then, with his elbow half raising him from ye grass, lay looking at me; then commenced humming or singing I know not what strayn, but 'twas of 'begli occhi' and 'chioma aurata,' and he kept smiling the while he sang.

After a time we went in-doors; and then came my firste pang: for father founde out how I had pledged myselfe overnighte; and for a moment looked soe grave, y^t^ my heart misgave me for having beene soe hastie. However, it soone passed off; deare father's countenance cleared, and he even seemed merrie at table; and soon after dinner alle ye party dispersed save Mr. Milton, who loitered with me on ye terrace. After a short silence he exclaimed, "How good is our God to us in alle his gifts! For instance, in this gift of *love*, whereby had he withdrawn from visible nature a thousand of its glorious features and gay colourings, we shoulde stille possess, *from within*, the means of throwing over her clouded face an entirelie different hue! while as it is, what was pleasing before now pleaseth more than ever! Is it not soe, sweet Moll? May I express thy feelings as well as mine own, unblamed? or am I too adventurous? You are silent;

well, then, let me believe that we think alike, and that the emotions of ye few laste hours have given such an impulse to alle that is high, and sweete, and deepe, and pure, and holy in our innermoste hearts, as that we seeme now onlie firste to taste y^e^ *life of life*, and to perceive how much nearer earth is to heaven than we thought! Is it soe? Is it not soe?" and I was constrayned to say, "Yes," at I scarcelie knew what; grudginglie too, for I feared having once alreadie sayd "Yes" too soone. But he saw nought amisse, for he was expecting nought amisse; soe went on, most like truth and love that lookes c^d^ speake or words sounde. "Oh, I know it, I feel it:—henceforthe there is a life reserved for us in which angels may sympathize. For this most excellent gift of love shall enable us to read together ye whole booke of sanctity and virtue, and emulate eache other in carrying it into practice; and as the wise Magians kept theire eyes steadfastlie fixed on ye star, and followed it righte on, through rough and smoothe, soe we, with this bright beacon, which indeed is set on fire of heaven, shall pass on through ye peacefull studdies, surmounted adversities, and victorious agonies of life, ever looking steadfastlie up!"

Alle this, and much more, as tedious to heare as to write, did I listen to, firste with flagging attention, next with concealed wearinesse;—and as wearinesse, if indulged, never *is* long concealed, it soe chanced, by ill-luck, that Mr. Milton, suddainlie turning his eyes from heaven upon poor me, caughte, I can scarcelie expresse how slighte, an indication of discomforte in my face; and instantlie a cloud crossed his owne, though as thin as that through which ye sun shines while it floats over him. Oh, 'twas not of a moment! and yet *in that moment* we seemed eache to have seene ye other, though but at a glance, under new circumstances:—as though two persons at a masquerade had just removed theire masques and put them on agayn. This gave me my seconde pang:—I felt I had given him payn; and though he made as though he forgot it directly, and I tooke payns to make him forget it, I coulde never be quite sure whether he had.

* * * My spiritts were soe dashed by this, and by learning his age to be soe much more than I had deemed it, (for he is thirty-five! Who coulde have thoughte it?) that I had, thenceforthe, the aire of being much more discreete and pensive than belongeth to my nature; whereby he was, perhaps, well pleased. As I became more grave he became more gay; soe that we met eache other, as it were, half-way, and became righte pleasant. If his countenance were comely before, it is quite heavenlie now; and yet I question whether my love increaseth as rapidlie as my feare. Surelie my folly will prove as distastefull to him, as his overmuch wisdom to me. The dread of it hath alarmed me alreadie. What has become, even now, of alle my gay visions of marriage, and London, and the play-houses, and the Towre? They have faded away thus earlie, and in their place comes a foreboding of I can scarce say what. I am as if a child, receiving from some olde fairy ye gift of what seemed a fayre doll's house, shoulde hastilie open ye doore thereof, and starte back at beholding nought within but a huge cavern, deepe, high, and vaste; in parte glittering with glorious chrystals, and ye rest hidden in obscure darknesse.

(*To be continued.*)

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES OF OUR OWN TIME.

Lyell, Darwin, and others, have lately collected and powerfully applied a curious class of facts, to prove the slow and continuous upheaving or depression of large tracts of land in different parts of the world, in effect of subterranean changes going on underneath. The phenomenon belongs to our own time, as well as to anterior ages in the history of the globe. In Sweden, for instance, a line traverses the southern part of that kingdom from the Baltic to the Cattegat, to the north of which, even as far as the North Cape of Europe, there is evidence, scarcely disputable in kind, that the land is gradually rising at the average of nearly four feet in a century: while, to the south of this axial line, there are similar proofs of a slow subsidence of surface in relation to the level of the adjacent seas. This, and various other examples of what may be termed secular changes of elevation, particularly in South America, and amidst the great coral foundations of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, have led the eminent geologists just named to regard such slow progressive changes as the probable cause of many or most of those great aspects of the earth's surface, which by others have been attributed to paroxysmal actions of subterranean forces, sudden, and violent in kind.—*Quarterly Review.*

TEMPERATURE OF THE GEYSERS.

Descloiseaux and Bunsen, who visited Iceland in 1846, found the temperature of the water of the Great Geyser, at a depth of seventy-two feet from the great pipe in which it rises, to be nearly thirty degrees above the boiling point.

THE GREAT LISBON EARTHQUAKE.

This phenomenon of 1755 spread one enormous convulsion over an area of 700,000 square miles—agitating by a single impulse the lakes of Scotland and Sweden, and the islands of the West Indian sea.

THE THAMES.

This stream is utterly insignificant in its physical characters, but wonderful in all besides; diffusing more of power and activity over the whole earth than all other European rivers conjoined. The basin of the Thames is one of 5000 square miles; its length with windings only 240 miles, or double its direct length; it receives about twenty streams in its course; the fall, in its navigable distance, from Lechlade to London, is 258 feet, or 21 inches per mile; its mean

velocity is two miles an hour; the quantity of water flowing into the tideway at Teddington 1337 cubic feet per second.—*Rennie.*

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

Laplace concludes that the mean heat of the globe cannot be altered by one degree of Réaumur since the time of Hipparchus; inasmuch as the dimensions of the globe would be thereby changed in a small amount, its angular velocity be increased or diminished, and a sensible difference be made in the length of the day,—which difference does not exist.

LIGHT OF THE GLOW-WORM.

That the glow-worm emits her light to lure her lover to her bower is but a poetic fiction; for the insect shines in its infant state, in that of the larva, and when in its aurelian condition. It appears from the observations of naturalists that these insects never exhibit their light without some motion of the body or legs: from this it would seem that the phosphorescence was dependent upon some nervous action, regulated at pleasure by the insect, for it certainly has the power of obscuring it entirely. If the glow-worm is crushed, and the hands or face are rubbed with it, luminous streaks, similar to those produced by phosphorus, appear. They shine with greatly increased brilliancy in oxygen gas and in nitrous oxide. From these facts, (asks Mr. Hunt, in his charming work, entitled "The Poetry of Science," just published,) may we not infer that the process by which this luminosity is produced, whatever it may be, has a strong resemblance to that of respiration?

VAST PLAINS OF THE EARTH.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* thus graphically enumerates, as the mighty plains of the earth, the great sandy deserts of Sahara, and the saline steppes of Asia, and the sterile and shingly plains of Patagonia. To these he adds the Pampas, forming a bare horizontal surface of nearly one thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Andes;—the Silvas of the Amazons, a dense tropical forest, covering a level more than half as large as Europe;—the Llanos of the Orinoco, a plain of grass, twice as large as France, and flat as the surface of the sea;—the vast prairies of North America, stretching westward from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains;—and the wide luxuriant plains of Hisdostan.

AMOUNT OF ELECTRICITY DEVELOPED BY CHEMICAL ACTION.

Faraday has shown that zinc and platinum wires, one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter, and about half an inch long, dipped into dilute sulphuric acid, so weak that it is not sensibly sour to the tongue, will evolve more electricity in one-twentieth of a minute than is given by thirty turns of a large and powerful electrical machine in full action, a quantity, which, if passed through the head of a cat, would be sufficient to kill it as by a flash of lightning. Pursuing this interesting inquiry still further, it is found that a single grain of water contains as much electricity as could be accumulated in 800,000 Leyden jars, each requiring thirty turns of the large machine of the Royal Institution to charge it; a quantity equal to that which is developed from a charged thunder-cloud. "Yet we have it under perfect command; can evolve, direct, and employ it at pleasure; and when it has performed its full work of electrolization, it has only separated the elements of a single grain of water."—*Hunt's Poetry of Science.*

EARTHQUAKES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Milne records 116 earthquake shocks in England; 31 of which were along the south coast, 30 in Wales, 14 on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire; and 139 shocks in Scotland, of which not fewer than 85, and these the most violent, occurred in the vicinity of Comrie, in Stratherne; indicating, without the proximity of any volcanic action, some singular relation of this locality to subterranean actions going on underneath.

FRESH WATER FLOATING UPON THE SEA.

Captain Sabine found discoloured water, supposed to be that of the Amazon river, three hundred miles distant in the ocean from the embouchure of that river. It was about 126 feet deep. Its specific gravity was = 1.0204, and the specific gravity of the sea water = 1.0262. This appears to be the greatest distance from land, at which river water has been detected on the surface of the ocean.

SIMPLICITY OF THE ELECTROTYPE PROCESS.

In the electrotype process it is not indispensable to employ the somewhat complex arrangement of the battery: we may take the steel magnet, and, by mechanically disturbing the electricity it contains, we can produce a current through copper wires, which may be used, and is extensively employed, for gilding and silvering. The magneto-electrical machine is employed in Birmingham for this purpose; but Messrs. Elkington state that they do not find it economical, or, rather, that the electro-precipitation is carried on too slowly.

THE EARTH AN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

The earth itself may be made a battery, as by connecting wires with its mineral bodies currents of electricity have been collected, and those currents used for the production of electrotype deposit. This has been done by Mr. Robert Were Fox, at a mine near Falmouth. By connecting two copper wires with two lodes, and bringing them, at the surface, into a cell containing a solution of sulphate of copper, this gentleman obtained an electrotype copy of an engraved copper-plate.—*Hunt's Poetry of Science.*

GREAT ERUPTION OF THE SKAPTAR JOKULL.

Scarcely have we the record of any event like to this phenomenon, which devastated Iceland in 1783;

the year also of the great Calabrian earthquake. A submarine volcano had been burning fiercely for many weeks in the ocean, thirty miles from the south-west cape of Iceland. Its fires suddenly ceased—the island was skaken by earthquakes for a time, when the volcanic power abruptly broke forth again, at the distance of 150 miles, among the perpetual snows of the Skaptar mountains, on a scale of terrific grandeur. For many months the sun was wholly unseen in Iceland,—clouds of ashes were carried many hundred miles to sea, falling even in the Orkney Islands,—the liquid lava spread out in some places to a breadth of twenty or thirty miles, filling up the beds of rivers, and of enormous thickness, poured itself into the sea nearly fifty miles from the places of its eruption.—*Quarterly Review.*

TERRIFIC LOSS OF LIFE.

Herodotus states, that, in the formation of the great Red Sea canal, under Necho, no less than 120,000 Egyptians perished; but does not say how: "The cause of such a catastrophe," says Miss Fanny Corbeaux, "may be surmised from the very nature of the operations. We have only to suppose a very probable casualty—that an unusually high inundation of the Nile broke through the newly-made embankments, and suddenly overwhelmed the workmen and the works—to see through the truth of a statement which, under the ordinary process of digging a canal, would appear almost fabulous."

BELL-RINGING.

It has been calculated that it would take ninety-one years to ring the changes upon twelve bells at the rate of two strokes to a second; the full changes upon twenty-four bells would occupy more than 117,000 billions of years.

GIGANTIC TABLE-LAND.

In Europe, the best example of this formation is the central or Castilian plateau of Spain,—a level of somewhat more than 2000 feet above the sea; but how insignificant this compared with the great Gobi plain, one of the tracts of table-land of Central Asia, having a continuous surface of 300,000 square miles, (more than four times that of France,) and an elevation nearly equal to that of the highest of the British mountains; or with those table-lands of the Andes, Quito, and Desaguadero, almost co-equal in area with Ireland, and, at the enormous height respectively of two miles and two miles and a half, affording a foundation to cities, villages, and the industrious works of men!—*Quarterly Review.*

MAN IN AUSTRALIA.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Mitchell describes a native guide in the interior of Tropical Australia as a very perfect specimen of the *genus homo*, and such as never is to be seen, except in the precincts of savage life, undegraded by any scale of graduated classes, and the countless bars these present to the free enjoyment of existence. His motions in walking were more graceful than can be imagined by any who have only seen the draped and shod animal. The deeply set, yet flexible spine; the taper form of the limbs; the fulness, yet perfect elasticity of the *glutei* muscles; the hollowness of the back, and symmetrical balance of the upper part of the torso, ornamented as it was, like a fine piece of carving, with raised scarifications most tastefully placed: such were some of the characteristics of this perfect "piece of work." Compared with it, the civilized animal, when considered merely in the light of a specimen of natural history—how inferior! In vain might we look among thousands of that class for such teeth; such digestive powers; for such organs of sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling; for such powers of running, climbing, or walking; for such full enjoyment of the limpid water, and of all that Nature provides for her children of the woods. Such health and exemption from disease; such intensity of existence, in short, must be far beyond the enjoyments of civilized men, with all that art can do for them; and the proof of this is to be found in the failure of all attempts to persuade these free denizens of uncultivated earth to forsake it for the tilled ground.

VAST STORES OF COAL IN NORTH AMERICA.

The coal-field of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, more than equals England in area; and the bed of coal, called the Rittsburg seam, ten feet in thickness, is spread over an elliptical area, 225 miles in its greatest diameter, and 100 miles in breadth; a mass of this mineral, capable of supplying the world, long after the coal-mines of Britain have become extinct by time.

ORIGIN OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

It is curious to reflect, that nearly four hundred years have elapsed since Giovanni Battista Della Porta, a Neapolitan, invented the Camera Obscura, by the employment of which in aid of drawing, to obtain correctly the relative position of objects, and to establish the true principles of linear and aerial perspective, he may be said to have given rise to the researches of the discoverers of Photography. Undoubtedly, many intelligent men of that, and of each succeeding age, and of our own generation, when witnessing the perfection of the images of the camera,—the absolute correctness of outline, the epitomizing power of proportion, the beautiful gradation of tint,—have felt acute regret that, instead of copying with a pencil, the pictures themselves could not be fixed upon the focal screen—as in the Photographic art.

Chloride of silver, which if not itself the means of the art, has led to the detection of the true ancients, was known to the alchemists, who stated that if paper be coated with it, and with the aid of a lens an object be thrown upon such paper, the shaded part will remain white, whilst those parts on which the light rests will become black: again, that when an engraving is placed upon paper so prepared, the action of the sun's rays will give an inverse representation thereof.

About the year 1802, Mr. Wedgwood and Sir Humphry Davy experimented with the chlorate, the nitrate, and the muriate of silver, as a superfice on paper, or preferably on white leather, for copying paintings on glass, and making profiles by the agency of light. They employed the camera-obscura and the solar microscope; but the pictures they produced soon vanished. That engravings, the reticulated leaves of plants, and wings of insects, might thus be copied by contact in exposure to the different rays of the sun, had been variously understood by chemists, and even by school-boys, for an uncertain period. Still, the *idea* of the combination of the camera-obscura, and a superfice sensitive to the action of light, was hereby practically evolved.

In 1814, Niepce, of Chalons-sur-Saone, began his researches "on the method of *fixing the image* of objects by the action of light." He was followed by Daguerré, in 1824, who combined with Niepce in 1829. The latter died in 1833; and in 1839, Daguerré, in conjunction with the son of Niepce, announced his discovery at Paris; and, six months prior to the publication of the Daguerreotype process, Mr. Henry Fox Talbot announced his account of "The Art of Photogenic Drawing."

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

It is difficult for the imagination to compass adequately this great dominion of ocean on the globe, —its vastness of connected surface, its depth, its tides and currents, its eternal movement of waves, its massive covering of ice within the polar circles, the profuse abundance of life within its waters, the enormous quantity of salt it holds in solution, exceeding in bulk and weight the solid land of all Europe . . . Examining the natural divisions of this vast surface, the Pacific defines itself at once to the eye as the great ocean of the world, covering more than fifty millions of square miles, (even if Australia, the Indian Archipelago, be assumed as its western boundary,) and actually exceeding in area all that exists of solid land. —*Quarterly Review.*

A FOSSIL FRAUD.

The *ne plus ultra* of imposition upon the credulity of the public, as regards the existence of the "sea serpent," was attempted, a few years since, by a M Koch, who exhibited in America, under the name of *Hydrarchos Sillimannii*, a skeleton constructed by him from bones collected in various parts of Alabama, and which he denominated a "fossil sea-serpent." The bones belonged to several individual skeletons of an extinct marine cetacean, termed *Basilosaurus* by the American naturalists, and better known in England by that of *Zeuglodon*, a term signifying *yoked teeth.* This Koch did, by stringing together all the vertebræ he could obtain of the *Basilosaurus*, arranging them in a serpentine form, and manufacturing a skull and claws. To this he gave the name of *Hydrarchos* The truth, however, was immediately exposed by the American naturalists.

LARGE DIAMOND.

One of the largest diamonds in the world is the "*Koh-innoor*," or "Mountain of Light," which Runjeet Singh extorted from the ex-king of Cabul. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this gem: it is of the finest water, and about half the size of a hen's egg. Its weight amounts to three-and-a-half rupees; and it is said to be worth three millions and a half of money. It is set in an armlet, with a diamond on each side, about the size of a sparrow's egg.

WEAR OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.

The 710,000 tons of water which each minute pour over the precipice of Niagara, are estimated to carry away a foot of the cliff every year. Taking this average, and adopting the clear geological proof that the fall once existed at Queen's-town, four miles below, we must suppose a period of 20,000 years occupied in this recession of the cataract to its actual site; while in the delta of the Mississippi, nearly 14,000 square miles in extent, an estimate founded on its present rate of increase, and on calculation of the amount of earthy matter brought down the stream, has justified Mr. Lyell in alleging that 67,000 years must have elapsed since the formation of this great deposit began. —*Quarterly Review.*

REVOLUTION OF THE EARTH IN AN HOUR.

The revolution of the earth is performed in a natural day, or, more strictly speaking, once in 23 h. 56′ 4″; and, as its mean circumference is 24,871, it follows, that any point in its equatorial surface has a rotatory motion of more than 1000 miles per hour. This velocity must gradually diminish to nothing at either pole. Whilst the earth is thus revolving upon its axis, it has a progressive motion in its orbit. If we take the length of the earth's orbit at 600,000,000, its motion through space must exceed 68,490 miles in the hour. —*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

SCIENTIFIC PREDICTION VERIFIED.

A striking example occurs in Dr. Whewell's Bakerian Lecture for 1848, of the happy connexion of theory with observation, in the prediction, that there must exist a spot in the German Ocean—the central point of an area of rotation, produced by the meeting and mutual action of two opposite tides—where no rise or fall of tide whatever could occur;—a prediction actually verified by Captain Hewitt in 1839, without any prior knowledge that such a point had been supposed to exist. This is one of the many triumphs of the like kind achieved by modern science.—*Quarterly Review.*

VALUE OF MINUTE RESEARCHES.

We may smile at the phrase of "illustrious arachnologist" applied to an indefatigable spider-collector of our own day, and marvel at the laborious zeal of M. Robineau in gathering up 1800 species of the genus *Musca* in the single department of the Yonne; but when we come to regard the complete-

ness which this great branch of science has attained through such particular researches, and the curious and unexpected results derived from minute inquest into the subdivisions of the organic world,—the fungi, the algæ, the heaths, the lichens, the mollusks of different seas and depths, the zoophytes, infusoria, &c.—we cannot fail to recognise the value of these insulated labours, and to applaud the happy diligence to which we owe such exact and abundant knowledge.—*Quarterly Review.*

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF THE CALOTYPE.

Mr. Fox Talbot's discovery of the Calotype was somewhat the result of accident: he had prepared papers in a variety of ways, and only exposed them for a certain limited time in the camera; these were thrown aside in a drawer, and left as failures; but he was surprised to find, on examining one or two which had been washed with gallic acid, that perfect pictures had appeared of the objects at which the camera had been directed.

INFINITY OF THE FIRMAMENT.

The assumption that the extent of the starry firmament is literally infinite has been made by one of the greatest of the astronomers, the late Dr. Olbers, the basis of the conclusion that the celestial spaces are, in some slight degree, deficient in *transparency;* so that all beyond a certain distance is, and must remain for ever unseen; the geometrical progression of the extinction of light far outrunning the effect of any conceivable increase in the power of our telescopes. Were it not so, it is argued, every part of the celestial concave ought to shine with the brightness of the solar disc, since no visual ray could be so directed as not, in some point or other of its infinite length, to encounter such a disc.—*Edinburgh Review.*

ENGLAND THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former or terrene half, an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the aqueous hemisphere. The exact position in England is not far from the Land's End; so that if an observer were there raised to such height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of land—if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of water.—*Quarterly Review.*

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

At the meeting of the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists, held at Boston, in 1847, Professor S. S. Haldeman stated, that an insect was sent to him from Rio, by Dr. J. C. Reinhardt, with information that this or an allied species had been seen by him on board the United States' ship Constitution in Cochin China, and subsequently in all the ports of the Pacific, the ship touching at the Sandwich Islands and Western Mexico, and passing round Cape Horn and Brazil,—a wider geographical distribution than has heretofore been given to this genus. The insect proves to be an *Erania,* and its extensive distribution is attributable to the fact, that this genus is parasitic on the *Blatta,* (or cockroach,) which is known to be extensively abundant upon ships between the tropics.

FREEZING MIXTURES.

The theory of freezing mixtures is deduced from the doctrine of latent caloric. There are mixtures of saline substances, which, at the common temperature, by their mutual chemical action, pass rapidly into the fluid form, or are capable of being rapidly dissolved in water, and, by this quick transition to fluidity, absorb caloric, and produce degrees of cold more or less intense.—*Encyclopædia Metropolitana.*

BLACK AND GREEN TEA.

Black and green tea are produced from the same plant, though botanists were long at issue about this question. The idea of green tea being dried upon copper is a popular fallacy, for the tea would be flavoured and spoiled in such a process; besides, the bloom can be given by harmless means. Dr. Lettsom, by the way, thought it was given by a vegetable. Mr. Ball, who has lately written a very sensible book on "The Culture and Manufacture of Tea in China," describes an experiment by which he proves that tea may be dried *black* and *green* at once, in the same vessel, and over the same fire. He divided the pan, and the leaves on one side he kept in motion and the other quiet, when the latter became black and the former green; thus proving the difference of colour to be not derived from any management of heat, but from manipulation, the heat being the same in both cases. Gunpowder tea is dried at the highest temperature, and Pekoe at the lowest. The chemical cause of black tea is its loss of tannin in its drying previous to roasting, an opinion supported by the recent testimony of Liebig. Again, Mr. Ball thinks there may be one species of tea plant, but several varieties, though all botanical difference is destroyed in the course of packing.

BEAUTY OF A CORAL ISLAND.

Although there is not much variety, there is considerable beauty in a small coral reef when viewed from a ship's mast-head, at a short distance, in clear weather. A small island, with a white sand beach and a tuft of trees, is surrounded by a symmetrically oval space of shallow water, of a bright grass-green colour, enclosed by a ring of glittering surf, as white as snow, immediately outside of which is the rich dark blue of deep water. All the sea is perfectly clear from any mixture of sand or mud; even where it breaks on a mud beach, it retains its perfect purity, as the large grains of coral are heavy, and do not break into mud; so that if a bucketful of coral sand be thrown into the sea, it may be seen gradually sinking,

like a white cloud, without producing any discolouration in the surrounding water. It is this perfect clearness of the water which renders navigation among coral reefs at all practicable, as a shoal, with even five fathoms of water on it, can be discerned at a mile distance from a ship's mast-head, in consequence of its greenish hue contrasting with the blue of deep water. In seven fathoms water, the bottom can still be discerned on looking over the side of a boat, especially if it has patches of light coloured sand; but in ten fathoms, the depth of colour can scarcely be distinguished from the dark course of the unfathomable ocean.—*Jukes's Voyage.*

LIZZY WILSON;

OR, THE GOVERNESS'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

Lizzy Wilson was a friend of mine, an intimate friend, so that the reader may rely upon the truth of the following story about a certain Christmas Holiday which she enjoyed many years ago.

At that time Miss Wilson was what girls of seventeen call "*quite old;*"—she was seven-and-twenty. She was what dashing and fashionable people call "*plain*" and "*dowdy*," for she had no pretensions to beauty of person or elegance of attire. She was what her own family and friends considered "a nice-looking, amiable girl," and "a very clever creature:" she was what those who only knew her as "the Governess" called "a worthy, excellent young woman," "well-bred and highly accomplished."——With the former she was always "Lizzy;"—with the latter she was, of course, always "Miss Wilson." To those who know "what's in a name," it will be quite clear that "Lizzy" and "Miss Wilson" were two very different beings.

My heroine was, in short, nothing uncommon, and not at all heroic, in the general acceptation of the term; but if Ulysses owed part of his reputation as a hero to his being "a much-enduring man," then Lizzy Wilson ought in common justice to be considered as a little of a heroine: for she was a Governess; and who that knows anything of the matter will deny that she must have been a much-enduring woman?

Miss Wilson's father, a country clergyman, died when she was eighteen, leaving a widow with four children, of whom Lizzy was the eldest. I shall not relate the struggles with poverty and grief which then made up her mother's life. Lizzy and Tom (two years younger than Lizzy) soon became of real use to her. After their father's death, Tom was taken as a clerk by an Edinburgh bookseller, in whose house he continued with an annually increasing salary, and Lizzy went out try her fortune in the world as a Governess.

At first it was a sad trial to her, but now custom had given it a property of easiness. She had lived in various families—aristocratic, *parvenue*, and those that were neither the one nor the other. She had learned much of human nature. She found out, not from books but from actual experience, that high natures, true, noble natures, are very rare among men, whatever professors of a general admiration of Humanity may say;—that weakness and meanness of nature are very common; that most persons are a very unsatisfactory mixture of good, bad, and indifferent,—the indifferent composing two-thirds of the individual. Poor Lizzy! she had to pay the penalty exacted from all those who go forth into the world expecting to find there a race of demi-gods. She had to pass through many stages of mental existence. At one time God and hope seemed gone from her;—she groped painfully in sadness and darkness, and there was no blue sky over her. At last, light came to her once more; she saw the face of the Eternal, and learned that indeed all things which he has made are very good; that if she was disappointed in her expectations of man's excellence,—of life's felicity,—the fault was neither in man, (whom God did not create after her desires, but after his wisdom), nor in this life, which was not intended by God to be a state of felicity at all, but rather for her a sort of fiery furnace, whence she now trusted to come forth in due time purer, brighter, stronger, and fitted for a noble use hereafter. In this frame of mind she worked steadily in her humble sphere, and strove to subdue the evil she felt within, and to withstand, as well as she could, the evil from without. It was well for Lizzy that she had to work for others, and had little time to think about herself, or she might have been ruined by morbid introspection.

Miss Wilson had been for two years a Governess in the family of Mr. Gould the Banker, at the time of which I am about to speak. During these two years she had not seen her mother, nor George, nor little Nancy. The only beloved family face that she had seen during those two long years was Tom's. He had been in London once, on business for his employer, and came to Grosvenor Square to see Lizzy, and spent the evening with her. That was ten months ago;—and now, at the beginning of December, Miss Wilson sat one evening alone in the school-room at Mr. Gould's house before-mentioned, in Grosvenor Square. She was tired of teaching, or rather of trying to make children learn, and had her usual *after-school* headache. It was a very cold day, and she sat with her feet on the fender, and leant back in her chair; *i.e.* she leant back as far as she could lean in a chair with a back as hard and as straight as a poker. She looked for a long time at a little bright fierce flame which kept darting out from a black coal, and it seemed to bring many things to her mind, for the expression of her face varied as she looked. Presently she threw a glance round the room, and thought what a comfort such a room would be this Christmas to her mother, when she gave her usual children's party for little Nancy.

It was a good-sized room, on the second floor of the house; it was very clean, and neatly furnished with plain chairs, tables, and desks. At one end of the room was a piano, at the other was a large old-fashioned book-case; a harp stood by the piano, and a globe on either side of the book-case; good stout curtains, that harmonized in colour with the walls

and carpet, hung before the windows. Candles stood on a large table in the centre of the room, but they were not yet lighted. On the same table were Lizzy's open desk and several books; on one chair a large doll set upright; on another lay a ball of string and a top, and a battledore was on the floor. On the mantelpiece were a half-hour glass, a large shell, and a small case containing a few half-withered flowers;—these last were all three Miss Wilson's personal property.

Yes! Mrs. Wilson would have been very glad of such a room to set her young visitors dancing in. Lizzy wondered whether Nancy was as pretty as she used to be; and whether George could read well now. She smiled as she remembered the efforts made by both George and herself, to get him to read a page in "Frank" without miscalling a word, when he was twelve years old.—Dear George! she did not believe he ever could read so as to amuse himself, and she thought he might work out his life, and a very honourable one too, without learning much from the alphabet. To *her* mind, George's dullness of the book-learning faculty was amply atoned by the quickness of his perception where his affections were concerned, and the general delicacy of his feelings. Lizzy was very fond of her younger brother, "stupid George."

In the midst of her recollections, the school-room maid came into the room with two letters.—"One from my mistress, miss, and one from the post."

When Susan had lighted the candles and was gone, Miss Wilson opened Mrs. Gould's letter with a sort of vague fear that something was wrong. Perhaps she was about to be dismissed. Why? Well, it was silly to sit with the unfolded letter in her hand, speculating on its contents; would it not be better to read it? She read—

My dear Miss Wilson,—As Mr. Gould and myself are going to take all the children with us, for a month's visit to my father in Devonshire; and as the poor things really want a holiday after their late hard work, we have settled that you need not accompany us; and as, I dare say, you will not like to remain here all that time, you can do what you like with yourself for the month:, which will be a nice relaxation for you; and I hope you will come back to us stronger than you are now. With many wishes for your enjoyment this Christmas, I am, my dear Miss Wilson,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Sophia Gould."

If you could have seen Lizzy's face, when she had read that note, you would have been much puzzled. There was joy in it, but the joy was strongly tempered by indignation, and for a moment her lip was curled in contempt. If you could have read her thought it would have been somewhat like this:—"This woman, whose children I have taught and tended for two years, grants me a month's holiday, as it cannot cost her the slightest inconvenience. Had she spared me when it would have been inconvenient to her, I should have felt grateful, though, God knows, it would have been but bare justice to do so. And I suppose she expects me to be grateful for this. No, no, Mrs. Gould, corrupting to the character as my position is, I am not yet sycophant or hypocrite enough for *that!*" And she turned to her desk, and wrote the following reply:—

"My dear Madam,—I am very glad to hear of the projected visit, since it leaves me at liberty to go to my family, from whom I have been two years absent. Hoping that you, and Mr. Gould, and the children, may enjoy your visit into Devonshire, I am, Madam,

"Sincerely yours,

"Elizabeth Wilson."

Having sent this note to Mrs. Gould, Lizzy took up the letter which had come by the post—it was from her mother. If you had seen Lizzy's face as she opened *that* letter, it would not have puzzled you at all. You would have declared that you had never seen one more tenderly affectionate, or one more capable of being lighted up by a smile. There was no trace of the former indignation and contempt, as soon as she saw the words "My dearest child." The face became sweeter and brighter as she read on, and was quite joyous when she came to these words, "Tom is coming home for his usual fortnight—could you not ask Mrs. Gould to spare you for that time? I do not think she can refuse you, dear, because she must, I am sure, think highly of you, and you have not had a holiday since you have been with her. I know that it is humiliating to ask this, as a favour, when it should be considered as a right;—but I am anxious about your health, and am almost heart-sick for a kiss from my darling Lizzy."

"My darling Lizzy," murmured the Governess, "it would have been worth *asking* Mrs. Gould, for the mere chance of hearing those words again."

When the letter was finished, tears of joy stood in Lizzy's eyes, to think of the reply she should write that night to her mother. She sat with the open letter in her lap, and her feet on the fender, looking down into the fire for more than half an hour, which half hour by the clock was half her life by memory's time-piece.

"A whole month," she mused. "A whole month to live again in the light and love of home!"

To see once more that her mere entrance into a room would brighten all faces and make glad all hearts in it! It was too much happiness, and she almost wished for Mrs. Gould, or any one, to tell it to. A whole month! And Tom—her merry, handsome, high-spirited brother Tom, was to be there for a fortnight. And her thoughts flew home to the little "White Cottage," at Everstead, far away in Warwickshire. She had ceased to think of "the Parsonage" there, as her home; and the "White Cottage," though so very small, was pretty; and her mother had grown to like it, at last. It seemed but yesterday that she stood last in the little parlour, with her bonnet and cloak on, ready to depart. She had been a long time up-stairs, putting on the said articles of

attire;—not that Lizzy Wilson was much given to anxiety as to how she looked in a bonnet; but it takes a long time to dress, when the eyes are blinded by hot tears, and the hands tremble so much from the endeavour to suppress emotion, that they refuse their poor office of string-tying. It was no wonder that Lizzy was a long time up-stairs; or that when, at last, she came into the little parlour, and spoke in a quick, cheerful voice, they all came crowding round her. Mrs. Wilson took her daughter's two hands, and looked into her half-shut hazel eyes, and strove in vain to keep back the tears from her own. Little Nancy wept aloud, and clasped her sister in her arms. She was only eight years old, and George, who was twelve, tried to comfort her; but he looked at Lizzy as if his heart would break; and he felt as if he could gladly give his right arm to be cut off if it would make him, at once, old enough to go and earn money instead of Lizzy. Then, poor boy, he remembered how stupid he was,—that he could not read the easiest book well; he feared that he should never be able to earn 100*l.* a-year, and send seventy out of it to his mother, as Lizzy was going to do:—and George burst into tears. How well she remembered putting her arms round her darling brother and whispering comfort to him as well as she could! Then he took Nancy away, to stand with him at the garden gate, and look out for the Coventry coach, which was to take their sister away, and she remained alone with her mother and listened to her words of affection and advice. At last the coach stopped at the gate, and a general bustle in the little cottage commenced. Nancy flew back again to cling to Lizzy, as she stood in the porch with Mrs. Wilson, who was tying something round her neck, and endeavouring to adjust the old travelling cloak in the best way to keep out the cold, and delivering into her hand a little basket of sandwiches to be eaten on the road. The old servant, Alice, was crying, and contending with George about taking "Miss Lizzy's" boxes down to the gate. George insisted on lugging them thither by himself; he would not let Alice help him;—anything that could be done for Lizzy was an honourable business in the eyes of George, and worth fighting about.

While her mother was "making her comfortable," Lizzy gave a glance at the house opposite. Dr. Merton was *not* at the drawing-room window with his wife, who was watching her neighbour's departure. Her eye stole quickly to the window of the little study; the blind was down there,—perhaps he was out; at all events he *might* have stepped over to say "good-bye." However, one thing was clear, —Dr. Merton did not trouble himself about her leaving the village. She embraced her mother once more, in silence; and stepping into the garden, out of the shadow of the clematis over the porch, she smiled and waved her hand to Mrs. Merton, and ran down to the coach, followed by George and Nancy, who kissed her, heedless of the staring of the passengers, and would scarcely let her go at all. She was the only inside passenger. In a moment the "White Cottage," George, Nancy, her mother and old Alice were out of sight, and Lizzy sank back in the coach, a prey to many conflicting feelings. The rapid motion seemed to soothe her, and at length she succeeded in composing her mind; except one secret corner of it, which was full of mournful dissatisfaction. "Can I have forfeited his respect or esteem? He knows that I forgive him thoroughly, and yet he neither looked from his window nor said 'good-bye.' —This ends all. He is too light, too trivial, for me to waste a thought or hope on. Alas! what would my poor father say, if he heard that I thought this of Felix Merton, whom he used to point out as a model to us all. My father loved him too well. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'"

As Lizzy's lips murmured these last words, the coach suddenly stopped; she opened her eyes listlessly. Some one was tapping on the window outside; she let down the glass, and saw Felix Merton. "One moment, Lizzy.—I walked on, out of the village, to wish you good-bye.—And I have brought you what you asked for." She took a packet from his hand, but she did not speak. "I am going to London soon, may I call on you there?" asked Dr. Merton.

"No. It is better not to come. Good-bye! I am glad I have seen you once more. Remember my father, Felix; and do your duty bravely. God bless you! now go." So saying, she tried to smile, and putting up the glass once more, she waved her hand to Dr. Merton, who remained immovable till the coach was out of sight; and then he sat down on a bank by the road-side; and it was so long before he returned to Everstead, that his wife was quite angry with him for "taking so long a walk and keeping dinner waiting in this way." And she flung her pretty little person down on an ottoman, in high dudgeon, and, for the first time since they were married, Felix did not kneel down and coax her into good humour, smoothing the raven down of her ringlets till she smiled. Lilla was surprised, and after a time she looked up, and saw that her husband had gone out of the room. Poor Lilla!—Poor Felix! This little circumstance was afterwards related, in a letter to Lizzy, by Lilla herself, who wrote in a great pet about Felix's unfeeling conduct on the occasion. Lizzy wrote a letter in reply calculated to benefit both parties by its sweet toned strength. During the two years she had been away from home, Lizzy had quite recovered from the remains of her girlish affection for Felix Merton. She was quite glad that he had married Lilla; for she herself felt that she could not respect or love him enough to have been a happy wife; and Lilla absolutely worshipped him, for he was of a higher nature than her own. Sometimes, when a thirst for sympathy over some book or music was strong within her, Lizzy still thought, with a sigh, of Felix Merton.—"How he would enjoy this!" And then a sadness came over her, as she felt that there was no one on earth with whom she had so much in common, and yet, she could neither love nor esteem him thoroughly: was this her own fault? was it in the nature

of all human things never *to satisfy?* or was it owing to the peculiar nature of *her* mind, that must for ever be finding out here a spot and there a blemish?—she was inclined to think that the fault was in herself.

She reflected that she had done her duty as far as Felix was concerned. Dr. Merton during the first year of her stay with the Goulds had come to town, and some how or other had got himself introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gould, without breaking through Lizzy's command "not to call on *her*." He ingratiated himself with the Goulds, as he did with every one; he was so clever, and sensible, and had so prepossessing an exterior. One day, when Lizzy as usual went down with his eldest pupil to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Gould, she was astonished to see among the company assembled in the drawing-room, Dr. Merton. He came up to her, in the remote corner where she seated herself. At first the joy of seeing an old friend, where all was so *friendless* to her, overcame every other feeling. "I am delighted to see you, Felix. How are all at home?" He was pleased with his reception, and replied with affectionate animation. At length she said, "But how came you here?"

"Oh! leave me alone for making my way where I want to go. I never saw these Goulds till the day before yesterday; and I am come to dine with them *en famille* to-day. Of course, I took this trouble that I might see you, without calling on *you*," he added archly. Lizzy was so glad to see him, that she felt no wish to find fault just then. Mr. Gould came up to them; Lizzy liked him. He had always treated her with respect and kindness.

"Ah! Dr. Merton, I perceive you know Miss Wilson; I was about to present you to her, as you are from her part of the country."

"Thank you, but we are natives of the same place, and have known each other ever since we were born," replied Dr. Merton, with a look full of pride and affection at Lizzy.

"Indeed! I suppose, then, you knew that Miss Wilson lived with us?"

"Oh! yes," answered Dr. Merton, as he rose to take Mrs. Gould to dinner.

Miss Wilson fell to Mr. Gould, in the order of going.

"Is Dr. Merton married?" asked the latter of the former.

"Yes."

"Do you know his wife?"

"Perfectly."

"What sort of a person is she?"

"She is a famous beauty; by far the prettiest woman I ever saw?"

Mr. Gould glanced towards his wife, who was considered very handsome, and felt piqued that Miss Wilson had not excepted her, and he said no more.

By some manœuvre of Dr. Merton's, he secured a seat next Lizzy. She was in good spirits, and he went away assuring Mrs. Gould that he had never spent a pleasanter evening. He and Lizzy sang all their old duets together; and Mrs. Gould had "never seen Miss Wilson so easy and animated before."

Again, and again, Dr. Merton dined there. Lizzy saw that although it was safe visiting for *her*, it was not so for him. She told him not to come again; and *he* spoke of her father, and her promised friendship. She begged him earnestly not to come, for *Lilla's* sake. He bit his lip, and grew pale.

"Will you take from me my only pleasure?"

"Yes! if it be one that gives others pain."

"It does not give you pain; you do not care for me any more, now, Lizzy! I can see that."

"You are mistaken; you have no better friend in the world, and I beg of you for your own sake not to come here where I am not a free agent—where I *must* meet you. I must accompany my pupil to the dinner table, unless I feign illness."

Felix persisted, and Lizzy became angry, and walked away from him. This took place in the drawing-room one evening when several persons were there. Mr. Gould, while pretending to read, had watched this conversation with some interest. He was a man of a keen perception and a kind heart. He could not quite make out matters; but he saw clearly enough that Merton came to the house to see Miss Wilson and that she was very intimate with him; and he also knew that Merton was a married man. He fancied that Miss Wilson began to be annoyed by these visits; and he was determined to find out the truth, and put a stop to them if it were so. He said nothing to his wife on the matter, for various reasons. She was not a very clear-headed woman, and he might be teased by remarks upon "his interfering with Miss Wilson's affairs;" also, she might get alarmed at the bare idea of having a Governess in the house who was an object of interest to a married man,—one who had actually contrived to get introduced into her house only that he might see and talk to the Governess. And then poor Miss Wilson might be dismissed, which would be a bad thing for her, and, as Mr. Gould knew by experience, a very bad thing for his family. Until Miss Wilson came, his wife had never been able to find a governess to suit her. He had a high respect and esteem for Miss Wilson, from all he had heard and seen of her; and he hoped she might remain to educate his girls. Accordingly, on the very next morning, before he went down to breakfast, he knocked at the door of the school-room, where he knew Miss Wilson was alone.

"Good morning, Miss Wilson; I have a question to ask you."

"Indeed! I will answer it as well as I can."

"Was there any person in our party last night, whom you would rather not meet again here?"

Miss Wilson looked steadily at Mr. Gould for an instant, and being satisfied with her scrutiny, she replied, "Yes, I should be glad if Dr. Merton were not a guest here."

"Thank you, Miss Wilson, I expected this candour from you; I shall not invite Dr. Merton to dinner here any more.—You excuse my question, I trust?"

"Certainly. Real kindness I cannot mistake for impertinent curiosity. I am obliged to you for your friendly interest."

"Thank you. Good morning."

After that time Miss Wilson saw no more of Dr. Merton; but she kept up a correspondence with his wife, who was aware of the early attachment between her husband and Lizzy Wilson, "before," as she expressed it, "they knew what was good for them both."

Lizzy sat ruminating over all these things, and many more, in the short half-hour before she sat down to write the following letter to her mother:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have two good pieces of news to communicate. Guess what they are. As Madame de Sevigné says, '*Je vous la donne en trois—je vous la donne en dix. Jetez-vous votre langue aux chiens?*' Of course, you do. Then you must know that—prepare your mind, make George hold Nancy fast on her chair—you must know that I, your 'own darling Lizzy,' am coming to spend a whole month with you! Having digested *that* properly, listen to the next piece of intelligence.—Mr. Gould has given me a presentation to Christ's Hospital for George; and Mrs. Gould says, that she hopes George will often come and see me here. What does George think of *that* for a Christmas-box?

"Oh! if you knew how I long to see you all! If you could tell how I shall fidget and chafe, until I am once more in the dear little nut-shell of a home! Mr. and Mrs. Gould are very kind to me. I wish she had a little more feeling and delicacy! But it is useless to find fault with any but one's self. So Tom will be at home when I am there? Shall we not be happy, dear mother? Of course you will not have Nancy's party till I come home. I claim the top for Sir Roger de Coverley with George. Mind, George, you are engaged to me! And Nancy must let me be blind man first.

"What you say of the Mertons is very pleasant. I was quite sure Lilla would make him an excellent wife, and that he would find that out in time. No, dearest mother, do not imagine that Felix would have been happier with me. I do not love him, and could not have made him a good wife. It was a girlish error. I never really loved him, except as a brother—just as I love Tom—perhaps a little more, as we had more tastes in common than Tom and I have. You say you never rightly understood how I broke off my engagement. You know, my poor father had set his heart on this match, and so had Felix, until his mother persuaded him that Lilla had fallen in love with him; at a time, too, when he was piqued at my coldness, as he was pleased to call it. He proposed to her one fine morning, and was accepted; and the next day he came over to Coventry, (I was living with the Halls then,) and told me what he had done—swore he was mad the day before, and loved no one but me. I behaved then, as people say, very nobly. I renounced my engagement, refused ever to marry him; and, at last, exacted a promise from him that he would marry Lilla in three months, and would not seek to see me during that time. Upon these conditions I promised him my friendship after his marriage; the alternative being my resolution never to speak to him again. People would call this a noble sacrifice for a person in my condition; because I was convinced *then* that Felix really loved *me* as much as he could love anything in the world. But it was not noble, nor a sacrifice, mother; it was simply the dictate of woman's wounded pride and affection. I was mortified to find that Felix was so weak in nature—the man whom I thought I loved. I was humbled—nay, I felt insulted by the evidence which he had given of the slight nature of the feeling (which he nicknamed a *passion*) that I had inspired. I have since had many proofs that he cannot *love* in my sense; but that he did love *me* better than he ever loved before or since. Had he done so steadily throughout —— but then he would have been different from what he is.

"I have never told you all this before; perhaps, because there was some lingering of painful feeling connected with the subject. Now there is none. You will rejoice with me that I did not marry a man I could not always respect, and you will think it better for me to remain an old maid. I long to see Lilla with her baby. What a lovely group they must make, with Felix bending over them! I must take a sketch of them. Tom once had a *penchant* for Lilla, when he was seventeen. Ah! you knew nothing about that; but I did. Tom is not very susceptible, you know; but he is not a person to change very soon. He always was dreadfully obstinate. I verily believe that Tom has not got over his boyish love yet! At least, the recollection of it has hitherto prevented him from forming other fancies. Lilla knew nothing of it. You must remember she was a year or two older; and at eighteen or twenty a girl looks upon a *boy* as a nonentity. But *I* knew then that Tom was more a man than Lilla was a woman. Lilla is one of those persons who never grow to maturity, and Felix is another. He will never be what I call *a man*. There will always be something childish about them both. Perhaps Tom may find that out now he is five-and-twenty. Good-bye, dearest mother! I shall fill up this side to George."

During the fortnight that elapsed between the writing of the above letter, and the day fixed for the departure of the Gould family from town, Miss Wilson's health and spirits grew gradually better and better, until, on the morning of their journey (the 21st of December), the day before her own, she quite forgot the dignity of office, and while she was getting up, poured forth a multitude of little snatches of songs in her very best voice. It was a strange medley of ballads, opera scenas and airs, hymns, scherzas, and comic songs. This was an old habit, contracted, long ago, at the parsonage, where her bed-room was between her brother Tom's and her papa's dressing-

room, and they used to challenge each other in the morning, taking up each other's song in the style of Venetian gondoliers. There was one peculiarity in Lizzy's singing on these occasions: it seemed equally pleasant to her to sing any kind of song. She would sing "Cease rude Boreas" and "Tom Bowling" with her father, and "Non più andrai" and "Crambamboli" with her brother.

On this 21st of December, as she was dressing, and preparing to pack up her things, before the breakfast bell rang, she sang all these songs and a great many more, to the infinite surprise of the servants, male and female, who were going up and down stairs, and to the amusement of Mrs. Gould, whose room was under her's.

At breakfast, Mr. Gould inquired "who that was that was singing like Lablache, and Grisi, and Braham, ever since it was light?"

Miss Wilson acknowledged that she was the guilty person, and hoped that she had "not disturbed any one by making so much noise."

Mrs. Gould replied: "Disturb! No, indeed! I enjoyed it of all things. I wish you would always sing in that way when you are getting up."

"So she would, mamma," observed Miss Gould, "if she were always going home for a holiday. Miss Wilson always sings when she is pleased, and sometimes when she is vexed."

"Anybody could make Miss Wilson sing," exclaimed Master Gustavus Gould, a youth of fourteen, who had come from school yesterday. "You have only to whistle an air she knows, and she'll soon begin."

"*Your* whistling, I grant, always makes me sing," replied Miss Wilson.

"Why? Do I whistle so very beautifully?" asked the boy, with a grin.

"No; but you whistle just as one of my brothers used to whistle."

"Is that the brother who is coming to Christ's?" asked Mr. Gould.

"Yes," replied Miss Wilson.

"I think, Gustavus, you must knock up a friendship with Master Wilson, when he comes to town. He is about your age," said Mr. Gould.

"I've no objection, I'm sure! What sort of a fellow is he—eh, Miss Wilson?" asked Gustavus.

"Why, George is backward in book-learning, and forward in most other things."

"That's the right sort for me," cried Gustavus. "Can he ride, and shoot, and swim, and row, and fish?"

"Oh, yes! and drive, and hunt, and mow, and make hay, and sing, and play a little on the piano; and I must not forget that he can play chess well, and is a capital hand at cricket and bagatelle. I believe that is nearly all the list of poor George's accomplishments."

"And a very good list, too, by Jove!" exclaimed the boy. "Tell him I book him for a chum, though we shall not be at the same school."

"I will tell him," said Miss Wilson, with a laugh; and she left the room to help the girls to sort out the music and books they meant to take with them.

At two o'clock on that day the travelling-carriage, with its well-filled imperial, stood at the door of Mr. Gould's house. All the family, and Miss Wilson besides, stood in the hall, taking leave of each other, and talking of a merry Christmas and a happy new year. "Good-bye!" "Good-bye!"

"I suppose you do not go till to-morrow, Miss Wilson?" asked Mrs. Gould.

"No; I go by an early coach to-morrow."

"I wish you a pleasant journey."

"Thank you. Good morning!" and Mrs. Gould ran down the steps to the carriage.

As soon as she was left alone, Lizzy Wilson sat down to make up her accounts, and found that she had just seventeen shillings which she could afford to spend in presents to take home. It was very little; but it would serve to buy a trifle for each. She decided that each person at home would like a book better than most things, except, indeed, old Alice, who would rather have some flannel. This point being settled, she dressed herself to go out and buy what she wanted.

The shops had never looked so tempting before, and, cold as it was, she was as cheerful as a lark in June, as she walked briskly down Oxford-street, lingering now and then, as women love to linger, before some rare display of bonnets, shawls, and ribbons. Lizzy seldom looked at the shops; she never had money to spend on superfluities, and therefore she thought they did not concern her at all. Besides, her mind was never free from a feeling of responsibility when she walked out, for she always had the two eldest girls with her, which circumstance did not tend to make walking out as pleasant as walking should be, to improve the health. The girls were nice girls enough to teach or to amuse occasionally. They were well enough in the way of business, but it was fatiguing to Lizzy to associate always with her inferiors in mind. As she used to say, "It is useless to call it *associating*; you do not *associate*, you endeavour to suit your mind and conversation to their capacity, which is more fatiguing by far than giving them a lesson on any subject. It is good for neither party. Young girls ought to have young girls and boys for their companions, and their governesses ought to have men and women for companions, in their hours of relaxation. Both parties would gain incalculably by this arrangement,—which, as society is formed in this country, at present, cannot be made. So I must make the best of matters, and walk out every day with Sophia and Grace."

While Lizzy was in a bookseller's shop, choosing the presents for "those at home," she could not help seeing that a gentleman who was seated in the shop, looking over some pamphlets, observed her very attentively. From his appearance, which was that of a gentleman, but one without any pretension to style or fashion, she guessed him to be a clergyman—probably

a College Fellow, or Professor. He watched her, listened to all she said to the shopman, without that air of audacious curiosity which is not uncommon in Londoners on such an occasion. Lizzy felt a little embarrassed for a moment, but somehow she could not be displeased with this stranger. Presently he spoke to the shopman, and asked for a new work—"Carlyle's Translation of Wilhelm Meister"—which had just come out.

This was too much for Lizzy. That book had been the object of her desire for a fortnight, and here was some one actually going to buy it before her face! She turned involuntarily, with a slight smile, towards the stranger—a smile of sympathy with his taste. He saw it, and said, "It is very fine, is it not, madam?"

"It must be; but I have not seen it."

"I thought you looked as if you had read it."

"I dare say I looked as if I should like to read it." And, having said this, Lizzy returned to her purchases, paid for them, and left the shop.

As she walked home, she thought she should like to know that man; and she wondered, with a smile, whether he approved of the way in which she had spent her thirteen shillings. She certainly saw him laugh as she put back a "Geology made Easy," price two shillings, which the shopman particularly recommended for a child of ten years of age, while she chose a little book of Fairy Tales, price half-a-crown, instead. He seemed to watch her so much, that she feared he saw how she was contriving to get all she wanted for thirteen shillings, so as to save four for the flannel. However, he had wished her "good morning," and opened the door for her, as reverently as if she had been a duchess, and therefore he thought her want of money no reason why he should fail in the respect which every man owes to a woman. Lizzy liked the stranger, and speculated about him till she reached Grosvenor Square, when she forgot him and every thing else but preparations for her journey the next day.

She packed up her two boxes, had them corded and taken down stairs into the hall that evening, and sent to book her place by the Coventry coach, which started at seven o'clock the next morning from an inn in the city. One of the maids promised to call her at half-past five, and to have a hackney-coach ready at the door for her at a quarter past six; and Lizzy went to bed with that thought of school-children in her heart—"Where shall I be at this time to-morrow?"

Just as she was going to undress, she remembered her parcel of presents;—they were not packed up! That faithless bookseller had never sent them! She rang her bell, and requested Susan to inquire among the servants, whether a parcel had not come from ——'s, the bookseller.

Susan returned with a parcel in her hand, was "very sorry, but it was not her fault. Barnes had taken it in, and forgotten to give it to her."

"Never mind, Susan; I dislike to have small packages, but I dare say I can dispose of this in my basket, without uncording a box."

When Susan was gone, Lizzy wanted to untie the parcel, to see how the books looked *out* of the shop. Then she smiled at herself for being so childish; and soon she found a very good reason for looking at them—she *must* write all their names in them, of course! She sat down by the fire, and drew the parcel and the inkstand towards her.

Was not the parcel rather large? She had only bought four small books: here must be some mistake. And she proceeded to examine the contents. There were her four books and the receipted bill; but what were those three larger volumes? She took up one, and read, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,"—another—"Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship;"—another—"Wilhelm Meister's Travels." She could not fail to recal the stranger in the shop. Her wit, without being very great, could jump to a solution of the difficulty. That pompous shopman must have made a mistake, and put up the gentleman's books in her parcel. Poor man! perhaps he was wondering at that moment why they had not come. They must be sent back to the shop directly. She rose to ring the bell, and as she did so, a note, which had probably slipped from one of the books into her lap, fell on the floor. It was addressed to "Miss Wilson;" the contents were as follows:—

"Madam,—Will you accept this book from one who has more money than he can spend for his own wants? We shall probably never meet again; but that is no reason why you should not retain, in this book, a pleasing memento of a stranger. Let me have the satisfaction of knowing that I have afforded one of the highest intellectual pleasures to one who can, I am sure, appreciate it. "I am, Madam,

"Yours respectfully,

"E. M.

"P.S.—I am unknown to your bookseller."

Lizzy was very much pleased. Some ladies would have been too proud to accept a present from a stranger, and would have sent back the books to the shop. Lizzy was much too high-minded, too full of genuine heart-delicacy, to be guilty of an act of such mean pride: she quietly and gladly accepted any testimony of honest, disinterested kind feeling,—she always appreciated it, whether shown to others or to herself. She smiled as she thought how much she, in a similar position to this man, should have enjoyed doing such a thing herself. How often she had desired to buy books and toys for strange children, whose wishes (like her own that day in the bookseller's shop) were larger than their finances. "Yes, my unknown friend! I will accept the present; and I am glad there are people in the world able as well as willing to do such things." She felt inclined to write and tell him so, but she remembered that she did not know his name, nor did the bookseller.

"Better so," she thought; "it will always be a

pleasant little affair. How it will puzzle mamma! Tom will make a capital story of it." Then, again, she thought she "would not tell any one but her mother of it; because Tom might teaze her, and say things which she did not like on the subject. Tom could never see the matter in its true light,—no *worldly-wise* person ever could." Instead of going to bed early, she sat up an hour beyond her usual time, reading the new book.

"Indeed this is the most valuable Christmas present I ever had," she thought. She forgot how she had felt seven years ago on receiving Felix Merton's picture; but it was not long before she remembered it; and she thought of that handsome, winning face, and sighed—not for *herself*. In another moment she was making a comparison between that face and the stranger's! After acknowledging the quiet power of this last to be far more pleasing to her now than the fine form and wonderful *mobility* of expression in the first, she began to be very grave indeed, and, at last, murmured to herself, "All is well! I should, perhaps, make another mistake more grievous than the first. Yet, *there* is the species of human being to have full faith in, I fancy."

(To be continued.)

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S SOLDIERS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

COURAGE, chivalrous bearing, conquest, martial ardour,—favourite themes for the poetical pen through all ages, could find no more fitting chronicler than Shakspeare. None so well as he could perceive the splendour with which they were invested, as matter for poetry and dramatic development; none so well as he could blazon "all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;" while, at the same time, none so well as he could preclude a too seductive lustre from being shed around the subject itself, by a true manifestation of the far sublimer glories of peace and good-will. The brilliant meteoric radiance of military renown, the dazzling grandeur of earthly sway, the might of bravery, the dignity of valour, are all set forth resplendent upon Shakspeare's page; but, true to his higher calling of teacher as well as dramatist, humanist as well as poet, he has not failed to outshine and eclipse this light by the transcendent effulgence of moral purity, intellectual power, the strength of the spirit and the affections, and the triumphs of true glory. It is the sun paling and quenching the fires of the stars.

Shakspeare's warrior-portraits are painted with a vigorous hand: they embody the generic features of the class, with each its own individuality.

Among them stands conspicuous Caius Marcius Coriolanus; his surname being the immortal crown conferred upon his honourable achievements against the enemies of his country. Never was soldierly bearing more vividly depicted than in the personal descriptions of the man which recur several times throughout the play. His brother commander, Lartius, says of him:—

> "Thou wast a soldier
> Even to Cato's wish; not fierce and terrible
> Only in strokes, but, with thy grim looks, and
> The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
> Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
> Were feverous, and did tremble."

When he presents himself, humbly clad, in exile, at Antium, and stands before the hearth of Aufidius, seeking conference with his rival, Tullus says:—

> "Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
> Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
> Thou show'st a noble vessel."

And the blunt comments of the serving men, who would have repulsed him as a stranger, bear striking witness of his martial mien and proportions. One says: "What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and thumb, as one would set up a top." And the other rejoins: "Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it."

His rash impetuosity in moments of imminent peril are true to the life. When he is threatened by the people and their tribunes with the Tarpeian rock, he draws his sword, shouting:—

> "No: I'll die here.
> There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
> Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me."

And in his very death scene, when he is surrounded by the citizens of Antium, and some one endeavours to obtain a hearing in his favour, he urges provocation, taunts his enemies afresh, and recklessly defies their wrath.

Like a genuine military commander, he looks upon men's deaths (including his own) as matters of perfect indifference; and when he hears the news that the Volces are in arms, he exclaims: "I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent our musty superfluity." One of the main secrets of Coriolanus's disgust towards the common people, besides the natural shrinking with which his patrician blood recoils from sympathy and communion with the "mutable, rank-scented many," is, that he finds them wanting as soldiers. They do not fulfil his ideas of valour, of discipline, of devotion to their country's cause. He complains that there is no dependence to be placed on their courage:—

> "He that trusts you,
> Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
> Where foxes, geese."

He more than once, during the battle, reproaches them with their lukewarmness, and their base love of spoil in the moment of action; and afterwards, at home, repeats his censure:—

> "Being press'd to the war,
> They would not thread the gates: being i' the war,
> Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
> Most valour, spoke not for them."

There is a strongly marked individuality, characteristic of the several utterers, in each of the addresses to the soldiery, that Shakspeare has put into the mouths of his military leaders. Those which Coriolanus delivers, are sharp, stinging, contemptuous, and even vituperative; they evince the uncontrolled disgust and disdain which he feels towards the very men whom he incites to do the work he has in hand.

In that succession of short, vivid scenes descriptive of the engagement before and within the gates of Corioli, Caius Marcius flares throughout the tumult like a comet. His eagerness to begin the strife, his breathless ardour, his fierce urging of his followers rising in imperious shouts above the din of battle, his reckless pursuit till he is whelmed within the gates amidst the tide of retreating foes, his brief but energetic and effective councils with his brother commanders, his anxiety to lose no precious moment of time, his animation, his activity, his cheerful words, his positive high spirits during the excitement of the contest, are all conceived in the very spirit of martial enthusiasm. Fighting seems an actual good, a vital atmosphere to him: "The blood I drop is rather physical than dangerous to me." There is an absolute enjoyment in the exercise of his courage; a sort of rapture of bravery in the gaiety with which he exclaims to the friend who inquires whether he be hurt:—

> " O! let me clip you
> In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
> As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
> And tapers burned to bedward."

But there comes an exquisite touch at the close of these scenes, to tell us truly of the extent of Marcius's wounds, which his own gallant speeches would fain represent as scratches. It is where he begs the freedom of some poor prisoner, and upon being asked his name, is compelled to reply:—

> " By Jupiter, forgot: –
> I am weary—yea, my memory is tired.—
> Have we no wine here?
> *Cominius.* Go we to our tent:
> The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
> It should be look'd to; come."

Coriolanus's haughty nature not only shows itself in his patrician disdain of the commonalty, but in a proud humility, a lofty modesty—the sensitive point of true valour, conscious of its own existence, but shrinking from its commendation. There is a kind of stern bashfulness in his manner of waiving the praises bestowed upon him by his brother commanders on the battle-field; and afterwards, his words on retiring from his seat in the capitol, when his panegyric is about to be pronounced, almost savour of arrogance and discourtesy in their blunt diffidence.

But the poet has well displayed the grandeur and native dignity that more favourably colour the pride of Coriolanus, by the enthusiasm with which his character inspires his friends. His mother, Volumnia, hails the approach of her warlike son with words that show his spirit to be inherent:—

> " Hark! the trumpets.
> These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
> He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
> Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie,
> Which being advanced, declines, and then men die."

The other generals, his brethren in command, vie with each other in respect and admiration for his prowess, and are prodigal in their unenvious extolment of his merits. Cominius dreads lest his advocacy should fall short of what he thinks his due, when he delivers before the senate that fine speech (which it is a shame to curtail, but from which we must content ourselves here with a short extract) in honour of Marcius's achievements:—

> " For this last,
> Before and in Corioli, let me say,
> I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
> And by his rare example, made the coward
> Turn terror into sport: as waves before
> A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
> And fell below his stem: his sword—death's stamp—
> Where it did mark, it took. From face to foot
> He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
> Was timed with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
> The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
> With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
> And with a sudden reinforcement struck
> Corioli like a planet."

And in the mouth of his devoted partisan, his warm-hearted old friend, Menenius, a yet more beautiful eulogy is placed. He says:—

> " His nature is too noble for the world:
> He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
> Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
> What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
> And, being angry, does forget that ever
> He heard the name of death."

The unconscious extenuation here offered for the defect in his idol's disposition, the plausible sophistry with which he elevates obstinacy of pride into inflexible integrity, is exquisitely true to the instincts of partiality and enthusiastic affection. It is Menenius, also, who utters those graphic words—magnificent in their very simplicity—which portray the hero he so worships, and which, indeed, serve as an abstract of a heroic ideal. "When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in."

The sketch of the boy, Coriolanus's little son, is happily hit off; he is a soldier in miniature, an embryo warrior. We see this in the description of the child given to Volumnia and Virgilia by their friend Valeria, when she speaks of his having " such a confirmed countenance;" and also afterwards, when his inherited courage rises up against his father's relentlessness, and he boldly exclaims:—

> " He shall not tread on me:
> I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight."

The blessing invoked by Coriolanus upon this son is the very essence of a warlike father's wish:—

> "The god of soldiers,
> With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
> Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
> To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
> Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
> And saving those that eye thee!"

In direct contrast with the inflexible Coriolanus, is the impressionable Mark Antony. The very first words of the play bespeak the ambition of the conqueror melted in the indulgence of the voluptuary—the ardour of the soldier merged in that of the lover—the majesty of Rome's master yielding to the sway of an Egyptian mistress—the martial spirit slumbering quiescent within the coils of that "serpent of old Nile," Cleopatra.

The manner in which Antony's spirits fluctuate with the aspect of his fortune; the alternate depression and revival to which they are subject from the influence of external circumstances; the susceptibility, the impulsiveness, the prodigality, the unreservedness of his disposition, joined to his sensual temperament, all mark the impressionable man. His soldierly qualifications are thus comparatively obscured; he is less notable for his warriorship than for his magnificence; and while he is distinguished for generosity, both of taste and feeling, he lacks constancy in the austerer virtues.

His brother triumvir, Octavius, bears honourable testimony to his early hardihood in defeat and adversity, but deplores all the more his subsequent instability.

His brave follower, Scarus, remarks upon that variable mood of his general's:—

> "Antony
> Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
> His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear
> Of what he has, and has not."

And his friend Enobarbus makes pithy comment on his easily excited spirits:—

> "Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
> Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood
> The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
> A diminution in our captain's brain
> Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
> It eats the sword it fights with."

That also is like one of the freaks of an impressionable nature, where Antony calls forth his household servants, and addresses them in such moving terms as shall elicit their tears, and assure him of their sympathy; then, satisfied with his experiment, he suddenly rallies, bursts into a laugh, speaks gaily and hopefully, and concludes with:—

> "Let's to supper; come,
> And drown consideration."

He is facile; and like a man who knows himself to be assailable by persuasion, he intrenches himself in a stronghold of obstinacy, meeting the force of reason, and the unanswerable representations of his officers, with mere stubborn iteration,—"By sea, by sea." And on their urging their remonstrance, he doggedly repeats, "I'll fight at sea."

There is one curious instance of defective judgment quite consistent with Antony's character. Like most impressionable men, he allows himself to be swayed by appearance, and is superficial in his perceptions. Accordingly, whilst he is yielding his dying breath in Cleopatra's arms, he rouses himself with a generous anxiety for her welfare, and bids her "trust none about Cæsar but Proculeius." Now, in the sequel, we find that Proculeius is *not* to be trusted, for it is he who assists to betray Cleopatra into the hands of Cæsar's guards, while Dolabella proves her friend and adviser.

Towards Octavia, "our courteous Antony, whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak," is gentle and considerate in his manner, though he but "makes this marriage for his peace," and from merely prudential motives.

There is another characteristic feature in Antony's conduct; his generosity in being ever ready to admit his own share of blame, to acknowledge his errors, and to accept reproof with candour and temper. His remorse, too, is as keen as his self-accusation is bitter and ample; and the generous-hearted Antony—munificent in prosperity, and noble in downfal—engages our interest and sympathy perhaps more deeply than many a less faulty being.

In juxta-position, but in high relief, with Mark Antony, is another military commander, Octavius Cæsar—cold, calculating, ever vigilant, and holding himself in reserve to take advantage of any lapse of judgment on the part of his great compeer and rival.

When the marriage is proposed between Octavia, Cæsar's sister, and Antony, the latter asks, "Will Cæsar speak?" But he answers, "Not till he hears how Antony is touched with what is spoke already." And again, in the conference with Pompey, Cæsar's dispassionate voice recurs at intervals in such curt words of heed, as, "Take your time;" "There's the point;" "That's the next to do:" showing, by these admonitory sentences, that he himself keeps sedulously to the point in question, and would have others do the same.

In the wild scene of banquet revelry on board Pompey's galley, Octavius alone maintains a check upon his own indulgence in the pleasures of the table; and it is he who is the first to propose a general termination of the feast. His allusion to the effect of the wine upon his articulation is admirably indicative of the wary man accustomed to observe and guard his own utterance; while his habitual reserve dreads the exposure of inebriety:—

> "Mine own tongue
> Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
> Antick'd us all."

His only touch of warmth is given to his sister Octavia; his eyes moisten at parting with her, and he is highly indignant at her treatment by Mark Antony, though his indignation is tempered by the duty of preaching patience and comfort to herself.

Anger never leads him beyond one abusive epithet.

He calls Antony an "old ruffian," in wrath at the thought of his defiance in the moment of defeat:—

> "He dares me to personal combat,
> Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
> I have many other ways to die; mean time,
> Laugh at his challenge."

His wrath is steeped in contempt, and he ends, a few moments afterwards, by the sneering exclamation,—"Poor Antony!"

As is to be expected from one of his cold, hard nature, Octavius has an unworthy opinion of women, and distrusts their integrity; in this persuasion of their foible, he sends an emissary to the queen of Egypt after the disgraceful defeat by sea:—

> "From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
> And in our name, what she requires; add more,
> From thine invention, offers: women are not,
> In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
> The ne'er touch'd vestal."

His frigid temperament baffles Cleopatra's alluring arts; her power of witchery falls powerless against his dispassionate stoicism; but when, in turn, he seeks to beguile her, she, accustomed to study men's moods and dispositions, to watch their humours, and detect their sentiments, sees in an instant through his purpose and his smooth speech, saying to her attendants when he is gone:—

> "He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
> Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

She gives the whispered order for the asp, "the pretty worm of Nilus, that kills and pains not," and thus defeats her wily foe at once and for ever.

As the extreme opposite of the cold Octavius, "sticks fiery off indeed" the gallant Harry Percy, surnamed Hotspur. His well-known ardent temper has procured him this title, and all that we see and hear of him confirms its fitness. At the very opening of the play, King Henry IV. alludes to his warlike fame, and almost envies that—

> "My Lord Northumberland
> Should be the father of so blest a son:
> A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue."

Elsewhere he calls him "this Hotspur Mars." His princely rival speaks of him as—"this same child of honour and renown, this gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight;" and afterwards says:—

> "I do not think a braver gentleman,
> More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
> More daring, or more bold, is now alive
> To grace this latter age with noble deeds."

His uncle, the Earl of Worcester, talks of his

> "adopted name of privilege,
> A hare-brained Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen."

Falstaff calls him "that same mad fellow of the north, Percy;" and, on the battle-field, says:—"I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead."

Such reports of fame demanded strong individual painting, and, certainly, Shakspeare's delineation of the man himself fully answers to his reputation.

His bold vindication of Mortimer before the king; his tornado-like rage about giving up the prisoners, till his father, Northumberland, asks him:—"What, drunk with choler?" His impatient bursts while his father and uncle are consulting means of revenge; his testy forgetfulness, interrupting himself with:—

> "What do you call the place?
> A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire.

His eagerness:—

> "I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
> *North.* Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip."

His fretful cogitations while reading the letter from the lukewarm rebel lord, whom he calls a "frosty-spirited rogue," and a "dish of skimmed milk;" with his contempt of risk:—"*The purpose you undertake is dangerous*:—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." His impatience of delay, so like the man of action:—"Oh, let the hours be short, till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!" His intolerance of sickness that intervenes to thwart his plans; wondering how any one has "leisure to be sick in such a justling time;" with his skimming over the details of the malady in the letter, and proceeding to what he considers the important question:—

> "He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
> And that his friends by deputation could not
> So soon be drawn."

His blunt words of soldierly horror at being thought to flatter, when he praises Douglas to his face. His absent preoccupied manner, alluded to by Prince Hal, in that caricature description he gives of his rival, "the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—'*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.*' '*O my sweet Harry,*' says she, '*how many hast thou killed to day?*' '*Give my roan horse a drench,*' says he, and answers, 'Some *fourteen*;' an hour after; '*a trifle, a trifle.*'" Which absence of mind is afterwards verified in the opening of the scene where he sits down to the conference with the other rebel leaders, to arrange their contemplated plan of attack, and exclaims:—"A plague upon it! I have forgot the map." His blended prodigality and tenacity when they are apportioning their several rights of land:—

> "I'll give thrice so much land
> To any well-deserving friend:
> But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
> I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

His quick sense of honour; during the battle, his reply to Worcester, who says:—

> "There is no seeming mercy in the king.
> *Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!"

And, finally, his ardour when he learns the approach of his enemies:—

> "Let them come;
> They come like sacrifices in their trim,
> And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
> All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
> The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
> Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
> To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
> And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse."

All these characteristic circumstances combine to form one of the most perfect pictures of a rash and impetuous soldier that was ever limned.

There are still two particulars that remain to be cited regarding Hotspur, which are peculiarly indicative of the mere soldier; he evinces a contempt for poetry, and an indifference for music; and he also regards his wife far more as a lady-puppet than as a rational companion. Instead of replying to her fond inquiry respecting his preoccupied thoughts, he shouts to a servant, and asks about the despatch of some packet; and afterwards evades her with some light bantering answers, and expresses his want of faith in her discretion, and powers of secrecy—precisely like a soldier who has little time to study the true worth and capability of a woman's heart and mind. How little he does justice to this heart and mind, (the loving strength of which he might have trusted to the utmost,) is proved by the exquisite posthumous eulogy which Lady Percy subsequently delivers in honour of her lost husband.

Shakspeare has not feared to put two fiery hot-tempered men close together; for, in the same play with Hotspur is Owen Glendower, the Welshman. But how distinctly has he maintained the several individuality of the two military leaders. Hotspur is peremptory, Glendower is pompous; where the one is wilful, the other is vain; when the one flies off at a tangent, the other warmly argues, or holds forth about his own portentous nativity, his magical powers, and his vast superiority to the "roll of common men." Warmth of temper makes Hotspur an utter contemner of self, a plain, blunt soldier; while a like heat makes Glendower a conceited visionary, an intemperate self-worshipper, a thorough egotist.

Thus have we traced the individual characteristics of the haughty Coriolanus; the impressionable Mark Antony; the cold Octavius Cæsar; the fiery Hotspur; the conceited Glendower. But as there remain many admirable warrior-portraits still undiscussed, this division of the subject will be resumed in another number.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[1]
OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

CHAPTER IX.
WHEREIN RICHARD FRERE AND LEWIS TURN MAHOMETANS.

LEWIS rather expected a lecture from Richard Frere on account of his aquatic exploit; but he need not have made himself uneasy on the subject, for the only remark his friend volunteered was: "Well, you know, if the dog could not be saved without, of course you were obliged to go in and fetch him; I should have done the same myself, though I hate cold water as I hate the old gentleman, and never could swim in my life."

When they had concluded dinner, Frere inquired, suddenly: "By the way, do you mean to come with me to-night?"

"Before I can answer that question," returned Lewis, "you must condescend to inform me where you are going, and what you mean to do when you get there."

"To be sure; I thought I had told you; but the fact is, I have been working rather hard lately, (I read for three hours after you were gone to bed last night,) and my head is not over clear to-day. The case is this, sir: Tom Bracy, who, as I before told you, is lamentably addicted to practical jokes, happens to be acquainted with a certain elderly lady, who devotes her life to lion hunting."

"To *what?*" inquired Lewis.

"To catching celebrities, otherwise termed lions," replied Frere, "and parading them at her parties for the benefit of her friends and acquaintance. On the last occasion of this kind, she confided to Bracy her longing desire to obtain an introduction to a certain Persian prince, or thereabouts, who has lately come over to this country, to avoid the somewhat troublesome attentions of his family, his younger brother being most anxious to put out his eyes, and his grandfather only waiting a favourable opportunity for bowstringing him."

"'A little more than kin, and less than kind,'" quoted Lewis.

"I knew you would say that," returned Frere; "in fact, I should have felt quite surprised if you had not. But to proceed with my account. Bracy soon found out that his hostess had never seen the aforesaid Asiatic magnate, and knew next to nothing about him; whereupon, he determined 'to get a little fun,' as he calls it, out of the affair, and accordingly informed her, very gravely, that from his acquaintance with the Persian language, he was in the habit of accompanying the prince to evening parties in the character of interpreter, and that if she would entrust him with an invitation, he should be happy to convey it to his Highness, and try to induce him to accept it. She joyfully acceded to the proposal, and this very evening the party is to take place. And now can you guess the purport of Bracy's visit to me?"

"He wants you to act as interpreter in his stead, I suppose; his knowledge of Persian being probably confined to the word 'bosh.'"

"Wrong!" rejoined Frere, laughing. "A higher destiny awaits me. I am for the nonce to be elevated to the proud position of one of the Blood Royal of Persia. In plain English, Bracy knows as much of the Prince as I do of the Pope; the whole thing is a hoax from beginning to end, and he wants me to personate his Highness, which I have half promised to do, while you are to represent an attendant satrap, a sort of Mussulman gold stick in waiting,

(1) Continued from p. 201.

always supposing that you have no objection so to employ yourself."

"To tell you the truth, I am scarcely in the vein for such fooling," returned Lewis, moodily. "I hate practical jokes, to begin with, nor can I see much fun in taking advantage of the absurdities of some weak-minded old lady. Who is the woman about to be victimized?"

"An opulent widow, one Lady Lombard, 'the interesting relict of a be-knighted pawnbroker,' as Bracy calls her," replied Frere.

"*Who?*" inquired Lewis, becoming suddenly interested.

Frere repeated the name, and Lewis continued,—

"Then I'm your man, and will enter into your plot heart and soul; that woman's fair game, and we'll fool her to the top of her bent."

"Why, how now?" exclaimed Frere, astonished at his friend's impetuosity. "This is a very sudden change. Do you then know the lady?"

"Yes, I do," rejoined Lewis, bitterly, "know her for a coarse-minded, purse-proud, wretched old woman!"

"Phew!" whistled Frere. "May I ask how the good lady has been so unfortunate as thus to have excited your bitter indignation against her?"

"Never mind," returned Lewis, rising hastily, and walking to the window, "it is enough that I have sufficient dislike to her to enter cordially into your hoax."

"That's odd now," muttered Frere, soliloquizing. "If I had not known his '*antecedents*,' as the French term it, nearly as well as I know my own, I should have fancied the late lamented Lombard had, in bygone hours, refused to negotiate some small loan for him, on the perishable security of personal clothing. He can't have popped the question to the widow, at one of the German watering-places, and encountered a negative?"

"Frere, don't mention my dislike of Lady Lombard to your facetious acquaintance," observed Lewis, turning round. "I have no ambition to become a butt for his bad puns."

"Never fear, man, I'll not betray your confidence," returned Frere; "more particularly when, as in the present instance, I don't happen to share it."

"Do you care to know?" asked Lewis.

"Not by no manner of means, as the young lady said, when the parson asked her whether she was prepared to give up all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," returned Frere. "And now, as we have to be converted into Pagans before ten o'clock, suppose we start."

A quarter of an hour's brisk walking brought them to Bracy's lodgings, where they found that gentleman deeply immersed in study, with the fez which was to assist in changing Frere into a prince, stuck rakishly on one side his head. On perceiving his visitors, he sprang from his seat, and making a low salaam, in the course of which performance the fez tumbled off and knocked down a candle, he exclaimed,—

"Most illustrious brothers of the Sun, and first-cousins once removed of the Moon and all the Stars, —may your shadows never be less!—You do me proud by honouring my poor dwelling with your seraphic presences!"

"I see you have got the wherewithal to make Heathens of us," returned Frere, pointing to a couple of Persian dresses which hung against the wall, like a brace of Bluebeard's headless wives.

"Bude Light of the Universe, yes!" replied Bracy; "your slave has procured the '*wear* with all' necessaries to complete your transformation from infidel Feringhees to true sons of Islam. Would I have had my prince appear without a khelaut—a dress of honour? Be Cheshm! upon my eyes be it;—by the way, it's a remarkable fact, that the expression 'my eyes' should be Court lingo in Persia, and bordering upon Billingsgate in English."

"You seem particularly well-up in the pseudo-Persian metaphor to-night, Bracy," observed Frere; "has the fez inspired you?"

"No, there's nothing miraculous in the affair," returned Bracy; "it is very easily explained. I have been reading up for the occasion,—cramming, sir; a process successfully practised upon heavy Johneans at Cambridge, and corpulent turkey poults in Norfolk."

"Indeed!—I was not aware that you are a Persian scholar;—may I inquire what line of study you have adopted?"

"One that I have myself struck out," responded Bracy, "and which has been attended, I flatter myself, with the most successful results. I first subjected myself to a strict course of Hajji Baba, after which I underwent a very searching examination in Morier's 'Zohrab, or the Hostage.' I next thoroughly confused my mind with 'Thalaba,' but brought myself round again upon 'Bayley Frazer's Travels;' after which I made myself master of 'Ayesha, or the Maid of Khars;' and by way of laying in a fitting stock of the sentimental, finished off with Byron's 'Giaour;'—stop, let me give you a specimen;" and, replacing the unruly fez, he sprang upon a chair, and throwing himself into a mock-tragedy attitude, began bombastically to recite:—

"'Twas sweet, where cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night;
And oft had Hassan's childhood play'd
Around the verge of that cascade:
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's youth along
Its banks been soothed by Beauty's song,
And softer seem'd each melting tone
Of music mingled with its own.'

"There now, I call that pretty well for a young beginner; a little of that will go a good way with my Lady Lombard; it is like a penny bun, cheap to begin with, and very filling at the price."

"Turks and Persians are not exactly alike, though you seem to think they are," observed Frere, drily.—"Have you laid down any plan of operations, may I ask? you must give me very full and clear directions

how to behave, for to tell you the truth, my acquaintance with the higher ranks of Persia is infinitesimally select."

"Oh! it's all plain sailing enough," returned Bracy; "you have only to look wise, roll your eyes about, and occasionally jabber a little Persian, or any other unknown tongue you may prefer, which I, not understanding, shall translate *ad libitum* as the occasion may require."

"And sweetly you will do it too, or I am much mistaken," muttered Frere, divesting himself of his great coat.

"Pray inform me, as I am unfortunately ignorant of all the oriental languages, how do you propose to supply my deficiencies?" inquired Lewis.—"Is my part, like Bottom the weaver's, to be nothing but roaring?"

"Why, as you are about to enact a lion, it would appear not inappropriate," returned Bracy; "yes, it never struck me; there seems a slight difficulty there—you never got up any *Memoria Technica*, did you?"

Lewis shook his head.

"That's unlucky," continued Bracy; "a page or two of that would have served the purpose beautifully. I met a man the other night who had struck out a new system for himself, and was perfectly rabid about it. He had bottled, according to his own account, the whole history of England into an insinuating little word that sounded to me something like 'Humguffinhoggogrificicuana,' and bagged all Hansard's Reports, from Pitt to Peel, in half-a-dozen lines of impossible doggrel. Oh! he was a wonderful fellow,—clearly mad, but intensely funny. I kept him in tow two good hours, and made him explain his system twice over to everybody, till the people were ready to cry, he bored them so. I was nearly being punished for it though, as he was actually weak enough to believe in me, and called the next day to fraternize."

"And how did you escape?" asked Lewis.

"Why, I have a sort of tiger, (the imp that let you in, in fact,) who is a first-rate liar—most excellent useful boy, I do assure you, sir: I sent him down with a message that I had an attack of Asiatic cholera, but if he would take a glass of wine, and look at the paper till the crisis was over, I would come to him if it terminated favourably. That settled the business; he did not wait the event, but was off like a shot, thinking the infection might disagree with his 'system,' perhaps."

"Then he has not repeated his visit?" inquired Frere.

"No; and I hope he will not," returned Bracy, "for there will be nothing left for me to have but Elephantiasis or the Plague, and he must be very far gone in innocence if he can swallow either of them."

"Am I expected to put on these things?" asked Frere, holding up a most voluminous pair of Persian trowsers, made of a species of rich gauze enriched with glittering spangles.

"Yea, verily, most emphatically and decidedly, yes," replied Bracy.

"Well, what must be, must be, I suppose," rejoined Frere, with a sigh of resignation; "but I never thought to see myself in such a garment. One thing is clear, I must stand all the evening, for there's no man living could sit down in them."

"Never fear," returned Bracy encouragingly; "only do you go into my bed-room, and put on your robes, and I'll ensure your taking your seat on your return. Never make mountains of molehills, man; there are worse dresses than that in the world; for instance, it might have been a kilt."

"That's true," said Frere, reflectively, and unhooking the richest Mrs. Bluebeard, he proceeded after sundry ejaculations of disgust to carry it into the other room, whither after a minute or two Bracy followed him, to perform, as he said, the part of lady's maid. After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour the door was again unclosed, and Bracy, exclaiming, "Now, Mr. Arundel, allow me to have the honour of introducing you to his Sublime Highness Ree Chard el Freer," ushered in the person named.

Never was so complete a transformation seen. The Persian dress, rounding off and concealing the angularities of his figure, gave a sort of dignity to Frere, quite in keeping with the character he was about to assume; while moustaches and a flowing beard imparted a degree of picturesqueness to his countenance which accorded well with his irregular but expressive features and bright animated eyes. A shawl of rich pattern confined his waist, while a girdle, studded with (apparently) precious stones, sustained a sword and dagger, the jewelled hilts and brilliantly ornamented sheaths of which added not a little to the magnificence of his appearance.

"Voila!" exclaimed Bracy, patting him on the back. "What do you think of that, by way of a get-up? There's a ready-made prince for you. Asylum of the Universe, how do you find yourself? do your new garments sit easily?"

"None of your nonsense, sir," replied Frere; "if I am a prince, behave to me as *sich*, if you please. I tell you what, I shall be tearing some of this drapery before the evening is over. Ah! well, it is not for life, that is one comfort; but I never was properly thankful before for not having been born a woman, Think of sinking into the vale of years in a muslin skirt—what a prospect for an intellectual being!"

"Now, Mr. Arundel, your dress awaits you," said Bracy, "and 'time is on the wing.' We shall have her ladyship in hysterics, if she fancies her prince means to disappoint her."

Lewis's toilet was soon completed, and proved eminently successful, the flowing robe setting off his tall graceful figure to the utmost advantage, and the scarlet fez with its drooping tassel contrasting well with his dark curls, and enhancing the effect of his delicately cut and striking features. Bracy making his appearance at the same moment, most elaborately got up for the occasion, with a blue satin under-

waistcoat, and what he was pleased to denominate the Order of the Holy Poker suspended by a red ribbon from his button-hole, the tiger of lying celibrity was despatched for a vehicle, and the two started.

"To a reflective mind," began Bracy, when an interval of wood-pavement allowed conversation to become audible,—"to a reflective mind, there is no section of the zoology of the London streets more interesting than that which treats of the habits and general economy of the genus cabman."

"As to their general economy," returned Frere, "as far as I am acquainted with it, it appears to consist in doing you out of more than their fare, and expending the capital thus acquired at a gin palace."

"Sir, you misapply terms, treat an important subject with unbecoming levity, and libel an interesting race of men," returned Bracy, with a countenance of the most immovable gravity.

"Interest*ed*, you mean," rejoined Frere.

"One very striking peculiarity of the species," continued Bracy, not heeding the interruption, "is their talent for subtle analysis of character, and power of discriminating it by the application of unusual tests."

"What's coming now?" inquired Frere. "Keep your ears open, Lewis, my son, and acquire wisdom from the lips of the descendant of many Bracys."

"I am aware an assertion of this nature should not be lightly hazarded," resumed Bracy, "as it carries little conviction to the ill-regulated minds of the sceptical, unless it be verified by some illustrative example drawn from the actual."

"You have not got such a thing as a Johnson's Dictionary about you, I suppose?" interrupted Frere; "I want to look out a few of those long words."

"With this view," resumed Bracy, "I will relate a little anecdote, which will at the same time prove my position, and display the capacity of the London cabman for terse and epigrammatic definition. I had been engaged on committee business at the House of Commons, a short time since, and was returning to my lodgings, when as I emerged into Palace Yard it began to rain. Seeing me without an umbrella, a cabman on the stand hailed me with a view of ascertaining whether I required his services. While I was debating with myself, whether the rain were likely to increase or not, I was hailed by the cad of an omnibus just turning into Parliament Street."

"I never do make puns," began Frere, "or else I should be inclined to ask, whether being exposed to so much *hail* and rain at the same time did not give you cold?"

"It happened that I had just betted a new hat with a man," continued Bracy, still preserving the most perfect gravity, "as to how many times the chairman of the committee would take snuff, and had lost my wager; this made me feel awfully stingy, and accordingly availing myself of the lowest of the two estimates, I fraternized with the 'bus fellow, and metaphorically threw over the cabman. As I was ascending the steps of the vehicle I had resolved to patronise, the following remark from the injured Jehu reached my ears: it was addressed to an amphibious individual, '*en sabots et bandeaux de foin*' (as the Morning Post would have it), yclept the waterman; and if you don't think it fully bears out my previous assertions, I can only say that you are an incompetent judge of evidence. He first attracted his friend's attention, by pointing to me over his shoulder with his thumb, and winking significantly; then added in a tone of intense disgust, 'See that cove; I thort he worn't no good; 'stead o' takin' a cab to his self, like a gent, he's a goin' to have *threepenn'orth of all sorts*.'"

As Bracy amid the laughter of his companions concluded his recital, the vehicle which conveyed them drew up at the door of Lady Lombard's mansion.

Chapter X.

CONTAINS A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY ON THE TEXT, "PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES."

Lady Lombard, being in many senses of the word a great lady, lived in a great house, which looked out upon that shocking sight, a London garden, and had its front door at the back, for the sake of appearances. At this perverted entrance did Bracy's mendacious tiger, standing on tip-toe, the better to reach the knocker, fulminate like a duodecimo edition of Olympian Jove, until two colossal footmen, in a great state of excitement and scarlet plush, opened the door so suddenly as nearly to cause the prostration of the booted boy, who only saved himself from falling by stumbling, boots and all, against the tall shin of the highest footman, thereby eliciting from that noble creature an ejaculation suggestive of his intense appreciation of the injury done him, and hinting, not obscurely, at his wishes in regard to the future destiny of his juvenile assailant. That youth, however, who, we are forced to confess, was not only as "impudent as he was high," but, reckoning by the peculiar standard which the expression aforesaid indicates, at the very least three feet more so, hastened thus to rebuke his adversary—"Hit's lucky for you, Maypole, as I hain't hon the bench of majorstraits yet, hor ther'd a been five bob hout o' your red plush pockets for swearin', as sure has heggs is heggs! hif that's hall yer gratitude for me a-bringin' of ye my honourable master and two noble Purshun princes, hi'd better horder the carridge to turn round, and take 'em back agen."

Having astonished the disgusted giant by this speech, the imp bounded down the steps, and held open the cab-door with an air of dignified condescension.

"Is not that boy a treasure?" whispered Bracy to Frere, as they alighted; "how neatly he took the shine out of that thick-witted pyramid of fool's flesh. I could not have done the thing better myself."

"I don't pretend to any very unusual powers of foresight," muttered Frere, under his beard, "but I think I could point out that brat's residuary legatee."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Bracy, "and who do you fix upon? the archbishop of Canterbury?"

"No, the hangman," was the gruff reply.

"Well, I'd myself venture to insure him against drowning, for a very moderate premium," rejoined his master, laughing; "but now I really must beg you to bear in mind that you are utterly ignorant of the English language."

"Inshallah! I'd forgotten my illustrious descent most completely," answered Frere, "but I'll be careful; so, for the next three hours, 'my native' tongue, 'good night.'"

While this conversation had been carried on in an under tone, the party had been ushered up-stairs, amidst the wondering gaze of servants innumerable, of all sorts and sizes, from the little foot-page staggering under a galaxy of buttons, to the mighty butler, barely able to walk beneath the weight of his own dignity.

"What name shall I say, gentlemen?" asked the last named official, in his most insinuating tone; for a Persian prince was a rarity sufficient to impress even his imperturbable spirit with a sense of respect.

"His Highness Prince Mustapha Ali Khan and suite," returned Bracy, authoritatively.

Immediately the door of a well-lighted saloon was flung-back on its hinges, and, in a stentorian voice, the major domo announced, "His Highness Prince Mystify-all-I-can and su-et."

"By Jove! he's hit it," whispered Bracy to Lewis, as, following Frere, they entered the room, "he won't beat that if he tries till he's black in the face."

As he finished speaking, the guests, who had crowded as near the door as good breeding would allow, to witness the prince's *entrée*, drew back, as a rustling of silks and satins announced the approach of their hostess.

Lady Lombard, who, to judge by appearances, would never again celebrate her forty-fifth birth-day, had been a handsome, and still was a fine-looking woman. She was tall and portly; in fact, portly is rather a mild term to use in speaking of her ladyship, but we don't like to stigmatize her as stout, and beyond that we could not go in speaking of a lady. She had a very bright colour, and a very fair skin, in the display of which she was by no means niggardly, her gown having short sleeves, (so short, indeed, as scarcely to be worth mentioning,) and being —— well, we know a French word which would express our meaning, but we prefer our own language, and must therefore say, being rather too much off, where it would have been better a little more on. She wore a profusion of light ringlets, which we feel justified in stating, upon our personal responsibility, to have been her own, for Lady Lombard was an honourable woman, and paid her bills most punctually. These flaxen locks rejoiced in one peculiarity—they were not divided in the centre, after the usual method, but the *in medio tutissimus ibis* principle had been abandoned in favour of a new and striking coiffeure, which until we were introduced to her ladyship we had believed to be restricted to the blue-and-silver epicene pages who worship the prima donna, and poke fun at the soubrettes on the opera stage;—the page-like parting, then, was on one side her head, and across her ample forehead lay a festoon of hair, arranged so as to suggest, to a speculative mind, a fanciful resemblance to the drapery at the top of a window curtain. Her features were by no means without expression; on the contrary, meek pomposity, and innocent self-satisfaction, were written in legible characters on her good-natured countenance.

The most carefully written descriptions usually prove inadequate to convey to the reader's mind a just idea of the object they would fain depict; but as we are especially anxious that others should see Lady Lombard with our eyes, we must beg their attention to the following simple process, by which we trust to enable them to realize her.

Let each reader, then, call to mind the last average specimen of fat and fair babyhood which may have come under his notice; let him imagine it clothed in the richest sky-blue satin; let him deprive it of its coral, and substitute in its place a gold watch and appendages; round its fat little excuse for a neck let him clasp a diamond necklace; let him dress its hair, or provide it a flaxen wig—if its hair should be as yet a pleasure to come—made after the fashion we have above described; and let him, lastly, by a powerful effort of imagination, inflate this baby until, still preserving its infantine proportions, it shall stand five feet nine in its satin shoes,—and he will then have arrived at a very correct idea of Lady Lombard as she appeared when, rustling forward in a tremour of delight, she advanced to perform the part of gracious hostess to the Prince of Persia.

"Really, Mr. Bracy," she began, as that gentleman, with a countenance of solemn satisfaction, stepped forward to meet her, "really, this is *too* kind of you; how *do* you do?—so you have positively brought me the *dear* prince?—*will* you introduce me to him, and explain to him how *very* much honoured I am by his condescension in coming this evening?"

Be it observed, by the way, that her ladyship spoke with the greatest *empressement*, and had a habit of uttering many of her words in italics, if not in small capitals.

"It will give me much satisfaction to do so," returned Bracy, with grave courtesy; "but I can assure you the prince came quite of his own accord; the moment I had explained your invitation to him he caught the note out of my hand, pressed it three times to his forehead, and exclaimed, in the court dialect of Iraun, '*Hahazur imeyur manzur;*' he did, indeed."

"No-o-o, *really!*" ejaculated Lady Lombard, more emphatically than she had ever yet spoken in her life: then, as a faint glimmering came across her that there was a slight anomaly in appearing so deeply interested in a remark which she could by no possibility understand, she added—"But you should recollect, Mr. Bracy, that *every* one does not possess your remarkable acquaintance with the Eastern languages."

"Psha! how forgetful I am!" returned Bracy; "your ladyship must excuse me; the prince has been so short a time in this country that I am scarcely yet accustomed to my new duties. The few words I had the honour to repeat to you merely signify—you know the Eastern metaphors are very peculiar—'I will kiss'—it's the usual form of accepting any distinguished invitation—'I will kiss her ladyship's door-mat!'—curious, is it not?"

"Yes, in*deed*," was the sympathetic reply. At the same moment Bracy, turning to Frere, presented him to their hostess, saying, "Prince, this is Lady Lombard—*Twygt-hur rhumauld gâl!*"

The first sound that escaped his highness was an hysterical grunt which, in an Englishman, might have been deemed indicative of suppressed laughter; but proceeding from the bearded lips of a Persian potentate, assumed the character of an Eastern ejaculation. After muttering a few *real* Persian words, with an appearance of deep respect, Frere took her ladyship's plump white hand between both his own, and raised it to his lips; then relinquishing it, he spoke again, made a low salaam, and drawing himself up to his full height, crossed his arms on his breast, and stood motionless before her. The appealing looks which she cast upon Bracy when the prince spoke, was a severe trial to his gravity; but by long experience in practical joking he had acquired wonderful command of countenance, which stood him now in good stead, and he proceeded to translate Frere's sentences into certain flowery and unmeaning compliments, which were about as unlike their real signification as need be.

After Lewis had gone through the same ceremony, without the speeches, for which omission Bracy accounted by explaining that it was not etiquette for the Persian nobles to speak when in attendance on their princes, they were led to the upper end of the apartment, where Frere seated himself cross-legged on a sofa, and made himself very much at home, keeping Bracy fully employed in inventing translations to speeches not one word of which he, or any one else present, comprehended. Lewis, in the mean time, who was becoming dreadfully tired of the whole affair, stood near the end of the sofa, with his arms folded across his breast, looking especially scornful, and very particularly bored.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Lombard, as a pretty graceful girl, very simply dressed, made her way up the room, "there's that *dear* Laura Peyton arrived—I *must* go and speak to her, and bring her to be introduced to the Prince." Then added, aside to Bracy, "She's *immensely* rich; clear six thousand a-year, and does not spend two."

"A very charming trait in her character," returned Bracy; "I'll mention it to the Prince. I don't know that there ever *was* an Englishwoman queen of Persia; but that's no reason there never should be one."

Bracy was accordingly introduced to the young lady, and led her, smiling and blushing, up to Frere, by whom he seated her, and paved the way for conversation by the following remark:—

"*Tharmy buoi aintsheaz tunnar?*" which for the damsel's edification he translated, "Asylum of the Universe! the maiden, the daughter of roses, salutes thee!"

After a short interval Lady Lombard again bore down upon them in full sail, towing in her wake a small hirsute baboon-like individual, evidently one of her menagerie.

"There's a chimpanzie!" whispered Bracy, to Frere. "Now, if that picture of ugliness turns out an eastern traveller we're gone 'coons."

"All right," returned Frere in the same tone, "he's only an exiled something. He came to our shop with a recommendation from some of the Parisian *savans* the other day."

"I must trouble you *once* again, Mr. Bracy," insinuated Lady Lombard; "Professor Malchapeau is *dying* to be introduced."

"No trouble, but a pleasure," returned Bracy; "I shall have the greatest satisfaction in making two such illustrious individuals known to each other. Does the Professor speak English?"

"Yas; I vas spik Angleesh von pritté vell," replied the person alluded to, strutting forward on tiptoe. "I ave zie honaire to vish you how you did, my prince?"

Frere made some reply, which Bracy paraphrased into, "The descendant of many Shahs kisses the hem of the mantle of the Father of science."

The Professor's "Angleesh" not providing him with a suitable reply ready made, he was obliged to resort to that refuge for destitute foreigners—a shrug and a grimace.

Lady Lombard came to his assistance.

"Now, Professor, suppose you were to tell his highness your affecting history;" adding, in a whisper, "Mr. Bracy, the interpreter, is connected with government, and might be of the greatest use to you."

"Ohf, miladi, if all zie bodies had your big heart in dem, zies vicked vorld should be von 'eaven," replied the Professor, gratefully, through his talented nose. "My littel storie! ohf, zie Prince should not vant to ear him?"

His Highness, however, being graciously pleased to signify his anxiety so to do, the small man resumed.

"Ah, *ma Patrie!* vhats I ave come thro' for him, ven I vill *raconte* nobody shall not belief."

"To enable the Prince to understand your account more clearly," interrupted Bracy, "may I ask to what country it relates?"

"Vidout von doubt, saire! you shall tell zie Prince dat my littel tale is Swish. My fadaire vas vot you call von mayor, of zie canton of Zurich. My brodaire and myselfs vas his only schild; since a long time ve vas live very appy, *mais enfin,*—but on his end, zie *sacré Autriche,*—von bad Oystrish government, did vot you call oppress *ma pauvre patrie,* and ma fadaire, *toujours brave,* got himself into von littel conspiration, vaire he did commit vat you call zie offence politique; vas trown to prison, and in his confinement he did die. Ah! '*mourir pour la patrie c'est*

doux,' to die for zie country is zie — vat you call doux in Angleesh?"

"You will find the same word in both languages, Professor, only we pronounce it deuce," replied Bracy, politely.

"Ah! *c'est bon,* to die for zie country is zie deuce! *Eh bien,* after my poor fadaire was entombed, my brodaire did run himselfs avay, and vas converted to *un berger,* a little shepherd of cows, and I, *hélas! pour moi, j'étais désolé,*—for myself, I was dissolute, left alone in zie vide vorld, visout von friend to turn against. *Mais le ciel embrace les orphelins*—'eaven embarrasses zie orphans; I marched on my foot to Paris; I found an unexpected uncle, who had supposed himself dead for some years; I undervent all zie sciences, and *enfin me voici*—on my end here I am."

"A most affecting history, indeed," returned Bracy, covering his mouth with his hand to conceal a smile. As for Frere, he had for some time past been nearly suffocated by suppressed laughter, which at length made itself so apparent, that nothing but his beard and an assumed fit of coughing could have saved him from discovery.

While this conversation had been going on, Miss Peyton called Lady Lombard's attention to Lewis, by observing: "The interpreter, in entertaining the prince, seems entirely to have forgotten that very handsome young attendant who stands there, looking so haughty and disconsolate."

"Dear *me!* so he does," exclaimed Lady Lombard, anxiously. "How *very* handsome he is! such a thoroughly Eastern countenance! *he's* a man of very high rank, too, over there. What *could* we do to amuse him?"

"Perhaps we might show him some prints," suggested Laura; "at all events the attention might please him."

"Oh, *yes!* how *clever* of you; I should *never* have thought of that now. I've a table covered with them in the boudoir," exclaimed Lady Lombard, delightedly; "but *do* you think you could turn them over for him? I'm *so* foolish, I should be quite *nervous;* you see it's so awkward his not understanding English, poor fellow! I know I'm *very* foolish."

"I shall be most happy to do anything I can to lessen your difficulties," replied the young lady, good naturedly; "shall I look out a book of prints?"

"If you *would* be so kind my dear, you'll find *plenty* in the boudoir, and I'll go to Mr. Bracy and get him to speak to him for me."

The result of this application was the capture of Lewis, who, inwardly raging, was carried off to the boudoir, and seated at a table, while Miss Peyton, half frightened, half amused, turned over a volume of prints for his edification. Lady Lombard and sundry of the guests stood round for some minutes watching the smiles and pantomimic gestures with which Lewis, or rather Hassan Bey, as Bracy had named him, felt bound to acknowledge the young lady's attentions.

Amongst the guests who were thus amusing themselves, lounged a young dandy, who, on the strength of a Mediterranean yacht voyage, set up for a distinguished traveller. To Lady Lombard's inquiry whether he spoke Persian, he simpered, "Re'ely—no, not exactly so as to talk to him; but he'll do vastly well; they prefer silence, re'ely, those fellows do: you know I've seen so much of 'em."

"You were in Persia, were you not?" asked one of the company.

"Re'ely—not exactly in his part of Persia.—Stamboul, the city of palaces, was my head quarters: but its much the same; indolence, beards, and tobacco, are the characteristics of both races."

"Don't you think he is charmingly handsome?" asked an old young lady, shaking her ringlets after a fashion which five years before had been a very "telling" manœuvre.

"Re'ely, I should scarcely have said so," was the reply; "the boy is well enough for an Asiatic. *I* like a more—ahem! manly style of thing." And as he spoke, he passed his hand caressingly over a violent pair of red whiskers, which garnished his own hard-featured physiognomy.

The cool impudence of this remark inspired Lewis with so intense a sentiment of disgust, that his lip curled involuntarily, and he turned over the print before him with a gesture of impatience. On looking up, he was rather disconcerted to find Laura Peyton's piercing black eyes watching him curiously.

"You've given us nothing new in the musical way lately, Lady Lombard," observed the "sear and yellow leaf" damsel before alluded to.

"I expect a lady to stay with me soon," was the reply, "whom I *think* you'll be pleased with; she sings and plays in very *first*-rate style."

"Indeed! Is she an amateur or professional, may I inquire?"

"Why, *really,* my dear Miss Sparkless, you've asked a difficult question. The fact is," continued Lady Lombard, sinking her voice, "its one of those *very* sad cases, reduced fortune—you understand. I mean to have her here *merely* out of charity;" sinking her voice still lower, the following words only became audible: "Wife of a Captain Arundel—foreign extraction originally—quite a *mésalliance,* I believe."

As she spoke, some new arrival attracted her attention, and she and her confidante left the boudoir together.

It may easily be conceived with what feelings of burning indignation Lewis had listened to the foregoing remarks; but Frere's lecture of the morning had not been without its fruits, and with his anger the necessity for self-control presented itself; and he was congratulating himself at having checked all outward signs of annoyance, when he was startled by a silvery voice whispering in his ear: "Persian or no Persian, sir, you understand English as well as I do;" and slightly turning, his eyes encountered those of Laura Peyton, fixed on him with a roguish glance. His resolution was instantly taken, and he replied, in the same tone: "Having discovered my secret, you must promise to keep it."

"Agreed, on one condition," was the rejoinder.

"And that is——?" asked Lewis.

"That you immediately make a full confession, and tell me all about it."

"It is a compact," was his reply.

"That is good," rejoined the young lady. "Now move the portfolio, so that your back will be towards those people. That will do. Hold down your head, as if you were examining the prints, and then answer my questions, truly and concisely. First, you are an English gentleman?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Who is the prince?"

"My friend, Richard Frere."

"And why have you both come here dressed like Persians?"

"To mystify our foolish hostess."

"For shame, sir! I'm very fond of Lady Lombard."

"But, you know, she is a silly woman."

"Well, never mind. Who planned this hoax?"

"Bracy, the so-called interpreter."

"Does Prince Frere talk real Persian?"

"Yes."

"And does the other man understand him?"

"Not a bit."

"Then he invents all the answers? That's rather clever of him. I shall go and listen presently. And you can't talk either Persian or gibberish, so you held your tongue and looked sulky. Well, I think it's all very wrong; but it's rather droll. Poor, dear Lady Lombard! she'd never survive it if she did but know! And now, tell me, lastly, what put you in a rage just this minute, and enabled me to find you out?"

"You would not care to know."

"But I do care to know, sir, and you have promised to answer all my questions."

"You heard the speech that woman made about a Mrs. Arundel?"

"Yes, surely."

"Learn, then, that my name is Lewis Arundel, and the lady referred to was my mother. Now do you understand?"

As Lewis uttered these words, in a tone of suppressed bitterness, his companion hastily turned away her head, and said, in a low, hurried voice:

"I beg your pardon! I fear I have pained you; but I did not know—I could not guess——"

"Pray do not distress yourself," returned Lewis, kindly, Rose's smile for a moment smoothing his haughty brow, and playing round his proud mouth. —"I am sure you would not hurt any one's feelings knowingly; and since you observed my annoyance, I am glad to have been able to explain its cause."

So engrossed had they been by this conversation, that they had not observed Miss Sparkless enter the boudoir by another door; and they were first made aware of her presence by seeing her standing, breathless with astonishment, at discovering Miss Peyton in familiar colloquy with a Persian nobleman utterly ignorant of the English language.

"Do you speak German?" asked Lewis, quickly.

"Yes, a little," returned Miss Peyton.

"She has not caught a word yet," continued Lewis; "tell her you found out by accident that I had picked up a few German sentences when the prince was at the court of Prussia. White lies, unhappily, are inevitable on these occasions," he continued, seeing his companion hesitate; "it's the only way to prevent an *éclaircissement;* and then, think of poor Lady Lombard's feelings!"

"As I seem fairly embarked in the conspiracy, I suppose I must do your bidding," was the reply, and Miss Sparkless, the middle-aged young lady, was accordingly informed of Lewis's German proficiency, whereat, falling into an ecstasy, she replied,—

"How charming! What a dear creature he is!" On which the dear creature himself, catching Miss Peyton's eye, was very near laughing outright.

"Laura, my *love,*" exclaimed Lady Lombard, entering hastily, "the prince is going down to supper, will you come?" Then, taking her hand caressingly, she added, "Have you been *very* much bored by him, poor fellow!"

"I found he could speak a few words of German, and that helped us on," was the reply.

"Yes, *really*—ah! we might have thought of *that* before," returned Lady Lombard, by no means certain the German language might not form an important branch of Persian education.

During supper, Laura Peyton contrived to be seated between Frere and Bracy, the latter of whom she kept so constantly engaged in interpreting for her that he scarcely got anything to eat, and came to the conclusion, that in the whole course of his experience he had never before encountered such a talking woman. Nor was his annoyance diminished by observing that Lewis, who was seated opposite, appeared to be deriving the utmost amusement from his discomfiture. Having exhausted every possible pretext for breaking off the conversation, and being each time foiled by the young lady's quiet tact, he was about to resign himself to his fate, and relinquish all idea of supper, when a project occurred to him which he immediately hastened to put into execution. Waiting till Frere had spoken a Persian sentence, he suddenly drew himself up, looking deeply scandalized, frowned at the speaker, shook his head, and muttered something unintelligible in a tone of grave remonstrance, then paused for a reply, which Frere, intensely perplexed, and by no means clear that he had not done something un-Persian and wrong, was forced to utter. This only seemed to make matters worse: Bracy again remonstrated in gibberish, then appeared to have determined on his course, and muttering, "Well, there's no help for it, I suppose," he turned to Lady Lombard, and began, in a tone of deep concern,—

"I have a most disagreeable duty to perform, and must beg you to believe that nothing but absolute

necessity should have induced me to mention the matter; but I have remonstrated with his Highness without effect, and I dare go no farther—he is subject to most violent bursts of passion, and becomes dangerous when opposed. He drew his dagger, and attempted to stab me only yesterday, because I interfered to prevent his having one of the waiters of the hotel strangled with a bow-string."

Lady Lombard turned pale on receiving this information, while Bracy continued,—

"It is most unfortunate, but the Prince has been so much delighted with this young lady's charming flow of conversation, that, in his ignorance of the customs of this country, he has actually commissioned me to offer you 500*l.* for her, and declared his determination of taking her home with him."

The effect of this communication may be "better imagined than described." Miss Peyton, aware of the true state of affairs, hid her face in her handkerchief in an uncontrollable fit of laughter; Lewis, sorely tempted to follow her example, bent over his plate till the flowing tassel of the fez concealed his features; Frere, excessively annoyed at the false imputation, all but began a flat denial of the charge in somewhat forcible English, but remembering his assumed character just in time, clenched his fist, and ground his teeth with impatience, while Lady Lombard, observing these gestures, and construing them into indications of an approaching burst of fury, was nearly swooning with terror, when a note was put into her hands by a servant; hastily casting her eyes over it, she handed it to Bracy, saying,—

"This is most fortunate; it may serve to divert his attention."

As he became aware of its contents, his countenance fell, and holding it so that Frere might read it, he whispered,—

"Here's a treat! we *are* in for it now, and no mistake!"

The note ran as follows:—

"Dr. ——, Persian Professor at Addiscombe, presents his compliments to Lady Lombard, and begs to inform her, that being only in town for a few hours, and learning at Mivart's Hotel that his Highness Prince Mustapha Ali was spending the evening at her house, he has ventured to request her permission to intrude upon her uninvited, as he is most anxious to renew his acquaintance with the prince, whom he had the honour to know in Persia."

(To be continued.)

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

We present our readers this month with a beautiful woodcut of a scene from Campbell's ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." It is one of a series illustrative of our British Ballads, which we propose to continue to give, in addition to a specimen of steel engraving.

PENAL ECONOMY,

AS INVOLVING CONSIDERATIONS OF THE NATURE, CAUSES, AND PROGRESSION OF CRIME—THE OBJECT, DEGREE, AND EFFECT OF PUNISHMENT—AND THE MEANS WHEREBY THE PENAL DISCIPLINE OF OUR GAOLS MAY BE BROUGHT INTO HARMONY WITH THE DIVINE WILL, AND RENDERED ALIKE PROTECTIVE OF THE INTERESTS OF SOCIETY, AND CORRECTIVE AND REFORMATORY OF ITS CONVICTED CRIMINALS AND OFFENDERS.

BY JAMES ACLAND.

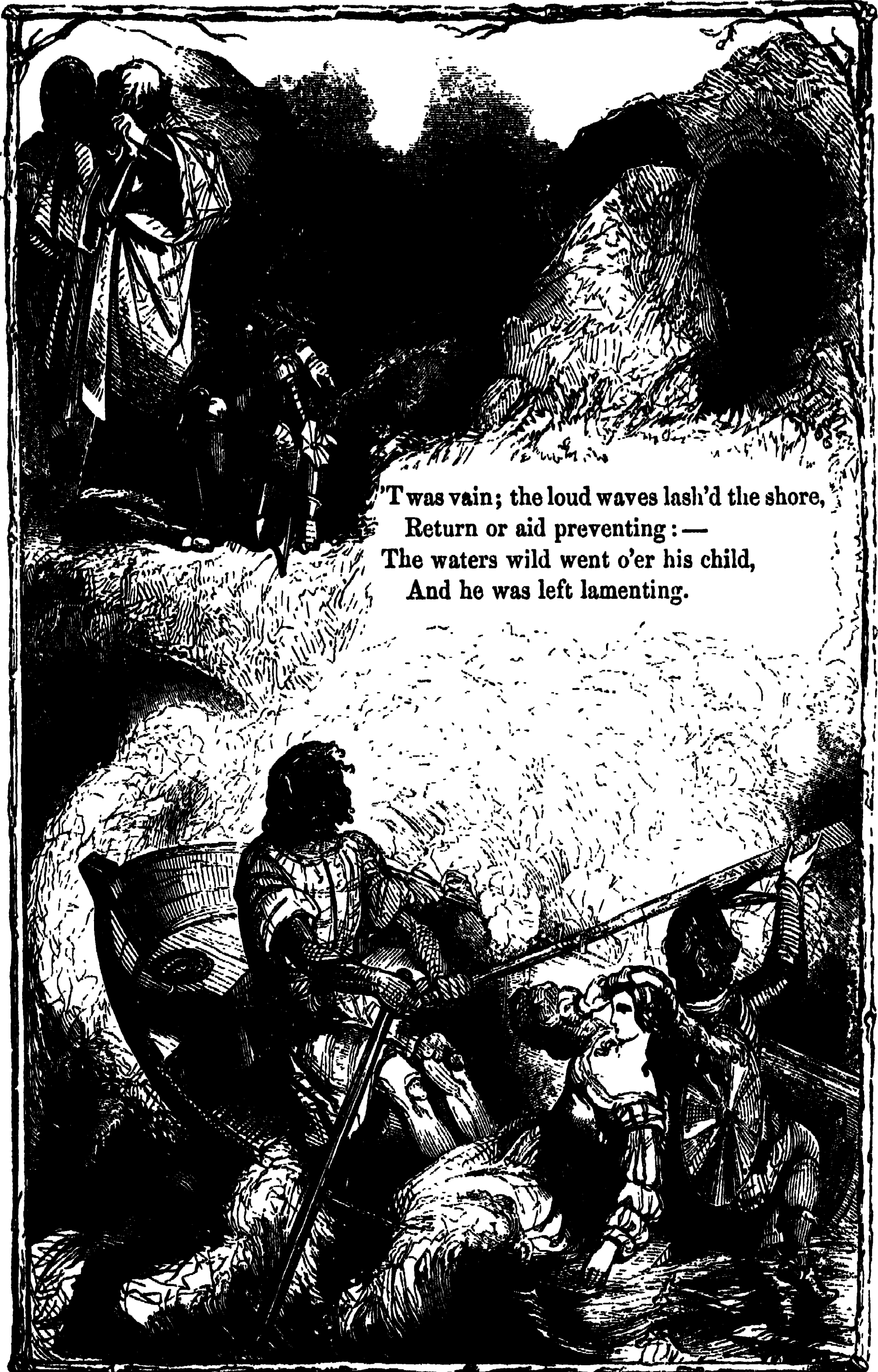
PART I.—CRIME.

There are few subjects of less inviting aspect, and few of more real importance to the best interests of society, than that which involves the relations of Crime and Punishment.

Until very recently, the sensitive mind recoiled from its consideration as repulsive, if not abhorrent; the general reader saw no inducement to enter upon an investigation of so distasteful a character; and the small, but well-intentioned minority of thinkers and inquirers, were prone to leave the intricacies of the question and the disentanglement of the skein to some benevolent monomaniac—a Howard, a Fry, or a Pearson—who, controlling his disgust at a dungeon by his pitying love for its wretched occupant, might entwine the interests of man with the oneness of his devoted existence.

But it was ever so in the nonage of great principles, the inception of great truths, or the early (though never premature) advocacy of social advancement. Nor should it be otherwise; for the progression of society is very similar to that of the individual—one of a scarcely perceptible gradation—of power, capacity, or influence, each in its turn recognised only as either or all may be developed—and alone rendered available to any good or useful purpose when development shall have commanded recognition. The announcement of a great truth is attended by as many stumbles and trips as the impotent effort of the infant to go alone; and although, in the latter case, we believe that, nevertheless, the child *will* walk, whilst in the former we doubt the truthfulness in which we have not yet acquired faith, or with regard to which our perception, or self-love, or candour, is at fault; yet Truth *will* progress, *must* be recognised, and *shall* prevail.

The science of Penal Economy, based upon the sound principles of Christian philanthropy and Christian philosophy, aspires to the development and advancement of high social interests; aims at the protection of honest industry by an equitable apportionment of punishment to the wrong doer; offers to property, at the lowest insurance, the best guarantee against loss by plunder; erects for civilization a penal frontier against the unprincipled and ruthless invasions of vice and ignorance; and proffers to a Christian community the rule of God's holy will in its application to those who are supposed most to have deserved and provoked its punitive and corrective infliction, but who, nevertheless, most need its protective interposition as against the vengeance of their fellow-creatures.



E. Corbould del. J. W. Whimper sc.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

All men possess, in degree, some knowledge of human nature—its infirmities, vicious tendencies, and weaknesses; and in such degree as shall secure a common assent to the facts, that crime is coeval with the existence of our fallen race, that it cannot be eradicated, and that it must be provided for and provided against; the latter, by an efficient police; the former, by a wise, equitable, and humane penality, and an unflinching administration of a sound and rational system of Punitive Discipline.

The full consideration of the best means for reducing the present vast amount of crime to its *minimum*, assumes the necessity of a proper appreciation of the evil with which we have to grapple; and to such end it is first requisite that we have a correct sense of those terms of expression necessary to the intelligible and proper treatment of our subject.

Sin and Crime are by no means synonymous terms, differing essentially in character, quality and amount.

Sin is a wilful violation of the law of God; Crime, in its accepted and perverted sense, is a wilful infraction of the law of man; but, in its more restricted and more accurate signification, a wilful infraction of those laws of man alone which are in harmony with the written law of God.

As responsible beings, we cannot but regard sin as the *major*, and crime as the *minor* offence; the former being not only more comprehensive than the latter—not only approving itself in its just condemnation to our consciences—but as emanating in the Omniscience of Perfection, and as barely capable of contrast with the legal net-work and legislative condemnations of the fallible creatures of time—the sinful enactors of law crimes, and the doomed enunciators of penalties upon transgressors.

All theology insists upon sins of omission as well as those of commission, and sins of thought, as well as those of word and act. But the laws of man involve the necessity—with some exceptions, indeed—of an overt act, to the full constitution of crime. It is indeed possible—alas! it has often occurred, that men, in this Christian land, have been held criminally responsible for acts absolutely consonant with the will of God and the real spirit of Christianity; as in the case (among others) of prosecutions *ex officio*, or by criminal information, or indictment, for the exposure of nefarious and oppressive acts by those in authority—an offence at law constituting libel, falsehood and malice being charged in the legal proceedings against the assumed libeller—the law *inferring* the malice, and the jury, under judicial direction, inferring the falsehood. These exceptions, however, do but illustrate the rule.

So, also, there are sins of desire[1] and design against God and His laws; which, resisted and renounced, not only do not bring the sinner within the mundane pale of criminality, but may even come to be regarded, in some cases, as the triumph of virtue over temptations to vice, and over the vicious tendencies of human nature.

Again; if we define crime as a wilful infraction of the laws of man, it must be understood that such wilful is not necessarily a vicious infraction, any more than, of necessity, a concurrent violation of the law of God.

As we are told and believe that barbarism is not without its virtues, it may not surprise us that civilization abounds in vices both of heart and head. No inconsiderable portion of our penal code sins directly against God, whilst warring with the poverty legislation inflicts, and the ignorance it tolerates. Acts of Parliament incriminate the desperation and death-struggle of parental agony, which seeks, in the wild animals of the forest or the turnip from the waste, food for the unfed little ones of the fold of the great Christian Shepherd; they consign to a gaol the houseless wanderers who are homeless; and treat the thoughtless exuberances of youth and the mere frivolities of heedlessness as equally fit subjects for punitive experiment with those crimes against man which are also sins against God.

Indeed, it is quite a matter of course that vast masses of even well-informed persons may be absolutely ignorant of the existence of a penal law for months after its enactment; yet the Legislature assumes the instant and universal knowledge of its every statutory creation of offence and punishment. Hence it follows that an infliction of punishment for the infraction of a law, in ignorance of its existence, is a penalty for ignorance rather than crime. Could we indict the wearers of purple and fine linen for their legislative crimes against the erring ignorant and the desperate poor, what a catalogue of aristocratic criminals would astound society! As it is, every such violation of justice, every such denial of the claims of humanity, every such outrage upon the persons and feelings of the wretched and helpless, however venial they may be considered in the morality of super-civilization—each and all may be found recorded in the book of life as sins against God.

Whilst, therefore, every infraction of God's will is sinful, it is manifest that the violation of those laws of society which are unsanctioned by Holy Writ, cannot be considered, in the proper sense of the term, criminal. Nevertheless, in the treatment of our subject, we deem it preferable to deal with "crime" by its accepted definition rather than in its more accurate sense, lest we be misunderstood, or our views misconstrued, where full and ready comprehension is so essential to a just appreciation. Hereafter we shall have occasion to recur to the distinction we have drawn between scriptural and constructive crimes—or those which are truly so by the standard of Christianity, and those which are legislatively so by the standard of super-civilization.

Without entering upon metaphysics, it may be

(1) Law of God *and of Man*.

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Law of God *and not of Man*.

"Thou shalt not *covet* thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

broadly stated, that crimes have their origin, for the most part, in malice or dishonesty—that the former description has special reference to those against person, the latter to those against property, with such collateral combinations, however, as frequently give to the original motive of dishonesty the aspect of malice, or to that of malice the apparent origin of dishonesty.

Crimes against the Person emanate almost invariably from the malevolent passions of our nature, uncontrolled by principle, and unrestrained by a sense of justice, or even by considerations of prudence or a calculation of consequences.

Of crimes against Property it may be confidently averred that they are greatly more numerous than those against the person, and that the far larger portion originate in a slothful desire of self-indulgence, almost amounting to an abhorrence of labour, and prompting to the attainment of the means for dissolute enjoyment by the dishonest acquisition of the industrial earnings or prudent accumulations of others.

Whilst it would seem reasonable to calculate on the increase of malevolent criminality in about the ratio of the increase of population, which may be fairly taken as the ratio of human malevolence, it may with equal reason be anticipated that the increase of dishonest criminality will be far greater, as receiving an accelerated propulsion from the added wealth of the community, the advance of civilization, the increased command of superfluities and indulgence in luxuries and profligate gratification, the narrowing of the field of honest volition and industrial action, and the widening of the social gulf between the dizzy heights of affluence and the dreary depths of poverty.

In taking this view of our subject, it will be seen that we have excluded all reference to many controlling or disturbing influences, such as legislative incrimination, educational training, Christianization, and the reformatory effects, or otherwise, of penal discipline; for although these cannot but be entitled to serious attention in their proper place, it may be assumed that their operation will, relatively to numbers, equally affect both the destructive and acquisitive classes of criminals.

As it is very desirable that we should be enabled to form an accurate judgment of the comparative extent of these very distinctive species of criminality, let us refer to official documents for the basis or raw material of our calculations, and work out the problem to as close an approximation to truth as may be practicable.

An analysis of the charges at assizes and sessions during the five years, 1839-1843, gives SEVEN *per cent.* of offences against the person, EIGHTY-EIGHT *per cent.* of those against property, and FIVE *per cent.* of what the Inspectors of Prisons unsatisfactorily describe as miscellaneous offences. We have, however, in this official return some approach towards the nature of the resisting forces upon which our corrective and reformatory discipline must needs operate; say MALEVOLENCE *seven*, and DISHONESTY *eighty-eight*; still the partial character of the return renders it necessary that we seek other statistical data; and we learn that the average annual number of prisoners committed in England and Wales for the nine nears, 1839-1847, was 94,157; not one-third of whom enjoyed the privilege of Trial by Jury; for, of the whole number, 66,461 were imprisoned, for longer or shorter terms, and otherwise punished, on summary convictions by magistrates!

Among these 66,461 prisoners, the ratio of the exciting causes to crime will be found to differ essentially from that deduced from the return of jury cases at assizes and sessions; for the inspectors have registered under the head "assaults" 9,264, which, added to 1,936, (the seven per cent. on 27,700 jury cases,) gives 11,203 as the total of annual offences against the person, and which is about twelve *per cent.* on the whole number of 94,157 prisoners. We have then, under the heads "Larceny Act" and "Reputed Thieves," 7,563, which, added to 22,571, (the eighty-eight *per cent.* on 27,700 jury cases,) gives 30,134 as the total of annual offences against property; which is equal to thirty-two *per cent.* on the whole number of prisoners.

We thus arrive at the conclusion that twelve *per cent.* of our annual committals have reference to acts originating in malevolence, and thirty-two *per cent.* in those originating in dishonesty.

The remainder, or FIFTY-SIX *per cent.*, are thus accounted for:—

AMONG JURY CASES.

"Miscellaneous Offences"		1,385
AMONG SUMMARY CONVICTIONS.		
Military prisoners	1,966	
Game laws	3,169	
Revenue laws	623	
Bastardy laws	124	
Vagrant act	19,668	
Trespass act	3,273	
Local police acts	2,778	
Want of sureties	3,210	
"All not before included"	14,065	
		48,876
Showing a total of		50,261

or fifty-six *per cent.* of all prisoners, whose offences are of a lesser magnitude; and of whom the far larger number may fairly be supposed to have been impelled to infractions of the law by thoughtlessness, intemperance, ignorance, and want.

Adopting the broad distinction of Blackstone, we will thus simplify the classification of annual committals:—

For crimes (*Mala per se*),	Ruffians	12	
" "	Thieves	32	
			44 *per cent.*
For constructive offences (*Mala prohibita*)		56	"

Yet, in legal phraseology and common parlance these are all considered "criminals"—the fifty-six who are specially and primarily their own enemies equally with the forty-four who are specially and primarily the enemies of their fellow men, and the defiant desperadoes of society.

That fifty thousand prisoners should be annually driven into our goals by the perpetually increasing momentum of legislative incrimination—or, in other words, by the action of many hundreds of laws creative of many thousands of constructive offences—and those laws administered summarily by justices virtually irresponsible, (for the poor convict has small chance indeed of annulling his illegal or erroneous conviction by a magistrate,) is a circumstance which, whilst it burlesques the sacred duty of legislation, libels the Christianity we profess, disgraces humanity, calls for a most searching investigation, and commands the serious attention of the penal economist.

Before criminals can be effectually dealt with, or the high importance of the mission of the Penal Economist can be truly comprehended, we must faithfully analyze the incongruities and diversities of that dense mass of vice and misery which has to be subjected to the wise and benign influence of punitive purgation. Disciplinarian quackery has but too long aggravated this social cholera, and it is high time that the peculiarities of the malignant disease had the advantage of a discriminating exhibition of curative and restoratory medicaments.

The incredible magnitude of the question, and the imperative necessity of immediate and effective measures for its just and Christian treatment and solution, can readily be made more apparent.

The aggregate amount of penal sentences pronounced in England and Wales each year, taking that of 1843 as a fair mean, is *forty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-eight years*,—the equivalent of ten lives from the date of the Creation to the present time,—or of 4,956 persons sentenced to ten years of imprisonment! And this is repeated yearly!! or, to vary the terms, so that the mind of the reader may be enabled to grasp the astounding fact, the aggregate sentences passed by our judges and magistrates involve a loss of liberty, and an infliction of penal discipline, to the DAILY extent of a hundred and thirty-six years!!!

The earnings of these prisoners in 1846 (17,475*l.*) only averaged twenty-three shillings and ten pence three farthings per prisoner; whilst the expense of our prison establishments for the same year (436,977*l.*) gave as the annual cost of each prisoner 29*l.* 17*s.* 7½*d.*; so that every farthing the prisoner earned cost the honest and industrious rate-payer sixpence farthing!

Nor is this the worst of the case; for one-third of these costly customers of the over-burthened rate-payer return with the most remarkable pertinacity and the most marvellous regularity to the prison scene of their profitless industry (so to speak), whilst the total annual number of prisoners being fully maintained, there are manifestly sixty-five thousand (two-thirds of the whole annual number) of fresh criminal recruits yearly.

The cost of the maintenance of our prisoners is equal to the interest, at four per cent., upon a capital of about ten millions and a half, and this independently of the enormous outlay for the erection of gaols, the expenses of prosecutions, and the charges (amounting to upwards of 350,000*l.* per annum) of our convict and lunatic establishments for criminals.

The fearfully steady progression of crime and the frightfully rapid increase of commitments may be asserted as a matter of painful notoriety, scarcely admitting the possibility of doubt or needing statistical support or illustration.

Of the former it may therefore be sufficient to state, that whilst in 1810 the ratio of jury cases to the population was as 1 in 2,020, that in 1847 was as 1 in 642, notwithstanding an increase of nearly seven millions in the population.

Of the latter (repeating that 56 *per cent.* of all committals are upon summary conviction, and observing that the class of offences which fall within the range of magisterial adjudication are of comparatively recent creation) the records of the Home Office establish the fact that in the three years 1839, 1840, and 1841, the ratio of *petty offenders* to the population was 1 in 262; whilst in the six years 1842—1847, that ratio rose to 1 in 250,—notwithstanding an increase of considerably more than a million in the population. Again; in the three years, taking 16,000,000 as the mean population and 88,000 as the *whole* number of committals, the latter will be to the former as 1 in 182; whereas in the six years, with 17,000,000 as the mean population and 96,500 as the committals, the ratio will show an advance to 1 in 175.

But perhaps the painful extent of progression in crime will be rendered yet more manifest by the subjoined statistical facts and deductions:—

In 1787-8 that philanthropist and martyr to his philanthropy, the great and good John Howard, visited the gaols of England and Wales, and he has left on record the number of prisoners in each gaol or house of correction, at the time he inspected them. The total stands thus, (see his work of 1789 p. 245):—

Total number of felons, &c. . . .	2052
" " Petty offenders . . .	1412

So that in 1787-8 the proportion of petty offences to the heavier crimes was as *seven to ten*.

In the succeeding sixty years the mania of legislative incrimination completely reversed the comparative gravity of crime; for in 1847 the ratio of petty offences to the heavier crimes was as sixteen to seven, although within those 60 years the latter had increased seven-fold, the increase of the former being twenty-five fold!

The numbers quoted from Howard have reference only to the prisoners in gaol on one (though not the same) day; but as in the returns of the inspectors of prisons we have the total number of prisoners in the year and also the daily average of prisoners, a simple arithmetical process will bring us the probable or proximate amount of annual committals in 1787-8, and so enable us to make a direct comparison between crime in that year and in 1847, (the last for which we have any official report.) For instance; the total jury cases in 1847 being 28,139 and the average daily number of all prisoners 14,902, what total of felons &c. will Howard's mean of 2,052 give? and then, as

the summary convictions of 1847 were 67,481 and the daily average 14,902, what total of petty offenders will Howard's mean of 1412 give? The results may be thus stated:—

1787.		1847.		Increase per cent. per ann.
Felons, &c.	3,875	Jury cases	28,139	700
Petty offences	2,660	Summary convictions	67,481	2,500
Total	6,535		95,620	1,500
Deduct total of 1787			6,535	
Total annual increase of prisoners			89,085	

So that, whether we regard the absolute or relative and progressive amount of crime—the committal of the hundred and seventy-fifth part of the community to gaol annually, and the steady increase of such committals beyond the ratio of our increasing population—the fact of one-third of our criminals re-entering our gaols annually—the detection and conviction of sixty thousand fresh offenders annually—the enormous taxation and profitless expenditure as the purchase-money of these results—the indiscriminate and unreformatory treatment of offenders:—in whatever aspect we contemplate the sad subject of crime, we are driven to the conclusion that its amount is without parallel, its progression fearfully continuous, and its abatement imperatively necessary.

Part II.—Punishment.

The object of all Punishment should be corrective, in order to Improvement, and, so far as may be, reformation and restoration.

Any other than such punishment, disguise it as you will, is vengeance, which is in itself sinful; for "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

No punishment can be reasonably expected to prove corrective unless it approve itself to the offender's sense of justice—unless it be equitable, qualified by the character of the offence, and having a direct and peculiar reference to the impulsive cause of crime committed.

That, hitherto, we have had no adequate system of punitive correction there can be little doubt; for, whatever changes have been made in the treatment of criminals, we have no satisfactory evidence of the effectiveness of any of the very many experiments to which frail humanity has been subjected.

The ingenuity of the most ingenious, and the philanthropy of the best-intentioned, have been alike exerted and have equally failed, notwithstanding an amplitude of pecuniary resources beyond all record, and an abundance of zeal seldom, if ever, equalled.

Yet, despite every effort and every sacrifice to correct and reform the delinquent population of our gaols, the persistency in crime more than keeps pace with our increase of population, one-third of our prisoners being committed for other than first offences; and it is by no means surprising that as personal suffering has been inoperative to prevent the repetition of the acts which provoked its infliction, so it should have altogether failed to deter others from similar infractions of the law, the number of first offenders being ever on the increase.

Are we therefore to conclude that there is no hope for society under this grievous visitation—that all has been done which can be done with any prospect of a successful issue—that we must submit, quietly because helplessly, and philosophically because unavoidably, to the annual expenditure of millions for the merely punitive police of one half of the empire?

To such conclusion few will prematurely yield their convictions, nor until every resource which may be suggested shall have been exhausted. Witness the wild theories mooted in rapid succession, experimented upon at the public expense, and derisively superseded, each in its turn, as failure rendered them unpopular, and yet other theories challenged a renewed hope. The very obvious necessity of something being done, and the very general belief that the correction and reformation of offenders could not be absolutely impossible, however improbable, sufficiently accounts for these reiterated experiments, and gives satisfactory assurance that the British public will not be content with less than they are entitled to expect,—namely, such inexpensive, rational, humane, and Christian system of punitive discipline as shall reasonably promise to restore the criminal to society, and relieve property from the enormous outlay so long exacted, we will not say for an abortive purpose, but with so lamentable a result.

This momentous question is now commanding public attention through the strenuous exertions of a gentleman, who has at various periods, extending over a long series of years, laboured with an extraordinary amount of talent and zeal to show the inadequacy of existing systems to effect their declared object, and to indoctrinate the public mind with the necessity and feasibility of a plan more reasonable, equitable, and practicable than any hitherto devised. We speak of the efforts of Charles Pearson, Esq. the solicitor to the City of London and member for the metropolitan borough of Lambeth.

During the past month Mr. Pearson has expounded his plans of punitive reform to crowded and highly respectable and intellectual audiences at the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution; and after several nights devoted to an earnest discussion of the merits of his system, the honourable gentleman was gratified by the unanimous and enthusiastic adoption of a long string of resolutions embodying an expression of perfect confidence and urging the importance of legislative intervention and action in the matter.

It is so very seldom that a scheme of such magnitude is thus submitted to public investigation and subjected to public opinion by a member of the legislature, or indeed by any individual; it so rarely happens that any body chivalrously and wisely attempts that which it is the interest of every body should be attempted, and it is so very extraordinary that what is advanced in the teeth of prejudice and in seeming defiance of all preconceived opinions, should be

unanimously responded to, with the hearty and general approval of an enlightened auditory, that we cannot but feel privileged in extending a knowledge of the bold and happy propositions of the honourable member.

That learned gentleman attributes the failure of all other systems to the non-adaptation of their punitive discipline to the natural and prospective position of the offender in society; to the non-operation of that discipline upon his latent powers of self-command and self-control, and to its neglect of his innate susceptibilities and tortuous subversion of his dormant yet available faculties and motives.

Punishment as now inflicted, operates not merely upon the convicted offender, but also upon the unoffending rate-payer. The sentence upon the former is: "You shall be imprisoned until, by efflux of time, you shall be restored to or let loose upon society;" that upon the latter is: "You shall be taxed to support this criminal until, by efflux of time, you may be relieved from such charge."

A *time sentence* is a mischievous absurdity at the best. It deprives its subject of all incentive to effort, paralyses his every energy, and enwraps his mind in the egotistic enervation of fatalism: a day of sloth and a night of dreams will advance him as far on his road to liberation as four-and-twenty hours of industrial activity and reflective self-reliance. Try such an experiment on a ship's crew. Tell them they are not to make their voyage within a given time, nor to return to the port of departure one hour sooner for any exertion they may make; they will put forth no avoidable effort, and will reach their destined haven indifferent, listless and inert; less dependent on themselves and consequently less able to work their craft against the adverse winds and stormy seas of their homeward voyage. Try it upon whom you will; there is not a living being, no matter what his temperament or what his position in society, upon whom a time sentence would not produce a similarly baneful effect.

The Omniscient has not thus sentenced his rebellious creatures. Life is not a time sentence. Laborious industry is not a time sentence. Adversity is not a time sentence. Affliction is not a time sentence. What would have been the earthly destiny of man under so horrible a curse? The sensual barbarism of the savage, if not the irrationalism of the brute.

Yet man, in the conceit of "a little brief authority," and the suicidal vengeance of his malignant cunning, has devised this plan as corrective and reformatory of his erring brother in the season of his utmost need of inverse instruction. The vicious or lazy offender, with the wheels of his waggon in the deep rut of adversity, is bidden to fold his arms and wait the efflux of time and until the return of summer and fine weather shall have enabled his cattle to extricate themselves and their load without his assistance. The fabulist read a sounder lesson to *his* waggoner when he taught him that self-reliance was his only hope, and personal exertion his only available aid.

How much more reasonable would it be that a judge should thus address the convicted culprit: "Had you wisely subsisted yourself in society by honest industry, you would not as now have rendered yourself amenable to the law; and the justice of the country, remembering that on your return to society you must either live by roguery or by industry, has to make you feel the consequences of the one, and to teach you the advantages of the other. I therefore sentence you to confinement in a gaol until you shall have paid from the earnings of your labour, first, the expenses of bringing you to justice; secondly, the expiatory penalty of five pounds; and thirdly, the charges for your maintenance and safe custody."

Is it not manifest on the very face of the proposition, that the necessary tendency of such a sentence, qualify it as you will or as may be requisite, would be to call forth the energies of the delinquent, to stimulate him by good conduct and continuous labour to work out his own deliverance at the earliest possible period, to imbue him with notions of honesty and habits of industry, to teach him to depend upon himself, and to reclaim him from the soul-killing domination of slothful dishonesty?

The annual cost of the clothing and bedding of the prisoners is 23,400*l.* What is to prevent convicted tailors and shoemakers from earning a large proportion of this amount?

Prison repairs, alterations, and additions, cost yearly 62,000*l.* Why should not the convicted artizans earn a large proportion of this amount?

The diet of the prisoners costs annually upwards of 99,000*l.* Why should not the whole of their food be produced from the land by the spade labour of the convict population of a penal home colony—by the agricultural and other labourers, and all for whom better employment might not be found?

The annual salaries amount to 175,000*l.*, and all other expenses of our gaols to about 77,000*l.* And why should not the profit from the labour of our convicts cover all these charges, and relieve the rate-payer from the cruel exaction of so enormous a sum, without a shadow of advantage in return?

These are pertinent inquiries, and we think their solution will not be found a matter of difficulty.

The daily average number of prisoners in our gaols is about 15,000. The gross annual expense of our gaols is about 437,000*l.* To cover the whole amount of expenses it is necessary that the labour of each convict should be rendered available to the extent of 11*s.* 2*d.* weekly. And why not, if it be willing labour, and so it *must* and MAY be?

The convict in a wisely-regulated penal colony should not be required to work if disinclined; there would be no compulsion; yet, under reasonable arrangements—for a convict is, nevertheless, a rational being—and by appeals to his nature, degraded as it may be, and to his sense of justice, however perverted, at least as much available labour would be willingly put forth as by a free agent of the same capacity.

On the arrival of the convict at the gaol, he will first need to be apprized of the rules for its government, so far at least as he is concerned. Introduced

to his cell, he will be given to understand that it is his night-room necessarily, and his day-room optionally, the option being with himself.

WARDSMAN, *loquitur.*—"You may remain here as long as you please, without other interruptions than a summons to attend to your religious duties and the obtrusion of your daily allowance of food. That allowance, so long as you prefer slothful solitude to industrial effort, will be one pound of bread, in two portions, and as much water as you may require. Yet, as we are taught, on the very highest authority, that 'he who will not work, neither shall he eat,' and as you can advance no claim to be maintained within these walls in your sloth at the expense of honest people outside who are working hard to maintain themselves and their families, this allowance of food can only be supplied you on the credit of your future desire to repay its cost by your labour, and which you must do before you can be allowed to leave this gaol. There is an account opened between you and the community in the governor's ledger. In that account there stands against you a debit of two pounds ten shillings, to the payment of which sum by labour you have been sentenced for your offence. There, take your bread; it is of the value of a penny; and recollect you are now indebted to the community two pounds ten shillings and a penny; and so many days as you may prefer cellular imprisonment with nothing to do you will be similarly fed, upon credit, and your debt to the community will be similarly increased."

PRISONER.—"This is a poor allowance for a day."

WARDSMAN.—"It is enough for a lazy fellow. What right have you to any? What have you done to deserve that? It is the rule here that he who will not work shall have no more food than will suffice to keep him alive and in health; strength can scarcely be necessary to one who does not please to work."

PRISONER.—"But I would rather work."

WARDSMAN.—"Very well. Every good hour's work you may do we will reduce your debt to the community by three-halfpence, and provide you with food to the value of a halfpenny, with this qualification, that you can only attain to a first class dietary; and I fear that will be better than the dietary of many a better man now struggling to preserve at once his life and his character."

PRISONER.—"How many hours shall I have to work?"

WARDSMAN.—"That will depend chiefly upon yourself, upon whether you are anxious to get out of gaol or indifferent about it. You will be put to the work upon which your labour can be best employed; and, when you shall have finished for the day, so many hours' work as you may have done will be credited you in the ledger at 2*d.* per hour—not, observe, for the *hours occupied*, but for the *work done*, quality and quantity alike considered. You will have six or seven hours for sleep; a portion of the day will be devoted to religious duty; another portion to educational instruction; three half hours to meals, and the rest to a continuous effort to work your way out of gaol by qualifying yourself to live in society by an aptitude and an inclination to earn your bread by honest industry. Good night, my friend. Think for yourself, and decide wisely upon your future course. Yet another word. Every convict within these walls is a debtor to the community, and the debt of each must be paid in full. As, therefore, it is reasonably to be expected that rogues may be unduly prompt to cheat their creditors, we make each convict go bail for the rest; so that if one escape, (which will be no easy matter,) his debt to the public will be charged against the rest in proportion to their respective amounts or their respective culpability in the matter. Again, good night; and may right principle and a common sense regard to your own interests decide you."

Reader, have the kindness mentally to occupy the cell of that prisoner until you shall have honestly decided the question so plainly and cogently put by the wardsman. We do not apologize for temporarily placing you in so unpleasant a predicament; first, because we do not think the sentence to cellular imprisonment need extend over five minutes; secondly, because we believe the whole of the human family to be so tainted with an innate thievishness that any one of them may, by an unfortunate concatenation of adverse circumstances, be brought under the temporal ban of *crime,* as well as under the condemnation of God for *sin;* and thirdly, because it is essential to the usefulness of our labours that you should return a verdict, at least to your conscience, on the case submitted to your honest judgment.

We will anticipate your verdict. You find that the convicts will work, and work willingly. And is not that nearly equivalent to a finding that they will earn 11*s.* 2*d.* per head per week, and that the wages of their labour will wholly relieve the rate-payer from the expense of keeping 15,000 criminals every day for every year in our gaols? Besides, these convicts will have emancipated themselves, and will leave the prison with the pleasing reflection that they have achieved their liberty, carrying, however, with them into society, the bitter and vivid remembrance of the toilsomeness of the long continuous effort, and a burning anxiety to avoid a similar provocation of the law and an increased penalty for its repeated infraction.

It is a prominent and valuable feature in Mr. Charles Pearson's scheme, that convict labour shall not be trained to compete with, or supplant the free labour of honest men; and although it may be impossible wholly to provide against this contingency, we think the honourable member will be found to have attained his object so far as it was practicable. The convict tailor is still to be a tailor; the shoemaker, bricklayer, and carpenter, will still pursue their legitimate avocations. But the land is, after all, the great resource. In its cultivation all are to be employed who cannot be otherwise or better employed. So that no prisoner is to be taught a trade; and surely the tailor, who, when at liberty, must subsist, himself and his family, either by honest tailoring, or by thieving from honest tailors and others, cannot

be better occupied within a gaol than at his own calling; whilst the pickpocket may be made beneficially to break up the hard soil with a pickaxe, or to pick weeds or stones, or anything that may teach him the danger and consequences of picking pockets. The land is the common inheritance of labour—at all events, as a bank for deposits; and those who know not how to do aught else in honesty, may learn from agricultural labour, that in order to reap you must sow, and that to eat you must first, by exertion, earn the food you need. This is the healthful lesson we have learned; and why should it not be made a fact, and a great fact, in the prison experience of the lazy and the vicious, the brutal and the dissolute, the ruffian and the thief?

The system proposed by the City Solicitor assumes "that a criminal is not to be exempted from the curse which crime brought into the world;" it assumes "that by the sweat of his face" a criminal should be made to "eat the fruits of the earth;" that "six days he should be made to labour and do all that he has to do;" and, moreover, "he that steals shall steal no more, but work with his hands." It assumes "that honest labourers who obey the law are not to be badly clad, badly fed, badly housed, while those who break the law are provided out of the fruits of honest industry with all the necessaries, most of the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life." His plan would provide a building sufficiently strong and convenient to ensure the safe detention, the complete classification, both penal and probationary, the continuous employment, the healthful lodging, and the separate sleeping of every inmate: its exterior plain and unpretending—its interior devoid of ornament and show; for the honourable member contends that "an expensive decoration of a prison is as inappropriate as a gaudy painting in a sepulchre, and that beyond the attainment of the foregoing objects, every shilling expended upon the building of a gaol, either in its ornament, strength, or comfort, is a waste of the public money, and equally a mockery of the crime which is confined within, and of the sufferings of the honest poor, which unfortunately too often prevail without the prison walls."

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS.[1]

SINCE we followed the footsteps of Mr. Stephens through the forest-shrouded cities of Central America, and saw the memorials of its lost civilization brought to light, we have met with nothing half so exciting as this vivid narrative of Mr. Layard's recent discoveries. It has a peculiar interest as recording the acquisition of a noble addition to our national collection of antiquities; mainly, it is but just to observe, through private munificence and private enterprise. With a sense of gratitude to Mr. Layard for his energy and perseverance, we should have welcomed any relation, however bald, of his discovery and removal of the sculptures of Nineveh. But, far from this, we have to thank him, in addition, for one of the most agreeable, as well as important, books of travel in our language. The style of the narration, no less than the interest of the subject itself, will bespeak for it an enduring popularity. Whether we follow the author in his thrilling exploration of the mounds of Nimroud, or wander with him among the nomadic Arab tribes, the Chaldean Christians, or the devil-worshipping Yezidi, our interest never flags. The story flows on with all the attractiveness of romance. Many a delightful episode of pastoral and patriarchal life—many a vivid sketch of climate and scenery—many an amusing and characteristic incident of local manners and customs, diversify the pages of these delightful volumes.

"Although," well observes Mr. Layard, "the names of Nineveh and Assyria have been familiar to us from childhood, and are connected with our earliest impressions derived from the inspired writings, it is only when we ask ourselves what we really know concerning them, that we discover our ignorance of all that relates to their history, and even to their geographical position." The colossal temples, and the sculptured and painted tombs of ancient Egypt, have long been a subject for the research of the learned, with immense and still increasing results. The labours of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, for instance, have familiarized us with even the minutest particulars of her daily household life. But over fallen Assyria had gathered a dark and seemingly impenetrable cloud of obscurity. She had left nothing beyond a vague and mighty name in history. Besides the shapeless heaps which were supposed to mark the sites of her once stupendous cities, every vestige of her past greatness was believed to be obliterated. Few of us, perhaps, but have seen some representation of the huge and mysterious mound of Nimroud, on the lonely banks of the Tigris; but who could have imagined that from its recesses were to be disinterred, after a slumber of ages, the magnificent memorials of the splendour of the ancient empire of Assyria, from the study of which her history was to be re-written, her religion, manners, and customs ascertained, and a wide field of collateral inquiries bearing upon the early civilization of Asia, opened to the research of scholars? All this comes upon us with something of the startling strangeness of a dream, and we follow the narration of it with an excitement akin to that of the enterprising explorer. Certainly no discovery of the kind, of equal interest and importance, has been made in an age which is particularly distinguished for its spirit of research and for its love of adventurous travel: none has been more delightfully recorded.

"The ruins in Assyria and Babylonia," observes Mr. Layard, "chiefly huge mounds, apparently of mere earth and rubbish, had long excited curiosity from their size and evident antiquity. They were, at the same

(1) "Nineveh and its Remains: with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan and the Yesidis or Devil-worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the ancient Assyrians." By Austen Henry Layard, Esq. D.C.L. London: Murray.

time, the only remains of an unknown period—of a period antecedent to the Macedonian conquest. Consequently, they alone could be identified with Nineveh and Babylon, and could afford a clue to the site and nature of those cities. There is, at the same time, a vague mystery attaching to remains like these, which induces travellers to examine them with more than ordinary interest, and even with some degree of awe. A great vitrified mass of brickwork, surrounded by the accumulated rubbish of ages, was believed to represent the identical tower which called down the Divine vengeance, and was overthrown, according to an universal tradition, by the fires of heaven. The mystery and dread which attached to the place were kept up by exaggerated accounts of wild beasts who haunted the subterranean passages, and of the no less savage tribes who wandered amongst the ruins. Other mounds in the vicinity were identified with the hanging gardens, and those marvellous structures which tradition has attributed to two queens, Semiramis and Nitocris. Several travellers had also noticed the great mounds opposite the modern city of Mosul, which were supposed to mark the site of the great Nineveh."

The first to examine these Assyrian mounds with any degree of attention was Mr. Rich, resident of the East India Company at Bagdad. The remains of Hillah near that city first attracted his notice; and, though his discoveries were but trifling, his memoir on the site has proved extremely valuable. On returning from a journey into Kurdistan he visited Mosul, and, struck with the huge mounds already alluded to, he made a survey, and even commenced some excavations; but they were not carried far, and he left Mosul, "little suspecting that in these mounds were buried the palaces of the Assyrian kings." As he descended the Tigris, he halted for a while at the great mound of Nimroud, listened to the traditions about it current in the neighbourhood, and obtained a few bricks with the cuneiform or arrow-headed character, which were afterwards deposited in the British Museum. "A case scarcely three feet square enclosed all that remained, not only of the great city of Nineveh, but of Babylon itself!"

It was during a recent journey in these countries, that Mr. Layard, whose interest had been previously strongly excited by the sight of these mounds, found himself gliding down the Tigris on a raft past the mysterious tower of Nimroud.

"It was evening," he says, "as I approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue . . . A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them; its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab who guided the raft gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence."

The obstruction was, in fact, caused by an immense dam, one of the monuments of a great people, undertaken to ensure a supply of water to the endless canals that formerly covered the country. Struck by this wild and impressive scene, Mr. Layard from that time formed the design of thoroughly examining the mounds whenever he might have it in his power.

It was not until the summer of 1842 that he revisited Mosul, where he found that M. Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, to whose high and disinterested character Mr. Layard bears most cordial testimony, had commenced excavations in the large mound on the opposite side of the river, called Kouyunjik, and to this gentleman is due the honour of having first discovered an Assyrian monument. A peasant having reported to him that sculptures existed in the mounds of Khorsabad, at a short distance, he directed excavations to be made, and soon opened one of a series of chambers, covered with representations of battles, sieges, &c. "His wonder may easily be imagined. A new history had suddenly been opened to him; the records of an unknown people were before him." Inscriptions in the cuneiform character were attached to these sculptures, like the hieroglyphics to the Egyptian bas-reliefs. As it was generally admitted that this character was not used after the Macedonian conquest, the sculptures were referred to a more ancient period, even to the inhabitants of Nineveh. Unfortunately, the gypsum slabs, reduced to lime by the fire which had consumed these ruins, rapidly decomposed on exposure to the air. This remarkable discovery M. Botta immediately communicated to the Institute of France, and the government of that country immediately placed at his disposal ample funds, with which he carried on his excavations, and, having secured for his country many fine specimens of Assyrian sculpture, he returned to Europe with a rich and important collection of inscriptions.

The researches of M. Botta, which were not carried beyond Khorsabad, raised Mr. Layard's enthusiasm to the highest pitch. He had already suggested Nimroud for M. Botta's examination, who had, however, declined the proposal. He spoke to others on the subject which haunted his mind, but for a long time without encouragement. At length our enterprising discoverer obtained the funds necessary for at least a partial exploration, through the munificence of Sir Stratford Canning, but for whose public spirit the French nation would in all probability have acquired that noble collection of Assyrian antiquities now happily secured to the British Museum.

Although the principal obstacle was thus removed, there were not a few others. Mr. Layard had received the most friendly assistance from M. Botta; but there were others at Mosul, it seems, who did not share his sentiments. Some measure of caution, and even of secrecy, was needful; and thus, giving out that he was going to hunt wild boars in the neighbourhood, Mr. Layard again descended the Tigris from Mosul on a raft, and at sunset reached the well-known ancient dam. He was accompanied by Mr. Ross, a British merchant, (from whom he received the greatest assistance, and who afterwards continued the excavation,) besides his janissary and a servant. They

landed to seek the shelter of a neighbouring village for the night. It proved to be a heap of ruins, and they were about to return to pass the night upon their raft, when by the glare of a fire they caught sight of the family of an Arab crouching round a heap of half-extinguished embers. This man, named Awad, had, he found, long been acquainted with the ruins, and entertained him with traditions concerning the mighty Nimroud. Mr. Layard at once opened to him his views, and concluded an agreement with him. Awad set off in the middle of the night to procure assistants from a short distance. Meantime, sleep fled from Mr. Layard's eyes.

"Hopes long cherished were now to be realized, or were to end in disappointment. Visions of palaces underground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions," he says, "floated before me. After forming plan after plan for removing the earth and extricating these treasures, I fancied myself wandering in a maze of chambers from which I could find no outlet. Then again, all was reburied, and I was standing on the grass-covered mound. Exhausted, I was at length sinking into sleep, when, hearing the voice of Awad, I rose from my carpet and joined him outside the hovel. The day already dawned. He had returned with six Arabs, who agreed for a small sum to work under my directions. The lofty cone and broad mound of Nimroud broke like a distant mountain on the morning sky. But how changed was the scene since my former visit! The ruins were no longer clothed with verdure and many-coloured flowers; no signs of habitation, not even the black tent of the Arab, was seen upon the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally sweeps the whirlwind, dragging with it a cloud of sand."

And now commenced the exciting search. Some fragments of sculpture picked up by the Arabs were encouraging signs, and the angle of an alabaster slab peeped up above the soil. Soon discovering indications of an entire chamber, their labours were only interrupted by night. Next day the excavations were continued, and many other objects came to light, such as the figure of a man, partly gilt. At this, Awad, who had his suspicions that Mr. Layard's object was the discovery of hidden treasure, carefully collected the fragments of gold leaf, and calling him mysteriously aside, exposed them. "O Bey," said he, "Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses, and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha." The Pasha of Mosul, whose character is capitally drawn, had in fact already received from his spies exaggerated rumours of the wealth obtained. The cupidity and jealousy of the Cadi and principal Mussulmen were excited, and they soon began to throw every possible obstacle in the way of further discoveries.

Meanwhile, Mr. Layard had increased his force to thirty workmen, the excavations were carried on actively, and at length, on the afternoon of the 28th November, came to light, for the first time, the top of a bas-relief. The Arabs, no less excited than our discoverer, notwithstanding a violent shower of rain, worked until dark, and completely exposed to view two slabs, covered with elaborate sculptures of battle-scenes. This gratifying discovery had scarcely been made, when an agent of the Pasha appeared to forbid the prosecution of the work. Upon this Mr. Layard rode to Mosul to explain and to remonstrate. The Pasha told him that it was with deep regret that he had discovered that the soil invaded had been used as a burial ground by the Mussulmen, and the Cadi had already complained of its desecration. "No," said the Pasha, "I cannot allow you to proceed. You are my dearest and most intimate friend; if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! Your life is more valuable than old stones—besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head." On returning to Nimroud, Mr. Layard was not long in discovering the artful proceedings of the Pasha. He had privately ordered an Agha to *make some graves in the mound.* "We have destroyed," confessed this agent to Mr. Layard, "more *real* tombs of the true believers in making *sham* ones than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying these accursed stones." It was now time to get rid of these petty annoyances, and having ascertained beyond question the importance of the discovery, Mr. Layard lost no time in acquainting Sir Stratford Canning, with a view to obtain an order from the Porte, to prevent interference by the local authorities. After a short visit to Bagdad, he returned to the scene of operations, and found that another Pasha had been appointed, who was favourably disposed towards him. He had still, however, to contend with Mussulman suspicion and intolerance. The Cadi of Mosul was endeavouring to stir up the people by representing that the infidels were not only carrying away treasures, but searching for inscriptions to prove that the Franks once held the country, upon the discovery of which they intended to resume possession, and exterminate the true believers. For a while, therefore, he thought it better to visit and conciliate a neighbouring tribe of nomadic Arabs, from whose predatory propensities he feared some eventual interruption. In the middle of February he returned, and cautiously continued his explorations. And now every day brought with it some new and important discovery—mural tablets, winged lions, figures of marvellous form, with traces of extensive chambers running deep into the mysterious mound.

On returning one morning from a visit to a neighbouring encampment, Mr. Layard saw two Arabs of this tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed.

"On approaching me," he says, "they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them—'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah! it is wonderful, but it is true! We have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God,' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

"On reaching the ruins, I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen

me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion, or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. Abderrahman, followed by half his tribe, now appeared on the edge of the trench. When they beheld the head, they all cried together, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet!' It was some time before the Sheik could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him!—has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree. This is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred."

Meanwhile, the fugitive Arab had posted full speed to Mosul, and rushing breathless into the bazaars, announced to every one he met that "Nimrod had appeared." The sensation was immense. The Cadi, "who had no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty hunter, or only his image, had been discovered, protested to the Pasha," who accordingly sent a message to Mr. Layard, that the mysterious remains should be treated with respect, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once. In consequence, the greater number of the workmen were suspended, and only two allowed to dig leisurely, and continue the research. Soon after, the winged lions were discovered.

"I used," says Mr. Layard, "to contemplate for hours those mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being.... They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors, had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognised by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the Eternal City. But how changed was the scene around them. The luxury and civilisation of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough has passed, and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown, whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness, in the words of the prophet, that once 'the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs—his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth . . . . And now is Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it: their voice sings in the windows, and desolation is in the thresholds.'"

The fame of Mr. Layard had now spread abroad, and he received frequent visits from the neighbouring Arabs. A Sheik and a dozen of his attendants were generally installed in his hut, while their mares were tied at every door. It was no easy matter to get rid of them. One of these importunate guests had brought him, as a token of friendship, a skin of honey, and cheese, a Kurdish carpet, and some horse trappings, in the confident expectation of a goodly recompense. Many hints were dropped as to the propriety of some return on the part of the "English Bey," but he was provokingly deaf to them. At length, on the second evening, the Sheik's secretary asked for an interview. "The Mullah Effendi," said he, "will leave your lordship's abode to-morrow. Praise be to God, the most disinterested and sincere friendship has been established between you, and it is suitable that your lordship should take this opportunity of giving a public testimony of your regard for his reverence. Not that he desires to accept anything from you, but it would be highly gratifying to him to prove to his tribe that he has met with a friendly reception from so distinguished a person, and to spread through the mountains reports of your generosity." "I regret," answered I, "that the trifling differences in matters of religion should preclude the possibility of the Effendi's accepting anything from me." "Although," rejoined the secretary, "there might, perhaps, be some difficulty, yet it could be, I hope, overcome. Moreover, there are his attendants; they are not so particular as he is, and, thank God! we are all one. To each of them you might give a pair of yellow boots and a silk dress—besides, if you chance to have any pistols or daggers, they would be satisfied with them." After proposing for himself white linen for a turban and a pair of breeches, the worthy secretary hinted that the religious scruples of his master did not extend to the acceptance of a case of razors, as they did not absorb moisture upon being touched by a Christian hand, and thus could not contaminate a Mussulman. "Besides," said he, "he would feel obliged by the loan of a small sum—five purses, for instance (Wallah! Billah! Tillah! he would do the same for you at any time), for which he would give you a note of hand." Mr. Layard replied, that it was very unfortunate that there was no bazaar in the village—that two days must elapse before he could procure the desired articles from Mosul. "I could not think of taking

up so much of the valuable time of the Mullah Effendi, whose absence must already have been sorely felt by his tribe. With regard to the money, (for which God forbid that I should think of taking any note of hand—praise be to God! we are on too good terms for such formalities,) and to the razors, I think it would give more convincing proof of my esteem for the Effendi, if I were myself to return his welcome visit and be the bearer of suitable presents." The secretary retired quite crestfallen, and henceforth Mr. Layard was no more troubled with visits from Kurdish chiefs.

"A new change had now come over the face of the plains of Nimroud. The middle of March in Mesopotamia is the brightest epoch of spring . . . . The plain, far as the eye could reach, was studded with the white pavilions of the Hytas and the black tents of the Arabs; picketed around them were innumerable horses in gay trappings, struggling to relieve themselves from their bonds, which restrained them from ranging over the green pastures. Flowers of every hue enamelled the meadows; not thinly scattered over the grass as in northern climes, but in such thick and gathering clusters that the whole plain seemed a patchwork of many colours. The dogs, as they returned from hunting, issued from the long grass dyed red, yellow, or blue, according to the flowers through which they had forced their way . . . . When I returned in the evening after the labour of the day, I often sat at the door of my tent, and giving myself up to the full enjoyment of that calm and repose which are imparted to the senses by such scenes as these, I gazed listlessly on the varied groups before me. As the sun went down behind the low hills which separate the river from the desert—even their rocky sides had striven to emulate the verdant clothing of the plain—its receding rays were gradually withdrawn, like a transparent veil of light, from the landscape. Over the pure cloudless sky was the glow of the last light. The great mound threw its dark shadow far across the plain. In the distance, and beyond the Zab, Keshaf, another venerable ruin, rose indistinctly into the evening mist. Still more distant, and still more indistinct, was a solitary hill overlooking the ancient city of Arbela. The Kurdish mountains, whose snowy summits cherished the dying sunbeams, yet struggled with the twilight. The bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, at first faint, became louder as the flocks returned from their pastures and wandered amongst the tents. Girls hurried over the greensward to seek their fathers' cattle, or crouched down to milk those which had returned alone to their well-remembered folds. Some were coming from the river, bearing the replenished pitcher on their heads, or shoulders: others, no less graceful in form and erect in their carriage, were carrying the heavy load of long grass which they had cut in the meadows. Sometimes a party of horsemen might have been seen in the distance, slowly crossing the plain, the tufts of ostrich feathers which topped their long spears showing darkly against the evening sky. They would ride up to my tent, and give me the usual salutation, 'Peace be with you, O Bey,' or 'Allah aienak, God help you.' Then driving the end of their lances into the ground, they would spring from their mares, and fasten their horses to the still quivering weapons. Seating themselves on the grass, they related deeds of war and plunder, speculated on the site of the tents of Sofrell, until the moon rose, when they vaulted into their saddles and took the way of the desert. The plain now glittered with innumerable fires. As the night advanced, they vanished one by one, until the landscape was wrapped in darkness and in silence, only disturbed by the barking of the Arab dog."

Strongly tempted as we are to extract such passages as these, which bring before us a perfect picture of the scenery of Assyrian plains, we must not forget the limits to which we are unavoidably confined. For this reason we shall not enter into Mr. Layard's visit to the neighbouring nomadic tribes, which, however, abounds with beautiful incidents of Arab life most graphically placed before the reader. With the summer we find him again at Nimroud, and eagerly awaiting the promised firman from Sir Stratford Canning. The plain now wore a totally different aspect.

"The heat was almost intolerable. Violent whirlwinds occasionally swept over the face of the country; they could be seen as they advanced from the desert, carrying with them clouds of sand and dust. Almost utter darkness prevailed during their passage, which lasted generally about an hour, and nothing could resist their fury. On returning home one afternoon, I found no traces of my dwelling; the tents had disappeared, and my furniture was scattered over the plain. When on the mound, my only secure place of refuge was beneath the fallen lion, where I could defy the fury of the whirlwind; the Arabs ceased from their work, and crouched in the trenches, almost suffocated and blinded by the dense cloud of fire-dust and sand, which nothing could exclude."

It was in one of these hurricanes that an English steamboat was sunk in the Euphrates. Meanwhile the excavations were steadily going on, and fresh objects of interest almost daily disinterred. At length arrived the wished-for letter. Mr. Layard was sleeping in the tent of Sheik Abd-ur-rahman, when an Arab messenger awoke him, and by the light of a small camel-dung fire he read the document which secured to the British nation the records of Nineveh and a collection of the earliest monuments of Assyrian art.

Our enterprising explorer now determined to enlarge his field of operations, and to turn his attention to the great mound of Kouyunjik, opposite Mosul. Here, too, his researches were destined to be richly rewarded. Chamber after chamber was successfully opened, the walls of which glowed with singular and splendid sculptures.

"The colours still adhere to the sandals, brows, hair, and eyes; the sculptures are in the best state of preservation; the most delicate carvings are still distinct; and the outline of the figures retains its original sharpness. At every fresh discovery the Arabs were so excited, that they would strip themselves almost naked, throw the handkerchief from their heads, and, letting their matted hair stream in the wind, rush like madmen into the trenches, and carry off the baskets of earth, shouting at the same time the war-cry of their tribe."

Mr. Layard now became anxious to send home some of the sculptured slabs. The small English steamer on the Tigris being out of trim, the slabs were first sawed into convenient pieces, and dragged by means of levers out of the trenches, then packed in felts and matting, and screwed in roughly-made cases; and being got upon a raft, formed of inflated skins and beams of poplar wood, were floated down the river to Bagdad, and thence by boats to Busrah, from which place they were to be sent to England, as

the first-fruits of the energy and enterprise directed to this new and interesting field of research.

As the health of Mr. Layard now required recruiting, he visited the Tiyari mountains, inhabited by the Chaldean Christians, intending to return to Mosul in September, when the heats would have abated. Our limits will not allow us to follow him through this very pleasing portion of his volume. His adventures among the Nestorian Christians are very interesting, and his accounts of their social and religious condition highly valuable. More remarkable is his visit to the Yezidi, a people whose tenets and practices have been misrepresented as resembling those of the Ansyri of Syria; certain midnight orgies being falsely ascribed to them which have earned them the epithet of the "Extinguishers of Lights." The peculiarity of the religion of the Yezidi is their worship of the Evil Principle, whom they dread and propitiate as the most powerful of subordinate beings. "There is in their creed," says Mr. Layard, "a strange mixture of Sabeanism, Christianity and Mahommedanism, with a tincture of the doctrines of the Gnostics and Manichæans." Nothing can be more thrilling than the account he gives of the scenes of their extraordinary nocturnal festival. Indeed, his journey was destined to be full of every sort of adventure. At Singar, where the Pasha was receiving the chiefs of the mountains, the people, fearing the renewal of the oppressive proceedings of his predecessor, determined to resist. A few troops and an officer were sent to reassure them, whom Mr. Layard accompanied. As they entered the village, they were received by a general discharge of fire-arms, and two horsemen who had pushed in advance fell dead at his feet; and for some days he found himself in the midst of a petty war.

On his return to Mosul, letters were received from Sir S. Canning, with a small grant of funds from the British Museum; and we cannot but admire the perseverance and good management of Mr. Layard, who contrived to accomplish so much with means so very inadequate. He now proceeded to organize a regular force, who encamped at Nimroud, and formed a little community over which he presided with an authority quite patriarchal, reconciling their little disputes, and by mingled kindness and firmness maintaining the best feeling among them. The excavations were now carried on on a larger scale, and the results were of corresponding magnitude and interest. Besides the numerous ranges of apartments and sculptured tablets, was found the very singular obelisk now in the British Museum. The sculptures on this ornament seemed to commemorate the conquest of India, or some country far to the east of Assyria, as the elephant, the rhinoceros, the Bactrian or two-humped camel, the lion, &c. are represented upon them; a very singular sphynx was also discovered. The impressions created by the scene of these extraordinary discoveries are well described in a letter by Mr. Longworth.

"I should begin," he says, "by stating that they are all under ground. To get at them, Mr. Layard has excavated the earth to the depth of from twelve to fifteen feet, where he has come to a building composed of slabs of marble. In this place, which forms the north-west angle of the mound, he has fallen upon the interior of a large palace, consisting of a labyrinth of halls, chambers, and galleries, the walls of which are covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions in the cuneiform character, all in excellent preservation. The upper part of the walls, which was of brick, painted with flowers, &c. in the brightest colours, and the roofs, which were of wood, have fallen; but fragments of them are strewed about in every direction. The time of day when I first descended into them happened to be towards evening, the shades of which, no doubt, added to the awe and mystery of the surrounding objects. It was, of course, with no little excitement that I suddenly found myself in the magnificent abode of the old Assyrian kings, where, moreover, it needed not the slightest effort of imagination to conjure up visions of their long-departed power and greatness. . . . There they were in their Oriental pomp of richly-embroidered robes and quaintly-artificed coiffure. There also were portrayed their deeds in peace and war, their audiences, battles, sieges, lion-hunts, &c. My mind was overpowered by the contemplation of so many strange objects; and some of them, the portly forms of kings and viziers, were so life-like, and carved in such fine relief, that they might almost be imagined to be stepping from the walls to question the rash intruder on their privacy. Then, mingled with them were other monstrous shapes — the old Assyrian deities, with human bodies, long drooping wings, and the head and beaks of eagles; or, still faithfully guarding the portals of the deserted halls, the colossal forms of winged lions and bulls, with gigantic human faces. All these figures, the idols of a religion long since dead and buried like themselves, seemed actually in the twilight to be raising their desecrated heads from the sleep of centuries. Certainly, the feeling of awe which they inspired me with must have been something akin to that experienced by their heathen votaries of old."

By the middle of December a second cargo of sculptures was ready to be sent to Bagdad.

"On Christmas day," says Mr. Layard, "I had the satisfaction of seeing a raft bearing twenty-three cases, in one of which was the obelisk floating down the river. I watched them till out of sight, and then galloped into Mosul to celebrate the festivities of the season, with the few Europeans whom duty or business had collected in this remote corner of the globe."

It would be impossible to give in an article any idea of the extent and results of the excavations, which were still continued as vigorously as the means would permit. Every step, however, of their progress is described in the work, and is rendered intelligible and interesting by maps and wood-cuts in outline of the principal objects. The removal of the heavier objects had not been originally contemplated, but Mr. Layard determined to attempt it. The winged bulls, the heaviest of all, offered, of course, the most serious obstacles, over all which, however, skill and perseverance obtained the victory. After all had been arranged for its removal by ropes, pullies, and blocks,—

"The men being ready," says Mr. Layard, "and all my preparations complete, I stationed myself on the top of the high bank of earth, and ordered the wedges to be struck out. Still, however, it remained firmly in its place. A rope having been passed round it, six or seven men easily tilted it over. The thick, ill-made

cable stretched with the strain, and almost buried itself in the earth in which it was coiled. The ropes held well. The mass descended gradually, the Chaldæans propping it up firmly with the beams. It was a moment of great anxiety. The drums and shrill pipes of the Kurdish musicians increased the din and confusion caused by the war-cry of the Arabs, who were half frantic with excitement. They had thrown off nearly all their garments, their long hair floated in the wind, and they indulged in the wildest postures and gesticulations as they clung to the ropes. The women had congregated on the sides of the trenches, and by their incessant screams, and by the ear-piercing tahlehl, added to the enthusiasm of the men. The bull once in motion, it was impossible to obtain a hearing. The loudest cries I could produce were buried in the heap of discordant sounds. Neither the hippopotamus-hide whips of the Cawasses, nor the bricks and clods of earth with which I endeavoured to draw attention from some of the most noisy of the group, were of any avail. Away went the bull, steady enough as long as supported by the props behind; but as it came nearer the rollers, the beams could no longer be used. The cable and ropes stretched more and more. Dry from the climate, as they felt the strain they creaked and threw out dust. Water was thrown over them, but in vain, for they all broke together when the sculpture was within five feet of the rollers. The bull was precipitated to the ground. Those who held the ropes, thus suddenly released, followed its example, and were rolling one over the other in the dust. A sudden silence succeeded to the clamour. I rushed into the trenches, prepared to find the bull in many pieces. It would be difficult to describe my satisfaction when I saw it lying precisely where I had wished to place it, and uninjured! The Arabs no sooner got on their legs again, than, seeing the result of the accident, they darted out of the trenches, and seizing by the hands the women who were looking on, formed a large circle, and yelling the war-cry, commenced a most mad dance. The musicians exerted themselves to the utmost, but their music was drowned by the cries of the dancers."

After an infinity of trouble, the bull and other sculptures were deposited upon the raft, and floated slowly down the stream.

"After adorning the palaces of the Assyrian kings, the objects of the wonder and, may-be, worship of thousands, they had been buried unknown centuries beneath a soil trodden by Persians under Cyrus, by Greeks under Alexander, and by Arabs under the first descendants of their prophets. They were now to visit India, to cross the most distant seas of a southern hemisphere, and to be finally placed in a British museum. Who can venture to foretell how their strange career may end?"

Mr. Layard's labours at length drew to a close, the funds granted to him being exhausted. It is a most gratifying fact, and highly honourable to himself, that he appears to have been entirely successful in stimulating the activity and conciliating the good will of his Arabs. Before leaving the scene of their mutual labours, he tells us that he gave them a parting feast, on which occasion Sheik Khelaf, "a very worthy man," was spokesman for the rest of his fellow-labourers.

"'They had lived,' he said, 'under my shadow, and, God be praised, no one had cause to complain. Now that I was leaving, they should leave also, and seek the distant banks of the Khabour, where at least they would be far from the authorities, and be able to enjoy the little they had saved. All they wanted was each man a "teskeré," or note to certify that they had been in my service. This would not only be some protection to them, but they would show my writing to their children, and would tell them of the days they had passed at Nimroud.'"

We have been so carried away by the narrative part of Mr. Layard's volumes, and have indulged in such frequent quotations, that we have room but for a very brief glance at what is nevertheless the most important portion of them—his dissertation upon the antiquity of the monuments he has brought to light, the people by whom they were built, their place in history, their connexion with other nations, their religion, arts, and manners. On all these points, he says, we are as yet confessedly without adequate means to pronounce very confidently: the field of research has but been partially opened; other unexplored monuments exist; nor have there as yet been discovered any tombs, which have proved so important a mine of research for the investigators of Egyptian antiquities. Mr. Layard is of opinion that no portion of the monuments, which are of different dates, can be later than the Persian destruction of Nineveh, while for the more ancient he claims, upon various grounds, a far higher antiquity.

"There is no reason," he observes, "why we should not assign to Assyria the same remote antiquity we claim for Egypt. The monuments of Egypt prove that she did not stand alone in civilization and power. At the earliest period" (and this argument appears to us conclusive) "we find her contending with enemies already nearly, if not fully, as powerful as herself, *and amongst the spoil from Asia, and the articles of tribute brought by subdued nations from the north-east, are vases as elegant in shape, stuffs as rich in texture, and chariots as well adapted to war, as her own.*

It is even believed that the name of Nineveh occurs on a monument of the reign of Thothmes III., about 1490 years before Christ.

There are curious traces brought forward in these volumes of relations between the two countries at some remote period; and doubtless, as the monuments are more explored, and others are discovered, and the cuneiform character more fully understood, much new and important light will be thrown upon the history of early civilization, and the connexion between different Asiatic nations, with their influence upon the western world.

Mr. Layard has no doubt about the identity of Nimroud with Nineveh, which, like Thebes, was gradually formed, succeeding monarchs adding to the original building other groups of palaces and temples, till the city attained the immense size—sixty miles in circuit, or three days' journey—mentioned in the book of Jonah, who visited it at the period when, as he thinks, it acquired its greatest extent, in the time of the kings of his second supposed dynasty; that is, of the kings mentioned in Scripture. The palaces of Nineveh bear evident traces of having been destroyed by fire.

"Their interior," says Mr. Layard—(we must find place for this concluding and gorgeous picture)—"was as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression

its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who in the days of old entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portals guarded by the colossal lions, or bulls, of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved, in colours filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in coloured borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous amongst the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king, in adoration before the supreme Deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours. The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. . . . . The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, and even plated, with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the light blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame on which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments and the graceful forms of ideal animals. These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served at the same time to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods."

Such was the magnificence of ancient Nineveh. But we must hasten to a conclusion. Profoundly interesting are the inquiries of Mr. Layard, from the means already at his disposal, as to the religion, the manners and customs of the ancient Assyrians, concerning which we were but yesterday completely ignorant. History, as he observes, may have failed to chronicle the deeds of a nation which could maintain its sway over the largest portion of the then civilized world, and traditions in which their remembrance was preserved may have perished before history was ready to receive them; *but the records of the people themselves have remained, and are now before us.* "I shall be well satisfied," he concludes, "if I have succeeded in an attempt to add a page to the history of mankind, by restoring a part of the lost annals of Assyria." And how far soever succeeding discoverers and inquirers may carry their investigations, to Mr. Layard we must adjudge the palm of having first laid open the subject, of having obtained for his country a valuable collection of antiquities, and of recording their acquisition in a volume which will take its place among the best works of travel in our literature.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.[1]

We left our poet amusing his still juvenile mind by the voluntarily undertaken task of teaching Greek to a family of happy young ladies, and we promised to introduce him as a compulsory teacher of a science not at all to his mind,—that of fencing. Let us hear him at a party at Dr. Beattie's, at which were several military men; the subject turned upon duelling. One of the officers mentioned an instance in which both parties were killed.

"'Served them right," said Campbell. 'Now I will tell you something much better,—an instance in which neither party was killed. On my way to Paris, in 1814, I spent a few days at Rouen. Things were still in a very unsettled state, national animosities ran high; but, thanks to my Campbell complexion, I was not taken for an Englishman; and, as I spoke little, I heard a great deal among the disbanded military, unsuspected of partiality to the perfidious Angleterre.' He then described, with his dry humour, the characters that frequented the cafés and table d'hôte, and continued,—'One evening we all met as usual at the supper table, with a reinforcement of two fierce-looking moustaches, very hungry, and very angry. The questions of the day were taken up one after another, and summarily disposed of. The events of the last campaign were criticised with great acrimony; persons, facts, and achievements were censured and distorted summarily; and even that admirable thing, English gold, was treated as the basest of metals. It was much respected, nevertheless, by every person at the hotel. Fearing no contradiction, each spoke in his turn, and pronounced vehement philippics on the government of England; but I must do them the justice to say, they allowed her army to be second only to their own. All this time,' continued the poet, 'I was an assenting party to this tirade, but at length, as I did not join in the applause which followed the speakers, my silence, I saw, was looked upon with suspicion. The truth was, I wanted to get on to Paris; I had no mind to come into collision with men whom mortified pride had rendered desperate. But this was impossible. Piqued at my silence, one of the moustaches, determined to have my concurrence, bawled out, "N'est-ce pas vrai, Monsieur?" I looked him steadily in the face, and, with all the coolness I could assume, answered, "Non, Monsieur, ce n'est pas vrai!" (I think I may have said something about "mensonge," but no matter.) Never was orator taken more aback."Pas vrai?" He trembled with rage, increased, no doubt, by the discovery of my Anglo-French pronunciation: every eye was upon me. Here was a pretty *fix* for a poet! Like the man in the play, I felt all the while as if a cold iron skewer were passing through my liver. I had fallen into an ambuscade, and never was general more puzzled to devise a retreat. As I said nothing more, the fellow became infuriated, and, stepping up to me, said, with a me-

(1) Concluded from p. 255, vol. viii.

nacing air, "Monsieur, qui êtes-vous?" Hang the fellow! I could have seen his head under his father's guillotine when he asked the question. "Qui êtes-vous? dis je," he repeated, with a swaggering emphasis. And now came my turn. I started to my feet, placed my back to the wall, drew up my sleeves, thus, made a step and a stamp in advance, and, suiting the action to the word, and the look to both, "Monsieur," I replied, "je suis maître d'escrime,—à votre service." Then, drawing myself up with all my natural dignity,' (and he acted the scene,) 'I maintained a look of defiance. But, thank heaven! the fellow, struck, no doubt, by my gladiator look, took me at my word, and drew back, and, as Rouen was becoming too hot for a poetical fencing-master, I packed up my foils, started instantly, and reached Paris in a sound skin.' All this the poet acted with a dry humour peculiarly his own; concluding, with affected triumph,—'You see how a man of genius can get out of a scrape. I hope it will be a salutary lesson to you guardsmen. It was the most sanguinary affair I was ever engaged in.'"

To this anecdote we are enabled to add another, as a contrast; where Campbell's name acted as a talisman of peace. A friend of the writer's, an intimate friend also of the poet's, had occasion to visit Paris one very severe winter. In passing through London he had enjoyed Mr. Campbell's hospitality, in Scotland Yard. When he reached Paris, cold and hungry, he was directed to a hotel, where he found a large party, who had just quitted the table d'hote and were enjoying themselves round a blazing wood fire. Having had his immediate wants supplied, our friend attempted to obtain some share of the warmth; but this his neighbours, consisting of a motley group of various nations, including two Englishmen, seemed by no means disposed to facilitate, and he was left on the outside of the circle. In a short time one of the Englishmen rose, and, with much animation, recited "Hohenlinden." Now is my time, thought our friend, and, starting up, he exclaimed, "Let me nearer the fire! I dined with Tom Campbell three days ago."

In a moment he was surrounded; every one, foreigners and all, shaking hands with him, and crying out "How is he?" "How does the good fellow wear?" "God bless him!" &c.

Not one of that company had ever seen the poet; but by every one had his works been read, or his fame had extended to them. Campbell was much gratified on this anecdote being related to him.

But it is time to return to Sydenham,

"The greenest spot in memory's waste,"

as our poet termed it, but where even clouds began, from the time we spoke of him there last, to obscure his happiness. The first of these was the death of his youngest boy, Alison. His letters on this event are heart-rending. "I had a kind little hand in each of mine," he says, "now I have it only in one."

We cannot approve the extremity of grief he showed on this and similar occasions. It was a defect in his character; but one easily pardoned.

The next blow that struck his happiness was, indeed, a severe one, and more difficult to be borne. At the age of fourteen his eldest and now only son was discovered to be incapable of continuing his studies. To this melancholy subject there is a constant allusion, often in terms of the deepest pathos, throughout all his subsequent correspondence. But it were painful, even had we space, to follow him through these. One very affecting incident on this subject took place after a still further bereavement had befallen him, for which we must make room. It is thus told in the words of Mr. Buckley Williams:—

"'An hour before dinner, while we took a walk together, he asked me many questions about Wales, Welsh literature, character of the people, &c., observing that he had long intended to visit the principality. "You have told me," said he, "about the early bards, heroes, and examples of heroism in the old Britons; can you give me some anecdote of a modern Welshman—of the peasantry, for instance?" After a little consideration I told him the following,—an incident that occurred between twenty and thirty years ago. In Towyn in Merionethshire dwelt Griffith Owen, a very humble individual, but an excellent performer on the triple-stringed, or old Welsh harp. He was respected by every one, and had seen more than eighty winters; but sorrow was in store for him. The partner of his long life was seized with mortal illness, and within a few days carried to the grave. But this was only the beginning of Owen's grief. His son was taken suddenly ill, and, very shortly after, became a raving maniac:—Now in Wales, from time immemorial, the people have been in the habit of recording their private feelings, matters of history, or events of any kind, by what they call triads, or using the number three; and this will explain what follows. Very late one clear, cold, frosty night, a gentleman was crossing Towyn Heath, where there is a beautiful, romantic sea-shore, with a natural terrace extending for miles. He saw before him some object moving, and, on coming nearer, heard a low groan; and, to his great surprise, there stood, tottering with age, the venerable figure of Griffith Owen. He was leaning upon his staff, his plaid hanging loose about him, his white hair streaming in the wind. "Griffith," said the gentleman, "what can have brought you at such an hour to this drear place?" The old man instinctively replied in a Welsh triad,

"My wife is dead, my son is mad, my harp is unstrung."

"'In an instant the words shot through Campbell's heart. It came home to him like an electric shock. He could not, he said, disguise his "weakness;" but what I venture to call, his pure nature—he cried like a child! I was at the moment totally ignorant of the circumstances which so deeply affected him. He told me these words were the literal expression of his own sad fate.'"—Vol. iii. p. 406.

The next blow was irreparable,—the death of his Matilda. On the 15th of May, 1828, he begins a letter to his friend William Grey with the expressive words, "I am alone."

Campbell never entirely recovered his proper tone of character after the death of his wife. He had no one close at hand to cheer him in his fits of despondency, and it may be feared that the means he took to relieve his mind were not always the wisest, although we know that the stories circulated of his intemperate habits were very great exaggerations, as indeed they were likely to be, of a man of his eminence and frank character. On this subject see how the poet expresses his own feelings in Vol. iii. p. 408.

Ere this time he had been fortunate enough to acquire the friendship of his biographer Dr. William Beattie, who, after having been physician to William IV. now occupied as his country house a beautiful villa at Hamp-

stead. To Rose villa the poet retired whenever he felt worn out by anxiety or exertion. A room was fitted up called the Poet's Ward, and here, guided by the counsels of his physician and friend, and soothed by the gentle kindness of Mrs. Beattie and her sister Mrs. Roylance Child, he speedily recovered his energies, and came out into the world again, not so gay or poetical, perhaps, but still the man of genius and the energetic friend of humanity. What poet ever did so much practical and tangible good as the founder of the London University? What poet ever did more for an oppressed nation than Campbell did for the Poles? His private charities seem to have been unbounded, often more than his means warranted. See the story of the Scotch Policeman, at Vol. iii. p. 395. At Rose villa Campbell exacted from Dr. Beattie the promise that he would attend him in his last moments, and that he would write his life. How worthily he fulfilled the former promise, the affecting narrative in the third volume, "The Closing Scene," fully shows.

And this brings us to a subject which it may be expected we should not altogether pass over, namely, the religious opinions of a man so endowed with the highest moral sensibilities. His father appears, in his earliest years, to have inculcated upon him religious truth as professed to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; and the impression made was deep; the society of such men as Dr. Brown and Mr. Alison was likely enough to confirm such early impressions. But yet he does not seem to have escaped that scepticism to which inquiring minds are prone. Dr. Beattie gives an interesting account of his mental struggles on this subject in the early part of his history.

It is very gratifying to learn, as we do from the following passage in the closing scene, that he died as a sincere Christian ought to do:—

"*June 12th.*—By his desire, I again read the prayers for the sick, followed by various texts of Scripture, to which he listened with deep attention, suppressing as much as he could the sound of his own breathing, which had become almost laborious. At the conclusion, he said, 'It is very soothing.' At another time I read to him passages from the Epistles and Gospels; directing his attention, as well as I could, to the comforting assurance they contained of the life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour. When this was done, I asked him, 'Do you believe all this?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, with emphasis, 'I do.' His manner all this time was deeply solemn and affecting. When I began to read the prayers, he raised his hand to his head, took off his night-cap, then, clasping his hands across his chest, he seemed to realize all the feeling of his own triumphant lines:—

"'This spirit shall return to him
Who gave its heavenly spark:
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!'"

To the manner in which Dr. Beattie has discharged his second promise let these three volumes of admirable biography bear witness. Thomas Campbell died at Boulogne on the 15th of June, 1844, aged 67, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on July 23, being attended to the tomb by many of the highest of England's talent and aristocracy and a crowd of all ranks. We have dwelt exclusively on the private life of Campbell, because it was little known to the public, and often much misrepresented. We never dreamt of criticising his works, and had none other than Francis Jeffrey criticised them, it were vain and presumptuous to renew the task.

We single out two points in his character which may serve for meditation and enjoyment.

HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Campbell's excessive love of children and young persons, is a most amiable trait in his character, although sometimes his mode of manifesting it may be apt to raise a smile, were not any such smile suppressed by the thought that the exuberance of his affectionate heart could only in this way find vent after the sad bereavements he had suffered in his own family.

His advertisement regarding the child he met in the park involved him in some ludicrous adventures.

But the following lines deserve to be remembered:—

TO THE INFANT SON OF MR. AND MRS. G.

"Sweet bud of life! thy future doom
Is present to my eyes,
And joyously I see thee bloom
In fortune's fairest skies.
One day that breast, scarce conscious now,
Shall burn with patriot flame,
And, fraught with love, that little brow
Shall wear the wreath of fame.
When I am dead, dear boy! thou'lt take
These lines to thy regard,
Imprint them on thy heart, and make
A prophet of the bard."

And these verses are a pleasant specimen of playfulness.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A PRESENT OF A BOOK.

"Go, simple book of ballads, go,
From Eaton street in Pimlico;
It is a gift my love to show,
To Mary.

"And more its value to increase,
I swear by all the gods of Greece,
It cost a seven-shilling piece,
My Mary.

"But what is gold, so bright that looks,
Or all the coins of misers' nooks,
Compared to be in thy good books,
My Mary.

"Now witness earth, and skies, and main,
The book to thee shall appertain;
I'll never ask it back again,
My Mary.

"I ask not twenty hundred kisses,
Nor smile, the lover's heart that blesses,
As poets ask from other misses,
My Mary.

"I ask, that, till the day you die,
You'll never pull my wig awry,
Nor ever quiz my poetrye,
My Mary."—Vol. iii. p. 274.

HIS LOVE OF FAME.

From the history of his feelings on the subject of fame a moral may be drawn.

In the death-bed scene his biographer tells us,—

"He spoke frequently, if led to it, of his feelings while writing his poems. When he wrote 'The Pleasures of Hope,' fame, he said, was every thing in the world to him: if any one had foretold to him *then* how indifferent he would be *now* to fame and public opinion, he would have scouted the idea: but, nevertheless, he finds it so now. He said, he hoped he really did feel, with regard to his posthumous fame, that he left it, as well as all else about himself, to the mercy of God:—'I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue.'".

Another time, speaking of the insignificance which, in one sense, posthumous fame must have, he said—

"When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head—when I think of the momentous realities of that time, and of the awfulness of the account I shall have to give of myself, how *can* literary fame appear to me but as nothing. Who will think of it then? if at death we enter on a new state for eternity, of what interest beyond his present life can a man's literary fame be to him? Of none, when he thinks most solemnly about it."

Campbell himself says of an old literary gentleman who had published a querulous autobiography of himself,—

"At his years, if he has not religion enough to be thinking of a better immortality than that of his writings, he should at least have the philosophy to estimate the vanities of this world, and among these, 'the bubble reputation,' at their proper value.

"Lord help us! if one had the brains of Newton and Napoleon minced into his own individual celebrity, what would it be worth to him in a few years? Why—that a plaster-image of his dead skull would be carried about on the head of some Italian boy, vending it in company with cats and mandarins, all wagging their heads together!"

The following passages take a more amusing view of the subject:—

THE POET AND THE MISSIONARY.

"When complimented upon his poetical fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction; some mortifying drawback from the ready money reputation for which his friends gave him credit: 'Yes, it was very humiliating. Calling at an office in Holborn for some information I was in want of, the mistress of the house, a sensible, well-informed woman, invited me to take a seat in the parlour; "her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would try to give me the information required." Well, I was in a hurry, as usual, thanked her much, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitatingly asked, if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription list. "By all means," and, putting on my glasses, I wrote "T. Campbell," and returned it with the air of a man who has done something handsome. "Bless me," said she in a whisper, looking at the name, "this must be the great Mr. Campbell! excuse me, sir: but may I just be so bold as to ask if you be the celebrated gentleman of that name?" "Why, really, ma'am, no,"—("yes," said my vanity)—"my name is, just as you see, T. Campbell," making her at the same time a handsome *boo.* "Mr. Campbell!" she said advancing a step, "very proud and happy to be honoured with this unexpected call. My husband is only gone to 'change, and will be so happy to thank you for the great pleasure we have had in reading your most interesting work—pray take a chair." "This is a most sensible woman," thought I, "and I dare say her husband is a man of great taste and penetration." "Madam," said I, "I am much flattered by so fair a compliment,"—laying the emphasis on "fair." "I will wait with much pleasure; but in the mean time, I think I forgot to pay my subscription." She tendered me the book, and I put down just double what I intended. When had I ever so fair an excuse for liberality? "Indeed," resumed the lady, smiling, "I consider this a most gratifying incident; but here comes my husband. "John, dear, this is the celebrated Mr. Campbell!" "Indeed!" I repeated my *boo,* and in two or three minutes we were as intimate as any three people could be. "Mr. Campbell," said the worthy husband, "I feel greatly honoured by this visit, accidental though it be!" "Why, I am often walking this way," said I, "and will drop in now and then, just to say how d'ye do." "Delighted, Mr. Campbell, delighted! your work is such a favourite with my wife there, only last night we sat up till one o'clock, reading it." "Very kind indeed; very. Have you the new edition?" "No, Mr. Campbell, ours is the first!" What! thinks I to myself, forty years ago; this is gratifying, quite an heirloom in the family. "Oh, Mr. Campbell," said the lady, "what dangers—what—what—you must have suffered! Do you think you will ever make christians of them horrid Cannibals?" "No doubt of that, my dear," said the husband triumphantly, "only look what Mr. Campbell has done already." I now felt a strange ringing in my ears, but recollecting my "Letters from Algiers," I said, "Oh yes; there is some hope of them Arabs yet." "We shall certainly go to hear you next Sunday, and I am sure your sermon will raise a handsome collection." By this time I had taken my hat, and walked hastily to the threshold. "Mr. Campbell! are you ill?" inquired my two admirers. "No, not quite, only thinking of them horrid Cannibals!" "Ah, no wonder; I wish I had said nothing about them!" "I wish so too; but, my good lady, I am not *the* celebrated Mr. Campbell." "What, not the great missionary?" "No:" and so saying, I returned to my chambers, minus a guinea, and a head shorter than when I left.'"—Vol. iii. p. 385.

THE POET AND THE GREAT DUKE.

"To-morrow I am to be at Madame de Staël's, where the Duke of Wellington is expected. I was introduced to him at his own house, where he was polite enough; but the man who took me was so stupid as not to have told him the only little circumstance about me that could have entitled me to his notice. Madame de Staël asked if he had seen me. He said *a* Mr. Campbell had been introduced to him, but he thought it was one of the thousands of that name from the same country; he did not know that it was *the* Thomas; but after which, his grace took my address in his memorandum-book, adding, he was sorry he had not known me sooner."

After all, Dr. Beattie puts the matter of fame in its true light when speaking of the respect paid to the poet at his funeral.

"'Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?' No; but it is soothing to all who love their country to observe the homage she decrees to posthumous merit. Tribute to departed worth is her sacred guarantee to

the living, that the claims of genius shall not be disregarded, that the path of honour is open to every aspiring son of the soil. The tombs of great men are eloquent monitors; and every nation that would impress and stimulate the minds of youth by noble examples of literary and patriotic genius, will point to the tombs of her illustrious dead. The pleasing hope of being remembered, cherished, imitated, when dust returned to dust, was always soothing to the mind of Campbell, whose aim was to deserve well of his country."—Vol. iii. p. 384.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

But we must draw to a close with one subject more.

Should any man be judged by the company he keeps, we should form a very high estimate of our poet. In these volumes we are presented in rich variety with his correspondence with statesmen, poets, learned men in every department, men of science, lawyers high at the bar and on the bench, dignitaries of the church, men of business, ladies old and young, professors and college boys, noblemen and dependents. To give a list of names would be almost to repeat the index; to select is difficult, but take at random such as follow:—Professors Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown, the Rev. Archibald Alison, Dr. Anderson, Lords Brougham, Holland, Lansdowne, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Francis Horner, Madame de Staël, Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth, Rogers, Moore, Wilson, Scott, Watt, Telford, Currie, Prince and Princess Czartoryski, Cuvier, Charles Fox, &c.

With such as these his life was passed, in generous exchange of sentiment and co-operation in many good works. Would such men have associated with any but a good man? It was his boast that he never lost a friend, and the boast was not a vain one. Although lost sight of for years, when chance threw in his way an old friend, his joy was extreme. During his visit to Minto castle the poet's *ennui* was much relieved by meeting with an old college friend, and in a letter playfully addressed to "Telford, Alison & Co." he thus communicates the discovery.

"Having found accidentally, as if it had been a chapter in some romance, an old and very dear friend, settled as a physician at Jedburgh, I sit down to inform you of my unbounded happiness at this unexpected discovery. I therefore charge you, if you be together this day or to-morrow, and by any chance happen to mention my name in the course of conversation, not to attach any of the common epithets to it which might be lawful on other occasions; such as—'poor fellow! poor Tom!' for I tell you I am not poor to-day, but exceedingly wealthy. Gentlemen! I may perhaps come down upon your meeting in Edinburgh sooner than you expect; I am reading a letter from Telford, which I cannot answer in any other way than *viva voce*. I am so busy comparing notes with my oldest friend, my *first* critic, my school companion, who has been buffeting about in the voyage of life for seven years since we parted, that I postpone any further impertinent remarks till we meet in the Links of Paradise.[1]

"Yours as wont,

"T. C."—Vol. i. p. 404.

(1) The house of Mr. Alison in Bruntsfield Links. The college friend mentioned was Dr. William Wood, who did not many years survive this happy meeting.

Sir Walter Scott's model of a business and friendly letter combined may be useful to the selfish and the thoughtless who care for themselves only, or for nothing.

"Abbotsford near Melrose, April 12, 1816.

"My dear Tom,—You will argue, from seeing my unhallowed hand, that I have something to say in the way of business, for I think both you and I have something else to do than to plague ourselves (I always mean the *writer*, for the receiver will, I trust, be noways discontented in either case) with writing letters on mere literature. But I have heard, and with great glee, that it is likely that you may be in Edinburgh next winter, and with a view of lecturing, which cannot fail to answer well. But this has put a further plan in my head, which I mentioned to no one until I should see whether it will meet your own wishes and ideas; and it is a very selfish plan on my part, since it would lead to settling you in Edinburgh for life. My idea is this: there are two classes in our University, either of which, filled by you, would be at least 400*l*. or 500*l*. yearly, but which possessed by the present incumbents, are wretched sinecures, in which there are no lectures, or if any lectures, no students; I mean the classes of Rhetoric and History. The gentleman who teaches the first is a minister of Edinburgh, and might be ashamed to accept of a coadjutor. But I think that the History class, being held by a gentleman who has retired for some years to the north country, and does not even pretend to lecture, (a mere stipend, often of a petty salary of 100*l*. being annexed to the office,) he would, for shame's sake, be glad to accept a colleague, and were I certain you would be willing to hold a situation so respectable in itself, and which your talents and deserved reputation would render a source of very great emolument, I think I could put the matter in such a light to the patrons of the University, as would induce them to call on the present incumbent, either to accept you as his colleague, or come to discharge his duty in person, which he would not do for the salary. The alternative would be, that he should accept the salary which he draws at present, (in which respect he would be neither better nor worse,) relinquishing to you all the advantage of the class besides, which I assure you would be a very handsome thing. I have mentioned this to no one, and I request you will not mention it to any one, (I mean in Scotland,) until your own mind is made up about it. My reason is, first, that there would be some delicacy in setting the matter in motion; and besides that, the said incumbent is a gentleman whom I wish well to in many respects; and though I censure, I do not derogate from my regard in desiring the class he holds in my *Alma Mater* should be filled by such a colleague as you. Yet the story, passing through two mouths, might be represented as a plan on *my* part to oust an old friend, of whom I may certainly say, like the dog in the child's tale, 'the kid never did me nae ill.' If this should answer your views, write instantly, that is, in the course of a week or two. If not, wipe it out like the work of the learned Lipsius, composed the first hour after he was born, and say no more about it. Our magistrates, who are patrons of the University, are at present rather well disposed towards literature, (witness their giving me my freedom, with a huge silver tankard, that would have done honour to Justice Shallow,) and the provost is really a great man, and a man of taste and reading; so I have strong hopes our point, so advantageous to the University, may be carried. If not, the failure is *mine*, not yours. You will understand me to be sufficiently selfish in this matter, since few things would give me more pleasure than to secure your good company through what part of life's journey may remain to me. In saying, speak to *nobody*, I do not include our valuable friend John Richardson, or any other sober well judging friend of yours, only it would be painful to me if our proposal

should get abroad, being an imaginary notion of my own, unless you really thought it would suit you. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Campbell, and am ever, dear Campbell,

"Yours most truly,
"WALTER SCOTT."

The failure of this plan was no fault of Sir Walter's. That the full extent of his generosity may be understood, it must be remembered that Sir Walter was a tory of very decided principles, and that Campbell was a whig of what was called the Edinburgh school, which Sir Walter had done his best to put down by aiding to establish, and writing for, the Quarterly Review, the rival of the whig organ, the Edinburgh, which Campbell was equally decided in supporting. Sir Walter had done his best to depress the whigs as a party; yet did he not hesitate to place an honourable man in the situation his talents and character merited, but which gives more perhaps than any other professorship the power to the teacher of impressing his own opinions on the minds of the rising youth. Great men may contend, but they do not fear, nor meanly take advantage of each other. Possibly the patrons were not found equally liberal minded; which may account for failure.

We regret not to be able to find room for an account of the noble reception Campbell received from the Glasgow College boys, and from the Glasgow citizens, and from the Campbell Club founded in his honour. But these matters have been already made widely public.

Of the manner in which Dr. Beattie has executed his work it is impossible to speak too highly: omitting nothing, glozing over nothing, he has done his duty nobly and fearlessly.

The book is dedicated to Mr. Samuel Rogers, in classical language worthy at once of the subject and of the gentleman to whom the dedication is offered.

THE FORGERY.[1]

THE public is now so well accustomed to the announcement of a new work by Mr. James, that, like most things which have become familiar, it is apt to be too little regarded, and treated as a matter of course. We, therefore, take the present opportunity of informing all those whom it may concern among our readers, that Mr. James has lately come out with great success in a new style of novel. Abandoning for a time the romantic and historic schools, he has allowed his fancy to wander among the scenes of ordinary life, in or about our own time and country. "Beauchamp," a work published some months since, was written, the author asserted, *to please himself.* He had, he said playfully on that occasion, composed a great many books to please the public, and now he was going to indulge himself by writing something entirely to suit his own pleasure. If people of talent, sense, and genuine goodness would write more frequently upon that principle, instead of trying to suit themselves in all respects to the taste of the public, we think they would be more successful. Please yourself, and you stand a pretty good chance of pleasing others. In no case may this aphorism be more safely applied than in that of the author now under consideration. He is an old and well established favourite, and on that ground will be allowed to take unwonted liberties. "Nice customs curtsey to great kings," says Henry V. when the princess objects to his kissing her before marriage; and they will curtesy quite as low to our author, whenever he chooses to indulge any odd whim or fancy in his books, it being a self-evident thing that Mr. James, like Harry the Fifth, would never make custom curtsey to anything stupid or wrong. But, besides his privilege as an accredited favourite, our author has another and a better reason for pleasing himself. The public, (we speak it advisedly,) if not a '*Blatante Beaste*, is assuredly like a great baby in many respects, and does not know what it likes; but is very apt to take a strong fancy to what it sees its elders and leaders, and betters admire. Among these Mr. James must be classed; and it would be a strange thing indeed if something written expressly for his gratification did not prove beneficial to the mind of the British novel-reading public. Arguing, therefore, *a priori*, we should not have hesitated to say that Mr. James's writing to please himself, must be preferable to Mr. James's writing to please the public. Now that we have read "Beauchamp," and another work in the same style, we think most of his admirers, even the thorough-going ones, who like every thing he ever wrote, will agree with us in saying that it *is* so, and that these two novels are better than most of his former ones. We ourselves are inclined to rank the "Forgery" above any work of James's with which we are acquainted. The style is fresh, lively, and full of spirit; gentlemanly it is, of course, or it could not be his. The story is interesting, and the plot is well managed. It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell the reader that there is a great display of inventive power in these three volumes, and that the action never flags throughout. The *dramatis personæ* are all admirably drawn, and seem to move and speak, not from the author, but from themselves. The dialogue, though not over abundant, is good; the general remarks and moralizings are commendably few, and those few are pertinent and extremely agreeable. In short, reader, we like the "Forgery" so well, that we are by no means disposed to put on our extra-magnifying critical spectacles to spy out the defects which probably exist in the work, but which are too insignificant to mar the effect of the whole; and it is *as a whole* that books, as well as men, should be judged. We will, therefore, employ our space in giving a brief account of the story, ornamented here and there by extracts from the work itself.

The roots of the tale (if we may use such an expression) are planted deeply; and the book, improv-

(1) "The Forgery; or, Best Intentions." By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. Newby.

ing upon the injunction, "*commencez par la commencement*," begins before the beginning. We are first introduced to the grandfather of the heroine, a first-rate London merchant, named Scriven. He has three daughters and a son. The daughters all marry. The eldest is Mrs. Marston, the second Lady Moncton, and the youngest Lady Fleetwood. When the story commences, old Mr. Scriven is dead, and his son has taken his place in the firm. Mrs. Marston is dead, (leaving a son,) and so are the two Baronets, her sisters' husbands. Lady Moncton has only one child remaining, Maria, the heroine; and Lady Fleetwood has lost all her children. Their brother, Mr. Scriven, is thus described:—

"The only one of the four children of the merchant who had undergone few vicissitudes, who had known but little change, and that merely progressive, was the son. Mr. Henry Scriven was the same man, ten years older. He laid himself open to few of the attacks of fate. He had neither wife nor children. His fortress was small and therefore easily defended. He had made money, and therefore he loved it all the better; he had lost money, and therefore he was the more careful in getting and keeping it. The circles round his heart went on concentrating, not expanding, and were well nigh narrowed to a point. Even in business this was discovered by those who had to deal with him. People said that the house of Scriven & Co. was a hard house. But still every one pronounced Mr. Scriven a very honourable man, though he did sundry very dirty tricks. But he was known to be a rich man, and his business most extensive. Did you never remark, reader, that a wealthy man or a wealthy firm are always 'very honourable' in the world's opinion? I have known a body of rich men do things that would have branded an inferior establishment with everlasting disgrace, or have sent an unfriended and unpursed vagabond across the seas, and yet I have been boldly told, 'It is a highly honourable house.' So it was in a degree with Mr. Scriven; but still he was careful of his character. He never did anything very gross,—anything that could be detected; and though all admitted that he was very close and somewhat grasping, people found excuses for him. Some thought he would build hospitals. Even his very nearest and his dearest knew him not fully, and did not perceive what were the real bonds which kept his actions in an even and respectable course. It is wonderful how many persons—men and women—are restrained by fear!"

There is a junior partner in Mr. Scriven's house, a Mr. Hayley, a man of good family and education, whose greatest friend is his school-fellow, Lord Mellent. Mr. Hayley is an amiable but somewhat weak man, whose impulses are stronger than his principles. He lives with his sister, and was supposed to be a bachelor, till he brings home a beautiful little boy one day, who calls him "papa." The sister is surprised and indignant, and is at last pacified by the solemn assurance of her brother that the child is legitimate; but no information concerning its mother will he vouchsafe, farther than the fact that she is dead. The boy, Henry Hayley, becomes a great favourite with his aunt. His father spares nothing in his education; he goes to Eton with young Charles Marston, and spends nearly all his holidays with him at Lady Moncton's, Lady Fleetwood's or with Lord and Lady Mellent, his father's friends, whose daughter, little Lady Ann, is Maria Moncton's great friend. Henry Hayley is everybody's favourite, even the reader's, which is strange, considering that he is the hero, and that novel-heroes are generally the most uninteresting of men. When Henry is about sixteen, his father's affairs begin to get embarrassed—he takes to gambling; Mr. Scriven learns this, and dissolves their partnership. This is instant ruin to Hayley. Thinking to set the matter right in a day or two, he forges a bill upon Scriven's banker, and sends the unconscious Henry to cash it. It is discovered before Hayley can replace the money. He confesses all to the boy, who consents to save his father by appearing to have committed the crime himself. With that view he flies the country immediately, and escapes to Italy. All sorts of minute circumstances bring the crime home to the boy; and Mr. Scriven, in his desire for revenge, spares no pains to bring him to justice. A Bow-street officer is sent after him to Italy. No one believes the boy to be guilty; yet it is impossible to prove him innocent. Lord Mellent, who was greatly attached to him, appears to feel this misfortune deeply; and the guilty father is almost distracted when the news is brought that Henry had been tracked to Ancona; that he fell ill there of a fever, and that after being kindly tended by some monks, who refused to give him up to the Bow-street officer, he died, and was buried in the burial-ground of the monastery. Thus Mr. Scriven loses his revenge. Mr. Hayley soon after dies; and the story suddenly leaps over ten years. At that time, Maria and Lady Ann Mellent are both orphans, beauties and heiresses, each living as it seemeth to her best. They are great friends, but Lady Ann is quite unlike the generality of heroines' friends; she is somewhat of a *lionne*, only she does *not* smoke. She is the fastest young lady we have met with in a book for a long time, only she does not talk slang, and she is *a lady;* and her fastness goes into her friendships. Some idea of her may be gathered from the following extract:—

"Lady Ann Mellent was a very pretty, nice, clever, independent girl, whom many persons considered completely spoiled by fate, fortune and her relations, and who might have been so, if a high and noble heart, a kind and generous spirit, and a clear and rapid intellect would have permitted it. She loved and respected Maria Moncton, who was a little older, would often take her advice when she would take that of no other person, frequently in conversation with others setting her immeasurably above herself, and yet would often call her to her face a dear, gentle, loveable, poor-spirited little thing. Her last vagary, before she became of age, was to take a tour upon the continent, with her governess, a maid, and three men servants. Her guardians here would certainly have interfered, had she ever condescended to make them acquainted with her intentions; but the expedition was plotted, all her arrangements made, and she herself in the heart of Paris, before they knew anything of the matter. In writing to the old gentleman with the pig-tail, she said, 'You will not be at all surprised to learn that I am here, on my way to Rome and Naples; and I think as I have nobody with me but Mrs. Brice, and my maid and the other servants, that I shall enjoy my tour very much. Charles Marston, my old playfellow, was here the other day and very delightful, almost as mad as myself. He intends to go,

heaven knows where, but first to Damascus, because it is the only place where one can eat plums. If any body asks you where I am, you can say I have run away with him, and that you have my own authority for it; and then they will not believe a word of it, which they otherwise might. Send me plenty of money to Milan, for I intend to buy all Rome and set it up in the great drawing-room at Harley Lodge, as a true specimen of the antique.'"

Charles Marston is the counterpart of this lively lady, and they are secretly engaged, although it is Lady Ann's will and pleasure that no one should know it till she is of age, and then it will be useless for any of her guardians to oppose her fancy of marrying a person she likes, though he is not of rank. He has unexpectedly returned to England from his travels on the continent, having picked up two friends; one of whom, Mr. Winkworth, a rich old East Indian, is the eccentric philanthropist of the book, and travels with Charles; and the other, Colonel Frank Middleton, a distinguished officer in the Spanish service, calls on Lady Fleetwood, and subsequently falls in with Miss Moncton, as she is taking an evening walk in a retired part of her own park.

We need scarcely inform any of our readers, not under ten years of age, that the gallant Colonel proves to be none other than the victim to mistaken filial affection, the dead and buried Henry Hayley; who, of course, yields to the lady's entreaty of going back to the house with her, to explain matters. They have a very long talk, in which all his adventures are related; and he convinces her that he can prove his innocence before the legal authorities, by means of a confession, written and signed by his father, before be bade him farewell. But as he is anxious not to criminate his father's memory, he does not intend to use this paper unless he is recognised, preferring to keep his present name. He relates the stratagem by which the monks saved his life, and his subsequent good fortune in being adopted by Mr. Middleton, a rich English gentleman, married to a Spanish heiress of high rank. He passed for their own child, and had inherited their large property. This last trifling circumstance smooths many difficulty which would have been in the way of ordinary outcasts; and Frank Middleton, or Henry Hayley, finds time to declare his unalterable affection for the fair Maria, and she acknowledges the continuance of her childish love for him. Pending these things, Lady Ann Mellent is announced, and Henry does not believe she will recognise him, and agrees to pass for Colonel Middleton.

"Ushered in at once, she paused the moment after she had crossed the threshold, in surprise at the sight of a gentleman seated *tête à tête* with her fair friend, but the next moment she advanced to Maria and kissed her with sisterly affection. Maria was somewhat embarrassed, and the trace of tears was still upon her cheek, but she gracefully introduced Colonel Middleton to her fair visitor; and Lady Ann turning towards him, surveyed him with a rapid glance from head to foot, bowing her head as she did so, and merely saying—'Oh!'

"There was something rather brusque in the tone which did not altogether please Henry, and served farther to embarrass Maria."

A few words are exchanged about Charles Marston, and his letter, and Lady Ann addresses the supposed stranger.

"'Colonel Middleton, do you not think it very rude for a lady, and a young lady, too—who should of course be full of prim propriety—to stare at a gentleman for full two minutes, when she is first introduced to him? Maria dear, will you order me a cup of coffee or a glass of wine or something, for I am either quite mad, or very ill, or very happy, or very something.'

"And she sunk quietly and gracefully into a large arm-chair near her, and covered her eyes with her gloved hands.

"'You are indeed very wild,' said Maria, ringing the bell.

"But Lady Ann did not answer till the servant had come and gone, while Henry and Maria exchanged looks of doubt and surprise. Some wine and some biscuits were brought and the servant again retired; but Lady Ann did not rise, speak, or uncover her eyes, till Maria, really alarmed lest she should be ill, touched her gently on the arm, saying,

"'Dear Ann, here is the wine—pray take some. Are you ill?'

"'No, no,' said Lady Ann, 'I will not have any. I will do better.' She withdrew her hand from her eyes; and there were evident marks of tears upon her cheek.

"'You have not answered me, Colonel Middleton,' she said, 'and I will answer for you. It was very rude, or rather it would have been very rude, had there not been a cause. But do you know, sir, you are so very like a dear friend whom I have lost,—a friend of childhood and of early days—a friend of all who were most dear to me—one whom I loved as a brother, though I often used to tease him sadly—and who loved me in the same way, too, though he used to love this dear beautiful girl better—that in a moment, when I saw you, the brightest and the sweetest part of my life came back; and then I remembered his hard fate and shameful treatment, and I thought I should have gone mad.' She paused for a moment, and gazed at him earnestly again, and then, starting up, she cried,—'But what is the use of all this? Do you not know me? Do you pretend to have forgotten me? I am Ann Mellent. Henry, Henry, did you think you could hide yourself either from me or her?' And she held out her hand to him warmly.

"Henry Hayley took it and pressed it in his own, saying, 'I cannot and will not attempt to deceive you, dear Lady Ann; but yet I must beg you to keep my secret faithfully, for some time at least, till I have resolved upon my course.'

"'Be sure of that, Henry,' replied Lady Ann thoughtfully. 'Your course must be well thought of; but I will be one of the council, as well as Maria;—nay more,' she added with a sparkling look, 'as she has had one long conference with you, all alone, I will have one also. It shall be this very night too; in my own house, here. There, do not look surprised, dear Maria! You know my reputation is not made of very brittle materials, or it would have been broken to pieces long ago. Yours is a very different sort of thing; you have spoiled it by over tenderness, like a child, and made it so delicate that it will not bear rough handling. I was resolved that mine should be more robust, and therefore set out with accustoming it to every thing. I do believe that half the mad-headed things I have done in my life, were merely performed to establish a character for doing anything I pleased. They could but say that Ann Mellent was mad—and I took care not to go the length that is shut-up-able. . . . After all, you know, Maria, at the worst, they could but say I was in love with him and he with me; and besides knowing ourselves that it is no such thing, we could soon prove to them that there is

not a word of truth in it. So, now, Henry, you will come to the Lodge, will you not? After dinner, I mean —about nine o'clock.'"

This invitation is, of course, accepted, and Maria feels slight qualms of jealousy. Lady Ann is quick-sighted and generous, and endeavours to set Maria's mind at ease. During Henry Hayley's visit in the evening, Lady Ann's manner is so affectionate, and she interferes so decidedly in his affairs, that the reader's suspicion is awakened. It is very clear that Lady Ann has some deep interest in the hero, and that she knows more about his real history than he does himself. However, the reader, and all the *dramatis personæ,* are kept in the dark for a long time, all except Henry Hayley, who seems to come to an understanding with the beautiful Lady Ann very soon. This alliance and good understanding between them is a source of occasional misgivings to Charles Marston and Maria, but Lady Ann promises to set them both at ease in time. Mr. Scriven is the only other person who recognises the old friend with a new name; and he is anxious to bring him to justice, by proving the identity of Colonel Middleton and the boy Hayley. Henry is robbed one night of his pocket-book containing the papers which prove his innocence, as well as his identity, so that he is in a perilous position. But Lady Ann, the "Milly" of the book, declares that she can save him by the production of documents quite as authentic. She manages almost every turn in the story, and endears herself to the reader by her unselfishness and amusing qualities. Mr. Scriven is determined to prosecute Henry Hayley, and Lady Ann contrives that the whole party shall be assembled on a visit to her at Milford Castle, when the *denouement* takes place. She then comes forward, and like the good fairy in a pantomime, changes Colonel Middleton, *alias* Henry Hayley, into Henry Mellent, Earl of Milford, her own brother. This is merely the result of the three volumes; but the reader will very much enjoy the gradual development of the facts in the book itself: the whole is remarkably interesting. The character of Lady Fleetwood, who does all sorts of mischief with the best intentions, is capital. Who does not know some such dear, mistaken, inconvenient, kind woman?—one whom it is impossible to respect, and, at the same time, impossible not to like very much. But we must conclude our observations on "The Forgery," lest we weary our readers, and thereby prejudice them against the book, which would be blinding them to their own interest.

SIX WEEKS' CAMPAIGN IN THE KABYLIE.[1]

WITH the exception of those scattered accounts which have, from time to time, appeared in the public press, we have been presented with scarcely any description of the campaigns in Algeria. The French, up to the period when Abd-el-Kader consented to purchase peace for his country at the cost of his own liberty, carried on a contest, not against organized armies, arrayed for the defence of their homes, but against numerous bands of men, whose irregular movements, sudden assaults, and still more sudden retreats, were far more harassing than the attack of a large army, concentrated upon an open field to resist the establishment of the European power. The war in Algeria was a series of skirmishes rather than a succession of battles; and among the most obstinate of those who opposed the peaceful establishment of the foreign masters of the land were the wild and warlike Kabylies, whose fierce and indomitable character has ever presented a formidable front of difficulties in the way of the foreign invader. Cruel, inhospitable, brave, and enduring to the last degree, they formed a fit element to withstand the assaults of an enemy unacquainted with their real strength, ignorant of their country, and unprepared for the numerous arts and stratagems with which the mountaineers of the Kabylie hoped to oppose a successful resistance to the disciplined troops of Europe.

Energetic, industrious, fond of trade, these people are yet so possessed by the hatred of all strange races, that not even with a view to profit will they enter into terms of peace with them. The vessel wrecked on their rugged shores forms but an object of plunder, and the traveller whose temerity should lead him into their vast territories would find but rough and cruel hosts in the Kabylie warriors. It was against these men, whose untameable nature, and fierce spirit of nationality, destroyed every hope of peace for Algeria while they remained unsubdued, that Marshal Bugeaud, in April, 1847, directed the advance of a column composed of 8,000 troops, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, whose task was to penetrate into the heart of a country peopled with 80,000 fighting men, scattered over its various districts; and it is the progress of this expedition which chiefly occupies the pen of Mr. Dawson Borrer in the present volume. To no better hands could this task have been entrusted; our author is already known in literature, and his rapid and glittering style renders his narrative, rich in incident and novelty as it is, more than usually attractive. Possessed of much descriptive power, skilful in the delineation of national characteristics, ingenious in the relation of events, he carries us along with him as he goes, and fails not to point out to our notice every curious or interesting object by the way. Perhaps Mr. Borrer may at times be too hasty in the expression of an opinion, too ready to set down an exception as a rule;—perhaps he occasionally suffers his imagination to bear him away into too florid a style; but, upon the whole, we consider his narrative of a "Six Weeks' Campaign in the Kabylie" as among the most interesting and popular which the present season has produced. To afford the reader an idea of the materials upon which our author had to work, may be in our power; but if he wish to

(1) "Narrative of a Campaign against the Kabylies of Algeria, with the mission of M. Suchet to the Emir Abd-el-Kader for an exchange of Prisoners. By Dawson Borrer, F.R.P.S." London: Longman.

appreciate the book at its true value, he must undertake its perusal for himself.

At sunrise, on the 6th of May, the column emerged, in marching order, from the city of Algiers, and early on the following morning found itself among the mountains, traversing deep green valleys, and ascending lofty slopes, dotted with the huts of the mountaineers. These primitive dwellings are constructed of stones or turf, bound with clay, and are thatched with coarse grass, straw, and the branches of trees. They consist of one chamber, the centre of which alone allows a man to stand upright. In these simple habitations the native cultivators dwell, subsisting on the produce of their gardens, and the rich wheat crops which spread their flowing surface over the more level land. On the 11th, after a tedious march through the mountains, the troops emerged upon the great plain of Hamza, where heavy crops of wheat and barley spoke of the industry of the native population. The route lay for some time across the gently sloping plain, through a diversity of scenery, until, plunging into a valley, and once more entering among hills and mountains, the frequent deserted gourbies, or huts, bearing evident marks of recent occupation, told of the flight of their inhabitants. Mr. Borrer, who accompanied the expedition,—not as one of its members, but as a supernumerary,—appears to have been much struck with the aspect of this portion of the country, and describes the picturesque Kabylie settlements with a graphic pen:—

"These Kabylie settlements were mostly of extremely simple construction. An embankment of earth being thrown up some four or five feet in height, with a small general entrance passage left at one side, enclosed a square space of some forty feet. From the top of this embankment a roof, sloping upwards, and formed of the branches of trees with the leaves on, and intermingled with coarse grass, was carried inwards, and supported by rough stems or branches by way of rafters, rough poles serving as uprights; the face of each tenement inside the square being built up of bushes. The back of each hut was thus formed by the embankment, and the entrance of each tenement inside the enclosed space. Each of these settlements contained some three or four huts only; each one presenting but one chamber, common to man, beast, and fowl. Around the top of the embankment were heaped most prickly bushes, and the entrance into the square was closed with masses of the same. Thus, at a distance, the whole has the appearance of a mere heap of bushes."

On penetrating a short distance further into the country of the Beni-Yala, none of whom, however, had yet been visible, the first intimation of their hostile feeling was conveyed in the shape of a brace of heavy bullets, which killed a French soldier as he was drinking at a stream. The murderer was not immediately discovered, but an hour or two after was observed following the column with stealthy movement, evidently meditating another shot. He was hailed, and not answering, knocked down by a pistol ball. Several horsemen were also observed on the slope of a hill at some distance, and one of them, receiving a piece of paper from the hand of another, was seen to ride away with the utmost speed, as if the bearer of an urgent despatch. Once fairly within the hostile territory, liberty was given to the soldiers to forage where they listed; and, accordingly, furnished with sickle and sack, they, on arriving at the appointed bivouac, spread themselves over the cultivated ground, and cut down the corn, ripe or unripe, in vast quantities. On some heights at no great distance the Beni-Yala stood in groups, watching, no doubt with the deepest anger, the spoil of their property. A little canvass city had risen, as it were, in the centre of their valley, and the Arabs looked down upon their enemies as they gathered in their crops, fished in their river, and consumed their fuel. Whenever an unfortunate trooper, however, lingered behind his comrades, or strayed to an imprudent distance, the sharp discharge of several rifles speedily warned him of his danger, if it did not deprive him of life. In more than one instance the waters of the stream were reddened with the blood of a French soldier, slain as he sat angling on its banks.

The first night passed in this dangerous locality proved an anxious one for the French invaders. No sooner had our author lain down to rest than a sharp and rapid discharge of rifles, and a fire of musketry following immediately upon it, disturbed his sleep. The Kabylies had attacked the camp, and though almost immediately repulsed, continued all night long to harass the outposts by firing out of the brushwood, and seeking every opportunity to attack the sentinels. The Marshal Isly proclaimed a reward of ten francs for every Kabylie head that should be brought to him in the morning, and four of these ghastly trophies met his eye as he issued from his tent.

The march now lay alternately through valleys and over hills, and a day or two brought the expedition on the plain to the right and left of which stand the two Kabylie cities of Mansoor and Chefa, not composed of miserable gourbies, but of stone-built houses, neatly disposed, and presenting an air of comfort and stability totally unlooked for. The land lying between these towns was gloriously cultivated. Here an immense field of corn presented its yielding expanse to the wind, and there groups of gigantic olive trees, grafted with the utmost skill, ornamented the verdant slopes. The same spectacle is often observed in wild and savage countries. The land is rich and beautiful, and its inhabitants are barbarous and uncultivated. In front of the advancing column the country was smiling in plenty; behind it, the crops were trodden down, and the vegetation destroyed; a broad track of devastation lay in the wake of these 8,000 men, who had marched into the Kabylie to revenge on the Beni-Yala the accumulated wrongs of years. Occasional volleys of rifles annoyed the rear-guard, but no actual skirmishing as yet took place.

Entering among the hills of the Beni-Abbe, the French took up a position in a small valley, whose surface was a mass of luxuriant corn. Facing them rose a lofty and precipitous rock, surmounted by a

singularly shaped mass of stone. Early in the afternoon two large green banners were planted on the summit of this height, and around them assembled the Sheikhs and elders of the Beni-Abbe; by degrees hundreds upon hundreds of the fighting men of the tribe gathered under the flag of their prophet; the rock bristled with arms, and shouts of defiance signified a determination to oppose the advance of the foreign troops. The contest was commenced by the Kabylie, who fired upon the French outposts, and continued at intervals until their volleys were silenced by a steady and incessant discharge from the carbineers. As evening came on the firing slackened, until at length both parties relapsed into inactivity, and there appeared every prospect of a peaceful night. When it was quite dark, however, and the French camp, guarded and watched by strong posts of sentinels, was about to sink into slumber, an ominous lull was observed to come over the Kabylie forces, which, concentrated in one spot, and preserving a deep silence, warned their enemies of an approaching attack. In all directions the hills were lit up by watch and signal fires, and reinforcements continually thronged down from the mountains. Suddenly, with a tremendous yell, the Beni-Abbe assaulted the camp, singing their war songs, and pouring in furious volleys from their long but ill-loaded guns. If their attack was sudden and vigorous, the defence of the camp was as determined. By dint of repeated bayonet charges, the troops at length gained sufficient advantage over their assailants to allow of their falling into some order.

But the shower of bullets which hailed from every direction upon the camp was so dangerous, that the troops were ordered to strike the tents, and then lie flat on the ground, for there was no possibility of returning the fire with much effect in so dark a night. Our author himself had a narrow escape, a ball passing within a few inches of his head. The circle of outposts, however, prevented the enemy from breaking into the camp; and a troop of fifty horse having been mounted, and a vigorous attack made on the Kabylies, they at length retreated, as the moon rose and lent its aid to the French. The ammunition of the Beni-Abbe ran low, and the nocturnal battle was closed by the death of one of their bravest men, who, armed with a huge brass blunderbuss, fought by his dead comrades until a bullet passed through his body.

There was no more peaceful progress now: for the next day, while marching through a deep ravine crowded with olive trees, the troops had to advance along a path so narrow that a large portion of them were obliged to halt while the rest passed on. For twenty minutes they stood there, while from the heights above, a large number of the Kabylies were raining down their bullets. As yet not a French shot had been fired; but when the column had emerged from the ravine, and thrown out a line of sharpshooters, the aspect of the contest was immediately changed. The Beni-Abbe fled before the brave but ferocious Zouave regiment.

"Our column continued to advance at a rapid pace; the Kabylies flying from height to height, pouring in at times heavy vollies, but at last falling back upon their villages, which now burst upon our sight. These villages were numerous, and generally situated upon commanding summits, the slopes, where possible, being cultivated with corn and olives. Lofty isolated towers, square at the base, then running up in an octagonal form, over-looked these villages from the hills around."

Whenever Congreve rockets were brought into use, their effect was most curious. The enemy suspended the combat to watch the fiery mass as it projected itself through the air, falling and bursting with deadly effect upon the rocks. Nothing will induce a Kabylie to approach the spot where one of these *twice-firing cannons*, as they call them, has exploded.

Marching on amid the villages, the French troops satisfied their vengeance by committing barbarous cruelties upon the inhabitants. The Beni-Abbe fought upon the roofs of their houses and in the narrow streets, or fired through loop-holes, until they were absolutely driven out, inch by inch, before their disciplined enemies; and, when this was accomplished, the bayonet and the sword were employed to massacre and mutilate old men, the sick and infirm, aged women, young girls, and helpless children. Every dwelling was ransacked; what they could not carry off as booty the soldiers destroyed, so fierce was their passion for robbery and blood. Our author appears to have been horrified, to have sickened, at the fearful sights which met his eyes as he passed through the desolated hamlets in the track of the locust army which had marched through, almost over them. In one hut he saw dying upon the ground, disfigured with numerous gashes, and drenched in blood, a young girl of twelve or fourteen years of age, writhing in the agony of death. Whilst Mr. Borrer was looking with horror upon the miserable object, a soldier entered, and, thrusting his bayonet through her body, went out again as he came:—

"In another house, a wrinkled old woman was crouched upon the matting, rapidly muttering in the agony of fear to Allah, with a trembling tongue. A pretty child of six or seven years old, laden with silver and coral ornaments, clung to her side, her eyes streaming with tears, as she clasped her aged mother's arm. The soldiery, mad with blood and rage, were nigh at hand. I seized the fair child—a moment was left to force her into a dark recess at the far end of the building; some ragged matting thrown before it served to conceal her, and whilst I was making signs to the mother to hold silence, soldiers rushed in. Some ransacked the habitation; others pricked the old female with their bayonets. 'Soldiers, will you slay an aged woman?' 'No, Monsieur,' said one fellow; 'we will not kill her; but her valuables are concealed, and we must have them.'"

War is always terrible, but, for the honour of humanity, it must be said that the atrocities of this campaign find few parallels in modern history. None can contemplate without shuddering the fearful devastation and slaughter committed by the troops as they proceeded on their ruinous way. The villages were without exception, sacked and burned; prisoners were barbarously tortured; the yielding were massacred,

and the helpless literally cut to pieces. At one place the inhabitants, strengthened and nerved by despair, made a desperate defence, for it was there that the enemy resolved to make a stand, and it was thither that all the fugitives had fled. But when, at last, these too succumbed before the discipline, courage, and numerical superiority of their foes, they experienced terrible retaliation at their hands. Not a woman, not a child, escaped. The village was reduced to a heap of ashes; and all around, the dead bodies of women, tortured and insulted first, and then slain, stripped, and mutilated, lay in horrible profusion. A number of Jews, who trusted to their religion for safety, met with no more mercy than the Mohammedans,—all alike fell a sacrifice to the ferocity of their invaders.

The chief of the Beni-Abbe was subdued. All the country was in flames; the crops were trodden down; the best of the fighting men had fallen, and he came, with a broken and sorrowful voice, to lay his submission at the feet of the French commander. That submission was accepted, the soldiers were called away from the work of plunder; the chief promised that on the next day all the Beni-Abbe should bow down and confess the supremacy of their invaders, and the night closed in over a desolated land. The sky was red until the morning with the glare of the burning villages.

The defeated tribes thronged down from the mountains, made their submission, and went as they had come. The march was resumed, and continued for some time in comparative peace, a few shots only occasionally whistling out from among the brushwood. The chiefs through whose villages the column pursued its way, tendered their submission, and it was hoped that in that portion of the country, at least, hostilities would not be resumed; but while passing along the foot of some gently sloping hills, the column was brought to a halt by the sudden discharge of some ninety or a hundred rifles from above. The advanced guard immediately commenced a pursuit with but little success. A striking feature of French warfare is presented in the following extract from Mr. Borrer's narrative. He is speaking of the rear-guard, who had no share in the attack and dispersion of the ambuscade:—

"Their fierce blood was aroused, and no other foes presenting themselves, they fell upon numerous Kabylies peaceably reaping among the corn lands at hand. These unarmed victims, some mere boys, were massacred without mercy. One trooper alone, I was by several mouths assured, sabred seven; as glorious an action as sabring so many sheep. A few individuals who had been following the columns from mere curiosity, and had held friendly converse with the soldiers, were also fallen upon and slain.

"One of these victims, endeavouring to escape, fled into the river, with the intention of crossing it; but a ball from a carbine shot him down in the middle of the water. Rising again, he staggered, mortally wounded, to the opposite side, and sat down on the stones. A trooper, galloping furiously in chase, rolled, horse and all, headlong into the river; but, recovering his footing, gained the side of the dying Kabylié, and dashed his brains out."

Pressing forward with but little interruption, save that which was caused by an occasional skirmish with a flying party of the enemy, the column at length arrived at Bougie, a neat compact town, on the sea-shore. Here the Marshal left, amid the cheers of his troops, the command of whom now devolved upon General Gentie. The limit of its onward progress having been reached, the head of the column was turned, and the return to Algiers commenced. Here Mr. Dawson Borrer was again within an inch of being shot by a Kabylie, who, perched amid the branches of a tree, was taking steady aim at the Englishman, when he looked up and perceived his danger. The skulker immediately lowered his gun and saluted our traveller with apparent friendship; a salutation which was returned with little grace or cordiality. The homeward march was not destined to be one of peace; for the Beni-Gonaan incessantly harassed their progress, which lay for a considerable time through rocky defiles, where every ledge, every cavern and hole, every natural parapet, was lined with enemies whose unceasing vollies continually annoyed the French troops, whose orders were, not to return the fire. In one instance, however, the courageous author of the narrative was so annoyed by the persevering efforts of a tall gaunt Kabylie, perched on the rock above, to kill him, that, setting the example of breach of orders, he seized a carbine and was advancing with deadly purpose towards his enemy, when the commander of the rear-guard politely reminded him of the order not to fire.

Passing again through the country of the Beni-Abbe, our countryman saw much to remind him of his former visit. All the land was desolate; the charred and blackened remains of the villages were tenanted by a few wretched creatures who had constructed miserable huts amid the ruins, and the broad, bright fields of corn were now so many expanses of withered stubble. The olive groves stood leafless and scorched, and here and there a mangled limb or bruised head was displayed upon the ground; for the ruined and scattered Beni-Abbes had dragged from their hastily prepared graves the bodies of the French soldiers who had fallen in the conflict. They had held the most hideous orgies round these revolting remains; for it was consolation to be able thus, without danger, to wreak their impotent revenge.

"He that spitteth in the air, it falleth betimes upon the spitter's nose," says the oriental proverb; and so it proved in the case of the straggling Kabylie guerillas, who, secreted behind bushes, or perched on the summit of lofty rocks, fired down upon the passing column. They wasted their ammunition, and were occasionally knocked down by a volley from below. The plain of the Hamza was traversed, and everywhere the still recent marks of war showed the path which the army had pursued when marching to the subjugation of the Beni-Yala. Upon the afternoon of the 8th of June, Algiers again presented itself to the gaze of the triumphant troops, who were ushered into the city amid those exulting cheers, loud and

prolonged, which form the Frenchman's idea of *la gloire*.

Thus was the six-weeks' campaign brought to a successful conclusion. For all the bloodshed, all the atrocities, all the devastation which it had accomplished, nothing but acclamations of praise were heard in the streets of Algiers. None seemed to turn a thought upon the misery which had been inflicted in so many peaceful villages; none cared how the woman and child had expiated in agony and torture the wrongs that the Kabylie warrior had done, or were asserted to have done; and none regretted the wasted valleys, the burning villages, the desolated provinces, which had been left by the French troops as a memento of their visit. All was joy, all was triumph; and the officers and men who had taken a share in the enterprise, heard their names uttered among those of the heroes of modern times.

We shall not speak of French policy in Algeria. It would lead us into discussions into which it is not our province to enter. We have undertaken to notice the present volume in a literary, not a political, point of view; and we therefore leave Mr. Dawson Borrer's speculations on the colonial policy of France in the government of Algiers, and the value of the different systems which have been tried, to be discussed by others. Meanwhile we cannot but express our regret that space does not permit us to lay before our readers any account of the adventures of the intrepid and generous M. Suchet in his mission to Abd-el-Kader, to effect an exchange of prisoners. Almost alone, and completely unprotected, he travelled over vast districts, found his way through valleys, and scaled mountains, whose passage had not been effected by the French troops before the path had been washed with torrents of blood. That which not all the strength of the foreign rulers could for years effect, he performed, and returned, a destitute and ragged pilgrim, to receive the commendations of all true philanthropists.

As a writer, Mr. Dawson Borrer possesses abilities of a high order. It is seldom that we meet with the narrative of a bloody campaign clothed in other than the rough and unpolished language of the campaigner, who describes events with a vigorous pen, but fails to impart to his pictures that fine touch, that glow of imagination, that rich and attractive colouring, with which the literary traveller gilds and beautifies his delineations of the most confused and savage scenes. This is what Mr. Borrer has, to a great extent, done in the present instance. His narrative (though occasionally hasty and roughly-written passages occur) is embodied in powerful language, and is, moreover, so connected, so unfailing in its interest, so full of characteristic anecdotes, incidents, and adventures, that we accompany him with pleasure whithersoever he would lead us, and are sorry when the volume closes. Of its class, this is one of the best works that has appeared for a considerable period. Its author is a man of generous mind; and this fact makes us feel, while reading his book, far differently from what we should were we perusing the narrative of a man who had taken part in and countenanced the atrocities he describes. Far from so doing, Mr. Borrer appears to be filled with regret at the sight of so much plenty and prosperity crushed beneath the devastating foot of war. We feel confident that his work will enjoy a high reputation, for it is of precisely that class of which the public in general appears most fond. It interests and excites, and imparts knowledge at the same time. It possesses the elegance of a work of art, and the novelty of a fiction; for the wild and startling adventures, the numberless curious incidents, which occur in the course of the volume, are so melted and moulded together that the narrative glides on like the current of a deep clear stream, flowing from an exhaustless source, over a soft and even bed. From what we have said, our readers will perhaps feel a desire to peruse the work, and we recommend them so to do, but at the same time to be prepared to meet, at intervals, with a few over-wrought descriptions, with a little extravagant language, with a slight degree of oriental richness and brilliancy of style,—slight faults into which the author's enthusiasm has occasionally betrayed him.

EDITOR'S WRITING-DESK.

"As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next:"

Even so it is when the management of a popular periodical is resigned by an Editor to whom it is indebted for so much of its popularity as is Sharpe's London Journal to "Frank Fairlegh." The announcement of another editorship, and, moreover, of certain alterations in the conduct of the Journal, is certainly rather calculated to perplex our subscribers with fears of change, and to lead them, perhaps, to withdraw from it their co-operation and support. It has been the honourable distinction of "Sharpe," that it has not merely contained nothing of a doubtful tendency, but that it has directly tended to promote the cause of morality and religion;—this tone we shall sedulously endeavour to maintain. There may be some who apprehend that the contemplated changes have a reference to politics, and that "Sharpe" is about to become the organ of some particular party;—we beg to assure them that such is not the case. But, living as we do at a period when social reformation is rapidly on the advance, we deem it to be the office of every influential periodical to take a share, either directly or indirectly, in this good work; and thus, while there will be no diminution of the instructive and amusing variety which has established the fair fame of this Journal,—while in some respects its literary character may perhaps be raised,—some portion of its pages will from time to time be devoted to matters which, irrespective of all political tendencies, have a vital bearing upon the progress of the community at large, especially upon the means of elevating the working classes, by the promotion of their physical comforts, and their mental, moral, and religious improvement. On subjects like these, where good men

of all parties can meet, their contributions will ever be welcomed, if written in a cordial and Christian spirit.

The present Number contains an article on "Penal Economy," suggested by the recent discussion on Mr. Pearson's plans, at the City of London Institution. Were it not for the great importance of the subject, we might almost hesitate at introducing it, as much angry feeling, and considerable difference of opinion, were elicited on that occasion. But as all, in these days of retrenchment, must deplore the onerous expense of our prison system, and as, moreover, its salutary working has been questioned by not a few most intimately acquainted with it, the discussion of the subject can be productive of nothing but good; and it is hoped that men of all parties will unite in giving a calm and candid consideration to the important principles developed in this paper.

We are requested by Earl Delawarr to correct a mistake which occurs in the description of Sackville College given in the last number. It is there stated to have been "founded by Robert, Earl of Dorset, an ancestor of the present Lord Delawarr;" whereas it should have been, "an ancestor of the present Countess Delawarr, daughter of John Frederick, Duke of Dorset."

"The Life of Horace." By the Rev. H. H. Milman.—The season has not produced a work at once more gracefully or profusely illustrated. We could, indeed, have spared the too great variety of colours in the *borders*, (the coloured title pages are beautiful,) which we cannot but think somewhat detract from the elegant simplicity of the volume. But it is indeed a gem. Besides the borders, which are designed by Mr. Owen Jones, we have a rich variety of well-chosen busts and classical fragments illustrative of the poem, as well as the principal scenes connected with the life and works of Horace, all very tastefully selected and executed by Scharf. The poems are preceded by a Life, a chronological list of "Fasti Horatiani," biographical notices of "Personæ Horatianæ," and a charming descriptive letter, "De Villa Horatii," as valuable as delightful to the classical reader. The Life is just what it should be: the grace and feeling of the poet are combined with the erudition of the philosophical scholar. There is not a passage or a word which the best taste would desire to see expunged or altered. The following extract is a specimen of its style:—

SATIRIC POETRY OF HORACE.

"It was the highest order of the poetry of society. It will bear the same definition as the best conversation, —good sense and wit in equal proportions. Like good conversation, it dwells enough on one topic to allow us to bear something away; while it is so desultory as to minister perpetual variety. It starts from some subject of interest or importance, but does not adhere to it with rigid pertinacity. The satire of Horace allowed ample scope to follow out any train of thought it might suggest, but never to prolixity. It was serious and gay, grave and light; it admitted the most solemn and important questions of philosophy, of manners, of literature, but touched them in an easy and unaffected tone. It was full of point and sharp allusions to the characters of the day; it introduced in the most graceful manner the follies, the affectations, even the vices of the times; but there was nothing stern, or savage, or malignant in its tone; we rise from the perusal with the conviction that Horace, if not the most urbane and engaging (not the perfect Christian gentleman), must have been the most sensible and delightful person who could be encountered in Roman society. There is no broad buffoonery to set the table in a roar, no elaborate and exhausting wit, which turns the pleasure of listening into a fatigue; if it trespasses occasionally beyond the nicety and propriety of modern manners, it may fairly plead the coarseness of the times, and the want of efficient female control, which is the only true chastener of conversation, but which can only command respect when the females themselves deserve it."

"The Bird of Passage." By Mrs. Romer.—Three volumes of interesting and amusing matter, consisting chiefly of tales and legends of distant lands. Nearly all European countries, and several countries in Asia and Africa, have been visited by Mrs. Romer; and as she has travelled with her eyes and ears open, she has brought home no inconsiderable amount of miscellaneous information. This she has not put into regular tourist form in these volumes, but has allowed it to escape naturally in the course of the various narratives. She has a graceful, pleasant way of telling her stories; and the stories are every one of them worth telling. Some are wholly fictitious, others are founded on fact; and nearly all have appeared before in some of the monthly magazines.

"Friends and Fortune." By Miss Drury.—This lady is already favourably known to the world as the author of a volume of very fair poetry. The present work is "a moral tale" in one volume. With all due respect be it spoken, moral tales, distinctively so called, are, for the most part, among the dreariest reading; and all moral people ought to feel obliged to Miss Drury for publishing "a moral tale" that is not only readable, but agreeable and amusing; and ten times as improving as the dry rubbish which some of our self-elected teachers shoot out by cart-loads into the high places of this sufficiently dull world. Miss Drury has made virtue fascinating, and wisdom quite charming. We hope she will do so again before long, in another tale; taking care to avoid a tendency to diffuseness in the general reflections, and a slight exaggeration in the delineation of character, which we think we perceive in "Friends and Fortune."

"Anecdotes of the Aristocracy." By J. Bernard Burke, Esq.—Mr. Burke, it is well known, is versed in matters concerning the British and Irish peerage; and these two thick octavo volumes contain some extremely interesting stories and anecdotes, which have come in his way in the course of reading and inquiry for his peculiar department of study. There is nothing, as far as we know, absolutely new to the public in these volumes, although many of the stories are very little known. They are composed of well and ill-selected passages from various authors, connected by paragraphs from Mr. Burke's own pen. The book will be found very entertaining—of that we are certain; but whether competent judges will consider it reasonable or graceful in Mr. Burke to put his name on the title-page as its *author*—of that we

entertain considerable doubts. The work is intended as a book of amusement, and has no pretension to much rigour as regards facts and figures.

"Our Cousins on the Ohio." By Mary Howitt.—"A great book is a great evil:" let all authors bear that aphorism in mind; but it is also true that a good little book is a great blessing. Mrs. Howitt has illustrated this truth in the present work, written expressly for children, and with which most intelligent children will be inexpressibly delighted. It is published as a companion to the "Children's Year," and is even more worthy of praise than that charming chronicle. Mrs. Howitt, to our thinking, never writes so well as when she writes for children.

"Family Pictures," and "The Tithe Proctor."—These are the titles of two recently-published volumes of the "Parlour Library." The former is a good translation from the German of one of La Fontaine's deservedly popular tales, which will remind the English reader of his own beloved Vicar of Wakefield. The latter is one of Carleton's powerful but painful tales, illustrative of Irish character and Irish misery, and wrong-doing and suffering.

"Four Months among the Gold-finders in Alta California." By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. London: Bogue.—This well-written journal will be read with the liveliest interest at the present moment. The author's account of the discovery of the precious metal, the consequent excitement, and the general rush of all classes, himself included, to the golden sands of the Sacramento, of the progress of his labours, of hair-breadth 'scapes amidst predatory bands of Indians and half-breeds, who finally succeeded in carrying off a large portion of the spoil, is given in a very graphic yet unaffected style. He presents us, in brief compass, with a complete and singular picture of life in California, and brings before us all the varieties of adventurers who from the lust of gold are flocking thitherward from different parts of the world.

"Indians in all the pride of gaudy calico, the manners of the savage concealed beneath the dress of the civilized man; muscular, sun-burnt fellows, whose fine forms and swarthy faces pronounced that Spanish blood ran through their veins; sallow, hatchet-faced Yankees, smart men at a bargain, and always on the look-out for squalls. Here one would spy the flannel shirt and coarse canvass trowsers of a seaman, a runaway, in all probability, from a South-sea whaler; while one or two stray negroes chattered with all the volubility of their race, shaking their woolly heads, and showing their white teeth. 'Look around, stranger,' said a tall Kentuckian, full of the bantam sort of consequence of his race, 'I guess you don't realize such a scene every day, and that's a fact. There's gold to be had for the picking of it up, and by all who choose to come and work. I reckon old John Bull will scrunch up his fingers in his empty pockets when he comes to hear of it. It's a most everlasting wonderful thing, and that's a fact that beats Joe Dunkin's goose pie and apple sarse.'"

We regret that our limits prevent us from quoting several amusing scenes. Pass we to the conclusion of the whole matter.

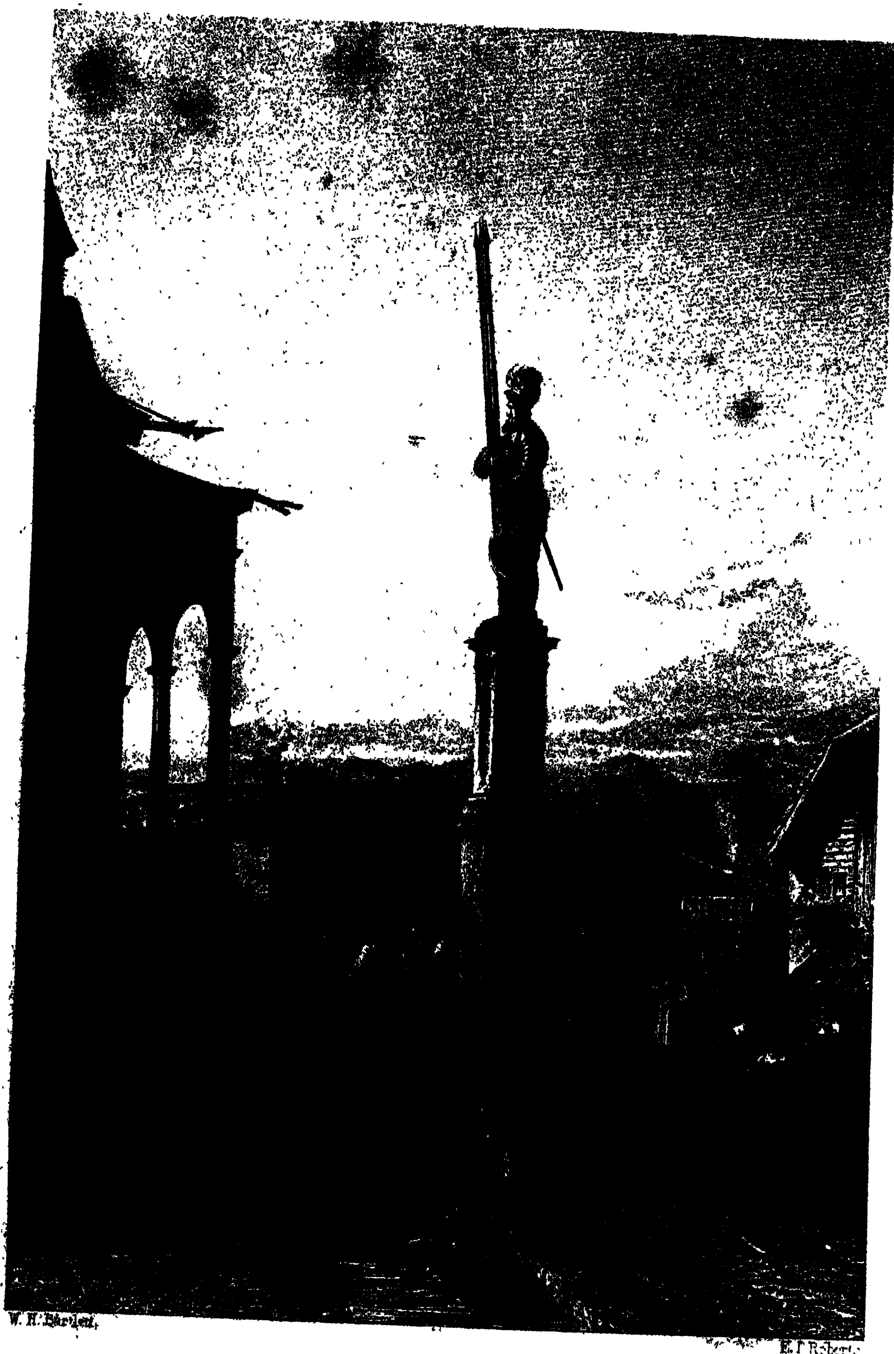
"The United States may claim the land, and the gold within it, and send an army to enforce their rights. If so, a terrible scene of tumult and disorder may be expected. All the lawless adventurers who are scattered about this part of the continent are flocking to the gold regions; so are the Indians. I hardly like to advise upon the subject here: there certainly is a wonderful amount of gold. What the chances of obtaining it, and getting it taken home, may be next season, I know not. At all events, the pursuit will be difficult in the extreme, and tolerably dangerous also."

"The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art" is a small and inexpensive summary of the most remarkable discoveries of the past year "in mechanics and the useful arts, natural philosophy, electricity, chemistry, zoology and botany, geology and geography, meteorology and astronomy." In an age like the present, where the progress of science is so rapid—where every succeeding discovery seems to transcend and throw into shade those preceding it—to arrest and fix the prominent points, to collect in a small compass the scattered details, which from their multiplicity often escape the notice even of the man of science, while to the busy public they are necessarily unknown and unnoticed amidst the din of daily life, is a good and useful work, which deserves the heartiest commendation. Mr. Timbs is laborious and discriminating, and the result of his industrious compilation is a compact *vade-mecum*, that will be welcome alike to the scientific and general reader. We have no doubt, indeed, that it will obtain a wide circulation, and that its author will be encouraged to continue his valuable though unpretending labours.

"John Jones's Tales for the Little John Joneses." By G. P. R. James, Esq.—In these two small volumes for the use of children, Mr. James has cast the colouring of his graphic style over a brief, and, as it is too often in other hands, a dry abstract of the principal facts of English history to the reign of Henry I. The prominent points are brought forward in vivid relief, and a life and reality added by pictures of the different races that have occupied or disputed our soil, of which that of the Anglo-Saxons is particularly well written.

"Henry of Eichenfels, and Christmas Eve."—Two pretty little stories translated from the German, and intended as a holiday book for children. The translator has shown good judgment in the selection of his tales, but his rendering is rather stiff and constrained: far too much so for children to read with any great degree of pleasure.

"The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland." Ninth year. By Charles R. Dod, Esq. Whittaker.—The peculiar value this volume has over all other such records of our titled aristocracy consists in its affording accurate information, not only respecting all peers and baronets, but also of every member of the Privy Council, every Lord of Session, every Knight of the Bath, every Knight of St. Michael and St. George, every Knight Bachelor, and every person who, by courtesy, bears the prefix of Lord, Lady, or Honourable, in the United Kingdom. As a book of reference, its unfailing accuracy renders it invaluable.



W. H. Bartlett. E. J. Roberts.

STATUE OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED, AT STANTZ.

(Canton Unterwalden.)

ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

The banners waved on the wood-crowned heights,
And the summer sun rode high;
From distant town and from village near
The bells rang clear on the listening ear,
As the Austrian spears drew nigh:
On the fir-clad hills by the Sempach's side
Were gather'd a gallant few—
The chosen band of a Fatherland
Whose sons have been ever true.

In the pomp and the pride and the might of war
The Austrian chief drew nigh;
For he heard from his scout that a rabble rout
Had taken their stand hard by:
"What ho! my knights," said Leopold,
"By our Lady, 'tis bravely done;
We'll prick these knaves if they do not turn,
Then, ho! for the ramparts of fair Lucerne—
They are ours by the set of sun."

As he spake the words, from the gallant host
A joyous laugh rang out,
And a hearty cheer rose loud and clear,
And jests were bandied about:
And shading the sun from their dazzled sight,
As they looked for the promised foe,—
"On—on—for Lucerne!" was the frantic cry,
"We'll force these rebels to fight or fly,
Since the madmen will have it so."

But one who was graver in years and speech
Looked doubting, and sad, and cold;
"A truce," he cried, "to the boasts of pride,
And these speeches that sound so bold;
'Tis time to shout when the day is won,
And, to tell you my humble mind,
Great deeds are better than words of might,
And patient valour becomes the knight,
As boasting befits the hind."

An angry glance and a bitter jest
Were the answers the leader gave:
"Let the Baron," quoth he, "of the 'Heart of Hare,'[1]
His advice refrain and his cautions spare;
For in spite of his looks so grave,
I will, with the aid of the Blessed Saints,
Chastise to their hearts' content
Yon shallow knaves, with their clubs and staves,
On mischief and plunder bent."

In solemn array the heroic band
Stood firm on the vantage height:
They raised no cry as the host drew nigh,
And its pennons appeared in sight;
But they looked on each other with anxious eyes,
And murmured in accents low:
"For the land of our freedom, our pride and love,
And our hope of eternal bliss above,
Let us strike a determined blow!"

Impatient for battle, the Austrian chief
Is afoot, with his valiant knights:
Their arms shine bright in the gay sun-light,
As they scale the opposing heights.—
A shout!—and a pause . . . . they have joined in fight—
The Confederates hold their ground;
But the huntsman's spear is of small avail
When tried with the lance and the coat of mail,
And useless, 'tis feared, upon such a field,
Will the peasant's club, and his wooden shield
And his trusty dirk be found.

In vain they rush on the levelled spears,
Like the stream from a mountain-height,
When with furious shock on the marble rock
It dashes with all its might:
No breaking the ranks of the men-at-arms!
No piercing the serried mass!
Their chiefs fall fast, and their columns reel
Against the impervious wall of steel,
That they madly attempt to pass.

Their strength is spent, and their spirits fail;
The weakest are taking flight:
When lo! from his place in the battle's face,
Stood forth a true-hearted knight:
A knight who was known for his patriot zeal,
And for many a gentle deed;
Whose name will illumine the scroll of time,
While the record remains of an act sublime—
'Twas Arnold of Winkelried!

"Brethren and friends, be it mine," he cried,
In a voice of thunder-tone,
"To open a way on this bloody day
That shall make the field our own:
Let those who are stoutest of heart and limb
Press on when they see me fall—
My children and wife, and the name I bear,
I give and bequeath to my country's care,
And the God who is over all!"

He said, and sprang with a tiger's bound
On the bristling spears of the foe;
And gathering a sheaf in his giant grasp,
He held them firm to his latest gasp,
As the reaper's hand on the harvest plain
Might gather the stalks of the golden grain,
Ere the sickle should lay them low.
Again and again through his heart and brain
Did the glittering spear-points pass:
And forcing a gap in its fearful fall,
His body brake through the serried wall—
A bleeding and mangled mass!

At the instant, a hundred friends and more,
Pressed on in the bloody track:
On—on they rushed, with their triumph flush'd,
Nor wavered, nor turned them back;
But hand to hand with the men-at-arms
They were dealing blow for blow,
And knights and nobles were stricken down
By the heavy club of the Alpine clown—
The despised and insulted foe.

On the ruthless foes of their name and race
Dire vengeance they took that day
For insult and wrong, endured for long,
And which blood could not wipe away;
For ravaged fields, and for houseless nights,
In the depth of the winter's cold;
For plundered home, and for murder'd child,—
The savage feats of a warfare wild—
And for deeds that may not be told.

And on—and on, in resistless waves,
They rolled, with a rush and roar
Like the sullen sound of the breaker's bound
On the rugged and stubborn shore;
O'er the prostrate ranks of the flying foe,
O'er the dying and dead they pour'd:
Whilst ever against the victorious tide,
The Austrian banner, with carnage dyed,
Was waving aloft in its wonted pride,
As in scorn of the rabble horde.

And Leopold—bound by a solemn oath
To perish or win the day,—
With his weapon bare lifted high in air,
Plunged deep in the fearful fray:

(1) "A certain baron of Hasenburg, who suggested prudent caution, received the punning nick-name, *Heart of hare*, (Hasenherz.)"—*History of Switzerland.—Lardner's Cab. Cyclo.*

"To the rescue, ho! it is I," he cried,
"We yield not to such a foe,"—
When lo! the club of a stalwart clown
On his crest descended, and smote him down,
With a swift and unerring blow.

And far and wide, from the Sempach's side,
The marvellous rumour flew,
That the Austrian host had been routed, and turned,
And scattered the country through:
To the anxious watchers in scared Lucerne,
At sunset the tidings came;
And the streets were astir with the old and young,
The gates were opened and bells were rung;
And with grateful Hosannas, both loud and long,
They remembered the God, in their even-song,
Who raises the weak, and confounds the strong—
Praise—praise to his Holy Name!

And to tranquil Stantz, as the deep'ning shade
Drew the stars forth one by one,
The news was brought of the victory bought
With the life of her bravest son.
There was weeping that night in the peaceful home
Of Arnold of Winkelried:
But the hour of mourning, e'en there, was brief,
And transient the wife and the mother's grief,
When she heard of the glorious deed.
The colour rushed to her pallid face,
And it brightened and beamed with unwonted grace,
As she kissed her boys with a mother's pride,
And told them, with tears, how their father died.

In the peaceful town where his glorious name
Has cast an heroic spell,
Where the summer skies and the maidens' eyes
Are brighter than bard may tell;
A time-worn statue perchance may meet
The way-farer's careless eye,
Of a knight who holds with a fervent clasp
A bundle of spears in his stalwart grasp:
Let him pause ere he passes by,
And think of the men who at duty's call
Have cheerfully risked or surrendered all;
Of those who, in days we have left behind—
When men were more earnest of heart and mind—
By the life laid down, or the peril dared,
With a faith serene, and a soul prepared,
Have shown in examples which cannot die,
Where the greatness and glory of Manhood lie.

[Leopold III. Duke of Austria, having declared war on the Swiss Confederates, in the summer of 1386, advanced upon Lucerne with a large army. On the 9th of July, his advanced guard, consisting of the flower of the Austrian chivalry, came in sight of a body of Swiss, who occupied the heights by the Lake of Sempach; and in his impatience to engage the enemy, he caused his horsemen to dismount, and commence the conflict. The Swiss, most of whom were rudely armed with clubs and wooden shields, soon gave way before their well-accoutred and well-disciplined opponents, when an extraordinary act of valour and devotion on the part of Arnold von Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, (for the chivalry, it seems, was not all on one side,) turned the fortune of the day. This incident, which in the sequel led to the total discomfiture of the Austrian forces, forms the subject of the foregoing poem.]

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

May 24th.—Deare Rose came this morning. I flew forthe to welcome her, and as I drew near, she lookt upon me with such a kind of awe as that I could not forbeare laughing. Mr. Milton having slept at Sheepscote, had made her privy to our engagement; for indeede, he and Mr. Agnew are such friends, he will keep nothing from him. Thus Rose heares it before my owne mother, which shoulde not be. When we had entered my chamber, she embraced me once and agayn, and seemed to think soe much of my uncommon fortune that I beganne to think more of it myselfe. To heare her talke of Mr. Milton one w^d^ have supposed her more in love with him than I. Like a bookworm as she is, she fell to praysing his composures. "Oh, the leaste I care for in him is his versing," quoth I; and from that moment a spiritt of mischief tooke possession of me, to do a thousand heedlesse, ridiculous things throughoute ye day, to shew Rose how little I set by the opinion of soe wise a man. Once or twice Mr. Milton lookt earnestlie and questioninglie at me, but I heeded him not.

* * * Discourse at table graver and less pleasant, methoughte, than heretofore. Mr. Busire having dropt in, was avised to ask Mr. Milton why, having had an university education, he had not entered ye Church. He replied, drylie enough, because he woulde not subscribe himselfe *slave* to anie formularies of men's making. I saw father bite his lip; and Roger Agnew mildly observed, he thought him wrong; for that it was not for an individual to make rules for another individual, but yet that ye generall voice of the wise and good, removed from ye pettie prejudices of private feeling, mighte pronounce authoritativelie wherein an individual was righte or wrong, and frame laws to keepe him in the righte path. Mr. Milton replyed, that manie fallibles c^d^ no more make up an infallible than manie finites could make an infinite. Mr. Agnew rejoyned, that ne'erthelesse, an individual who opposed himselfe agaynst ye generall current of ye wise and good, was, leaste of alle, likelie to be in the right; and that ye limitations of human intellect which made the judgment of manie wise men liable to question, certainlie made ye judgment of *anie* wise man, self-dependent, more questionable still. Mr. Milton shortlie replied that there were particulars in ye required oaths which made him unable to take them without perjurie. And soe, an end: but 'twas worth a world to see Rose looking soe anxiouslie from ye one speaker to the other, desirous that eache s^d^ be victorious; and I was sorry that it lasted not a little longer.

As Rose and I tooke our way to y^e^ summer-house, she put her arm round me, saying, "How charming is divine philosophie!" I coulde not helpe asking if she did not meane how charming was y^e^ philosophie of one particular divine. Soe then she discoursed

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(1) Continued from p. 12.

with me of things more seemlie for women than philosophie or divinitie either. Onlie, when Mr. Agnew and Mr. Milton joyned us, she woulde aske them to repeat one piece of poetry after another, beginning with Carew's—

"He who loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a coral lip admires,—"

And crying at ye end of eache, "Is not that lovely? Is not that divine?" I franklie sayd I liked none of them soe much as some Mr. Agnew had recited, concluding with

"Mortals that would, follow me,
Love virtue: she alone is free."

Whereon Mr. Milton surprised me with a suddain kiss, to ye immoderate mirthe of Rose, who sayd I coulde not have looked more discomposed had he pretended he was ye author of those verses. I afterwards found he *was;* but I think she laught more than there was neede.

We have ever been considered a sufficientlie religious familie: that is, we goe regularly to church on sabbaths and prayer-dayes, and keepe alle ye fasts and festivalles. But Mr. Milton's devotion hath attayned a pitch I can neither imitate nor even comprehende. The spirituall world seemeth to him not onlie reall, but I may almoste say visible. For instance, he tolde Rose, it appears, that on Tuesday nighte, (that is ye same evening I had promised to be his,) as he went homewards to his farm lodging, he fancied ye angels whisperinge in his eares, and singing over his head, and that instead of going to his bed like a reasonable being, he lay down on ye grass, and gazed on ye sweete, pale moon till she sett, and then on ye bright starres till he seemed to see them moving in a slowe, solemn dance, to ye words, "How glorious is our God!" And alle about him, he said, he *knew,* tho' he coulde not see them, were spirituall beings repairing the ravages of ye day on the flowers, amonge ye trees, and grasse, and hedges; and he believed 'twas onlie the filme that originall sin had spread over his eyes, that prevented his seeing them. I am thankful for this same filme,—I cannot abide fairies, and witches, and ghosts—ugh! I shudder even to write of them; and were it onlie of the more harmlesse sort, one woulde never have ye comforte of thinkinge to be alone. I feare churchyardes and dark corners of alle kinds; more especiallie spiritts; and there is onlie one I w^d even wish to see at my bravest, when deepe love casteth out feare; and that is of sister Anne, whome I never associate with ye worme and winding-sheete. Oh no! I think *she,* at leaste, dwells amonge ye starres, having sprung straite up into lighte and blisse the moment she put off mortalitie; and if she, why not others? Are Adam and Abraham alle these yeares in ye unconscious tomb? Theire bodies, but surelie not their spiritts? else, why dothe Christ speak of Lazarus lying in Abraham's bosom while ye brothers of Dives are yet riotouslie living? Yet what becomes of the daye of generall judgment, if some be thus pre-judged? I must askp Mr. Milton, —yes, I thinke I can finde it in my heart to aske him about this in some solemn, stille hour, and perhaps he will sett at rest manie doubts and misgivings that at sundrie times trouble me; being soe wise a man.

Bedtime.

* * * Glad to steale away from ye noisie companie in ye supper-roome, (comprising some of father's fellow-magistrates), I went down with Robin and Kate to ye fish-ponds; it was scarce sunset: and there, while we threw crumbs to ye fish and watched them come to the surface, were followed, or ever we were aware, by Mr. Milton, who sate down on the stone seat, drew Robin between his knees, stroked his haire, and askt what we were talking about. Robin sayd I had beene telling them a fairie story; and Mr. Milton observed that was an infinite improvement on ye jangling, puzzle-headed prating of country justices, and wished I woulde tell it agayn. But I was afrayd. But Robin had no feares; soe tolde ye tale roundlie; onlie he forgot ye end. Soe he found his way backe to ye middle, and seemed likelie to make it last alle night; onlie Mr. Milton sayd he seemed to have got into ye labyrinth of Crete, and he must for pitie's sake give him ye clew. Soe he finished Robin's story, and then tolde another, a most lovelie one, of ladies, and princes, and enchanters, and a brazen horse, and he sayd the end of *that* tale had been cut off too, by reason ye writer had died before he finished it. But Robin cryed, "Oh! finish this too," and hugged and kist him; soe he did; and methoughte ye end was better than ye beginninge. Then he sayd, "Now, sweet Moll, you have onlie spoken this hour past, by your eyes; and we must heare your pleasant voice." "An hour?" cries Robin. "Where are alle ye red clouds gone, then?" quoth Mr. Milton, "and what business hathe ye moon yonder?" "Then we must go indoors," quoth I. But they cried "No," and Robin helde me fast, and Mr. Milton sayd I might know even by ye distant sounds of ill-governed merriment that we were winding up the week's accounts of joy and care more consistentlie where we were than we coulde doe in ye house. And indeede just then I hearde my father's voice swelling a noisie chorus; and hoping Mr. Milton did not distinguish it, I askt him if he loved musick. He answered, soe much that it was miserie for him to hear anie that was not of ye beste. I secretlie resolved he should never heare mine. He added, he was come of a musicalle familie, and that his father not onlie sang well, but played finely on ye viol and organ. Then he spake of ye sweet musick in Italy, untill I longed to be there; but I tolde him nothing in its way ever pleased me more than to heare ye choristers of Magdalen college usher in May day by chaunting a hymn at ye top of ye church towre. Discoursing of this and that, we thus sate a good while ere we returned to the house.

* * * Coming out of church he woulde shun ye common field, where ye villagery led up theire sports, saying, he deemed quoit-playing and ye like to be un-

suitable recreations on a daye whereupon the Lord had restricted us from speakinge our own words, and thinking our own (that is, secular) thoughts: and that he believed yᵉ law of God in this particular woulde soone be the law of yᵉ land, for parliament woulde shortlie put down Sunday sports. I askt, "What, the King's parliament at Oxford?" He answered, "No; *the country's* parliament at Westminster." I sayd, I was sorrie, for manie poore hard-working men had no other holiday. He sayd, another holiday woulde be given them; and that whether or no, we must not connive at evil, which we doe in permitting an *holy daye* to sink into a holiday. I sayd, but was it not yᵉ Jewish law, which had made such restrictions? He sayd, yes, but that Christ came not to destroy yᵉ moral law, of which sabbath-keeping was a part, and that even its naturall fitnesse for the bodily welfare of man and beast was such as no wise legislator would abolish or abuse it, even had he no consideration for our spiritual and immortal part: and that 'twas a well-known fact that beasts of burthen, which had not one daye of rest in seven, did lesse worke in yᵉ end. As for oure soules, he sayd, they required theire spiritual meales as much as our bodies required theires; and even poore, rusticall clownes who coulde not reade, mighte nourish their better parts by an holie pause, and by looking within them, and around them, and above them. I felt inclined to tell him that long sermons alwaies seemed to make me love God less insteade of more, but woulde not, fearing he mighte take it that I meant *he* had been giving me one.

Monday.—Mother hath returned! The moment I hearde her voice I fell to trembling. At yᵉ same moment I hearde Robin cry, "Oh, mother, I have broken the greene beaker!" which betraied apprehension in another quarter. However, she quite mildlie replied, "Ah, I knew the handle was loose," and then kist me with soe greate affection that I felt quite easie. She had beene withhelde by a troublesome colde from returning at yᵉ appointed time, and cared not to write. 'Twas just supper-time, and there were the children to kiss and to give theire bread and milk, and Bill's letter to reade; soe that nothing particular was sayd till the younger ones were gone to bed, and father and mother were taking some wine and toast. Then says father, "Well, wife, have you got the five hundred pounds?" "No," she answers, rather carelesslie. "I tolde you how 'twoulde be," says father; "you mighte as well have stayed at home." "Really, Mr. Powell," says mother, "soe seldom as I stir from my owne chimney-corner, you neede not to grudge me, I think, a few dayes among our mutuall relatives." "I shall goe to gaol," says father. "Nonsense," says mother; "to gaol indeed!" "Well, then, who is to keepe me from it?" says father, laughing. "I will answer for it, Mr. Milton will wait a little longer for his money," says mother, "he is an honourable man, I suppose." "I wish he may thinke me one," says father; "and as to a little longer, what is yᵉ goode of waiting for what is as unlikelie to come eventuallie as now?" "You must answer that for yourselfe," says mother, looking wearie: "I have done what I can, and can doe no more." "Well, then, 'tis lucky matters stand as they do," says father. "Mr. Milton has been much here in your absence, my dear, and has taken a liking to our Moll; soe, believing him, as you say, to be an honourable man, I have promised he shall have her." "Nonsense," cries mother, turning red and then pale. "Never farther from nonsense," says father, "for 'tis to be, and by yᵉ ende of yᵉ month too." "You are bantering me, Mr. Powell," says mother. "How can you suppose soe, my deare?" says father, "you doe me injustice." "Why, Moll!" cries mother, turning sharplie towards me, as I sate mute and fearfulle, "what is alle this, child? You cannot, you dare not think of wedding this round-headed puritan." "Not round-headed," sayd I, trembling; "his haire is as long and curled as mine." "Don't bandy words with me, girl," says mother passionatelie, "see how unfit you are to have a house of your owne, who cannot be left in charge of your father's for a fortnighte, without falling into mischiefe!" "I won't have Moll chidden in that way," says father, "she has fallen into noe mischiefe, and has beene a discrete and dutifull child." "Then it has beene alle your doing," says mother, "and you have forced the child into this match." "Noe forcing whatever," says father, "they like one another, and I am very glad of it, for it happens to be very convenient." "Convenient, indeed," repeats mother, and falls a weeping. Thereon I must needs weepe too, but she says, "Begone to bed; there is noe neede that you shoulde sit by to heare your owne father confesse what a fool he has beene."

To my bedroom I have come, but cannot yet seek my bed; the more as I still heare theire voices in contention below.

Tuesday.—This morninge's breakfaste was moste uncomfortable, I feeling like a checkt child, scarce minding to looke up or to eat. Mother, with eyes red and swollen, scarce speaking save to the children; father directing his discourse chieflie to Dick, concerning farm matters and yᵉ rangership of Shotover, tho' 'twas easie to see his mind was not with them. Soe soone as alle had dispersed to theire customed taskes, and I was loitering at yᵉ window, father calls aloud to me from his studdy. Thither I go, and find him and mother, she sitting with her back to both. "Moll," says father, with great determination, "you have accepted Mr. Milton to please yourself, you will marry him out of hand to please me." "Spare me, spare me, Mr. Powell," interrupts mother, "if the engagement may not be broken off, at the least precipitate it not with this indecent haste. Postpone it till——" "Till when?" says father. "Till the child is olde enough to know her owne mind." "That is, to put off an honourable man on false pretences," says father, "she is olde enough to know it alreadie. Speake, Moll, are you of your mother's mind to give up Mr.

Milton altogether?" I trembled, but sayd, "No." "Then, as his time is precious, and he knows not when he may leave his home agayn, I save you the trouble, child, of naming a day, for it shall be the Monday before Whitsuntide." Thereat mother gave a kind of groan; but as for me, I had like to have fallen on yᵉ ground, for I had had noe thought of suche haste. "See what you are doing, Mr. Powell," says mother, compassionating me, and raising me up, though somewhat roughlie; "I prophecie evil of this match." "Prophets of evil are sure to find listeners," says father, "but I am not one of them;" and soe left yᵉ room. Thereon my mother, who alwaies feares him when he has a fit of determination, loosed the bounds of her passion, and chid me so unkindlie, that, humbled and mortified, I was glad to seeke my chamber.

* * * Entering yᵉ dining-room, however, I uttered a shrick on seeing father fallen back in his chair, as though in a fit, like unto that which terrified us a year ago; and mother hearing me call out, ran in, loosed his collar, and soone broughte him to himselfe, tho' not without much alarm to alle. He made light of it himselfe, and sayd 'twas merelie a suddain rush of blood to yᵉ head, and woulde not be dissuaded from going out; but mother was playnly smote at the heart, and having lookt after him with some anxietie, exclaimed, "I shall neither meddle nor make more in this businesse: your father's suddain seizures shall never be layd at my doore;" and soe left me, till we met at dinner. After the cloth was drawne, enters Mr. Milton, who goes up to mother, and with gracefulnesse kisses her hand; but she withdrewe it pettishly, and tooke up her sewing, on the which he lookt at her wonderingly and then at me; then at her agayne, as though he woulde reade her whole character in her face; which having seemed to doe, and to write yᵉ same in some private page of his heart, he never troubled her or himself with further comment, but tooke up matters just where he had left them last. Ere we parted we had some private conference touching our marriage, for hastening which he had soe much to say that I coulde not long contend with him, especiallie as I founde he had plainlie made out that mother loved him not.

Wednesday.—House full of companie, leaving noe time to write nor think. Mother sayth, tho' she cannot forebode an happy marriage, she will provide for a merrie wedding, and hathe growne more than commonlie tender to me, and given me some trinkets, a piece of fine Holland cloth, and enoughe of green sattin for a gown, that will stand on end with its owne richnesse. She hathe me constantlie with her in yᵉ kitchen, pastrie, and store-room, telling me 'tis needfulle I shoulde improve in housewiferie, seeing I shall soe soone have a home of my owne.

But I think mother knows not, and I am afeard to tell her, that Mr. Milton hath no house of his owne to carry me to, but onlie lodgings, which have well suited his bachelor state, but may not, 'tis likelie, beseeme a lady to live in. He deems so himself, and sayeth we will look out for an hired house together, at our leisure. Alle this he hath sayd to me in an undertone, in mother's presence, she sewing at yᵉ table and we sitting in yᵉ window; and 'tis difficult to tell how much she hears, for she will aske no questions, and make noe comments, onlie compresses her lips, which makes me think she knows.

The children are in turbulent spiritts; but Robin hath done nought but mope and make moan since he learnt he must soe soone lose me. A thought hath struck me,—Mr. Milton educates his sister's sons; two lads of about Robin's age. What if he woulde consent to take my brother under his charge? perhaps father would be willing.

Saturday.—Last visitt to Sheepscote,—at leaste, as *Mary Powell*; but kind Rose and Roger Agnew will give us the use of it for a week on our marriage, and spend the time with dear father and mother, who will neede their kindnesse. Rose and I walked long aboute yᵉ garden, her arm round my neck; and she was avised to say,

> "Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
> Tho' thou be matcht with cloth of gold,—"

And then craved my pardon for soe unmannerly a rhyme, which indeede, methoughte, needed an excuse, but exprest a feare that I knew not (what she called) my high destiny, and prayed me not to trifle with Mr. Milton's feelings nor in his sighte, as I had done yᵉ daye she dined at Forest Hill. I laught, and sayd, he must take me as he found me: he was going to marry Mary Powell, not yᵉ Wise Widow of Tekoah. Rose lookt wistfullie, but I bade her take heart, for I doubted not we shoulde content eache yᵉ other; and, for the rest her advice shoulde not be forgotten. Thereat, she was pacyfied.

May 22d.—Alle bustle and confusion,—slaying of poultrie, makinge of pastrie, etc. People coming and going, prest to dine and to sup, and refuse, and then stay, yᵉ colde meats and wines ever on yᵉ table; and in yᵉ evening, the rebecks and recorders sent for that we may dance in yᵉ hall. My spiritts have been most unequall; and this evening I was overtaken with a suddain faintnesse, such as I never but once before experienced. They would let me dance no more; and I was quite tired enoughe to be glad to sit aparte with Mr. Milton neare the doore, with yᵉ moon shining on us; untill at length he drew me out into yᵉ garden. He spake of happinesse and home, and hearts knit in love, and of heavenlie espousals, and of man being yᵉ head of the woman, and of our Lord's marriage with yᵉ Church, and of white robes, and the bridegroom coming in clouds of glory, and of yᵉ voices of singing men and singing women, and eternall spring, and eternall blisse, and much that I cannot call to mind, and other-much that I coulde not comprehende, but which was in mine ears as yᵉ song of birds, or falling of waters.

23*d*.—Rose hath come, and hath kindlie offered to help pack yᵉ trunks, (which are to be sent off by the waggon to London,) that I may have yᵉ more time to devote to Mr. Milton. Nay, but he will soon have all my time devoted to himself, and I would as lief spend what little remains in mine accustomed haunts, after mine accustomed fashion. I had purposed a ride on Clover this morning, with Robin; but yᵉ poor boy must I trow be disappointed.

——And for what? Oh me! I have hearde such a long sermon on marriage-duty and service, that I am faine to sit down and weepe. But no, I must not, for they are waiting for me in yᵉ hall, and yᵉ guests are come and yᵉ musick is tuning, and my lookes must not betray me.—And now farewell, Journall; for Rose, who first bade me keepe you (little deeming after what fashion,) will now pack you up, and I will not close you with a heavie strayn. Robin is calling me beneath yᵉ window,—Father is sitting in yᵉ shade, under the old pear-tree, seemingly in gay discourse with Mr. Milton. To-morrow yᵉ village-bells will ring for the marriage of

MARY POWELL.

London.

Mr. Russell's, Taylor, St. Bride's Churchyard.

Oh heaven! is this my new home? my heart sinkes alreadie. After yʳ swete fresh ayre of Sheepscote, and yᵉ cleanliness, and yᵉ quiet and yᵉ pleasant smells, sightes, and soundes, alle whereof Mr. Milton enjoyed to yᵉ full as keenlie as I, saying they minded him of Paradise,—how woulde Rose pitie me, could she view me in this close chamber, the floor whereof of dark, uneven boards, must have beene layd, methinks, three hundred years ago; the oaken pannells, utterlie destitute of polish and with sundrie chinks; the bed with dull brown hangings, lined with as dull a greene, occupying half yᵉ space; and half yᵉ remainder being filled with dustie books, whereof there are store, alsoe in every other place. This mirror, I sᵈ thinke, belonged to faire Rosamond. And this arm-chair to King Lear. Over yᵉ chimnie hangs a ruefull portrait,—maybe of Grotius, but I shoulde sooner deeme it of some worthie before yᵉ Flood. Onlie one quarter of yᵉ casement will open, and that upon a prospect, oh dolefulle! of yᵉ churchyarde! Mr. Milton had need be as blythe as he was all yᵉ time we were at Sheepscote, or I shall be buried in that same churchyarde within yᵉ twelvemonth. 'Tis well he has stepped out to see a friend, that I may in his absence get ridd of this fit of yᵉ dismalls. I wish it may be yᵉ last. What would mother say to his bringing me to such a home as this? I will not think. Soe this is London! How diverse from the "towred citie" of my husband's versing! and of his prose too; for as he spake, by the way, of yᵉ disorders of our time, which extend even into eache domestick circle, he sayd that alle must, for a while, appear confused to our imperfect view, just as a mightie citie unto a stranger who shoulde beholde around him huge, unfinished fabrics, the plan whereof he could but imperfectlie make out, amid yᵉ builders' disorderlie apparatus; but that, *from afar*, we mighte perceive glorious results from party contentions,—freedom springing up from opression, intelligence succeeding ignorance, order following disorder, just as that same traveller looking at yᵉ citie from a distant height, sᵈ beholde towres, and spires glistering with gold and marble, streets stretching in lessening perspectives, and bridges flinging their white arches over noble rivers. But what of this saw we all along yᵉ Oxford-road? Firstlie, there was noe commanding height; second, there was yᵉ citie obscured by a drizzling rain; yᵉ ways were foul, yᵉ faces of those we mett spake less of pleasure than business, and bells were tolling, but none ringing. Mr. Milton's father, a grey-haired, kind old man, was here to give us welcome: and his firste words were, "Why, John, thou hast stolen a march on us. Soe quickly, too, and soe snug! But she is faire enoughe, man, to excuse thee, royalist or noe."

And soe, taking me in his arms, kist me franklie.—But I heare my husband's voice, and another with it.

Thursday.—'Twas a Mr. Lawrence whom my husband brought home last nighte to sup; and yᵉ evening passed righte pleasantlie, with news, jestes, and a little musicke. Todaye hath been kindlie devoted by Mr. Milton to shewing me sights:—and oh! the strange, diverting cries in yᵉ streets, even from earlie dawn! "New milk and curds from yᵉ dairie!"—"Olde shoes for some brooms?"—"Anie kitchen stuffe, have you, maids?"—"Come buy my greene herbes!"—and then in yᵉ streets, here a man preaching, there another juggling: here a boy with an ape, there a show of Nineveh: next, yᵉ news from the north; and as for yᵉ China shops and drapers in yᵉ Strand, and yᵉ cook's shops in Westminster, with the smoking ribs of beef and fresh salads set out on tables in yᵉ street, and men in white aprons crying out "Calf's liver, tripe, and hot sheep's feet"—'twas enoughe to make one untimelie hungrie,—or take one's appetite away, as yᵉ case might be. Mr. Milton shewed me yᵉ noble minster, with King Harry Seventh's chapel adjoining; and pointed out yᵉ old house where Ben Jonson died. Neare yᵉ Broade Sanctuarie, we fell in with a slighte, dark-complexioned young gentleman of two or three and twenty, whome my husband espying cryed, "What, Marvell?" the other comically answering "What marvel?" and then, handsomlie saluting me and complimenting Mr. Milton, much lighte and pleasant discourse ensued; and finding we were aboute to take boat, he volunteered to goe with us on yᵉ river. After manie hours exercise, I have come home fatigued, yet well pleased. Mr. Marvell sups with us.

Friday.—I wish I could note down a tithe of yᵉ pleasant things yᵗ were sayd last nighte. First, olde Mr. Milton having stept out with his son,—I called in Rachael, yᵉ younger of Mr. Russell's serving-maids, (for we have none of our owne as yet, which tends to

much discomfiture,) and, with her aide, I dusted the bookes and sett them up in half ye space they had occupied; then cleared away three large basketfuls, of ye absolutest rubbish, torn letters and ye like, and sent out for flowers, (which it seemeth strange enoughe to me to *buy*,) which gave ye chamber a gayer aire, and soe my husband sayd when he came in, calling me ye fayrest of them alle; and then, sitting down with gayety to ye organ, drew forthe from it heavenlie sounds. Afterwards Mr. Marvell came in, and they discoursed about Italy, and Mr. Milton promised his friend some letters of introduction to Jacopo Gaddi, Clementillo, and others.—

After supper, they wrote sentences, definitions, and ye like, after a fashion of Catherine dé Medici, some of which I have layd aside for Rose.

—To day we have seene St. Paul's faire cathedral, and ye school where Mr. Milton was a scholar when a boy; thence, to ye fields of Finsbury; where are trees and windmills enow: a place much frequented for practising archery and other manlie exercises.

Saturday.—Tho' we rise betimes, olde Mr. Milton is earlier stille; and I always find him sitting at his table beside ye window (by reason of ye chamber being soe dark,) sorting I know not how manie bundles of papers tied with red tape; eache so like ye other that I marvel how he knows them aparte. This morning, I found ye poore old gentleman in sad distress at missing a manuscript song of Mr. Henry Lawe's, the onlie copy extant, which he persuaded himselfe that I must have sent down to ye kitchen fire yesterday. I am convinced I dismist not a single paper that was not torne eache way, as being utterlie uselesse; but as ye unluckie song cannot be founde, he sighs and is certayn of my delinquence, as is Hubert, his owne man; or, as he more frequentlie calls him, his "odd man;"—and an odd man indeede is Mr. Hubert, readie to address his master or master's sonne on ye merest occasion, without waiting to be spoken to; tho' he expecteth others to treat them with far more deference than he himself payeth.

—Dead tired, this daye, with so much exercise; but woulde not say soe, because my husband was thinking to please me by shewing me soe much. Spiritts flagging however. These London streets wearie my feet. We have been over ye house in Aldersgate St., the garden whereof disappointed me, having hearde soe much of it; but 'tis far better than none, and ye house is large enough for Mr. Milton's familie and my father's to boote. Thought how pleasant 'twould be to have them alle aboute me next Christmasse; but that holie time is noe longer kept with joyfullnesse in London. Ventured, therefore, to expresse a hope, we mighte spend it at Forest Hill; but Mr. Milton sayd 'twas unlikelie he s^d^ be able to leave home; and askt, would I go alone?—Constrained, for shame, to say no; but felt, in my heart, I woulde jump to see Forest Hill on anie terms, I soe love alle that dwell there.

Sunday even.—Private and publick prayer, sermons, and psalm-singing from morn until nighte. The onlie break hath been a visit to a quaint but pleasing Quaker lady, (ye first of that persuasion I have ever had speech of,) by name Catherine Thompson, whom my husband holds in great reverence. She said manie things worthy to be remembered; onlie *as* I remember them, I need not to write them down. Sorrie to be caughte napping by my husband, in ye midst of the third long sermon. This comes of over-walking, and of being unable to sleep o' nights; for whether it be ye London ayre, or ye London methods of making ye beds, or ye strange noises in the streets, I know not; but I have scarce beene able to close my eyes before daybreak since I came to town.

Monday.—And now beginneth a new life; for my husband's pupils, who were dismist for a time for my sake, returne to theire tasks this daye, and olde Mr. Milton giveth place to his two grandsons, his widowed daughter's children, Edward and John Philips, whom my husband led in to me just now. Two plainer boys I never sett eyes on; the one weak-eyed and puny, the other prim and puritanicall—no more to be compared to our sweet Robin! * * After a few words, they retired to theire books; and my husband, taking my hand, sayd in his kindliest manner,—"And now I leave my sweete Moll to the pleasant companie of her own goode and innocent thoughtes; and, if she needs more, here are both stringed and keyed instruments, and books both of the older and modern time, soe that she will not find the hours hang heavie." Methoughte how much more I s^d^ like a ride upon Clover than all ye books that ever were penned; for the door no sooner closed upon Mr. Milton than it seemed as tho' he had taken alle ye sunshine with him; and I fell to cleaning ye casement that I mighte look out ye better into ye churchyarde, and then altered tables and chairs, and then sate downe with my elbows resting on ye window-seat, and my chin on ye palms of my hands, gazing on I knew not what, and feeling like a butterflie under a wine-glass.

I marvelled why it seemed soe long since I was married, and wondered what they were doing at home,—coulde fancy I hearde mother chiding, and see Charlie stealing into ye dairie and dipping his finger in ye cream, and Kate feeding the chickens, and Dick taking a stone out of Whitestar's shoe.

—Methought how dull it was to be passing ye best part of the summer out of ye reache of fresh ayre and greene fields, and wondered, would alle my future summers be soe spent?

Thoughte how dull it was to live in lodgings, where one c^d^ not even go into ye kitchen to make a pudding, and how dull to live in a town, without some young female friend with whom one might have ventured into ye streets, and where one could not soe much as feed colts in a paddock; how dull to be without a garden, unable soe much as to gather a handfulle of

ripe cherries; and how dull to looke into a churchyarde, where there was a man digging a grave!

—When I wearied of staring at ye grave-digger, I gazed at an olde gentleman and a young lady slowlie walking along, yet scarce as if I noted them; and was thinking mostlie of Forest Hill, when I saw them stop at our doore, and presently they were shewn in, by ye name of Doctor and Mistress Davies. I sent for my husband, and entertayned 'em bothe as well as I c^d, till he appeared, and they were polite and pleasant to me; the young lady tall and slender, of a cleare brown skin, and with eyes that were fine enough; onlie there was a supprest smile on her lips alle ye time, as tho' she had seen me looking out of ye window. She tried me on all subjects, I think; for she started them more adroitlie than I; and taking up a book on ye window-seat, which was ye Amadigi of Bernardo Tasso, printed alle in *Italiques*, she sayd, if I loved poetry, which she was sure I must, she knew she shoulde love me. I did not tell her whether or noe. Then we were both silent. Then Doctor Davies talked vehementlie to Mr. Milton agaynst ye King; and Mr. Milton was not so contrarie to him as I c^d have wished. Then Mistress Davies tooke ye word from her father and beganne to talke to Mr. Milton of Tasso, and Dante, and Boiardo, and Ariosto; and then Dr. Davies and I were silent. Methoughte, they both talked well, tho' I knew so little of their subject-matter; onlie they complimented eache other too much. I mean not they were insincere, for eache seemed to think highlie of ye other; onlie we neede not say alle we feele.

To conclude, we are to sup with them to-morrow.

(To be continued.)

GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS, BOOK WRITERS, AND BOOK WORMS.—No. II.

"Hi sunt magistri qui nos instruunt sine vergis et ferula, sine verbis et colera, sine pane et pecunia. Si accedis non dormiunt; si inquiris non se abscondunt; non remurmurant si oberres; cachinnos nesciunt si ignores."

DE BURY.

THE "curved line of literature" has often been exemplified in the annals of our own country. We mean her authenticated annals; for, gossips though we be, we will not compel our readers' belief in the tradition that learned men came into Britain with King Brute (who, our readers are doubtless aware, delivered the island from the giants who then possessed it, about the time when Eli was judge in Israel), who established schools, or, to speak in the words of the Chronicler, *Universities*, one at Greeklade, another at Lechlade, which were afterwards transferred to Oxford as being a healthier situation, and were consequently the germ of our present magnificent and venerable Alma Mater. We do not, indeed, compel our readers' belief to this, but we may speak with greater confidence of the learning possessed by the Druids prior to the Roman invasion. It perished irrecoverably with them, owing to their rigid law of not committing their lore to writing. They had, however, celebrated academies, buried like their temples in the heart of dense forests; and a period of twenty years was thought necessary for those who were to go through a complete course of instruction. This course is said to have consisted of 20,000 verses, all of which were communicated by oral instruction, and were committed to memory by the hapless neophyte.

"If it were necessary," says Henry, "the testimonies of many other great authors of antiquity might be produced to prove that the Druids applied with great assiduity to the study of the sciences."

"The British Druids in particular," he adds, "were so famous both at home and abroad for their learning, that such of the noble youth of Gaul as were desirous of becoming perfect masters of the systems of religion and philosophy, found it necessary to make a voyage into this island for that purpose."

This learning, as we have said, perished irrecoverably. The Romans, however, were introducing their language and learning; and, under the ardent zeal and fostering patronage of the ancient British Church, lore of a holier and happier kind, that of the Christian Religion, was gradually infused, embellished and decorated by science, and by the learning of Greece and Rome. The school which appertained to the monastery of Bangor was in itself sufficient to redeem a whole nation from the charge of ignorance.

But so utterly was the country deluged with barbarism by the Scots and Picts, and finally by the Saxons, and so ruthless were their depredations, that it is said, when St. Augustine arrived it is uncertain whether there was one book left in the kingdom. It is well known that the use of letters was reckoned dishonourable by many barbarous nations, who therefore were fiercely eager in the destruction of manuscripts.

To St. Augustine (A.D. 596) and his successors in the primacy, but especially to the excellent Archbishop Theodore (A.D. 668), we are indebted for that germ of literature which, though crushed all but hopelessly, has never since been exterminated. In the darkest period of our after annals as to literature (which is considered not to coincide exactly with the darkest period of continental learning) there has ever arisen, from time to time, some enthusiastic votary to trim the feeble lamp of knowledge.

The Archbishop Theodore, efficiently assisted and supported by Adrian, a learned monk, (his intimate friend, who had accompanied him to England, and who had himself refused the primacy,) founded a school in Canterbury, which afterwards became very celebrated. There were some schools in Kent before that time, but Theodore promoted their institution in monasteries, procured books from Rome at an enormous expense, liberally encouraged and rewarded the busy monks who undertook the task of transcription, and lived to see the efficient working of that system of conventual school education which became a nucleus for scholars, to whom every subsequent age has acknowledged itself indebted.

Theodore was himself an eminent scholar; his friend and coadjutor, Adrian, was hardly less so; and they lived to educate pupils to whom the Latin and Greek languages became as familiar as their native tongue. Gregory it was, also, who introduced Church Music in England, subsequently brought to such high perfection—now, alas! so rapidly deteriorating. And, to close this brief reference to one of our greatest benefactors, we may mention, that, amongst several other classical works which he is recorded to have brought with him, were "Homer," in a large volume, written on paper[1] with exquisite elegance, the Homilies of St. Chrysostom on parchment, the Psalter, and the Hypomnesticon of Josephus, all in Greek.

You know, reader, I do not profess to discourse methodically. Will you GOSSIP with me about a few of these, as Caxton would say, "ould auncient faders?"

We will pass over Gildas the Wise, the oldest British historian, whose work is invaluable as containing the only native information of the times in which he wrote, the close of the fifth or the early part of the sixth century; neither will we stay long with Nennius, albeit his "Historia Britonum" clearly traces the genealogy of King Brute (the wholesale giant-slayer above referred to) to Noah in the Ark.

Of how little value would the gift of Archbishop Theodore, of single copies of a few sterling works—magnificent as in reality it was, from the expense and difficulty of then procuring these *raræ aves*—of how little value would it have been to the country, how limited in its application, and how liable to be reduced to nought at any moment by injury or accident, but for the patient toil and assiduous fingers of those unassuming, unpretending, and, it may be, unlearned "busie monkes," who spent their placid but useful lives in perpetuating these books by numerous transcripts!

So important was this duty when printing was *not*, that a room for scribes was set apart in most religious houses; but in the larger abbeys a scriptorium was built especially adapted to the work. These were often very liberally gifted, estates being frequently granted for the support of the scriptorium alone. And here—

—— "against the windows' adverse light,
Where desks were wont in length of row to stand,
The gown'd artificers inclined to write;
The pen of silver glisten'd in the hand;
Some on their fingers rhyming Latin scann'd;
Some textile gold from balls unwinding drew,
And on strain'd velvet stately portraits plann'd;
Here arms, there faces shone in embryo view,
At last to glittering life the total figures grew."

Perhaps, to some of our readers, a few words of explanation may be acceptable as to the latter lines of our quotation. Monks did not merely copy books, they bound them; and they not merely wrote and bound, but they "illuminated" the writing with exquisite embellishments, and decorated the bindings with rich and most elaborate ornaments. Even at this time the art had arrived at great perfection in England. Let me gossip over my proof.

In the British Museum Library (Harl. MSS. 2788) is a copy of the Gospels in capital letters of gold; the initial letter of each Gospel is richly illuminated, and so large as to fill an entire page. A picture of the Evangelist, with the symbolical animals curiously painted, opens each Gospel, and the double columns of each page are surrounded with illuminated borders of various device, many common, many much defaced, but many also exquisitely beautiful in design and exact in execution.

In the same library (Cott. MSS. Nero, D. 4) is a Book of the Gospels completed in the year A.D. 720, (about ten years before Bede's death.) It is called generally the "Durham Book," but was formerly known better by the title of "St. Cuthbert's Gospels." It consists of the Latin texts of the Gospels with an interlinear Saxon version, which is considered of much value, as giving so early a specimen of Northumbrian dialect. It was written for, or (according to Sir Frederic Madden) in honour of St. Cuthbert, being begun by Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, finished by his successor, and bound in gold enriched with jewels, by a hermit of the name of Bilfrid. At the time of the Reformation it was despoiled of the gold and gems, and appears now in a plain Russia binding; but its magnificence is independent of gems or jewellery. Its beauty consists in a Latin type, which he who runs may read, in an interlinear Saxon which, though very minute, is so clear as to be equally legible to those who *can* read it, and in ornaments which are most elaborate and beautiful in execution. It is not gorgeous or showy, but it is beautiful in the extreme, and is cherished as one of the rarest gems in the Museum.

It has escaped too perils by flood and fire, for in the conflagration which caused so much devastation among the Cottonian MSS. not even the tip of its margin was singed; and for flood!—attend, reader!—"I will a tale unfold."

St. Cuthbert, as our readers are most probably aware, was a pious monk of Melrose, incited to a religious life by a vision of angels who appeared to him as he was keeping his flock on the hill-side. He soon became celebrated for his holiness, and was made Prior of Lindisfarne, but after holding this dignity for some time, he retired, and led a solitary and painful life for some years as a hermit in one of the Farne islands. Hence he was called, much against his own will, to the Episcopacy of Lindisfarne.

As was the wont of holy men of his day, he performed many marvellous works; and the power of working miracles, which he had possessed during life, did not forsake his remains, for the mere touch of them enacted wonders equal to any he had performed during his lifetime.

After he had been dead eleven years, the holy brotherhood, by permission of the then Bishop, prepared to disinter him, in order to place his bones, enshrined in a suitable coffin, above the pavement, to the intent

(1) The *paper* referred to must probably have been from the Egyptian papyrus. *See ante.*

that they might receive worthy veneration from the devout.

"But whiles they opened his coffin they start at a wonder;—they lookt for bones, and found flesh; they expected a skeleton, and saw an entire bodie; with joynts flexible, his flesh so succulent that there only wanted heate to make his bodie live without a soul, and his face so dissembling death, that elsewhere it is true that sleep is the image of death, but here death was the image of sleep. Nay, his very funerall weeds were as fresh as if putrefaction had not dared to take him by the coat."

This was but the beginning of a long series of miracles which edified all true believers for many ages afterwards: none of these, however, bear any reference to our present subject except the migrations of his body, when during a descent of the Danes, who miserably ravaged the church, the monks fled, bearing with them the body of the saint.

"St. Cuthbert was," says Sir Walter Scott, "in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the calendar; a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions."

The wanderings of the saint and his cowled companions are no where very clearly detailed, but a period of seven years is said to have elapsed from their first taking refuge among the hills of Northumberland to the time of their final rest on the wild uninhabited spot where subsequently arose the magnificent pile of Durham Cathedral.

"O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore;
But after many wand'rings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear,
And deep in Durham's gothic shade
His reliques are in secret laid."

Here the Saint's coffin fixed itself immovably, and neither force nor stratagem could remove it. Therefore the travellers knew that their pilgrimage was at an end, for he had given most unequivocal tokens of discontent at all their other harbourages. They had wandered through the dim wilds of Northumberland, across the rugged mountains and dreary wastes of Scotland, from the eastern shore to that of the west; and despairing at length of a home in England, prepared to take up their rest in Ireland, and embarked for that purpose.

During all this time "his Gospels" (the book under our consideration) had been reverently borne with him. But the vessel had hardly put out to sea, before it became evident to the discomfited monks that it was "no go." The saint was evidently displeased: the wind began to whistle, the sea to roar, the ship to plunge, and in one of these plunges over went the book of "St. Cuthbert's Gospels." The terror-stricken monks saw the waves leap to embrace it, and down it went—down, down, far beneath their foamy depths. All was now commotion; the billows raised their crested heads, and leapt and foamed and bellowed; nay, the very coffin of the saint showed symptoms of following the book; and, turning aghast to the sea, oh, horror! horror! the monks perceived that it was assuming a sanguine hue.[1]

With as much celerity as terror would allow, the prow of the vessel was turned towards the land they had so rashly quitted. The saint was appeased, the coffin remained quiet, the wind abated, the waves subsided, and, what is more, looked as green as summer grass, and in due time the wanderers safely reached the shore.

But this was not all: the mollified saint appeared in a vision to one of his monks, and told him that the book should be safely restored at Whithern in Galloway. Thither, trending along the shore, they accordingly pilgrimized, and there, during an extraordinary ebb of the spring tide, they found the book on the sands, three miles from high-water mark.

The historians of those and of later days have taken an infinitude of pains to prove that the book was not merely uninjured, but improved in beauty by this marvellous immersion. In this I think they are wrong; of the great beauty of the book, and of its excellent preservation, no one who has had the pleasure of examining it can doubt; but there are some few disfiguring marks upon it which look palpably like salt-water stains.

This beautiful book may serve as a specimen of the perfection to which the arts of calligraphy and illumination had arrived at this period among the Anglo-Saxons. Abroad, the patronage extended by Charlemagne and his grandson to learning of every kind, but especially to the *transcribers* of correct and elegant works, caused, it is said, a greater number of beautiful MSS. to be produced in the eighth and ninth centuries than at any other period. The same spirit which Charles endeavoured to excite in France, received every encouragement in England, under our Alfred; and though horror and fire and blood and devastation came with the Danes, and numberless valuable MSS. and books were burnt, the spirit was only subdued, not extinguished: and towards the close of the tenth century, the English had struck out a new style of illumination, which is described as being bold, correct, and rich.

But by this time the magnificent style of writing on vellum stained a purple or rose colour, which had commenced in England in the seventh century, had declined; nor indeed does it appear that in this country the writing in gold ever attained the perfection, or was used with the frequency, that it was abroad. Magnificent specimens were produced, however, though rarely. The most remarkable of these is, perhaps, the charter of King Edgar to the new minster at Winchester, written A.D. 966. It is written throughout in gold. It is preserved in the British Museum. (Cott. Vesp. A. 8.)

At the close of the seventh century, the Archbishop

(1) Sim. Dunel. quoted in Raine's St. Cuthbert.

of York presented to his church a copy of the Gospels on purple vellum, written in gold: but this probably was not written in England, as his biographer speaks of it as "inauditum ante seculis nostris quoddam miraculum;"—almost a miracle, and before that time unheard of in this part of the world.

The MSS. of these early times in England are spoken of as far superior in beauty and distinctness to those of the middle and later ages.

I have always myself esteemed Alfred the first specimen of an English book-worm, the first bibliomaniac out-and-outer that British annals record. Before him were wise and learned men; coeval with him were scholars compared with whose acquirements his, great as they were, sank into insignificance. But Asser, Alcuin, Erigena, the hermit and subsequent primate Plegmund, to say nothing of lesser stars—these studied books deeply for the knowledge they contained—and so certainly did Alfred, at last. But the beginning of his career was falling in love with a book *per se*, and without reference to what it contained. He fell in love, we say, with the book; he could not read it, nor did he care about reading it, but he knew by instinct it was an *editio princeps*, and he wished to have it. An unequivocal symptom of bibliomania.

"You talk of *reading books*," says the Philemon of Dr. Dibden to his Lysander—"do *Bibliomaniacs* ever *read* books?"

Nor did King Alfred think of reading the book, he only wished to have it; but when told by his stepmother that the price of the book was learning to read it, then he learnt to read; and having for this object mastered the vernacular poetry of Adhelm (the illuminated volume which had so enraptured him), a taste was awakened in his mind for literature as well as for books.

After the death of Alfred the literary horizon of England grew darker, and few names shone there until after the Norman conquest. Of these, however, we must name St. Dunstan, who was a man of great intellectual capacity, and of the highest endowments. That his conduct in many respects is liable to animadversion, is true; that he urged power when he had it to severity and despotism, is also true; but he was nevertheless a bright and shining light of the age in which his lot was cast. He was a munificent patron of learning, and his own acquirements were varied and great. In addition to the theological studies peculiar to his calling, he had studied deeply arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. He painted well, and was an excellent worker in metals; a practice which, if all tales be true, his Satanic Majesty discovered to his cost, when he presumed to intrude on the reverend goldsmith, and for his pains was seized by his royal nostrils with a pair of red-hot pincers, prepared for some mechanical process.

Reader, we do not exactly vouch for the tale, but had we omitted it, where would have been our character for gossip?

A prettier legend related of Dunstan, and one which may not improbably be true, is that when once engaged (as was not unfrequently the case) in designing a pattern for a fair lady's tapestry frame, his harp, on which he was a distinguished performer, hanging against the wall, emitted of itself the notes of a sweet and solemn air. This was of course at the time attributed to magic, or rather to the spell which the holiness of the saint communicated to it. In our day it is easily accounted for. St. Dunstan was an eminent mechanic and mathematican, and this "spell" was an elegant compliment to the lady who was watching the progress of his pencil in her behoof. It was at that day impolitic to explain to the "great unwashed," even had it been possible to make them comprehend, those principles of science, or, to speak in popular phrase, those "great facts," which are now familiar to every one.

Ingulphus, abbot of Croyland, is another attractive luminary in the darker age of England. Croyland, as our readers will probably know, was built among the fens of Lincolnshire by the patient toil of religious men. It originated in the residence of some pious hermits. Guthlac, the first of these, established himself in a miserable little den of earth and wattles, and was followed by four or five others, two of them women, who constructed similar little huts or caves for themselves on this island, then only a marsh, and surrounded by water so deep that it could only be approached in a boat. Here they lived a life of the most severe privation and seclusion, and hither during his troubles came Ethelbert, King of Mercia, to seek the counsel of the hermit Guthlac. Enlightened by wisdom from above, Guthlac promises the king a safe and prosperous issue from his adversities; and in a transport of pious gratitude the king vowed, should the favourable prophecy be fulfilled, to found and endow a monastery on the spot where these hopeful tidings had first been communicated to him. The prediction was verified, and the king fulfilled his vow. The pious Guthlac was no more, but his bones were placed with great honour in the monastery.

With ineffable labour and pains, the ground was in some degree drained; and, raised on vast piles, a work of great toil and expense, a monastery was erected on the spot once occupied by the humid hut of St. Guthlac. This was at the commencement of the eighth century; but ere the close of the ninth century this beautiful structure was set on fire, and many of its holy and unoffending inmates were butchered in cold blood by the Danes. The aged abbot was murdered as he prayed at the altar, and all those whom the invaders could find shared the same fate, with the exception of one fair-haired boy, whom a sudden impulse of humanity or of admiration induced them to spare, and who, if my memory serves me truly, became afterwards abbot of the re-edified monastery.

This monastery found many and potential friends, among who may be numbered Turketyl, Chancellor of England. He obtained the royal favour for Croyland Abbey, endowed it richly himself, and forsaking the pomps of his rank and dignity, retired hither, and closed his life within its walls. But a doom was over

it; and in the year 1091 it was again consumed by flames, the consequences of a workman's carelessness. Of the calamitous desolation now caused, the most irreparable part of the loss was that of a number of exquisite Anglo-Saxon MSS.

The charter room had a vaulted roof of stone, but the wooden windows admitted the fire, and though the presses were uninjured, the MSS. were shrivelled and burnt up. "Beautiful charters written in capitals, and adorned with gold crosses, ancient pictures, and beautiful letters—the old and exquisite grants of the Mercian kings, richly embellished with paintings of gold, but written in Saxon characters"—all these to the amount of near 400 were destroyed. A library of 700 volumes was also lost.

The Abbey of Croyland was one of the few, if not the only place where the Saxon language was yet taught, and for the use of the pupils a few duplicates and less valuable Saxon MSS. had been removed to another part of the structure. These only were preserved.

The history of this abbey, by Ingulphus its abbot, is not only very interesting in itself, but is considered a valuable reference in many matters connected with the antiquities of the country.

It can be matter of no surprise that, in the distracted state of the country, owing to the weak rule and dissensions of the latter Saxon monarchs, and the misery and ravages consequent upon the continual incursions of the Danes,—it can be matter of no surprise, that there seemed to be a stagnation of mind, that the higher productions of the intellect seemed to be entirely in abeyance. This did not continue very long; the early Norman kings, albeit their rule was of iron, were yet in some sort encouragers of learning. Lanfranc, Primate in the Conqueror's time, was a man of the highest talent and of great learning; his successor Anselm left works behind him which also testified his scholarship, though his unhappy dissensions with Rufus prevented any beneficial results to the country from his love of literature. These were both foreigners, but the biography of the latter has been handed down by his friend and pupil Eadmer, a monk of Canterbury.

The century which was ushered in by the reign of Beauclerc, the Conqueror's youngest son, produced a constellation of literati, whose works, varying much in style and in ability, are invaluable in our day from being contemporaneous with the age whose events they chronicle.

Amongst these we may refer to Florence of Worcester, who died 1118, and who wrote a Chronicle of events from the beginning of the world to his own time. Dr. Dibdin calls him "no mean champion" of history, and places him in "the grenadier rank of our earlier historians." The Doctor goes on to state that there is "in that sombre and silent repository of rare and precious tomes of former times, called the Archives of Corpus College, Oxford," a manuscript of this historian, written about the middle of the twelfth century. It is considered a fine and precious volume; but we must tell our readers why it is of such peculiar value. It is that it contains some account of the dreams which troubled Henry I. in Normandy; the recital of which is not found in any known copy of the historian. These dreams, or in the language of that day "visions," do certainly come within the sphere of our gossip; and we will inform our reader that to a bibliomane it is not the *quality* but the rarity of matter that gives value to a work. Had these "visions" appeared in any other copy, the value of that in the archives of Oxford would have been materially depreciated.

We quote the substance of these dreams, abridged from Higden's Polychronicon by Trevisa, ed. 1527.

"Molde the emperesse was sone forsake of her husbonde Geffroye. And wente to her fader in to Normâdye. There the kynge sawe thre wonderfull syghtes. Fyrste he sawe in his slepe many clerkes assayle hym with toles, and axe of hym dette. Soone after he sawe a rowte of men of armes that wold rese on hym with al maner wepyn. The thyrde tyme he sawe a grete companye of prelates menace hym with theyr croyses. And at every tyme the kynge sterte vp of his bedde and caughte his swerde and cryed helpe as though he wolde slee some men. But he myghte noo man fynde.

"Also a phisycyen, Grimbalde by his name, sawe all these syghtes. And tolde them to the kynge erly on the morowe. And as Danyell hadde somtyme charged Nabugodonosor. So he charged ye kynge that he sholde do almesse dedes in remedye of his synnes. Thenne the kynge wente into Englonde. And was soore trowbled with tempest in the see. And made his avowe that he wolde relece the Danes trybute for vii yere. And that he wolde vysite Saynt Edmunde and doo and use ryghtwynesse."—Lib. vii. fol. 282.

This, good reader, it is which (with the accompanying illuminations) renders the Oxford copy of Florence of Worcester so valuable. Truly it is well for the Bibliomaniac pride of that community, that the monkish transcriber did not know, or at least did not act upon, the maxim of the ancient sage—"NEVER TELL THY DREAM."

To return from this gossiping digression: William of Malmsbury is one of the most elegant of our early historians. His History of the Kings has been well translated (for it can hardly be necessary to remind our readers that all the writing of that day, with the exception of popular ballads, was Latin); his History of the Bishops has not, we believe, been clothed in an English garb.

William of Newborough, a monk in Yorkshire, was born about 1136, and wrote, amongst other works, a History of England from the Conquest to 1197, which is highly esteemed for purity of style and veracity of narration.

Ralph de Diceti, Dean of St. Paul's in the reign of Henry II., wrote some valuable Chronicles.

Gervase, a monk of Canterbury, was his contemporary; he wrote also a Chronicle of English History, the Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and a

History of the Cathedral of Canterbury; a city long reckoned the first in the kingdom, and even then, perhaps, considering the influence of the Church throughout the country, hardly second to any. The rebuilding of the cathedral at that time (after its destruction by fire), occupied ten years, and Gervase has minutely and accurately recorded the progress of the work.

The domestic chaplain of this monarch (Henry II.) was Roger de Hoveden, who wrote Annals of English History, from the period when that of Venerable Bede closes, that is, from A.D. 731, to the year 1202.

Neither must we forget Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote many works, and amongst them an Itinerary of Wales.

Then there were Henry of Huntingdon, Geoffrey Vinesauf, Matthew Paris, Matthew of Westminster, &c. &c. &c. who kept up the line of historical record.

"Well, but," ask my readers, "were there nothing but stupid Chronicles all this time?"

Oh, yes! good reader; there were homilies in abundance, and dissertations on the Fathers.

"Worse and worse!"

Well, then, there were astounding grammatical, logical, physical, and metaphysical disquisitions. Human intellect had progressed with rapid strides; the trivialities of the trivium and quadrivium had sunk before a new scholasticism, which filled Paris fuller of students than of citizens;[1] and our own Oxford became second only to Paris "in the multitude of its students, and the celebrity of its scholastic disputations."

"All this we know; but surely the speculations of the Nominalists and Realists are not in your sphere; nor can we understand how GOSSIP can be 'metaphysical, physical, and logical, that is *ante rem, in re, post rem*.' Did the dames of ancient days manufacture their confections, or the maidens dress their dimples, by the rules of Aristotle?"

We acknowledge our error, gentle reader, and return to our legitimate vocation:—we had indeed forgotten "Lying Geoffrey."

Geoffrey ap Arthur, the celebrated English historian of Henry I.'s time, was born at Monmouth,[2] and became Bishop of St. Asaph. The work which has made his name so famous, is a translation into Latin from the ancient British, of a Chronological History of the Kings of England from the time of Brute, the great-grandson of Æneas. Vast have been the controversies among the learned, as to the degree of credit fairly attachable to this work; endless the disputation. Even yet the point is undecided. Camden, a great authority, would have our legitimate history commence only with Cæsar's descent on the island, and many persons, of course, hold the same opinion. Others equally high, and amongst them Milton, claim not only our right to deduce our pedigree from Æneas, after the fashion of people in the olden time, but the probability also of the deduction.

Though the foundation of Geoffrey's work was, without doubt, the British history above referred to, there can be no doubt that we are indebted to the pleasant taste of Master Geoffrey himself for a considerable portion of the amusing anecdotes with which his dry historical details are garnished. The books of Merlin's prophecies translated by him from an ancient poem, are likewise engrafted on this history, and are an invaluable resource in

"These our unimaginative days."

The somewhat indigestible fictions with which this history is interspersed, have obtained for the author amongst one class of readers the pleasant epithet of "Lying Geoffrey;" but there are other persons satirically characterised as "those who swallow Geoffrey of Monmouth without chewing," who regard him in a gentler light, as merely "the first novelist of his day."

(1) This was literally true, and Philip Augustus had the boundaries of the city enlarged for their accommodation, so immense was the influx of scholars.

(2) Where his chamber is still exhibited.

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—BANVARD'S PANORAMA.

Of all countries that inflamed the ardent imagination of the Spaniards who followed in the track of Columbus, tempting their "fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty minds" with visions of immortal discoveries and boundless wealth, Florida was long the chief; and nowhere were these lofty anticipations so signally falsified. Credulity and avarice, like mocking tempters, lured on successive adventurers to the fatal shore, from which they never returned, or returned but to expire in the bitterness of disappointed hope. The expeditions of Ponce de Leon, Narvaez, and Soto, of which but a brief abridgement can be given here, are among the wildest and the most mournful in the history of American discovery.

Juan Ponce de Leon was a veteran Spanish warrior, who had fought against the Moors of Granada, and afterwards against the Indians in Hispaniola, under the Governor Nicholas de Ovando. Restless for conquest and advancement, he sought permission to subdue the neighbouring island of Porto Rico, where, after many a struggle with the natives, he at length established himself, and amassed considerable wealth. Being, however, superseded in this government, he listened with eagerness, says Irving, to the stories of "some old Indians, who gave him tidings of a country which promised not merely to satisfy the cravings of his ambition, but to realize the fondest dreams of the poet. They assured him that, far to the north, there existed a land abounding in gold and in all manner of delights; but, above all, possessing a river of such wonderful virtue, that whosoever bathed in it would be restored to youth. Ponce de Leon was advanced in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this marvellous fountain or gifted river, and come out with his battered, war-worn

body restored to the strength and freshness and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him!" "The wonders and novelties breaking upon the world in that age of discovery almost realized the illusions of fable." Ponce de Leon fitted out three ships, and on the 3d March, 1512, sailed from Porto Rico with his band of credulous adventurers. Touching at the Bahamas, among which he long sought in vain for the life-giving fountain, he on the 2d of April came to anchor off the coast of Florida. The land seemed beautiful as it had been described to him, the ground was bright with flowers, from which circumstance, and from having discovered it on Palm Sunday, (Pascua Florida,) he gave it the name which it retains to the present day.

He landed and took possession of it in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, followed the coast for some distance, made various abortive attempts to explore the interior, and returned to Port Rico. He had sought in vain for the renovation of his powers, but he had found a new territory, and he now returned to Spain to reap the reward of his discovery. The king created him Adelantado of Florida, and entrusted him, moreover, with the command of an expedition against the piratical Caribs that harassed the Spanish settlements. Here he was so unsuccessful that he retired in vexation to Porto Rico, where he remained for some years, and gave up all thoughts of further adventure. But the exploits of Cortez aroused at length the slumbering spirit of Juan Ponce; he had learned, moreover, that the supposed island of Florida was but part of a vast continent, which imagination painted gorgeous and wealthy as Mexico; and, old as he was, he thirsted to explore and subdue it. This desire was destined to be fatal to him; for scarcely had he landed before he was wounded in an encounter with the Indians, and returned to Cuba to close his career of illusion, and to die in bitterness of soul.

The Spaniards continued to extend their discoveries and conquests around the Gulf of Mexico. Grijalva had explored Yucatan, and brought thence those reports of the boundless wealth of Mexico which excited the enterprise of Cortez. Vasquez d'Ayllon had made a voyage to the coast of Carolina for the seizure of slaves, but no one had renewed the attempt to conquer Florida. Pamphilo de Narvaez, who had been sent to arrest Cortez in the midst of his career of Mexican conquest, and had been easily defeated by him, desirous of emulating his wonderful exploits, obtained permission to invade the country that was to prove as fatal to himself as to its discoverer. With a force of three hundred men, he landed at a spot not far from the bay of Appalachee; instead of a wealthy and long-established empire, such as he had expected to find, he fell in with a collection of miserable wigwams, in the midst of swamps and morasses, which, almost impassable to strangers, afforded to the fierce hostile Indians at once the facility of attack and the certainty of retreat. His followers, during six months spent in misery, were wasted away by sickness or cut off by ambush; with a handful of men he reached the coast; despair compelled them to venture to sea in such wretched barks as could be hastily constructed. Narvaez, with the greater number, foundered in a storm; others were saved only to perish of famine; few only succeeded, after many years' wanderings and hardships, in reaching Mexico. The marvellous accounts of Cabeca de Vaca, one of these survivors, were destined to lure on other and more gallant adventurers. He persisted so solemnly in his statement about the wealth of the countries he had seen, that we are almost tempted to think that in the course of his wanderings he might really have penetrated into that very gold country of California, which is now in the nineteenth century reviving the same spirit that burned in the breasts of the early adventurers.

Ferdinand de Soto was the son of a squire of Xeres. He went into the Spanish settlements when Peter Arias of Avila was governor of the West Indies; "and there," says the chronicler from whom these details are taken, "he was without anything else of his own save his sword and target; and for his good qualities and valour Arias made him captain of a troop of horsemen, and by his command he went with Fernando Pizarro to the conquest of Peru." Here he was at the taking of Atabalipa, as well as at the assault of the city of Cusco. Loaded with the wealth he had acquired, he repaired to Spain, appeared at court with great magnificence, obtained the daughter of Pedro Arias in marriage, and was appointed by Charles V. Governor of Cuba and Adelantado of Florida. Vague stories of the extraordinary wealth of that country were already current, when the reports of Cabeca de Vaca, who had just returned and pronounced it to be the richest in the world, influenced not only the mind of Soto himself, but also of the whole court. Many persons of distinction hastened to join him; and already imaginary offices and titles were distributed among them.

The Adelantado departed from Seville to embark at San Lucar, with all his company. It was like the gathering to some gay tournament or festival. "The Portuguese showed themselves in very brilliant armour," and the Castilians "very gallant with silke upon silke;" all felt as though they were about to enter upon the possession of a rich and conquered country. This spectacle of such "braveries" liked not Soto, who had shared the perils and hardships of Pizarro. He commanded that they should muster in more soldierlike style, and from the numerous aspirants selected only a company of six hundred of the most promising, with whom he proceeded to embark.

The voyage was as favourable as the minds of the adventurers were full of credulity and hope. On reaching Cuba, Soto sent a caravel and two brigantines to explore the havens of Florida, and from thence they brought two Indians as well to serve them for guides and interpreters, as because they said by signs there was much gold in Florida. At this news,

the governor and all his company hastened their departure, believing that they were going to "the richest country that unto that day had been discovered."

On Sunday, the 18th May, 1539, Soto departed with his fleet of nine vessels, and a fair wind carried them to the coast of Florida, where they went on shore, two leagues from a town of an Indian lord called Veita. They landed their 213 horses, and with all their force began to march along the swampy coast. Never were such splendid expectations so suddenly and sadly undeceived! The Florida Indians appear from the first to have resisted with unusual fierceness; yet Soto, who had triumphed in Peru, confident of the issue, sent back the ships to Cuba for provisions. But difficulties thickened around them at every step. Their guides escaped; a party sent to obtain others advanced through morasses impracticable for the horsemen, and seized some women, upon which they were charged by twenty Indians, who forced them to return discomfited. They soon discovered that they had no contemptible foes to contend with; that "before a crossbowman can make one shot, an Indian will discharge three or four arrows, and he seldom misseth what he shooteth at; and an arrow, where it findeth no armour, pierceth as deeply as a crosse-bow." And when they had at length obtained another guide, they found still more serious obstacles in the pestilential swamps, marshes, rivers, and pathless and tangled forests that overspread the level coast. Provisions failing them, they were often reduced to the half-grown stalks of Indian corn, or beet-root sodden with water and salt; privations embittered by the insane extravagance of their previous expectations. Their perils increased as they continued to advance; their guide fled, and was only recovered by being hunted down with bloodhounds. The hostility of the Indians was as indomitable as their subtlety was acute. Carried with chains and iron collars around their necks to fetch maize, they would often turn upon their Spanish guide and slay him, or file away their fetters and effect their escape to the woods.

After travelling many days through a wilderness, the Indians told them they could not advance for the water; and here they first heard tidings of Narvaez's ill-fated expedition. The whole company, in despair, now counselled the Governor to go back to the port of Spirito Santo, and to abandon Florida, lest he should *perish as Narvaez had done;* warning him that if he continued to advance among trackless morasses, his retreat would certainly be cut off. But the proud spirit of Soto would not acknowledge the failure of such magnificent hopes; nor was he as yet undeceived. He declared that he would not return till he had seen with his own eyes the truth of the report of the Indians.

Thus passed a summer and two winters of lingering misery; Soto sternly and inflexibly refusing either to give up his enterprise or allow his followers to settle. They adhered to him with devotion prompted alternately by hope and by despair. Their thirst for gold tormented them as does the mirage in the desert the traveller perishing with thirst, and like the phantom waters, it eluded all their research. Their wanderings may with difficulty be traced. After their first winter they advanced into the Cherokee country and Georgia, then descended to the southward to Mavilla, or Mobile. They desired to occupy the town; the Indians fiercely resisted; the town was burned in the sanguinary conflict, and though the Spaniards were the victors, their baggage was consumed in the flames. The ships had now arrived with succours; but Soto, full of the bitterness of wounded hope and pride, refused to avail himself of this last chance of escape. Obstinately nourishing his illusions, he advanced into the Checkasaw country, and there wintered. A hundred of his band had already perished by war or sickness. After another terrible encounter with the Indians, who set on fire the village and burned some of the Spaniards and their horses, and the remainder of their clothing, Soto, infatuated, led his half-naked followers still further into the heart of the western wilds.

At length, after travelling seven days through a desert of marshes and thick woods, the people weak and weary for want of food, and their horses miserably reduced, they approached the banks of the mighty Mississippi, rolling through a solitude never before visited by the foot of the white man. The Cacique of the country artfully sent a deputation to Soto, to inform him that they had long ago been informed by their forefathers that a white people should subdue them, and promising he should come and pay his obeisances to the Spaniard. Soto encamped a short distance from the river, obtained a supply of maize, and began to prepare barges for its passage. It spread out before them with its wild expanse of turbid waters, of great depth and of powerful current, bringing down continually trunks of trees, torn from the tangled forests that overhang its banks. "So broad was it," (almost half a league,) "that," says the chronicler, "if any one stood still on the other side, it could not be discerned whether he were a man or no." The next day they were astonished by a splendid and romantic spectacle. A fleet of two hundred canoes bore down upon them, their bows and arrows painted, and with great plumes of white and many-coloured feathers, having shields to defend the rowers on both sides, and the Indian warriors standing from head to stern, with their bows and arrows in their hands. The canoe which carried the Cacique had a tilt over the stern, and so also had the barks of the principal Indians. From under the tilt where the chief sat, he governed and commanded the others; all joined together, and came within a stone's cast of the shore. From thence the Cacique said to the Governor, who walked along the river's side with those that waited on him, "that he was come thither to visit, honour, and obey him, because he knew he was the greatest and mightiest lord upon the earth, therefore he would see what he would command him to do." Soto yielded him thanks, and requested him to come on shore, that they might

the better communicate together. Returning no answer to that point, the Cacique sent him three canoes, full of fish and loaves, made of the substance of prunes, like unto bricks. And after Soto had received all, he thanked him, and prayed him again to come on shore. The Spaniards had been trained to mistrust, and, believing that the Cacique's purpose was "to see if with dissimulation he might do some hurt—since, when they saw that the Governor and his men were in readiness, they began to go from the shore—with a great cry the crossbowmen, which were prepared, shot at them, and slew five or six of them. The Indians retired with great order, none leaving his oar, though the next to him were slain; and shielding themselves, they retired further up the river."

The Spaniards were filled with admiration at their canoes, "which were very pleasant to behold, for they were very great and well made, and had their tilts, plumes, paveses, and flags; and with the multitude of people in them, *they seemed like a faire armie of gallies.*" Thirty days of toil were consumed in the construction of four barges, and Soto prepared to pass the river. Three of the barges, each bearing four horses with their riders, some crossbowmen and rowers, led by Guzman, one of the most resolute of the officers, determined to make sure the passage, or die. But the Indians offered no opposition. The swiftness of the stream obliged the bargemen to ascend a quarter of a league higher up the banks, whence falling down with the current, they landed just opposite the camp. As soon as those that passed first had landed, the barges returned, and within two hours after sunrise, the Governor, with his whole company, stood on the western bank of the Mississippi.

Soto now advanced into the great unexplored wilderness of the west, among pathless morasses full of hostile Indians, who had watched his movements, and began to harass his march. The barges, which were compelled to keep close to the banks of the river on account of the current, were attacked as soon as the horsemen were out of sight. The progress of the Spaniards through the swamps and forests was slow and disheartening. Sometimes they would pass the whole day in the morasses up to their knees, and were too happy to find dry ground at evening, "lest they should wander up and down as forlorn men all night in the water." At length they came to the territory of a powerful Cacique, who supplied their wants, and treated them with the reverence due to superior beings. Two blind men were brought forward, and the Cacique, "seeing that" the Governor "was The Child of the Sun, and a great lord," besought him to restore their sight; which request was earnestly seconded by the sufferers themselves. Soto replied, that, "in the high heavens was He who had power to give them health, and that this Lord made the heavens and the earth, and man, and suffered upon the cross to save mankind, and rose, and ascended into heaven to help all that call upon him." He then commanded the Cacique to erect a lofty cross, to worship it, and to call upon Him alone who had suffered for them. As he advanced, the Indians were still friendly; the Cacique of Pacaha gave Soto two of his sisters as his wives, and the half-naked Spaniards were now well clad in garments and mantles of skins and furs presented by the natives. Soto had now lost 250 men and 150 horses, nearly half his entire force, and he desired to send to Cuba for reinforcements, still believing that the country described by Cabeca de Vaca was yet undiscovered. At Auteamque, supposed to be on the Washita River, they passed the winter. Here they lost their interpreter Ortiz, which reduced them to the greatest embarrassment.

The winter had not yet ceased, when Soto, impatient to advance, left Auteamque; sometimes delayed by the snow for days, and up to the stirrup when trying to advance through the swamps. To reach the sea was now the absorbing idea, but where it lay no one knew. Soto eagerly inquired for it; the Cacique could give him no intelligence. Mistrusting his report, the Spaniard sent out an exploring party, who, after wandering eight days in morasses and cane brakes, returned only to confirm the intelligence of the Indians. The spirit of Soto began to give way,—his men were falling around him,—chagrin and disappointment threw him into a wasting fever, which rapidly consumed his remaining strength. The hostility of the Indians added to the perils of his situation. Before he took to his bed, he summoned the Cacique of Quigalte to come to him and do him reverence as to the Child of the Sun; but the Indian replied, "If he would dry up the river, he would believe him,—that if the Spaniards came in peace, he would receive them accordingly; and if in war, he would not shrink back one foot." This answer provoked a party to punish the independence of the Cacique, and a horrid massacre of the Indians was the funeral obsequy of the expiring Soto. Yet there is something touching in the account of his last hours: he was now, he said, about to give an account to God of his past life; desiring his followers to pray for him, and thanking them with his last breath for the singular virtue, love, and loyalty they had displayed towards him. Devotedly, indeed, had his fellow-adventurers followed him for a long period of misery and discouragement; their loyalty had been put to the severest test; and their sorrow at the loss of so brave a commander was secretly relieved by the hope that Luys de Moscoso, whom he appointed his successor, would give over the disheartening enterprise and return to Cuba. Thus, on the 21st of May, 1542, died "the valorous, virtuous, and valiant Captain Don Ferdinand de Soto," (as the Portuguese Companion calls him,) "whom fortune advanced as it useth to do others, that he might have the higher fall."

Luys de Moscoso determined to conceal his death from the natives, for Soto had made them believe that the Christians were immortal, and that he had a supernatural knowledge of all that passed among them. The corpse was at first interred within the town, but as the Indians suspiciously regarded the spot where it lay, it was secretly exhumed, wrapped in mantles

full of sand, and at midnight sunk in the middle of the river. "The discoverer of the Mississippi," finely says Mr. Bancroft, "slept beneath its waters: he had crossed a large portion of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place."

To reach New Spain was now the general desire, but the Spaniards knew not whether to embark on the river or to trace its banks. They were ignorant of its course, they might be hurried over cataracts or be led into a wrong direction, and there were more resources on shore. There, too, they might yet realize some of the golden visions which had long tormented them. Their resolution only added to the sum of their sufferings; the Indian guides misled them; tortured or torn by dogs, their fidelity to their Caciques was unshaken. After a long and weary wandering as far as the skirts of the prairies, the Spaniards regained the Mississippi. Dissensions and sickness added to their distress; the fatal report of Cabeca de Vaca still haunted the minds of the more adventurous, but the majority determined to build brigantines and to proceed by water, though fearing with reason lest it should happen to them as to Narvaez, who foundered at sea with his wretched barks. A Genoese who understood ship-building was providentially among them: "without whom," says the eye-witness, "they had never come out of that country." With the perseverance of men whose life was on a cast, they toiled till they had completed seven crazy brigantines, with which (harassed by the Indians on the way) they descended the Mississippi to the Gulf, and creeping cautiously around the coast, the forlorn remnant of Soto's gallant company, after losing one of their vessels in a storm, at length arrived in the river of Panuco, from whence they repaired to Mexico.

Three centuries have elapsed since these events took place, and mighty changes have taken place in the valley of the Mississippi! The red races which then wandered at will over its tangled forests and boundless prairies have faded gradually away, as the white have advanced, pushing the outposts of their settlements even to the confines of the Rocky Mountains, soon to be joined to those of the gold regions of California. This vast country is rapidly filling up, and forming one compact and stupendous confederation. There is just now a mingling of the past and present: the red men still linger upon the soil, and traces of their manners, and customs, and superstitions, still survive, side by side with the evidences of an advancing civilization,—a state of things upon which the imagination loves to dwell, and which it is particularly interesting to realize. This we are enabled to do by the assistance of the remarkable panorama of Mr. Banvard. As a work of art it has no pretensions; but there is something in this total absence of conventional composition, studied effect, and technical execution, which in the long run produces upon the mind a closer impression of reality than if the art had been more apparent; while the slow and gradual movement, and the continuous succession of scene after scene, produces a sensation very much akin to that of actual travelling.

The panorama commences at New Orleans, the capital of this immense region. We are here a hundred miles above the embouchure of the river, which flows through a continuous swamp,

> ——"a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
> Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
> Over the head the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress,
> That, in a dusky arch, and trailing masses, in mid-air
> Waved, like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
> Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons,
> Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
> Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter."

The breadth of the river is here less than a mile, but its depth prodigious; and this mighty body of water is distinguishable for some hours' sail from the mouth. New Orleans was founded by French settlers, and the city still retains traces of their architecture and manners, though the preponderating character is American. Commerce alone, says Mackay in his recent and excellent work, could call forth and sustain a vast emporium on the sedgy delta of the Mississippi. During the winter floods the river is often three feet above the level of the city, and from the shore the steamers appear as if sailing in the air. New Orleans is therefore badly drained, as Lake Pontchartrain, on the other side, four miles distant, is only a few feet lower than the city. The miasma from the swamps is so deadly in summer, that the calculating Yankees of the north find it a good speculation to shape the packing-cases of their merchandise as coffins. The moral atmosphere is equally pernicious. As "perils commonly look to be paid in pleasures," the dissoluteness of New Orleans is proverbial. Here mingle together the wild blood of the west and the hot blood of the south, the bowie-knife and stiletto are in almost everybody's hand, though it is to be hoped that with the growth of a sounder public opinion, and a firmer executive, this species of "chivalry" will gradually become out of date.

The domes and houses of the city appear above a forest of the tall ships that carry its cotton to England and France, and a most curious variety of craft, many of which preceded the introduction of steam. Here is to be seen the "Kentucky flat," or ark, sometimes a hundred feet in length, whose live stock is so miscellaneous, that, like that of Noah, it might almost repeople a drowned world. Then there are the innumerable boats bearing down the agricultural or manufacturing produce of the back country, sometimes lashed together, and covering whole acres, like a town moving off bodily on its travels. Next come an entire fleet of those two-decked steamers, literally floating palaces, provided with luxurious fare and accommodation, and carrying hundreds of passengers into the wildest parts of the interior, per-

forming in a few days what it formerly required weeks to accomplish. Leaving the crowded city behind us, we ascend the turbid river, the inroads of which upon the land below its level are prevented by an embankment called the levée. Behind this appear the rich plantations of sugar, extending back some two miles from the river, till bounded by the swampy forest. The elegant villas of the planters are enveloped in all the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation; and the air is laden with delicious odours of the orange and jasmine. But the curse of slavery is upon the land. We see the negroes toiling under the eye of the taskmaster, amidst the rich plantations that line the banks of the river. A beautiful feature here and there is a projecting platform commanding the stream, and shaded with the heavy foliage of the south. Descendants of the old French colonists are seen accosting each other with all the characteristic politeness of their race. Thus we glide on for miles and miles, passing wide reaches and still bayous, with here and there a church, or a planter's house, and its never-failing accompaniment of slave-hovels. An old tree scathed by fire is a fearful memorial of criminal revenge and still more atrocious retribution, speaking volumes for the horrible influences of slavery upon the mind of master and serf. Here three negro murderers, one of whom had killed his mistress and her two daughters, were tied up and *burned alive* by the white population. As we gradually emerge from the levels, appear bold "bluffs," or cliffs, upon which the early settlers planted their infant towns, which have now grown up into considerable cities; such as Baton Rouge, the seat of the government of Louisiana; Natchez, formerly the chief seat of the Natchez tribe; and Vicksburg; with their white houses, and steamers, and crowds of flat boats. At Natchez the difference in the height of the river between winter and summer is sometimes as much as fifty-five feet.

Again we seem to plunge into the forest, and woody islands stud the solitary reaches of the river. The vegetation is strange to our European eyes. Immense festoons of Spanish moss trail from the boughs of the dark cypress; the bear houses himself in the hollow of its trunk, while the alligator is seen basking in the morass, or floating past on some tree that has been undermined by the current. The lofty cotton wood, the fan-like palmetto, the impenetrable cane-brake, are matted together, forming a tangled maze of the rankest verdure, which breeds whole legions of noxious reptiles and bloodthirsty mosquitos. Here is a perfect picture of the scenery of this part of the river, from Longfellow:—

"Onwards o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream; and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by Chira trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots."

Passing "Memphis," we reach Plumb Point, where, from the frequent and sudden changes in the channel, many a vessel has been lost; and here the captain of a notorious band of pirates lay in wait for passing travellers, as his knightly prototypes of the Rhine and the Danube beset the difficult passes of those rivers in the "good old times" of robbery and romance. The artist himself had a narrow escape of his life, his boat being attacked, and the balls whizzing about his ears. Here we get among a maze of those singular islands which are occasioned by the river's taking a new channel, and leaving a sandbar, upon which is drifted down alluvial soil, in which a rank vegetation soon springs up; the old forsaken channel forming a sort of lake, the favourite haunt of alligators and of myriads of aquatic fowl. Amidst these islands is seen by moonlight a magnificent steamer taking in wood; her rows of windows are all blazing with lights like some fairy palace; the sound of merriment rises from her decks; strangely contrasting with the silence and solitude of the primeval scenery around. We have, besides, brought before us, as the picture rolls on, all the before-mentioned varieties of the river craft. Here the navigation is full of dangers, especially from snags and sawyers,—huge trees, which, embedded in the shifting shoals, and presenting their sharp points towards the prows of ascending vessels, often penetrate and sink them. One unfortunate vessel is seen in this predicament.

Soon after "Memphis," we naturally enough arrive at "Cairo," a little below the influx of the Ohio, the *Belle Rivière* of the French, and one of the most important tributaries of the Mississippi. From its important position, and the railroads and canals which are to centre here, Cairo will become one of the most flourishing cities in America. Continuing to ascend, we reach at length the influx of the mighty Missouri, which, as being longer in its course, and bringing down a greater volume of water, is justly regarded as being the parent stream. Nothing is more remarkable, indeed, than the character which its influx stamps upon the appearance of the river. Above this point the waters of the Mississippi are as clear, and its current as tranquil, as below they become turbid and violent, full of foaming whirls and boiling eddies, which show the immense depth and resistless power of the flood. We are now 1,300 miles above the sea, and rapidly advancing towards the outposts of civilization. The red man begins to appear upon the banks of the river, from which he is not yet driven into the farther depths of the wilderness. The bark-covered tents of the Shawnee Indians

are pitched upon the shore; the feathered warriors recline indolently upon the grassy brink, while their squaws prepare their repast.

Numerous mounds and ranges of walls, all of earth, resembling the fortifications of ancient cities, are found throughout the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries; but it is doubtful whether these are not the fantastic workings of geological formation rather than of the hand of man. The aborigines have at least availed themselves of these natural strongholds as forts and burial places; their bones are often disinterred, with rude ornaments of clay or copper. But, fertile as are Mexico and Central America in monumental memorials of a high degree of civilization, the antiquities of the Mississippi give traces alone of the migrations of unknown and barbarous tribes.

As we approach St. Louis, the name of "Bloody Island," famous for its duels, indicates the half-civilized state of society in a new-formed state, where every man depends upon his own right-hand, and the bowie knife and the rifle are the arbiters of every trifling dispute. St. Louis, founded by the French, is the last city before we plunge into the boundless wilderness, and it bears the character of a place on the frontiers of barbarism and civilization. Here meet and mingle together the hardy trapper or hunter—restless emigrants from the older states of the Union, pushing into the boundless west—men of broken character and fortunes—dissolute and daring adventurers, who are flying from the pursuit of justice, or seeking for the opening of a new career. The scenes that now expand upon us as we continue to ascend the Missouri, are strange and gorgeous in the extreme. Rocks of every fantastic shape and colour, vivid as the cliffs of Petra,—foliage of every hue, from the palest yellow to the most vivid crimson,—adorn the banks of the river, upon the broad still bosom of which the solitary canoe of the Indian is the only moving object, himself the only denizen of his native deserts. We now feel ourselves in the wilds of the far West, and begin to breathe the free air of the boundless wilderness. Scene after scene of Indian life opens before us. Here is the deserted village of the extinct tribe of the Mandans, and there an aboriginal cemetery. These pictures, as given by Mr. Banvard, are wildly impressive—mournfully poetical. This is the region so finely described in "Evangeline:"—

"Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits;
Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's waggon,
Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway, and Owhyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the South, from Fountaine-qui-bout and the Spanish Sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas:
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roe-buck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood, and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift running rivers;
And the grim taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."

This singular region, where we leave the river for a while, is the finest portion of the whole panorama, and is conceived with a feeling of the highest grandeur. The distant prairie has caught fire; the flames are seen careering wildly over its dark and waste surface of reeds and grass, reddening the whole heavens, and rolling before them immense clouds of smoke. We can enter into the feeling of terror which must overcome the wanderer who finds himself unsheltered in the path of devastation. As the clouds roll off, the fresh vivid grass expands in verdant wave upon wave, as far as eye can reach; black herds of buffaloes are seen rushing madly over the boundless expanse, with the Indians in chase. Next follows an encampment of the Sioux, dancing their war-dance; and thus we shortly return again to the banks of the Missouri.

The concluding scene is perhaps the most extraordinary of all; it resembles the abode of an antediluvian race; a city of domes, towering stupendously one above another from the brink of the river. They are the work of the winter rains, which have washed away the upper soil of the many-coloured cliffs, and gradually moulded them into this singular shape. Here the panorama terminates, and imagination is left to fill up the waste region extending to the Rocky Mountains, amidst the ravines of which the mighty river has its origin,—a region which will probably ever be the haunt of bands of half-predatory savages, driven backward by the advance of civilization, and finding a last stronghold in the remotest fastnesses of the wilderness.

We strongly counsel any of our readers who may not have seen this curious panorama, by no means to miss the opportunity of doing so. It is the next best thing to actual travelling; it opens to us a new page of nature, and acquaints us with the singular characteristics of a half-wild, half-civilized country; where what Miss Martineau calls the wonderful process of "world making," both physical and moral, is visibly going on before one's eyes.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[1]

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

Chapter XI.

TOM BRACY MEETS HIS MATCH.

The position in which we left Lewis and his friends at the conclusion of the preceding chapter was decidedly more peculiar than pleasant, and would afford no bad illustration of the American expression "a pretty tall fix." Bracy, the fertile in expedients, was the first to hazard a suggestion, which he did by whispering to Frere, "You had better be taken suddenly ill; I shall say you have had too much tongue, (if you have not, I have,) and that it has disagreed with you."

"Wait a bit," returned Frere, "you have seen the real Prince, haven't you?"

Bracy nodded in assent, and Frere continued, "He's something like me, is he not?"

"Better looking," was the uncomplimentary rejoinder.

"Well, never mind that," resumed Frere, "I don't set up for a beauty, but if I am sufficiently like to pass for him, I might contrive to humbug the fellow for a few minutes, and then we could manage to slip away quietly without any shindy at all."

"You can try it on, if you choose, but he is safe to find you out unless he is a perfect fool, and that is too great a mercy to hope for," returned Bracy dejectedly. "If the worst comes to the worst, pretend to pick a quarrel with him, draw your carving knife, and make a poke at him; then Arundel and I will bundle him out of the room bodily, and swear we are doing it to save his life. I can see nothing else for it, for there go the women,. and, by Jove, here's the learned Pundit himself! Oh! isn't he pretty to look at? Why, he is a fac-simile of the picture in the old editions of Gay's Fables, of the 'Monkey who had seen the World.'"

While this dialogue was proceeding, Lady Lombard, having gathered the ladies under her wing, had marched them off to the drawing room, Miss Peyton finding an opportunity as she passed Lewis to say, in German, "Tell your Prince that when I sell myself I shall want a great deal more than 500*l*."

(1) Continued from p. 38.

"In fact, that your value is quite inestimable," returned Lewis.

"Exactly so," was the reply. "I am glad you have sufficient penetration to have found it out already."

The description given by Bracy of the Doctor's outward man was by no means inapt. His hair and whiskers were grey, and, still adhering to the fashions of his younger days, he wore powder and a pig-tail. His dress consisted of a black single-breasted coat with a stand-up collar, knee breeches, and silk stockings; a profusion of shirt frill rushed impetuously out of the front of his waistcoat, a stiff white neckcloth appeared thoroughly to deserve the appellation of "choker" which Bracy applied to it, while a shirt-collar starched to a pitch of savage harshness, invaded the region of his cheeks to an extent which rendered the tract of country lying between the ears and the corners of the mouth a complete *terra incognita*. Constant study of the Eastern hieroglyphics had probably made his wearing spectacles a matter of necessity; at all events a huge pair in a broad tortoiseshell setting garnished his nose, which, truth compels us to confess, was more than slightly red, in which particular it afforded a decided contrast to his general complexion, which was, we say it distinctly and without compromise, yellow.

To this gentleman, who entered with a hasty step, and glanced round him with a quick, abrupt, and rather startling manner, did Bracy address himself with much *empressement*.

"My dear sir, this is most fortunate; the Prince is quite delighted at the rencontre, but you must expect to find his Highness greatly altered. The cares of life, my dear sir, the anxieties attending—ah! I see you are impatient; I won't detain you, but I wished to warn you that if you should perceive any great change in his appearance, you must not be surprised, and above all be careful not to show it by your manner; you have no idea how sensitive he is on the point; quite morbidly so, really. Don't let me detain you—how well you are looking!"

A good deal of pantomimic action had accompanied the delivery of this speech, the Doctor being engaged in making vain and futile attempts to get past his persecutor, who on his part continued, with an affectation of the deepest respect, constantly, and with the utmost perseverance, to frustrate them. The concluding words of his address, however, elicited the following rejoinder, spoken in a quick cross manner:—

"You have the advantage of me, sir, for I do not remember ever setting eyes on you before in my life. I never forget a face I have once seen."

"Confound his memory!" thought Bracy, "Frere won't have a chance with him;" he only said, however, "You are right, Doctor; the fact of your looking well is so self-evident, that I ventured to remark it, without having any previous data to go upon—but here is his Highness," and as he spoke, he at length moved on one side, and allowed the man of learning to pass.

Frere coming forward at the same minute, Bracy whispered, while the Doctor bent in a low salaam,

"I have bothered his brains sweetly for him, so that he hardly knows whether he's standing on his head or his heels; so now you must take care of yourself, and joy go with you."

Frere, thus apostrophized, returned the Doctor's salute with much cordiality, and Bracy, feigning some excuse, left them to entertain each other, having before his eyes a wholesome dread of the new comer's addressing him in Persian, and thereby discovering his deplorable ignorance of that interesting language.

Time, which does not stand still for Princes any more than for private individuals, passed on with its usual rapidity. Most of the gentlemen having eaten as much, and drank probably (looking at it in a medical point of view) more than was good for them, had rejoined the ladies, and it became evident to Bracy that a crisis in his evening's amusement was approaching. On his return to the drawing-room, he must of course resume his duties as interpreter, and this inconvenient Persian professor would inevitably discover the imposture. This was the more provoking as Frere's likeness to the Prince must evidently have been much stronger than he had imagined, and his acquaintance with the rules of Persian etiquette more extensive than he had believed possible, for the Doctor continued to converse with the utmost gravity, and appeared to believe in him implicitly. While he was still pondering the matter in his anxious mind, the few last remaining guests conveyed themselves away, and the Prince and his party were left to dispute possession of the supper-room with empty champagne bottles, and half tipsy waiters. Frere, when he perceived this to be the case, beckoned Bracy to approach, and as soon as he was within earshot, whispered,

"I have humbugged the old fellow beautifully on the score of our Persian recollections, but he has just been questioning me about you,—where you acquired your knowledge of the language, whether you have been much in the East, how I became acquainted with you, and all the rest of it. I put him off with lies as long as I could, but it would not do, and as a last resource, I have been obliged to refer him to you."

"The deuce you have!" was the reply; "that is pleasant. He'll be jabbering his confounded lingo, and I shall not understand a word he says to me; besides, my jargon won't go down with him, you know. I tell you what, I shall be off, and you must say up stairs, (he can interpret for you,) that I have been sent for by the prime minister at a minute's notice, *à la* De Grandeville."

"'Tis too late," replied Frere; and at the same instant the Doctor seized Bracy by the button, and in a stern and impressive manner asked some apparently searching question in Persian. Few men had enjoyed the delight of seeing Tom Bracy in the unenviable frame of mind expressed by the nautical term "taken aback," but of that favoured few were the by-standers on the present occasion; never was an unhappy individual more thoroughly and completely at a loss; and it must be confessed the situation was an embarrassing one. To be addressed by an elderly stranger in an unintelligible language, in which you are expected to reply, while at the same time you are painfully conscious that your incapacity to do so, or even (not understanding the question) to give an appropriate reply in your native tongue, will lead to a discovery you are most anxious to avert, is an undeniably awkward position in which to be placed. That Bracy found it so was most evident, for he fidgeted, stammered, glanced appealingly towards Frere for aid, and at last was obliged, between annoyance and an intense appreciation of the absurdity of his situation, to get up a fictitious cough, which, irritating the membrane of the nose, produced a most violent genuine sneeze. From the effects of this convulsion of nature he was relieved by a violent slap on the back, while at the same moment the tones of a familiar voice exclaimed in his ear,

"Sold, by all that's glorious! Bracy, my boy, how do you find yourself?" and on looking up, he recognised in the laughing face of the Addiscombe doctor, now divested of its spectacles, the well-known features of Charley Leicester.

"Yes, laugh away," growled the victimised practical joker; "it's all very funny, I dare say, but one thing I'll swear in any court of justice, which is, that you have been talking real Persian, at least if what Frere jabbers is real Persian."

"Of course I have," returned Leicester, still in convulsions. "When Frere and I planned this dodge, we knew what a wide-awake gentleman we had to deal with, and took our measures accordingly. I learned four Persian sentences by heart from his dictation, and pretty good use I have made of them too, I think."

"It was not a bad idea, really," observed Bracy, who having got over his annoyance at the first sense of defeat, instantly recovered his good humour. "How well you are made up! I did not recognise you one bit, till you pulled off the barnacles."

"Yes, I got little Stevens, who does the light comic business at one of the minors, to provide the apparel, and come and dress me—I hope you admire my complexion; he laid on the red and yellow most unsparingly."

"He has done it vastly well," returned Bracy. "I shall cultivate that small man; he may be extremely useful to me on an occasion."

"Now we ought to be going up stairs," interrupted Frere; "these waiter-fellows are beginning to stare at us suspiciously too. I say, Bracy, cut it short man: we have had all the fun now, and I'm getting tired of the thing."

"Ya, Meinheer," rejoined Bracy aloud, adding in a lower tone, "The slaveys will swallow that or any thing else for Persian; they are all more or less drunk, by the fishy expression of their optics."

Laura Peyton was astonished somewhat later in

the evening by the Addiscombe professor leaning over the back of the sofa on which she was seated, and asking whether she had enjoyed her last valse at Almack's the evening before last.

"Surely, you can feel no particular interest about such a frivolous and unintellectual matter, sir," was her reply.

"I was about to follow up the inquiry by asking whether your partner made himself agreeable."

"To which I shall reply after the Irish fashion, by asking what it can possibly concern you to know, sir?"

"Merely because I have the honour of the gentleman's acquaintance."

"That in fact you are one of those uncommon characters who know themselves," returned Laura, with an arch smile; "is not that what you wish to impress upon me, Mr. Leicester?"

Charley laughed, then continued in a lower tone, "I saw you knew me. Did your own acuteness lead to the discovery, or are there traitors among us?"

"Your friend Mr. Arundel's expressive features let me into the secret of his acquaintance with the English language, before we went down to supper; but I entered into a contract not to betray the plot, if he would tell me all I wish to know about it, so the moment he came up, I made him inform me who you were. What a gentlemanly, agreeable person he is!"

As she said this, a slight shade passed across Leicester's good-natured countenance, and he replied, more quickly than was his wont,

"I had fancied Miss Peyton superior to the common feminine weakness of being caught by the last new face."

"What a thoroughly *man*-like speech," returned the young lady. "Did I say anything about his appearance, sir? Do you suppose we poor women are so utterly silly that we can appreciate nothing but a handsome face? Your professor's disguise has imbued you with the Turkish belief that women have no souls."

"No one fortunate enough to be acquainted with Miss Peyton would continue long in such a heresy," replied Leicester, with the air of a man who thinks he is saying a good thing.

"Yes, I knew you would make some such reply," returned Laura. "You first show your real opinion of women by libelling the whole sex, and then try to get out of the scrape, by insulting my understanding with a personal compliment.. Wait," she continued, seeing he was about to defend himself, "you must not talk to me any more now, or you will excite Lady Lombard's suspicions, and betray the whole conspiracy. Go away, and send my new friend Mr. Arundel Hassan Beg here; Lady Lombard committed him to my charge, and I want to cultivate him."

Leicester tried to assume a languishing look, which he was in the habit of practising upon young ladies with great success, but becoming suddenly conscious of the wig and spectacles, and gathering from Laura's silvery laugh, that such adjuncts to an interesting expression of countenance were incongruous, not to say absurd, he joined in her merriment, then added, "You are in a very wicked mood to-night, Miss Peyton; but I suppose I must e'en do as you bid me, and reserve my revenge till some more fitting opportunity," then, mixing with the crowd, he sought out Lewis, and delivered the young lady's message to him, adding in his usual drawling tone, "You have made a what-do-ye-call-it—an impression in that quarter. Women always run after the last new face."

"You are right," returned Lewis, with a degree of energy which startled his listless companion, "and those men are wisest who know them for the toys they are, and avoid them."

Leicester gazed after his retreating figure in astonishment, then murmured to himself, "What's in the wind now, I wonder; is the good youth trying to keep up the Asiatic character, or suddenly turned woman-hater? Confound that little Peyton girl, how sharp she was to-night!"

"How very well Mr. Leicester is disguised," observed Laura Peyton to Lewis, after they had conversed in German for some minutes on general subjects.

"Yes," replied Lewis; "though I can't say his appearance is improved by the alteration."

"A fact of which he is fully aware," returned Laura smiling.

A pause ensued, which was terminated by Laura's asking abruptly, "Do gentlemen like Mr. Leicester?"

"Really I have not sufficient knowledge of facts to inform you, but I should say he is a very popular man."

"Popular man! I hate that phrase," returned his companion pettishly; "it is almost as bad as describing any one as a man about town, which always gives me the idea of a creature that wears a pea-jacket, lives at a club, boards on cigars, talks slang, carries a betting-book, and never has its hair cut—can't you tell me what you think of Mr. Leicester yourself?"

"Well, I think him gentlemanly, good-natured, agreeable up to a certain point, cleverish—"

"Yes, that will do; I quite understand. I don't think you do him justice—he has a kind heart, and more good sense than you are disposed to give him credit for. You should not form such hasty judgments of people; a want of charity I perceive is one of your faults. And now I must wish you good night; I hear my kind old chaperone anxiously bleating after me in the distance."

So saying she arose, and hastened to put herself under the protection of "a fine old English gentlewoman," who with a hooked nose, red gown, and green scarf, looked like some new and fearful variety of the genus Parroquet. At the same time, Bracy summoned Lewis to join the Prince, who was about to depart, which, after Lady Lombard had in an enthusiasm of gratitude uttered a whole sentence in the largest capitals, he was allowed to do.

Leicester accompanied them, tearing himself away from Professor Malchapeau, who had singled him out as a brother *savan*, and commenced *raconte*-ing to him his affecting history, thereby leaving that shaggy

little child of misfortune to lament to his sympathizing hostess the melancholy fact that "Zie Professor Addiscombe had cut his little tale off short, and transported himselfs avay in von great despatch."

'Twere long to tell the jokes that were made, the new and additional matter brought to light, as each of the quartette, assembled round a second edition of supper in Bracy's rooms, detailed in turn his own personal experiences of the evening's comicalities—the cigars that were smoked, or the amount of sherry cobbler that was imbibed: suffice it to say, that a certain lyrical declaration that they would not "go home till morning," to which, during their symposium, they had committed themselves, was verified when, on issuing out into the street, the cold grey light of early dawn threw its pale tint over their wearied faces, and struggled with sickly-looking gas lamps for the honour of illuminating the thoroughfares of the sleeping city.

Leicester's cab, with his night-horse,—a useful animal, which, without a leg to stand upon, possessed the speed of the wind, and, having every defect horse-flesh is heir to, enjoyed a constitution which throve on exposure and want of sleep, as other organizations usually do on the exact opposites, was in waiting. Into this vehicle Leicester, having made two bad shots at the step, rushed headlong, and drove off at an insane pace, and in a succession of zigzags.

Frere and Lewis watched the cab, till, having slightly assaulted an unoffending lamp-post, it flew round a corner and disappeared; then, having exchanged a significant glance suggestive of sympathetic anticipations of a sombre character in regard to the safe arrival of their friend, they started at a brisk pace, which soon brought them to Frere's respectable dwelling. While the proprietor was searching in every pocket but the right one for that terror of all feeble-minded elders, that pet abomination of all fathers of families, that latest invention of the enemy of mankind, —a latch-key, they were accosted by a lad of about fifteen, whose ragged clothes, bronzed features, and Murillo-like appearance, accorded well with his supplication,—"*Per pietà, Signor, denaro per un pover' Italiano.*"

Frere looked at him attentively, then exclaimed— "I tell you what, boy, it won't do; you're no more an Italian than I am; you should not try to impose upon people."

The boy hung down his head, and then replied, doggedly, "It's your own fault; you'll let an English boy starve in the streets before you'll give him a bit of bread, but you are charitable enough to them foreign blackguards."

"That's not true," replied Frere; "however, liar or not, you must be fed, I suppose, so if you choose to take a soup-ticket here's one for you."

"No," returned the boy, proudly, "you have called me liar, and I won't accept your miserable bounty; I'd sooner starve first."

"As you please," returned Frere, coolly pocketing the rejected ticket; "now have the goodness to take yourself off.—Come Lewis."

"I'll join you immediately," replied Lewis.

"Mind you shut the door after you, then," continued Frere, "or we shall have that nice lad walking off with the silver spoons." So saying, he entered the house.

Lewis waited till his retreating footsteps were no longer audible, then, fixing his piercing glance upon the boy, he said, in an impressive voice, "Answer me truly, and I will give you assistance. Where did you learn to speak Italian with so good an accent?"

"In Naples, sir!"

"How did you get there?"

"I served on board a man-of-war."

"And how have you fallen into this state of beggary?"

The boy hesitated for a moment, but something led him instinctively to feel that his confidence would not be abused, and he answered, "When we got back to England, and the crew were paid off, I received 15*l.* I got into bad company, they tempted me to every thing that was wrong; my money was soon gone: I had no friends in London, and I wouldn't have applied to them after going on as bad as I had been, if I had. I sold my clothes to buy bread; and when I had nothing left, I begged, and lately I've passed myself off as an Italian boy, because I found people more willing to give to me."

"And do you like your present life?"

"No; I have to bear cold and hunger; and when people speak to me as *he* did just now it makes me feel wicked. Some day it will drive me mad, and I shall injure somebody."

"What do you wish to do, then?"

"If I could get some decent clothes, I'd walk down to Portsmouth, and try and get afloat again."

"And what would it cost to provide them?"

"I could rig myself out for a pound."

Lewis paused for a moment, then added, quickly, "Boy, I am poor and proud, as you are, therefore I can feel for you. Had I been exposed to temptation, friendless and untaught, I might have fallen as you have done. You have learnt a bitter lesson, and may profit by it; it is in my power to afford you a chance of doing so."

He drew a card from his pocket, and wrote upon it a few words in pencil, then, handing it to the boy, continued, "There is the direction to a friend of mine, the captain of a ship about to sail in a few days; show him my card, and tell him what you have told me. There is a sovereign to provide your dress, and five shillings to save you from begging or stealing till you get to Portsmouth; and when next you are tempted to sin remember its bitter fruits."

As he spoke he gave him the money. The boy received it mechanically, fixed his bright eyes for a moment on the face of his benefactor, and then, utterly overcome by such unexpected kindness, burst into a flood of tears. As Lewis turned to depart, the first rays of the rising sun fell upon the tall, graceful figure of the young man, and the tattered garments and emaciated form of the boy.

Far different was the scene when Lewis Arundel and the creature he was thus rescuing from infamy met again upon the RAILROAD OF LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

IS CHIEFLY HORTICULTURAL, SHOWING THE EFFECTS PRODUCED BY TRAINING UPON A SWEET AND DELICATE ROSE.

ROSE ARUNDEL sat at the open window of her little bed room, and gazed out into the night. The scent of many flowers hung upon the loaded air, and the calm stars looked down from Heaven, contrasting their impassive grandeur with the unrest of this weary world. The evening had been lovely, not a breath of wind was stirring, the long shadows that slept upon the smooth green sward, and afforded a dark back-ground on which the brilliant glow-worms shone like diamonds on a funeral pall, were motionless; the silence, unbroken save when some heavy beetle or other strange insect of the night winged its drowsy way across the casement, was almost oppressive in its stillness; it was a time and place for grave and earnest thought, a scene in which the full heart is conscious of its own sorrow. And Rose, although she had too much good sense and right principle to allow herself to feel miserable, was far from happy. The key to the inner life of every true-hearted woman must be sought in the affections;—the only two people whom Rose had loved, as she was capable of loving, were her father and brother; for Mrs. Arundel, though all her impulses were kind and amiable, did not possess sufficient depth of character to inspire any very strong attachment. Between Captain Arundel and his daughter had existed one of those rare affections which appear so nearly to satisfy the cravings of our spiritual nature, that lest this world should become too dear to us, they are blessings we are seldom permitted long to enjoy. Rose and her father were by nature much alike in disposition, and in forming her character, and educating and developing her mind, he had for some years found his chief interest, while in her affection lay his only solace for the blighted hopes and ruined prospects of a life-time.

Originally highly connected, Captain Arundel had incurred the displeasure of his family, by forming in the heat of youthful passion, and under peculiar circumstances, a marriage with the daughter of an English resident at Marseilles, by a foreign mother. Too proud to seek to conciliate his relations, Mr. Arundel became a voluntary exile, entered into the Austrian army, where he speedily rose to the rank of captain, and served with much distinction, till failing health induced him to resign his commission, and return to England for the sake of educating his children. His heart was set on one object, namely, to bestow upon his son the education of an English gentleman, and for this purpose he had availed himself of a very unusual talent for painting, as a means by which he might increase his slender income sufficiently to meet the expenses of sending Lewis to Westminster, and afterwards to a German university. The constant application thus rendered inevitable fostered the seeds of that most insidious of all ailments, a heart-disease, and while still forming plans for the welfare of his family, an unwonted agitation induced a paroxysm of his complaint, and ere Rose could realize the misfortune that threatened her, she was fatherless.

Although stunned at first by the unexpected shock hers was not a mind to give way at such a moment, and to those who judge by the outward expression only, Mrs. Arundel's grief appeared much more intense than that of her daughter. But Rose's sorrow was not a mere transitory feeling, which a few weeks more or less might serve to dissipate; it had become part of her very nature, a thing too sacred to be lightly brought to view, but enshrined in the sanctuary of her pure heart it remained a cherished yet solemn recollection, which would shed its hallowing influence over the future of her young life. And now, as she sat with her calm earnest eyes upturned to the glorious heaven above her, her thoughts wandered back to him she had so dearly loved, and she pondered the solemn questions which have ere now presented themselves to many a mourning spirit, and longed to penetrate the secrets of the grave, and learn things which death alone shall teach us. Then she recalled conversations she had held with him that was gone, on these very subjects, and remembered how he had said, that the things which God had not seen fit to reveal could neither be needful nor expedient for us to know; and that such speculations were in themselves dangerous, inasmuch as they tended to lead us to form theories which, having no warrant in Scripture, might be at variance with truth; and that it was better to wait patiently in humble faith,—that a time would come when we should no longer see through a glass darkly, and the hidden things of God should be made known unto us. Then her thoughts still pursuing the same train, led her to reflect how all her father's aspirations, crushed and disappointed in the wreck of his own fortunes, had centred in his son, and the bitter tears which no personal privations or misfortunes could have forced from her, flowed down her cheeks as she reflected how these bright anticipations seemed doomed never to be realized.

Unselfish by nature, and trained to habits of thoughtfulness by witnessing her father's life of daily self-sacrifice, Rose had never been accustomed to indulge on her own account in those day-dreams so common to the sanguine mind of youth. But the germs of that pride and ambition which were Lewis's besetting sins existed in a minor degree in Rose's disposition also, and found vent in a visionary career of greatness she had marked out for her brother, and for which his unusual mental powers and striking appearance seemed eminently to qualify him. In nourishing these visions her father had unconsciously assisted, when in moments of confidence he had imparted to her his hopes that Lewis would distinguish himself in whatever career of life he might select, and by his success restore them all to that

position in society which by his own imprudence he had forfeited. What a bitter contrast did the reality now present! Rose had received that morning a letter from her brother, detailing his interview with General Grant, and its results; and though, from a wish to spare her feelings, he had been more guarded in his expressions than on the occasion of his conversation with Frere the preceding day, yet he did not attempt to disguise from her his repugnance to the arrangement, or the degradation to which his haughty spirit led him to consider he was submitting.

"Poor Lewis!" murmured Rose, "I know so well what misery it will be to him; the slights, the hourly petty annoyances which his proud sensitive nature will feel so keenly;—and then, to waste his high talents, his energy of character and strength of will, on the drudgery of teaching, when they were certain to have led him to distinction if he had only had a fair field for their exercise—it would have broken dearest papa's heart, when he had hoped so differently for him. But if *he* had lived, this never would have been so; he often told me he had influential friends, and though he never would apply to them on his own account, he declared he would do so when Lewis should become old enough to enter into life. I wonder who they were. He never liked to talk on those subjects, and I was afraid of paining him by inquiring. I am glad there is a Miss Grant; I hope she may prove a nice girl, and will like Lewis; but of course she will—every one must do that. Oh! how I hope they will treat him kindly and generously—it will all depend upon that. Poor fellow! with his impulsive disposition and quick sense of wrong—his fiery temper too, how will he get on? And it is for our sakes he does all this, sacrificing his freedom and his hopes of winning himself a name;—how good and noble it is of him!"

She paused, and leaning her brow upon her little white hand, sat buried in deep thought. At length she spoke again.

"If I could do any thing to earn money, and help, I should be so much happier. Poor papa got a good deal lately for his pictures; but they were so clever. Lewis can sketch beautifully, but my drawings are so tame. I wonder whether people would buy poetry. I wish I knew whether my verses are good enough to induce any one to purchase them. Dearest papa praised those lines of mine which he accidentally found one day. Of course he was a good judge, only perhaps he liked them because they were mine." And the tears rolled silently down her pale cheeks as memory brought before her the glance of bright and surprised approval, the warm yet judicious praise, the tender criticism,—words, looks, and tones of love now lost to her for ever, which the accidental discovery of her verses had drawn forth. With an aching heart she closed the casement, and, lighting a candle, proceeded to unlock a small writing-desk, from whence she drew some manuscript verses, which ran as follows:—

THE PREACHER'S ADDRESS TO THE SOUL.

Weary soul,
Why dost thou still disquiet
Thyself with senseless riot,
Taking thy fill and measure
Of earthly pleasure?
The things that thou dost prize
Are not realities;
All is but seeming.
Waking, thou still liest dreaming.
That which before thine eye
Now passeth, or hath past,
Is nought but vanity—
It cannot last.
This evil world, be sure,
Shall not endure.
Art thou a-weary, Soul, and dost thou cry
For rest? Wait, and thou soon shalt have
That thou dost crave,
For Death *is real*—the Grave *no mockery.*

THE SOUL'S REPLY.

Preacher, too dark thy mood;
God made this earth—
At its primeval birth
"God saw that it was good."
And if through Adam's sin
Death entered in,
Hath not Christ died to save
Me from the grave?
Repented sins for His sake are forgiven—
There *is* a heaven.
For that this earth is no abiding-place,
Shall we displace
The flowers that God hath scattered on our path—
The kindly hearth;
The smile of love still brightening as we come,
Making the desert, home;
The seventh day of rest, the poor man's treasure
Of holy leisure;
Bright sunshine, happy birds, the joy of flowers?
Ah, no! this earth of ours
Was "very good," and hath its blessings still;
And if we will,
We may be happy. Say, dark Preacher, why
Should we then hate to live, or fear to die,
With Love for Time, Heaven for Eternity?

Rose perused them attentively, sighed deeply, and then resumed,—

"Yes, *he* liked them, and said, (I remember his very words,) there was more vigour and purpose about them than in the general run of girlish verses. How could I find out whether they are worth anything?" She paused in reflection, then clasping her hands together suddenly, she exclaimed,—

"Yes, of course, Mr. Frere; he was so good and kind about the pictures, and Lewis says he is so very clever, he will tell me. But may not he think it strange and odd in me to write to him? Had I better consult mamma?"

But with the question came an instinctive consciousness that she was about the last person whom it would be agreeable to consult on such an occasion.

Rose, like every other woman possessing the slightest approach to the artist mind, felt a shrinking delicacy in regard to what the Browning school would term her "utterances," which rendered the idea of showing them where they would not be appreciated exquisitely painful to her. Now, Mrs. Arundel had a disagreeable knack of occasionally brushing against a feeling so rudely, as to cause the unlucky originator thereof to experience a mental twinge closely akin to the bodily sensation yclept toothache.

It will therefore be no matter of surprise to the reader to learn that Rose, after mature deliberation, resolved to keep the fact of her having applied to Mr. Frere a secret, at all events till such time as the result should become known to her.

She accordingly selected such of her poetical effusions as she deemed most worthy, in the course of which process she stumbled upon a short prose sketch, the only thing of the sort she had ever attempted, it being, in fact, a lively account of her first appearance at a dinner-party, written for the benefit of a young-lady friend, but for some reason never sent. This, after looking at a page or two, she was about to condemn as nonsense; but an idea came across her, that if Mr. Frere was to form a just estimate of her powers, it was scarcely fair to select only the best things; so she popped in the sketch of the dinner-party as a kind of destitution test, to show how badly she *could* write.

Then came the most difficult part of the business—the letter to Frere; true, she had written to him before, acting as her father's amanuensis, but that was a different sort of thing altogether. Still, it must be done, and Rose was not a person to be deterred by difficulties; so she took a sheet of paper, and wrote "Sir" at the top of it, and having done so, sat and looked at it till she became intensely dissatisfied. "Sir,"—it seemed so cold and uncomfortable; so she took a second sheet, and wrote, "Dear Sir." Yes! that was better, decidedly; she only hoped it was not too familiar in writing to a young man; but then, Mr. Frere was not exactly a young man; he was a great deal older than Lewis; above thirty, most likely; and three or four-and-thirty was quite middle-aged; so the "Dear Sir" was allowed to remain.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute,*" and having once started, it was not long before Rose's nimble pen had covered two sides of the sheet of paper, and the following letter was the result;—

"DEAR SIR,—I know not how to offer any excuse for the trouble I am about to give you, otherwise than by explaining the reasons which have induced me to apply to you; and, as I know your time is valuable, I will do so as briefly as I can. Do not think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for, your great kindness to Lewis, when I tell you, that ever since I received my brother's letter, informing me of his engagement as tutor to General Grant's ward, I have felt miserable at the idea of his working hard at an occupation which I fear must be distasteful to him, in order to provide for Mamma and myself the comforts we have hitherto enjoyed. It was impossible to prevent this in any way, for we tried to shake his determination, but in vain. Now I feel that I should be so much happier if I could assist, in ever so small a degree, in relieving him from this burthen; and the only possible idea that occurs to me (for he will not hear of my going out as governess) is, that I might be able to earn something by my pen. With this view, I have ventured to enclose for your perusal a few verses which I have written at odd times for my own amusement; and I trust to your kindness to tell me honestly whether they possess any merit or not. I dare not hope your opinion will be favourable; but if by possibility it should prove so, will you do me the additional kindness of advising me what steps to take in order to get them published. I have never been in London, but I have heard there are a good many booksellers who live there; and as I dare say you know them all, perhaps you would kindly tell me to which of them you would recommend me to apply. I have not told Mamma that I am writing, for, as I feel a presentiment that your answer will only prove to me the folly of the hopes I am so silly as to indulge, it is not worth while disturbing her about the matter. Once again thanking you for your extreme kindness to Lewis, and hoping that you will not consider me too troublesome in thus applying to you, believe me to remain your sincerely obliged

"ROSE ARUNDEL.

"P.S.—I have enclosed a little prose sketch with the verses, but I am *quite sure* you will not like that. Perhaps, if Lewis has not left you when this arrives, you will be so very kind as not to say anything to him about it, as he would be sure to laugh at me."

When Rose had finished this epistle, she felt that she had done something towards attaining the object she had at heart, and went to bed feeling more happy than she had done since the receipt of Lewis's letter. Straightway falling asleep, she dreamt that she was introduced to Mr. Murray, who offered her 100*l.* to write a short biographical memoir of General Grant for the "Quarterly Review."

(*To be continued.*)

REMARKABLE LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

No. IV.

LAUDER AND BOWER.

MR. ISAAC D'ISRAELI in his "Curiosities of Literature" has remarked that some of the most sinister literary forgeries in modern times have been perpetrated by Scotchmen, and he instances Lauder and Bower—two of the *blackest* sheep of the world of letters. The disgraceful fraud of which the former stands convicted, so unparalleled for its meanness, baseness, and dishonesty, has justly condemned him to eternal

infamy, and rendered his name a by-word of contempt. To the credit of English literature, it did not indeed long remain undiscovered, and it may at least be said to have had one beneficial effect—that of placing the unwary on their guard against an unscrupulous disputant, and of demonstrating the importance and necessity of occasionally verifying a quotation, and testing a doubtful assertion.

William Lauder was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he acquired the reputation of considerable scholarship. It is not improbable, however, that his unamiable disposition displayed itself in some shape during his academical career, for at its close he was unsuccessful in all his efforts to obtain preferment in the University. He was first a candidate for the professorship of Latin, and afterwards for the office of librarian. Having been in both instances rejected, he tried for one of the masterships in the High School, and was also unsuccessful. In 1739 he published an edition of Johnson's Latin translation of the Psalms, with other passages of sacred poetry, but, however creditably he might have executed his task, the speculation was not a profitable one. Soured by disappointments, he came to London, where we find him engaged, at the time he became notorious, as a teacher of the classics. In 1747 he commenced his attack on the reputation of Milton in various communications to the "Gentleman's Magazine," in which the great poet was denounced as an unprincipled plagiarist. These papers having led to some controversy, and excited some attention, Lauder was induced to collect them, and in 1750 he republished them in a volume, entitled, "An Essay on Milton's use and abuse of the moderns in his Paradise Lost;" with the motto, taken from Milton,

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The work is preceded by a characteristic advertisement from Lauder, which states that "Gentlemen who are desirous of securing their children from ill example, or are themselves inclined to gain or retrieve the knowledge of the Latin tongue, may be waited on at their own houses by the author of the following Essay;" an announcement certainly calculated to convey the idea that the "canny Scot" regarded his erudite performance as an excellent mercantile speculation, and favourable medium of publicity. To render the work more remarkable, the preface and postscript were contributed by Dr. Samuel Johnson. The latter contained a charitable appeal on behalf of Milton's granddaughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, who was then living and in great distress, as will appear from the following quotation from the Rev. Dr. Newton's Life of Milton, with Johnson's eloquent remarks:—

"'Such is the caprice of fortune, this granddaughter of a man who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years, with her husband, kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop for their subsistence, lately at the Lower Holloway, in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock Lane, not far from Shoreditch Church.'

"That this relation is true cannot be questioned; but surely the honour of letters, the dignity of sacred poetry, the spirit of the English nation, and the glory of human nature, require that it should be true no longer. In an age in which statues are erected to the honour of this great writer, in which his effigy has been distributed on medals, and his work propagated by translations and illustrated with commentaries; in an age which, amidst all its vices and all its follies, has not become infamous for want of charity, it may be surely allowed to hope, that the living remains of Milton will be no longer suffered to languish in distress."

The authors from whom Lauder accused Milton of borrowing without acknowledgment, were some of them all but unknown in what was then called the learned world. Among them were Masenius, a Jesuit of Cologne, Taubmann, a German, and Staphorstius, a learned Dutchman. From these and other authors passages were quoted, in some of which there was a general resemblance, and in others a close similarity to the most admired portions of Paradise Lost. Many of Milton's admirers were surprised and confounded to find their idol in some instances a mere translator, the appropriator of the language and imagery of a few laborious versifiers, whose obscurity had secured him from detection. Having apparently established his charges by quotations, Lauder artfully proceeded to support them by indirect evidence, of which we annex a specimen. "Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew," he says, "in 1675 published a work, entitled, 'Theatrum Poetarum; or a Complete Collection of Poets, ancient and modern,' which performance is probably nothing else but a short account of all the poetical authors in his uncle's library, of which he had the perfect use and knowledge by his having been employed by him as an amanuensis. In the exercise of this office he must have been privy to the secret practice of his uncle in rifling the treasures of others; and that he was privy to it, I think is manifest from his passing over in silence, in the above-mentioned piece, all those authors that Milton was most obliged to." Farther on, he suggests a still more remarkable proof of Milton's felonious practices. "I cannot," he continues, "omit observing here, that Milton's contrivance of teaching his daughters to read, but to read only, several learned languages, plainly points the same way as Mr. Phillips's secreting and suppressing the books to which his uncle was most obliged. Milton well knew the loquacious and incontinent spirit of the sex (!) and the danger on that account of entrusting them with so important a secret as his unbounded plagiarism; he therefore wisely confined them to the knowledge of the words and pronunciation only, but kept the sense and meaning to himself."

But Lauder's triumph was of short duration. The detection of the imposition and the chastisement of the impostor fell into able hands. Upon its first publication the work attracted the attention of the Rev. John Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, whose jealous regard for the reputation of Milton induced him to investigate its contents. Confident of the great poet's integrity, and not content with Lauder's assertions, he proceeded with considerable pains to search for the passages which had been quoted from

Masenius, Staphorstius, Grotius, and others. The result was most triumphant: in nearly every instance he found that Lauder had tampered with the text, and had impudently inserted several lines from a translation of the Paradise Lost in Latin hexameters, by William Hogg, and others of his own manufacture. The detection was so complete that the impostor had no alternative but confession. A full avowal of the fraud was accordingly drawn up by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who naturally enough considered his reputation somewhat involved in the transaction, and after some demur signed by Lauder. Upon a calm review of the whole circumstances of the case, we cannot, however, absolve Johnson from all blame. That he was the dupe of the impostor, and entirely innocent of the fraud, will be readily admitted, but can it be said that he exercised a proper discretion in giving his sanction and support to a charge the accuracy of which he had not taken the trouble to investigate? It is to be feared that his latent hostility to Milton—his rooted abhorrence of the "sour republicanism" of the great Puritan poet—prompted him to lend a readier ear to Lauder's assertions than can be justified on principles of fairness and candour. When referring to the subject in after years, he said with characteristic sententiousness, believing it perhaps the best defence he had to offer, "In the business of Lauder I was deceived, partly by thinking the man too frantic to be fraudulent."

After the appearance of Mr. Douglas's reply, the following advertisement (which we quote as a literary curiosity in its way) was inserted in the public newspapers by Lauder's publishers:—

"White Hart, in Paternoster Row, London, Nov. 28, 1750.

"Upon the publication of the Rev. Mr. Douglas's Defence of Milton, in answer to Lauder, we immediately sent to Lauder, and insisted upon his clearing himself from the charge of Forgery, which Mr. Douglas has brought against him, by producing the books in question.

"*He has this day admitted the charge*, but with great insensibility.

"We therefore disclaim all connexion with him, and shall for the future sell his book ONLY as a masterpiece of fraud, which the public may be supplied with at 1*s.* 6*d.* stitched.

"JOHN PAYNE.
"JOSEPH BOUQET."

In a second edition of his Defence of Milton, Mr. Douglas was enabled to give the result of some further investigations, and the details of Lauder's confession. Among many other instances of audacious fraud he quotes the following, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. "In the eighty-eighth page of his (Lauder's) Essay, we meet with a very extraordinary interpolation. There he has quoted, as from Ramsay, a Scotch poet,

'Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,'

a line which never existed but in Virgil. Upon my asking him his reason for being guilty of so unnecessary a piece of fraud, he made no other apology, but that he thought the insertion of this line would be a great improvement to the text of Ramsay. Like an abandoned pickpocket, he cannot abstain from his infamous occupation, even when there can be no temptation to exercise it."

A curious instance of another description of fraud is afforded in one of his communications to the "Gentleman's Magazine," where he quotes two lines from the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius:

"Lacusque vivi sulphuris semper fluunt
Et ampla vacuo spatia laxantur loco,—"

which he asserts were thus borrowed and appropriated by Milton,

"And lakes of living sulphur ever flow,
And ample spaces,—"

a translation which it must be presumed is Lauder's own, as the passage is not to be found in Milton!

Notwithstanding the complete exposure of his fraud, his abject apology, and infamous character, in 1754 Lauder commenced another attack on the reputation of Milton by the publication of a tract, entitled, "King Charles I. vindicated from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Milton, and Milton himself convicted of forgery, &c."

"Destroy his web of sophistry, in vain,
The creature 's at his dirty work again."

The alleged object of this pamphlet was to vindicate the authenticity of a prayer in the Icon Basilike, (a work commonly attributed to King Charles I.) The introductory sentences clearly show that Lauder was still smarting under the infliction he had received from the pen of Mr. Douglas, and his clumsy attempts at vindication are somewhat amusing. He had intended to publish a collection of modern Latin poets from whom Milton had borrowed; "but all at once," he says, "my hopes were dashed to pieces, and my project entirely defeated, by the Rev. Mr. Douglas, who, conscious of the unpopularity of my subject, unfairly and ungenerously took occasion for an overcharge of twenty or thirty lines in my Essay on Milton, to discredit the reputation of the whole, though, I still maintain, with no more justice than if, by paying twenty pieces, he should falsely or vainly imagine he had conscientiously discharged a debt of a thousand." In his former work he had disavowed any feeling of hostility towards Milton, and had even spoken of him with respect and admiration; he now threw off the mask, and with frantic malignity denounced him as "an odious and presumptuous liar, an abandoned monster of mankind, of insatiable avarice, unbounded ambition, implacable malice, unparalleled impudence, and shocking impiety."

But little attention was paid to the raving and railing of the wretched Zoilus, however clamorous and indecent, after his recent and complete discomfiture. Consigned upon all hands to contumely and neglect, it is not surprising that he should have sought relief in exile. The last we hear of him is that he kept a school for some time in the island of Barbadoes, and died there about the year 1771.

The exposure of Lauder was not the only service of the same kind rendered by Mr. Douglas to the literary world. With equal address he unmasked another impostor who occupied for some years a large share of the public attention, but whom we will dismiss with a very brief notice. Archibald Bower, the individual to whom we allude, was born at Dundee in the year 1686, and at the age of sixteen was sent to the Scotch Jesuit college at Douay. Four years afterwards he was removed to Rome, and admitted into the order of Jesus. After the usual noviciate, he was sent to Fano, and he afterwards became philosophical reader in the college of Arezzo. He was from thence transferred to Maccrata, where he remained till the year 1726. He had now reached the age of forty, a period of life when the passions are generally supposed to be under the control of the judgment; he had hitherto manifested no distaste for the pursuits in which he had been educated, when all at once he came to the resolution of quitting the Jesuits, and flying from Italy. It was afterwards alleged by him, as the principal reason for his departure, that he was shocked and disgusted by the cruelties practised in the Inquisition, but his enemies assign a very different cause,—namely, a disgraceful abuse of his ecclesiastical functions, which rendered it dangerous for him to remain where he was. His escape was attended with some difficulty, and he has worked it up into a narrative highly coloured, and diversified with marvellous incidents and adventures. Having taken refuge in England, he avowed himself, with some reservation, a convert to Prostestantism. "I declined," he says, "at first conforming to any particular church, but suspecting all alike, after I had been so long and so grossly imposed on, I formed a system of religion to myself, and continued a Protestant for the space, I think, of six years, but a Protestant of no particular denomination." Considerable interest was taken by the public in the supposed proselyte; many generous and powerful friends came forward to assist him, and being a man of ability, he easily obtained literary employment. It is rather a singular fact that he was engaged on the Universal History with George Psalmanasar, the celebrated impostor of Formosan notoriety. In the course of a few years he had saved a considerable sum of money, with which he resolved to purchase a life-annuity. Proceeding to London for this purpose, according to his own account, he accidentally met with one Mr. Hill, a Jesuit, "who transacted money matters as an attorney," with whom he concluded a bargain. Whatever might have been the real nature of this transaction, it seems very clear that Bower, notwithstanding his assumed Prostestantism, was in constant intercourse and communication with the principal English Jesuits; and this was satisfactorily shown by Mr. Douglas, in a pamphlet, entitled, "Six Letters from Archibald Bower to Father Sheldon, Provincial of the Jesuits in England," in which his double-dealing and hyprocrisy were proved by incontrovertible evidence. Matters stood thus when he published the first volume of his "History of the Popes," which called forth another pamphlet from his indefatigable adversary. He was now charged by Mr. Douglas not merely with religious duplicity, but with a piece of shameful plagiarism in appropriating to himself the work of De Tillemont, a French historian, without notice or acknowledgment. In order that there might be no mistake, Mr. Douglas printed a few chapters of De Tillemont page by page with Bower, and thus triumphantly exposed the fraud. A lengthened controversy followed, and dull and uninteresting as the details of such a dispute may now appear, no less than twenty-two pamphlets were published on the subject. The dishonesty and hypocrisy of Bower were thus made patent to the world. Mr. Garrick, it is said, at one time contemplated caricaturing him on the stage, in revenge for a contemptuous notice in the impostor's "Summary view of his controversy with the Papists," in which he had spoken of Mr. Garrick as a "gentleman who acted on the stage, and Mrs. Garrick, alias Violetta," as a lady "who within these few years danced upon the stage. The gentleman, though no Roscius, is as well known and admired for his acting as the lady for her dancing, and the lady was as well known and admired for her dancing as the gentleman is for his acting: and they are in that sense *par nobile*." We may conclude this article by stating that Archibald Bower died in the year 1766, at the age of eighty, and that he was buried in Marylebone churchyard, where a monument was erected to his memory, with an inscription attesting his purity and innocence.

LIZZY WILSON;[1]

OR, THE GOVERNESS'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

When Lizzy was called in the morning, she awoke from a dream of Marianna and the Puppets. "Mine are gone long since, as well as Wilhelm's," she thought; "but life is not over yet."

When she was dressing by the light of a candle in the cold morning, she felt nothing of the cheerlessness of the outward world; she was going *home!* When she had drunk the cup of coffee which Susan brought her, she wondered how it was that she felt as if her holiday had begun a month ago—that she felt as if going home was an every-day occurrence! Her eye fell on the volume she had been reading the previous night.

"Ah, it was that! Genius always carries us into its own dwelling-place among the gods. '*Highest intellectual enjoyment!*' Yes, my unknown friend! you have given it to me—*you* and *circumstances* combining. No prying now into the cause of my happiness; let it suffice to me that I am happy.

"'We mar the brightness of our bliss
By tracing its cause too well.'"

She hummed this couplet to a tune which came to her mind with the words, and, putting a few articles into a basket she intended to carry in her hand, she ran down stairs, made Susan a present by the way, and was soon in the coach and on her road to the City.

(1) Continued from p. 24.

When she reached the Coventry coach, she found the guard very cross, because there were "only two insides booked." The other "inside" was not there when she got in, and she found that he was to be taken up at a house at Highgate. She was glad to have the coach to herself till then, and tucked herself up comfortably in the very same old travelling-cloak which her mother had taken such sorrowful pains to adjust when she last saw her. She could read a little now. She got out her new treasure from the basket, and soon forgot the cold; but I cannot say she forgot the jolting till they were off the stones. Presently the coach stopped. What was the guard opening the door for? "Oh! Highgate!—I wish there was not another inside," thought Lizzy; and she turned her eyes with curiosity to the door.

Let me remind you, dear reader, that it was then a matter of importance whom you had as coach companion, on a long journey. You would know *that*, if you had ever felt the tedium and fatigue of such a journey, doubled by being obliged to travel with disagreeable people. Lizzy saw her companion, and was as much astonished as she was pleased, to see —the giver of the book in her hand. He did not observe *her* till he had seated himself. He then recognised her in a moment, though with a look of extreme surprise, and raising his hat, said, "How very extraordinary!" And they both laughed at the singularity of the chance.

When the stranger saw the book she held in her hand, he became evidently embarrassed. A colour came over his cheek. Lizzy thought it would be well for her to speak, though she felt very embarrassed too.

"This book!—I believe I understand the singleness of heart which prompted you to do a kindness not set down in the rules of society. I am obliged to you for your gift, for its own sake and for the manner in which it was given."

When Lizzy had said all these words, she felt that she might have said better ones. It was clear that the person to whom they were addressed did not think so, for he seemed quite relieved by them, and looked so very pleased and thankful that Lizzy could not help looking pleased too.

"I am very fortunate indeed, Miss Wilson, in meeting you again to-day. I feared that I was a true prophet when I wrote that note yesterday, and that it would never be my lot to meet you again. Allow me to introduce myself to you," and taking out his card case, he gave her a card—she read the words "The Rev. Ernest Morgan."

They needed no farther introduction, and conversed upon many subjects forthwith. Beginning with Goethe and the then rising writer Carlyle, whom Lizzy defended against Mr. Morgan's attacks as well as she could, though she could not deny that there was some truth in his remark, that "Carlyle does not write *English*. His language may be, as you say, a very fine language, and exactly suited to his mind, but I fear that he will not live to a late posterity, because he does not write English—he is not national. An author must be national to live."

"But may not the nation be beginning to lose that quality which you call *nationality?*"

"If so, it is beginning to lose its existence as a nation, I fear."

"How! are we less worthy to be called a nation, because we no longer hate the French, and curse the Pope?"

Mr. Morgan smiled, "I am not very sure that we are not!"

"But is *nationality* then a thing very much to be desired?" asked Lizzy, rather puzzled.

"For a nation?" inquired Mr. Morgan archly.

"No, no. But may not the present movements of our social system, our newly projected railways, facilities of communication with foreign lands, and improved and more generally diffused education—will not all these things, in time, give us something better than our narrow nationality?"

"Time will show. I hope that it may be so as fervently as you do—as any one can do, but I am somewhat of a chemist, and I know that untried combinations are not without danger of destruction to the experimenter."

"But you may make your experiments carefully, and with knowledge and precaution."

"True. I will not seek to promulgate my fears on this subject, about which one ought to be hopeful, if possible."

They talked of things in general, and Mr. Morgan asked no questions about his companion's history or destination. She had said that she was "going almost as far as Coventry." He was determined to know her and her family; he had already made up his mind to do *that*, so he would not interrupt their pleasant conversation by questions she might think impertinent.

When they seated themselves again in the coach, after dinner, and Lizzy had accepted the use of Mr. Morgan's large travelling cloak, which he declared he did not want, she felt very warm and comfortable, and rather disposed to lean back and say nothing, but she hoped Mr. Morgan would talk. She liked his voice, and admired his mind, it was so strong and well organized.

Mr. Morgan began: "As you know the country about Coventry, Miss Wilson, perhaps you can tell me something of the place I am going to—a village called Everstead."

Lizzy sat upright again with astonishment, "Everstead! That is the place to which I am going. It is my native place. I can tell you all about Everstead."

It was now Mr. Morgan's turn to look surprised. "Is it possible?—yes! it must be so. The commonness of the name prevented my seeing it before. You are *Lizzy* Wilson."

"I am," said Lizzy; "how do you know me?"

"Oh! I used to hear of you years ago; Merton"—and Mr. Morgan hesitated, and became silent.

It was nearly dark, and he was glad of that, for his

companion's sake. He began to say something about the strangeness of their meeting yesterday in a shop in London, and to-day in the Coventry coach.

Lizzy, to his surprise, asked in a very cheerful voice, if he were "going to stay with Felix Merton and his wife?" Mr. Morgan did not reply immediately, but muttered to himself the word "strange," and then said aloud, "Yes, I have accepted Merton's kind invitation to stay with him, while my house is being prepared."

"Your house!—Oh! I remember. The Grange was to be let a short time ago. So you are going to live at the Grange?"

"No, I am not going to live there. My future home will be the house in which you were born. I am the new incumbent of Everstead."

Lizzy said nothing;—every fresh sentence seemed to bring forth a surprise. She sank back again and thought of the happy days she had spent in that house. Her father was incumbent of Everstead then. Here was another stranger about to take possession of her home, the old parsonage! Her thoughts went far back into her younger years.

And what was Mr. Morgan thinking about? asks the reader. I will look into his mind, and tell you. First he thought, "What a blockhead I was, to tell her that I am going to instal myself triumphantly in her father's house. I might have left *that* for somebody else to tell." Then he, too, began to wander in the land of memory. Of his travels, and the men and women he had known; of his childhood and his college life, he thought, and of one thing more than all: of a lovely girl, bright as the dawn, who had been the idol of his boyhood, who had—*yes*, she *had* encouraged his hopes till he believed them secure, and when, with his father's permission, he hastened to assure her of his love, she told him that she "was quite surprised" that "he had no interest in her heart." He had since learned that her heart was not so great a prize as he had dreamed. It was corrupted by the flattery paid to her beauty: she deceived several as she had deceived him, yet he could not, even now that she was married, he could not bear to think that she was worse than light and thoughtless. He was going to see her after four years' absence. He did not love her now, but he wished to see how she conducted herself as a wife, and he almost dreaded the effect which her wonderful beauty would have again on him.

Presently Lizzy moved forward to see if she could discern where the coach was. Mr. Morgan then ventured to ask, "Do you know *Mrs.* Merton?"

"Oh yes!—do you?"

"I used to know Lilla Manners. I have not seen her since her marriage. Is she altered much?" he added, after a pause.

"I have not seen her for more that two years, but I am sure that she is as beautiful as ever. I never saw a living face so perfect."

"Nor I. Do you know her well?"

"Very well. I believe I am her only correspondent. She told me in her last letter that the new vicar was an old friend of her husband's. She did not say she had known you. I am surprised that I never heard her talk of you, for Lilla used to talk of almost every body she had ever known."

"Oh! a great beauty like Mrs. Merton cannot remember all the young men that she has known in the course of her life. I was a *very* young man when I knew her."

Lizzy noticed the sarcastic tone in which this was said, and she wished she could have seen the speaker's face. Each remained silent again, while the coach moved on swiftly. The few words they had exchanged gave a new direction to the thoughts of each.

The course of Lizzy's thoughts was thus: No man speaks bitterly of a young and very beautiful woman unless he has, or thinks that he has, special cause for doing so—unless she has slighted his love. Can *he* be the person of whom Lilla once spoke when I reproved her for her coquetry, and said she would not be warned, till she had broken some heart finer and better than her own. I remember her words well; they were more full of feeling than any I have heard her utter, "Lizzy, I fear I have already broken one heart, and I am *not* warned. *I* have the power of breaking hearts, and *you* have the power of healing them." Tom and Mr. Morgan!—How different!—Yet both were attracted by the same thing in Lilla! Such is beauty!—

"Such a mistress of the world."

Either would, I think, have laid down his life for her, and she lays down the love of many, perhaps as sincere, to marry one who cannot love well. And is it not better as it is? Tom, even, easy as his nature is, would not have been happy with Lilla. She is too childish! Mr. Morgan, would he have been happy? Love would have made him blind, while he remained a very young man. I do not suppose he is much more than thirty *now*, and were Lilla his wife, I am sure he could not respect her. Felix can be happy enough without thinking about respect for his wife. But Lilla is *not* Mr. Morgan's wife. He has not seen her for four years. She is still as beautiful as ever. She may be dangerous to Mr. Morgan, or he to her. They are about to live in the unrestrained intimacy of village life. But Lilla loves Felix better than all the world, and she is a mother,—two safeguards against levity. He ought to know that she is a mother.

"Has Mrs. Merton any children?" asked Mr. Morgan at this moment.

"Yes, she has a baby now—her first child. I was thinking of it at that moment. But I really believe I must have been asleep, for I am sure we are coming into Everstead now," and she looked out of the window steadily for a few minutes. "Yes! yes! we are passing the Grange now."

"You must be fatigued. It is nearly eight o'clock, I fancy. You must be glad that your journey is ended."

"I am not much tired."

"I have to thank you for one of the pleasantest journeys I ever made."

"Do you really go on to Coventry, to-night? You had better stay at Everstead. The Mertons will be glad to see you."

"I have a great inclination to do so; but I have business of importance at Coventry, and I shall not be able to make my appearance in Everstead till late on Saturday. I begin my duty here on Sunday."

The coach now stopped at the "White Cottage."

"This is my home!"

Mr. Morgan let down the window, and beheld a little group that touched him to the heart. The lamps of the coach threw a light on it. An old working man held a lantern up, while he supported his wife, Alice, the old servant, who had insisted on going out with the rest when the coach stopped: "It was a matter of two years since she had seen the blessed child." There stood old Alice, with her red cloak over her head, and old John with the lantern; and before them were Mrs. Wilson and her two youngest children. Nancy and George flew to the coach window.

"O Lizzy! Lizzy! are you there?"

Lizzy felt tears of joy impeding utterance; and it was a stranger's voice that replied—

"Yes! she is here, quite safe and well."

George wrenched open the door, and Lizzy sprang out, in spite of the folds of Mr. Morgan's cloak, and stood by her mother's side, with Nancy and George pressing close to her. She recollected her minor duties in a moment, paid her fare, and returned his cloak to Mr. Morgan, who had alighted to wish her "good by."

"Good-by, then, till Sunday, when we shall see you again," and she gave him her hand, for she felt that they were friends already.

As the coach drove on, Mr. Morgan put his head out of the window, and saw the group he had just left going up the garden-walk into the house. Mrs. Wilson, with her arm round Lizzy, Lizzy with one hand on George's shoulder, and Nancy skipping first on one side of them and then on the other, while John and Alice went behind with the light. He saw them go in and shut the door, and then he felt alone.

Now Lizzy stood again in the middle of that little parlour, and her mother took off the old cloak, and she pressed her lips to it.

"Don't waste your kisses on that old thing, mother. Give them all to me. I have been so long without a sweet, sweet kiss from any of you!" and Lizzy folded her mother in her arms and wept for joy. Then she kissed George and Nancy a dozen times, and *would* go into the kitchen to kiss old Alice, before she could consent to "sit down in the easy chair by the fire, and have a cup of tea."

She returned in a few minutes—I should say, *they* returned, for wherever she went all the family went too. She answered all her mother's questions about her health, and the journey, and the Goulds. Lizzy was looking very well, every one thought. George kept his eyes fixed on her, and her mother stopped every minute in preparing the tea, to turn and stroke Lizzy's hair, or to kiss her cheek as she rested herself in the easy chair.

Nancy had gone away for a moment, and returned with something alive, which she put upon Lizzy's lap, saying, with pride,—

"There! Isn't he a beauty? And Lizzy, dearest, you shall have him, if you like."

"What is it, love? Oh, I see! A guinea-pig.—What! you have got one at last?"

"Yes! I am so fond of him! he's the sweetest little angel! But I'll give him to *you*."

"I would not deprive you of it for the world. You will take much more care of him than I should, and I can see him all the same."

Nancy saw there was reason in this; but still she *had* wanted to do something very generous, to make a sacrifice, that she might prove how much she loved Lizzy. This guinea-pig was a new treasure, very precious in her eyes; *that* was worthy to be offered to Lizzy. George had told her that Lizzy would not like the smell of a guinea-pig, and could not take it to London with her; but Nancy had nothing so valuable to offer, and therefore she offered it. Lizzy caressed the little animal and its mistress, and said she would have him for hers all the time she was at home, only Nancy was to feed and take care of him, and to have it back for herself when Lizzy went away. This arrangement made George laugh aloud; but Nancy took the guinea-pig away perfectly satisfied.

George and Nancy sat up till mamma and Lizzy went to bed, which was not till every change in the village had been discussed, and Lizzy had given her little presents, and half unpacked one box to get a drawing which she had done for mamma, and some music she had for George, who was particularly requested by his mother *not* to practise before breakfast to-morrow, as it would disturb Lizzy, who would want to sleep in the morning. Having heard how thin Mr. Elliot was become, and how fat Mrs. Merton's baby was; how tall the Misses Lambert were growing, and how short young Fortescue still was; how many persons were married, and how few had died; what families had quarrelled, and what families had made up quarrels and become friends, since she left, Lizzy was inclined to think village gossip much more interesting than well-bred London talk.

They all went to bed at last. Lizzy and her mother occupied the same room, as of old, and had much more to say when they were alone there. Much about the Mertons which was, upon the whole, satisfactory. Just as Lizzy was dropping to sleep, her mother said,—

"I forgot to ask you who that gentleman was who was in the coach to-night."

"That is our new vicar. I will tell you more about him to-morrow. Good night, dearest mother."

When Lizzy awoke the next morning, her eyes wandered with a sense of perfect happiness over the little bedroom. The latticed window, the old oaken

chest of drawers, the funny little recess, where the writing-table stood, and where the miniatures of four chubby children hung against the wall; the old tent-bedstead, with its beautiful and venerable chintz curtains; and the cosy fire-place, where she saw her mother at that moment lighting a fire as gently as a disembodied spirit, for fear of awaking her.

"What! up and dressed, mamma? I wonder I did not hear you!"

"It would have been a greater wonder if you *had* heard me, for I never saw any one sleep more soundly. How are you, darling?" she added, approaching the bed; "I was afraid to kiss you before."

"Oh, I am so well! so happy! Turn your face round, mother dearest; I want to see it by day-light."

"Not so young as it used to be, eh, Lizzy? But you know I never had any colour since we left the Parsonage. Now, let me go and attend to the fire, dearest."

"I am afraid you are taking that trouble entirely on my account."

"To be sure I am, I know how miserably cold this little house must feel after a good substantial well-warmed house in London, where I suppose you can have a fire in every room whenever you like, without being thought very luxuriously inclined."

"Why yes. The Goulds are very much more sensible, on the subject of fires, than most English people. I cannot understand what it is that makes every body grudge to have as many fires as are requisite for health, in this country. In the case of people like ourselves, who have scarcely enough to live on, of course every additional fire becomes a consideration. But how many rich people we know who would hesitate about having a fire in every bedroom! They will have three courses and dessert every day, — an expense highly injurious to health; and they will starve with cold in their bed-rooms; which, according to my notion, is quite as injurious to health. How many families you see who are never free from coughs, colds, and influenza, all the winter, merely because they all go to bed and get up every day (at the coldest times of the day too) in an atmosphere at or below the freezing point, after leaving a warm bed, or a room at a temperature of 68°."

"You are quite right, child. I think my experience worth something, and it has taught me that an economy (so called) of fire is a great extravagance."

"But how do you manage now? Can you contrive to give every body a fire, with no servant but Alice?" asked Lizzy.

"In this way:—Alice sleeps in the kitchen and has *her* fire. Nancy sleeps with me; and her former room is arranged as a general dressing-room, where Alice lays the fire the night before.—George gets up first, and passes into the dressing-room, lights the fire, manages his own bathing tub—clears away all his things, and knocks at my door to say that he has vacated the dressing-room, as he goes down to practise. And then Nancy and I use it; the old screen serving as a partition between us. I have the fire kept there all day. Nancy has her playthings there, and George sometimes likes to be there. And all work which is not fit for the parlour, I do there. This fire is a very trifling addition to our expense. Coals in these midland counties are much cheaper than in London. We go without pudding twice a-week for the sake of the fire. George is facetious on the subject, and calls warming himself by the dressing-room fire "having a slice of pudding."

"How do you like the idea of sending George to Christ's, mother?"

"I am glad that he should be well taught, poor boy! But I dread to send him among several hundred boys. George is not clever;—he may be easily corrupted."

"Nay, mother dearest; I think George is one of the most difficult persons to be corrupted;—perhaps his not being clever is one reason for it. He is very steady in his love of right. I consider George the best of your children; not the brightest, but the best."

A knock was heard at the door of the room.

"Is Lizzy getting up, mamma?—I want to see her."

"Come in, Nancy." And in sprang Nancy with the guinea-pig on her arms.

"Oh! you are half-dressed. I did not like to knock before. If you please, mamma, Alice wants to know if she is to make the coffee yet; and Dr. Merton has sent over a dried salmon and a quantity of marmalade from Scotland."

"Felix has not forgotten your old breakfast fancies, you see," said Mrs. Wilson laughingly, to Lizzy. "They had a hamper from Scotland yesterday."

"Oh! and please, Lizzy, may George begin to practise now? because he's always teasing Alice and me about the breakfast, if he may not practise."

"Yes, dear, tell George to practise till breakfast time," said Mrs. Wilson, "and tell Alice she may make the coffee, and let us have some of the salmon and the marmalade for breakfast. In a quarter of an hour Lizzy and I will come down; and I hope, dear, we shall find the breakfast table very neat."

Nancy nodded and laughed; and ran off with her guinea-pig.

Not very long after breakfast, Dr. and Mrs. Merton came over to the "White Cottage," and nurse followed with the baby.

Lizzy was in the parlour alone, adorning the room with chrysanthemums and holly, while her mother was busy with Nancy in the kitchen, and George was gone to tell every body in the village that his "sister was come from London."

She was very glad to see them both. Lilla complimented her upon her improved looks, and she complimented Lilla upon her baby, which was a lovely little thing. Felix was, at first, a little moved at the sight of Lizzy; but she was glad to see that he remembered nothing but the baby and Lilla, when the former was produced for Lizzy's approbation.

"What is its name?" asked Lizzy, after she had examined it attentively for some minutes.

"*Lizzy*. *He* would have it christened *Lizzy*. I was a little jealous," said Lilla laughing, and arranging the feather of her bonnet before the glass. "Besides, as I told him, it was quite absurd to have it *christened* Lizzy. It might have been christened Elizabeth, and called Lizzy. But no;—he was quite savage about it, I assure you, and swore that it should be actually christened '*Lizzy*,' and it was. He is such an obstinate mule."

"Indeed!—that is something quite new," said Lizzy, with a smile.

"*I* am going to be obstinate when we have a boy," said Lilla; "his name shall be *Aldebarontœphoscophormio*;—that I am determined upon."

"*You* may have him christened what you please; *I* shall call him 'Lilius,'" said Felix, looking at his pretty wife with affection.

"We are going to have some one staying with us for a few weeks,—some one whom *you* will like, I think, and who is sure to like you," said Lilla;—"a friend of ours'—a Mr. Ernest Morgan, who is just appointed to this living."

"Yes, I know. I came down from town in the coach with him yesterday; and we had some conversation. He went on to Coventry."

"Well! what did you think of him?" inquired Lilla, with a scrutinizing look at Lizzy; Felix looked too.

"I think that he must be a very superior man; and very fitted for his position here."

"Yes, but how did you like him?—did you think him handsome?—does he not talk well?" asked Lilla.

"I have seen handsomer men, and men who *talk* better."

"Of course you have," replied Lilla, glancing at her husband. "Then I suppose you do not like him much?"

"On the contrary, I already like him very much. I admire his style of mind; and his manners are very good," replied Lizzy.

"Rather too sedate for my taste," said Lilla, shrugging her shoulders.

"Not for mine,—but as he is coming here I will see a little more of him, before I give you my opinion."

"I hope Mr. Gould and his family are quite well," &c. &c. And Dr. and Mrs. Merton stayed a long time talking. Mrs. Wilson came in, and presently half the gentry of the place called. The Wilsons were soon engaged to go to some friend's house to dinner, or tea, or a dance, almost every day of the next fortnight. Lizzy declined going out that week. She wished to spend the time at home; she did not want to go out till Tom came. He was to come on Saturday (Christmas day). Mrs. Wilson and Lizzy and Tom were to begin their round of gaieties on Monday, when they were to dine at the Mertons' and meet Mr. Morgan; and in the evening there was to be a young party, for Dr. Merton's express gratification: he was very fond of children. George and Nancy were invited by him, in person, and were duly delighted.

Lizzy saw Felix take up "Wilhelm Meister." He turned over the pages indifferently, and laid it down again. "Is that book yours?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"What does that 'oh!' mean?"

"Only that I thought you did not read those equivocal foreign novels."

"Have *you* read Wilhelm Meister?"

"No."

"Then why do you call it *equivocal*?"

"I have heard, from very good authority, that it is so."

"Did you not hear once, upon very good authority, that 'there was once upon a time a giant named Fee-fo-fi-fum,' &c.? Wait till you have read a book written by a great genius, before you speak ill of it. I am reading this book with the greatest attention, and declare that, as far as I have gone, it is unequivocally the finest union of philosophy and art that I ever read."

"I suppose, Lizzy, now that you read so much French and German you are getting quite an *esprit-fort*?"

"I used to answer an ill-natured question in kind, Felix. *Now*, I never answer it at all, if I can avoid doing so," and she walked away to speak to deaf Mrs. Elliot.

Felix was vexed, took up "Wilhelm Meister" again, looked at it for a few minutes, and then told Lilla "they ought to be going." The baby was handed round for every body to notice again, and the Mertons went away. Soon after, all the other visitors left, and the Wilsons had a delicious evening to themselves.

Saturday came,—Christmas day, and the day for Tom to come home! All Everstead (that was not dissenting) always went to church on Christmas morning. The Wilsons went, of course, as Tom was not expected till late, towards the evening. The curate of a neighbouring parish did the duty, and the church was full.

Lizzy was always more impressed by the service at Everstead than anywhere else. It brought back every feeling of her childhood, when she used to hear her father's voice from that pulpit. From the window near her pew Mrs. Wilson could see part of the parsonage-house; and she was never more seriously happy, than when she sat with her eyes fixed on the window of what was formerly her husband's study, and listened to the voice of the preacher.

Lizzy thought, that morning, of the many blessings of her life, and of the wisdom which ordereth all things for the best. Her face was almost beautiful as she sat, heedless of all but the words which came from the priest; and the heart-thanksgiving for all that she had enjoyed and suffered in the past, which stirred within her, gave colour to her cheek and fire to her eye. She did not observe how full the church was, nor how half the congregation were stealing glances at her—the Miss Lamberts wondering whether the bonnet she wore was in the newest fashion, and Miss Crib the dress-maker trying to get a good view

of the cut of her black silk mantle. Young Mr. Fortescue, standing on a hassock, that, like Mr. Fudge, he

"Might more of men and manners see,"

stared very hard at Miss Wilson, that she might be aware he thought she was looking "*w*emarkably well —*w*eally, quite p*w*etty." Old Mr. Elliot looked at her with interest; she was so like her father. Young Ford, the organist, peeped from behind his curtain to look at her, and whispered to his father that "there was some pleasure in playing now that Miss Wilson was in the church, for she knew good music when she heard it." A strange gentleman who came in late, and sat in a dark corner, also watched Lizzy rather attentively.

Lizzy saw none of these people, till, with her mother leaning on her arm, she stood still in the churchyard to speak to a crowd of poor folks, who waited for a word from her. They stayed some time there, and the poor people dropped off, one by one. They too were going out with an old couple who had formerly been servants to Mrs. Wilson, when the clergyman came out of the church with a stranger. The latter came up to Mrs. Wilson and her family. It was Mr. Morgan. He walked home with them to their gate, and then crossed the road to Dr. Merton's house.

"I think I shall like the new vicar, mamma," said George.

"I don't think I shall," said Nancy.

"Why not, my dear?" inquired her mother.

"Because he does not seem to like Lizzy at all. He talked all the time to you and George; I don't think he hardly spoke to her. I'm sure I shall not like him as well as poor Mr. Clare."

They waited dinner until a very fashionable hour for Everstead. They waited till half-past six, when Tom made his appearance. And what a quantity of luggage that Tom brought with him; it quite filled the little hall, and half filled the parlour.

"My dear boy, what is all this?" said his mother, as Lizzy was untying his shawl, and trying to make out how much of the bright colour on his cheek was natural, and how much was the cold air.

"You shall see presently; never mind that now. I want to see you all. There, stand all in a row; Mother, Lizzy, George, Nancy,—here, Alice! put that dish down, and come and stand here. There; now I can see you all. Now let me look what alterations have taken place since I saw you last.—Mother, not looking so well; Lizzy, a great deal better; George, taller and more clever; Nancy, taller and more gawky, but she will *do;* Alice, quite blooming, I declare.—Ah! Alice, you will break a few more hearts yet. I must take care of mine!"

Alice laughed, and said he "was the same mad-cap boy as ever; just what he used to be in petticoats. But, sir, the dinner is getting cold."

"As prudent as you are good-looking, Alice! Come, mother dear, do not let me keep you standing any longer."

And they all sat down to table; and I need scarcely say the dinner was enjoyed, and Alice's pudding declared to be perfect. When the dinner things were cleared away, Tom and George set to work to untie one of the hampers, which Tom facetiously told Nancy was a small basket with a little dessert in it. Out came half-a-dozen bottles of Madeira, a drum of figs, all sorts of Scotch preserves and cakes, no end of oranges, and two gigantic boxes of the most wonderful French *bon-bons*; besides a large package of the finest Mocha coffee.

"Mother, Mrs. Bond desired me to give you her kind regards, and begs your acceptance of these trifles."

"How very good of Mrs. Bond!" cried his mother, much pleased by this proof of the remembrance of an early acquaintance.

"Now, George, come along, there's a good fellow! and help me in with those boxes. *Miss Wilson,*—that's for you, Lizzy. George, open it for her. *Mrs. Wilson,* —that's for you, mother. *Miss Nancy Wilson,* and *Master George Wilson.* Now, where's old John's parcel, and Alice's? Ah! there they are. I must take these into the kitchen." Never were presents more charming, more appropriate, more "just what" the receiver "was most desirous to have."

Mrs. Wilson's box contained a portrait in crayons of Tom, neatly framed;—a present to her from Mr. Bond, his employer, with a letter in high praise of the son of his old friend; who was to have a salary of 300*l.* a-year when he returned! I must tell you at once the other things in Mrs. Wilson's box, for she was so long reading that letter over and over again, that the others saw them before she did. A beautiful piece of black silk for a gown, a small collection of books published during the late year, and a small pair of spectacles. These were all presents from Tom himself.

Lizzy's box contained a valuable selection from the best Italian, German, and French authors, (a present from Mr. Bond,) and some selections from the works of Beethoven, Bach, Handel, and Pergolesi, for the piano and organ. Lizzy could scarcely believe that she had become so rich all at once. George had a flute and a first-rate fishing-rod; Nancy, a beautiful plaid silk frock, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, with beautiful pictures in it.

After saying all this, my reader knows very well that no people ever spent a happier Christmas night than the Wilsons. He feels sure that they all got very merry after tea; that Tom, and Lizzy, and George, sang glees; and that John and Alice came in to listen; and I think, dear reader, you will not be surprised that Tom insisted on finishing the evening with a game of snap-dragon, which Mrs. Wilson agreed to do, on condition that they had it in the kitchen, as it would make a *mess* in the parlour.

The next day was Sunday; and, of course, every soul in the village not bed-ridden or (as I said before) dissenting, went to church, to hear the new vicar preach his first sermon at Everstead. Lizzy Wilson was

anxious to hear how he would preach, and when he had pronounced his text her anxiety was over; she felt confident in his power to move his audience. Several times during the sermon she glanced round the church, to see the effect which Mr. Morgan produced; it was clear she was desirous that hers should be the general opinion. She was gratified after coming out of church to hear the loud encomiums of the sermon which almost every one uttered.

"How did you like it, mother?" asked Tom.

"I have never heard a sermon I liked so well since your poor father preached."

"Lizzy, did you like the sermon?"

"I?—oh, yes! I have never heard a better."

"Nor I, except Dr. Chalmers's."

The Mertons came up to them. "Ah, Tom! how are you?"

"Very well; and you, Felix?"

"Very flourishing, as you see."

Then followed general greetings of the others, and presently Felix said to Tom, "Are you inclined to go to Hawley Wood for a walk with me?"

"I shall be very happy;" and the two young men wished the ladies "good morning" for the present, and were soon out of sight.

"Cool!" exclaimed Lilla, laughingly, to Mrs. Wilson, as she took her arm to walk home.

"Just as ever, my dear; I never saw any thing like Tom."

It happened that Nancy's bonnet had come untied, and Lizzy was staying to tie it, and George, as usual, stayed where she stayed. Just as the strings were properly adjusted, Mr. Morgan came out of the porch. He saw them.

"Ah! you are there! Good morning! Is not Mrs. Wilson well? I thought I saw her in church."

"She is quite well; she has only walked on with Mrs. Merton."

Mr. Morgan walked beside Lizzy to her home. They walked slowly, and did not say much. Mr. Morgan thought Everstead the prettiest *large* village he had ever seen. Lizzy was glad of that, for she had always thought it the prettiest she had seen.

"It must give you pain to leave it, Miss Wilson?"

"Oh, do not mention *that!* I am not going to leave it for a month, at least."

"A month! I thought it was only a fortnight."

"Tom only stays a fortnight. You do not know Tom, I think?"

"No; but I hope to be introduced to him soon. How is it that he is not with you now?"

"He and Felix are gone off for a walk after church, just as we used all to do, long ago. Allow me to congratulate you on the very favourable impression your sermon produced on the congregation."

"Favourable, was it? Thank you. I have heard you never flatter any one but your brother George; so I take what you say to me as sober truth."

"It is. But who says I flatter no one but George?"

"Merton. This is your gate, I think?"

"Yes. Will you not come in? I dare say Mrs. Merton is with mamma."

"No, thank you; I preach again this afternoon, and would rather be alone for an hour. But I would not have missed seeing *you* for these few minutes," he added after after a pause. "Good morning."

"Missed seeing *you*," repeated Lizzy to herself, as she walked up to the house-door.

"A month! I may make great progress in a month. Much may be done in a month," thought Mr. Morgan as he crossed the road to Dr. Merton's house.

The dinner on Monday at the Mertons was very successful. Tom Wilson, having called there in the morning, took Mr. Morgan off with him to pay a round of visits together; by this means they knew each other pretty well before dinner time.

"The new Vicar is a first-rate man, Lizzy," said Tom, when he came home to dress, "and he has no *very* great feeling of aversion to Mrs. Merton, I fancy."

Lizzy felt uncomfortable, and could not persuade herself it was all for Mrs. Merton's sake.

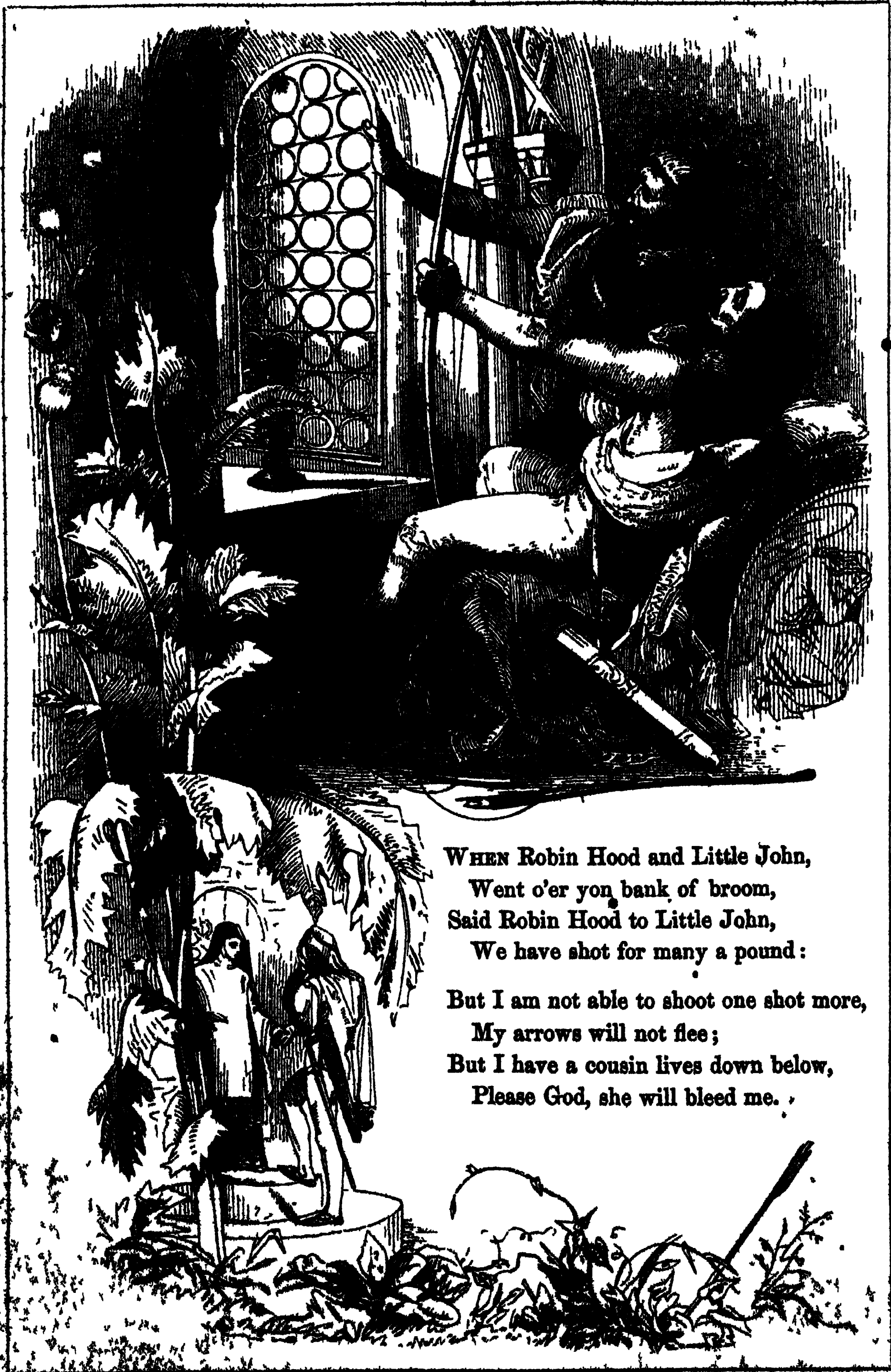
"Upon my word, Lizzy, that is a very stylish gown, and very becoming too," said Tom as he inspected her all round when she was dressed to go to the Merton's. Lizzy smiled as she remembered how different matters were on the first occasion of her wearing that same dress. She had worn it at a party at the Goulds, and no one had turned her round or taken any notice how she looked in it *then*.

Six is a pleasant number for a dinner-party. Not so good as eight some people think. However, the party of six at the Mertons was esteemed perfect by each individual of the company. Dr. Merton talked to Mrs. Wilson about the baby and their neighbours. Tom talked to Lilla about old times: and thought she was just the same lovely little girl as ever; but he felt nothing but pleasure in this.—Tom was *almost* engaged to Miss Bond in Edinburgh, only he kept the fact to himself. Mr. Morgan talked to Lizzy about the village, and the nature of the inhabitants, and the improvements he intended to make, which were nearly all approved by Lizzy. Mr. Morgan thought he was making progress already, and was in high spirits.

When the children were dancing in the evening, and Lizzy and Mr. Morgan had done their share of dancing with them, Mr. Morgan challenged Lizzy to three games of chess. Now he had heard that Lizzy was very fond of chess,—and he had also heard, that she had once said it would be impossible for her to sit out three games of chess with a person who was disagreeable to her.

They went into a quiet room adjoining the larger one, and began. I do not know whether Lizzy was unable to sit out the three games, but it is certain that they were a long time in the little room; and when they came out and were asked which had won, they did not seem to know.

"I can tell, though," said Lilla in a whisper to her husband, "Mr. Morgan has won—Lizzy. Well! for prudent, sedate people, I call that quick work. If



ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

any body had told Lizzy this day week, that she, who thinks herself so very wise and circumspect, would be engaged to be married to-day to a man she had not then seen, she would have believed it impossible.—It's your quiet, wise people, who always do these extraordinary things in love."

"But they may *not* be engaged, Lilla," said Felix, looking at the couple very attentively. Presently he saw an expression on Lizzy's face that was familiar to *him;* he had seen it often, years ago.—"Yes, Lilla, you are right; Lizzy loves Morgan," he said gravely.

Felix did not romp with the children after that. Lizzy said she would like to go home with Nancy and George. She "was tired." She "would not disturb her mother" who was talking with Mr. Elliot; and she retired quietly with the children.

Felix and Mr. Morgan both went out of the room to go home with Lizzy.

"Morgan," whispered Felix in a voice of emotion, "let *me* go with her, just this last time." Felix looked very grave and anxious.

"Certainly, if you wish it so much; but you must explain to her *why I* do not go."

"Yes; thank you," and Felix grasped his hand, and ran down stairs after Lizzy.

"Morgan has let me come instead of him just this once," said Felix, as the children ran across the road. "Lizzy, I cannot be mistaken—I congratulate you from my soul. Morgan is the best man I ever knew, and you are the best woman. I am not selfish enough to wish matters otherwise. If you are married and live here, I shall be happy, for you will by your example show me how I ought to live. I love Lilla now, and I feel that she loves me as you never could have done when you knew me well. I am not worthy of you, and Morgan is. God bless you, Lizzy. Will you have your old lover as a friend now?"

"Yes, Felix. We shall both be the happier for being friends instead of husband and wife. Thank you, Felix, for these words. Tell Morgan what has passed. Good-night."

Need I relate all the other external pleasures of Lizzy's month? The reader knows that she had now a source of pleasure *within,* which made all other pleasures poor. She now loved really, and was as happy as her friends thought she deserved be. She and her mother and Nancy were to live in the parsonage again. At the end of the month she went back to Mrs. Gould to stay until that lady found another governess to suit her, and after that she stayed with her on a visit, while she purchased her wedding dresses; and then her old friend Mr. Gould would sometimes venture to banter her about the result of her Christmas Holiday.

J. M. W.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF ROBIN HOOD.

We select this ballad from Ritson's "Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads, now extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw, Robin Hood." The outlines of his life are generally known; the notes we here introduce concern exclusively his "Death and Burial:" for the "facts" concerning which we are indebted to the indefatigable collector, who seems to have gathered together, by immense labour, every item of information that exists upon the subject. The old chronicles are somewhat circumstantial touching the final exit of the hero. "The king att last," says the Harleian MS., "sett furth a proclamation to have him apprehended," &c. Grafton, after having told us that he "practised robberyes, &c.," adds, "The which beyng certefyed to the king, and he beyng greatly offended therewith, caused his proclamation to be made that whosoever would bryng him quicke or dead, the king would geve him a great summe of money, as by the recordes in the Exchequer is to be seene: But of this promise no man enjoyed any benefite:" for as long as he had his "bent bow in his hand," it was scarcely safe to meddle with the "archer good." Time, however, subdued his strength and spirit. Finding the infirmities of old age increase upon him, and being "troubled with a sicknesse," according to Grafton, he "came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire called Bircklies [Kircklies], where desiryng to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death." The Sloane MS. says, that "[being] dystempered with cowld and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted; therfore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloud, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique & surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, & waying howe fel an enimy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne howse and all others by letting him bleed to death. It is also sayd that one Sir Roger of Doncaster, bearing grudge to Robyn for some injury, incyted the priores, with whome he was very familiar, in such a maner to dispatch him." The Harleian MS., after mentioning the proclamation "sett furth to have him apprehended," adds, "at which time it happened he fell sick at a nunnery in Yorkshire called Birkleys [Kirkleys]; & desiring there to be let blood, hee was beytrayed & made bleed to death."

According to the Sloane MS. the prioress, after "letting him bleed to death, buryed him under a great stone by the hywayes syde. And the cause why she buryed him there was, for that the common passengers and travailers, knowyng and seeyng him there buryed, might more safely and without feare take their jorneys that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the sayd tombe was erected a crosse of stone, which is to be seene there at this present."

"Amongst the papers of the learned Dr. Gale, late Dean of York, was found this epitaph of Robin Hood:—

Hear undernead dis laitl stean
laz robert earl of Huntingtun
near arcir ver az hie sa geud
an pipl kauld im robin heud
sick utlawz az hi an iz men
vil england nivr si agen.
obiit 24 [r. 14] kal dekembris 1247."

There appears to be reasonable ground for the belief that Robin Hood was thus treacherously dealt with.

The ballad "Robin Hood's Death and Burial," although its style is comparatively modern, is clearly based upon one much older:—it contains passages of too "genuine" a character to have been the production of an age much later than that in which flourished the hero of the "grene-wode."

TRUTH AND POETRY.—No. II.

BY F. B.

Somewhat to our present purpose is a passage which occurs in one of Adams's beautiful little allegories, where he says, "My own thoughts grew perplexed, as I tried to determine with myself what were truths and realities, and what merely shadows and metaphors of the things pertaining to our present existence." Now, let not any of the readers of Sharpe grow alarmed lest they should have a disquisition on realities and non-realities, or a metaphysical discussion whether matter exists, or some very clear reasons why they should not feel by any means sure that their heads are heads, or that they themselves have any shape, size, or being at all. Certain philosophers, so called, have, we know, attempted to show all this, but we want nothing of the kind. We are quite willing to believe that eyes are eyes, and ears are ears, spite of all their showing to the contrary; and when we see the bright clear sky above us, with its unfathomable depth of blue, and the beauty of nature all around, and hear the sweet voices of the birds as they sing on every side, or the sweeter tones of those we love, we would thank no far-fetched sophistry to make us fancy our happiness was not as true and as certain as that place from which it comes, but of which its greatest fulness is only a faint and feeble image. Yet, at the same time, we do say that there is much, very much, in this world of ours, and the age in which we live, which is held as true and fixed and positive, while it is only shifting and full of deceit; that men set up to themselves some golden image, and fall down before the idol they have made, turning their backs upon the true sun of heaven, and gazing only on his reflected rays, till at last they grow dazzled with the glare, and fancy there is no light but them,—that in them is all beauty and every good, and that such as would look around for a brighter and purer light, even to the very source of which they see but the reflection, are only enthusiasts, and men useless in their generation. Men put that which they wish to be in place of that which is, and fixing their minds constantly upon it, they come at last to believe that there is no other good, nothing else worth the striving after, and mistake for the offspring of eternal and unchanging truth, that which had its rise only in the errors and shortsightedness of their own weak fancies. They set themselves to pursue some one object, which their own hearts have marked out as good and a thing to be desired, and running at once to the conclusion that it is in truth as fair and as full of worth as they have pictured it to be, they strain every power they have, and follow after it as earnestly and eagerly as if it were the end and aim of their being. In self does the pursuit begin; in self, therefore, does it end. In looking how they may advance themselves, they have forgotten those who are their fellows; the general good has been disregarded, and so they have failed to attain that which was for their own private happiness.

The good of all men includes that of individuals, but when the individual narrows his view to himself only, to the shutting out of all others, he falls grievously short of the good. Self, therefore, defeats its own end; it looks not to God's glory, from which flows all our good, and so it is always wide of the mark it aimed at, and finds only disappointment and fresh toil, where peace was looked for and a calm resting after labour.

All men should be practical in the real meaning of the word, but those who are ever boasting themselves to be such, and turning a look of scorn on all who would go the least step out of the path which they have marked out as the only true one, are but too often such as we have spoken of,—men who care for nothing beyond the mere desires of life, the heaping together of gold, or the satisfying of animal wants; or if they go higher, they will still slight all that cannot be seen by their dull eye, or comprehended by their calculating intellect. They are of the earth, earthy; or if they mount somewhat above it, it is not to the clearness of heaven, but only to the mid region of clouds and mists, where indeed they have a wider view than others, but yet see nothing with clearness and certainty; for they want the glass which would show them all things rightly—they forget the glory of God, and miss the good of man. They throw religion aside; and how then can they wonder that love is absent too. The one follows closely upon the other, and without them is nothing good or beautiful at all. But religion is the highest truth of all, and Love is her handmaid, and Poetry is but the manifestation of them in all things, finding a chord in the heart of man himself, so that they are all blended together into one, making a whole of beauty, and gilding with heavenly brightness the dullest and darkest spots of earth.

But they who deny that these are one and the same,—these practical men, as they fondly call themselves, while they are of all others the most unpractical,—will find in the end that they are following after a mere shadow, which for ever mocks those who stretch out their hands to grasp it, a something that fancy had decked out in a specious guise, and one so attractive that at length even reason had assented to the cheat, and set it down for the fair and good thing that it assumed to be. Or it may be a shadow so dark and dense as to deceive those who view it afar off, till they believe it to have real substance; and so they hasten on the more eagerly, even as the darkness into which they shall plunge in the end is deeper; and they fall headlong into a pit of destruction, being so blinded in their course that they mistake the blackness of the abyss for a firm and solid footing, and so are deceived worst of all at the very time when they deem themselves to have gained the end of all their strivings; and then comes the bitterness of death, the emptiness of a disappointed heart. But what if any man should meet them on their way, and tell them that they are seeking that which has no real existence; what if he should call them off from that dark shadow upon the ground, and point them to the brightness of the sun above, and bid them look down no more into

the depth of the pit, but upwards to the heaven, where there would be no bound to their gaze, but only fresh knowledge, and a constant gain of worlds beyond worlds, ever opening to them new stores of thought, riches for the soul, food for the quickening of hope, and faith, and admiration of Him who has made all things in so goodly an order! Would they not meet such an one with a sneer and a curled lip, or a smile of pity, it may be, while they told him that his sun was all too bright for their eyes, and his sky too high above their reach; that they would rather take that which was close at hand, even if they must go by a downward path to gain it? How can we be deceived, say they, in that which is before our eyes? that alone is true and real,—what need there that we look beyond? Better in their minds is the practical than the fair; matter, than imagination; that which belongs to earth and sight, than that which is of heaven and faith. These are our practical men, our sticklers for utility; and what are the fruits of their teaching, we will not ask in such days as these.

But if pity is to have any place,—for of scorn we will not speak,—it should be rather given to such as these, who are for ever spending their strength on that which shall profit them nothing in the end. Less tangible, it may be, are the pleasures of the mind, but more sure in their result, and more worthy of our nature, than that incessant striving after wealth and fame, and a name that must after all be bounded by the narrow limits of a few nations, and at last be lost altogether; that incessant toiling that rises early and late takes rest, borrowing weariness from the night, but taking nothing from the free and refreshing influences of the early day. Not that we would look at all askance at the objects of fame. It is but the inordinate love of it, and the pursuit of it for its own sake alone, that brings its followers down to the same level as those who give up all their days to the worship of treasure and the glittering dust of the earth. Self is the mainspring in both; and self can lower that which is best and noblest, till it becomes altogether despicable and mean. It is well that men should obtain a reward for that which they have brought about for the good of their fellows; and such an one they have a right to look for and to enjoy: but they must never forget that it is but a secondary thing; not the end of their labours, but their concomitant; and that even if it be never gained, it is as much their duty to work on as ever it was.

But earthly fame is in itself no more a true thing than earthly riches; and this we see every day set out so plainly, that such as seek it should not be too hasty to pronounce that they and they only are the followers after truth. It may appear at last that the dreamy enthusiast, as they have loved to call him, the man of contemplation whom they have laughed at, has done more for the general good than they have ever thought of. And much, indeed, has he done, if he has only given a higher and purer tone to the mind of one man, or inclined a single soul to rise somewhat above the mere range of an animal existence. This can the Poet do; this is a part of his mission; and if he work aright, he points men back to the first and happy state, when all was true, and no curse had fallen upon the earth. And how shall he who leads men to the True not himself make use of Truth? If Poetry be not Truth, how shall it fulfil its work? But men, for the most part, do not pursue the True, whether they aim after riches or glory, whatever may be the meaning of that word of which we hear so much, and which seems to be only another name for murder, and bloodshed, and a breaking of all laws, whether of God or man. Take away the riches of the one and the fame of the other, and what care they for their fellow men. Boast, then, as they will that they alone are following that which is of real and practical use, we still say that they are hunting a shadow. The wealth of the one will make to itself wings, and fly away; and the fame of the other may be blighted by one venomed word. It is, then, of no avail to themselves, and let us ask them what it has done for others. For others, certainly, nothing; for they looked only to their own interest;—for themselves, worse than nothing; for it has left behind bitter thoughts, and the sadness of disappointed hope. But all this was not Truth, for Truth deceives us never, nor leaves us as long as we are willing to hold fast by it.

These practical men, then, have missed it; but not so the Poet, that unpractical man whom they deemed to be throwing away his existence. Far off, indeed, is the goal to which he aspires, but his faith is boundless, and hope bears him on his way. He does not know all truth, because he is only finite; but Truth in essence is his from the beginning, and it keeps unfolding to him as he journeys on. Weak, perhaps, is his power of telling all he feels, but he feels not the less for that, and he gains fresh strength every day, and fresh knowledge of good; and for ever shall do so, for Truth is eternal, and that which he gains belongs to the soul which shall never perish; while the other aims of which we have spoken are only of the body, and with it must pass away:—ay, and even more fleeting are they than it; for when it shall have risen again in a new life, they shall still lie dead, or appear only as witnesses against it. But the Poet gains true riches, for he wins the knowledge and fruition of the only good; and his is true fame, for it has its foundation not upon the earth, subject to the breath of slander and the shaft of envy:—

> "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
> But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
> And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
> As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
> Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."[1]

So much, then, for the present:—we know that in all this we have done little more than assert the identity of Truth with Poetry, and reiterate the assertion;—it will remain for us to show hereafter, how in the very nature of man they are the same, and that in leaving the one he departs at the same time from the other also.

(1) Lycidas.

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &C.

CHAPTER XIII.—MADELINE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

I BEGAN to ask myself with more deliberation and reflection than I had hitherto been in the habit of employing, what was the reason of all this? Why was life so rich and warm, and beneficent, and I shivering like a very beggar at its gates? Was the fault mine, or was it not rather chargeable upon that power which some call Fate and others Providence? My habitual cynicism kindled into a fiery and bitter impatience. There was happiness around me: that I saw; there was the capacity of happiness within me: that I felt. Why could I not bring these two together? Were there indeed jewels in my path and could I not stoop to gather them up, or were they not rather treacherous foam-bubbles which imprisoned the sunshine, but were ready to burst at a touch? I came at last to a conclusion with which, impotent, false and and miserable as it was, I was fain to content myself. I tried to believe that tenderness of affection was incompatible with strength of intellect, and that my lonely-heartedness was only the price which I paid for my genius. It is because I see so clearly, thought I, that I cannot love; others walk in twilight, and to them the lath-and-plaster erections of the tea-garden are as the solemn antiquities of Pæstum.

I took refuge in excitement, of which I could command as much as I would. Ceaseless gaiety, perpetual homage, these were to supply the need of happiness as they precluded the possibility of thought. I ran through the whole scale of admiration, from the delicate compliment gracefully veiled in badinage, to the desperate declaration, which it was the triumph of my heartless vanity to receive and to reject. Worthless all! One word of quiet praise, implied, not uttered by lips whose sentence is worth living for, would outweigh them all; how much more, one look of real tenderness. But this I knew not; experience had refused to teach it me; and I was resolved not to believe in it. I determined to revenge myself by the achievements of genius on the isolation which genius had produced. I feasted upon the adulation offered to my talents for music and conversation, and exulted in perceiving how as soon as I entered a room, the various groups broke up, and the best (using the term in its society sense of the most agreeable) members of each gradually clustered around me. There was however one talent which I possessed, and which I had never had an opportunity of exhibiting. I knew my power as an actress to be first-rate, at least among amateurs, and I determined to have private theatricals on a grand scale, and to shine forth in a sphere where no ordinary rivalry could even attempt to follow me. I had moreover the advantage of writing my own drama, and I constructed it so as to display my gifts in the most striking manner possible. The story selected was that of Undine, and it will be at once perceived that the principal character affords scope for the exercise of a great variety of powers, from the airiest and most sparkling playfulness, to the deepest and tenderest pathos, excluding only those broader and stronger traits of passion which would be unsuitable to a private and amateur performance, especially by a woman. I introduced a considerable number of songs, making my drama in fact a kind of half-opera, and on the evening of rehearsal my triumph was complete. My costume—blue crape, with a coronal of water-lilies in my dark hair—was pronounced perfect; I was tolerably well supported by the Hildebrand and Bertha of the party, and when the actual moment for representation arrived, I think I scarcely ever remember to have felt such exuberance of vivacity. I was sitting before my mirror, a little impatient of the length of time which my maid took in satisfying my critical vanity by the position of each individual lily, when Bertha entered with a face of considerable dismay. I forestalled her as she was about to speak, with my usual easy impertinence, as I now consider it—graceful petulance, as my admirers were in the habit of calling it.

"My dear Lady Emily, your look the picture of disconsolate helplessness. I'm quite sure you have forgotten half your part."

Be it observed, in passing, that I could scarcely have made a more *mal-à-propos* joke than this. Lady Emily was angrily conscious of her inferiority to myself in quickness and memory, and excessively anxious that it should not be generally perceived. She spent many a long hour in private study, and afterwards made her appearance, professing that she had been so hurried, she had scarcely had time to do more than read her part through, and betraying the greatest annoyance at her not unfrequent mistakes. There is no surer test of that true tact which is a combination of delicacy, refinement, and unselfishness, and which in its higher instances is an instinct taught by affection for the person towards whom it is displayed, than that which is afforded by observation of the manner, time, and subject of a joke at the expense of another. There are few more unpleasant reflections for a person who possesses this tact, and yet occasionally, out of heedlessness, or high spirits, or some temporary disturbance of mental equilibrium which results in the appearance of high spirits, sins against it, than the discovery afterwards that he has so sinned; a discovery which the offender is quite sure to make sooner or later, though shame may quite as often induce him to conceal that he has made it, as to apologize for his offence. But to resume. Lady Emily answered me sharply, for I had made her feel uncomfortable, and she was therefore in no wise disposed to break bad news tenderly to me.] "I wish," said she, "that the success of the evening depended only on *my* being perfect in *my* part. Mr. Scott has sent an apology—his uncle is dying somewhere in the north and he has been summoned away by an express!"

I started up from beneath the orderly fingers of my waiting-woman, utterly aghast. Mr. Scott was Hildebrand!

(1) Continued from vol. viii., page 233.

"What can be done?" I exclaimed; "for Heaven's sake suggest something!"

Lady Emily was good-natured in the main; besides which, she looked remarkably well in pink satin and pearls, and wanted to show herself.

"I can only think of one chance," she said. "If Mr. Tyrrell could be induced to take the part, he has the play, for I lent him my copy three weeks ago; and I know he has studied it, for he was talking of getting it up next week, at his uncle's, the Duke of F——; and he is a capital actor."

I was too much excited to notice my friend's breach of confidence in thus lending my manuscript without my knowledge or consent, though at another time I should have indignantly resented it. "Mr. Tyrrell!" I repeated, "that tall bandit-looking man with moustaches, who came yesterday with Mrs. Wilbraham? I scarcely know him, but he would *look* the part to perfection."

"And play it too," responded Lady Emily; "he is my second cousin, and I know him intimately."

"What sort of person is he?" asked I, musingly.

"Very clever," she replied; "the sort of person who can do whatever he likes, and who never does what he dislikes. The only question is whether one could induce him to undertake it."

"Oh! go, dear Lady Emily!" I cried, "persuade, coax, supplicate, force him to consent. He never can be so barbarous as to refuse. Or stay, had you not better send him a little note requesting his instant presence in the library, and you and I will meet him there, and use all our powers to prevail upon him."

Lady Emily thought this the more promising scheme, and having despatched the note, we hurried into the library, and awaited our doom. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr. Tyrrell entered. I see him now as I saw him then, save for the cold sickness at my heart, which bears witness to the time between then and now. How strange to remember one who has become a part of ourselves, whether for good or for evil, as he was when he was a stranger to us! There is an unreality about our contemplation of him, as though we were looking at a phantom, and not at a human being. And it cannot be otherwise. Whatsoever thought once passes through our minds, whatsoever feeling has once touched the surface or searched the depths of our hearts, is irrevocable, indelible, in a sense, eternal. We can no more undo its work, and make ourselves what we were before its coming, for a single moment, or in a single respect, than we can listen to a familiar melody as new, and feel curious for the coming, and surprised at the sound of each successive note, whose pitch and value we know well long before it strikes upon our ears. We can *force* the timid flower (expressive phrase!) till we have compelled it to spread its petals wide, and open its bosom—once blown, there is no power to make it again a soft and shrouded bud. Oh, that we had this power! Oh that we could unlearn our experience! Oh that we could indeed make some few familiar names strange to our ears and to our hearts! Is there one human being who would not, if he could, un-live his past life?

Nothing could be more courteous than the manner in which he consented to oblige us; but it was done indifferently, and as a mere matter of civility. No vigilance of anxious vanity could detect the faintest shadow of personal compliment to myself. I was piqued, and I never exerted myself so much to *conquer* admiration as on that evening, and before its close I had reason to believe that I had succeeded. The breathless attention with which he listened to my singing was sufficiently expressive. In the last scene, where the vision of the hapless Undine returns and weeps her repentant lover to death, I had adapted some plaintive and appropriate words to Schubert's melody "L'addio," and I sang them with all the pathos of which my voice was capable. Many of my audience were moved to tears, and I was convinced that the emotion betrayed by Hildebrand himself was not altogether assumed. When the curtain fell, I sank into a chair overcome by the pleasant exhaustion of excitement and triumph. Most of the dramatis personæ gathered around me, and plied me with compliments as fast as my heart could desire; Mr. Tyrrell stood a little aloof, and said nothing. Whilst I was receiving all this homage, and parrying by repartee such instances of it as seemed a little too strong, my eyes involuntarily sought him; he was looking at me, and I felt myself blush, that I should have been thus detected in watching him. I rose with some impatience. "I believe we shall find supper in the saloon," said I, "and I am ashamed to confess that Undine has so little that is etherial in her nature, that she is longing for cold chicken. Do let us come."

I stood at the door while my guests defiled past me in couples; Mr. Tyrrell, as in duty bound, offering me his arm. As we followed the others, he said; "I am going to take a great liberty, and I must ask you to retain the character of the forgiving Undine a few minutes longer. Will you make me a present of one of those flowers? I am a perfect school-girl in my love of autographs and relics,—and I want a memorial of what I have seen and heard to-night."

I severed a lily from my bouquet very graciously, and gave it to him, saying as I did so, "I think this the prettiest compliment I have yet received."

"I *never* pay compliments," was his grave answer, as he took the flower. "Thank you; you are very kind."

At supper he sat between Lady Emily and myself, and at first talked exclusively to his cousin. Presently, however, he turned and spoke to me in his peculiar quiet manner, half-deferential, half-familiar, which it is impossible to describe. "We are arguing," said he, "won't you help us?"

"I will help one of you," replied I, laughing, "when I know the subject of the argument."

"Lady Emily is one of the National Peace Congress," he answered; "but, inconsistently with the practice of that august body, she is ready to make war on all the rest of the world."

"Oh, if *you* state my case," cried Lady Emily, "you are certain to make me seem in the wrong. It is not fair. I'll tell you what we were discussing, Madeline,—this terrible duel; and Mr. Tyrrell defends it."

The "terrible duel" was an event just then occupying the attention of the whole fashionable world. Two young officers, nearly connected, and up to the time of their fatal difference strongly attached, had fought on some quarrel, which, beginning in a merely political question, had grown personal in the violence of the argument. One fell, and the other was scarcely restrained from committing suicide in the first agony of his fruitless remorse. That which rendered the case peculiarly distressing was the fact that the survivor had originally refused the challenge, and only been goaded into acceptance of it by taunts reflecting upon his courage. He was the more to be pitied, that, being of a highly nervous temperament physically, and never having been in action, nor had any opportunity of proving his mind to be stronger than his body, he must have felt himself peculiarly obnoxious to such suspicions, and unable, except by a very high mental effort, to despise them.

"Is it possible," asked I, addressing Mr. Tyrrell, "that you defend duelling on principle? I thought trial by combat had been abolished with other middle-age absurdities, and that nobody ever *argued* in favour of it, though, like many other things, plenty of people might be found who *practise* it."

"No," he replied; "I do not argue in favour of it. I only say, that, in Captain Methven's case, I should have done as he did."

"Then you deliberately profess," observed I, "that you would do that which you cannot defend? At any rate, you are very honest."

He smiled. "I should consider the act wrong, absurd, useless, and—unavoidable," said he. "There is no extremity, surely, to which a man may not be driven in order to preserve his name from a stain impossible to cleanse. If Methven had had any previous opportunity of proving his courage, I should have thought him altogether unpardonable. As it is, I don't see what else he could do."

The standard by which a woman, even if irreligious, tries thoughts and actions, is generally higher and purer than that of a man practically not inferior to herself; for two reasons:—first, because she is brought much less in contact with the Actual, and therefore has not the same temptations to lower it; secondly, because, for the most part, she is less open-eyed to inconsistencies of all kinds, and therefore feels not the absolute need of making rule and practice, in some measure, accordant with each other. She is consequently prone to a state of mind which may be called the very reverse of masculine; she neither accommodates her rule to the reality, nor subdues the reality to her rule, but she unconsciously keeps them distinct, so that the one is pure, the other full of defects, and yet she is not distressed by the discrepancy. In many cases she perhaps fails to discover it. Thus, I was shocked by Mr. Tyrrell's proclamation of his own deliberate inconsistency; had he, on the contrary, expressed his determination never to fight a duel, and afterwards fought one, I should probably have forgiven him very easily. It is not for this, however, that I record the conversation. How often have the words since recurred to my memory! Why did I not sooner comprehend the constraining principle of all his actions,—the determination to do, not whatever was right, or wise, or even politic, but simply, whatever would preserve his honour from the merest possibility of a slur, either in his own eyes, or in the eyes of others. Strict, delicate, sensitive,—nay, in a sense, if it be not profanation to use the word, *spiritual* was this honour of his. He was himself his own severest judge. Let it appear that he had in any way committed himself,—no matter how inadvertently,—and no sacrifice appeared to him too mighty to redeem the pledge. But I was blind!

To return to that memorable evening. I was too much occupied with my triumphs and my admirers to notice the unusual demeanour of my father, though I have since been told that it was noticed by every body else. He was in unusually high spirits at first, with some appearance of excitement, and he drank five or six glasses of wine in succession,—a very uncommon practice for him, as he was a man not only of temperate but of abstemious habits. As the supper proceeded, he became apparently very tired, and unable to fulfil the ordinary conversational duties of a host. During the last half-hour, he seemed in a state of absolute exhaustion, exerting himself to answer such remarks as were addressed to him with a smile of forced courtesy, but with a degree of effort so manifest, that it was painful to witness it. He roused himself again to pay the parting compliments to his guests, and stood bowing and making adieux, as each party took their leave, with a mechanical sort of regularity, and wandering eyes, which seemed to betoken that his thoughts were very far off. When the last was gone, he stood still a moment, pressing his hands upon his eyes, and then rapidly approached the sofa on which I was half-reclining, contemplating with languid satisfaction the becoming effect of my white draperies and lily coronet as displayed by a large mirror on the opposite side of the room.

"Well, papa," said I, lifting my eyes to his as he drew near, "have you no compliments to pay me?"

He looked at me fixedly in silence, and with an expression of gloom so profound, that I involuntarily started upright, and asked, "What is the matter?"—not, I confess, with any very grievous flutterings of heart, for one who loves nothing cannot possibly have many subjects of fear.

He replied with his wonted cold brevity of manner, which acquired repulsive harshness under the circumstances, "Madeline, you are a woman now, and a sensible one. I owe you my confidence. I am ruined."

I sprang up, and caught him by the arm, looking wildly and eagerly into his face, almost expecting to discover symptoms of insanity. He met the look

without flinching, and simply reiterated the words, "I am ruined." Then releasing himself from my grasp, and sitting down on the sofa, he made me sit beside him, and proceeded, with the same immovable conciseness, to explain the details of the case. These are unimportant, neither am I sufficiently conversant with business to record them accurately. The result is enough. It was ruin, dire, total, imminent! My mind could scarcely stretch to the comprehension of it. My father went on to say, that there was one chance of escape which it was impossible to render intelligible to me by reason of the technicalities which it involved. One thing was necessary, however,—namely, secrecy; and this he took immense pains to make me comprehend. The secret must be kept for six months, and we must live as usual, incur our ordinary expenses, and take care to let no one suspect on how frail a tenure our prosperity—nay, our very means of existence, was hanging. At this point, my father came in contact with almost the only *very* strong feeling of right which existed in my mind—love of truth. I had a sovereign contempt for every species of deception, whether acted or expressed; it was not only impossible to me, but loathsome. I answered on the impulse of the moment, "Papa, you must send me away. I *cannot* help you in this."

He half smiled; and I have since felt quite sure that he wished and intended to make me say this; indeed it was evident at the moment that his plans had been arranged with a view to such a determination on my part. He immediately proposed to me to go and stay with some relations of ours who ever since I grew up had been imploring a visit from me without success. The family consisted of an elderly bachelor brother, and two maiden sisters, likewise of sober maturity. Their name was Barron, and they resided in a large formal old-fashioned country mansion, in dignified seclusion or prim periodical society, which it gave me the head-ache only to think of. Mr. Barron was my godfather, and he was likewise possessed of immense wealth; so that I suppose my father thought it no bad speculation to endeavour to secure his affections for me, just now, when other prospects seemed so lamentably failing. There was no help for it, and I reluctantly acquiesced. I felt half stunned, sure that some great misfortune had befallen me, yet by no means alive to its full extent; for I was in fact too ignorant of reality to conceive it. I had not, as yet, an idea of how much of my enjoyment of life was derived solely from the possession of wealth. I fancied that I should command as much admiration as I had hitherto commanded, with the additional satisfaction of feeling sure that I owed it to my personal claims only; and as I had never known what it was to want luxury and attendance, so I could not imagine the pain and discomfort of the deprivation—it never came across my thoughts. A vague pretty vision of a cottage, such as stands often on the left-hand side of the stage and is dwelt in by the heroines of melo-dramas, and of myself moving about in it, looking more handsome than ever in my simple attire, and gracefully busied in what I called to myself "household toils" without ever for one moment defining what such household toils might be, flitted not unpleasantly across my mind, and was my only embodiment of the idea of "utter ruin." In the mean while, my maid packed up for me a wardrobe that might have suited a duchess, and, after receiving from my father a kiss which had less of coldness than any which I ever remembered to have received before, I took my place in the train, and started for ——.

I arrived at my destination about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was handed from the carriage by my godfather, whom I had not seen since I was a child. He was a somewhat stiff and heavy looking personage, some forty years old, whose hearty welcome was the most chilling that can be conceived. He took hold of my hand,—for he did not shake it,—said abruptly, and as if the words were produced by machinery, "I am glad to see you at Stanbury House," and then, giving me his arm, conducted me into the hall in silence. His sisters were not at home, but would return to dinner; and he suggested that I should take a stroll in the grounds with him to wile away the time. Glad to do *any*thing, I readily acquiesced, and we sauntered forth together. We walked for half an hour, and only one observation did he make in the whole course of the walk, except those that I wrenched from him by desperate questioning. This one was elicited by my stopping to admire a fine aspen-tree. "I don't know whether you have noticed it," said Mr. Barron, "but the branches of this aspen have rather an elm-like form of growth, and, in the sweep before the house, on the left-hand side, there is an elm which grows exactly in the form of an aspen." "How very singular!" responded I, though I neither discerned the one fact nor believed the other.

There was no improvement when the sisters came in. They were hard-featured, angular women, with harsh dull voices, and manners that were stiff, but scarcely polished enough to be called formal. They never spoke except in case of absolute necessity, and then said as little as they could. As for small talk, only a frantic person could have thought of such a thing in their presence. Occasionally each contradicted the other, and sometimes both at once briefly contradicted Mr. Barron; and these were the liveliest moments of the day. They never argued,—they could not have said consecutive words enough for an argument; they might rather be said to deal in fragmentary and detached cavils. When we came into the drawing-room after dinner, they both sat down bolt upright upon the sofa and steadily stared at me. I found I could not bear it, and many and furious were the efforts which I made at conversation. Whatever I said Miss Barron doubted, and Miss Eliza Barron immediately differed from her sister, and did not agree with me. One specimen I may give: *I* (hopelessly), "I have had a lovely day for my journey."

Miss Barron (sternly). "Do you call it *lovely?* I found it very chilly." *Miss Eliza Barron* (very quickly). "Oh! no, not *chilly*, Priscilla; the thermometer was above temperate. But certainly it could scarcely

be called a *lovely* day; for there were two showers, and the clouds were very thick in the west."

Miss Barron (gloomily). "I don't think there were *two* showers."

Miss Eliza (resolutely). "I counted them."

Miss Barron (inexorably). "So did I."

(A long silence.)

"What a venerable-looking old house this is! I quite admire it. I do love everything that is old-fashioned and quaint; these couches, now, and those tall, narrow mirrors are quite pleasant to my eyes; only one fancies everybody ought to wear hoops and powder here."

Miss Barron.—"The house may *look* venerable, but it isn't a hundred years old; and we furnished the drawing-room last summer."

Miss Eliza.—"Last *spring*, Priscilla. Yes, certainly, I shouldn't have supposed anybody would have admired this furniture for its antiquity."

Miss Barron.—"*I* call June summer."

Miss Eliza.—"So do *I*; but this room was furnished in May."

Another long silence. I gave it up, and determined to wait patiently for one of my hostesses to speak. I *did* wait a full quarter of an hour, during which both the sisters continued to sit bolt upright and stare at me. At the expiration of this period Miss Eliza volunteered an observation.

"Did you notice a very curious thing in the grounds?" said she. "we have an elm-tree which grows just like an aspen, and an aspen which is shaped exactly like an elm."

Miss Barron remarked that the aspen was certainly very like an elm, but she never could see that the elm had the smallest resemblance to an aspen. Miss Eliza said that was particularly strange. She would not have been surprised if her sister had not seen the likeness in the *aspen*; but the *elm* was really so extraordinarily like, that she could *not* understand how anybody could fail to perceive it. Here the conversation dropped, and scarcely anything more was said, till we exchanged our frigid "Good-nights," and departed to rest.

I believe these were both very good women; they were strongly attached to each other, and intended to be very kind to me. They were charitable to the poor, and regular in the performance of their religious duties. They would have nursed each other in illness with devotion, though assuredly not with tenderness, and I do believe that if either had died, the survivor would have found it possible to look graver and say less than before. But, to *live* with them! I would rather live with three students of the French horn, and a singing master!

My delight may be imagined, when, after a fortnight's endurance of this slow starvation, just as I was feeling that every spark of life, energy, and warmth was altogether extinguished within me, they gave a dinner-party, and among the first detachment of guests who entered, I recognised Mr. Tyrrell.

Reviews.

A PEEP INTO MACAULEY'S HISTORY.[1]

The Parson—The Squire—State of London Streets and Country Roads.

Winstanley Hall, March 1849.

My dear Louisa,—You tell me that in spite of your book-club and a circulating library eight miles off, no volume of Macauley's History has yet reached your secluded parsonage, and that the passages selected from it by the *Times*, have only made you more anxious to obtain at least a larger foretaste of a pleasure to which half the readers in our land are still looking forward with eagerness. I have been studying this most amusing work in a place to which it seemed peculiarly suited—a country house in the heart of England, belonging to a true old English family. My venerable host is so much engaged during the greatest part of the day with the multifarious business that falls in a retired district upon a country magistrate and a large landed proprietor, that I am left a good deal to my own resources; and very delightful ones I find, both within doors and without. The library was partly collected by the Mrs. Winstanley, who built the house in the early part of the reign of William and Mary; their full-length portraits adorn the entrance hall, one at each end, in court costume, over the high carved mantel-pieces, beneath which are blazing such good wood fires now; and I can trace the staunch Protestant spirit which established their throne, in the volumes which were then considered essential to an orthodox library; but in addition to these, there are rare and fine editions of the writers of Greece and Rome, our own elder poets, and a great number of Spanish, French, and Italian works of biography, poetry, and romance. The house itself is in the Grecian style of architecture, and ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, alto-relievos, and niches containing statues, of which the chiselling is as sharp as it could have been twenty years after the hard grey stone was first dug from the neighbouring quarry; the taste of the French court, however, still reigns within, in the delicately carved architraves, the painted panels, and the inlaid floors of all the principal apartments. Here is no imitation of the style of Louis Quatorze; but in these veritable cabinets lay those very fans redolent with Indian odours, which the ladies of the family (whose eyes gaze so quietly upon me while I write) used to carry when their trains swept these broad oak staircases, or were carefully drawn through their pocket-holes as they gathered those roses and carnations for their breast-knots in yonder trim parterre. They must have been a stiff-backed generation, for not a single comfortable lounging chair had they; very tall and very slender were the legs of every article of furniture pertaining to them, from the beds hung with needlework or costlier chintz, and lined with silk, to the narrow settees in the windows, and the card tables,

(1) This paper, although not strictly a review, appears to the Editor no less suited for insertion in this place.

beneath which huge Chinese jars still exhale whole summers of perfume. You may easily imagine that having from my childhood known these pictures rather as those of friends than of people long dead, I have been in the habit of conjuring up their living forms in the rooms they used to sit in, at the table over which they presided, and under the stately trees which are now bending under the weight of years, but which were saplings in their youth. There are gentlemen of the long robe, with flowing wigs and an abundance of cambric, and rolls of papers in their hands; squires in embroidered brown and puce-coloured coats; a duke who styled them "beloved cousins," in a white one, with a star upon his breast; and many family friends looking remarkably like themselves; but not a single clergyman. The elder sons had studied the law, the younger ones were in the army and navy, or had sought to improve their fortunes in foreign lands; and yet the fine old church, paved even in those days with the tomb-stones of their race, might well, I thought, have attracted some one or other from the busier walks of life, to serve God at its altar. As this provision for younger sons had never been thought of at Winstanley Hall, I read with curiosity the following account of the rural clergy of the seventeenth century, and wondered no more:—

"The place of the clergyman in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Before that event, ecclesiastics had formed the majority of the House of Lords, had in wealth and splendour equalled and sometimes outshone the greatest of the temporal barons, and had generally held the highest civil offices ....

"Men who were averse to the life of camps, and who were at the same time desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure. Among them were sons of all the most illustrious families, and near kinsmen of the throne, Scroops and Nevilles, Bourchiers, Staffords, and Poles. To the religious houses belonged the rents of immense domains, and all that large portion of the tithe which is now in the hands of laymen. Down to the middle of the reign of Heny VIII., therefore, no line of life bore so inviting an aspect to ambitious and covetous natures as the priesthood .... Once the circumstance that a man could read raised a presumption that he was in orders; but in an age which produced such laymen as William Cecil and Nicholas Bacon, Roger Ascham and Thomas Smith, Walter Mildmay and Francis Walsingham, there was no reason for calling away prelates from their dioceses to negotiate treaties, to superintend the finances, or to administer justice. The spiritual character not only ceased to be a qualification for high civil office, but began to be regarded as a disqualification. Those worldly motives which had formerly induced so many able, aspiring, and high-born youths to assume the ecclesiastical habit, ceased to exist. Not one parish in two hundred then afforded what a man of family considered as a maintenance ....

"Assuredly there was no lack in the English Church of ministers distinguished by abilities and learning. But it is to be observed that these ministers were not scattered among the rural population. They were brought together at a few places where the means of acquiring knowledge were abundant, and where the opportunities of vigorous intellectual exercise were frequent.... It was chiefly by the London clergy, who were always spoken of as a class apart, that the fame of their profession for learning and eloquence was upheld."

Yet we are told that—

"During the century which followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders. At the close of the reign of Charles II. two sons of peers were bishops; four or five sons of peers were priests, and held valuable preferment; but these rare exceptions did not take away the reproach which lay on the body. The clergy were regarded on the whole as a plebeian class."

After describing the character (with which you are perhaps already familiar) of the resident chaplain in the squire's house, in which "he might not only perform his own professional functions; might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners; might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovel-board; but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom,"—Macaulay goes on with a picture of the incumbents of rural livings, which, though less degrading to the character of a clergyman, is little more inviting than the last. Both reminded me of one of my favourite books, "Herbert's Country Parson." He exhorts the chaplains—

"Not to think themselves so free as many of them do, and because they have different names think their office different. Doubtless (says he) they are parsons of the families they live in, and are entertained to that end either by open or implicit covenant. Before they are in orders they may be received as companions or discoursers, but after a man is once minister, he cannot agree to come into any house where he shall not exercise what he is, unless he forsake his plough and look back. Wherefore they are not to be over-submissive and base, but to keep up with the lord and lady of the house, and to preserve a boldness with them even to their very face when occasion calls; but seasonably and discreetly. They who do not thus, while they remember their earthly lord, do much forget their heavenly; they wrong the priesthood, neglect their duty, and shall be so far from that which they seek with their over submissiveness and cringings, that they shall ever be despised."

In his beautiful chapter, "The Parson in his House," Herbert certainly does not contemplate the following state of things:—

"As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly; holes appeared more and more frequently in the thatch of his parsonage and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his ink-stand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry; his boys followed the plough, and his girls went out to service."

Herbert would thus order the household of a country priest:—

"His children he first makes Christians and then Commonwealth's men; the one he owes to his heavenly country the other to his earthly; having no title to either except he do good to both .... Yet in binding them prentices (in case he think fit to do so) he takes care not to put them into vain trades, unbefitting the reverence of their father's calling, such as are taverns for men, and lace-making for women; because those trades for the most part serve but the vices and vanities of the world, which he is to deny and not augment."

It may be observed, that George Herbert, who was of the family of the Earls of Pembroke, and brother

to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was much dissuaded by his friends from entering the priesthood. "He did, at his return to London," says Isaac Walton, "acquaint a court friend with his resolution to enter into orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, 'It hath formerly been judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God who gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian.'"

I fear there were no Herberts amongst the Winstanleys; but, doubtless, there were men who, like the saintly Herbert of Bemerton, felt the reproach cast upon their order, and bore it bravely in their own persons for their Master's sake. What were the families of those lords of the soil in which they were so treated? I read the passage I have extracted for you, and then looked up to the portrait of the Mistress Winstanley in whose time the house was built. She was the daughter of a gentleman whose name Macauley mentions with honour; and as I glanced from her calm, thoughtful brow, and clear grey eyes, to the prayer-book in her taper hand, and thought of the taste which had erected the house, laid out the gardens, and formed the library, I could not in conscience but believe, that the character of the esquire and his lady, though true of the many, was untrue of a certain class which yet did not rank with the nobles of the land—that of the more considerable proprietors, to which the Winstanleys belonged. He tells us that—

"As to the lady of the manor and her daughters, their literary stores generally consisted of a prayer-book and a receipt-book. But in truth they lost little by living in rural seclusion; for even in the highest ranks, and in those situations which afforded the greatest facilities for mental improvement, the English women of that generation were decidedly worse educated than they have been at any other time since the revival of learning. At an earlier period they had studied the master-pieces of ancient genius. In the present day they seldom study the dead languages, but they are familiar with the tongue of Pascal and Molière, with the tongue of Dante and Tasso, with the tongue of Goëthe and Schiller; nor is there any purer or more graceful English than that which accomplished women now speak and write. But during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature, she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick witted, were unable to write a line in their mother-tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit. The explanation may easily be found. Extravagant licentiousness, the natural effect of extravagant austerity, was now the mode, and licentiousness had produced its ordinary effect,—the moral and intellectual degradation of women. . . . . Of the too celebrated women whose faces we still admire on the walls of Hampton Court, few indeed were in the habit of reading anything better than acrostics, lampoons, and translations of the Clelia and the Grand Cyrus."

Was it, then, that the countenance of the Mistress Winstanley, whose picture I have mentioned, owed its dignified sweetness to religion rather than to literature? I am inclined to think that the higher influence was also the strongest, and made the other profitable and pure; but that such books as we, in our own fastidious day, find delightful, were within her reach, is quite clear, from the experience I have had of the treasures contained in those worm-eaten oaken bookcases which line the long gallery at the top of the house, still called the old library.

I have now given you Macauley's idea of a lady in the reign of James II.: and I will pass to his picture of the rural aristocracy, which, although it sadly jars with my notions of the dignity of my ancestors, certainly does appear terribly correct and graphic.

"It was very seldom that the country gentleman caught glimpses of the great world; and what he saw of it tended rather to confuse than to enlighten his understanding. His opinions respecting religion, government, foreign countries, and former times, having been derived, not from study, from observation, or from conversation with enlightened companions, but from such traditions as were current in his own small circle, were the opinions of a child. He adhered to them, however, with the obstinacy which is generally found in ignorant men accustomed to be fed with flattery. His animosities were bitter and numerous. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughters were in tastes and acquirements below a house-keeper or a still-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty. From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was, and unpolished, he was still, in some most important points, a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were unfortunate enough to be great-grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and, as such, administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude, patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders, and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the trainbands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes, and in the eyes of his neighbours. Nor indeed was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles I. after the battle of Edge-hill; another still wore a patch over the scar he had received at Naseby; a third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters

of militia an earnest and warlike aspect, which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country-gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the parliament, had from childhood been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had in large measure both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high place, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners, to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent, of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of precedence and genealogy, and ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honour of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles I. and which long supported with strange fidelity the interests of his descendants."

The chief cause which led to the long continuance of the peculiarities of each separate element of English society may be found in the difficulties of travelling, or even moving a short distance from the family mansion. London itself, one would think, must have been a far less agreeable residence from whence to look abroad, than several of the provincial towns.

"We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then bore the same aspect as at present. The great majorityof the houses indeed,have since that time been wholly or in great part rebuilt. If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden, a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham. The centre of Lincoln's-inn-fields was an open space, where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. When the evening closed in, till the last year of the reign of Charles II., the streets were left in profound darkness: then an ingenious projector, named Edward Fleming, obtained letters patent conveying to him for a term of years the exclusive right of lighting up London. He undertook for a moderate consideration to place a light before every tenth door on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, and from six to twelve of the clock. Those who now see the capital all the year round from dusk to dawn blazing with a splendour compared with which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of having lanterns which glimmered feebly before one house in ten, during a small part of one night in three."

"It was by the highways that both travellers and goods generally passed from place to place. And those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary, was in danger of losing his way on the great north road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost it between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, travelling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour, they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and on the left; and only a narrow track of firm gronnd rose above the quagmire. At such times, obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighbouring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveller had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of travelling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded in his diary such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean, or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high road, and was conducted across some meadows where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days on account of the state of the roads, and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who where going up in a body to parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state, that in 1685, a viceroy on his road to Ireland was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, from St. Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris, he was forced to walk great part of the way, and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was with great difficulty, and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne on the shoulders of stout Welch peasants to the Menai Straits. . . . .

"Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the Heads of the University, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railroad. The Vice Chancellor, by a notice which was affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the the ancient front of All Souls' College, and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London."

Much has doubtless been gained in every way since

the times which are here described. There is no greater folly than in our days to lament over the loss of what we imagine the greater picturesqueness of those which are gone; but although while reading Macauley's History we are continually struck by his observation that England has become wiser, gentler, and more humane, in proportion to her advancing greatness, we cannot forget that in the fevered strife for intellectual advancement, for wealth, and for improvements in science, we have lost the repose of spirit in which so many noble works of our fathers were carried on to perfection. That is our real loss; every day fresh plans of useful and noble exertion are started, and many are put into practice; few are brought out into full development. Poetic visions flit over the minds of men, and find expression in fugitive verses; there is no time for such works as those of our elder bards. The sands in the hour-glass seem ever running faster and faster as many run to and fro and knowledge is increased; but we are often reminded of the inscription mentioned by Lord Byron on the tombstone of one who sleeps at Rome,—*Implora pace.*

It is one of the chief characteristics of Macauley's delightful book that it substitutes real objects for time-dimmed pictures, which, like "restored portraits," have acquired a false gloss in modern hands, beneath which the original features and expression are in great measure lost. On no era of our history have imagination and party-feeling been more busy in altering the lines of truth than that of the Great Revolution. And now, dear Louisa, this long letter must close,

From your loving friend,

JUDITH DAMER.

A BOOK FOR A CORNER.[1]

SOME persons are gifted with a curious felicity of nature, in virtue of which, they are always in season, and always in place. Sometimes, too, one of these happily constituted mortals takes to literature, and imparts his own character to his books. Such a man, to seek no farther, may be found in Leigh Hunt; and such as he is, so are his books. To meet with him or them, any where or any when, would be pleasant. If we were addicted to metaphysical speculation, we should find this a fit occasion for classing and analysing the spiritual faculties which must co-exist in order to produce such men and such books. But what says Voltaire?—"*Quand celui qui parle ne s'entende plus, et celui qui écoute ne l'entende pas, voilà la métaphysique.*" As we are incapable of *proving* that Voltaire's witticism is a mere witticism, (although we are well aware of the fact, and remind our readers of it lest they be inclined to smile at all metaphysical philosophers, from Thales and Plato, down to Kant and Hegel,) we are willing to take it for what it is worth, and to admit that, in regard to the analysis of such minds as that of the present author, we are—

"Contented to enjoy
The things which others understand."

And although we have no doubt Leigh Hunt would be delightful any where,—in town or country, in a palace or in a hovel, in summer or winter, by night or by day, before dinner or after dinner, yet do we believe the title of the book before us indicates the nature of the best localities for enjoying his society. *A corner* gives the idea of quiet, comfort, and sequestration. An arbour, in the corner of a garden—the corner of an old boat on the beach, or of a new one on a calm lake—the cosy fire-side corner in a small room—the cushioned corner of a projecting mullioned window in a larger one—the shady bank at the edge of the thick green-wood,—these, and all other places that are full of a smiling, not a solemn silence, are suited to the perusal of these two volumes.

They consist of selections in prose and verse from well-known and little known authors, *not* of the highest classes; with comments in the way of explanation and criticism, and an Introduction, by Leigh Hunt. Each extract is valuable for its beauty, or its curiosity; and loses nothing of its intrinsic merit by the manner in which the editor presents it to the reader's notice. The first extract relates to the cradle (Catherine Talbot's Letter to a New-born Child), the last to the grave (Gray's Elegy). A calm enjoyment and a smiling thoughtfulness pervade the serious passages which Leigh Hunt himself has contributed to these volumes,—the lighter, critical portions are graceful, clever, and full of that buoyant sparkling vivacity peculiar to him.

The introduction is just the sort of thing in which all his good qualities of thought and style come forth. No one expects from a vine to gather pumpkins, or from Leigh Hunt *un ouvrage à longue haleine;* but from both we may gather clusters of bloom-covered, small fruit, rich in perfume, and sweet and refreshing in taste. This book hangs together like a bunch of the finest hot-house grapes; but we may contrive to pick out one, here and there, to lay before the reader. Take first his reasons for not inserting in these volumes extracts from the *highest* authors.

"They were suggested by a wish we had long felt to get up a book for our private enjoyment, and of a very particular and unambitious nature. It was to have consisted of favourite passages, not out of the authors we most admired, but those whom we most loved; and it was to have commenced with Shenstone's "Schoolmistress," and ended with Gray's "Elegy." It was to have contained little, indeed, which the volumes do not comprise, though not intended to be half so big, and it was to have proceeded on the same plan of beginning with childhood and ending with the churchyard. We did not intend to omit the greatest authors on account of their being the greatest, but because they move the feelings too strongly. What we desired was not excitement, but a balm. Readers who have led stirring lives have such men as Shakspeare with them always, in their very struggles and sufferings, and in the tragic spectacles of the world. Great crowds and passions are Shakspeare's; and we, for one, (and such we take to be the case with many readers,) are sometimes as willing to retire from their "infinite agitation of wit" as from strife less exalted, and retreat into the

(1) "A Book for a Corner; or, Selections in Prose and Verse." By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. square 12mo. Chapman and Hall.

placider corners of genius more humble. It is out of no disrespect to greatness; neither, we may be allowed to say, is it from any fear of being unable to sustain it; for we have seen perhaps as many appalling faces of things in our time as they have, and we are always ready to confront more if duty demand it. But we do not choose to be always suffering over again in books what we have suffered in the world. We prefer when in a state of repose to renew what we have enjoyed, to possess wholly what we enjoy still, to discern in the least and gentlest things the greatest and sweetest intentions of nature, and to cultivate those soothing, serene, and affectionate feelings, which leave us in peace with all the world and in good hope of the world to come."

Persons of all ages will find much to delight them in these two volumes. The compiler has so large a range of sympathies that all good books in any kind, and some indifferent ones, of a good kind, find favour in his sight. In selecting the extracts for the staple of his work, the compass and variety as well as the refinement of his taste are remarkable. This tends, of course, to increase the number of his readers, who will be a miscellaneous crowd, of young and old, learned and comparatively ignorant, grave and gay, idlers and hard workers. As he says himself:—

"It is intended for all lovers of books, at every time of life, from childhood to old age, particularly such as are fond of the authors it quotes, and who enjoy their perusal most in the quietest places. It is intended for the boy or girl who loves to get with a book into a corner, for the youth who on entering life finds his advantage in having become acquainted with books, for the man in the thick of life to whose spare moments books are refreshments, and for persons in the decline of life, who reflect on what they have experienced, and to whom books and gardens afford their tranquillest pleasure.

"It is a book (not to say it immodestly) intended to lie in old parlour windows, in studies, in cottages, in cabins aboard ship, in country-inns, in country-houses, in summer-houses, in any houses that have wit enough to like it, and are not the mere victims of a table covered with books for show.

"When Shenstone was a child, he used to have a new book brought him from the next country-town whenever any body went to market. If he had gone to bed and was asleep, it was put behind his pillow; and if it had been forgotten, and he was awake, his mother, more kindly than wisely, 'wrapped up a piece of wood of the same form, and pacified him for the night.' This is the sort of child we hope to be a reader of our volumes.

"When Gray and Walpole were at Eton, they partitioned out the fields into territories of which they had read in books, and so ruled over them, and sent ambassadors to one another. These are the sort of school-boys we look to entertain."

The longest Poems inserted in "A Book for a Corner," are Shenstone's "Schoolmistress," Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," Parnell's "Hermit," and Gray's "Elegy." The chief prose writers who contribute to its pages, are De Foe and Robert Pultock, Mrs. Radcliffe, Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Inchbald, Marco Polo and Cook, Le Sage, Thomas Amory, Steele, Addison and Goldsmith, Mrs. Barbauld, Gray, Sir William Temple and Mackenzie. To all persons well acquainted with the nature of Leigh Hunt's mind, it will be needless to say that to him it must have been a labour, or rather a pastime of love, to make a collection of gems from such writers. His criticisms are necessarily gentle and loving, as the only reasons for which he makes this or that extract are, that he loves or admires it, and wishes that his readers should do so too. His preliminary observations to a passage from Richardson ("Advantages of cultivating a Taste for Pictures") are full of truth and fine taste.

"His writings have, perhaps, created more enthusiasm for pictures than those of any other man in England. He is not an accomplished writer, like Sir Joshua; nor has he the depth of Hazlitt; much less any of the transcendental insights of the promising critical genius who has lately made his appearance among us under the title of the 'Oxford Graduate.' His style is colloquial, to a degree of slovenliness; and, with the tendencies natural perhaps to his art in a professional point of view, he is too much inclined to confound prosperity with success. But he would interest us less if he did not pour forth all he thought. Candour, honesty, goodness, vivacity, and a considerable amount of taste and knowledge, constitute the charms of his writing. Sir Joshua respected him; Pope, who dabbled in painting himself, was attached to him; Hazlitt quoted him with delight.

"The following remarks are on a subject which is yet far too little appreciated, but which is destined, we suspect, to play a great and delightful part in the universal world of civilization. 'Knowledge is power;' but it is not only power to command (which is the sense in which the axiom is generally taken), it is also power to enjoy. Everybody who knows anything of anything, knows how much that knowledge adds to the sum of his ordinary satisfaction; what strength it gives him, what *ennui* and vacuity it saves him. The smallest botanist or geologist knows it by the wayside: the least meteorologist, as he gazes at a rack of clouds. Pictures make themselves known at once more or less; yet nobody who has not thought on the subject as Richardson here teaches to think, has any conception how much is to be got out of a good picture, the more he knows of the art and of Nature. He learns to know everything which the painter intends; everything which he intimates; and thus to discover volumes of meaning and entertainment, where others see little but a coloured page. And the more we know of pictures, the more we come to value engravings, and to know what companions they may be made; what little treasures of art we may possess even in those faint representations, compared with the nothing to be got out of the finest paintings by the eyes of ignorance."

Of Thomas Amory and his writings little is known by general readers; and, perhaps, those who know nothing of him at all, will be glad to hear from Leigh Hunt what his principal work is like.

"'The Life of John Buncle, Esq.; containing various Observations and Reflections made in several Parts of the World, and many Extraordinary Relations,' is a book unlike any other in the language, perhaps in the world. John's life is not a classic: it contains no passage which is a general favourite: no extract could be made from it of any length, to which readers of good taste could not find objections. Yet there is so curious an interest in all its absurdities; its jumble of the gayest and gravest considerations is so founded in the actual state of things; it draws now and then such excellent portraits from life; and, above all, its animal spirits are at once so excessive and so real, that we defy the best readers not to be entertained with it, and having had one or two specimens, not to desire more.

"John Buncle is evidently Amory himself. This is apparent from the bits of real autobiography which are mixed with the fictitious, and which constitute one of the strange jumbles of his book. Hazlitt has called him the 'English Rabelais;' and in point of animal spirits, love of good cheer, and something of a mixture of

scholarship, theology, and profane reading, it may be held to deserve the title; but he has no claim to the Frenchman's greatness of genius, freedom from bigotry, and profoundness of wit and humour. He might have done very well for a clerk to Rabelais, and his master would have laughed quite as much at as with him. John is a kind of innocent Henry VIII. 'of private life,' without the other's fat, fury, and solemnity. He is a prodigious hand at matrimony, at divinity, at a song, at a loud 'hem,' and at a turkey and chine. He breaks with the Trinitarians as confidently, and with as much scorn, as Henry did with the Pope; and he marries seven wives, whom he disposes of by the lawful process of fever and small-pox. His book is made up of natural history, mathematics, (literally,) songs, polemics, landscapes, eating and drinking, and characters of singular men, all bound together by his introductions to, and marriages with, these seven successive ladies, every one of whom is a charmer, a Unitarian, and cut off in the flower of her youth. Buncle does not know how to endure her loss; he shuts his eyes 'for three days;' is stupified; is in despair; till suddenly he recollects that Heaven does not like such conduct; that it is a mourner's business to bow to its decrees; to be devout; to be philosophic; in short, to be jolly, and look out for another dear, bewitching partner, 'on Christian principles.' This is literally a fair account of the book."

The extracts are, of course, free from any of the objections to which John Buncle, in general, is, we presume, liable. They are odd and eccentric enough, but are in a high degree amusing. The account of his wives is astonishing. They are seven prodigies; but the most prodigious perhaps is "the beauty, Miss Spence," whom he dances with at Harrowgate, and who, to use his own words, "had the head of an Aristotle, the heart of a primitive Christian, and the form of a Venus de Medicis."—"She is a very learned as well as a very charming young lady. She quotes Virgil, discourses with her lover on Fluxions and the Differential Calculus, and is not to be won quite so fast as he wishes." Amory himself lived in excellent health and spirits to the age of ninety-seven, having out-lived all his impossible wives.

Concerning De Foe and his writings, Leigh Hunt gives us three pages of delightful criticism as an introduction to some quotations from Robinson Crusoe, (*der Einsiger!*) the last part of which we will set down here, partly for its intrinsic excellence, and partly to contrast it with some observations upon Pultock's "Peter Wilkins."

"It is a mistake to suppose De Foe a lover of truth in any other sense than that of a workman's love for his tools, or for any other purpose than that of a masterly use of it, and a consciousness of the mastery. We do not mean to dispute his veracity between man and man, though his peculiar genius may not have been without its recommendation of him to that secret government agency in which he was at one time employed under his hero, William III. But the singularly material and mechanical nature of that genius, great as it was, while it hindered him from missing no impressions which could be made personally on himself as a creature of flesh and blood, kept him unembarrassed with any of the more perplexing truths suggested by too much thought and by imaginations poetical; and hence it is that defect itself conspired to perfect and keep clear his astonishing impress of matter of fact, and render him an object of admiration, but not of an exalted kind. De Foe was in one respect as vulgar a man as can well be conceived; nobody but Swift could have surpassed him in such a work as 'Robinson;' yet we cannot conceal from ourselves that something vulgar adheres to our idea of 'Moll Flanders,' the 'Complete English Tradesman,' and even of 'Robinson' himself. He has no music, no thorough style, no accomplishments, no love; but he can make wonderful shift without them all; was great in the company of his man Friday; and he has rendered his shipwrecked solitary immortal."

We presume that every person who reads at all, beyond a primer, has read "Robinson Crusoe," and has a better recollection of that book than of almost any other earthly one. We fear that "Peter Wilkins" has not attracted the attention which it merits; but of this we are certain, that no little boy or girl who is fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Peter and his charming, lovely, flying wife, Youwarkee, ever forgets them or ceases to recal their life with pleasure. Leigh Hunt is, we are glad to see, an admirer of this graceful ideal imitation of that masterpiece of imaginary matter of fact, "Robinson Crusoe." He says:—

"'Peter Wilkins' is no common production in any respect, though it is far inferior to 'Crusoe' in contrivance and detail, and falls off, like all these imaginary works, in the latter part, where they begin laying down the law in politics and religion. It has been well observed, too, that the author has not made his flying people, in general, light and airy enough, or of sufficiently unvulgar materials, either in body or mind, to warrant the ethereal advantages of their wings. And it may be said, on the other hand, that the kind of wing, the *graundee*, or elastic natural drapery, which opens and shuts at pleasure, however ingeniously and even beautifully contrived, would necessitate a creature whose modifications of humanity, bodily and mental, though never so good after their kind, might have startled the creator had he been more of a naturalist; might have developed a being very different from the feminine, sympathizing, and lovely Youwarkee. Muscles and nerves, not human, must have been associated with unhuman wants and feelings; probably have necessitated talons and a beak! At best, the woman would have been wilder, more elvish, capricious, and unaccountable. She would have ruffled her whalebones when angry; been horribly intimate perhaps with birds' nests, and fights with eagles; and frightened Wilkins out of his wits with dashing betwixt rocks and pulling the noses of seals and gulls. So far the book is wanting in verisimilitude and imagination.

"But then, how willing we are to gain the fair-winged creature at the expense of zoonomy! and, after all, how founded in nature itself is the human desire to fly! We do so in dreams; we all long for the power when children; we think of it in poetry and sorrow. 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest.' Wilkins fled away into a beautiful twilight country, far from his unresting self and vulgar daylight, and not being able to give himself wings, he invented a wife that had them instead. Now, a sweeter creature is not to be found in books, and she does him immortal honour. She is all tenderness and vivacity, and inborn good taste, and blessed companionship. Her pleasure consists but in his; she prevents all his wishes; has neither prudery nor immodesty; sheds not a tear but from right feeling; is the good of his home and the grace of his fancy."

Let no child be without a copy of "Peter Wilkins," in some form or other. We remember one got up expressly for children;—a little square volume, with wood-cuts. But in those days we took no note of editor's or publisher's names, and cared only for *the*

story, so we can give no farther information concerning it; but it is probably not out of print.

These two volumes are illustrated with eighty wood engravings, from designs from F. W. Hulme and J. Franklin. The engravers are W. R. Sedgfield and T. Bolton. The designs are full of taste, and are for the most part animated by the same spirit as the text which they illustrate; and they are engraved with great delicacy and clearness. Altogether, the eighty wood-cuts are a valuable addition, in all senses of the term, to these elegant little volumes, which promise to become great favourites with the reading world. The reading world is a world that Leigh Hunt is thoroughly conversant with. The home of a great reader who is also a man of taste and fortune he has delighted to sketch thus:—

"The house to be desiderated by the lover of books in ordinary, is a warm, cosy, picturesque, irregular house, either old, but not fragile, or new, but built upon some good old principle; a house possessing, nevertheless, modern comforts; neither big enough to require riches, nor small enough to cause inconvenience; more open to the sun than otherwise, yet with trees about it and the sight of more; a prospect on one of the sides to give it a sense of freedom, but a closer scene in front to ensure a sense of snugness; a garden neither wild nor formal, or rather two gardens, if possible, though not of expensive size,--one to remind him of the times of his ancestors, a 'trim garden,' with pattern beds of flowers, lavender, &c. and a terrace; the other of a freer sort, with a shrubbery, and turf and trees; a bowling-green by all means; (what sane person would be without a bowling-green?) a rookery; a dovecote; a brook; a paddock; a heath for air; hill and dale for variety; walks in a forest; trunks of trees for seats; towers 'embosomed' in their companions; pastures, cottages; a town not far off; an abbey close by; mountains in the distance; a glimpse of sails in a river, but not large sails; a combination, in short, of all which is the most—but hold, one twentieth part of this will suffice, if the air be good, and the neighbours congenial."

One twentieth part, indeed! such a book (is it not evident to you, good reader, even from this poor exposition of its contents?) creates its own house, garden, and surrounding scenery. It fans us with all the airs of heaven, in goodly gardens; or shuts us out at once from the noise of "the rabble rout" in the midst of the noisiest street in dingy unpropitious London. It walls us round with silence and "sweetest content." It requires no preparation of mind for its enjoyment; and it is just the sort of book that will help to soothe the pains and weariness of the body in sickness. If there is any printed commodity that would suit the mind of man disturbed by a fit of the tooth-ache, it is assuredly "A Book for a Corner." The force of commendation can no further go.

EXPEDITION TO DISCOVER THE SOURCES OF THE WHITE NILE.[1]

That still insatiable thirst to penetrate the mysterious and the hidden, so characteristic of the human mind, can alone account for the world's innumerable expeditions to discover the sources of rivers. Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, ancient and modern, from the first Ptolemy to the last Mohammed Ali—from Herodotus to the last of the Greek republics—from Rome's foundation to the imperial Cæsars—alike vied with each other in emulation to win the palm of discovery destined for the brows of a Columbus or a Vasco de Gama, and of more recent explorers, a Bruce, a Mungo Park, a Burckhardt, or a Ferdinand Werne; for, bold as it may seem, we fearlessly number the last among the most intelligent and intrepid of European travellers. Imbued with the true Saxon spirit of enterprise, the energy and the undaunted courage which render men always great, if not successful, in whatsoever sphere of action their lot may be cast, he addressed himself to his task with the cheerful fortitude of some forlorn hope volunteer, or some willing martyr. That patient and untiring spirit has enabled him to produce a work of very varied and absorbing interest, upon topics which in the hands of ordinary or feebler men would doubtless have proved proportionally "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

(1) "Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile. (1840, 1841.) By Ferdinand Werne. With a Preface by Carl Ritter." Berlin: 1848.

The work has therefore been justly characterised by Professor Ritter as one abounding in rich materials, and of marked originality. It presents us with novel and vivid pictures of tribes and territories never before visited, furnishing a rare and welcome contrast to the too frequently monotonous tone of our literature of travel. The high estimate thus formed of it by one himself an able writer, as shown in his "Sketch of the Nile-source Land," is fully borne out by the entire character, as by the minutest details, of the narrative.

Nor is the author less just than Professor Ritter to the merits of his contemporaries, which appears in his own remarks upon Dr. Girard, and in his strictures upon the unfounded pretensions of M. Antoine Abbadie and his supporters, who profess to have resolved a question which those who proceeded some degrees beyond his boasted "Eureka" have yet left unascertained. But our object being to entertain rather than to controvert, we proceed to give a few of the more striking descriptions of a voyage as full of difficulty as of novelty and incident. It is hardly necessary to premise that round the eastern part of central Africa are to be distinguished three vast mountain chains, of which one extends directly eastward, the second southerly, and the third to the west. The eastern, surrounding the great Tzana lake, contains the sources of the Tucazze and of the Blue Nile, rising from the latter in a still easterly direction to a height of more than 10,000 feet. The southern and south-western, concerning the elevation of which nothing is known, gives form to the Waperscheid, or water partition between the affluxes of the Nile and the region of the westwardly flowing stream; and this is precisely the Mond Gebirg, or Moon-mountain, as it was formerly designated. There is, finally, the north-western, which shows a central point in Jebel Marra, from which some streams take their southerly

course towards the White Nile, but more towards the west and the central point of Africa. Between the eastern and the southern ranges is found a not very considerable, but elevated mountain, which, shaping the western part of Enurea, seems to spread itself as far as the kingdom of Bari, and reaches in Enurea to a height of 7,000 feet. Southerly from this mountain there extends swamp-land, into which flows the Goschop; and if we may be allowed so far to conjecture, there would seem to exist no elevated mountain further south, where beyond the Goschop valley are produced the coffee and the cotton-tree, where a salt-lake, and at last a gold-impregnated region, become visible: phenomena of which the first proceeds from an elevated plain, the last out of a deep flat, consisting of loam and sand, which contain the gold.

The expeditions, indeed, of Mohammed Ali appear to have originated in the Californian appetite to obtain fresh supplies for an exhausted exchequer. In the hope of working the rumoured gold mines in the districts of Kordovan and Fuzogl, he hired some Austrian miners at Trieste, had them conveyed to the new El Dorado in 1836, but was fated to be disappointed. Their German master, Russegger, becoming a true Bey, instead of exploring mines, amused himself with rambling over the surface, writing an amusing book, and then modestly requiring a sum of 30,000 dollars to commence operations. Italian and other adventurers underbid him; but suspecting the good faith of all, the wily viceroy determined to judge for himself. Hence the expedition of 1838, when it was politic for him to abandon the intrigues of state for a season, and to ascertain if there really existed a region whence it was believed the Venetians had drawn those inexhaustible ducats that ruled the money-world, and held the Sublime Porte in awe.

The author states that for some time he had been a hermit in the wilderness about Tura, and was then returning from a hunt among the ruins of Memphis. From the left shore of the Nile[1] he saw the Abu Dagh (Father of the Beard), as Mohammed Ali was styled by a Fellah near him, steaming away towards regions which he himself so ardently longed to see. He had in vain employed his interest to join the party, "his discretion, as being a Christian, not having been highly enough estimated to admit of it." Thus he had the mortification to witness, in company with his brother, at Chartime, in 1839, the sailing of the first flotilla. But the results of that expedition having proved unsatisfactory, the viceroy boldly resolved upon trying another. It was then our author renewed his application, and to his great joy was permitted to form one of the new adventure, though as a free passenger, and at his own expense.

At length, after a thousand vexatious delays, the expedition set sail on the 23d November, 1840. Upon the same day the traveller commenced a journal, which he pursued with exemplary attention, even during hours of extreme exhaustion, up to the date of his return, the 22d April, 1841. The flotilla was composed of four dahabies—vessels with two masts, having cabins one hundred feet long by fifteen in breadth, and each supplied with two cannons. Add three dahabies from Chartime, two kaias to carry goods, and a sandal or light skiff for general use and communication. 250 soldiers, and 120 sailors and Boshmen, completed the expeditionary force, of which Solyman Kaschef, a Circassian, and a Captain Selim, held the respective command. Second to them was Faizulla Effendi, of Constantinople; while the officers were two Kurds, a Russian, an Albanian, and a Persian. Two French engineers, and one a collector, with the traveller, made up the complement of this somewhat fantastic, oddly composed, and as various-tongued as motley-costumed company. What was here lost, however, in point of utility and the object in view, was gained in regard to comic scenes and adventure, affording the author, in addition to his intercourse with the native tribes, excellent opportunities for noting down as they occurred novel incidents and traits of character.

The sailing orders were, for the flotilla to proceed in two lines, but everything like true ship-order, or, indeed, any order, was soon neglected, and then abandoned. Many misgivings for the result of the expedition were felt by our daring voyager, who vainly sought, by repeated appeals to their pride, superstitions, and self-interest, to inspire some respect for discipline; and some degree of spirit and emulation by recounting what he had heard of the activity, energy, and good conduct, of English mariners. Each vessel took up its own sea-room, according to individual caprice; there was little unity of command, and less energy of action: ill omens of success where a combination of purpose may fail to achieve the object. For what was effected, for the saving of some lives, if not for its safety and return, the expedition seems to have been indebted to the vigour of mind, promptitude, and determination, shown by that very Christian passenger of whose "discretion" there were at first entertained such serious misgivings. Could he have imbued leaders and men with the same qualities, or inspired the desire of co-operation into the mixed character, the brutal disposition, and enfeebling superstition of the crews, the experience of his voyage would have been of a still pleasanter, if not more valuable nature. More than once, to protect his own life and the lives of others, he was compelled to take the law into his own hands, setting an example of resistance to cruelty and oppression without which more than one individual catastrophe must have occurred. He knew well the various characters of the people he had to deal with; and the threat he held out to the physician of Achmet Pacha, so notorious for causing sudden deaths, that if he did

(1) The river, as is well known, is formed of two confluent streams, the Blue and the White. Their junction is in South Nubia, between 15° and 16° of north lat. The source of the former was found by Bruce in the mountains of Abyssinia; but the course of the latter had been ascertained only as far south as 10° or 11° north lat. Werne proceeded as far as 4° north lat., but could not penetrate farther, owing to the subsidence of the waters.

not find his brother, to whom he was so affectionately attached, alive upon his return, he would exact from his prisoner a memorable penalty, proved that he was a man equal to the trying position in which he had placed himself. And occasions were by no means wanting. On the third day, the feast of the Bairum, they were passing through the country under the rule of Achmet Pacha, in which the chief of the flotilla was held in much esteem. Soon a herd of oxen and a large flock of sheep made their appearance for the use of the little fleet. Happy Bairum! this was the signal for ham-stringing and slaying; for Arabs, like the Greeks and Jews, born butchers and flayers, show no mercy to beasts or men. All fell upon the animals in a moment, as if intent upon raising a mighty hecatomb. During the quartering, every man sought to secrete more or less, by slicing pieces off, and even stealing them from the shoulders of the commissariat department. They preferred to eat the liver raw, cut into small slices, with the gall poured over it; and with salt and pepper, it has the same flavour as a good beef steak. Upon this festive occasion, arrack was drunk instead of coffee, and the law of the prophet sadly disregarded. Captain Faizulla tumbled out of bed, and no one, if we except our traveller, was in a state to render him the least assistance. Being subject to epilepsy, he was by no means a pleasant cabin-companion, always, though a superior officer, caballing and joining the factious when liquors and good fare began to fail, and threatening a sudden and speedy return. This Werne successfully combated; but melancholy indeed was his situation, divested of the interest of the voyage and the peculiarity of the scenery.

Even the commander-in-chief refused to rise till an hour or two after sunrise, and the signal to sail depended upon the length of his slumbers. His second employed himself in distilling spirits from dates, when the stock of brandy was exhausted. The officers had their female slaves, and there was a flotilla jester, one Abu Haschis, bound to supply the chiefs and company with a regular after-meal supply of practical jests, ribaldry, and buffoonery. The observances, indeed, and even decencies of life were little attended to; and subordination, though in the face of hostile tribes, wholly disregarded. The eternal *Allah kerim* (God is merciful) sounded in his ears, and after many an ineffectual remonstrance, he was himself inclined to join in the general chorus, (so great was the contagious indolence,) and seek oblivion of his vexations in repose.

Upon the 29th they reached the land which paid no tribute. The reply to the author's inquiry as to the inhabitants was a singular one. "All slaves here." He could not help laughing, and showing to their infinite mortification that the people were much more free than themselves. "They must first," he said, "be made prisoners, for which it seems they have no inclination, as you admit that they are so brave and numerous. This *Kalo abit* (all slaves) is equivalent to the term 'barbarian,' the same classical word modern Greeks have acquired from foreign school books."

Every object in nature appears to be cast in a gigantic mould; not excepting man, who becomes a Patagonian as you penetrate farther south, that teeming, glowing, and ever productive clime. Animals, birds, fish, serpents, and what should be the smallest reptiles, are all upon a scale worthy the nearest children of the sun, and seem born ready armed with their respective weapons, ready to do battle with their natural enemies and terrify all intruders from their primeval and fire-cinctured realms.

The magnificence of plants, of the lotus, the night-blowing cereus, the vast water lilies, and the flowing reeds, like the crocodiles, lions, hippopotami, the huge elephants and tall giraffes, all seem to enlarge with the size of the sun's disc, the expanding warmth, and life-fed and life-teeming atmosphere of that yet scarcely explored central seat of Nature's productive powers.

It is these characteristics of grandeur, as well as the incidents of peril and strange adventure, which render it so delightful to peruse the pages of this enthusiastic traveller. We participate in the pleasure, the astonishment, and almost the awe,—in the insatiable curiosity, the glowing descriptions, the joyous and the dark page; while we sympathize in his sufferings, his despondency, and fears expressed even in delirium of never more rejoining his brother. Indeed, his humanity as well as his fortitude is always conspicuous, without vanity or obtrusiveness.

The profuse vegetation, trees, branches, reeds and swamp preventing the vessels reaching the banks, the author had himself conveyed, at the resting points, through the stream, to inspect the country. He could not always consent to use his gun when he met only with large, long tailed, silver-gray apes. One which he had shot had excited his commiseration by the resemblance of its screams and gestures to those of a human being. His *compagnon de voyage*, M. Amand, so far from sharing his reluctance, took delight in multiplying his observations, and declared that in the approach of death the gums of these apes became white, like those of a dying man. They form a sort of society, and, except with regard to purloining and playing innocent practical jokes with each other, never get seriously embroiled, or think of going to law, or war. Hence perhaps the author's respect for these queer socialists, who never dream, however, of subverting order and nature for the sake of showing off their antics upon the topmost boughs. But when alarmed, they invariably had recourse to the branches over the river, and they often fell in. Yet, spite of men and crocodiles, they would stop on emerging to wipe their faces, with exemplary cleanliness and care, from which the dirty crews might have borrowed a lesson; and especially their eyes and ears. Not till then did they presume to reascend their native trees.

Upon beholding the free vagrant life of their brethren the monkeys on board rose almost in a state of mutiny, threatening to take possession of the whole flotilla. The first-lieutenant, a Kurd, was in perfect

raptures with his tame favourite, shouting "*Scheef! El nahti taib!* Mark the clever sailor!" as he ran through the rigging, hung by the ropes, and stretched his neck over the bulwarks as if he were possessed. At last he fairly jumped upon a boatman's back, and made another spring to land, resolved to see his country cousins, and perhaps the place of his birth. The lieutenant dashed after him, gun in hand, determined either to recover or to shoot the deserter. But the moment he got under the trees *El nahti taib* let himself tumble upon his master's head, who seriously assured me when he returned out of breath, that apes are well known to have been formerly men whom God had cursed. Is it not written in the Koran that God and the prophet David converted Jews who refused to keep the Sabbath holy, into apes? And upon this account a good Moslem will avoid killing, or even injuring a monkey. But Enim Bey one day sitting at the table with an Italian, his monkey snatched a slice of roast meat out of his fingers, and thrust it into his own mouth. The Bey commanded the robber's hand to be cut off, which was done. The poor brute dared to hold up his mutilated paw, and whine in his master's face. On this he was ordered to be dispatched; but the Italian begged his life, and he finally came into the possession of the author, who declares that he was as much cheered by his society as by the filial attentions of his freedman Hagar, presented to him by his brother. Such too were his pioneering powers that he was pronounced to be a translated *Gabir* or caravan guide, from his uniformly decided advance in the right path, without excepting the untracked desert. His only bad propensity was for drink; he would purloin the *morissa* of the servants till he could neither go nor stand, and then he got beaten, and the birds of prey, as if taking advantage of his vice, would attack and drive him under the very bellies of the camels.

In one of these shore rambles, while looking down for the track of hippopotami, the author almost put his head into the huge maw of a superlative-sized crocodile. His Turk, Sale, was not at hand; he had no gun but one charged with small shot, which he let fly in the monster's eyes, and then retreated to his ships. Upon reproving him, his servant assured him that he had often thus come face to face with a crocodile when monkey or bird-hunting; and as he dare never fire lest he might slay his own father, the beast continued to gaze at him like a ghost (Scheitan). Nor was his belief less firm in the power of witches and sorcerers to change men into beasts, most generally into crocodiles and hippopotami.

Though in a hostile country, the powder magazine stood open, and lighted pipes were passing to and fro over the hatchway. *Allah kerim!* The traveller did all he could to rouse the captain from his stupor, by continually drawing invidious comparisons between his peculiar seamanship and that of the English service. The sentry whose duty it was to give an alarm fell fast asleep, with his pipe in his hand and his musket upon his knees. Yet Faizulla, the epileptic captain, intreated that he would not report the poor devil! and this was a general specimen of the discipline observed throughout the voyage. The ensuing day, this most lenient commander got mad drunk himself at a little island which he seemed to have chosen for the purpose, and required to be borne, *vi et armis*, back to his ship. There he swore to run amuck, putting servants and slaves, as well as officers, in terror of their lives; till, as no one else ventured, the passenger whose discretion the government had at first questioned, seized the madman neck and heels, and held him down upon his bed.

This was curious treatment of a captain, second in command, by a cabin passenger, and he was not without uneasiness as to the results, though the ship's crew applauded him. He incurred the enmity also of the very worst among the Egyptian sailors, who tried to excite the crew against him, calling him, as a term of reproach, "Narrani," till all the men came, looked down into his cabin, and laughed at him. The traveller at once jumped up and gave the chief delinquent a blow. In his rage the wretch would have flung himself into the river, and he vowed a deadly revenge. The captain was absent; and some time after, while on his bed, the traveller saw the villain stealthily approaching. He stopped at the door, when instead of an attack he made a very humble apology, thanking M. Werne for his forbearance, and soliciting the honour to kiss his hand, while in the other the traveller held a pistol ready for him under his blanket.

The wonderful profusion and magnificence of Nature, in every form, continued to excite the traveller's enthusiasm and astonishment. Rich-wooded banks, strings of islands, seas of grass, and vast water-plants, bound up with creeping parasites, succeeded each other, assuming the most fantastic forms with the continued windings of the river. Sometimes they formed a grand tapestry of flowers of endless variety, waving for miles around and before them, at others the banks disclosed lofty bowers loaded with blossom; groves of mimosa, and shining tamarinds; the swamps even glowing with the red, blue, and white lotus, the lilac, convolvulus, huge water lilies, and flowering reeds. The yellow flowers of the ambak-tree rose nearly twenty feet above the surface of the water. The description of this floral magnificence of the Nile, and of the singular habitudes of the trees and plants, shows how close and accurate an observer the author is; and how even into his least details he contrived to infuse an interest that never flags.

Early in the month of December the flotilla began to experience the torments of that true Egyptian plague, the mosquito, with the addition of camel flies, small wasps, and gnats and midges of every size. It compelled them to anchor in the middle of the river; to adopt every precaution to defend themselves; but nothing could effectually resist them. The rare fresh breezes, which dispersed them for a brief time, brought with the returning lulls new armies of tormentors, the penetrating powers of whose probosci were, in proportion to their smallness, irresistible. "It

is no use!" exclaims our traveller, in despair, "to creep under the bed-clothes: you must breathe, and in they pour, assailing mouth, nose, and ears—nay, actually penetrating into the larynx, till they cause a still more torturing cough, every fresh gulp for air bringing a new swarm which you must digest as you can. My bed was filled with thousands of these little demons, which I must have smothered in rolling about in the agony of this abominable martyrdom. My mosquito net was left at Chartum; I had no gloves; I had nothing for it but resignation." To eat, it was necessary to have a servant with a large fan winnowing under the patient's nose, so as to enable him to seize the right moment. As to smoking a pipe in peace, it was out of the question; and the only remission of the author's torments was from a native cat, which, taking compassion on him, came and licked his hands and face, keeping the foe, that seemed to dislike her, at a distance.

The blacks and coloured men equally suffered; and the eternal "*Bauda-Bauda*" (gnats) continued to resound in pitiful accents all the night through. In his description, as well as in his denunciations, of these guerillas of the Nile, the author is very particular, his impression of them, apparently, not having been a slight one. There are various kinds, too, equally formidable, which he analyses with painful accuracy. "Their head blue, their back tawny, legs covered with white specks like small pearls. Another sort has short strong legs, a thick brown body, a red head, and posteriors of varying hues." It is evident that he had leisure as well as reason to study them, for he reverts to the subject very frequently, and always in the same terms of unmeasured criticism—a prejudice not to be surmounted.

In proportion as they advanced into the interior, the country on both sides was found more abundantly peopled. So great was the number of villages, that the traveller expresses his surprise how they could possibly be supplied with sufficient food. One of the Kurds replied that the Schillicks were a far greater nation than the French. They lay naked in the luxuriant grass, said to form part of their food, and beckoned to the Turks with friendly gestures of invitation; but their spears were suspected to be at hand ready for an attack. They are supposed to live both on the hippopotami and the crocodiles, though they have cattle, oxen, sheep, and goats. If they get possession of a camel, they deprive it of sight, as a penalty for bringing their enemies among them. The Schillicks number above two millions, and in one hour the author counted seventeen villages. If Solyman Kaschef could once have got the *Bando* (king) on board, he would assuredly have sailed away with him. "I would gladly have seen this sable sovereign, yet rejoiced that his caution prevented the meditated treachery."

The Jeugahs and the Duikas soon follow; and on the 30th of December they passed through the more friendly tribe of the Keks. There everybody slept on shore, and in the night sixteen men placed on guard deserted. Hussein Aga, with fifty of the most ferocious Egyptians, set out in pursuit, and suddenly the drums beat to arms; there was an alarm that all the negroes were following the deserters.

Peace being restored, our author was at leisure to resume his log-book and observations. He perceived some white birds, a species of heron, sitting on the backs of the native elephants, picking the vermin from their huge hides: a process which he denominates "dry-fishing." All the elements are here most prolific; and the idea of a deficiency, or even of the "*jam satis*" of the poet, never seems to have occurred to Nature in that latitude. The feathered tribes vie with the animal; millions of glow-worms glitter; grasshoppers chirp in myriads, mixed with the monotonous music of innumerable frogs. To the birds is due the scavenger merit of keeping up cleanliness and order, and even of preserving at all Nature's social bonds. The most monstrous fish, snakes, reptiles, and insects of all sizes, would otherwise so abound as to form an actual chaos of too fecundite life.

Snakes are considered by the Arabs as a sort of supernatural creatures, and to boast also their king, who is called "*Shach Maran*," and supposed to reside not far from Adana, in Kurdistan. "One of our Kurd officers had himself offered a milk sacrifice, and swore that he had actually seen the king, for a huge snake with a large mane had appeared out of a crevice in the rocks, and drank. Two others attested that the *Maran* had a human face, and that he never exhibited himself except to a brother Sattan, or to a very holy man." This implied compliment seemed to be little enriched by the Kurd, (whose assumed sanctity had won him the name of "the Paradise-stormer,") to judge from his treatment of his female slave. She had one day prepared some morissa, a drink made from corn, and though a decided tippler himself, he compelled her to go down upon her knees to receive a flogging. At each blow of the thong, the blood spouted, when, rushing to the spot, M. Werne pulled him back with such force that his legs flew up in the air. He seized his sabre, while our traveller levelled his double-barrelled gun. To revenge himself, he took the girl, and was about to throw her overboard, when M. Werne called out to him, "I fire." He turned round, and with a face pale with rage, asked if the slave were not his own property; could he not do as he liked? He next complained to the commandant, who, aware of his revengeful disposition, instead of taking his part, ordered him to go on board the skiff, to the joy of the whole crew. Upon the return of the expedition, this wretch had the meanness to offer to kiss our traveller's hand, merely because of the distinguished regard shown him by the pacha.

Both the Turks and Arabs evinced, like Dominie Sampson, a decided admiration of the "Prodigious!" Besides the snake-king, they tried to impose other stories upon the credulity of the Christian traveller. They assured him, on awaking from one of his siestas, bathed in perspiration, that they had just be-

held a swimming bird as large as a camel, with a beak as long as a pelican's, and without any appearance of a crop. They had forborne to shoot at it lest they should awaken him, and knowing that they should soon meet with more of these young camel-birds. He was assured, too, that the Keks never killed animals, living chiefly on grain and milk, but not refusing to eat those that die a natural death. At Chartain he had seen two dead camels, and men busily engaged in slicing pieces to roast, while the dogs looked eagerly on. In Kahira, too, our author had himself partaken of a beautiful giraffe which had died of eating too much white clover. It was very tender, and the flesh of a fine grain; the tongue most delicious. When other food is wanting, the Arabs likewise will devour locusts, and negroes eat the fruit of the elephant-tree, a coarse species of pumpkin, relished by elephants, but exceedingly distasteful to a civilized palate.

Before the middle of January M. Werne was attacked by the Nile fever, and, in the idea that it might perhaps tempt him to eat, his servant brought him a piece of a crocodile. Solyman Kascheff had just shot a very fine one, of which he presented the skin to M. Arnaud. The tail is considered the most savoury portion, and aware that he had before eaten of it, as well as of a large snake cooked by a dervish, the company thought his case a very bad one, when he could not be tempted, but threw it overboard. "Had I been perfectly well," he says, "I could not have eaten it then, the musk smell being so remarkably strong. I was at first surprised how our boatmen could snuff the scent of the crocodiles at such a distance, but when once in the heart of the crocodile country I soon found that I became possessed of the same power of detecting their near vicinity. On reaching the Blue stream I could smell them above six hundred paces off. The glands producing the secretion are found in the hinder parts, as in the civet cats of Bellet Sudan, which are brought up in cages for the purpose of obtaining the perfume."

The attachment of the African tribes to the most trivial ornaments is well known. A whole village—goods, chattels, inhabitants, crocodiles and all—might be bought for a large bale of beads; and coloured shirts, such as Captain Selim displayed, might have secured for him a kingdom. By means of a few glass beads the author formed a very pretty collection—arms, implements, and household furniture, of which he has given lithographed specimens at the end of his book, together with a very accurate map of the river and adjacent country. The originals—which they truly seem—are now to be seen in the Royal and National Museum at Berlin. Two figures, male and female, of the splendid Patagonian-sized tribe of Bari are also represented, which present a strange contrast to the description of the miserable Keks. One of these, who had been sleeping in the ashes of a fire, a protection, doubtless, from the Canda-plague, was brought on board Captain Selim's vessel.

"He uttered an unintelligible gibberish; and seemed little removed above the condition and capacity of a baboon. Upon being presented with a few beads, he began to roll upon the deck in childish delight, kissed the very planks, and doubling himself up, placed his hands upon our heads as if to bless us, singing with all his might."

The stature of some of these tribes was from six to seven Rhenish feet, and the women were in proportion to the men. One of the latter looked right over the traveller's head, though he is himself above the middle height.

The author's description of a host of elephants seen grazing on the banks of a large lake, with herds of light-brown antelopes, of a species called Ariel, is exceedingly graphic. The Kuschef went on shore with the intention of shooting some of them, their flesh being particularly esteemed, but unfortunately only lost two of his pioneers, supposed to have been killed by the lions or tigers lying in wait for the antelopes as they come to drink.

Here, at 24° latitude south of Alexandria, the river expands itself to nearly 400 paces in width. Such, too, is the abundance of lake and arm-stream, that the traveller doubted whether the sources of the White river could possibly supply that wide-spread influx of the waters, the vast tracts of marsh alone, and under so fiery a sun, absorbing such a continual supply. What inexhaustible springs to keep so vast a burning territory ever fresh, full, and overflowing. Then there are the perpetual sinuosities, the variations, the sluggishness, and yet the most opposite characteristics to add to the difficulty of their solution. Were it one stream, he opines, it would surely flow more rapidly, and it must depend upon tributaries, which, owing to the level site, and the main-stream's resistance, become stagnant, yet rise and fall with the river, and contribute powerfully perhaps to its subsistence.

The author soon became painfully sensible that this complex problem to all the grand yet contradictory phenomena of the White Nile, would never be cleared up by an Egyptian flotilla. A Circassian and a Turkish commander, Kurd officers, and an ignorant motley crew, were all more attached to Eastern customs, idle amusement, and to practical jesting than to discipline and the object of the expedition. Captain Faizulla's singular passion for tailoring was only one out of innumerable strange vagaries on the part of the commanders. One day he was so busied with his needle and thread, that he fancied he had heard the signal to stop, and pulled to station. No sooner was his superior in command, Solyman, aware of this, than he fired two round shots directly at Faizulla, and as I was standing at the cabin-door, I head them whizzing past me. One of them, it was observed, went within a hair's-breadth of the captain's head, but he did not move, saying quite carelessly as he continued to stitch, "*Malesch, huc billah,*" (it is nothing, he only jests.) Then he shot twice in the opposite direction to convince Solyman that he considered this curious greeting as a good Turkish joke.

The Turks, indeed, who boast themselves famous marksmen, were continually engaged in proving their

skill, an occupation which with other pastimes greatly retarded the expedition. Yet the distance traversed in a line north to south from Chartun, was upwards of 1,600 miles, and including all that was lost in windings of the river, and in varying courses, nearly 2,000. From this we may with M. Werne form some estimate of the results had there been three British steamers worked by British officers and men instead of the Egyptian flotilla, so amusingly conducted as it was. The utmost point it reached was Pelenja, the capital of Bari, in 4° N. L. inhabited by the gigantic men to whom we have already alluded. These stand high in the scale of savage life, cultivate tobacco and grain, manufacture from iron and other metals, and barter their productions with other tribes. They also deal in cattle and grain, are extremely active, good-natured, and intelligent, and though armed to the teeth, by no means prone to aggression. "An excellent opportunity for a painter or sculptor," writes the author, "to represent those naked colossal figures so admirably proportioned. No superfluous fat—all good muscle and grandly limbed. No necessity for much covering there, or to hide such forms. When our long-bearded Kaschef Solyman exposed his breast with its thick fell of hair, they evinced a kind of disgust, as if such a natural garment were more proper for a beast."

Dentists would be much puzzled how to live among this giant tribe, for instead of using false teeth, they have a fashion of knocking out their natural ones, the four front incisors invariably, upon reaching the age of puberty. There is no disputing about tastes; various hypotheses were hazarded, some affirming that it was to make them look more agreeable in the eyes of each other, others, especially the Dinkas, in order that they might not resemble the jackass, while the Turks regard it as equivalent to their own rite of circumcision, or to Christian baptism. The author himself conjectures that it may be an act of incorporation into the great Ethiopean nation, distributed into so many tribes. Still more strange to believe, the women also submit to this strange custom.

The grand sultan of the Bari and his favourite wife honoured Captain Selim's vessel with a visit, their court attire being two leather aprons and shaven heads. The Turks tried hard to gain here some account of the famed gold mines, one of the chief motives of the expedition. Nothing of the kind was to be heard of, and Sultan Lakone upon beholding a gold bar, conceived it to be copper, from which it was inferred that the copper mountains of the country also contained the more precious metal. That country was at a considerable distance from the Nile, and had it been nearer it would have been the same as regarded the expedition. Its hour of progress was come; a little distance above Palenja there presented itself a complete bar of rocks extending across the stream.

The Christian who it was feared so much lacked discretion, evinced no lack of courage, and while the combined spirit of the expedition had, like Acres' courage, oozed out by degrees, his Saxon motto was still to go ahead. Egyptians, Circassians, Turks, Kurds, and Arabs, were all weary of the respective duties they had never discharged, and rejoiced to find an excuse for turning back. About the flood season, moreover, the river rises eighteen feet, and there could have been no difficulty in passing the barrier. Now it was different, the waters were falling, and those precious six weeks sacrificed to the folly of M. Arnaud were deeply regretted by our disappointed traveller. Nay, half that time would have sufficed to surmount the difficulty. Although the flotilla had been provisioned for ten months out, neither commanders nor crews would listen to his proposal to wait a couple of months for the auspicious hour.

The farewell salute of guns to the farther country which he so eagerly wished yet to explore, sounded in the ears of the adventurous German more like a dirge of his disappointed hopes, than as an occasion for rejoicing. Not that he disguised from himself the probably increased difficulties of the navigation beyond the bar, according to the hypothesis which he has ingeniously hazarded. The bed of the river is more rocky, and the *Bach'r El Abiat* lying nearer its source gradually takes the character of a vast mountain stream. A strong north wind could alone give a hope, with the aid of towing and steam, of overcoming the force and rapidity of such a current, but still, the power of steam would lessen the adverse chances.

We have noticed the renegade physician and poisoner whom our traveller so stoutly threatened should he attempt the life of his brother. He was a Palermitan who took the name of Soliman Effendi, was known to have committed murders in Chartun, while it was reported that in Arabia he had poisoned thirty three soldiers, to insure the ruin of two other medical practitioners. And although M. Werne had the satisfaction of finding his brother alive, it was somewhat singular, if not suspicious, that he should have died in his arms within eleven days after his return to the town of Chartun. His brother's death, however, it is proper to add, was generally attributed to the baneful effects of the climate.

A TOUR IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.[1]

The stream of summer travel has for some time set in towards Scotland. The day is long gone by when it was almost as dangerous to penetrate into the highlands as into the deserts of Arabia; the romance thrown over the country by Sir Walter Scott, has led tens of thousands thither; even the court moves down for autumnal relaxation to the wilds of Braemar. One may now leave London in the morning, and arrive in the farthest north on the third day. Thus the tourist is tempted to extend the range of his rambles, and every nook and corner of the country is being rapidly explored. Sutherlandshire, the northernmost

(1) "A Tour in Sutherlandshire, with extracts from the Field-book of a Sportsman and Naturalist." By Charles St. John, Esq. Author of "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." London: Murray.

county of Great Britain, has hitherto been but little visited. Its coast, indented by friths, and buttressed with stern cliffs against the heavy roll and fierce storms of the Northern sea, is full of the romantic; its moors, mountains, and tarns abound with game, the red deer roams over its heathy wilds, and its crags and islets swarm with myriads of sea-fowl; a perfect paradise for the sportsman. Nor is there any fear of being driven to make good one's quarters, like Baillie Nicol Jarvie, with a red-hot poker—the liberal policy of the Duke of Sutherland, in requiring no rent from the small inn-keepers, stipulating only that their houses shall be kept in comfortable order, and their charges be moderate, has ensured even in this remote nook many a snug little hostelrie for the traveller. Mr. St. John will strongly tempt him to extend his excursion as far as to this "Ultima Thule" of Great Britain. Enthusiastic as a sportsman, and also an ardent lover of nature, his book is not only full of moving accident by flood and field, but contains many lively sketches of scenery, and a great deal of curious and valuable ornithological information. His style is particularly happy, familiar, unaffected, gentlemanly and graphic. There is not the least straining after effect; we read on, page after page, as if quietly conversing with the agreeable author, till we become almost as much interested in his favourite pursuits as himself. He follows no fixed plan, but runs on in a lively gossiping way; his topics arise naturally, and are naturally treated. A book of this description requires no analysis, and is best recommended by the selection of a few of its more prominent pictures, to which we shall accordingly treat our readers; and we are much mistaken if they do not find them a most agreeable variety in our literary fare.

The Osprey, who seizes on the fish, as Shakspeare says, "by sovereignty of nature," is one of the rarest birds in Britain, and found chiefly in the northern Highlands. It is but little disturbed, and lives unmolested for years.

"Even if a shepherd does pass the loch, the bird sits securely on her isolated rock, out of reach of all danger, as her nest can only be approached, in most instances, by swimming. I generally saw the osprey fishing about the lower pools of the rivers near their mouths, and a beautiful sight it is. The long-winged bird hovers, (as a kestrel does over a mouse,) at a considerable distance above the water, sometimes on perfectly motionless wing, and sometimes wheeling slowly in circles, turning her head and looking eagerly down at the water; she sees a trout, when at a great height, and, suddenly closing her wings, drops like a shot bird into the water, often plunging completely under, and at other times appearing scarcely to touch the water, but seldom failing to rise again with a good sized fish in her talons...... The rapidity and certainty of stroke that a bird must possess to enable it to catch so quick a creature as the sea-trout can scarcely be understood. One would naturally suppose that the trout in its own element would give a bird not the slightest chance of catching it, particularly as this can only be done at one dash, the osprey, of course, not being able to pursue a trout under the water, like a cormorant. All fly-fishers must know the lightning-like rapidity with which a trout darts up from the depth of several feet, and with unerring aim seizes the fly almost before its wings touch the water, and yet here is a large bird, hovering directly over and in full view of the water, who manages to catch the rapid darting trout with an almost certain swoop, although one would naturally suppose that the fish would be far off in the depth of the pool, or behind some place of refuge, long before the bird could touch the water. The osprey is not nearly so early as the eagle in breeding: in fact, the latter is far advanced towards hatching her eggs before the osprey arrives in Scotland. It is said, the ospreys always arrive in pairs; if so, however, it is not easy to understand how when one out of a pair is killed, the remaining bird can find a mate, which it generally manages to do. There are, too, but very few in Britain at any time, their principal head quarters seeming to be in America, and, though living in tolerable peace in the Highlands, they do not appear to increase or to breed in any localities excepting where they find a situation for their nest similar to what I have already described. As they in no way interfere with the sportsman or others, *it is a great pity they should ever be destroyed*."

So says Mr. St. John; but sentiment and practice, we all know, are widely different things. Carried away by absorbing excitement, the sportsman is little accustomed to regard (if we may use the word at all in such a connexion) the "humanities" of his favourite pursuit. He who, like Laing in Norway, tracked to his den, and grappled hand to hand with, the predatory bear that ravaged the flocks of the shepherds, was turning his tastes to a noble account; to run down "the nightly robber of the fold" may be as useful as it is exciting—to provide for human sustenance by the destruction of game, is of course none the less permissible that it happens to be full of sport; but how often is it that *mere* excitement by itself, without any useful, or even morally lawful purpose, is the sole object proposed to himself by the sportsman! And thus our author — though, to do him justice, he appears to have had some little compunction for the deed—could not let the poor solitary osprey and his mate alone.

"Having heard," he says, "that one of these birds was building on an island in a loch about a mile from our road, we left the horse and boat under charge of a bare-legged and bare-headed boy, and went to a point of rock from which we could command a view of the loch in question. We immediately through a glass discovered the nest of the osprey, built in exactly a similar situation to the last, that is, on the summit of a rock about eight feet high, shaped like a truncated cone, and standing exposed and alone in the loch. On coming nearer we could distinguish the white head of the female osprey on the nest. The male bird was not in view. It was determined that I should remain concealed near the loch, while my two companions went for the boat. This plan was adopted for the double reason that I might be at hand to shoot any hooded crow who might attempt to take the eggs while the osprey was off, she having left the nest on our approach, and, also, that I might have a chance of shooting the old osprey herself in case she came within shot. *I must say that I would rather that she had escaped this fate, but, as her skin was wanted, I agreed to try and kill her!!*

"For some time after the departure of my companions she flew round and round at a great height, occasionally drifting away with the high wind, and then returning to the loch. She passed two or three times, not very far from me, before I shot at her; but at last I fired, and the poor bird, after wheeling blindly about for a few minutes, fell far to leeward of me, and down amongst the most precipitous and rocky part of the mountain,

quite dead. She was scarcely down behind the cliffs when I heard the cry of an osprey in quite a different direction, and, on looking that way, I saw the male bird flying up from a great distance. As he came nearer I could distinguish plainly with my glass that he was carrying a fish in his claws. On approaching, he redoubled his cries, probably expecting the well-known answer, or signal of gratitude from his mate, but, not hearing her, he flew on till he came immediately over the nest. I could plainly see him turning his head to the right and left, as if looking for her, and as if in astonishment at her unwonted absence. He came lower and lower, still holding the fish in his feet, which were stretched out at full length from his body. Not seeing her, he again ascended, and flew to the other end of the lake, the rocks echoing his shrill cry. The poor bird, after making one or two circuits of the lake, then flew away far out of sight, still keeping possession of the fish. He probably went to look for the female at some known and frequented haunt, as he flew rapidly off in a direct line. He soon, however, came over the lake again, and continued his flight to and fro and his loud cries for above an hour, still keeping the fish ready for his mate. I at length heard the voices of my friends, and we soon launched the boat. The osprey became much agitated as we neared the rock where the nest was, and dropped the fish he held into the water. We found two beautiful eggs in the nest, of a roundish shape, the colour white, with numerous spots and marks of a fine rich red brown. As we came away, we still observed the male bird unceasingly calling and seeking for his hen. *I was really sorry that I had shot her.*"

Well, indeed, he might be; never, surely, since the shooting of Coleridge's albatross, which brought about such a poetical catalogue of calamities, was anything half so ruthless as this. It is absolutely painful to read of.

Another instance of the same spirit. Deer-stalking is, our readers are probably aware, the greatest excitement of the highland hunter: nothing can come up to it—and it requires no little sportsman-like training, no common measure of energy and endurance in its votary; all which qualities our author possessed in perfection. Ordinary feats were not sufficient to satisfy his adventurous temper. There was a most royal stag he had particularly been told of—the noblest of all the herd, and living in almost inaccessible solitude as his peculiar domain; one which, from the description he gives of him, we should have imagined he would have especially made free of his murderous rifle; on the contrary, it was his noble qualities that marked him out for destruction.

"The animal himself was evidently of very great size and age, and in fine condition. He lived quite alone, and did not seem to associate with any of the other deer who frequented that district. He invariably trotted off sulkily, and if I chanced to fall in with his track again, it was still solitary and speeding in a direct course over bog and hill to some far off mountain glen or corrie. The shepherds, who generally gave me notice of any particularly fine stag they might see in their rounds, distinguished this one by a Gaelic name signifying 'the big red stag,' as, besides his other attributes, his colour was of a peculiarly bright red."

This description is absolutely poetic. Wordsworth in one of his immortal sonnets would have awakened our sympathies for such a noble beast; but then a deer-stalker, to be sure, is no Wordsworth. The "big red stag" was doomed; but not till he had tasked to the utmost the skill and energy of his pursuers. Prince Charles himself was scarcely more perseveringly and vainly chased from fastness to fastness, through moss and heather, than had been this splendid animal. He had long baffled every snare and device of his enemies. The *glory* of destroying him was reserved for Mr. St. John and his "kill-deer." He determined one day to start off in pursuit of this stag alone, and to leave all others untouched. Starting at sunrise, he walked mile after mile without seeing any thing but grouse, and an occasional hare. He passed over height after height and scanned many a glen inch by inch, till his eyes ached with straining through the glass. "In deer-stalking," says Mr. St. John, "as much as in the every day pursuits of life, the old adage holds good, *credula vitam spes fovet.*" And this said hope carried the weary stalker over many a long mile.

"I came in half an hour to a large extent of heather-covered ground, interspersed with a great number of tumulus-shaped hillocks. I looked carelessly over these, when my eye was suddenly attracted by a red-coloured spot on one of the mounds. I turned the glass in that direction, and at once saw that it was a large bright-coloured stag, with fine antlers, and altogether an animal worth some trouble. He was in a very difficult situation to approach. He commanded a complete view of the face of the hill opposite to him, and over the summit of which I was looking, and I was astonished he had not observed me, notwithstanding all my care. As the wind blew, I could not approach him from the opposite direction, even if I had time to get round there before he rose; and I knew that, once on foot to feed, his direction would be uncertain amongst the mounds where he was,—that my chance would be small. After a short survey I started off, at my best pace, to the right, thinking that from the nature of the ground I might succeed in getting into the valley unobserved; and, once there, by taking advantage of some hillock, I should have a tolerable chance of approaching him. After what appeared to me a long tramp, I came to a slight rise of the shoulder of the hill; beyond this was a hollow, by keeping in which I hoped to get down unobserved. It was already past three, but the stag had not yet moved; so, keeping the tops of his horns in view, I began to crawl over the intervening height. At two or three places which I tried I saw that I could not succeed. At last I came to a more favourable spot; but I saw that it would not do, however well the dog behaved, and a capital stalker he was, imitating and following every movement of mine, crouching when I crouched, and crawling when I crawled. I did not wish to leave him quite so far from the deer, so I made another cast, and this time found a place over which we both wriggled ourselves quite unseen. Thank God! was my exclamation as I found myself in a situation again where I could stand upright. Few people excepting deer-stalkers know the luxury of occasionally standing upright, after having wormed oneself horizontally along the ground for some time. There were the horns with their white tips still motionless, excepting when he turned back his head to scratch his hide, or knock off a fly. I now walked easily without stopping, till I was within three or four hundred yards of him, when I was suddenly pulled up by finding that there was no visible manner of approaching a yard nearer. The last sheltering mound was come to; and although these mounds from a distance looked scattered closely, when I got amongst them, I found they were two or three rifle-shots apart at the nearest. There was one chance that occurred to me; a rock, or rather stone, lay about eighty yards from the stag, and it seemed that

I might make use of this as a screen, so as, if my luck was great, to get at the animal. I took off my plaid, laid it on the ground, and ordered the dog to lie still on it; then buttoning my jacket tightly and putting a piece of cork, which I carried for the purpose, into the muzzle of my rifle to prevent the dirt getting into it, I started in the most snake-like attitude that the human frame would admit of. I found that by keeping perfectly flat, and not even looking up once, I could still get on unobserved. Inch by inch I crawled; as I neared the stone, my task was easier, as the ground sank a little and the heather was longer. At last I reached the place, and saw the tips of his horns not above eighty yards from me. I had no fear of losing him now; so taking out the cork from my rifle, I stretched my limbs one by one, and prepared to rise to an attitude in which I could shoot; then, pushing my rifle slowly forward, I got the barrel over the stone unperceived, and rose very gradually on one knee. The stag seemed to be intent in watching the face of the opposite hill, and, though I was partially exposed, did not see me. His attitude was very favourable, which is seldom the case when the stag is lying down; so, taking a deliberate aim at his shoulder, I was on the point of firing, when he suddenly saw me, and jumping up, made off as hard as he could. He went in a slanting direction, and before he had gone twenty yards I fired. I was sure that I was steady on him, but the shot seemed only to hurry his pace; on he went like an arrow out of a bow, having showed no symptom of being hurt beyond dropping his head for a single moment.

"I remained motionless in despair; a more magnificent stag I had never seen, and his bright red colour and white-tipped horns showed me that he was the very animal I had so often seen and wished to get. He ran on without slackening his pace for at least a hundred yards, then suddenly fell with a crash to the ground, his horns rattling against the stones. I knew he was perfectly dead, so calling the dog, ran up to him. The stag was quite motionless, and lay stretched out where he fell, without a single struggle. I found on opening him, that the ball had passed through the lower part of his heart; a wound I should have imagined enough to deprive any animal of life and motion instantaneously. . . . . Having duly admired and examined the poor stag, *not, I must own, without feeling compunction* at having put an end to his life, I set to work bleeding and otherwise preparing him for being left on the hill until the next day, secure from attacks of ravens and eagles; then, having taken my landmarks so as to be sure of finding him again, I started on my march to the shepherd's house, looking rather anxiously round at the increasing length of my shadow and the diminished height of the sun; the more so as I had to pass some very boggy ground with which I was not very well acquainted. I had not gone a quarter of a mile, however, when I saw the shepherd himself making his way homewards. I gave a loud whistle to catch his attention, and having joined him, I took him back to see the exact place where the stag was lying, in order to save myself the trouble of returning the next day. Malcolm was rather an ally of mine, and his delight was great at seeing the stag.

"'Deed, aye, sir; it's just the muckle red stag himsel'; mony a time I've seen the bonny beast. Save us! how red his pile is!'

"'Yes, he is a fine beast, Malcolm; and you must bring your grey pony for him to-morrow. I must have the head and one haunch down to the house; take the rest to your mother; I dare say she can salt it.'

"I knew pretty well that this good lady must have had some experience in making red-deer hams, unless Malcolm was very much slandered by his neighbours."

Reader, we must now tell you a little story of our own about deer-hunting. Rambling idly around the head of the upper lake of Killarney, we heard a sound that caused us to prick up our ears with excitement. It was the wild baying of the hounds in chase of a stag, which they were tracking through the tangled recesses of the forest. Sometimes, it almost faded away, then broke out again, as if the dogs were occasionally at fault, and had then recovered the scent. Dashing madly through briar and bramble, we gained the bed of a torrent, down which the whole rabble rout was making its way with a fearful din of baying and hallooing that made the heart stand still. The stag appeared, the chase close upon him; footmen up to their knees in water, men, ay, and women too, on horse-back, splashing over rock and stone, through the stream, and all to be in, as they say, "at the death." The exhausted animal was seized by four stout huntsmen, while others kept off the dogs, who were striving to tear down their prey. Never was there such a picture of terror as that poor stag. It trembled in every nerve, its large full eye, glazed with affright, glanced wildly to and fro, with such a look of helplessness as, we are not ashamed to avow it, forced tears into our eyes. If the "sense of death is most in apprehension," what agonies must that wretched animal have suffered! It was our first chase, and what we then saw determined us that it should be the last, and that we would never infringe again the precept of the humane poet,

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Notwithstanding his professional hardness of heart, the following description will show that our author has a soul full of feeling for the gentler influences of nature. In these high northern latitudes—

"The nights," he tells us, "at this season are most enjoyable; in fact, there is no darkness. I went out of the inn at midnight, and was much amused at hearing the different cries of the birds. Close to the door is a small enclosed clump of larch, where the grass and weeds are very high and rank. In this little patch it seems that a hedge warbler had made her nest. All day long had the male bird been singing to his mate, and now, at midnight, he was still uttering unceasingly his merry note. I never met with so indefatigable a songster; night or day he seemed never to weary. Towards the loch a constant tumult was kept up amongst the waders and waterfowl. High in the air was heard the common snipe, earning his Gaelic name of 'air goat' by his incessant bleating cry; while redshanks, curlews, golden-plovers, and peewits, all seemed to be as lively as if it had been noon instead of midnight; occasionally, too, both widgeon and teal were heard to whistle each after his peculiar fashion, and the quack of the common mallard was also constant. Now and then a note expressive of alarm was uttered by some bird, and immediately a dead silence was kept by the whole community for a few moments; but this was soon succeeded by a greater noise than ever, particularly amongst the peewits, which seemed by their cries to be darting about the head of some intruder or enemy. Probably on these occasions a fox, wild-cat, or owl, had made his appearance amongst them in search of tender food for his own ravening brood. Though I had to rise very early, I betook myself to bed with great regret, and left the window open in order to hear the serenade of the hedge warbler to the last moment of being awake."

His anecdotes of the habits of different beasts and birds are highly interesting, and often very amusing.

Here, for instance, is one of our old friend the fox, which may rival any of his recorded feats of address :—

"I have been assured," says Mr. St. John, "by a person not at all given to exaggerate, and not easily deceived, that he once witnessed the following trick :—Very early one morning, he saw a fox eyeing most wistfully a number of wild ducks feeding in the rushy end of a Highland lake. After due consideration, the fox, going to windward of the ducks, put afloat in the loch several bunches of dead rushes or grass, which floated down amongst the ducks without causing the least alarm. After watching the effects of his preliminary fleet for a short time, the fox, taking a good sized mouthful of grass in his jaws, launched himself into the water as quietly as possible, having nothing but the tips of his ears and nose above water. In this way he drifted down amongst the ducks, and made booty of a fine mallard. . . . Altogether, a fox in a state of nature is as interesting an animal as he is beautiful, and nothing can exceed the grace and agility of his movements when he is hunting, or playing unobserved, as he fancies, by his enemy man."

Our adventurous author did not confine his sport to the mainland, but went off occasionally to the rocky islands, as Thomson grandly says,

"Placed far amidst the melancholy main."

Of one of these he gives us a capital picture, which wafts us away at once into these romantic hyperborean regions; amidst the wild dashings of the Atlantic surges, and the hoarse cries of innumerable sea-fowl. This island is called Handa.

"After an hour's easy row and sail over the beautiful bay of Scowrie, and skirting a range of most rugged rocks, we approached the island. On the south side where we landed, it has the appearance of a fine green slope, with only a range of low rocks immediately adjoining, and reaching in long points into the sea. About these rocks we saw thousands of sea-gulls and cormorants, and on the point that projected farthest into the water sat a large white cat looking wistfully towards the main land. As all the inhabitants had left the island early in the spring, for America, this cat had probably remained behind, and had made her living as she best might out of small birds, dead fish, &c. I could not help being struck with the attitude of the poor creature as she sat there looking at the sea, and having as disconsolate an air as any deserted damsel. 'She is wanting the ferry,' was the quaint and not incorrect suggestion of one of our boatmen. . . . Arrived on the summit of the cliffs which stretch the whole length of the island, there was a sight which would alone repay many a weary mile of travel. Every crevice and every ledge of the rock was literally full of guillemots and razor-bills, while hundreds of puffins came out of their holes under the stones near the summit of the cliffs to examine and wonder at us. The guillemots stood in long lines along the shelves of the rocks, frequently within a few feet of the top, whence we were looking at them. With a kind of foolish expression these birds looked at us, but did not take the trouble to move. I strolled off alone along the summit of the cliffs, sitting down here and there to watch the different proceedings of the birds; and it was a most curious sight. On lying down to look over the most perpendicular parts, the constant and countless clouds of birds that were flying to and fro suggested the idea of a heavy snow-storm more than any thing else, so crowded was their flight, and so high was the cliff. The guillemots seldom came to the top, but the razor-bills and puffins, particularly the latter, came fearlessly close to me. Indeed, the puffins seemed to have the most entire confidence in my peaceable intentions, and frequently alighted so near me that I could knock them down with a walking stick. Sitting on a stone, they examined me most curiously, twisting their oddly-shaped heads to the right and left as if to be sure of my identity. In some parts of the rocks there were great collections of kittiwakes' nests. These birds, unlike the guillemots, &c., construct a good sized receptacle of weeds and grass for their eggs. In the midst of all this confusion and Babel of birds a pair of peregrine falcons had their nests, and on my approach they dashed about amongst the other birds, uttering loud cries of alarm and anger. Towards the east end of the island was the nest of the white-tailed eagle. The old birds flew far away immediately, and I saw them only occasionally as they soared high in the air. The nest was so completely under a shelf of rock that nothing but the ends of the outer sticks could be seen. . . . The rocks are curiously indented by the sea; in one place the waves have cut a kind of deep crevice the whole height of the cliffs for a good distance into the island, through the narrow entrance of which, the swell was roaring with a noise like thunder."

Hair-breadth 'scapes are by no means unusual in sporting excursions. Once Mr. St. John and a party were caught in a furious squall in the middle of a loch as they were fishing in a light boat, which they transported from place to place, and which was with difficulty kept above water till they could get upon terra firma. Here is another perilous adventure, while shooting ptarmigan on a snow-covered mountain, which our author ascended with a shepherd.

"Having put up some luncheon in case we were out late, we started. The sun was not up as we crossed the river on the stepping-stones which the shepherd had placed for that purpose, but very soon the mountain-tops were gilded by its rays, and before long it was shining brightly upon our backs as we toiled up the steep hill-side. My companion, who knew exactly which was the easiest line to take, led the way; deeply covered with snow as the ground was, I should without his guidance have found it impossible to make my way up to the heights to which we were bound. 'I'm no just liking the look of the day either, sir,' was his remark, 'but still I think it will hold up till near nicht; we should be in a bonny pass if it came on to drift while we were up yonder.'—'A bonny pass, indeed!' was my inward ejaculation. However, depending on his skill in the weather, and not expecting myself that any change would take place till nightfall, although an ominous-looking cloud concealed the upper part of the mountain, I went on with all confidence. Our object was to reach a certain shoulder of the hill, not far from the summit, from which the snow had drifted when it first fell, leaving a tolerably-sized tract of bare stones, where we expected to find the ptarmigan basking in the bright winter sun. It was certainly hard work, and we felt little of the cold, as we laboured up the steep hill. Perseverance meets with its reward; and we did at last reach the desired spot, and almost immediately found a considerable pack of ptarmigan, of which we managed to kill four brace before they finally took their flight round a distant shoulder of the hill, where it was impossible to follow them. An eagle dashed down at the flock of birds as they were going out of our sight, but, as we saw him rise upwards again empty-handed, he must have missed his aim. By this time it was near mid-day, and the clouds were gathering on the mountain-top, and gradually approaching us. We had taken little note of the weather during our pursuit of the birds, but it was now forced on our attention by a keen blast of wind which suddenly swept along the shoulder of the mountain, here and there lifting up the dry snow in clouds. 'We must make our way homewards at once,' said I.—'Deed, ay! it will no be a canny night,' was the shepherd's answer.

Just as we were leaving the bare stones a brace of ptarmigan rose, one of which I knocked down: the bird fell on a part of the snow which sloped downwards towards a nearly perpendicular cliff of great height: the slope of the snow was not very great, so I ran to secure the bird, which was fluttering towards the precipice: the shepherd was some little distance behind me, lighting his everlasting pipe; but when he saw me in pursuit of the ptarmigan, he shouted at me to stop: not exactly understanding him, I still ran after the bird, when suddenly I found the snow giving way with me, and sliding *en masse* towards the precipice. There was no time to hesitate; so, springing back with a power that only the emergency of the case could have given me, I struggled upwards again towards my companion. How I managed to escape I cannot tell, but in less time than it takes to write the words, I had retraced my steps several yards, making use of my gun as a stick to keep myself from sliding back again towards the edge of the cliff. The shepherd was too much alarmed to move, but stood for a moment speechless; then recollecting himself, he rushed forward to help me, holding out his long gun for me to take hold of. For my own part, I had no time to be afraid, and in a few moments was on terra firma, while a vast mass of snow which I had set in motion rolled like an avalanche over the precipice, carrying with it the unfortunate ptarmigan. I cannot describe my sensations on seeing the danger which I had so narrowly escaped: however, no time was to be lost, and we descended the mountain at a far quicker rate than we had gone up it. The wind rose rapidly, moaning mournfully through the passes of the mountain, and frequently carrying with it dense showers of snow. The thickest of these showers, however, fell above where we were, and the wind still came from behind us, though gradually veering round in a manner which plainly showed us that it would be right a-head before we reached home. Every moment brought us lower, and we went merrily on, though with certain anxious glances occasionally to windward. Nor was our alarm unfounded, for just as we turned an angle of the mountain, which brought us within view of the shepherd's house perched on the opposite hill-side, with a good hour's walk and the river between us and it, we were met by a blast of wind and a shower of snow, half drifting and half falling from the clouds, which took away our breath and nearly blew us both backwards, shutting out the view of everything ten yards from our faces. We stopped and looked at each other. 'This is geyan sharp,' said the shepherd, 'but we must n't lose a moment's time, or we shall be smothered in the drift; so come on, sir:' and on we went. Bad as it was, we did not dare to stop for its abating, and having fortunately seen the cottage for a moment, we knew that our course for the present lay straight down the mountain. After struggling on for some time we came to a part of the ground which rather puzzled us, as instead of being a steep slope it was perfectly flat; a break, however, in the storm allowed us to see for a moment some of the birch trees on the opposite side of the river, which we judged were not far from our destination The river itself we could not see, but the glimpse we had caught of the trees guided us for another start, and we went onwards as rapidly as we could until the storm again closed round us, with such violence that we could scarcely stand upright against it. We began now at times to hear the river, and we made straight for the sound, knowing that it must be crossed before we could reach home, and hoping to recognise some bend or rock in it which would guide us on our way. At last we came to the flat valley through which the stream ran, but here the drift was tremendous, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we got to the water's edge. When there, we were fairly puzzled by the changed aspect of everything; but suddenly the evening became lighter and the drifting snow not quite so dense. We saw that we should soon be able to ascertain where we were, so we halted for a minute or two, stamping about to keep ourselves from freezing. My poor dog immediately crouched at our feet, and curling himself up laid down; in a few moments he was nearly covered with the snow: but the storm was evidently ceasing, at any rate for a short time, and very soon a small bit of blue sky appeared overhead, but in a moment it was again concealed by the flying shower. The next time, however, that the blue sky appeared, it was for a longer period, and the snow entirely ceased, allowing us to see our exact position; indeed we were very nearly opposite the house, and within half a mile of it. The river had to be crossed, and it was impossible to find the stepping-stones: but no time was to be lost, as a fresh drift began to appear to windward; so in we went, and dashed through the stream, which was not much above knee-deep, excepting in certain spots, which we contrived to avoid. The poor dog was most unwilling at first to rise from his resting-place, but followed us well when once up. We soon made our way to the house, and got there just as another storm came on, which lasted till after dark, and through which, in our tired state, we never could have made our way. Donald and the shepherd's family were in a state of great anxiety about us, knowing that there would have been no possible means of affording us assistance, had we been bewildered or wearied out upon the mountain. The shepherd himself was fairly knocked up, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to take either food or drink, or even to put off his frozen clothes, before flinging himself on his bed. For my own part, I soon became as comfortable as possible, and slept as soundly and dreamlessly as such exercise only can make one do. I must candidly confess, however, that I made an inward vow against ptarmigan shooting again upon snow-covered mountains."

We might carry our quotations to much greater extent without the slightest fear of wearying the reader. What has been selected will, we think, prove that Mr. St. John's is an eminently amusing book: full of information about the state of this remote corner of our island; and whilst it proves a sort of hand-book for those who may choose to extend thus far their rambles, it is hardly less interesting for the general reader.

EDITOR'S WRITING-DESK.

The number and length of our reviews, which we are anxious to render as copious and careful as possible, scarcely leave us a line for our usual monthly gossip with our subscribers. We can only hope that the rich variety provided for their amusement will prove our apology. With the coming spring, the town will be full of its usual exhibitions; meanwhile, the panoramas are unusually attractive. Of Mr. Banvard's we have given a well-merited notice; that of the glorious view from the "Righi," in Switzerland, by Mr. Burford—infinitely superior as a work of art—is certainly one of the finest that gentleman has ever exhibited. Let us counsel our readers to take their "alpenstock," and repair at once to Leicester-square, whence they will come away like ourselves, blessing the noble art which can afford them so high and intellectual a gratification. With this counsel, for which our readers, if they take it, will assuredly thank us, we turn to our usual brief notices of the novels of the hour.

"Mordaunt Hall." By the author of the "Two Old Men's Tales." 3 vols. post 8vo. H. Colburn.—This is the very best novel Mrs. Marsh has yet given the world, not excepting her exquisite tales, "The Admiral's Daughter," and "The Deformed." We express this opinion, at once and decidedly, because we have been compelled, in the exercise of our office, to speak in dispraise of some of this lady's later works, which seem to us scarcely worthy of the mind from which they emanated. It is a pleasure to be able to admire old favourites,—

> "Et l'on revient toujours
> A ses premières amours,"

whenever common sense and circumstances permit. This pleasure we have to thank Mrs. Marsh for giving us now. We have lingered over this work because it is a good novel, and deserves comparison with her early productions.

"Mordaunt Hall" is not a story directed against the follies of society, but one in which *vice* is shown "its own image;"—a far deeper and more serious affair. We think it will be conceded on all hands, that the authoress has set about her task in a right spirit; and we are ready to show that the end is satisfactorily attained.

The story is nothing uncommon, as far as the mere facts upon which it is constructed are concerned. We have at the beginning an old man, a gentleman, of abstruse learning and retired habits, living with his only daughter in an embowered cottage, nestling among the Westmoreland hills. He educates this lovely girl, Miriam, in all the learning of an English University, and the so-called philosophy of the French Encyclopædists. But Greek and Latin, logic and mathematics Rousseau and the infidel host of the Parisian school, did not make her less amiable, less artless and simple, less healthy, clear-minded and beautiful, than if she had only learned to dance the polka and make crochet collars. She is lively, gentle and loving; Still the one grand thing, the one thing needful—a high, firm, religious faith—Mr. Feversham could not impart to his daughter, because he had it not himself, and she had no other instructor; her mother died while she was an infant. Miriam grows up happily enough, loving her father, and enjoying the peaceful rural life and the intellectual pleasures allotted to her. She has a pure love for the beauties of God's world, and an instinctive veneration for their Creator; but the love of God is not in her heart. She has been brought up apart from the world and its conflicts, she has never been taught that human beings are dependent upon Him; and when that lesson is forced on her mind by sorrow (the consequence of her sin, the sin of falsehood and deception towards her father), and by the faithlessness and cruelty of the man to whom she gives her heart, she is too much enfeebled to receive it to her profit. Betrayed and deserted by her supposed husband, the blow breaks her father's heart, and he has not the courage to explain to her the full state of her misery. Left alone, Miriam soon learns what her unworldly education alone prevented her from suspecting. The conclusion of this poor girl's heart-rending tale cannot be read without the involuntary accompaniment of Hood's pathetic music running in the brain.

> "One more unfortunate,
> Weary of breath,
> Rashly importunate,
> Gone to her death.
> * * *
> Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery
> Swift to be hurl'd—
> Any where, any where—
> Out of the world !"

But in that world and to its cold charity her infant is left; its drowned mother utterly unknown.

It is in the minutely recorded life of this boy,—beautiful, full of genius, and all true nobleness,—that the strength of this tale lies. He is doomed to suffer for the wrong-doing of his parents. While civilized societies hold together, the laws of God and the laws of man must coincide, or it will be the worse for man and his laws. Let him try the contrary at his peril. "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children;"—oh! how heavily visited upon the head of the innocent child whose parents have broken God's law of marriage! Benevolent people may shut their eyes to the truth, and say, that this is man's injustice and revenge. It is not so; it is God's justice, inherent in the nature of human things; though it may be hard for us to understand *why* the innocent should suffer for the guilty. Man's cruelty or kindness may aggravate or alleviate the evil lot of the child of shame, but no power on earth can destroy the evil, and place him in the same condition as others. This truth Mrs. Marsh has illustrated in the touching story of Miriam's child—Gideon, the foundling of Mordaunt Hall. It is full of piety and true hearted wisdom; the most heartless must feel, the most thoughtless must think of the terrible consequences of the indulgence of what is often called an idle passion. There is little or nothing of preaching or denunciation in these volumes. The life of Gideon is more than a sermon, or an anathema, and requires little direct reflection from the author's mind.

We have not space as we could have wished, to give a complete analysis of this tale, in which there is very little that does not deserve high praise. The characters are among Mrs. Marsh's best; Calantha, the invalid young lady, who adopts Gideon, is a rare and lovely creature. Lucilla and her husband are excellent, and their delicate, sweet daughter, is a heroine in Mrs. Marsh's happiest style, resembling Clarice in "Mount Sorel." Gideon is as good, as masculine a man's character, as ever came from a female novelist's pen.

The chief fault of this work is the somewhat prolix style of description and reflection during Gideon's childhood; and the whole of this portion of the book would have been improved by curtailment and condensation. This fault is, however, so slight compared

with the beauties of the work, that, if we were not obliged to give a faithful account as a *critic*, we might be induced to call it a foil and not a drawback.

"Owen Tudor." By the author of "Whitefriars," "Cesar Borgia," &c.—A very good romance of the time of Henry V.; full of action and passion, and written in a rapid, easy, and often picturesque style. The hero is, of course, the Welsh gentleman who married King Henry's widow, Catherine of France, and from whom Henry VII. our first Tudor king, was descended. In the greater part of the book, the scene is laid in Paris, during the Armagnac and Burgundian civil war. The chief historical personages introduced are Isabeau de Bavière and her daughter Catherine, the poor King Charles le Bien-aimé, Charles the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and Henry of England. The hero himself, and his first love Huéline de Troye, are the best drawn and decidedly the most interesting.

"My Uncle the Curate." By the author of "The Falcon Family," and "The Bachelor of the Albany."—A clever book, and a very pleasing one; much pleasanter than "The Bachelor of the Albany," but not so clever as "The Falcon Family." This new work is not quite in the manner of the former ones, but has quite resemblance enough to make it a favourite with all people who enjoyed them. The scene is laid in Ireland, but Irish politics are eschewed, to the great relief of the right-minded reader. The hero is a character indeed, and almost sufficient of himself to make a book. This author depends entirely on the *cleverness* of his *characters* and the piquancy of his style, for he does not trouble himself much about plot or moral purpose. There are few more clever and amusing writers of fiction.

"The Emigrant's Family." By the author of "Settlers and Convicts."—Although this work assumes the form of a novel, it is substantially valuable as matter of fact. It is the true account of the daily life of an English settler's family in Australia. The author has lived in the colony sixteen years, and *has* the gift of seeing and understanding what *passed* before him. His style is vigorous, practical, and unadorned. The book will be extremely useful and interesting to families of educated people who think of emigrating. His views with regard to the penal discipline of the colony may be gathered from the fact that his book is dedicated to Captain Maconochie.

"Peregrine Scramble" and "Cromwell Doolan"—novels, the former about naval, the latter about military life. The latter is amusing enough, but the former is more than amusing; it is full of interesting and (to landsmen) highly instructive matter concerning the service. It is a little tedious occasionally, but on the whole "Peregrine Scramble" is very far from the worst naval novel extant.

"Moscha Lamberti; or, A Deed Done has an End," is a poem of some length, by Mary Elizabeth Smith,—we believe, the same Miss Smith who about three years since acquired an unenviable notoriety in another sphere; to wit, in certain legal proceedings in Westminster Hall, in which the Right Hon. Washington, Earl Ferrers, was defendant. A romantic incident in Florentine history, the occasion of one of those bitter family feuds so common in the annals of the Italian states, has furnished the fair authoress with a vehicle for the expression of those fervent and passionate sentiments in which the peculiarly susceptible and poetic temperament most delights. Without descending to minute criticism, we may observe that "Moscha Lamberti" comprises upwards of three hundred stanzas, good, bad, and indifferent, evidently framed on the Byronian model, and displaying a most lady-like facility of versification.

"Hudson's Bay and Vancouver's Island."—Few questions have of late years so deeply interested the English public, or with so much reason, as the condition of our colonies. The rival claims of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand have been repeatedly discussed, and even the far west has been gauged for new spots to which adventurous colonists may proceed. Many views have been put forth in print, or expressed in parliament; and a sense of responsibility in the conduct and administration of her colonies has been slowly, but, we trust, successfully, awakening in the mother country.

Vancouver's Island, on the western coast of North America, has, among other places, attracted considerable attention; and the request of the Hudson's Bay Company that parliament would grant it to them for the purposes of colonization, produced an animated debate at the close of the last session. Their claim was opposed on the ground that, with almost unlimited powers, they had as yet done nothing for colonization; and it was asserted that the distribution of ardent spirits to the Indians, howsoever fruitful of furs to the Company, argued little sympathy with the principles on which alone a colony could be honourably and justly maintained. It was felt that a Company who had so misconducted themselves had little claim to any further grants of land, and that the transfer to them of the proposed territory would, in such a case, be a crime of no little magnitude.

Mr. Fitzgerald, in reply to a pamphlet by Mr. Montgomery Martin, published under the authority and by the aid of the Hudson's Bay Company, has examined with great minuteness the whole state of the case. He has shown from existing documents instances of corrupt administration which will surprise many of its former advocates and well-wishers, and a neglect, in dealing with the natives, of the commonest dictates of humanity, which speaks ill for the character of the Company's servants. He has produced many facts from history which throw much doubt on the validity of their original charter, and, in refuting the novel claims set up by the Company, has done good service in the cause of truth and justice.

We commend his book with pleasure to all those who are interested in the promotion of right views on colonization, and think it will well repay the short time requisite for its perusal.

THE TIGER HUNT.

The sports of India confessedly throw into the shade those of any other part of the world, and they have, for the most part, this honourable distinction, that they often render a great service to the particular neighbourhoods infested with wild beasts. In the dense jungle of Hindostan lurks many a predatory monster, that has gorged himself with human blood, and for their deliverance from which the natives are compelled to invoke the daring courage and the unerring rifles of their British masters. The tiger is the most dreaded of all, he waylays the trembling peasant as he returns from the labours of the field, springs upon him from his lurking place, and, with a single blow of his enormous paw, crushes in his skull. When once he has tasted human blood, it is said, he has ever after an insatiable craving for it, and, from the number of his victims, acquires the fearful designation of "man eater." To track the bloodthirsty scourge to his lair in the jungle, from which he has often to be expelled with a storm of rockets, and then to encounter all the risks of a close engagement with so infuriated an adversary, is a matter of life and death, requiring all the wariness and intrepidity of an experienced hunter. Our books of Indian life narrate many a gallant feat, as well as many a distressing casualty. The tiger is hunted in different ways, according to the locality in which he is found. Our engraving represents one of the most ordinary, by means of trained elephants. Often, however, it is found impossible to advance near enough to the lair of the tiger, and the adventurous hunter must then leave his elephant and advance to close quarters in the jungle. There is no better account of Wild Sports in India, than that written by Captain Walter Campbell, of Skipness, and from it we will accordingly abridge the description of the destruction of a "man eater" that had long proved the scourge of his vicinity, and which the most daring of the natives had been unable to bring to a reckoning:—

Three days the English "Burrah Sahib," and his native assistants, had patiently followed the tracks of this tigress, when they suddenly came upon an Indian child bewailing the loss of his brother, whom the "man eater" had just carried off.

Burning to avenge the poor lad, and having now a sure clue to the lurking place of the destroyer, the Englishman took up the lad in his howdah, and they hastened forward. Drops of blood guided them to the spot where the tigress lay. The heavy foot of the advancing elephant shook the ground. She raised her head, laid back her ears savagely. Mansfield cautioned Charles to be ready, but not to fire in a hurry, as he would wait for him to take the first shot. They were now near enough to observe the bush agitated, as if the tigress was collecting herself for a rush, and a low growl gave forth its warning. The sagacious elephant twisted his trunk up to be out of harm's way, and cautiously advanced another step. A louder growl increased to a short hoarse roar.

"Keep him steady now, she is coming," said Mansfield, addressing the *mahout* with perfect coolness. Charles held his breath, and his eyes seemed as if starting from his head with excitement, as he cocked both barrels of his rifle, and half raised it to his shoulder.

"No hurry, boy; take her coolly," said Mansfield.

"The branches crashed, a brindled mass gleamed through them, and the tigress sprang forth, her flaming eye gazed wildly around, then settled on her foes. Every hair in her body stood erect, her tail lashed her painted sides, and her flanks heaved laboriously, as if almost suffocated with rage. Uttering a deep growl, she arched her back, and lowered her head for a spring.

"Now!"

Quick as lightning followed the flash of the rifle, both barrels being discharged almost simultaneously, and the tigress staggered back with two balls in her chest. She recovered her footing, and was in the act of springing forward to the charge, when a shot from Mansfield's unerring rifle entered her brain. She dropped from her proud attitude, and the famous "man eater' of Shirkarpoor lay gasping in a pool of blood. Whilst Ayapah busied himself in the important operation of singeing the whiskers of the dead tigress, the overjoyed natives crowded around, rending the air with shouts, and invoking blessings on the head of the "Burrah Sahib," the invincible slayer of wild beasts, whose powerful hand had rid the country of this dreadful scourge.

THE HISTORY OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Chapter I.—Our Early Home.

My father's house was indeed a home, a quiet, well-regulated English home, where the several gradations of parents, children and servants were properly distinguished; and yet, the line of difference was not so harshly drawn as to give pain to any one. As well might the human frame exist without a head, as a family without a ruler. My father was in truth the supreme guide and arbiter in his own household. He was gentle, but he could be firm at times; and if now and then his will was a little arbitrary, it was better than no authority at all. My mother was the sunshine of our little garden of love; though not gifted with commanding talents, or with energy to enable her to steer through life alone, yet united to a man like my father, she was all that is loveable in the character of a woman as wife and mother. Without him as her guide and support, she might have been nothing; with him, she was everything.

I look back with my mind's eye on that dear old place, where I grew from infancy to boyhood, and from boyhood to youth. It was a large old rambling house on the slope of a hill: not a bleak, picturesque

mountain, but a green undulation, high enough to overlook several miles of our level country, and smooth enough, with its soft grassy carpet, to tempt many a gay troop of children to roll down from the summit to the foot of the bank. At the back of our house rose this hill; in the spring time it was studded with lazy, happy-looking cows, and all summer long it was vocal with the melodies of birds that built their nests in safety among the tall trees of a tiny grove half way up the acclivity. Then too, we had the music of a pebbly stream, that ran through our orchard, and the distant and not unpleasant hum of my father's cotton-mill, which brought us in our daily bread, and within whose mysterious and dangerous precincts our anxious mother never allowed us to venture alone. There was something awful and strange in that old mill, with its ever-dinning sound and its ever-moving wheels, like living creatures, near whose devouring jaws we never dared approach. My father, as he walked among his machinery, seemed like some superior being, whom these fearful creatures were forced to obey.

I was the eldest child—for a few years, the only one. It is a long effort of memory to look back sixty years, but I will strive to do so. In early infancy, our life seems a kind of sleep, in which appear a few vivid points, like portions of a dream. It is strange that my first recollection of existence, at least the existence of thought, is one of death. I remember playing one sunny morning in the garden, when, peering into rose-bushes higher than myself, I found a robin lying stiff and cold. I wondered much the beautiful bird did not fly away, as I had watched others do, but lay still in my hand. I brought it to my mother.

"Why does not pretty robin move? is he asleep?"

"My little Bernard," said my mother, "he will not move again; he is dead; we must bury him."

"What is that, mother? what is being dead? And what will you do to the little bird? Do make him fly!"

My mother took my hand in silence, and led me to a flower-bed, where I stood by her side and watched her bury the poor bird. When the last bright feather disappeared under the brown soil, I began to weep.

"You will hurt the robin, mamma, by putting him under the cold ground."

"He does not feel it, Bernard," she answered; "he is as if he were asleep, only that he will not wake again."

"Not wake again, nor sing, nor fly? Is that being dead?"

"Yes, my darling," said my mother, sadly. "He will never feel tired or hungry again, or cold, as in that bitter frost not long ago. So do not weep for the robin, Bernard, and some day I will tell you more."

I asked many questions, but my mother did not answer them; she judged rightly, that it is vain, almost wrong, to let young children hear of death. Their minds can only comprehend its fearfulness, not its calm, and hope, and holiness. Therefore it was long after that day when I learned what death really was; but still I could not forget the poor bird, and came day after day to the flower-bed, vainly expecting to see it lift up the brown mould and fly away, and thinking how strange it must feel to lie thus with the flowers growing above it.

Except this one memory, my early childhood is a blank, until one day when they told me that I was going to have a sister, and my baby heart danced with joy at the thought. What a sister was, I hardly knew, but I saw they all looked happy, and when my father took me on his knee and told me I must love my little sister, for that I had one now, I clapped my hands with delight, and flew over the house shouting to every one, "Sister is come! oh. sister is come!"

Thus joyfully did I unconsciously hail my best, my dearest companion, the sharer of all my cares, the brightener of all my pleasures, my gentle, affectionate, true-hearted sister Kate.

Years passed on, and one after another, brothers and sisters were added to our household. After Kate, came the twins Margaret and Herbert; then a sturdy, frank, merry hearted boy, Miles, and last of all the youngest darling, bright-haired blue-eyed Dora. We had a happy childhood: our station in the world was high enough to enable us to have all harmless pleasures, and studies such as the young require; and yet we were unchained by the forms to which a rich man's children are subjected. We had no costly dresses to spoil; we were suffered to run out to play in the green fields without a domestic's eye always upon us; the sun was free to kiss our sister's fair cheeks if he liked, and the clear shallow stream might invite us boys to a pleasant summer bath, without fear of drowning. Our learning consisted of what was useful and necessary to our station; but without idle accomplishments: my father wisely thought that it was better in early youth not to force his boys to hard study, and my mother loved better to see Kate and Margaret using their active fingers in fabricating garments than in playing the harp. Yet never was a sweeter voice or a clearer tone than our Margaret's, when she enlivened the winter-evenings with her music; and long before Kate grew to womanhood, she possessed acquirements in literature of a sound and sterling nature, above most of her sex.

In a large family, many are the diversities of character that produce discord; and varieties of mood and temper will always bring passing clouds. Thus even in our little Eden of innocence there were storms now and then. Many a care did wild headstrong Miles give to our parents from his very babyhood, and beautiful Margaret was often wilful and vain. Then there was another sore grief. For five years the twins had grown up together, the same in beauty and health, but there became a change. An accident befel Herbert, and the child rose up from his bed of sickness, a pale and crippled being, the shadow of his former self. His twin sister grew up tall and blooming, but except in poor Herbert's gentle face the

resemblance between them was gone. Not so the love which is ever so strong between twins; Herbert and Margaret were all in all to each other, and it was a touching sight to see the diminutive and deformed boy cherished, tended, and protected by his beautiful sister, whose care he returned with an intense love that amounted almost to worship. To him she was all-perfect, and she, on her part, would leave us all in the midst of our plays, to sit beside the frail delicate boy, who could no longer share them.

We had our yearly festivals—our cowslip-gatherings, our blackberry huntings, our hay-makings, all those delights so precious to country children. Our five birthdays, too, were each a little epoch in the years, to be signalized by simple presents, and evening merry-makings in the garden, or the house, as the season permitted. Herbert's and Margaret's birthday was the grand era, for it was in the sunny time of May, and there were double rejoicings to be made. The twins were exalted in our laburnum bower, set upon chairs decorated with flowers, and crowned with wreaths. I fancy I see them now, Margaret in her girlish beauty, smiling under her brilliant garland, and poor Herbert looking up to her with his pale sweet face.

"How beautiful you are to-day, Margaret!" I heard him once say to her, when we had all gone away, to pluck more flowers; "I cannot believe what they tell me, that you and I were once so much alike, they could hardly distinguish one from the other. You are so pretty, with your rosy cheeks and your brown hair, but I—" and Herbert glanced at his own shrunken and meagre limbs, and the tears came into his eyes.

Margaret's smiling face became mournful; "Herbert dear, if you talk thus, I shall be very unhappy. Do you think I am any better or prettier than you, because I am strong and you are not, or that my cheeks are red and yours pale?"

"Ah! but if I could only run and leap like Miles, there! See how he is carrying little Dora over the stepping-stones at the brook. Oh! Margaret, I am very helpless."

"I love you twenty times better than I do those great, strong rough boys!" cried Margaret passionately. "Don't say another word, Herbert; I had rather have you just as you are. You are handsomer than Bernard with his ugly brown face, and better than Miles, with his rude temper; and you are my own twin-brother, and I will love you and take care of you all my life."

Margaret said these words with energy that almost amounted to impetuosity, embracing Herbert with strong affection. The thick lilac-bushes did not reveal that this little conversation had been overheard, and though the allusion to "great rough boys" was anything but palatable, yet I felt glad to see that poor Herbert was consoled, and that his quiet pensive smile had returned. My grave and gentle sister Kate consoled my wounded vanity.

"Bernard," she said, "you, in your health and strength, can hardly feel tenderly enough for that poor boy. He has no pleasures like you; his only comfort is in Margaret's love. Let us be happy, that she does feel thus strongly for him, even if it takes away somewhat of her love for us."

I assented to all Kate said, but still I often wondered if that young and beautiful girl would continue to devote herself for life to her sick brother. But there seemed to come no change in her affection, and Herbert passed from childhood to youth, with the shadow of death ever hanging over him, yet still kept away by untiring love. No two could be more opposite in character than the twins, for Herbert, with the natural tendency of a sensitive mind united to a frail body, loved all intellectual pursuits, while Margaret, gay, buoyant, and energetic, preferred active employment, and only loved books for his sake, that she might amuse and converse with him on the studies which were his delight.

Thus we all grew up associated as suited our individual tastes—the twins, Miles and Dora, Kate and I. Christmas after Christmas we met around our father's table, for he would never break through the good old rule; and after short school absences, or passing visits, the flock were always gathered together on Christmas-day. It was a happy festival, begun with devotion, and ended with fitting mirth; we talked over the past year, we pictured the coming one; year by year bringing over our hearts and thoughts the change which is cast by approaching maturity. Our childish games became imperceptibly merged into thoughtful talk; we no longer danced gleefully round the Christmas pudding, but began—at least we elder ones—gravely to discuss our childish frolics, and call them follies. I have learned since, that there is more foolishness in the pleasures of after life than in the innocent sports of youth.

Let me then bid adieu to childhood with my heart full of those dear old times, those merry Christmas-days.

Chapter II.

The first Marriage in the Family.

There is always something a little sad in the first wedding in a family. It shows that they are no longer one household—that their childhood and its united pleasures are passed away for ever, and each now may begin to think of a separate home, and other and dearer ties. One link is broken in the family chain; even though in the midst of rejoicings and hope, still it is broken—and for ever.

The first who left us was Margaret. How love stole into her heart, so full as it had been of the strongest sisterly devotion, is more than I can tell; but it did. Her betrothed was welcome to us all, even to Herbert, who had ever received from him that sympathy and attention, which, coming from a man of talent and goodness like Mr. Worthington, was sure to gain regard. It was his best way to win Margaret, and perhaps it was for this that she first loved him; but she did love him, and so fondly that not even the pain of leaving Herbert could prevent her from becoming his

wife. Not one word of regret did that affectionate brother breathe, to sully Margaret's happiness in her young love. He told her that he never thought to keep her always by his side; that he was quite content and happy; that Kate and Dora would take care of him, and that she should see him grown a merry old bachelor when she returned to England: for Margaret's intended husband was a soldier, and they were going abroad.

I well remember the evening before my sister's wedding. We were all at home, and alone; for that last night not even Margaret's lover was admitted in the family party. Kate and the bride sat at work on the adornments for the morrow; but now and then a large tear fell from Margaret's eyes on the white silk that lay on her knee. Dora read in silence at my mother's feet, and even Miles was quieter than usual. I glanced at Herbert as he sat in the shadow of the curtains, in his easy-chair: he looked calm, and not sorrowful; but every now and then his eye rested on Margaret with an intense love, as if every idea was swallowed up in the idea of losing her.

We talked little, and then only in broken observations and on indifferent matters; there was a constraint over us all. At last the bright sunset faded into twilight, and the girls put away their work. Margaret came beside Herbert.

"These autumn evenings are getting cold," she said softly; "shall I move your chair nearer to the fire?"

It was a common question, such as any one might have asked; but it brought with it to both sister and brother such a tide of recollections—of trifling but tender offices discharged for years, accepted and fulfilled with equal love, which would be no more bestowed or received—that neither could maintain their calmness any longer. Herbert looked up in his sister's face with an expression of deepest sorrow, while he held her hand without a word. Margaret knelt beside his chair and wept aloud.

"I will not leave you, Herbert; not even for *him*. I will stay and take care of you."

"Hush, Margaret," whispered Herbert, "you must go and be happy; you have another to think of besides me;" and he stooped over her, and talked to her for a long time in a low tone, so that no one else could hear. The consolation he gave was known only to his own self-denying heart and to hers; but after a time, Margaret dried her tears, and her beautiful face looked again happy. Never was the contrast between the twins more striking than now, as Margaret knelt beside her brother, with his arm thrown round her neck, and his countenance bending over her, as he talked in low earnest tones. They were so much alike—the same features, hair and eyes; but the one was all blooming health, the other, pale, thin, and wasted. Herbert's eighteen years might have been double that number, there was such a look of premature age on his features. And yet there was beauty in that poor wan face, the majesty of intellect, the loveliness of a mild and tender nature and of a noble heart.

"Now, Margaret," said Herbert cheerfully, "wheel my chair near the piano, and sing me a song like a dear good girl—the song which is my favourite, and Edmund's too."

A bright smile illumined the face of the betrothed bride; Herbert knew well how to make her sadness pass away. And the whole of that evening, Margaret wept no more, until the hour of rest came. It was long past the invalid's time of retiring, but when his mother had spoken to him, Herbert had answered with a whisper, "Not to-night, mother, it is the last night."

But now, when the last good-night must be said, we all felt the reality of the parting. My mother strained Margaret to her bosom, while my father blessed her in broken words.

"My children," said he, "we may never meet as a family on earth again, but we have been and shall ever be a family in love. Margaret, you have been a good daughter, and will be a good wife; take your father's blessing unto your husband's home. You love Edmund as your mother loved me; you are right to follow him wheresoever he may go, even leaving home and kindred. Go, my child, and may you live to bring up sons and daughters, and to see them around you as your mother and I do this day. Yet, oh! Margaret;" and my father's voice faltered, while two large tears stole down his aged cheeks, "Margaret, you are the first who leaves us—do not forget us, wherever you may be."

He kissed her solemnly, and we all did the same; and then her mother took Margaret away.

It was a glorious autumn morning on Margaret's wedding-day. We were all assembled when she came down stairs in her marriage dress; the sun never shone upon a lovelier bride than Margaret Orgreve. The same words that he had spoken on that birthday long ago, "How beautiful you look!" came to Herbert's lips, but he could not utter them. Perhaps he thought on what she too had said on the same day. But he checked the sigh, and received her tender greeting without one seeming pang.

None of us had time for much emotion, for ere we could believe it was really our sister's marriage day, she returned from the church a bride. A few hours more, and we had to say farewell. One after another, Margaret parted from her brothers and sisters; she had a gift, a few words of remembrance for each. I believe we loved as well as most brothers and sisters do; and all of us, even stout-hearted Miles, when the time came, were grieved to part with our gay, beautiful Margaret, the pride of the family. But she and her twin-brother had been so engrossed by each other, that it was with Herbert that she felt the full bitterness of separation.

"Let me say one word to my sister before she goes, Edmund," said Herbert imploringly to the handsome and happy bridegroom. We all left the room, and Edmund too. What passed between the twins I never knew; but Margaret came out of the room pale, calm, and tearless, and in a few minutes the carriage

had swept away, and the bride was gone from her home for ever.

Kate and I watched the whirling wheels disappear, and then turned silently, and by a natural impulse, to where poor Herbert sat alone. His head was bowed upon his hands, and his whole attitude indicated the deepest dejection. Kate laid her hand softly on his shoulder; he started, and looked up.

"What do you want?" he said fretfully, "are they gone?"

"Yes, dear Herbert, and so Bernard and I have come to you."

"I wish you would go away. I had rather be alone."

The tears stood in Kate's eyes. "Indeed, Herbert, I love you almost as much as *she* could. Do not send me away!"

Herbert could not withstand her sweetness. "Forgive me, Kate, I will try to be content," he said gently. "You are very good, Bernard; you were always kind to me, though you are so strong and I so helpless." He took a hand of each as we stood beside him, and thus was formed a silent compact of affection, which was never broken while Herbert lived.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. IV.

INJURIES INFLICTED, AND BENEFITS CONFERRED, BY INSECTS.

The science of Natural History is replete with curious facts, and not the least curious of these is, that the animals around us are formidable, not in proportion to their size and presence, but to their littleness and obscurity. Lions and tigers may be killed or caged with comparative ease; and the exploits of Messrs. Carter and Van Amburgh showed us to how great a degree of gentleness their ferocious spirits may be subdued; but if we turn to the smaller fry of creation, we find that they laugh at the idea of all bondage. We may have heard of "industrious fleas," which at the bidding of their master performed sundry surprising tricks: but what man ever tamed a mosquito? He sounds his horn through our chambers in wild independence. The blow which we aim at him falls heavily upon our own heads. At the very moment, perhaps, when we are boasting ourselves to be the lords of the creation, his venomous bite destroys all our composure of mind, and makes us feel that the little are mightier than the great. These personal inconveniences, however, are not the only ones to which they subject us; they have also the power of afflicting us with the greatest evils that can befal the human race. Nothing in nature that possesses or has possessed animal or vegetable life is safe from their inroads. As the prophet Joel declares, they are the armies of the Almighty, and at his bidding they lay waste the earth, bringing plague, pestilence, and famine in their train.

The injuries inflicted upon us by insects may be classed under the heads of direct and indirect injuries: direct, or such attacks as are made upon our persons; indirect, or such as are made upon our property.

I. Direct Injuries. We do not intend to disgust our readers with accounts of the ravages to *Pediculi* and other detested parasites; but shall merely advert to such of our pigmy tormentors as are not so repulsive. The first that we shall notice is the well-known race of fleas, to whose cleanliness we feel it our duty to bear testimony. Although they are more attached to the lower orders than to the higher, yet excessive dirt seems to drive them away. Dr. Townson informs us that the Hungarian shepherds grease their linen with hog's lard, and by thus rendering themselves disgusting even to fleas, are completely exempt from their attacks. For the benefit of our readers, who we are sure would not like to put the preceding remedy into practice, we subjoin another which the prescriber says is equally effectual, and which assuredly is much less objectionable. It is thus stated by quaint old Tusser:—

> "While wormwood hath seed, get a handfull or twaine,
> To save against March, to make flea to refraine:
> Where chamber is sweeped, and wormwood is strown,
> No flea for his life dare abide to be known."

But, although the "little merry things" we are acquainted with are comparatively innoxious, there is another species whose attacks are infinitely more serious. These are the celebrated chigoes or jiggers of the West Indies. These insects are described as generally attacking the feet and legs, getting, without being felt, between the skin and the flesh, usually under the nails of the toes, where they nidificate and lay their eggs; and if timely attention be not paid to them, they multiply to such a degree, as to produce the most fatal consequences, often rendering amputation necessary, and sometimes causing death.

The next of our insect-tormentors that we shall notice are the familiar species of the genus *Culex*. Although with us gnats are rather teazing than injurious, yet upon some occasions they have approached nearly to the character of a plague, and emulated with success the mosquitos of other climates. We select the following out of numerous similar instances: In the month of August, 1766, gnats appeared in such incredible numbers at Oxford as to resemble a black cloud, darkening the air, and almost totally intercepting the beams of the sun. Their bite was so envenomed that it was attended by violent and alarming inflammation; and one when killed usually contained as much blood as would cover three or four square inches of wall.[1] But these evils are of small account compared with those endured from the mosquitos of tropical and polar regions. During the Lapland summer, they fill the air with such swarming myriads, that the poor inhabitants can hardly venture to walk out of their cabins without having first smeared their hands and faces with a composition of tar and cream, which is found by experience to resist their attacks. The Russian soldiers at the Crimea are obliged to sleep in sacks to defend

(1) Philosophical Transactions for 1767.

themselves from the mosquitos; and even this is not a sufficient security, for many have died from the wounds inflicted by these furious bloodsuckers. Captain Stedman states, that whilst he and his soldiers were in Surinam, they were forced to sleep with their heads thrust into holes made in the earth with their bayonets, and their necks wrapped round with their hammocks; and lastly, Mr. Edwards, in his "Voyage up the River Amazon," gives the following account of the persecution he endured from these troublesome pests:—"Soon after dark we crossed the mouth of the Shingu, much to the displeasure of the Indians, who wished to stop upon the lower side. And they were very right; for scarcely had we crossed, when we were beset by such swarms of mosquitos, as put all sleep at defiance. Nets were of no avail, even if the oppressive heat would have allowed them, for those which could not creep through the meshes, would in some other way find entrance, in spite of every precaution. Thick breeches they laughed at, and the cabin seemed the interior of a bee-hive. This would not do, so we tried the deck; but fresh swarms continually poured over us, and all night long we were foaming with vexation and rage."

We must now advert briefly to the redoubted tribe of scorpions. These formidable creatures frequently attain the length of seven inches, and carry in their tails a poisonous sting. The European species are not nearly so injurious as those of warmer climates. The only means of saving the lives of those of our soldiers who were stung by them in Egypt was the amputation of the wounded limb. The scorpions of Ceylon and South America are equally dangerous, as their bite is frequently mortal, and sometimes occasions madness.

Another tropical pest is the centipede, which is frequently met with of an enormous size. Dr. Lister mentions one which measured eighteen inches in length, and three-fourths of an inch in width; but even this monster is nothing to those of Carthagena, which the veracious Ulloa asserts sometimes exceed a yard in length and five inches in breadth! The bite of this insect Anakim is, of course, mortal. The tribe in general has a great predilection for getting into beds, where they are formidable inmates; for although they endeavour to escape when a light is brought into the room, and run with considerable swiftness, they are ready to stand on the defensive, and bite severely; and their bite is not only exceedingly painful at the moment, but followed by a high degree of local inflammation, and a fever of great irritation.

With regard to the celebrated tarantula spider, it is now generally believed by naturalists, that it has no real existence, for every spider is called a tarantula by the common people in Italy. There is, however, a spider in Morocco, called the Tenderaman, which possesses most formidable venomous powers. The bite of this insect, which is similar in size and colour to the hornet, is said to be so poisonous that the person bitten survives but a few hours. In the cork forests, the sportsman, eager in his pursuit of game, frequently carries away on his garments this fatal insect, which is asserted always to make towards the head, before inflicting its deadly wound.

We have now mentioned the most remarkable of those insects that assail the surface of our bodies, to answer either the demands of hunger, or the stimulus of revenge. Our remarks on this subject have run out to such a length that we must omit all notice of the ravages committed by intestinal worms and flies, and pass on at once to a consideration of the attacks made by insects upon our property.

II. Indirect Injuries. These have been well summed up in the following manner:—Insects consume our plants, eat up our food, devour our clothes, books, collections and furniture, besides proving the tormentors of our domestic animals. The tortures to which horses and cattle are subjected by various species of flies are too well known to require any detailed allusion; but it is not so generally understood that birds, reptiles, and fish, even shell-fish, are attacked by these universal assailants. No living being is exempt from their ravages: truly may they be called "monarchs of all they survey."

The produce of our fields, our gardens, and our forests, in fact, all our living vegetable possessions, are liable to be affected and spoiled by the depredations of insects. From the moment that wheat begins to emerge from the soil, to the time when it is carried into the barn, it is exposed to their ravages. In the earliest stages of its growth, it is attacked by a species which devours the heart or central part; so that "out of fifty acres sown with this grain, in 1802, ten had been destroyed by the grub in question, as early as October."[1] A beetle attacks the grain when in the ear, a fly assails it at a later period of its growth, and when in the granary it is preyed upon by the weevil,—an insect which does not coincide with Mr. Malthus in his views regarding population, as a single pair will produce above 6000 descendants in one year! Rice, barley, maize, oats, rye, peas and beans, all have their peculiar foes. Many species, again, effect sad ravages in our fields and pastures; among these is the common cockchafer, which in the year 1785 so beset many provinces of France, that a premium was offered by the government for the best mode of extirpating them. The hop-plant is completely at the mercy of sundry small caterpillars, beetles and aphides; and the suger-cane is in the power of others equally voracious and destructive. Cotton and tobacco, likewise, receive great injury from the depredations of insects; and there is scarcely a root or a vegetable in our gardens which is not the prey of one or more of these tiny, but active and assiduous enemies. In our stoves and greenhouses, as well as in our parterres, the aphides reign triumphant. In the orchard and fruitery, they are equally busy and successful. In our plantations and groves, we still are forced to witness the sad effects of insect devastation. One of the most noxious of arbori-

(1) Kirby and Spence, vol. i. p. 168.

vorous insects is a small beetle, which attacks the soft inner bark of the fir in such vast numbers, (80,000 being sometimes found in a single tree,) that it is infinitely more hurtful than any of those that bore into the wood. In 1783, the number of trees destroyed by it in the Hartz forest alone was calculated at a million and a half. But we must pass over these minor pests, to consider one "worse than all put together, which indiscriminately attacks and destroys every vegetable substance that the earth produces, and which, wherever it prevails, carries famine, pestilence, and death in its train."

The locust, though an animal not very tremendous in size, nor very terrific in its appearance, is nevertheless admirably adapted, by its physical conformation, for the execution of its destroying office. It is armed with two pair of very strong jaws, by which it can both lacerate and grind its food; its stomach is of extraordinary capacity and powers; its hind legs enable it to leap to a considerable distance, and its ample vans are calculated to catch the wind as sails, and so to carry it sometimes across the sea. Its powers of devastation may be conceived from the following instances:—A swarm of locusts which entered Transylvania in August, 1747, was several hundred fathoms in width, and extended to so great a length as to be four hours in passing over the Red Tower; and such was its density, that it totally intercepted the solar light, so that when they flew low, one person could not see another at the distance of twenty paces. Major Moore relates that while at Poonah, in India, he was witness to an immense army of locusts that ravaged the Mahratta country, which, he was assured, extended 500 miles, and which, like an eclipse, completely hid the sun, when on the wing. Dr. Clarke, to give some idea of their numbers, compares a flight that he saw to "a shower of snow, when the flakes are carried obliquely by the wind." Mr. Barrow speaks of another, seen in the southern parts of Africa in 1797: an area of nearly 2000 square miles might be said literally to be covered by them: when driven into the sea by a north-west wind, they formed along the shore, for fifty miles, a bank three or four feet high; and when the wind was south-east, the stench was so powerful as to be smelt at the distance of 150 miles. From 1778 to 1780, the whole empire of Morocco was laid waste by swarms of locusts, so that a severe famine ensued, which destroyed numbers of the inhabitants. The whole country was covered with them; every particle of vegetation disappeared; and when at length they were carried by a hurricane into the Western Ocean, the shore, as in former instances, was covered with their carcases, and a pestilence was caused by the horrid stench they emitted.[1]

The noise made by the locusts when engaged in the work of destruction, has been compared to the sound of a flame of fire driven by the wind; but a striking description occurs in Southey's "Thalaba:"

"Onward they come, a dark continuous cloud
Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
Of a broad river headlong in its course
Plunged from a mountain summit, or the roar
Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm,
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks."[2]

We have already enumerated a variety of ways in which insects, either directly or indirectly, are injurious to us. We might go on to show that they attack and destroy our food, our drugs and medicines, our clothes, our houses and furniture, our timber, and even the objects of our studies and amusements; but we must leave the further investigation of this part of the subject to our readers, and pass on to a brief consideration of the benefits conferred upon us by insects.

Insects are beneficial to us in five ways;—first, as removing various nuisances and deformities from the face of nature; secondly, as destroying other insects, that, but for their agency, would multiply so as greatly to injure and annoy us; thirdly, as supplying food to useful animals, particularly to fish and birds; fourthly, as affording food for man himself; and, fifthly, as supplying products useful in medicine, the arts, and manufactures.

Insects have justly been called the great scavengers of nature; and their services in removing dead carcases and putrid matter of all kinds are invaluable. With such expedition do they perform their task, that Linnæus asserts that three of a species of fly will devour a dead horse as quickly as a lion would. Stagnant waters, which would otherwise exhale putrid miasmata, and be often the cause of fatal disorders, are purified by the innumerable larvæ of gnats and other insects, which live in them, and abstract from them all the unwholesome part of their contents. Numerous tribes, again, prey on the noxious species of insects. The lady-bird, for instance, in the larvæ state, feeds entirely upon aphides; and the havoc made amongst them may be conceived from the myriads of these interesting little animals which are to be seen in years when the plant-louse abounds. In 1807 the shore at Brighton and other watering places on the south coast was literally covered with them, to the great surprise and even alarm of the inhabitants, who were ignorant that their little visitors were emigrants from the neighbouring hop-grounds, where, in their larvæ state, they had done incalculable benefit to the hop-growers by feeding upon that species of aphis which is known by the name of the Hop-fly.

Locusts are in high esteem amongst the Arabs and various African tribes as an article of food; and caterpillars are greedily devoured by the Bosjesmen and Hottentots. Ants are commonly eaten in Brazil and Sweden; and Labillardiere informs us that the inhabitants of New Caledonia seek for and eat with avidity large quantities of roasted spiders. Several Europeans are recorded as having a similar taste with these last-mentioned gentlemen. The celebrated

(1) Kirby and Spence, vol. i. pp. 215—221.

(2) Southey's "Thalaba," i. 169. See also, for an account unequalled in correctness and sublimity, Joel. ii. 2—10.

Anna Maria Schurman used to eat them like nuts, excusing her propensity by saying that she was born under the sign Scorpio. Lalande, the French astronomer, was, as Latreille witnessed, equally fond of them; and, lastly, Rosel has immortalized a German who used to spread them upon his bread like butter, observing that he found them very useful,—*um sich auszulaxiren.*

But it is as supplying products useful in the arts and manufactures, that we are chiefly indebted to insects. The more important of these are ink, dyes, lac, wax, honey and silk. The value and the method of obtaining all these commodities are too well known to require any explanation on our part. We think we have said quite enough to prove that insects occupy an important position in the economy of this world, and that they are not to be despised, whether they be looked upon as inflicters of injury or dispensers of good.

Q. Q.

THE SHAWL-WORKER'S DAUGHTER.

A ROMANCE OF THE PUNJAUB.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

"Refia," said an aged man, bending over one of those crystal-like streams which form the chief beauties of the fair Valley of Cashmere, "the colours of this shawl will render it of priceless value to the ruler of the Punjaub, and in the court of Lahore few names will be greater than that of Vadeereh, the shawl-worker of Cashmere."

The maiden bent yet lower towards the stream, which reflected the rare loveliness of her graceful form, and as she laid the wools of gorgeous hue on the grassy bank by which she knelt, the picture was as fair a one, as rich, as picturesque, as artist or poet could desire. On either side of the valley rose towering mountains covered with lofty forest trees, and around their bases were bright green copses of young nut bushes, among the leaves of which, in sweet and gentle murmurs, meandered the bright waters of the stream, which, flowing on in merry, gladsome mood, smiled on, as it were, by the bright sunshine, flung itself over rocks and pebbled strands of many-coloured mosaic, until in its broad and beautiful strength it flowed between those flower-enamelled banks on which knelt the lovely daughter of the shawl-worker, busied in drawing forth those woollen threads of varied dyes, whose wondrous brilliancy the waters of Cashmere alone can give to the admiring eye of Oriental nobles. The Valley of Cashmere, always more beautiful than Persia or Irak, and fair, to the borders of Cathay,—the Valley of Cashmere, sung by poets of every land and every age,—the valley, coveted alike by the princes of Cabool and the rulers of Lahore—this valley of pastoral loveliness, whose flocks and whose rivers, whose roses and whose maidens, have made it rich above all lands, was now in its fullest beauty; for the season was the sweet spring time, and its festival gladdened every heart, as the voice of Nature, through the bursting buds and gales scented with the perfume of the roses with a hundred leaves,[1] sung of joy and hope, prosperity and pleasure, to every blooming maiden and manly youth who, in holiday array, observed the national fête,—the long-looked-for, the joyously hailed, "Busunt." You might have known it was the time of festival by the bright amber hues of all around; by the colour of the tents, pitched on the wide plain; by the flowery necklaces, formed of buds of this hue, that fell over the shoulders of the goats as they cropped the young herbage, and you might have guessed it also by the veil of Refia, which half shaded her sweet young face as she bent in her vocation over the silvery stream of her loved valley.

Another reflection in the bright mirror, where rested the goats' hair threads of crimson, purple, blue, green, and rich orange dyes, caused an exclamation from the maiden's lips, and she drew back for a second and gathered her veil closer than it had been, but yet the blush that mantled on her cheek, the smile that curled her rosy lips, would have betrayed to one versed in the lore of maiden love, that the fair daughter of the shawl-worker felt no pain and no displeasure, as the reflection of the graceful and handsome form of the young soldier mingled with the many-coloured webs that formed her task. And why should it have been otherwise? for, from Persia to the banks of the mighty Indus, were they Affghans, Brahooes, or Belooches, none among all these warriors could have been found more brave, more daring, more accomplished in every manly grace and exercise, than Nehna-Sing, Akali as he was. His tribe was known as fanatics, zealous and bigoted. Nehna-Sing too may have been as zealous, as bigoted, as any Akali that ever wore burnished helmet and chain armour, and who fought in hot combat as men alone can fight when a false faith urges them to draw their swords for the religion of their land; but to Refia he had been all gentleness, and she loved him with all the power of her warm young heart, the better, perhaps, for those very qualities that made him dreaded by men who differed from and opposed the faith he lived but to defend.

"In good truth, Vadeereh," exclaimed the youth, in a clear and cheerful voice, "that shawl is the perfection of your art, and Meer Ater Sing will give you a good price for it, to bestow on the fairest dancer in the next Johneir Bazee that is performed, in the Silver Palace of the Shalimar Gardens."

The shawl-worker raised his head: "I do not grow goats' hair nor weave fabrics such as this for Natch girls," he replied; "neither for gold nor silver; I work for fame, and the wool that has once grown on the goats of Vadeereh shall gird the loins of none but princes." The eyes of Refia were raised to those of the young Akali, and a smile was exchanged between them, which the old man either did not see, or heeded not.

"Well, father," replied the youth, "be it so: but

(1) Sidburg.

we cannot control fate; and who knows, but that, lured by the fame of this very shawl in the court of Lahore, Sullana Sing, the noted freebooter of the Seal tribe, may plunder the prince's camels, and bestow it on one of the damsels of his travelling Hareem; and now I see its colours in the sun-light, methinks they would well become a Georgian slave."

"Enough! enough!" angrily retorted the shawl-worker, "I will not bandy words with a wild Akali; truly, every one that wears long hair is not a Syud, and steel caps bring no wisdom. Refia, my child, you have tangled those green and orange threads; take more care, dry them well, and then follow me to the looms; there is work in the border of the orange tawny shawl ordered by the Denodur Peer, that none but the delicate fingers of the Pearl of Cashmere can possibly embroider." And the old shawl-worker, with the rich fabric, dearer to him than aught beside his daughter, walked slowly from the river side.

"Did I not well, sweet one?" inquired the young soldier, fondly, as he bent towards the yet kneeling figure of her he loved. "Vadeereh would have talked of goats and dyes till sunset had I not told him of the Natch girl, and the Georgian slave; poor Vadeereh! But now, tell me, my rose, my Peri,—thou, the arrows of whose eyelash can pierce the strongest cuirass,—wilt thou love me, be true as the beautiful Zeleekha was of old, and as thou twinest the coloured flowers of thy fair embroidery, think only of thy warrior love, though fate banishes him awhile from thy fair land and thee? Speak to me, ere we part! for, albeit I go to war for all an Akali holds dear, the trump of the enemy will be less sweet to my ears than the echo on my memory of thy last words; for well I know, Refia, that every syllable from thy sweet lips is as a pearl of the sea of Truth!"

Those much-desired words, however, were not spoken, but the maiden drew a knot of flowers from her soft bosom, and held them towards her lover. They were arranged as Cashmerian girls well know how to arrange the gems of earth when requiring such aid to syllable their loves; and that the buds of this sweet bouquet spoke the language Nehna most desired, was proved at once, by the tender warm embrace in which the young warrior of the Akalis folded his early and only love.

The sun had just sunk behind the feathery summits of the betel-nut and palm trees, yet all was still and silent about the Tomb of Nana Khan. It was a very handsome building, that old tomb! with its triple verandah of richly-sculptured arches, its massive stone terraces, and its roof of many domes; and the luxuriant garden in which it stood, on the banks of the calm waters of the Ravee, rendered it precisely one of those beautiful and picturesque spots sought for and beloved by the Oriental traveller. It was a place sanctified, as it were, by memory and by nature; beneath its inmost chamber rested the mortal remains of one, who, during a long life of studious and learned retirement, had enjoyed the applause echoed to him from the busy haunts of men; of those compelled to approve, but unable to imitate such self-devotion, and of that grateful incense, afforded by the homage of those who sought the Udasi (or man without passion) in his solitude, to learn from him words of wisdom. Often had the Guru Nana wandered in the beautiful garden where his mausoleum of fair white marble now stands, preaching to his disciples, and often had he quoted to them the beautiful words of the poet Sadi, while strolling among the groves of fragrant lime and orange that shaded his favourite retreat,—"The foliage of a newly clothed tree to the eye of a discerning man, in every leaf displays a volume of the wondrous works of the Creator." And these trees were beautiful, now, as then, and the loveliest birds lodged in their branches; and the bright emerald coloured hues of the paroquets contrasted with the rich orange-tinted fruit of the laden boughs on which they rested, and the cicala sang her sweetest lay in her perfumed nest among the chumpa blossoms; and the minar chattered, and the tiny humming-bird balanced itself on the stem of the sweetest rose: all Nature was the same; but the voice of the sage was hushed for ever, and the sons of those who had once listened with deep reverence to every word which flowed from his loved lips, now spread with a sigh their little prayer carpet, and read, for themselves, sentences from the *Grinth* (sacred book of the Seikhs) beneath the shaded alcoves of the wise man's resting-place. And there is a legend, too, which increases the awe that men feel for the Guru Nana. It is said, that on earth he will appear again in vengeance, and that when he comes, the power of the Seikhs shall for their wickedness fall for ever, and blindness shall seize on all those who live and look upon this vision.

To the Tomb of Nana Khan, however, men come for other purposes than to acquire wisdom, or indulge in contemplation. Men fled there for refuge, perchance, often indeed did so when times were out of joint, or met to take counsel together when honesty was not altogether purposed. As we have seen, before the hour of sunset, the tomb seemed still and desolate. But scarcely had the last golden ray blackened into shade round the stem of the largest peepul, than a horseman appeared on the opposite banks of the deep clear river, dashing furiously onwards towards the tomb; as he gained the Ravee's bank, he gazed for a moment on the stream, but in a second more his gallant steed was breasting its waters, and with firmly applied stirrup, the horseman pressed his steed to the summit of the bank, and dismounted before the tomb. He was a man to be noted, that same rider:—one could not tell, at a casual glance, whether he was strong in good or evil, but that he *had* purpose, decision, strength of will, and energy of thought and action, none could doubt. He seemed a warrior too, or perhaps simply a man of rank; for a Seikh, upon a journey, would be sure to wear chain armour, and possibly a helmet too, of polished steel, and the crimson and green caparisons of his horse, the fringed embroidery that extended from the well-padded saddle

over the good steed's flanks, and his double circlet of blue beads, with the depending tassel about his neck, would have equally become the horse of a prince or of a chieftain of inferior rank. The steed was evidently well trained too, and strolled leisurely away in quest of shade, as his rider, with an impatient gesture, paced the marble terrace of the tomb.

That the stranger was not a devotee, that he had not come to the Tomb of Nana Khan as a pilgrim, was very evident, for he did not even salaam towards the Guru's resting-place as he ascended the steps of the terrace, nor did he remove his boots of shagreen leather ere he began to pace the polished marble of this venerated sanctuary. Soon the traveller paused; he listened, he advanced a few steps, and looked eagerly along the river's bank, where a little dust half obscured a dark dim object, moving slowly forward; in a second again, however, he turned away with a gesture of disappointment and a curse upon his lip. It was but a Byragee that had raised that little cloud of dust, a being devoid of clothing, smeared with ashes, and mounted on a starved pony without saddle or bridle, whose pace the holy man regulated, sometimes, with his bare heels, and sometimes by the application of the little bamboo stick, to which was appended the scrap of red cloth, which, as a Byragee, he carried over his shoulder. The Byragee, however, honoured the tomb of the Guru as he passed it; he slipped from his long necked bony tattoo to do it honour; he pressed his forehead to the dust, he rubbed the sand over his body as if it had been some choice unguent, he muttered prayer and praise, and when he again passed onwards, it was with bowed head, as one not fit to look on the glory of that spot. And why was it, that, as that poor earth-smeared being bent low and humbly at the gorgeous fane he honoured, the stranger in mailed strength shrunk back, cowered in the shade of an alcove, nor came forth again till the Byragee was once more enveloped in his little screen of loose sand? It was because he was a guilty, and therefore, for the time, a timid man; he knew that a price had been set upon his head by the Prince Ater Sing, and he dreaded detection even by that unarmed, naked, lone Byragee! The town, he knew, was near, scarce a coss away, embosomed in those dark shadowing trees of Ber and Peepul, by the old well on the river bank, and he knew that Bargir horsemen too were there, or he should not have pressed his tired horse across the broad waters, instead of coming by the ferry; he was alone, too, without his followers, and fear whispered how soon he might be encompassed, taken,—blown, perhaps, from the single gun of the mud fort,—and the idea so unstrung the nerves of the strong man, that he started with terror as a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the friendly "Salaam Aleikoum" fell upon his ear.

"Truly," exclaimed the speaker, "has the poet said, that Heaven gave thee two ears, and but one tongue, that you might hear much and answer but little; yet, methinks, as our business presses, and it were well for you that your horse's shoes should look like new moons, the greeting of peace might have come from him who waited!"

"Peace!" echoed the stranger, in a tone of harsh contempt, "who talks to Sullana the Outlaw of *peace?*"

"I do," was the reply; "for peace may be bought, my friend, by the wise, as well as earned."

The speaker was evidently a Syud of the valley of Pisheen, for his costume was that of the Brahooes of Khelat. His fine countenance and long waving hair were surmounted by a tall circular cap of crimson and gold kinkaub; over his linen dress, girded with a green belt of shagreen leather, was a "posteen" or loose pelisse of fur, the skin which appeared outside being embroidered with gold and silks, while his lilac and white trowsers, of rich Bokhara fabric, fell lightly over his slippers, stiff with the gold embroidery of Kandahar.

"Ay, *bought!*" pursued Sullana, with a sneer; "ever bought! But your master grows exorbitant in his demands; I have paid tribute to Ater Sing, year after year tribute, that all other men laugh at as nominal. I have never robbed a caravan, but Ater Sing took the rarest of the booty; I have never cut down a ripe field of standing corn, that Ater Sing had not the fullest sheaf; and now he attacks my butree (stronghold) at Kaempur, and sets a price upon my head; the freebooter of the Seal tribe, is, he finds, a curse upon his lands!"

"Truly, you sing mirsias (mournful songs), my friend," replied Amam-ud-deen, a smile curling his dark moustache; "but you forget that last little affair in the Khalsa lands; and it was but a sorry packet of shawls, and of Umritsir manufacture too, every one of them, that your messenger brought to Govindghur after your capture of the caravan of Cashmere merchandise on its way to Tehran! You have lacked wisdom, Sullana; but a remedy is even now at hand worthy your ready wit to compass. The oil of protection may yet shine on the head of Sullana the freebooter; but be cautious, be prudent; share not counsels, offer not your salt, my soul, to all comers, or thy head will soon whiten over one of the twelve gates of Lahore! For the princes will it so, and Ater Sing must *buy* peace as well as Sullana."

"I can give no more," moodily returned the freebooter; "my followers desert me, my butree is in the power of your master; though the country is disturbed, I can make no forays, and my wealth is even now in the hands of him who is thirsting for my blood."

"Listen!" exclaimed the Syud; and he bent his head towards the freebooter. As he spoke, the countenance of Sullana brightened,—a smile played upon his lips, he bowed in acquiescence, and, tightening the shawl around his waist, remarked, "It shall be done, and promptly;—by the holy Grinth, the girl must be handsome to please the taste of Ater Sing, with his Persians, Georgians, and Hindoos,—and her old father too, the shawl-worker! Ha, ha! we shall have rare designs even in the butree of Sullana! I will care for

him, and he shall teach me to judge of the borders of a shawl by torch-light, that the rarest work of Cashmere's looms may not be lost to the beauties of the haręem of the chieftain of the Seals."

And so the priest and the robber parted; and, ere he left the Tomb of Nana Khan, the Syud of Pisheen prostrated himself at the shrine of the saint, not hoping that the act would make him better, but confident that it would make him luckier; enable him, in fact, the better to practise a crooked policy, to blind the ignorant, and to overreach the cunning.

"Truly," observed the shawl-worker of Cashmere, as he passed the needle skilfully through the threads of a most delicate fabric, preparing it to become the border of a scarf ordered by Dost Mahomed of Cabool; "truly, the sun shines upon us, and as I told that young headstrong Akali, the court at Lahore would soon find that Vadeereh of Cashmere was one to whom it were well to give zeyafets (dinners). Runject Sing might boast of his shawls of Umritsir, but the Maharajah knew they were no better than a Tatta Lounghi when compared to the fabrics of our valley. Poor men were glad to go, and to set up looms there, but it was all *bosh;* there was no skill at Umritsir."

"The water, father,—was that not the cause of the workers' failure?" observed the sweet daughter of the speaker. "Ah! where can streams be found, such as those that flow beneath the flowery banks of our beautiful Cashmere?"

"By the word of the Bábá Nânac, you talk much folly, my child! The rivers are well enough, and had the banks fewer flowers, they would not tangle as they do the drying wool when the breeze passes over them; still, as I have said, the water is well enough, but do you suppose they fail at Umritsir, and make shawls as stiff as camel saddles for want of water? Wait till Vadeereh sits on the Musnud of Ater Sing's favour, and you shall see shawls long enough to compass the earth,—soft enough to draw through the Maharajah's signet,—and embroidered in flowers, glowing with hues like the gardens of Shalimar."

The young girl started; she rushed to the old man's side; she knelt before him, and, gazing with soft, tearful eyes full into his face, exclaimed, in a voice broken by sobs, "Alas, my father! Oh, say—tell me that this is some dreadful dream!—Promise me, you will not leave my own sweet valley, this Paradise of Earth, for the dissipated dreadful court of that wicked scourge of the Punjaub, Ater Sing! Oh, my father! believe not the words of this man—this messenger—who would lure you from our sweet, calm, tranquil valley, to a scene of riot, revelry, and bloodshed! Let us work still here, and your fame will be great, from Persia to the Indian plains; but go not among those, who, in mirth, consume their time on silken cushions, careless of the tears of hapless parents, and the shrieks from plundered homes."

"The child is mad!" observed Vadeereh. "Think you, I care not for a name—think you, I will here tend goats rather than wear the turban of recognition among princes, and ride on the elephant of the Maharajah's protection; so that men shall say, 'Make way for the favourite of the court!—Make way for the great Vadeereh, the shawl-worker of Lahore!' On my eyes be it! And you, child,—who knows—you have a stature like the pine, and Ater Sing loves beauty; you might become a ranee in good time; how *then* think you it will sound,—'Make way for the father of the queen!—Make way for the Governor of Chuttore-ka-Killa!' and then, if a Mooslem does but smile, as Lutuf Ali did at Busunt the other day, when the yellow powder fell on my cap, I shall order his beard to be plucked out, hair by hair, as does the Maharajah Golaub Sing." And in his excitement, the old shawl-worker commenced a flower upon the wrong side of the Cashmere, and did not note it.

Refia arose, with a heaving bosom, and a heart aching with conflicting emotion. She stole from the home of her childhood, and speeding over the flowery mead cast herself by the fair river's bank, and there, as if relieved by the fancied sympathy of nature, she wept with the first grief of a young and tender heart, whose childish affections, having little to interest them beside, had taught her to love the flowers, the forests, the glades, and the streams of her own sweet valley as her friends, her companions, the confidants of her young griefs, her early sorrows, and her girlish love. And oh! how bitter now was the agony with which she remembered the absence of the young Akali! Were Nehna Sing but there, all would be well; he had influence with her father, he too loved Cashmere, and he would have no fear as she had of that bold man who, as the messenger from the Punjaub prince, was luring her father from his peaceful home, with the material for dreams of wild ambition.

Poor child! and as she so lay, pillowed on the sweet flowers that she fancied responded to her love for them, an eye was fastened on her fair form and glowing cheek, from which, had she been conscious of its presence, Refia would have shrunk as from the dangerous glare of the deadliest serpent; but the heart-broken girl believed herself in solitude, and knew not of the triumph which filled the whole being of that reprieved man, who from beneath the shadow of the neighbouring thicket of young nut-trees gazed upon the lovely form of the shawl-worker's hapless daughter.

It was, as we have seen, the spring time of the year, and certainly nothing could exceed the beauty of the Shalimar gardens, with their crystal springs and dark orange groves, over which peered the lofty and richly sculptured minarets of Lahore, their shining marble glowing in the amber sun-light, as if touched with the purest gold. And if contrast ever was wanting in those umbrageous shades, it certainly was not so now; for tents were pitched about its groves, and a thousand spears bristled among its leafy shades; here and there spots clear from culture were spread with rich carpets of crimson cloth bordered with gold, and on them were silver chairs, and vessels of pure gold studded

with uncut gems; and with this barbaric pomp of festival were mingled signs of war—crescents of steel, much used by the warriors of the Punjaub, with metal shields, daggers, and matchlocks. Beneath the trees might be seen various groups, and these were also characteristic of the country and the times. Here would be observed a group of Bargir horsemen, reposing on their many-coloured saddles, and chatting of war and plunder; there, a Natch girl, with her little crimson cap for the moment laid aside, braiding her glossy hair by the aid of a little Delhi glass held between her knees, while she listened in great glee to the wrangling of the vina and tomtom player, who could not amicably divide their last night's gains. Other groups were engaged in compounding pilaus, and roasting animals whole, in preparation for the intended banquet; and a little apart from them was the executioner of the court, seeing sentence passed upon a miserable Moslem, who writhed in agony as the Seikh barber plucked, hair by hair, his cherished beard, occasionally singeing it to save trouble to himself; a proceeding not much cared for by the executioner, for he also longed to be in readiness for the Johneir Bazee, to be performed in the chieftain's tent, where the favourite dancers from Hindostan were about to exhibit their skill, to charm the depraved taste of the vindictive and dissolute Ater Sing.

In the centre of these lovely gardens stood the tent of the chief; it was of crimson cloth richly embroidered; from the summit rose a spear-head of huge dimensions and of burnished silver, and the curtains of the doorways and the lining of the tent, were equally formed of Cashmere shawls, in colour, pale green, broidered with many hues. At the doorway was a jet of delicious water, and on the edge of the marble basin into which it fell were several pairs of slippers, left by those who were permitted an audience with the prince.

A group of Akali were also there, their steel helmets glittering in the sun, and their dark flashing eyes fixed on the doorway of the tent. In a moment more the Cashmere curtain was hastily pushed aside, and Nehna Sing with hurried steps came forth, not as he looked in the fair valley of Cashmere, as he pressed to his heart the tender form of his early love,—not as he looked while he jested the old shawl-worker on his favourite fabric,—but with features distorted by passion, and eyes glaring with all the excitement of hot fanaticism. "What said he?" with one voice inquired the waiting group; "shall it be done?"

"The chief Ater Sing replies," said Nehna, and as he spoke the young Akali laid his hand upon his ready kreese, "that you may break your own heads with your devices."

"May every curse of the Bábá Nânac light on him and his," was the reply—"but no doubt now remains; let us hasten to Golaub Sing."

With haughty and determined mien the Akalis turned and left the spot, every brow dark with well nursed projects of revenge, every eye flashing with the fierce zeal of a blood-shedding faith, but as they went the slipper of Nehna Sing was caught by a tangled weed; he stooped, and a violet eyed little blossom met his touch. Sweet, gentle, humanizing are the powers of association on the human heart! The Akali gazed on that humble flower; he gathered it, inhaled its fragrance, marvelled at its delicate beauty; and as he did so he remembered how its twin had seemed to smile on him from the bouquet formed by the hand of the shawl-worker's daughter; and then soft memories thronged the mind of the young Akali, and his eye melted with gentleness, and his firmly compressed lips were relaxed with a smile of tenderness.

Within his pavilion, on a silver couch piled with silken cushions, leaned the prince Ater Sing; and as the summer heats had not commenced, he wore over his ordinary dress a pelisse of green Cashmere shawls lined with choice furs. In one corner of the tent sat the Guru Mainá, whose office it was to continue muttering, with what was intended for musical cadence sentences from the Grinth, which he now held on his knees, reading without reference to any interruptions that might occur; so that whether Akali threatened or Natch woman danced, or minister flattered, Mainá still read the Grinth, and, careless of the moral, the sound lulled the senses of the prince as the falling waters of a fountain, with its ceaseless babblings will soothe to rest a weary traveller. At the foot of the couch on which the chief reposed crouched Amamud-deen, the Syud of Pisheen: his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he seemed wisely waiting to gather from his master's humour the tone it was politic to adopt; meanwhile, the Syud ran over his beads as not expecting notice.

"Well, Syud," at length remarked the prince, "I grow weary of you, and think I shall find pastime in removing that head of thine which seems unable now to plan a project for your master. You become tedious Syud."

"Oh! my lord," returned the Syud, "remember the words of the Persian,—'Alas! for him that is gone, and done no work; the drum of departure has beat, and his burthen is not made up.'"

"If you would save your head, my friend, tell us something fitter to anoint our ears than sentences from Persian Gurus. One of them says that poetry is a bride and music her jewels, and this reminds me of the Cashmerian girl, and the price of Sullana's freedom. I am curious to see this pearl of the valley, and to add it to my string of beauties, but Ater Sing brooks no delay, and if the damsel appears not in the Johneir Bazee ere the moon rises this night over the gardens of Shalimar, by the beard of your prophet, priest, and by the hatred I bear your people, thy head shall whiten beside the robber's, before yon marble minarets echo to the mid-day prayer."

"The Prince has spoken," was the reply, "and his voice falls on the ear of his servants like the melody of the cicala on the morning breeze."

That night mad revelry reigned in the pavilion of Ater Sing, and wild license made night hideous. Women, excited by strong libations, forgot the charm

of their sex, and in dissolute evil, rivalled the Chailas and favourites of their master, while in all the seductive grace of eastern costume, were grouped the young beauties of the Hareem, Georgians with their raven locks, and fair blue-eyed Persian damsels, lovely all as houris, yet there compelled to witness scenes of horror unknown to any other court but such as are to be found in the Punjaub, where oriental magnificence and dissolute barbarity seem to emulate and outvie each other. Among that group was one pale, trembling, tearful, shrinking creature, lovely as a Peri. Her costume differed from those around her, and as the revelry proceeded, she drew her Cashmere shawl closer round her form, and buried her tear-stained face in its soft folds; but the eye of Ater Sing had already marked her as his prey, and as Vadeerch the shawl-worker of Cashmere sat among the soldiers of the prince and heard their rude jests on the reprieve granted by public proclamation to the noted freebooter of the Seal tribe, he scarcely regretted the violence that had placed his daughter in the prince's Hareem, or doubted that another sun would see himself invited to a zeyafet (dinner) at the court, and invested with full honours as the respected governor of Chuttore-ka-Killa."

It was an old street in Lahore, and one much deserted, for it had been the shawl-workers' quarter before Runjeet Sing removed them to Umritsir, and bestowed so much labour and money in his unsuccessful attempt to make the produce of Punjaub looms equal to those of Cashmere. Weavers and embroiderers from the valley had indeed been induced to settle there and ply their vocation; goat's hair had been introduced of the right quality and finest texture; but the fabrics, despite all this, were hard and coarse, and held as much inferior to those of Cashmerian looms. Yet, notwithstanding this failure in all the oriental courts, the shawl-workers remained at the second city of the Punjaub, and returned not to Lahore, so, as we have seen, their old quarter was deserted, and no sound of the shuttle was heard in its streets. The one we now have in our mind's eye was narrow and dirty, the houses low and dark, with heavy wooden doorways and window shutters, much carved, but very ponderous, and crusted with accumulated dirt. Beneath the close verandah of one of these houses might be seen two women of different ages, and consequently different aspects. One, aged and decrepit, was slowly engaged in turning the handle of a corn-mill that was placed between her knees, murmuring as she did so the "grinding song," and turning the wooden pin mechanically, as it seemed, her grey hair falling in long straight tangled threads over her bleared and reddened eyes. A little way apart from this disgusting looking crone, a handsome girl leaned on the old chest of heavily carved black wood that contained her stock of finery, her unguents, and her perfumes, her veils and shawls and other necessaries for her profession; and these were not few, for the damsel was a favourite Natch girl of the court, the same who had danced at the fête in the Shalimar gardens, and with the coquettish idleness that distinguishes her class, the handsome Gul-Bhye (sister of a rose) amused herself with admiring so much of her fair form, as could be there reflected in a little mirror set in massive silver, which formed her thumb ring, and was singularly large for its position.

"Sleep, child, sleep," squeaked the old woman at length, with the shrill voice of a minar, "sleep; for if Ater Sing is disturbed as you say, nothing but Natches and wine will cheer him, and you may be called to-night to another Johneir Bazee."

"Cheer him!" sneered the girl, "he wants no cheering; his mad fit is on him, and a full draught of kusumba would do him good; he may have it too, for they say that Nighara the Georgian is wild with jealousy, and has spent her time in incantations, ever since the Cashmerian girl has been placed in the Hareem."

"Fool!" ejaculated the crone, "does she not know her day is past? *You* were a favourite once, Gul-Bhye, but a handsome girl can find lovers as fond and generous as Ater Sing in any ghur, and with a better chance of living to eat pan in their old age too."

"You are wise, mother," smiled the girl, "and now I have fixed my fancy on young Nehna Khan the Akali, but he is in love, they say, with the Cashmerian; but his bulbul is caged now, and he may find the voice of the cicala as sweet."

"Ay child," was the reply, "but the bulbul may fly back to its nest, for it loves the wild woods of Cashmere better, it seems, than the gilt cage of Lahore."

"Ah," laughed the girl, "my cheek will not fade with that fear. She hates Ater Sing, and tells him so, but who ever heard of escape when Amam-ud-dean has ought at stake? The bird may die in its cage, but it will not sing again in the green woods and beside the bright waters of Cashmere. Poor thing! I like the pale cheeked daughter of the shawl-worker better than all those proud Georgians and stately Hindoos, with their kinkaubs, and their jewels, their haughty sneers and their abusive epithets; and if I had not cast my eyes on Nehna Khan, I would carry her a love token now and then to soothe her, or sing her a Persian gazul without reward."

And when the girl had spoken, she meditated awhile, and then pillowed her head upon her soft round arm, and sinking down on the silken carpet where she had reclined, fell into a quiet slumber, smiling from time to time as imagination brought to her young fancy dreams of successful love, of brilliant triumph, of gifts, music, and of sun-lit gardens decked for festival.

For a moment the crone regarded her with interest. "Ay," she muttered at length, "it was a good day for me when I stole that babe from the palace at Delhi: nobody can rival her in Lahore, and a pretty sum she has brought me too," and as she spoke, the old woman put her corn mill on one side, and turning up the corner of the mat on which it rested, loosened a portion of the floor, and put her shrivelled arm into the

aperture, drew forth an earthen pot in which glistened coins and bangles, with gems of price. The crone glanced at the sleeper, and a strange smile of cunning meaning then parted her skinny lips. "A good trick that, to pretend the robbers had taken all we had. Who knows? this girl may leave me, even now, and who then would find pan for old Mata? Who, of all the gallants of Lahore, would remember that she too had once been young and handsome; or stop to give her even a handful of rice, as they remembered it but now?" and with a low chuckle the woman first lifted a bangle to her forehead, and then replaced her treasure, continuing when she had done so the low murmur of the grinder's song.

The apartment was small, but lofty, and the windows looked over a lovely country, luxuriantly wooded, and sparkling with many streams. From the ceiling of the room hung variously-coloured lamps, depending from silver chains; and although the floor was simply covered with white calico, the furniture was of massive silver, and the piled cushions of the finest Cashmere shaws, pale green in colour, and contrasting beautifully with the bunches of sweet roses, that had been scattered there by the hands of maidens scarcely less fair than the lovely girls who now reclined near the open window. One of these was Nighara, the Georgian favourite, and the other Refia, the daughter of the shawl-worker of Cashmere. The form of the latter was bent like a faded lotus flower, and the dark flashing eyes of the Georgian filled with tears as she gazed on the hapless being, who had sworn to die rather than become her rival in the affections of the prince her master. The Georgian girl loved Ater Sing with the wild passion of a first and ardent love, but violent in her jealousy, she was yet tender in her pity, and now sat with her arm round the suffering Refia, as if she were the sister of her heart.

"Nay," said the young Georgian, in a coaxing voice, as she passed her jewelled hand over the disordered tresses of the weeping Refia, "sing no more mirzias, my soul; we will yet plot together to get you free, and Gul-Bhye shall aid us, and take your tokens to the young Akali. These walls are not so high but true love may scale them yet; and if Gholaub Sing of Cashmere does not cage you again, my honey-bird, you shall yet be a soldier's bride."

"Or I will *die*, Nighara!" murmured the hapless Refia. "Alas! alas! grief remains in my heart like the fire of the departed caravan in the deserted plain!"

"Well," returned the Georgian, "the poets say, nothing that is broken bears any value except the heart, which is the more valuable the more it is broken; we will ask Nehna Sing of that. But hark!—What shouts are those?—they ring on my ear unlike any sound but that which seemed to rend the Hareem walls asunder on the death of the Lion of Lahore. Oh! my prince, my love!—O Nanâc! spare him, and be merciful!" And as she thus shrieked forth her prayer, the Georgian girl sprang to the sculptured window, and strained her eyes to catch a glimpse on either side, from thence to learn from what the din arose, but vainly; for the Hareem was on the city wall, and looked forth only on the silent plain, and towards the wooded mountains of Cashmere.

Too soon, however, the dreaded news was learned; the prince Ater Sing, in drunken revel, had fallen by the dagger of Sullana the freebooter; his funeral obsequies were hurriedly arranged, and five of the latest favourites of the Hareem were commanded to be in readiness for immolation on his pyre.

The time arrived, and the sun shone as brightly forth as if no deed of horror could that day stain the face of smiling nature; as if no young life was to be hushed for ever by violent and cruel means, nor any cloud arise from earth to heaven but that of grateful incense from a temple's fane or the hearth of a happy home! Man, however, had decreed it otherwise, and already the faggots were piled in order, to complete the dreadful sacrifice; already the guards surrounded the spot to prevent escape; already the royal band prepared the instruments wherewith to drown the shrieks of anguish that would ere long be forced from the young lips, too soon to be stilled for ever. The chieftain's horse was also there; and he who should slay him was now engaged in decking the unconscious beast with gems and flowers, he champing his bit and curvetting the while, as if expecting to rush forth in eager heat to battle. Akali fanatics, too, were there, and Gurus in vast numbers; and superstition was at its height, and fierce zeal, or pallid fear, as the natures of men varied, distorted the faces of the thronging thousands now pressing around that spot; and far away, in the privacy of yonder Hareem, might be heard mad screams, ravings of despair, agonies of terror, worse, far worse than death; and those again were stilled as opium did its work, and passive unconsciousness succeeded to hideous and convulsive terror. Refia, exhausted by her late miseries, lay crouched upon her cushions, and the Georgian girl, as love conquered her fear of death, put aside the umrita cup, and, with the aspect of an inspired sibyl, triumphed in the hour that should unite her for ever to the object of her passionate and doating love.

The day advances, the guards are doubled, the din increases, the artillery thunders forth its tremendous salvos, the body of Ater Sing, arrayed in all the pomp of a Punjaub chieftain's state, is brought before the temple. The elephants of war trumpet forth their loud salutes; the faggots of sandal wood are lighted, and from the Hareem's gates troop forth a female group chaunting low mirzias. Among them, borne on litters, are the victims, each laden with jewels, each radiant with beauty, each attired in festive dress. The Georgian first appears, with flashing eyes, warm cheek, fired with the hot fever of this wild excitement, and a bosom heaving with its burden of unmixed passion. Then is borne forward the daughter of the shawl-worker, pale and almost insensible, on her cushions; yet the crowd think not of the rest, these being so young, so lovely, so strangely con-

trasted, so exquisitely beautiful! The crowd separates to receive and hail the victims; the priests advance, they lift them from their litters, they place them upon those treacherous beds, whose silken covers conceal the fatal piles so soon to crackle with red fire, and send their tall flames to tell a tale of fearful import to the now pure and smiling heavens:—the faggot of sandal wood is lighted, the priest touches the oil-steeped border of the couch on which the poor trembling form of the daughter of the shawl-worker now lies helpless;—he steps aside, and soon the lambent flames flash up alike from every pyre; but in the same moment a cry of wild terror bursts from the guard—they fall back appalled—strong men flee, and superstitious fear renders the warrior weak as the helpless child. The prophecy is fulfilled; the Guru of the Tomb, the Udasi of the Grove, he it is, that, with upraised hand, stands, terrible in vengeance, now among them! The strong men flee, the priests fall cowering to the earth; but the vision heeds them not; and while cries and groans for mercy rend the air, Refia is clasped in a firm embrace, and borne from her fiery couch. A moment more, and a horseman spurs towards the mountains, and the Akali band pour forth a shout of triumph that seems to rend the very heavens:—She is safe! she is won! And the dismayed people smite their breasts, and marvel in vain at the pale dread that so late oppressed them.

In the butree of Sullana the freebooter Vadeerch labours at his looms, and as the old man plies his needle in constrained labour for his tyrant master, his thoughts wander to far Cashmere, to its wooded mountains and its crystal streams, and to that sweet flower-embosomed cottage by the old water-fall, which the Akali and his fair wife have chosen for their forest home.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S SOLDIERS—(*continued*).

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

SHAKSPEARE had a task worthy of his genius, in delineating the character and chronicling the career of Henry V. He had to depict him as the darling of the English hearts, their leader in the most brilliant military exploits, the achiever of their greatest conquests, their favourite hero and boasted monarch; while he had also to preserve a regard for historic truth, by showing that his early youth was sullied by more than irregularity—by a companionship with idleness, looseness, and theft, and by an irreverent discourtesy towards the dignity of law and equity, even to the insulting and striking their minister, in the person of the Lord Chief Justice. But the manner in which the poet has executed this task is indeed equal to its exigencies. In studying the character and career of this prince, as Shakspeare has portrayed them, through the five plays of Richard II., the two Parts of Henry IV., Henry V., and the First Part of Henry VI., we cannot fail of being struck with the marvellous truth, power, judgment, fidelity, vigour, and harmonious consistency, with which the whole is developed. From the very first mention of this "unthrifty son" by his deploring father, Bolingbroke, in the first of the above-mentioned plays, to the funeral oration pronounced in the last over his honoured remains, by those who have survived to hail his reform, to celebrate his triumphs, and to lament his loss,—every incident is in keeping, every scene is appropriate, every touch is consonant with the task which Shakspeare had in hand. No point of truth has been violated, yet no extenuating circumstance has been omitted; no fact is suppressed or misstated, yet no advantageous light has been wanting to redeem and display the whole with the best effect. The gross insult to the "majesty and power of law and justice" is atoned for by an ample and honourable apology to the Lord Chief Justice, in the very first moment of the young king's accession to royalty; and the degrading companionship is accompanied by an artful intimation of the self-scrutiny constantly going on in the young prince's mind, with a view to ultimate reform, while the associates themselves are painted in such colours of gaiety, mirth, unrestraint, jollity, and good-humour, as shall effectually account for the fascination which they possess over the fancy of the young prince as a means of temporary amusement. Feeling the necessity for this vivid colouring, Shakspeare has lavished all the resources of his art upon the creature thus called into existence to be the young prince's magnetic associate; and he produced that miracle of wit, humour, enjoyment, roguery, geniality, impudence, luxury, waggery, ease, sweet temper, high spirits, joviality, and good fellowship—immortal Sir John Falstaff!

The fact is, the brilliancy of Falstaff fairly outshines every thing else that he comes near, and throws them into comparative shadow; so that, if we would clearly judge of the other characters in those plays where he appears, we must step aside out of the light for a while, and screen our eyes from its influence, by allowing them to dwell only upon less dazzling objects, or, to speak more plainly, we must read the play exclusive of his scenes, or if his scenes, exclusive of his speeches;—it really is the only way to resist the all-powerful spell of Sir John's fascination. Once permit yourself to read a line of him, and you are lost. Regret for the prince's idle hours is merged in a sense of the humours of the knight; and consideration of the consistent development, the artistic contrivance displayed in the one character, is lost sight of in relishing the wit of the other. What reader is there that does not feel the interest in the moral reform of the hero suspended during his dismissal of his former companion? Who is there that does not find his admiration of the nobleness with which the young king acknowledges his former course of error, and proclaims his intention of an amended future way

of life, mingle with a sense of abated satisfaction, when we find that that amendment necessarily involves the disgrace of the old favourite? Shakspeare himself, though admitting this necessity, allows his own regret to appear, and thus sanctions ours. For, when we afterwards hear of Falstaff's death, Mrs. Quickly says,—"The king hath killed his heart."

> "*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that 's the even of it.
> *Pistol.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right; his heart is fracted and corroborate.
> *Nym.* The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers."

Afterwards, also, there is a subtle indication of this sympathy of Shakspeare's with the regret we all feel for Falstaff's fate. He makes Fluellen, in the midst of a eulogium on Henry V., unconsciously censure his expediency in this respect:—

> "As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet."

The present affords another instance of the usual effect of speaking of Falstaff. Here have we been beguiled into a digression from the subject of this paper—for assuredly Sir John is *no soldier*. To return, therefore, to Henry V., that renowned one.

The method in which the poet all along has prepared us to expect that the young prince will be ultimately reclaimed, is curiously traceable from that very first speech of his father's, where he speaks with such regret of his "unthrifty son," ending with—

> "As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both
> I see some sparkles of a better hope,
> Which elder days may happily bring forth."

Wherever Shakspeare has been compelled to allow his hero to appear in a degrading position, he has been careful to introduce a counterbalancing touch of redemption; as witness his hesitation, in the scene where the robbery at Gadshill is first proposed, only yielding to the prospect of the jest which it will involve against Falstaff; and again, in the tavern, where he tells the sheriff, who comes to apprehend the thieves, a deliberate falsehood, but at the same time takes means that "the money shall be paid back with advantage." Throughout all his self-asserting speeches, this future promise is strikingly perceptible. In the first, frequently-quoted soliloquy, beginning,—"I know you all," &c.; in the vindication he offers to his father, in the second scene of the third act; in his alertness when the army is levied against the rebels; in that touch of discretion, where he rebukes Falstaff for an untimely jest in the royal camp; in his dignified, yet modest challenge to Hotspur; in his soldierly conduct during the battle, his unwillingness to quit the field when wounded, with his filial rescue when his father is in peril; in his gallant bearing in the single-handed fight with Percy, and the chivalrous courtesy that prompts him to cover the face of his slain rival; in his disposal of the vanquished Douglas; in the self-reproachful tone that pervades his behaviour the first time we see him in the Second Part of Henry IV., where, through his idle talk with Poins, we perceive the course of his inward thought, and he actually says, "Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us;" and in an after scene, where he exclaims:

> "By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
> So idly to profane the precious time,
> When tempest of commotion, like the south,
> Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
> And drop upon our bare unarmed heads:"

in each and all of these several instances we have cited, there are clearly traceable those "sparkles of a better hope" to which his father incipiently alluded, and which ultimately shine forth in a glorious reformation.

It is worthy of a passing remark, as an instance of the harmonious propriety which invests Shakspeare's creations, that the prince in his idle moments and tavern-talk speaks prose, but that his higher moods of thought are expressed in blank verse.

There is a singular reticence observable in the character of this prince—a secret pleasure he takes in holding back the evidences of these "sparkles" until such time as he shall choose to bid them blaze forth in full splendour. He evinces a strong consciousness of their existence in himself, but retains them latent, with a sort of usurious calculation that their unexpected revelation shall bring him manifold interest:—

> "Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
> My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
> Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
> Than that which hath no foil to set it off."

In the like spirit is the reward which he proposes to himself in the victory over Hotspur, when he says:—

> "The time will come,
> That I shall make this northern youth exchange
> His glorious deeds for my indignities.
> Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
> To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf."

He is content to lie in wait, as it were, for fame, secure in his conscious desert of ultimate renown. He loves to hoard this consciousness, and enjoys the thought that he shall "live to show the incredulous world the noble change that he has purposed." His atonement to the Lord Chief Justice, and the public dismissal and disgrace to which he subjects Falstaff, are completely in keeping with the sort of triumph which the prince has proposed to himself all along—to astonish people, and baffle all their anticipations, and to win their admiration at a single and unexpected stroke—

> "So shall the world perceive
> That I have turn'd away my former self;
> So will I those that kept me company."

It is curiously indicative of a point of consistency in Shakspeare's delineation, that this feature in Prince Henry's character is an *inherited* one. His father Bolingbroke exhibits in the course of his career a like

tendency to calculating foresight, and patient reservation in his scheme of action. Much of this is avowed in his discourse with the prince, where we find smoothness, expediency, purposes held in abeyance to prudence and policy, concealed beneath an oily exterior, to have been his rule in life. In his son, Prince Henry, we have seen the working of this inherited disposition; in the conduct of the other son, Prince John of Lancaster, where he inveigles the rebel lords into the royal power by base equivocation and cold-blooded treachery, we see another 'inherited' transcript of the father's heartless treatment of his tool, Exton.

In the play of Henry V. the character of the prince has attained its maturity of reformation, and the hero gloriously achieves the renown, moral and military, of which his early "sparkles of a better hope" bore promise. The welcome fact of his spiritual regeneration is introduced at the very opening of the play, in that eloquent dialogue between the two reverend prelates of Canterbury and Ely; and his own first speech is as holy as it is warlike, like that of a man seeking to establish his character for justice and virtue as well as courage. Henry V. has to win by his present worthy behaviour, no less than by his valour and warlike achievements, a fame which shall dazzle men's eyes, and blind them to his past follies and preceding indifferent reputation. He accordingly maintains strict watch over himself; his speech is temperate and guarded, and his demeanour is almost studiously sanctified, perpetually reminding us that he is working to earn a name for goodness. He seldom makes a speech in this play without invoking the name of God; and these solemn appeals are of so frequent recurrence, as to wear the appearance of a habit of expression assumed for a purpose, and affected, rather than real.

This habit of expression, however, gradually becomes a habit of mind; for as his reformation becomes more and more confirmed, as his virtue strengthens, and his nature refines in the course of his matured career, we behold him towards the end of the play speaking from the depths of a purified heart in a strain of pious humility that proclaims itself sincere—for it is in *soliloquy*; that noble soliloquy on "Ceremony," concluding with one of the most devout prayers ever offered up to the "God of battles." Shakspeare seems to have constantly borne in mind that he had to paint Henry V. conformably with what the chorus styles him—"the mirror of all christian kings," rather than the mere military hero; and that he had to

"Make his chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries."

The wooing of the French princess, Katharine, is a happy combination of the madcap playfulness of Prince Hal, and the martial decision and confirmed character of Henry V.—it is gay, frank, and soldierly.

If proof were wanting of Shakspeare's power of depicting individual features in characters possessing points of general similarity, two stronger examples could scarcely be adduced than those of Henry V. and King John. Both are English monarchs, both royal commanders, both leading their troops to foreign conquests, both receiving embassies from France, and both repairing thither to carry back in person their warlike reply. But see the intrinsic contrast. The one is ardent, brave, aspiring, confident in the love and support of his people, whose good opinion he has striven to deserve; the other, wily, artful, making every movement by a stratagem, and feeling that he holds his subjects by no other tenure than the right of might, and an appeal to the baser passions of their nature. John rules by craft, where Harry governs by attachment.

Allusion has already been made to the marked appropriateness in each address that Shakspeare has made his several military leaders deliver to their soldiery. Very distinct in character are those uttered by Henry V. and King John. What brilliant, impetuous, rousing appeals to the zeal of his men, are those of the former, beginning "Once more unto the breach, dear friends," in the Third Act, and the celebrated one upon the eve of the fight at Agincourt! There is a frank communion in his manner peculiarly winning to English soldiers:—"Well have *we* done, thrice valiant countrymen!" and no wonder they "determine to fight lustily for him." How sorrily John's stealthy advances show against all this. He seems to creep on, sneaking his way, as it were, and feeling the pulse, as he proceeds, of those whom he is addressing, when he appeals to the citizens of Angiers, with characteristic craft contriving to obtain the first hearing. In John we have no equalising "we;" no confiding "dear friends." On the contrary, the extortionate tyrant to his people appears in such phrases as this:—

"Ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; angels imprison'd
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in its utmost force;—"

while the ardour of the warrior seems to be degraded into the thirst of the murderer, when he says with fierce and sanguinary iteration:—

"I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France."

Full of beauty and profound moral teaching was the contrivance which placed Faulconbridge, the frank young soldier of fortune, in juxtaposition with the mean and blood-thirsty John. How nobly appears the open manly bearing of the youth who wins his way to honour by his sword, and gradually attains a still higher excellence in his matured experiences, against the crafty, base-minded king who pollutes the path to his throne with the blood of his little kinsman, and whose reign is sullied by tyranny, deceit, treachery, murder, and ignoble submission to papal supremacy.

In Faulconbridge we see an eager young spirit

subjected to the ordeal of a court, of the wars, of the world, and becoming gradually rectified in its transit through the alembic of intrigue, emulation, strife, and passion.

Scarcely a better homily can be read upon the worthlessness of contention, than is to be found, if rightly construed, in the career of Philip Faulconbridge. It is like a treatise on the philosophy of war; and it is so consistently set forth, that it seems almost as if Shakspeare had employed this character in the form of a moral chorus to this play, (as he introduced an actual one in the last mentioned drama,) making him a medium to convey his own sentiments upon the worthlessness of strife and contention, and to impress this conviction upon the minds of his audience.

We behold Faulconbridge first, a young adventurer, intent upon seizing the earliest chance of what he then conceives to be honour,—even at the expense of that of his mother, which is compromised in his public claim of descent from Cœur-de-lion. This he does, not so much that he may derive his birth from Richard as king, but as the warlike monarch, the renowned military leader, the by-word and terror of the East, the plume in the helmet of christian chivalry; he pants for distinction, come it how it may, and his early speeches palpably betray how inferior his value for right is to his desire for might. His thirst for glory is so eager as to confuse his sense of what true glory is; and not until his judgment comes to exercise itself in the wider field of active life, does he attain the discrimination of a better wisdom.

He leans to the court-craft, lends himself to sophistry and dissimulation, and sets all his hopes upon making his fortune, and acquiring renown in the wars. Here he distinguishes himself by confronting and o'ercresting the Duke of Austria, against whom he at once indulges the instinctive dislike felt by all really brave men for blusterers and bullies, as well as the hereditary antipathy he bears towards the enemy of his father Cœur-de-lion. Here, also, he gives full course to his warlike ardour, and he not only fights bravely himself, but his martial enthusiasm helps to incite the contending kings:—

"Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death."

Throughout the engagement his conduct bespeaks the young and eager soldier, whose sole thought is military glory and ambition.

But then comes the soliloquy on "Commodity," or "Interest," in which we see how the better nature of the man revolts from the hollowness and want of faith he detects in the French king; yet Shakspeare, with his usual consistency, and conformably with the view he had in constructing this character, causes his eyes to open only by degrees, so that Faulconbridge concludes this very speech with adhering to his early views of advantage, and determines still to pursue his fortunes, keeping "commodity" as his lode-star. He is still too inexperienced to rely confidently on his own better instincts, but his ingenuous mind undeviatingly helps him forward to juster conviction.

The circumstance that brings about the important and decided change in the character of Faulconbridge is the death of little Prince Arthur, resulting from the machinations of King John, to whom he himself is much indebted. We find him still the courageous, high-spirited man; but his sentiments after this event are distinctively those of the man of moral courage, as contrasted with his previous physical courage. Like one of truly noble nature, he scorns to fall off from the patron to whom he owes so much; but the discovery of that patron's baseness and treachery acts like a talisman to unseal his eyes to the vain-glory and evil of "vaulting ambition" and low cupidity. He still adheres to the cause of the king, and endeavours to screen him from the indignation of his revolting nobles; but he now discourses with a calm dignity, totally unlike the rash impetuosity of Faulconbridge in the opening of the play. His replies to Pembroke and Salisbury are temperate and sedate, and only once during the scene do we find a trace of his early fierceness break out upon a personal threat from the latter,—this explosion merely proceeding from his valour being roused. The way in which the poet has effected the quelling of this fiery spirit only by the chilling mist of suspicion and misplaced confidence, is as beautiful in its tribute to the original nature of Faulconbridge himself, as it is impressive in its teaching. Throughout this entire scene we behold the character of the man in its process of chastening amelioration, as we discover working in him that divine maturer insight into the rottenness of contest and strife, which gradually takes the place of his young ambition, and which finds words, at length, in that grand soliloquy at the end of the scene, where he bids Hubert bear away the dead Prince.

After this we find him bravely fighting for John, steady in his adherence to his cause, showing a valiant front to his enemies, and supporting him in his death-agony; while the moral perfectioning of his own character is wound to a climax in the closing words of the play:—

"This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them:—Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

It is surely "probal to thinking" that Shakspeare formed the character of Faulconbridge as a chorus to this play, to reveal to us the hidden skeleton beneath the veil and roses of war and ambition.

In sad contrast with the career of moral progression just cited, is the unhappy declension of Macbeth from his pristine whiteness of soul. From the first retrograde motion towards vice until the final whelm in the abyss of crime, we are presented with a terrible picture of a brave man heart-smitten; of a soldier turned craven; of a valorous gentleman, crest-fallen

and degraded into a royal trembler by the stings of remorse and a guilty conscience. Macbeth is naturally valiant. The description we have of his conduct in the battle-field, in the second scene of the play, declares him to be a gallant combatant:—

"Brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements."

His preparations for defence, when his castle is attacked, bespeak him the active commander; and his energetic words are those of an unflinching warrior,—"I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked," and "At least we'll die with harness on our back." He is constitutionally brave, but he quails beneath self-accusation, and his own conscience daunts him: "he feels his secret murders sticking on his hands." The consciousness of evil deeds cleaves to him, like the poisoned garment of Nessus, stifling his native courage with a mortal environment. It is one of the most mournful circumstances in the tragedy to behold how the fair blossom of reputation enjoyed by "brave Macbeth" in the early scenes, is soiled and smirched by the foul degradation of wrong and murder, until it is entirely eclipsed by the general abhorrence entertained against "black Macbeth," in the latter portion of the play. We watch his dereliction from virtue with anxiety, and mark his downfal with terror and pity, for we cannot but feel that there is much in his nature capable of taking a higher aim than the poor ambition which was awakened by the dark promptings of the weird sisters. There is that in Macbeth's nature which would have been susceptible of loftiest aspiring and achievement, had he not yielded to the suggestions of those other baser impulses that lurk in his heart, (of which impulses the witches are but the type shadowed forth in foul identity); and it is these very antagonistic principles of right and wrong, of good and evil, of strength and weakness, co-existent in Macbeth,—his inherent power of being virtuous, yet his self-abandonment to vice,—that appeal so strongly in his behalf to our own sympathies, and render him so vitally interesting to us all. The study of this character is fraught with powerful meaning to every human bosom, sensible of its own ceaseless struggle to maintain unswervingly the strict and onward path, and conscious of the "mingled yarn of good and ill together" that composes the texture of "frail mortality."

We have here attempted to analyse the varied internal structure of some more of these military portraitures; of Henry V. the reformed; John, the crafty; Faulconbridge, the ingenuous; and Macbeth, the conscience-crippled; and yet we have not exhausted the list of Shakspeare's soldier-heroes in tracing their several individualities.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HASSELLS,[1]

BY HER BROTHER.

Oh life! thou sunshine of an hour,
To loving hearts how sweet!
But, like the rainbow in the shower,
Though beautiful, how fleet!
And here, what bitterness hath filled
Thy cup, in one brief day;
Where sad and sudden fate has chilled
The warmest heart to clay.

Fair rose the sun on yonder Hall,
Where all around was bloom;
It sets to-night on yonder Hall,
In deep and sudden gloom!
For she, whose presence made it bright,
Whose welcome-smile it wore,
Dispensing happiness and light
Shall cheer its hearth no more!

And we, who walk in earthly weeds,
Bewail our mortal doom;
With sudden wound the bosom bleeds,
And tears bedew the tomb!
But oh! if sudden was the blow,
Short was the closing strife;
No lingering pangs—no wasting woe,
Consumed the springs of life!

The bloom of health was on her cheek,
Peace in her earthly home;
And all around her seemed to speak
Of happy days to come!
But no! the mortal vision flies;
The fatal word is given;
Sudden, on earth she closed her eyes,
To open them in Heaven!—W. B.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[2]

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

CHAPTER XIII.

PRESENTS TOM BRACY IN A NEW AND INTERESTING ASPECT.

Three days passed by, and still poor Rose received no answer to her letter, but remained a prey to alternate hopes and fears, and all "The gnawing tortures of an anxious mind:" on the fourth arrived the following characteristic note:—

"My Dear Miss Arundel,—I dare say you've been abusing me like a pick-pocket,—at least, I must have appeared to you deserving of such abuse, for treating your request so cavalierly; but the fact is, I have been down in a Cornish tin mine for the last two days, and only received your packet on my arrival in town, an hour ago. And now, to business. I don't set up for a judge of poetry, though I know what pleases me and what doesn't, (I should be a donkey if I did not, you'll say,)—for instance, the present school of "suggestive" poetry doesn't suit me at all; but then

(1) The late Mrs. Hassells, by a fall from her carriage, was killed on the spot, Sept. 2, 1847.

(2) Continued from p. 90.

I have an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of understanding what I read, and calling a railway locomotive a '*resonant steam eagle*,' for instance, does not tend to simplify literature; the only thing such phrases 'suggest' to me is, that it would be a great deal better if the authors were content to stick to plain English, and when they have such inexpressibly grand ideas, not to trouble themselves to express them at all. Your verses have at least one good point in them—they are so worded that a plain man may understand them; in fact, all that I have yet read, I like—the feeling is invariably pure, true and beautiful, (your heart's in the right place, and no mistake); the language is well chosen and sometimes eloquent; there are, of course, occasionally places where it gets weak and young lady-like, but that was only to be expected. We can't all be men, unfortunately. I could not help laughing when you 'supposed I knew' all the booksellers and publishers in London. Heaven forbid! for in that case I should have a very miscellaneous acquaintance. However, I do know several, and I will go the first thing to-morrow morning and consult one of them—a gentleman on whose judgment I can rely, as to what will be the most advisable course for *us* to pursue. I say *us*, because, as I don't mean to let the matter rest till I have succeeded, I consider myself a partner in the concern. Lewis parted from me in high health and very tolerable spirits. He left town, with General Grant, the same morning on which I started for Cornwall. You shall hear from me again when I can report progress. Don't write any more nonsense about giving me trouble: in the first place, the thing is no trouble; in the second, I should not mind it one bit if it were. "I am yours very truly,

"RICHARD FRERE."

The first thing next morning, Frere called upon his friend the publisher, who, as soon as he understood that nothing beyond advice was required of him, became very communicative and agreeable—glanced his eye over the verses, and approved of them, though he added, with a Burleigh-like shake of the head, that he wished they were anything but poetry. Frere wondered why, and asked him. In reply, he learned that the public mind had acquired a sadly practical bias, which leading him to suggest that poetry was the very thing of all others to bring it right again, he was farther informed that the evil was much too deeply seated to be affected by so weak an application as the poetry of the present day; and the truth of this appearing undeniable, the subject was dropped.

"The best thing for you to do with these MSS., Mr. Frere," continued his adviser, "would be to get them inserted in some popular periodical."

"Well, I don't object," returned Frere; "which had I better send them to? there's 'Gently's Miscellany,' and the 'New Weakly,' and 'Gainsworth's Magazine,' and half-a-dozen more of 'em."

"What do you suppose would be the result of adopting such a line of conduct?" inquired his friend.

"Why, as the things are in themselves good, they'd probably put 'em in next month, and send a cheque for the amount, inclosed in a polite note asking for more."

"I fear not," was the answer. "A very promising young friend of mine sent a nicely written paper to the least exclusive of the periodicals you have just mentioned; hearing nothing of it, he ventured at the end of six months to write and inquire its fate; in reply, he received a note from the editor, which appeared to him more explicit than satisfactory. It was couched in the following laconic terms:—'Declined with thanks.'"

"Phew! that's pleasant," rejoined Frere. "What would you advise then, under the circumstances? I place myself quite in your hands."

His friend leaned back in his chair, and considered the matter deeply. At length he seemed to have hit upon some expedient, for he muttered with great emphasis, "Yes, that might do. He could if he would. Yes—certainly!" Then turning suddenly to Frere, he exclaimed, "Mind, you'll never breathe a word of it to any living being!"

"Not for the world," returned Frere; "and now, what is it?"

"You've heard of Blunt's Magazine?"

"Yes; I've seen it in several places lately."

"No doubt; it's a most admirably conducted publication, and one which is certain to become a great favourite with the public. Now I happen to be acquainted with one of the gentlemen who edit it, and shall be happy to give you a note of introduction to him; but you must promise me to be most careful never to reveal his name."

"Certainly," rejoined Frere, "if you wish it; but, may I ask what it would signify if all London knew it?"

His companion turned upon him a look of indignant surprise; but, perceiving that he made the inquiry in honest simplicity of heart, his face assumed an expression of contemptuous pity, as he replied, in such a tone of voice as one would use to a little child who had inquired why it might not set light to a barrel of gunpowder, "My dear sir, you do not know—you cannot conceive the consequences. Such a thing would be utterly impossible."

He then wrote a few lines, which he handed to Frere, saying, "You will find him at home till eleven."

"And his mysterious name," observed Frere, glancing at the address, "is?—eh! nonsense!—Thomas Bracy, Esq. Why, he is an intimate friend of my own! That's famous. Oh! I'll have some fun with him—I'm sure I'm extremely obliged to you—good morning;"—so saying, Frere seized his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and hurried off, overjoyed at his discovery.

The mendacious tiger, of whom we have already made honourable mention, answered Frere's inquiry as to whether his master was at home, with a most decided and unequivocal negative, adding the gratuitous information that he had gone down to dine with his uncle at Hampstead the previous day, and

was not expected home till 4 o'Clock that afternoon.

"Well, that's a nuisance," returned Frere. "I tell you what, boy, I'll step in and write your master a note."

"Yes, sir, certain*ly*, if you please, sir; only we've been a having the sweeps hin, and the place is hall in a huproar, so as it's unpossibul to touch nothink."

At this moment a bell rang violently, and the boy, begging Frere to wait, bounded up the stairs like a cat, returning almost immediately with the information that—"He was wery sorry, but he'd just been to the green-grocer's, and, while he was hout, master had comed home quite promiscuous."

"And how about the soot?" asked Frere, a light breaking in upon him.

"Please, sir, cook's been and cleaned it hup while I were gone."

"I thought so," returned Frere; "you're a nice boy!" Then, catching him by the collar of his jacket, he continued—"Tell me, you young scamp, how often do you speak the truth?"

The urchin, thus detected, glanced at Frere's face, and reading there that any attempt to keep up appearances must prove a dead failure, replied with the utmost *sang froid*, "Please, sir, whenever I can't think of nothink better."

"There's an answer!" returned Frere, meditatively. "Well, you need never learn swimming—water won't harm you; but mark my words, and beware of hemp." So saying, he loosened his hold on the boy's collar, and followed him up-stairs.

The tiger, not having recognised Frere in his European habiliments, had merely told his master that a gentleman wished to see him on business; and Bracy, who had reason to expect a visit from a certain literary Don, had rushed into his dressing-room to exchange a very decidedly "fast" smoking jacket, for the black frock-coat of editorial propriety; for which reason Frere was left to entertain himself for a few minutes with his own society. After examining sundry clever caricature sketches of Bracy's which evinced a decided talent for that branch of art, Frere seated himself in an easy chair in front of a writing-table, on which lay a mysterious document, written in a bold dashing hand, which involuntarily attracted his attention. For the reader's edification we will transcribe it:—

Blunt's Magazine, June. Sheets 3 and 4.

Questions on Quicksilver	4
The Homeless Heart, (Stanzas by L. O. V. E.) .	1
Hist. Parallels, No. 3, (Cromwell & Cœur-de-Lion)	7
L'Incomprise, (by the Authoress of L'Inconnue). .	6
Hard work and hard food; or, How would you like it yourself? A plea for the industrial classes	5
Dog-cart Drives, (by the Editor,) Chap. 10, "A Spicey Screw;" Chap. 11, "Doing the Governor"	7
Wanted something light, abt	2
	32

The last item in this singular catalogue was written in pencil.

"Now I should like to know what all that means," soliloquized Frere; "Something light about two?—a luncheon would come under that definition exactly;—two *whats?* that's the question! Two pounds?—it would not be particularly light if it weighed as much as that. Perhaps the figures stand for money—the prices they pay for the magazine articles, I dare say; 4—6—7; now, if they happen to be sovereigns, that will suit my young lady's case very nicely. Ah! here he comes."

Chapter XIV.

CONTAINS A DISQUISITION ON MODERN POETRY, AND AFFORDS THE READER A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The position in which Frere had placed himself, prevented Bracy from discerning his features as he entered, and he accordingly accosted his visitor as follows:—

"My dear sir, I am really distressed to have kept you waiting, but as you arrived I was just jotting down the result of a little flirtation with the Muse."

"And this is it, I suppose?" observed Frere, turning his face towards the speaker, and pointing to the document before alluded to.

"Why, Frere! is it you, man?" exclaimed Bracy, in surprise. "As I'm a sinner I took you for that learned elder, Dr. ———. My young imp told me you were a gentleman who wished to see me on particular business. If that juvenile devil takes to telling lies *to* instead of *for* me, I shall have to give him his due for once, in the shape of a sound caning."

"You may spare yourself the trouble," returned Frere, "as by some accident he has only spoken the truth this time; for I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am anything but a gentleman, and I have most assuredly come to you on business—that is, always supposing Mr. —— of —— Street has informed me correctly in regard to your editorial functions."

"What! has the *cacoethes scribendi* seized you also, and tempted you into the commission of some little act of light literature?" asked Bracy.

"Thank goodness, no," answered Frere; "I'm happy to say I'm not so far gone as all that comes to, yet. No, this is a different case altogether:" and he then proceeded to inform his companion of Rose's application, and the necessity which existed to make her talents available for practical purposes.

"Magazine writing affords rather a shady prospect for realizing capital, in these days," observed Bracy, shaking his head discouragingly. "Let's look at the young lady's interesting efforts—have you ever seen her? Arundel's sister ought to be pretty. What's this? 'The Preacher's Address to the Soul.' Why, it's a sermon in rhyme—heaven help the girl! what's she thinking of?"

"Read it and you'll see. I like it very much," returned Frere, slightly nettled at the reception his *protégée's* productions appeared likely to meet with.

"Oh! it's a sermon clearly," continued Bracy;

"here's something about vanity and the grave. I heard it all last Sunday at St. Chrysostom's, only the fellow called it *gw*ave and *gw*ace. He'd picked up some conscientious scruple against the use of the letter R, I suppose. It's quite wonderful, all the new-fangled doctrines they discover now-a-days. Hum—ha—'Making the desert home'—rather a young idea, eh? 'Happy birds,'—don't like that, it puts one too much in mind of 'jolly dogs,' or 'odd fish.' I should have said, dickey birds, if it had been me; that's a very safe expression, and one that people are accustomed to. 'The joy of flowers,'—what on earth does she mean by that, now? I should say nobody could understand that—for which reason, by the way, it's the best thing I've seen yet. Poetry, to be admired in the present day, should be utterly incomprehensible. We insert very little, but that's the rule I go by: if I can't understand one word of a thing, I make a point of accepting it; it's safe to become popular. 'Love for time, Heaven for eternity'—well, that's all very nice and pretty, but I'm sorry to say it won't do; it's not suited to the tone of the Magazine, you see."

"I can't say I do see very clearly at present," returned Frere; "what kind of poetry *do* you accept?"

"Oh, there are different styles. Now here's a little thing I've got in the June part,—'The Homeless Heart, by L. O. V. E.' Her real name is Mary Dobbs, but she couldn't very well sign herself M. D.: people would think she was a physician. She's a very respectable young woman, (such a girl to laugh,) and engaged to an opulent stockbroker. Now listen.—

"'Homeless, forsaken,
Deeply oppress'd,
Raving, yet craving,
Agony's rest;
Bitterly hating,
Fondly relenting,
Sinning, yet winning
Souls to repenting;
When for her sorrow
Comes a to-morrow,
Shall she be bless'd?'"—

"That's a question I can't take upon myself to answer," interrupted Frere; "but if those are in the style you consider suited to the tone of your Magazine, it must be a very wonderful publication."

"I flatter myself it is, rather," replied Bracy complacently; "but that's by no means the only style—here's a thing that will go down with the million sweetly. Listen to this,"—and as he spoke, he extracted from a drawer a mighty bundle of papers labelled, "Accepted Poetry," and selecting one or two specimens from the mass, read as follows:—

"The Countess Emmeline's Disdainment.

"Bitter-black the winter's whirlwind, wail'd around the haunted hall,
Where the sheeted snow that fleeted, fester'd on the moulder'd wall.

"But his blacker soul within him, childish calm appeared without,
And when gazing, 'twas amazing, wherefore rose the sceptic doubt.

"Then her voice so silver-blended, to a trumpet-blast did grow,
As she task'd him when she ask'd him, 'Mr. Johnson, is it so?'

"Ashen-white the curdled traitor paled before her eagle eye,
Whilst denying in replying, deeper grew his perjury."—

"There! I can't stand any more of that, at any price!" exclaimed Frere, putting his hands to his ears; "unless you wish to make me seriously ill, spare me the infliction of those detestable compound adjectives."

"My dear fellow, you've no taste," returned Bracy. "Why, that's written by one of our best contributors; an individual that will make Tennyson look to his laurels, and do the Brownings brown, one of these days. But, if that's too grand for you, here's a little bit of pastoral simplicity may suit you better:—

"'To a Herblet, Name Unknown.

'Once upon a holiday,
Sing heigho!
Still with sportive fancy playing,
While all nature was a-maying,
On a sunny bank I lay;
Where the happy grass did grow,
'Neath the fragrant lime-tree row.
Sing heigho!

'There a little fairy flower,
Sing heigho!
Glancing from its baby-eyes
With a look of sweet surprise,
Grew up beneath a bower,
Brought unto my soul the dawning
Of a mystic spirit-warning,
Sing heigho!

'Then I wept, and said, despairing,
Sing heigho!
Fate is dark, and earth is lonely,
And the heart's young blossoms only
Render life worth bearing——'

"Now, then, what's the matter with you?" inquired Bracy, interrupting himself, on seeing Frere snatch up his hat and umbrella.

"If you're going to read any more of that, I'm off; that's all," returned Frere; "my powers of endurance are limited."

"Oh, if you are positively such a Hottentot as to dislike it," rejoined Bracy, "I'll not waste any more of its sweet simplicity upon you; but, you'll see, the gentle public will rave about it to an immense extent."

"Now tell me honestly, Bracy—you don't really admire that childish rubbish?"

Thus appealed to, Bracy's face assumed an expression of most comical significance; and, after pausing for a moment in indecision, he replied:

"Well, I've a sort of respect for your good opinion, Frere, and I don't exactly like to send you away fancying me a greater ass than I am; so I'll honestly confess, that, what between affected Germanisms on the one hand, and the puerilities of the Wordsworth-and-water school on the other, the poetry of the present day has sunk to a very low ebb indeed."

"Then don't you consider it the duty of every honest critic to point this out, and so guide and reform the public taste, as to evoke from the 'well of English undefiled,' a truer and purer style?" returned Frere, earnestly.

"My dear fellow, that all sounds very well in theory, but in practice, I'm afraid, (to use a metaphor derived from one of the humane and intellectual amusements of our venerated forefathers,) that cock won't fight. It may be all very well for some literary Don Quixotte, with a pure Saxon taste and a long purse, to tilt at the public's pet windmills, because he conceives them to be giant abuses—if he meets with a fall, he need only put his hand in his pocket and purchase a plaster, getting a triple shield of experience in, for the money; but it is far otherwise with a magazine—if that is to continue in existence it must pay; in order to pay it must be rendered popular; to make a thing popular you must go with the stream of public opinion, and not against it. The only chance is to head the tide, and turn it in the direction you desire; but to attempt that, a man ought to possess first-rate talent, and I'm free to confess that I, for one, do not; and therefore, you see, as people must be amused, I'm very willing to amuse them in their own way, as long as I find it pleasant and profitable to do so. *Voila!* do you comprehend?"

"I comprehend this much," returned Frere, gruffly, "that the ground of your argument is expediency and not principle; and I tell you plainly, that does not suit me, and I'm afraid Miss Arundel is too much of my mind in that particular, for her writings to suit your wonderful magazine; so the sooner I take my departure, the better for your morning's work."

"Stay a moment," returned Bracy, resuming his examination of Rose's papers; "is there nothing but verses? What is this?—'My first Dinner-party'—this seems more likely."

He paused, and ran his eye over several of the pages, muttering from time to time, as he went along, "Yes, good lively style—quick powers of observation—a very graphic touch—bravo! ha! ha! here, listen to this:—

"'Immediately before me stood a dish which even my inexperience believed itself able to recognise; it was jelly of some kind, with certain dark objects encased in it, as flies occasionally are in amber. These opaque portions I settled, in my own mind, must be preserved fruit, and accordingly, (fearful lest, in my ignorance of fashionable dishes, I should say 'yes' to some tremendous delicacy which might prove particularly distasteful to me,) when invited to partake of it, I graciously signified my assent. Imagine my horror, when, on putting the first mouthful to my lips, I discovered the jelly was savoury, *i.e.* all pepper and salt, and the creature embedded in it, a fragment of some dreadful fish! Eating the thing was out of the question, the mere taste I had of it made me feel uncomfortable; an attempt to conceal it beneath the knife and fork proved utterly futile. I looked at the butler, but he was too much absorbed in his own dignity, and the dispensation of champagne, to observe me; I glanced appealingly at a good-looking young footman, but he merely pulled up his shirt-collar foppishly, thinking he had made an impression; I even ventured to call, in a low voice, to the sprightly waiter who had eloped with my untouched plate of lamb five minutes before, but he did not hear me; and there I sat with a huge plateful of horrible food before me, which I could neither eat nor get rid of, 'a cynosure for neighbouring eyes,' forced, as my fears suggested, to run the gauntlet of all the mocking glances of the assembled company.'

"There," continued Bracy, "I call that a stunning description; I could not have done it better myself; the girl writes so easily! Let me see, 18—25—28 lines in a page of manuscript; there's not much of it, I think I can get it in, I want two pages of amusing matter in the fourth sheet."

"Ah! something light, about two. Now I understand," exclaimed Frere, pointing to the mysterious document on the table; "that was not a memorandum about luncheon, then."

"A what?" returned Bracy, shouting with laughter. "No," he continued, as soon as he had in some measure recovered his composure, "that is the 'make-up,' as we call it, of the third and fourth sheets of the Magazine."

"Indeed!" returned Frere; "I should think it must require a great deal of careful reflection, to select suitable articles, and arrange them properly."

"Eh! no, not a bit; the thing's simple enough, when you once get in the way of it—have plenty of variety, that's the grand point; what one doesn't like, another will. Take large shot for big birds, and small shot for little ones, and then you'll bag the whole covey; that's my maxim. Now, look here; first we begin with a scientific article, 'Questions on Quicksilver;' there's not one reader in a hundred that can understand that paper when they've read it; and very few even of those who can take it in, care two straws about Quicksilver, why should they? but they all read it, because its a cheap way of getting up the necessary amount of scientific jargon, to hash into small talk. I never look at that man's papers myself; I know they're safe, though I can't understand a word of 'em—but they're a great help to the Magazine. Then comes our friend, the 'Homeless Heart;' I put that in as a drop of romantic barley-sugar, to soften the women's throats after swallowing the science. Next we have 'An Historical Parallel;' famous fellows they are; the principal dodge in writing them, is to take an 'entirely new reading of the character,' as the actors say; in the present article, if I recollect right, they prove Cœur-de-Lion to have been a hypocritical fanatic, and Cromwell a chivalric, magnanimous enthusiast. It's safe to take, depend upon it. 'L'Incomprise' tells its own tale—it's as close an imitation of Eugene Sue, and Georges Sand, as English morality will tolerate, though the invention of Gutta Percha, or some other elastic agent, enables even that stiff material, now-a-days, to stretch to lengths which

would astonish our grandmothers. Then comes the 'Plea for the industrial Classes,'—a regular savage poke at the present Poor Law; (we're obliged to do a little bit of political economy as well as our neighbours, you know); it's awfully heavy, but it will neutralize any ill effects 'L'Incomprise' may have had on fathers of families all the better. Lastly, there's my own little thing, 'Dog-cart Drives.' Ahem!—have you seen that?"

"Not I," replied Frere; "I've no time for reading tra—I mean, novels and that sort of thing."

"I believe it's liked; I hear it's a good deal talked about," continued Bracy, with an air of timid self-complacency. "Bell's Life spoke very handsomely of it last week; there were six whole lines devoted to it, I think; upon my word I should like you to read it."

At this moment, Frere suddenly discovered that he had remained over his time, and should be too late for some deeply interesting experiments that were to come off that morning at, what his companion termed, his science shop; so receiving an assurance from Bracy that Rose's sketch should be inserted in the Magazine, and that he would consider what would be her best mode of proceeding in regard to the poetry, the friends shook hands and parted, Frere promising to make himself acquainted with the subject-matter of "Dog-cart Drives," at an early opportunity.

SWEDENBORG AND HIS OPINIONS.

The name, at least, of this prince of mystics has been lately revived from a pretty general obscurity in the writings of the distinguished American essayist, Emerson. Although there is now little chance of his mission being commonly accepted as supernatural, the works of Swedenborg are still, in the eyes of Catholic inquirers, a mine of important and most curious disquisition. For the miscellaneous reader's sake, who may not happen to have given them particular attention, we may here furnish a brief sketch of his life, character, and opinions, which latter are yet considered apostolical by a section of religious enthusiasts. In every age, from Pythagoras down to Heinrich Stilling, mystics have existed; a certain similarity of view may be found to characterize their doctrines; and although modern times are distinguished by the abolition of the veil between *esoteric* and *exoteric*, by which the ancients separated the "initiated" from the "vulgar," it is curious enough to mark how, amidst the light of science, our oraculist still manages to breathe, and substitutes for the obscurity without that which is within. The present age contains, perhaps, an equal number of those hooded birds of Minerva with any former one. The sight of light seems to terrify them, and they sail away disdainfully to remoter night, or look out on us with eyes of sphinx-like secrecy, intimating a world to which they alone have access. In fact, the more science advances, the more they appear to rally their forces; knowledge itself becomes a source of mystification: the mystic draws his black circle round the limits of discovery, telling us that the encompassing dark is only shown more widely; instead of all things beyond multiplying the reflection, and the whole being better understood with the past. If we need not fear the sudden dying-out of this class of minds, then still less are we in danger of a more important one—the race of poets—disappearing before the steps of science, since the more clearly and in the more numerous relations truth is known, the more capable is it of being *humanized* by imagination. The direction of mysticism, on the other hand, is opposed to that of scientific definition and statement. It delights in not seeing the whole of a truth, and in making that partiality the foundation for a thousand paradoxes, and for startling announcements which have their force in this half reasonableness. The mystic has no fancy for deduction, or showing you the universal grounds of his statement; nor for system, which displays the rational connexion of its consequences. He expects belief as towards a being inwardly illuminated, and stands betwixt you and the source of it. The only distinction is between the mystic who, in his supreme self-confidence, leaves others at liberty to receive or not; and him who, with a lurking self-mistrust, herds with kindred spirits, while, at the same time, he would force all men beside to be of his sect. Equally unreasonable and unjust, they differ in the bigotry of the latter being scorned by the first, who keeps solitary and august to his wilderness, but generally imprints a more real impulse upon succeeding thought. Such individuals have been for the most part amiable visionaries, fit for a time when the barbarous conventions of society were inferior to the desert-bred earnestness of *one* communing with nature. In these, indeed, their character is proof of a certain validity at bottom of their soothsaying, a sort of real *afflatus* of truth; only it is cramped up and dropped out shred by shred, through a want of balance in the faculties. In the terms of modern philosophy, *understanding*, which defines, arranges, and renders truth available, is in them unequal to *reason*, that apprehends it; so as to occasion a perpetual disproportion betwixt the meaning and the language in which it is conveyed. "All the value," says Emerson, himself, in a certain sense, perhaps, the most thorough-going and beautiful of mystics, "which attaches to Paracelsus, Kepler, Swedenborg, &c., or any other who introduces questionable facts into his cosmogony, as angels, devils, magic, astrology, palmistry, mesmerism, and so on, is the certificate we have of departure from routine, and that here is a new witness."

"It was a grand sentence of Emanuel Swedenborg," remarks the same writer, "which would alone indicate the greatness of that man's perception,—'It is no proof of a man's understanding, to be able to affirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false; this is the mark and character of intelligence."

Emanuel Swedberg, or Swedenborg, was born at Stockholm, in Sweden, on the 29th January, 1688.

His father, Dr. Jasper Swedberg, a Lutheran clergyman, and chaplain of a regiment of the guard, became afterwards Bishop of Skava, in West-Gothland. The name of the family was changed to Swedenborg, when Emanuel along with his sisters, in 1719, was elevated to the rank of nobility, an honour customarily granted to the families of bishops, in Sweden. His father seems to have been a man highly excellent, respected in his office, and judicious in the education of his children; while his piety was accompanied by a tendency to enthusiasm, and a fondness for prophetical interpretation. In the notes to one of Swedenborg's works an amusing anecdote is related of this worthy Swedish doctor. In the bishop's diocese there happened an extraordinary monster-birth, that of a female child with a fleshy appendage to the head resembling an expensive head-dress worn by the Swedish ladies, called a *fontange*. Dr. Swedberg published a poem on the subject, in which he treated the occurrence as a sign of divine displeasure against female vanity and the luxury of the age. "And certain it is," says the relater, "that he struck a death-blow to many thousand *fontanges*, and so far saved many fathers and husbands from expense and vexation."

It may thus be conceived that Swedenborg was nurtured amidst the associations of a simple and serious faith; while, at the same time, the connexion of his mother's family with the Swedish "Board of Mines" tended to give him the scientific inclination which was afterwards so strongly developed. At the age of twenty-two he published Latin poems, besides dissertations which procured him distinction at the University of Upsal; also essays on questions in mathematics and physics. For four successive years he studied in England, Holland, France, and Germany; and he seems always to have retained a taste for travel, unusual to his home-loving countrymen, who were, however, better known in Europe at that era than now. At the age of twenty-eight he was appointed by Charles XII. "Assessor Extraordinary of the Board of Mines," on account of his knowledge in mechanics; and the king's object was that he should accompany the celebrated Polhammar, the "Archimedes of Sweden," while the latter was constructing his various mechanical works. During the siege of Fredericksball, in 1718, Swedenborg contrived, by machines of his own invention, to transport over valleys, mountains, and plains, two galleys, five boats, and a sloop, about fourteen English miles, which enabled the king to convey his heavy artillery to the walls of the town. Various scientific essays, chemical experiments, and a journey to examine the mines of Germany as well as other remarkable objects, after this occupied his energies for some time. His chief literary production at this period was a celebrated work on "Natural Philosophy and Minerals;" and to this extensive acquaintance with animal and organic nature, thus indefatigably acquired during his whole life, is doubtless owing that peculiar insight into the economy of creation, as well as that ever-ready subtleness of illustration from material things, which is everywhere to be met with in his theological writings. His whole turn of thought is coloured by it. The system of Swedenborg, if a philosophical system he may be said to have, is one of idealized materialism, strangely subordinating the immediate reality of objects to that of moral truths, yet reflecting on them again a superior actuality. It considers the former as the real embodiment of the latter, and entwines all things material and spiritual in a close chain of relation, which confounds the natural with the supernatural; making cause, effect, and end undistinguishable, without perceptible ground, except a fancied revelation, for the theological hypothesis on which all was built.

From the appearance of organic unity presented by nature, Swedenborg inferred the production of all things from a material centre; reminding us sometimes of the philosophical theory of the German, Schelling. Yet this almost amounts in him frequently to an instinct like that of nature itself, seeming to justify for the moment his assertions of a real symbolical relation between the outward phenomena of the world and spiritual existences. With Swedenborg, these are not merely figurative, but true "correspondences," intended by the Creator, in his formation of trees, stones, and animals; and he accordingly finds in Scripture also a consistent use of these objects, as connected with a higher mystic significance of "the Word."

"Swedenborg," says Emerson, "of all men in the recent ages, stands eminently for the translator of nature into thought. I do not know the man in history to whom things stood so uniformly for words. Before him the metamorphosis continually plays. Every thing on which his eye rests obeys the impulse of moral nature. The figs become grapes while he eats them. When some of his angels affirmed a truth, the laurel twig which they held blossomed in their hands." "There was this perception in him, which makes the poet or seer an object of awe and terror—namely, that the same man, or society of men, may wear one aspect to themselves and their companions, and a different aspect to higher intelligences. Certain priests, whom he describes as conversing very learnedly together, appeared to the children, who were at some distance, like dead horses; and many the like misappearances." "We have all seen changes as considerable in wheat and caterpillars. He is the poet, and shall draw us with love and terror, who sees, through the flowing vest, the finer nature, and can declare it."

Thus, the one mystic interprets the other; either of them, probably, appearing to the uninitiated or unmystical in sundry curious forms. As for Swedenborg, however, this surprising combination of the scientific with the utterly arbitrary and fantastic was by no means unusual in an age when the functions of inductive science and philosophical speculation were still unassigned; witness Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and others. Hitherto, nevertheless, he was known chiefly as a *savant;* the University of Upsal, and its

Academy of Sciences, now acknowledged the merit of their illustrious countryman;—he became a member of the latter in 1729, continuing throughout his life to attend its meetings, and contribute the results of his researches. He declined a professorship of the pure mathematics offered him by the Consistory of the University. The learned abroad were eager to elect him their associate, and to correspond with and consult him. The untiring energy of Swedenborg's mind, his passion for the universal, the immensity of his erudition in almost every department, are exceedingly wonderful, serving to mark him out, along with Leibnitz and a few others, from intellects more determinate in their bent. For thirty-one years from his appointment to the Assessorship of Mines, he continued at the same time to discharge its duties, to visit foreign countries, and to compose many works of the most abstruse character on scientific subjects. Finding, however, that his private studies interfered with the execution of his office, he retired from it, stipulating only for a pension of half its revenue, and that no title should be conferred upon him; although he has generally been since denominated Baron.

But a little before this, in 1743 or 1745, is to be dated that peculiar epoch of Swedenborg's history, which, in all probability, was rather the fuller development of an original element in his character, than any sudden change. What his followers designate a "particular illumination," we may imagine to have been nothing else than that fundamental enthusiasm which hitherto had spent itself in restless scientific inquiry, in curious researches,—at first contracted during the quiet boyhood passed in his father's house, between rude natural scenery and devout instructions; afterwards fed by the connexion with mining, and with those engaged in an occupation whose habits seem to have taken so strong a hold on Goethe, Novalis, Schelling, and others of the great German writers. This propensity crept upon him again, unmodified, with old age and seclusion. Even the physical disquisitions of Swedenborg seem to have been characterized by a strongly hypothetical and constructive spirit; their very titles show a disposition to penetrate into the method of creation, rather than to classify simple facts—to reproduce, as it were, nature after its own manner, instead of the reverse. He was "animated, from the time when first he began to think for himself," says the *savant* who pronounced his *éloge*, "by a secret fire—an ardent wish to attain to the discovery of the most abstract things; and he thenceforward thought he had obtained a glimpse of the means." What more natural than that, as in maturer years the concerns of religion and of man began to force themselves on him more seriously, he should apply the same method to theological as to secular questions? With a characteristic disregard of the theories of others, and a child-like impatience of that very mystery which was in all quarters perceptible to him, he attempted to satisfy himself with the belief, that to him was committed the power of explaining this, till he actually did convince himself of it. This boundary passed, there is no check to the lengths an enthusiast will go; it is only a few who, like Milton, Swedenborg, or Dante, have the breadth of reason and the imaginative wing to sustain themselves in an atmosphere so rare and so inane. To these tendencies great force appears, in this instance, to have been added, by an exceedingly profound, sincere, and pure longing after that higher development of Christianity which the world was to expect, together with a realization of it vivid enough in some measure to anticipate its nature. The express doctrines announced by Swedenborg are neither more unintelligible, more extraordinary, nor more difficult to be received, than those of many who have given names to larger sects; it is the authority referred to, the method employed, and the strange figurative or symbolical clothing supplied by his previous associations, but with the utmost seriousness put forward as part of the subject-matter. We discard the idea of his either meaning to falsify or to poetise in this; indeed, the times in which Swedenborg lived would, no doubt, cause in his strongly energetic character a secret reaction against their sciolism and incredulity; while it was then, if ever, that the apparent inadequacy of existing religious data for social elevation seemed to demand a new prophet.

From the fifty-sixth year of his age, Swedenborg almost exclusively applied his pen, during the remaining twenty-nine years of his life, to spiritual subjects. He himself dates his introduction to invisible mysteries from 1743, when, at London, he was enlightened to behold heaven, hell, and the intermediate or transition state. This illusion was so confirmed, increased, and inwoven with his daily experience, that at various times, while at home and travelling, he acted as one in palpable communion with supernatural beings, saw and conversed with deceased friends or acquaintance, as well as with many famous characters of antiquity. He appeared to be in a trance, his lips moved, his features were at one time marked with pain, at another with rapture, according as the scene of his vision was infernal or celestial. Long dialogues with angels, spirits, and other denizens of heaven or hades, are recorded in his numerous books, along with particular descriptions of how matters are there transacted, though perhaps sometimes meant for the extension into human speech of what he believed to have been thus revealed to him through hieroglyphics. Many individuals—chiefly, as in the present day, belonging to the higher or middle ranks—testified to their confidence by becoming his disciples: amongst other marvellous proofs of his inspiration, with respect to actual events, he is said to have given information at Gottenburg of a great fire in Stockholm, the very hour of its occurrence. There can be little doubt that Swedenborg was now the subject of a partial insanity, or religious monomania, while on all other points apparently sound—a phenomenon by no means unfrequent in such cases, where the mind is strongly biassed in a single direction, and with the subtilty of madness contrives to preserve a real balance when apart from its leading

idea. This estrangement of the practical understanding from ideal reason is probably more hopeless than utter lunacy, dependent on physical causes; Shakspeare has represented it in Hamlet, as distinguished from Ophelia; while Cervantes, in his character of Don Quixotte, profoundly indicates its difference from the world-wise folly of his companion, Sancho. At bottom of all this extravagance of Swedenborg's there lay a lofty wisdom, which was only insane in the choice of a vehicle for itself, while it prompted him to attempt reforming the world by means of a mystical community and the "New Jerusalem." In how far he may have thus anticipated the pious ghost-stories of John Wesley,[1] the metaphysical supernaturalism of Stilling, or Dr. Justinus Kerner's magnetic spectre-craft, is of less importance than the unquestionable superiority of *meaning* in Swedenborg's reveries to their "facts." To the allegation in this country of his having had a delirious fever, from whose effects he never thoroughly recovered, is opposed by his biographers the statement of his uninterrupted good health.

Swedenborg had an express hatred of all dissimulation, as is remarked in the oration to his memory by a fellow academician at Stockholm, M. Sandel. He was a sincere friend of mankind, and looked for this quality in others as the sure proof of many virtues beside. In society he was cheerful and agreeable, and by way of relaxation frequented the company of all intelligent men, avoiding the least appearance of eccentricity. Anything like wit at the expense of serious things he checked with dignified severity. He was in person stately, tall, with an air at first somewhat reserved; he wore a beard, dressing in conformity with his position and easy circumstances. Although he evinces in his book "On the Conjugal Life" an elevated conception of that state, and "esteemed the society of a fine and well-informed woman as the most agreeable of pleasures," Swedenborg was never married, his chief reason being, the necessity of solitary quiet to the pursuit of his profound studies. To the last he was unaltered in the belief of his own commission and the reality of his visions; he was venerated by both followers and sceptics, for his learning, sagacity, and uprightness; and although obnoxious to the clergy, was favoured by several bishops, while he was protected by the king, Adolphus Frederic. His death occurred in London, from a stroke of apoplexy, in his eighty-fifth year. His disciples are to be found in various parts of the world, principally amongst the middle and upper classes, and not distinguished externally from others. They have exerted themselves for such philanthropic objects as the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave-trade. A society in London, instituted in 1810, have translated most of his works, and all those of a theological nature, from the original Latin into English. The principal of these are entitled "Universal Theology," "The Four Leading Doctrines of the New Church," "The Delights of Wisdom concerning Conjugal Love," with large commentaries on Scripture, of which Swedenborg only receives a part as *inspired*.

On the religious doctrines of this extraordinary man we have neither space nor occasion to enlarge here. Swedenborg announces them, and all connected with them, in a tone of the calmest authority, more than apostolic. There are intermixed with his revelations innumerable examples of remarkable insight into every important subject touched upon; he pierces with an easy glance through the dogmatic, controversial, and sceptical formulas of his time, and possibly many an orthodox creed of the present might derive something with advantage from his spirit. He inculcates the purest and noblest morality, often in the clearest manner; and with respect to a theological dogma, looks always right into the heart of the question. The tidings brought by him from the seventh heaven or lowest shades are characterized neither by vague ecstasies nor by terrors such as the moral nature of man does not respond to, as in the vision of Dante; they are rather the projection of rational conclusions upon a superterrestrial sphere, while they are far distant from the personalities and materialisms of the Italian poet. His heaven is that of progress rather than of delight, his hell degradation more than agony; the foulness of evil and the beauty of virtue are always in his view. One cannot but admire the consistency of enthusiasm in him, and the utter unconsciousness of doubt with which he enunciates propositions rather to be questioned on account of their manner and their authority than for their substance. He affirms that there is an understanding of divine truths, of which the church had hitherto been ignorant, but which he was commissioned to make known; so that it is rather as an interpreter than as a new prophet that he conceives himself inspired. The "Four leading Doctrines" concern the following points,—the Lord, or Christ, who is God, having in himself a divine Trinity, not of persons but of nature, as, according to Swedenborg, there exists in man,—the Word, or Revelation,—Faith, with its correlative or consequent of Charity,—and the "New Jerusalem," or Church predicted in the Apocalypse, which therefore is the great text-book of Swedenborg and his followers. He seems to consider knowledge of a future state as of immense moment to present actions, and that the silence of Scripture on the subject now requires to be supplemented; he teaches that the Last Judgment is past, and that the only resurrection, that of a spiritual body like the material, takes place on the third day after death. A man's future condition takes its outward shape, as it were, according to his inward character, heaven becoming more heavenly as he himself "increases from the Lord." In the invisible world there exist "correspondences" to things in the visible, but in a manner more individually adapted to particular persons. There is much of solemnity and of a dream-like fulness of meaning in his descriptions of the meetings of angels in their celestial society, with

(1) See "Journal of the Rev. John Wesley."

the aspects and circumstances of departed human beings. And taken altogether, with his life, character, works, and era, we may regard Swedenborg as on the whole the most singular and mark-worthy of the numerous tribe of mystics or visionaries, who have shown their dissatisfaction with the gradual enlightenment of knowledge, by letting in upon us a glimpse of what they know no more about than we. "They are of use," as Emerson says, "for breaking the routine."

THE KING OF BOHEMIA.[1]

"Lead on! lead on! mine eyes are dim,
I cannot see the lances gleam;
But I can hear the battle-hymn,
The tramp of horse, the war-fife's scream.
I yet can face the arrowy hail,
I yet can wave my sword on high,
And breathe the battle's stormy gale,
And shout the shout of victory!"
Two horsemen bold were at his side,
They grasp'd the Monarch's bridle-rein;
They raised Bohemia's war-cry wide,
And gallop'd o'er the thundering plain.

The tide had turn'd; the die was cast—
An Host before a handful fled;
Again Bohemia's monarch pass'd—
His ostrich plume was dashed with red.
"Lead on! lead on! mine eyes are dim,
I cannot see my country's shame;
I cannot see the invader grim
Mow down our ranks like wasting flame;
But I can hear the coward strife,
The flight, the chase, the panting breath;
Oh! I have lived a warrior's life,
I will not die a coward's death!"

They tied his bridle-rein to theirs,
They rush'd amid the battle's flood,
And Crecy's field of shame and tears
Was hallow'd with a hero's blood!

A DISCOURSE ON BRITISH DRUIDISM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

Druidism is a topic of surpassing interest to Britons; and the many who may question this principium, or may suppose it only applicable to vulgar clubs or Welsh concerts, will thank us for illumining their dimness as to the main day-spring of such promised interest. It is, then, not too much to aver, (and the grounds for this conclusion shall immediately appear,)—that the purest patriarchal religion had many things in common with early Druidism. Oaks standing in consecrated places, pillars and circles and altars of unhewn stone, are frequently mentioned in that book, containing the earliest records of mankind, which is emphatically called *the* book, *Græcè* the Bible. It is far from our wish to shock early feelings after the fashion of Dr. Milman, who speaks of father Abraham as "the old Emir;" for this cause, we should be sorry to be misunderstood as if it were attempted to attach the name of Druid either to that venerable saint, or to Jacob, or to Joshua, or to Samuel: it would be an inference equally false as to call the first disciples, papists: corruption, error, idolatries, ignorance, contribute quite enough to prove the classes different; while many remainder things in common imply an original unity. The sacred names mentioned above were all prophetic seers, דְרוּשִׁים, *derussim:* they each and all reared their rocky pillars of witness, their holy stones קֶרֶם לוּאָח, *keremloach*, cromlech: vicarious sacrifice, the oneness of the Deity, the immortality of the soul, are doctrines common alike to the Patriarchs and to the Druids: they "worshipped not in temples made with hands," but would meditate with Isaac in the field at eventide, and make their offerings upon the high places. Gilgal, גִלְגָל, "the circle-circle," the concentric rings of large stones taken out of the rocky bed of Jordan, is an example fulfilling all the requisites of such still existing druidical circles as we have seen in Cornwall, Wales, Invernesshire, the Channel Islands, Wilts, Kilkenny, and other primeval localities; just such a double circle as the Gilgal, we remember a little out of the road-side between Aberfeldie and Kenmore.

When Jacob hides the teraphim, the idols of his wife, he selects as a sacred place, "under the oak by Shechem." Deborah, Rebecca's foster-mother, was buried with pious carefulness "beneath the stones of Bethel under an oak, and the name of it was called, The oak of weeping." So also Saul and his sons were interred "under the oak in Jabesh:" Gideon's angel "came and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah;" the erring "man of God" rests under an oak; as if these were in the nature of consecrated trees—religious stations. In Joshua xxiv. 26. we read that the great successor of Moses "took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, which was by the sanctuary of the Lord;" and this selection of oaks and setting up of monolithic pillars might be illustrated by numerous other examples. In later times, when idolatry had succeeded to the purer worship implied in the primitive natural religion, we find Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Hosea expostulating with their fallen race for "worshipping idols under every thick oak," and for inflaming themselves with the rites of heathenish impurity "among the oaks." It is manifest, that the oak was a sacred or a superstitious tree; one selected for the shading of religious places: and this is so principal a feature in Druidism, that some etymologists attribute their adoption of the name to their reverence for the δρύς, *drus*, or rather *drws*, the oak.

Once more; we read of cairns and carnedds raised in patriarchal times: the word "cairn" is a Hebrew one קֶרֶן, *keren*, "horn" or "hill." We read in Isaiah vi. of "the very fruitful hill," קֶרֶן. In Genesis xxxi. 45, &c., "Jacob took a stone and set it up for a pillar;

(1) This king, blind from age, was led between two knights to the battle of Crecy; and, when the day was completely decided against the French, rushed as described into the thickest of the fight with his two conductors, where all three together perished. His plume of three Ostrich feathers, with the motto, "Ich Dien," was adopted on this occasion by Edward the Black Prince, and has since belonged to the succeeding Princes of Wales.—Russell's "Modern Europe."

and Jacob said unto his brethren, Gather stones; and they took stones, and made an heap: and they did eat there upon the heap. And Laban called it, The heap of witness." So likewise over Achan, after "all Israel had stoned him with stones, they raised a great heap of stones over him unto this day." It is possible, by the way, that the execution by stoning might have had some reference to the sepulchral and other tumuli usually reared to commemorate great men or remarkable events.

Again; over the King of Ai "they raised a great heap of stones that remaineth unto this day." That remaineth! we have seen many such perpetual memorials which have outlived the name and fame of their subjacent heroes; as,—who knoweth anything of the once great potentate that lies beneath his pyramidal heap of white stones on the Slieve Bloom mountain? That remaineth! What indestructibility pervades a pile like this, for ages solemn and honoured in its preservation, and thereafter to the end of time uninjured by decay, and changeless as the everlasting hills! We at least desire not to hint a doubt, but that the "very great heap of stones laid over Absalom," and "the pillar in the king's dale which Absalom erected for himself to keep his name in remembrance, because he had no son," are now existing as at first, and remain, a stony conical hill beside a granite peak, in some secret valley of Judæa; there, whether or not now bearing traditional witness to the earthly perpetuity of Absalom's high name, they stand ready at least, and able, to remind some casual traveller from Redruth, or Wiltshire, of the native ancient works he counts Druidical.

Yet more; Moses is commanded to raise "an altar of earth and unhewn stones:" we may conceive it not unlike such a cromlech as may still be found in Guernsey, or at Kilmogue. Josephus (Ant. lib. i. c. 2.) mentions "a pillar of stone, erected by the antediluvian posterity of Seth, extant in his time in the land of Seirath or Syrias:" just such a granite witness as may now be seen upon Iona, the Inis Drw, or Druid's Isle; and the like other upright blocks we have visited both at Inverary Castle, and near Penzance. Maundrell asserts that the "furnace" in which the three children, Ananias, Azarias and Misael, were miraculously delivered from the burning, was an open court of stones, (even such an one might have crowned the rocky hill above St. Helier's in Jersey, or have stood on the slope near Harlech,) and that this place of fiery trial was not according to the usual notion of a kiln: indeed, it is difficult to imagine how king Nebuchadnezzar could have seen them walking in the midst of that fierce ordeal unscathed, or how the fire could have flamed aside and consumed the executioners, had the furnace been a close one: we believe it to have been some such an open fire-altar as we ourselves have in past years of highland pedestrianism turned aside to see near Taymouth Castle. It is easy to perceive how all these instances bear upon our point.

Moreover, Pliny speaks of a rocking-stone at Harpasa in Asia; and Ptolemy of one by the sea-side, which vibrated to the touch of an "asphodel:" he gives this stone the remarkable and barbaric epithet "gygonian;" evidently the Celtic *gwingog*, rocking. Dodona had its sacred oaks with priests hidden in the δρυὲς,—Celticè, *drws*. It is worthy of note that Iona means a dove, in Celtic: and the πελείαι or "doves" were priestesses of Dodona. Now, Iona was at one time the head quarters of Druidism, after the more idolatrous Saxon had persecuted it to the extremities of the land in Cornwall, and other desolate and rocky places; to Anglesea also, and to Icolnkil. We see then a plain sympathy between Dodona and Iona; of some importance to our point, as connecting our own now so glorious, but once on a time the poor despised ancient Britain, with the early Greeks, lords of the earth. On the coast of Morocco, overlooking the broad Atlantic, are some mighty druidical remains worthy of Mount Atlas on whose shoulder they are resting: similar monuments are said to occur even in China. Apollonius Rhodius mentions that a rocking-stone existed in his day on the shores of Tenos, supposed to have been erected there by the Argonauts; and King, in his Munimenta Antiqua, (vol. i. p. 226.) says as a matter of fact that "the cromlech was introduced in the earliest ages, among the detestable superstitions of the Tyrians and Sidonians." Perhaps, when the Israelites made their children pass through Moloch's fire, it was a rite similar to the Druidic ordeal by fire: and perhaps the "stone upon which a man might be broken," or which falling on him should "grind him to powder," may, besides the common interpretations, be allusive to some Idumæan rites and practices of a similar nature to those we call Druidical. To this mass of suggestions—for they are thrown out more in the nature of analogies than arguments,—we might add another discursive series of examples deduced from almost every country, which can show those rude temples of unhewn stones, coming under the general phrase οὐ χειροποίητα, "not made with hands:" a fine emblematical fancy, as if the Deity were looked up to as the only legitimate source of adornment, supplying every external appliance to his own service, unpolluted by mortal aid or arm.

We need now scarcely bring to bear the focus of light which such scriptural and historic instances as we have noted shed upon our many native cairns, cromlechs, obelisks, and circles. The reader, perhaps to his own surprise, will have some little while surveyed with a different eye the granite ribs of Druidism: and instead of judging them, as it were, the fossil remnants of some extinct destroying monster, he may see some reason to regard them more indulgently as the deep-wrought tracks in stone of the first strong faith of our race. Even granting that, in the corruption of long years, human sacrifices stained those granite altars, might even these not have had some traditionary reference to the great vicarious Substitute? Was the mistletoe, that strange inexplicable growth, grafted as by a heavenly hand upon the unchanging oak of earthly immortality, in no way

allusive to "the Branch," the cut twig that sweetened Marah? Is there not a moral grandeur to which the most decorated fanes have never reached, a sublimity of conception unparalleled, in the rude masses of Stonehenge, and, when perfect, in the vaster precincts of Abury? Is it a vain fancy to suppose, that the huge dynamical skill and power inferred of necessity by such pilings of Ossa on Olympus as cromlechs and rocking-stones imply, might have been immediately derived from those architectural giants in the olden world, the fabled Titans and Cyclops, who reared the walls of Corinth, set up strange monoliths in Edom, shaped the rocks of Elephanta, and piled the pyramids and Babel? Verily, a British cromlech is a structure of deep interest, when thus regarded as a link that connects us with the best and boldest of antiquity. Let farmers at Drewsteignton and engineers in Guernsey beware how they hazard the sacrilege of blowing them up, (a barbarous threat like this was once uttered in our ears);—let contractors for London granite tremble ere they touch such patriarchal holy-stones, and let lieutenants in the navy (we decline to give the wretch the notoriety he aimed at) pause one sober minute before they set a boat's crew to lever down a rocking-stone.

Druidical remains will be found naturally to class themselves into seven distinctions; and we trust that some additional analogies and coincidences on a road so little trodden, will serve to excuse a step or two retraced. It is likely, then, as a general observation, that all the seven classes have a sepulchral, or at least a commemorative origin: they may have been erected in consequence of the exploits, or over the dead bodies, of saints, chiefs and heroes, smaller or greater in dimensions according to merit; and, like the tombs of marabouts in Algeria and of fakirs in Hindostan, the holy monument may have in time become a place and station for religious worship. This was the case at Bethel, or Luz, an instance of the first among the seven Druidical classes, the single upright shaft or pillar; Jacob's stone became a hallowed burial place, and afterwards a college of priests lodged there: the like of the Eben-ezer of Samuel, his stone of help. This upright-shaft class reached its highest phase of excellence in the carved obelisks of Egypt: that from Luxor, now in Paris, is a familiar instance of the newer apotheosis; while many a perpendicular log of granite against which cattle rub themselves in the meagre fields of Cornwall, is an example of the 'old mortality.'

The second class is the Cromlech, or stone altar, often of a vast size; at Kilmogue in Ireland is one, locally called Lachan Schall, the upper slab whereof is forty-five feet in circumference: at Plas-Newydd, in Anglesea, the stones are less in size, but the dimensions of the whole structure are gigantic: and not to be too tedious in examples, cromlechs occur generally wherever granite rocks and boulders are frequent; as in the Channel Islands, Cornwall, Dartmoor, &c.; near Exeter, for instance, there is a tidy little one, which is fifteen feet long, nine high, and ten broad.

The cromlech appears to be the first rude notion of what was improved afterwards into an arch: an Argive doorway is a cromlech, built into a Titanic wall; and magnificent Egypt has carried out the idea to a gorgeous immensity in its peculiarly-shaped temples, with their leaning sides and flat ceilings. Thel form of the Gothic Π is illustrative of this analogy; and as the letter A is the same, or nearly so, in most languages, (the early Hebrew א, *aleph*, is not an exception,) it leads one to suspect that the stone altar (such as Abel might have sacrificed upon) was, upon principles of piety, chosen as the form of the first letter.

The third Druidical class is the circular arrangement of stones and trees: the latter have nearly all of necessity perished from lapse of time—(and yet we can point out, on Merroo downs in Surrey, two distinct concentric groves of venerable yews, a thousand years old, with remnants of like avenues, possiblyDruidical)—but, for the less perishable rocky matter, where the road-surveyor has not hammered them up for highways, nor the Cornish farmer built them into his Cyclopic sheepfold, the circles of stone still frequently remain *in situ*, mocking time and its modernities. We find traces of these circular sites in Egypt; but as they were a people of parallels and angles rather than of curves, more stress has been laid upon the avenue than upon the circular arrangement: that of the Sphinxes at Karnac is but a glorified form of the long lane of rude stones at Abury.

Fourthly in class come the Kistvaens, or stone tombs, sometimes built with thick slabs, like small cromlechs; several of which occur in Guernsey, and one we recollect was, years ago, used as a pig-sty! but such desecrations are happily impossible now, under the indefatigable care of Mr. Lukis. Occasionally, these tombs are only cavernous indentations, roofed over, or doored-in sideways with a great stone: perhaps the cave at Macpelah, and even a more familiar and holier instance, may be allowed to connect our British stone sepulchres with those of sacred history. Here too, carrying out our analogies, the formally picturesque mind of Egypt, and its child Etruria, gives us the idea at its zenith in the carved sarcophagus.

Fifth in order comes the Cairn, often reared over a kistvaen; according to an archæological poem now before us, entitled "The complaint of an old Briton;" which commences,—

> "Two thousand years agone,
> They rear'd my battle grave;
> And each a tear, and each a stone,
> My mourning warriors gave."
>
> * * * *
>
> "My liegemen wail'd me long,
> And treasured up my bones;
> And heap'd my kist secure and strong
> With tributary stones."

We need not repeat apposite scriptural instances; and we might accumulate an innumerous list of secular ones; but we forbear, naming only in addition the

cairns of the mound-builders in the Far West, where (according to Cornelius Matthews, in his powerful tale "Behemoth") the subjacent skeleton is always strangely found with a copper *cross* upon its breast. In the cairn, above all other imitations, the magnificence of Egypt is pre-eminent; "her pyramids eterne of mountain build" are assuredly the most glorious cairns of human piling. And how interesting is it to us Britons—the despised barbaric hordes "at the ends of the earth,"—to note such evident traits of an early eastern origin for the humbler tumuli that crown our Cornish heights, and are thickly studded over the downs of Dorsetshire! From the heaped ramparts of Maidun Castle it is easy to count (I have done it myself,) threescore and upwards of such pious mounds; and they stretch far away, knobbing every hill in the neighbourhood of Weymouth with evidences that our fathers were not the degraded, uncivilized, and cannibal race of savages which many moderns think them; from the imputation of which calumnies archæology alone has power to redeem their memories. We do not claim indeed for these so hoar antiquity as for many other cairns, but we recognise them, nevertheless, as legitimate children of the patriarchal times—only one remove from the Druidical remains of Britain. These also are traditionary offsets of the earliest natural religion; and that which, in our ignorant complacency, we have been accustomed to regard as utterly pagan, heathenish, and abominable, may have been but a very few shades darker than the dim lights accorded to the Patriarchs.

Sixthly may be numbered the Tolmen, or stones of passage: such did Israel erect in the middle of Jordan for a testimony; of such also are the ancient terminal logs of Rome and Greece; likewise, rock-built waymarks, and possibly such as here and there occur over moors, and in mountainous paths, as of Scotland, Wales, and elsewhere. Perhaps the great Nilometers of Egypt, though put in after times to the agricultural good use of marking the level of the river, had originally somewhat to do with stones of passage; they may have marked a ghaut, or ferry-place, and in Upper Egypt, among the falls of Philæ, they might have pointed out a ford. On the banks of the Teign, a few miles north of Exeter, we noticed, conjecturally, a tolmen; and we doubt not but that local instances might be found in plenty of large detached stones lying near many a ferry.

Seventhly, and last in time as in order, we place the Logging or Logan stones. Here alone Egypt fails us, if we seek for analogous objects; and it is competent to allege for such present failure at least four sufficient reasons, if rightly we may guess them. First, it is very possible that as the magnificent Egyptian could not, from natural causes, produce this rocky balance on anything approaching to an equal scale of grandeur with his other deifications of the patriarchal religion, he might be bold enough to reject it altogether. Secondly, the desolating fury of Cambyses, which is known to have been to old Egypt what the tornado is to a West-Indian grove of canes, may well have wiped out all such tottering vestigia. If an intoxicated lot of sea-faring idiots could avail to overthrow the Cornish wonder, (a mass of ninety tons,) how should not the Persian madman, with his thousands, utterly erase those lightly balanced rocks? He might in a great measure be powerless against the temple and the pyramid, but the logan-stone could not withstand the fury of that despotic hurricane against old Egypt's gods; and once dislocated from their pivots, no human will or power, from those days to these of Mehemet Ali's successor, has since been exerted for their hypothetic restoration. Our third reason is, that, to a probable conjecture, the rocking-stone is of comparatively recent origin:—Apollonius, and Ptolemy, and Pliny, are chronological children to the Pharaohs, and to pristine Druidism; and we would argue that these symptoms of jugglery and priestcraft inferred a late-in-time decline of traditionary truths. Additionally and lastly, it is possible, that the artificial logan-stone may well have been suggested by freaks of nature upon rocky shores, which the priest of Luxor or Lycopolis could never have chanced to see. They seldom or never occur but where nature has all but, if not actually, set the example. Near the celebrated Boskenna logan of Cornwall, a mass of rock like a hay-stack, easily moved by a child's hand, albeit now with peril kept in its position by dint of oak and iron,—our own eyes took notice of several mighty rocks, nearly in a state of insulation from the effects of weather eating away all but the weight-hardened central point of gravity; one in particular there is, a genuine logan, movable with some slight difficulty, and manifestly a natural, not an artificial consequence: this is a perpendicular pillar of granite, leaning near to the cliff-side, and locally called the Lady's rock. At the Land's End, we pointed out to the master of the "first and last" house in England, to what lucrative use a chisel might be applied at the base of a certain huge rock, nearly decomposed at bottom, (much more deeply than the Cheesering of St. Clare's,) and which required only a little dangerous chipping, to become a prime opposition to Boskenna. If ever the Druids poised logans, it was, to our guessing, in this shrewd way, the good and wise way of helping nature; in other and truer words, getting of great nature all the help we can.

Among the hurly-burly of immense rocks to the westward of St. Michael's Mount,—big as houses, and flung together as carelessly as if they were a pavier's heap of macadamized morsels,—are several, dropped by volcanic or Neptunic power, all but upon the equipoise. At Drewsteignton we visited a rocky mass, eighteen feet long, ten high, and fifteen wide, which had manifestly toppled down from a neighbouring hill, covered with similar boulders; and this, to our notion, was an accidental case of logan: and near Monmouth is the Buckstone, a mass of large dimensions, similarly accidental as a rocking-stone, we doubt not, although there are plenty of evidences all around that the Druids had adopted it for a centre of their operations. Neither of these logans—the one on the very

edge of a rapid river, the other stopping short on the beetling verge of a hill—could have been man's doing. And in a secluded glen near the iron-works in South Wales, we have rocked a beautiful miniature logan-stone of some ten tons weight, which, from the utter absence of Druidism in its neighbourhood, and from the numerous fragments of shattered cliff lying round it, we take to be nature's work, and not man's. To our own judgment, then, after some observation and experience in such matters, we think that the one great sufficient reason why Egypt has no logan-stones is, because nature did not place them there. Man's hand never (in despite of Borlase we say it) originally set up those mighty stones of trial, although he might have shrewdly aided time in abrading away the bases, and have abetted superstition by arranging that force should be impotent on all the sides but one. That the Druid came to them, is as true as that Mahomet went to the hill; but they could not have come to the Druid at his will any readier than the hill to Mahomet: that rock basins, and arranged stones, and other intimations of man's mind occur round them, is equally a verity; but the superstitious populace would naturally rally round their crafty priests on the site of such earthly miracles. We at least pretend not to claim a patriarchal origin for logans; and nothing but Ptolemy and Pliny prevent us from suspecting them only of a later western birth. No allusion nearer than the Homeric stone of Sisyphus occurs in the earliest writings; and it is as difficult to conceive how human forethought could have originated the idea, as how human power gave it effect. In every other case except that of these huge touchstones, the progress of Druidical and Cyclopic architecture is explicable. Gradual slopes of earth, up which the superincumbent mass might be levered till it topped its uprights, could easily be dug and cleared away, after the top-stone was firmly fixed *in situ;* and the mystery is thus no longer a deep one, how they reared the sills of Stonehenge. An obelisk is easily set on end, by digging a hole at foot, and lifting it behind by a growing mound (possibly with the help of the Archimedean screw) till it reaches the perpendicular. Rollers and wedges, and other ancient dynamical appliances, would make easy work of stone circles, and so forth; but so tenderly to touch the central point of a swaying hill of granite, a hundred tons in weight, and to leave it there self-poised, when the slope of soil by which it had ascended to its base had been perilously picked away, were indeed a problem worthy of the most exact engineering science, aided by the giant might of Briareus, Otus, and Ephialtes, with Atlas himself for their captain.

If, as some learned pundits have maintained, Druidism is of kin to early Brahminism, (and we find that Diogenes Laertius makes the Persian Magi, the Chaldeans of Babylon, the Hindoo gymnosophists, and the Gaulic Druids, to be identical in rites and superstitions,)—if the Druidical serpent's egg, lore and learning of the stars, sacred fire, groves, natural altars, and flowing robes, seem to infer propinquity, we can perceive in the logan-stone a genuine Hindoo notion. As nearly as man's art, or his vantage taken of the chance of nature, could portray it, that almost isolated mass would symbolize the globe: the later and absurder fancy of an ornate idolatry, which placed the world on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise, and left the tortoise to stand as he could upon nothing, was but the extravagant shadow of the solid mystic logan. A rocking-stone was, in a myth, the self-supported sphere; and at his hallowed will, the Arch-Druid, vicegerent of Divinity, sways its destinies, moving it as easily as an archer might the stone upon his sling, and delegating the like majestic power to calumniated innocence, or to others whom he would. This was at once a sublime and a picturesque thought of natural religion as to Providence; and, however afterwards corrupted to purposes of craft and cruelty, we may well spare a little reverence for the marvellous and mystic rocking-stone.

To recur, for one concluding word, to the doctrines of Druidism. We find attributed to them these two grand and fundamental truths;—the spiritual nature of a one superior Deity, and the immortality of man's soul; although a crowd of deified heroes was afterwards added to the divine court, just as Romanism now has peopled heaven with its fabled mediators; and in similar extenuation, although transmigration was, upon purgatorial principles, engrafted on the second noble verity, it is related, that Pythagoras learned his transmigrating doctrine of "one Abgaris, a Druid." For other wholesome thoughts, Strabo asserts, that the Druids taught a future conflagration of this material world, as well as retained a distinct traditional memory of the deluge. That they practised human sacrifices is a matter little wonderful, if we consider how easy of perverse interpretation was the patriarchal offering up of Isaac; and that they scorned to worship the Divinity in any other than his own sublime temple of "all space, whose altar earth, sea, skies," is a pleasing corroboration that their notions of religion were derived from a source originally pure.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

This exquisitely touching ballad we take from the "Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern," edited by Allan Cunningham. The editor modestly states that he "has ventured to arrange and eke out these old and remarkable verses; but," he says, "I have no right to claim any more merit from their appearance than what arises from inducing the stream of the story to glide more smoothly away." The ballad we here publish must be considered as, in reality, the composition of Mr. Cunningham; for the leading incident is altogether different, and infinitely more pathetic as well as more natural, while it is superior in style and imagery to the rough old rhymes that occur in the collections referred to.

All the ancient copies picture the bairns as consigning their wretched mother to eternal misery. Mr.

F. Corbould del. J. Bastin sc.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

Cunningham, it will be observed, gave the story a more natural and far more touching character—making the children intercede for the sinner at the throne of grace. In its present form it is an exquisite poem—one of the most beautiful and most valuable of the many relics left to us by Allan Cunningham; and which are often so completely allied to the spirit of the old minstrels, as to leave us uncertain whether the authorship really belongs to the modern poet, or to some rhymer of many centuries ago.

"The lady walk'd in yon wild wood
Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
Were running at her knee.

The tane it pull'd a red, red rose,
With a hand as soft as silk;
The other, it pull'd the lily pale,
With a hand mair white than milk.

'Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns?
And why the white lily?
'O we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,
For the soul of thee, ladie;

'O bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns!
I'll cleid ye rich and fine;
And all for the blaiberries of the wood,
Yese hae white bread and wine.'

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
Say, 'Weans, ye tarry long'—
She stretch'd her hand to the youngest bairn –
'Kiss me before ye gang.'

She sought to take a lily hand,
And kiss a rosie chin—
'O, nought sae pure can bide the touch
Of a hand red-wet wi' sin!'

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wild fire fill'd the air,
As that lady follow'd thae bonnie bairns
For three lang hours and mair.

'O! where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown!'
'O! lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown.'

There came a shape which seem'd to her
As a rainbow 'mang the rain;
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.

'And O! and O!' said the youngest babe,
'My mother maun come in:'
'And O! and O!' said the eldest babe,
'Wash her twa hands frae sin.'

'And O! and O!' said the youngest babe,
'She nursed me on her knee:'
'And O! and O!' said the eldest babe,
'She's a mither yet to me.'

'And O! and O!' said the babes baith,
'Take her where waters rin,
And white as the milk of her white breast,
Wash her twa hands frae sin.'"

PENAL ECONOMY,[1]

AS INVOLVING CONSIDERATIONS OF THE NATURE, CAUSES, AND PROGRESSION OF CRIME—THE OBJECT, DEGREE, AND EFFECT OF PUNISHMENT—AND THE MEANS WHEREBY THE PENAL DISCIPLINE OF OUR GAOLS MAY BE BROUGHT INTO HARMONY WITH THE DIVINE WILL, AND RENDERED ALIKE PROTECTIVE OF THE INTERESTS OF SOCIETY, AND CORRECTIVE AND REFORMATORY OF ITS CONVICTED CRIMINALS AND OFFENDERS.

BY JAMES ACLAND.

Waving for the moment all considerations as to the practicability of the labour of convicts being profitably employed, and assuming for the sake of argument that such result is impossible, we think the desirableness of the investment of the time and labour of our criminal population in legitimately industrial pursuits so self-evident that the attempt should be made at any sacrifice. The probable restoration of these pests of society to the ranks of social usefulness were cheaply purchased, in merely an economical point of view, at any cost which should leave a pecuniary advantage to the community; and if we enter upon a calculation of the relative amount of profit and loss, the commercial policy, to say nothing of the religious obligation or moral duty of such a step, will be satisfactorily demonstrated.

How vast an amount of plunder must be absorbed in sustaining so many thousands of thieves in all the extragavances of the profligacy for which they are notorious! If we assume the annual number of convicted thieves at ten thousand, and the outlay of each, on themselves and others, at a hundred a-year, we shall have a million sterling as their annual expenditure.

Having thus the money produce of theft, let us inquire into the real value to the community of the property stolen. It is disposed of in the rogue's only market; where, in the eye of the law, the purchaser is considered many degrees worse than the dishonest salesman. There it must be sold at any price; and the buyer knows this; and the seller is aware of that knowledge. The transaction is upon "*the cross.*" The purchaser names the price. The seller gets for the property what the buyer pleases to offer, and, in words or by implication a pledge not to *peach*, and an undertaking to put everything out of sight and out of reach. The money price paid by the guilty receiver is under rather than over 25 *per cent.* of the honest marketable value of the stolen property, which may therefore be very safely estimated at four millions, or four times the expenditure of the convicted thieves.

What then will be the value of property annually stolen by undetected thieves by the whole number, of which the ten thousand who are annually convicted form but a minute fraction? It is a very general opinion among experienced police officers that not one robbery in twenty is brought home to the perpetrator. We dare not work out our sum in figures. Let the judgment of the reader multiply the four millions by the numeral which his judgment may elect; let him then add to the product his estimate of the depreda-

[1] Concluded from p. 43.

tions of the other eighty or ninety thousand prisoners annually convicted by the magistracy, and it will scarcely be possible to escape the conclusion that *the honest people of England and Wales are annually plundered to an extent approximating to the amount of the interest upon the National Debt of the United Kingdom.*

And it may somewhat aid the reader in his calculation to inform him, that of 62,181 prisoners in the hands of the Metropolitan Police in the year 1847 the trades or occupations of 34,068 were ascertained, whilst the police authorities report the balance, or 28,113, as of "No trade or occupation," which must be taken to mean none they could creditably or safely avow. In all probability, "thievery" would embrace a very decided majority of the whole number; *i.e.*, thievery *as a profession*, for unquestionably occasional or accidental thievery was the occupation of a very large proportion of the *professors* of trades. It should be further stated that the "labourers" are so called in the annual return, and are not included in the number who had neither trade nor occupation.

Why, if we were to employ all the convicted thieves in our gaols at productive labour, and were then to burn the product of that labour, though at a loss of ten shillings per head per week, the honest portion of society would be more benefited by the transaction than by the continuance of the present system. For every convicted thief now costs the rate-payer (by the last Report of the prison inspectors) 26*l*. 16*s*. 7¾*d*. per annum above his earnings of 7*s*. 0½*d*.; and, adding 26*l*. to that amount for the supposed loss by destruction of the product of his labour, we shall then have 52*l*. 16*s*. 7¾*d*. as the then cost per annum for maintenance, instruction, and industrial training.

And as every reclamation of a slothful thief to industrial and honest habits would save the country the annual amount of 400*l*. as the cost of his dishonest expenditure of 100*l*. per annum, and as we know of no other means of transforming these pirates of society into useful members of the community, with a chance of their so continuing, than those propounded by Mr. Charles Pearson, the experiment were well worth making, even though all that can be said against it were demonstrably true.

The reader will not have forgotten that this exposition of the moral and pecuniary value of even profitless industry was entered upon with the assumption, for the sake of argument, that it is impossible to invest the labour of convicts in profitable employment. That argument is at an end; and (content that it pass for its value, be it much, be it little,) we now resume the position momentarily quitted, and examine the practicability of turning convict labour to not merely a good account in its exaction, but to a pecuniary advantage in its result.

But the admirable views of Mr. Charles Pearson are so clearly and so beautifully defined in the official report presented by him to the authorities of the City of London, that we cannot in justice refrain from quoting the following extract as explanatory at once of the just and religious character of his scheme, and the high moral influence of its unquestionable tendencies when in operation:—

"The system of discipline proposed, aims at establishing habits of manual occupation, combined with moral and religious instruction, in the same proportions as would be the lot of the labouring poor in a well-ordered community. It is proposed to call these habits into action, by raising from time to time the rate of diet from the lowest the law allows to the standard of a well regulated workhouse, and by abridging the duration of imprisonment, according to the amount of continuous labour and good conduct of each class of prisoners, classified according to the age, strength, and capacity of each individual. Every hour of a prisoner's life wasted, and every shilling of the public money expended in prison discipline not warranted by these objects, is a misapplication of time and money.

"'If any one will not work, neither shall he eat,' is a law of God, as applicable to a prisoner as to any other member of the community. The most efficient, deterring, and reformatory agent of prison discipline would be a system that required a prisoner to do more bodily work for less bodily comfort than the same quantity of work would procure for the honest portion of the labouring classes. This has been found hitherto impracticable in this country, because it has been only attempted by inadequate stimulants, by means of compulsory labour, which, like slave-labour of every kind, is comparatively unproductive, and irritates and hardens the heart whenever it is enforced.

"By making the diet and duration of imprisonment of each individual depend upon his own continuous industry and good conduct in gaol, you would create in each a disposition to labour, and a power of self-control that would effectually secure orderly and industrious conduct in prison, and form habits, calculated, upon his discharge, to keep alive the same stimulus; which would lead to an equally beneficial result, whether in a state of freedom in his own country, or transplanted to one of our colonies, where labour is more in demand."

The arrangement by which the practical working of a scheme so nobly ambitious of good is to be secured must next command our attention.

PART III.—LAND AND LABOUR; OR MEANS TO THE END.

Let every national gaol be erected in the centre of a thousand acres of land, such area being surrounded by a wall of the height and strength of that of the Millbank Penitentiary. Let the gaol be constructed for the reception of a thousand prisoners, with a separate night-cell for each prisoner, and workshops for each of the trades contributory to the maintenance and clothing of the inhabitants and the necessary repairs of the buildings.

Such penal farm, with its chapel, infirmary, and out-buildings, and including the purchase of the land,

will require an outlay of 100,000*l.* and no more; *i.e.*, one half of the cost per prisoner at the Model County Gaol at Reading; where the land did not form an ingredient in the outlay, whilst in the scheme before us that item absorbs full twenty-five per cent. of the whole amount. Nor is this estimated cost a mere assumption of probable expenditure, but a professional estimate by gentlemen of standing and character, and upon which data contractors have offered to take the work and give satisfactory bonds for its due execution. The following are the totals of the respective heads in this estimate:—

Item		
Prisoners' Dormitories, (1000) . .	£21,264	
Work-rooms, (8)	2,400	
Infirmary and Wash-house. . . .	600	
Lodges, (16 for 32 Superintendents, 4 for 4 Land Bailiffs,) . . .	1,600	
Residences of Superior Officers, viz:—Governor, Chaplain, Assistant Chaplain, Surgeon, Assistant Surgeon, Head Farmer, and Head Steward	3,000	
Chapel	650	
		£29,514
Cost of Boundary Wall at the estimated price of that at Millbank, assuming the form of the ground to be square, say 26,880 feet at 32*s.* 6*d.*		43,680
Leaving for Purchase of Land		26,806
		£100,000

This great difference in the original expenditure arises from:—1. The extravagant cost of an ornamental as compared with the economical construction of a merely effective gaol; and, (2,) from the enormous expense of providing an artificial atmosphere for prisoners under the "separate system," as contrasted with the ordinary accommodation required for prisoners under the industrial and self-supporting system proposed by the City solicitor.

Such gaols would cost less than half the original outlay of the model-gaols upon the separate system, inclusive of the purchase of a thousand acres to each; or scarcely more than a third, if the now valueless land of our national forests were allocated for such truly national purpose. And of this there is an abundance; to wit, 66,154 acres in the New Forest, Hampshire; 24,166 acres in Dean Forest, Gloucestershire; 5,424 acres in Whittlewood Forest, Northamptonshire; 3,741 acres in Wychwood Forest, Oxfordshire; and 12,000 acres in Waltham Forest, Essex; giving a total of 111,485 acres. Of these 80,781 acres are unenclosed wastes. There are other twelve forests and woods exclusive of the Parks at Greenwich, Windsor, Richmond, London, and Dublin. And it appears from the most recent return of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests that the receipts of the Crown from the 111,485 acres in the five forests first above referred to have only averaged during the last forty-five years 7,404*l.*, or 1*s.* 5*d.* per acre per annum, towards which receipts the 80,781 acres of unenclosed waste have not contributed one farthing per acre per annum.

But so wise an appropriation of the localities of Crown wastelry to great public advantage does not appear to have been anticipated by Mr. Pearson in his estimate of primary expense; for that gentleman has assumed the actual purchase of the thousand acres of land for his gaol—the policy of which course, for an experiment, may be admitted, however desirable if not absolutely essential it may afterwards become to have command of a much more extended area for simultaneous or perhaps consecutive occupation.

But in the working out his plan, its author proposes the formation of two penal farms or prisons under two distinct sets of circumstances for the purpose of testing their relative powers of surplus production after the primary condition of each establishment shall have been complied with; namely, the raising on each thousand acres respectively an amount of bread, meat, oatmeal and potatoes sufficient for the sustenance of a thousand prisoners and a hundred officers.

It is suggested that one of these establishments shall be placed upon a thousand acres of the open Crown land in the New Forest, that is, upon a fifty-seventh portion of the uninclosed and unproductive wastes of the Crown in Hampshire. Of this vast forest, but six thousand acres yield any revenue, and which, under enclosure for the growth of timber, have returned an average annual rental of 8*s.* 3½*d.* per acre since 1803, but have been maintained at an annual loss during the fourteen years from 1833 to 1848.

Yet it may be confidently stated, on the authority of practical farmers in the occupation of the adjacent land, that the open waste upon which it is proposed to erect the penal farm, would, drained by the labour of convicted thieves, be rendered agriculturally available at from twenty-five to thirty shillings per acre per annum. This land, it is well vouched, is suitable to the growth of every description of crop required, and is close to the railroad, which opens a communication, at no great distance, with several important market towns.

The locality of the second experimental establishment is suggested at within a few miles of the metropolis, Liverpool, Manchester or other populous provincial town, where, by the application of a greater quantity of manure, a greater amount of labour may be profitably employed, (after supplying the prisoners with requisite food,) in raising market-garden produce, which would bring a considerable cash return, and increase the consumption of a wholesome and nutritive description of diet, by bringing it within the reach of a larger portion of the community.

In the Essex forests, within ten miles of London, there are many thousand acres of land suitable for these purposes, but which, like the New Forest, are unproductive as at present managed by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. And at Wanstead, yet nearer the metropolis, there are fifteen hundred acres of waste lands which do not produce half-a-crown an acre, although land of the same quality immediately adjoining, but which had been well drained

and cultivated by the labour of man, was recently sold for 100*l.* per acre.

It must be manifest, that as regards sites for these important experiments, there need not exist any difficulty of an insuperable character, since it is in the power of Government to devote the requisite quantity of Crown land, now utterly unproductive, towards the testing of the great principle involved in the bold scheme propounded by the honourable member for Lambeth. On the other hand, the sanction of the Legislature is alone required; the requisite area can be purchased from private hands, and the possibility of converting our criminals into industrious members of the community be fairly ascertained.

It is estimated that a thousand prisoners and a hundred officers (from sixty to eighty of whom would be practical agriculturists of the labouring class, as superintendents of the labour of the prisoners on land,) will consume 930 quarters of wheat, 16,900 stones of meat, 700 tons of potatoes, and 360 quarters of oats.

That a thousand acres of land, subjected to the highest possible cultivation by the manual labour of a thousand convicts, (estimated to be equal in quantity to the labour of five hundred ordinary farm servants,) and by means of the manure from an establishment of 1100 individuals in addition to the usual supply from the cattle upon the farm, would yield a large available surplus beyond the food required and applicable to the expenses of the management, cannot admit of a doubt in the mind of any person of adequate agricultural knowledge for forming an opinion upon the subject.

When it is stated that the scheme of the Penal Farm assumes about a third of the thousand acres to be annually in pasture or green crops, that there will be a flock of sheep upon the land, that there will be a constant succession of 120 cattle feeding in their stalls, and that herds of swine in prevention of all waste will occupy the styes, it will be conclusive of the fact that there will be abundance of manure for the farm.

And it must be equally manifest that there will be an abundance of labour for the manual cultivation of the land. Before a Parliamentary Committee in the last Session (1848), John Revans, Esq., late an assistant Poor Law Commissioner, and who has devoted himself for many years, and still does, to agricultural inquiries and pursuits, stated upon oath that the average number of labourers employed upon farming land in England is TWO *per hundred acres*. On the Penal Farm there will be the equivalent of FIFTY labourers *per hundred acres*. But, it may be contended on the other hand, this five-fold increase of labour will not be sufficient to counterbalance the manifold advantages of mechanical aid in its application to agricultural pursuits; or, in other words, that an amount of labour which may be infinitely beyond the necessity of ordinary farming, may nevertheless be altogether insufficient for the cultivation of the land by spade labour and manual industry. This point, however, will be satisfactorily established in the course of the evidence about to be adduced in illustration, generally, of the immense advantage of the spade over the plough, as proved from the experience of those whom poverty or judgment has induced to reject the latter and depend wholly on the former. The result, as to the acreable capacity of a man's power, will prove him equal to at least two acres, and five hundred men quite sufficient for a thousand acres, if the whole of that extent were under the spade, which, in this instance, it would not be; and the result as to the comparative production will give an advantage to manual labour exceeding a treble return for an equal investment of capital.

During the inquiry into the affairs of the "National Land Company" before a select Committee of the House of Commons, of which the Right Hon. W. G. Hayter was chairman, in the month of June last, the subjoined evidence was given:—

Mr. John Sillett, of Kelsall, near Saxmundham in Suffolk, was examined:—

"He had been apprenticed to the general trade of grocer and draper, as usual in country towns, and for some time carried on these businesses on his own account at Yoxford, Suffolk. About six or seven years since, however, having always been very fond of agricultural pursuits, he purchased two acres of land, for which he paid 236*l.*—the legal expenses of conveyance were 14*l.*—making the total cost of the two acres 250*l.*; *there was no house upon* the land, nor did he at present reside upon it. His house, which was also his own, was in the village, and nearly half a mile distant from his land. His situation would certainly be more advantageous if his house was in the centre of his land. He followed his business for some time after he purchased the land, but having tried the experiment to see what he could do with it, and finding he was getting on better than he expected, he entirely relinquished trade, and for the last five years had given his sole attention to the land. When he bought the land, it was all in old pasture, and he broke it up by degrees, some in one year, some in another, till he had now got an acre and a half under cultivation, and half an acre in pasture, so that the whole of his land was not yet cultivated. He had done all the labour himself, never having had assistance from anybody. His family consisted of a wife and two girls, the eldest between 16 and 17, and the other just turned 12. Occasionally they had assisted him in very trifling matters, but all the labour he had done himself. *He had clothed and supported himself and family exclusively out of the two acres*, and had kept an account of receipts and expenditure, in which he showed the profits of his farm, after providing for the consumption and clothing of the family. It was in the press, and would shortly be published. He made it a point to live exclusively upon the produce of his farm; they had milk of a morning, meat and vegetables for dinner, and milk at night; he made it a point always to have meat and vegetables for dinner. He considered he lived as well as a farmer as he did when he was a grocer and draper, though in a different way; as wholesomely, and much better for his health, he considered. In business he had very indifferent health indeed; he had much better health since he was on the land; and it was the same with his family. His system of farming was to grow root-crops—potatoes, mangold-wurtzel, cabbages, and beans; the only corn-crop he grew was wheat. With respect to stock, for four years he had kept two cows, and generally two pigs, but he was this year making an experiment with swine, of

which he had seventeen, and a sow; he was making that experiment for the profits. He took the difference between the manure of pigs and the manure of cows into the calculation, as he considered the former the best. When he kept the two cows and the two pigs, he reared calves up to seven weeks old; he reared the last this year; he reared one and fatted one. The hours he worked on the land depended on the season of the year; when busy, he worked from six in the morning till six in the evening; at other times, not so long. He cultivated entirely by the spade: he had no faith in the plough; he knew it was not so well for the land; his land improved annually under spade culture. The implement he used was a three-pronged fork, fourteen inches long, and he dug for every crop. If any one wished to judge of the results of spade and plough culture, they had only to look at his crop of wheat and that of his neighbour over the hedge that joined his field; he should say that field did not contain more than half of his crop—he meant the average per acre. He measured his crop in bushels, and his last year's wheat produced him sixteen bushels on a quarter of an acre. It was dibbled in rows eight inches apart, and then dropped by hand by boys or girls. Each plant in the row was, as near as he could judge, about six inches apart. He did not recollect exactly what quantity of seed he sowed to the quarter of an acre, but he sowed it very thin. He kept the wheat for the consumption of his family. His system of farming had been taken entirely from experience and study. His potatoes he planted whole, and had grown as much as three bushels a square perch. A bushel of potatoes weighed about seventy-two pounds. In Suffolk, they calculated a sack to weigh fourteen stone; they are always sold by the sack; when he sold a bushel, he always heaped it. He had sold vegetables as well; cabbages were what he generally grew on a large scale, as he found them most profitable; when he got a full crop of them, he got more money than by any other crop; the price he made of them was a halfpenny a head wholesale to the market people, who came with carts; he sent none to Saxmundham, a small market-town one mile off; he sold them wholesale. He grew beans between the potatoes. Good land ought to produce the crops he had stated. It was not at all an unusual thing to get three bushels of potatoes from a rod, which would give 480 bushels per acre. By his method he had produced that. He should certainly not be satisfied with six bushels of wheat from a quarter of an acre, instead of sixteen."

In answer to Mr. S. Crawford, the witness described his system as follows:—

"In growing potatoes he put between every third row a double row of beans, without allowing any extra room for the potatoes, and he found in that way he got an excellent crop of beans. Judges, who had seen his crop this year, calculated that he would have as many beans as though the ground were covered, and that it would not injure the potatoes, which were planted from six to seven inches deep, and not earthed up, in consequence of growing the beans. He proved last year that he had as many potatoes as though he had not planted the beans. If land was in heart, and thorough good land, it would produce both. As to there being no end of produce, in that case, he could only say what he had proved by his experiments. Instead of growing two crops, he had made the ground produce three in the year, by transplanting. He raised the Swede turnips just the same as the cabbage plants, and when the potatoes came off, he dug the land and transplanted them the same as the cabbages. He never sowed any peas, they shaded the potatoes too much. He put his turnips at the same distance as his potatoes, the rows twenty inches apart, and the plants twelve inches apart. He had never used any food for his stock that was not grown on the farm, nor had he ever purchased any manure. He had found that he always made plenty by keeping his stock stall-fed. His produce of potatoes, if measured by bushels, amounted to fifteen tons eight [illegible] and eight pounds to the acre. After supplying [illegible] own family with milk, he calculated that his two cows produced him 29*l.* profit in the year, over his own consumption. He sold it nearly all in milk, and made very little butter. He sold his milk at 2*d.* a quart. He never measured the milk the cows gave when they were flush of milk, but the average they would give in a day the first three or four months would be from two to three gallons a meal. He milked them only morning and night, and had never tried milking them three times a-day. He supposed that his own family would consume about a quart of milk a-day. The produce of a cow for the whole year would be for three months five gallons a-day, the next month it would fall perhaps a gallon, and then probably it would decrease gradually, perhaps half a gallon, and then he should suppose from the time of her being dry there would be about a gallon a meal in the worst time. He had estimated, in the profits he had given, the cow to give every day two quarts and a pint a meal, or five quarts a-day, which, sold at 2*d.* a quart, would be 10*d.* a-day, or 15*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* a-year. The 29*l.* profit he had mentioned did not include anything from the sale of calves, but was entirely from the sale of milk besides what was consumed in the family. The milk was sold at the same price winter and summer. As to his pigs, he reared them himself. He was now feeding them with the tops of the beans, which he had got in great quantity, and with the leaves of the mangold-wurtzel. When he fattened them, he fed them on boiled potatoes, and then, to finish them off, for the last week or two he bought a little barley meal. He only gave the store pigs potatoes, and found the others throve upon the bean tops and mangold-wurtzel leaves, together with cabbages, which he gave them raw. He gave the sow some better feeding when she was suckling, and he thought his seventeen pigs and sow would produce him as much profit as his two cows and his two pigs had done. He had been told by many intelligent people, that a breeding sow would produce as much profit as a cow, and if it did, it would save labour and trouble. The general result of his farming as shown by his accounts was, that on the two acres thus farmed, after providing for the living and the clothing of his family, he had sold 74*l.* worth of produce last year; and if he calculated his expenses as though he was renting land and house besides paying the taxes, the result would be 12*l.* 10*s.* for the rent of the two acres at 250*l.*, 8*l.* for the rent of the house, and 2*l.* for taxes, making 22*l.* 10*s.* for rent and taxes, leaving a clear profit on the two acres of 51*l.* 10*s.* a-year, and if another man was as industrious as he was, he did not see why he should not come to the same result. As to the knowledge and experience of a gentleman, a professional farmer, who said that no labouring man could keep and support his family upon the produce of the best three acres in England, paying neither rent nor taxes, he could only say that he had done this upon two acres of a nice mixed soil. He had lived for the last five years off that land, and he could give any references that might be required, to some of the most respectable people living in the neighbourhood. The clergyman of the village often came and looked over his land. His land was much better now than when he bought it. If any gentleman said he would have larger crops if the land were ploughed, he should presume that he had never tried the spade at all. If a neighbouring farmer came and offered to plough his land for nothing, he would not allow him to do so."

The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, Hon. W. F. Cowper, Chairman, (presented in July, 1843,) upon the benefit of small

allotments to the labouring poor, is replete with information of great interest. The subjoined paragraphs from the Report itself speak volumes in favour of spade husbandry:—

"Although much of the waste land of this country is of so inferior a quality that it could not be successfully reclaimed as a farming speculation, yet it could profitably be brought into cultivation through spade husbandry, by the labour of men working on their own account."

"The land will yield larger profits under this mode of cultivation than under the usual method of tillage."

"Many striking instances have been stated to your Committee where the possession of an allotment has been the means of reclaiming the Criminal, reforming the dissolute, and changing their whole moral character and conduct."

"Your Committee have it in evidence, that of three thousand heads of families holding allotments in Kent, not one was committed for any offence, during the years 1841 and 1842; that whilst in the parish of Hadlow there were thirty-five commitments in 1835, the allotment system being introduced in 1836, there was but one commitment in 1837; that subsequently, fifteen of those who were committed to prison in 1835, had obtained allotments, and that for the past six years there has been but one commitment from the whole number of allottees, the old offenders being reclaimed to the paths of honest industry."

But, however interesting these extracts from the Report, the evidence annexed to it embraces other topics of at least equal importance, as illustrative of the sufficiency of "land and labour" for upholding the personal independence of the individual when once he has acquired industrial habits, and a distaste for dishonest vagabondage and its painful and inevitable consequences.

Mr. Henry Martin, a small farmer holding thirty acres of land under Sir William Geary, at Hadlow in Kent:—

"I have been agent for the West Kent Allotment Society for the last seven years; I introduced the system into Hadlow upon land which was the worst in the parish; it is very much improved; I should say it is nearly the best now; its value then was 16*s.* per acre, now it is certainly cheap at 2*l*; the profit realized by the Hadlow allottees averages 20*l.* per acre; the general average throughout the county upon the allotments is 16*l.* per acre; this is effected by the labour of about two hours in the evening to each allotment of a quarter of an acre, and that only for about half the year; the cultivation is invariably by the spade; they invariably obtain much more produce, in proportion to the extent of land, than the farmer; the potato is the principal vegetable produced, and the average quantity on a quarter acre allotment is a hundred bushels,—indeed that is rather below the average; then, in the course of the year, the same land would produce turnips and cabbages, quite to the value of the rent, so that the hundred bushels of potatoes would be clear profit; and generally they keep a pig, and many of them two; the rent is most punctually paid; I have now brought eight acres of my land under spade cultivation, which has enabled me to get rid of two horses; I have done this by my own labour and that of two men whom I have employed; the expense of digging an acre is just the same as that of ploughing one; a man will dig an acre well for 1*l.* and I cannot get it ploughed for less; and the land not being clogged by the trampling of the horses and the weight of the plough, makes the after work much lighter; the ploughing kneads the sub-soil, which causes the wet to stand, but the spade leaves the sub-soil porous, and the wet can draw away; the plough is not allowed to be used by the allottees in any case; I only know of one breach of this rule, and the man was instantly deprived of his allotment; a labouring man in full employment can well manage half an acre, but it is difficult to obtain land, and the allotments are therefore seldom more than a quarter of an acre; we should be very glad to give a rent of 1*l.* per acre for Dartford Heath, which is now waste, and of a stony soil; it might be very profitably cultivated by spade husbandry."

Rev. Stephen Demainbray, Rector of Broad Somerford in Wiltshire:—

"There is a parcel of land in my parish called 'The Marsh,' comprising 100 acres; several successive tenants of this land having failed, it was let in allotments to the poor at even a higher rent, which is duly paid, and we have no paupers; each cottager keeps a couple of pigs; they have only half an acre each, except several old men, whose strength is not sufficient for regular farm labour; these have two acres, cultivate them perfectly, and are thus kept off the parish. I have half a dozen cases of that description; the average rent charged is 35*s.* per acre, all the surrounding parishes have followed our example, and with an equally good effect."

Captain G. T. Scobell, R.N:—

"I reside at High Littleton in East Somerset; in 1831, I began the allotment system for the encouragement of spade husbandry, and have 250 tenants; not one has been convicted of crime, during the intervening period of 12 or 13 years; they keep pigs. I lent upwards of 200*l.* to about 120 of the tenants to buy pigs, and I lost but 2*l.*; the poor people realize a profit after the rate of 21*l.* 18*s.* per acre. There are four million acres of improveable uncultivated land in England, and about a million families of the agricultural labourer's class."

Jesse Piper, an allotment tenant under Mrs. Davies Gilbert, at East Dean, Beachy Head, Sussex:—

"I am a cripple and unable to do agricultural work; I rent four acres of land and a cottage for 11*l.* a-year; a boy about 17, from Hellingly Poorhouse, lives with me, and occasionally I employ a man; much of my time is occupied in looking after some small allotment tenants, for Mrs. Gilbert. I employ the man about two months in the year; last year I grew 42 bushels of wheat, off three quarters of an acre of land, and 250 bushels of potatoes off other three quarters of an acre; the wheat sold at 7*s.* 6*d.* making fifteen guineas, and the potatoes, at 15*d.* the bushel, brought 16*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* I keep two cows and three or four pigs; one of my cows goes in harness and draws all my manure. Mrs. Gilbert informed me they were so used in Germany, and I told her, if they did it there, we could do it in Sussex; the other I am just learning; the cow saves me in labour 5*l.* on every acre. I manure the land with liquid, and have a tank four feet square in my cow-house, for that purpose. I mix soot and salt and mould with the liquid. My land brings me yearly 15*l.* per acre.

John Dumbrell of Irvington, Beachy Head, Sussex:—

"I was a shoemaker, but being afflicted with a liver complaint, took an allotment of three acres; I have now six acres; all the assistance I have is from my father, who is 70, and my little boy, who is 9 years of age; it is a chalky soil. I have two cows and a heifer, and two pigs; the cows yield in butter 20*l.*, their two calves 6*l.* besides skim-milk, which, at three pints a penny, or given to the pigs, is worth 10*l.* A quarter of an acre gave 18 bushels of oats, at 4*s.* which brought 3*l.* 12*s.*; half an acre grew 32 bushels of wheat, at 8*s.* producing 12*l.* 16*s.*, which is equal to the consumption of my

family, including the wife and three infant children; besides pigs, poultry and vegetables; the rent, rates, tithes and taxes, come to 12*l.* 12*s.*; then the only hired labour was 2*l.* for thrashing, and seed cost me 2*l.*; this was in 1840, when I had only three acres. In 1841, I got 8*l.* 12*s.* for my wheat, 6*l.* 1*s.* for oats, 4*l.* for potatoes, 5*l.* 10*s.* for calves, 21*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* for butter, and 10*l.* for skim-milk, or 55*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* besides pigs and vegetables; and this was from three and a quarter acres. In 1842 I got three additional acres, but it was a bad year, for the new land was in very bad condition, and I had the misfortune to lose my two cows, but the receipts were 62*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* besides three pigs, worth ten guineas, and as many vegetables as we could consume."

John Brooks, a stocking weaver at Hinckley, Leicestershire:—

"We have 37½ acres in garden allotments, of a quarter of an acre each; we cannot obtain more land; there are still 100 applicants, and as each allottee evinces ability and industry, his land should be increased to the extent of his capacity to cultivate; eight bushels of potatoes are expected from six score yards, but some get twelve; there are 40 pieces of six score yards to the acre. I know instances of land being let at the exorbitant rent of 7*s.* 8*s.* and 9*s.* the piece; 9*s.* is at the rate of 18*l.* the acre, and even then the poor men have made a profit off the piece; each man with a rood (¼ acre) may, if he will, by double cropping, clear 5*l.* per annum."

James Orange of Nottingham:—

"I am secretary and travelling agent to an Allotment Society for the Midland Counties; we have 63 branch societies, and upwards of 800 acres of land in occupation as cottage gardens of a quarter of an acre, which is sufficient to support a poor man and his family for 13 weeks at 10*s.* a-week; a poor man could cultivate considerably more land even in his leisure hours and when in full work; last winter our allottees killed sixty pigs, not one of whom ever had a pig before in his life, and all of whom were, before the holding of these allotments, in the greatest distress; the increase of produce through spade husbandry is very considerable in all cases; one field that was a gravel field, in Carlton, which we were told would not return the seed planted, actually yielded 100 sacks of potatoes per acre; and when I was in Yorkshire, a rood of land near Barbot Hall was planted with wheat by Lord Howard's steward, and 28 bushels obtained, which is equal to 14 quarters per acre; Mr. Hobson, the steward, has since informed me that he had planted 200 yards with cucumbers, and after supplying his lordship's table, had sold 2000 in Sheffield and Rotherham markets, at from 1*d.* to 1*s.* but certainly averaging 2*d.* and being at the rate of 200*l.* the acre: 200 yards is the 24th part of an acre; the land which produced 14 quarters of wheat to the acre, is of the quality of that from which the farmers are well content to get four quarters, and do not grumble if they get but three; it was dibbled and hoed the same as peas; no land is too poor for the spade; we could cultivate sand-hills into valuable estates in two or three years; I should be very happy to take the poorest land if I could have it at a fair rent and on a safe tenure: none is too poor, none too bad; none of the allottees receive parochial relief, although we should not consider such circumstance a disqualification; for a man not having any work, nor likely to have any, we should propose an acre of land or more, as the quarter acre will only support his family for thirteen weeks; a man in full employment as a weaver, or otherwise, could easily secure that advantage, and if work were slack, by throwing additional labour on his land, he would make it more productive; the corporation of Nottingham let about 400 gardens at five farthings a yard or 25*l.* per acre, whilst the adjoining land of the same quality is rented by farmers at about 5*l.*; these gardens are from a mile to two miles from the market place; they are of various sizes—say from six hundred yards to a quarter of an acre; the artizan allottees of those gardens make to my knowledge, a considerable profit from their cultivation."

William Miles, Esq. M.P.:—

"In 1828, when I resided at Caunton, in Nottinghamshire, there were eight acres of a clayey soil, the property of the parish, let to a man who had respectably brought up a large family without other resource; but his children had all got out into the world, and the old man was unable to attend to the land; so I advised the parish to let it out in quarter acre allotments to poor people, and although it was certainly about the worst soil for that purpose, the best crops of the best of vegetables were produced, and the plan conferred the greatest benefits upon the occupiers and inhabitants. I do not think any poor man should have more than an acre, although I have known men with three or four acres do perfectly well, become better labourers, and even acquire small properties; but they would be apt on a good sale, to get drunk, and lose their money. Six years after leaving Caunton, I went to live in Gloucestershire, where I now reside, and I have given allotments to a hundred persons with unquestionable advantage to all of them; for instance, one man occupying a quarter of an acre, and paying 1*l.* rent, told me that last year his onions brought him 24*s.*, carrots 8*s.*, fruit 2*s.* 6*d.*, and, with a wife and five children, they had always enjoyed an abundance of potatoes and every other culinary vegetable; all taxes were included in the rent; and this man's case is a fair specimen of the whole. The moral effect of the system is incalculable; I know of many drunkards reclaimed, and of the impious becoming constant church-goers. A clergyman said to me, 'preaching and visiting were of no use till these people got the allotments.' The possession of a piece of land gives them a better idea of the rights of property; the first effect is to induce a determination to protect property; in fact, whenever we have an allotment to spare, and a man of bad character applies for it, he gets it, and very soon afterwards he has been found to have been perfectly reclaimed. The allotments are all cultivated by spade labour of the occupiers—hired labourers not being allowed."

George Cruttenden:—

"I keep an agricultural day-school at Willingdon in Sussex, and have sixteen boys who pay one penny per week; I rent my house and five acres of land for 25*l.*; I teach the boys reading, writing, and arithmetic, in the forenoon, and from two to five in the afternoon they work on the land; I keep two cows stall-fed, and the produce of my land last year was 65*l.*"

To advance an argument in support of the importance of spade husbandry, or the higher importance of imbuing the minds of lazy and dissolute men with a feeling of self-dependence and a love of independence, were, after perusal of the preceding evidence, needless; nor can the capability of a thousand acres of land to maintain a population of two thousand people be seriously doubted.

The whole question is now about to be submitted to rigid investigation by the Legislature; and it is to be hoped that ere long, one system, and that a practically and visibly reformatory system, will be adopted for the reclamation of our vicious population; that evidence of good works may be exacted from the convict in the place of a florid profession of mere faith; that he may be habituated to toilsome industry rather than

listless and body-and-mind-destroying inaction; and that the Executive may assume the position of an insurance office in protection of life and property against malice and dishonesty. It would, indeed, seem, that the present annual *premium* paid by the community for the prevention of crime and the punishment of criminals, is abundantly sufficient, if properly applied, to compensate for all the pecuniary loss inflicted by the systematically bad upon the honest and industrious portion of society, and permitted by the official guardians of the industrial interests of a commercial people. It only remains to be seen whether any combination of interests, official habits, or prejudices, and visions of the *illuminati*, can supersede the interests of humanity, the aspirations of philanthropy, and the duties of a Christian government and a Christian people.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

Wednesday.

Journall, I have nobodie now but you, to whome to tell my little griefs; indeede, before I married, I know not that I had anie; and even now, they are very small, onlie they are soe new, that sometimes my heart is like to burst.

—I know not whether 'tis safe to put them alle on paper, onlie it relieves for ye time, and it kills time, and perhaps, a little while hence I may looke back and see how small they were, and how they mighte have beene shunned, or better borne. 'Tis worth ye triall.

—Yesterday morn, for very wearinesse, I looked alle over my linen and Mr. Milton's, to see could I finde anie thing to mend; but there was not a stitch amiss. I woulde have played on ye spinnette, but was afrayd he should hear my indifferent musick. Then, as a last resource, I tooke a book—Paul Perrin's Historie of ye Waldenses;—and was, I believe, dozing a little, when I was aware of a continuall whispering and crying. I thought 'twas some child in ye street; and, having some comfits in my pocket, I stept softlie out to ye house-door and lookt forth, but no child could I see. Coming back, ye door of my husband's studdy being ajar, I was avised to look in; and saw him, with awfulle brow, raising his hand in ye very act to strike ye youngest Philips. I could never endure to see a child struck, soe hastilie cryed out "Oh, don't!"—whereon he rose, and, as if not seeing me, gently closed ye door, and, before I reached my chamber, I hearde soe loud a crying that I began to cry too. Soon, alle was quiet; and my husband, coming in, stept gently up to me, and putting his arm about my neck, sayd, "My dearest life, never agayn, I beseech you, interfere between me and the boys: 'tis as unseemlie as tho' I shoulde in interfere between you and your maids,—when you have any,—and will weaken my hands, dear Moll, more than you have anie suspicion of."

I replied, kissing that same offending member as I spoke, "Poor Jack would have beene glad, just now, if I *had* weakened them."—"But that is not the question," he returned, "for we should alle be glad to escape necessary punishment; whereas, it is the power, not the penalty of our bad habits, that we shoulde seek to be delivered from."—"There may," I sayd, "be necessary, but need not be corporal punishment." "That is as may be," returned he, "and hath alreadie been settled by an authoritie to which I submit, and partly think you will dispute, and that is, the word of God. Pain of body is in realitie, or ought to be, sooner over and more safelie borne than pain of an ingenuous mind; and, as to ye *shame*,—why, as Lorenzo de' Medici sayd to Soccini, 'The shame is in the offence rather than in the punishment.'"

I replied, "Our Robin had never beene beaten for his studdies;" to which he sayd with a smile, that even I must admit Robin to be noe great scholar. And so in good humour left me; but I was in no good humour, and hoped heaven might never make me the mother of a son, for if I sd see Mr. Milton strike him, I should learn to hate ye father.—

Learning there was like to be companie at Doctor Davies', I was avised to put on my brave greene satin gown; and my husband sayd it became me well, and that I onlie needed some primroses and cowslips in my lap, to look like May;—and somewhat he added about mine eyes' "clear shining after rain," which avised me he had perceived I had beene crying in the morning, which I had hoped he had not.

Arriving at ye Doctor's house, we were shewn into an emptie chamber; at least, emptie of companie, but full of everything else; for there were books, and globes, and stringed and wind instruments, and stuffed birds and beasts, and things I know not soe much as ye names of, besides an easel with a painting by Mrs. Mildred on it, which she meant to be seene, or she woulde have put it away. Subject, 'Brutus's Judgment': which I thought a strange, unfeeling one for a woman; and did not wish to be *her* son. Soone she came in, drest with studdied and puritanicall plainnesse; in brown taffeta, guarded with black velvet, which became her well enough, but was scarce suited for ye season. She had much to say about limning, in which my husband could follow her better than I; and then they went to ye globes, and Copernicus, and Galileo Galilei, whom she called a martyr, but I do not. For, is a martyr one who is unwillinglie imprisoned, or who formally recants? even tho' he affecteth afterwards to say 'twas *but* a form, and cries "eppure, si muove?" The earlier Christians might have sayd 'twas but a form to burn a handfull of incense before Jove's statua; Pliny woulde have let them goe.

Afterwards, when ye Doctor came in and engaged my husband in discourse, Mistress Mildred devoted herselfe to me, and askt what progresse I had made with Bernardo Tasso. I tolde her, none at alle, for I

(1) Continued from p. 72.

was equallie faultie at Italiques and Italian, and onlie knew his best work thro' Mr. Fairfax's translation; whereat she fell laughing, and sayd she begged my forgivenesse, but I was confounding ye father with ye sonne; then laught agayn, but pretended 'twas not at me but at a lady I minded her of, who never coulde remember to distinguish betwixt Lionardo da Vinci and Lorenzo dei Medici. That last name brought up ye recollection of my morning's debate with my husband, which made me feel sad; and then, Mrs. Mildred, seeminge anxious to make me forget her unmannerliness, commenced "Can you paint?"—"Can you sing?"—"Can you play the lute?"—and, at the last, "What *can* you do?" I mighte have sayd I coulde comb out my curls smoother than she coulde hers, but did not. Other guests came in, and talked so much agaynst prelacy and ye right divine of kings that I woulde fain we had remained at astronomie and poetry. For supper there was little meat, and noe strong drinks, onlie a thinnish foreign wine, with cakes, candies, sweetmeats, fruits, and confections. Such, I suppose, is town fashion. At the laste, came musick; Mistress Mildred sang and played; then prest me to do ye like, but I was soe fearfulle, I coulde not; so my husband sayd he woulde play for me, and that woulde be alle one, and soe covered my bashfullenesse handsomlie.

Onlie this morning, just before going to his studdy, he stept back and sayd, "Sweet Moll, I know you can both play and sing—why will you not practise? I replyed, I loved it not much. He rejoyned, "But you know I love it, and is not that a motive?" I sayd, I feared to let him hear me, I played so ill. He replyed, "Why, that is ye very reason you shoulde seek to play better, and I am sure you have plenty of time. Perhaps, in your whole future life, you will not have such a season of leisure as you have now,—a golden opportunity, which you will surelie seize."—Then added, "Sir Thomas More's wife learnt to play ye lute, solely that she mighte please her husband." I answered, "Nay, what to tell me of Sir Thomas More's wife, or of Hugh Grotius's wife, when I was the wife of John Milton?" He looked at me twice, and quicklie, too, at this saying; then laughing, cried, "You cleaving mischief! I hardlie know whether to take that speech amisse or well—however, you shall have the benefit of the doubt."

And so away laughing; and I, for very shame, sat down to ye spinnette for two wearie hours, till soe tired, I coulde cry; and when I desisted, coulde hear Jack wailing over his task. 'Tis raining fast, I cannot get out, nor should I dare to go alone, nor where to go to if 'twere fine. I fancy ill smells from ye churchyard—'tis long to dinner-time, with noe change, noe exercise; and oh, I sigh for Forest Hill.

—A dull dinner with Mrs. Phillips, whom I like not much. Christopher Milton there, who stared hard at me, and put me out of countenance with his strange questions. My husband checked him. He is a lawyer and has wit enoughe.

Mrs. Phillips speaking of second marriages, I unawares hurt her by giving my voice agaynst them. It seems she is thinking of contracting a second marriage.

—At supper, wishing to ingratiate myself with ye boys, talked to them of countrie sports etc.: to which ye youngest listened greedilie: and at length I was advised to ask them woulde they not like to see Forest Hill? to which ye elder replyed in his most methodicall manner, "If Mr. Powell has a good library." For this piece of hypocrisie, at which I heartilie laught, he was commended by his uncle. Hypocrisie it was; for Master Ned cryeth over his taskes pretty nearlie as oft as ye youngest.

Friday.—To rewarde my zealous practice to-day on ye spinnette, Mr. Milton produced a collection of "Ayres, and Dialogues, for one, two, and three voices," by his friend Mr. Harry Lawes, which he sayd I shoulde find very pleasant studdy; and then he told me alle about theire getting up ye masque of Comus in Ludlow castle, and how well ye Lady's song was sung by Mr. Lawes' pupil, the Lady Alice, then a sweet, modest girl, onlie thirteen yeares of age,—and he told me of ye singing of a faire Italian young Signora, named Leonora Barroni, with her mother and sister, whome he had hearde at Rome, at ye concerts of Cardinal Barberini; and how she was "as gentle and modest as sweet Moll," yet not afrayd to open her mouth, and pronounce everie syllable distinctlie, and with ye proper emphasis and passion when she sang. And after this, to my greate contentment, he tooke me to ye Gray's Inn Walks, where, the afternoon being fine, was much companie.

After supper, I proposed to the boys that we shoulde tell stories; and Mr. Milton tolde one charminglie, but then went away to write a Latin letter. Soe Ned's turn came next; and I must, if I can, for very mirthe's sake, write it down in his exact words, they were soe pragmaticall.

"On a daye, there was a certain child wandered forthe, that would play. He met a bee, and sayd, 'Bee, wilt thou play with me?' The bee sayd, 'No, I have my duties to perform, tho' you, it woulde seeme, have none. I must away to make honey.' Then ye childe, abasht, went to ye ant. He sayd, 'Will you play with me, ant?' The ant replied, 'Nay, I must provide against ye winter.' In shorte, he found that everie bird, beaste, and insect he accosted, had a closer eye to ye purpose of their creation than himselfe. Then he sayd, 'I will then back, and con my task.'—Moral. The moral of ye foregoing fable, my deare aunt, is this—We must love work better than play."

With alle my interest for children, how is it possible to take anie interest in soe formall a little prigge?

Saturday.—I have just done somewhat for Master Ned which he coulde not doe for himselfe—viz. tenderly bound up his hand, which he had badly cut. Wiping away some few naturall tears, he must needs say, "I am quite ashamed, aunt, you shoulde see me

cry; but ye worst of it is, that alle this payne has beene for noe good; whereas, when my uncle beateth me for misconstruing my Latin, tho' I cry at ye time, all ye while I know it is for my advantage."—If this boy goes on preaching soe, I shall soon hate him.

—Mr. Milton having stepped out before supper, came back looking soe blythe, that I askt if he had hearde good news. He sayd, yes: that some friends had long beene pursuading him, against his will, to make publick some of his Latin poems; and that, having at length consented to theire wishes, he had beene with Mosley ye publisher in St. Paul's churchyard, who agreed to print them. I sayd, I was sorrie I shoulde be unable to read them. He sayd he was sorry too: he must translate them for me. I thanked him, but observed that traductions were never soe good as originalls. He rejoyned, "Nor am I even a good translater." I askt, "Why not write in your owne tongue?" He said, "Latin is understood all over ye worlde." I sayd, "But there are manie in your owne country do not understand it." He was silent soe long upon that, that I supposed he did not mean to answer me; but then cried, "You are right, sweet Moll.—Our best writers have written their best works in English, and I will heareafter doe ye same,—for I feel that my best work is still *to come.* Poetry hath hitherto been with me rather ye recreation of a mind conscious of its health, than the deliberate taskwork of a soule that must hereafter give an account of its talents. Yet my mind, in ye free circuit of her musing, has ranged over a thousand themes that lie, like the marble in the quarry, readie for anie shape that fancy and skill may give. Neither laziness nor caprice makes me difficult in my choice; for, ye longer I am in selecting my tree, and laying my axe to ye root, the sounder it will be and the riper for use. Nor is an undertaking that shall be one of high duty, to be entered upon without prayer and discipline:—it woulde be presumption indeede, to commence an enterprize which I meant shoulde delighte and profit every instructed and elevated mind without so much paynes-takinge as it should cost a poor mountebank to balance a pole on his chin."

Sunday even.—In ye clouds agayn. At dinner, to-daye, Mr. Milton catechized the boys on ye morning's sermon, the heads of which, though amounting to a dozen, Ned tolde off roundlie. Roguish little Jack looked slylie at me, says, "Aunt coulde not tell off ye sermon." "Why not?" says his uncle. "Because she was sleeping," says Jack. Provoked with ye child, I turned scarlett, and hastilie sayd, "I was not." Nobodie spoke; but I repented the falsitie the moment it had escaped me; and there was Ned, a folding of his hands, drawing down his mouth, and closing his eyes. . . . My husband tooke me to taske for it when we were alone, soe tenderlie that I wept.

Monday.—Jack sayd this morning, "I know some thing—I know aunt keeps a journall." "And a good thing if you kept one too, Jack," sayd his uncle, "it would show you how little you doe." Jack was silenced; but Ned, pursing up his mouth, says, "I can't think what aunt can have to put in a journall—should not you like, uncle, to see?" "No, Ned," says his uncle, "I am upon honour, and your dear aunt's journall is as safe, for me, as the golden bracelets that King Alfred hung upon ye high-way. I am glad she has such a resource, and, as we know she cannot have much news to put in it, we may ye more safely rely that it is a treasury of sweet, and high, and holy, and profitable thoughtes."

Oh, how deeplie I blusht at this ill-deserved prayse! How sorrie I was that I had ever registered aught that he woulde grieve to read! I secretly resolved that this daye's journalling sd be ye last, untill I had attained a better frame of mind.

Saturday even.—I have kept silence, yea, even from good words, but it has beene a payn and griefe unto me. Good Mistress Catherine Thompson called on me a few dayes back, and spoke so wisely and so wholesomelie concerning my lot, and ye way to make it happy, (she is ye first that hath spoken as if 'twere possible it mighte not be soe alreadie,) that I felt for a season quite heartened; but it has alle faded away. Because ye source of cheerfulnesse is not *in* me, anie more than in a dull landskip, which the sun lighteneth for awhile, and when he has set, its beauty is gone.

Oh me! how merry I was at home!—The source not of cheerfulnesse seemed in me *then*, and why is it *now?* Partly because alle that I was there taught to think right is here thought wrong; because much that I there thought harmlesse is here thought sinfulle; because I cannot get at anie of ye things that employed and interested me *there*, and because ye things within my reach *here* do not interest me. Then, 'tis no small thing to be continuallie deemed ignorant and misinformed, and to have one's errors continuallie covered, however handsomelie, even before children. To say nothing of ye weight upon ye spiritts at firste, from change of ayre, and diet, and scene, and loss of habituall exercise and companie and householde cares. These petty griefs try me sorelie; and when cousin Ralph came in unexpectedlie this morn, tho' I never much cared for him at home, yet the sighte of Rose's brother, fresh from Sheepscote and Oxford and Forest Hill, soe upset me that I sank into tears. No wonder that Mr. Milton, then coming in, shoulde hastilie enquire if Ralph had brought ill tidings from home; and, finding alle was well there, shoulde look strangelie. He askt Ralph, however, to stay to dinner; and we had much talk of home; but now, I regret having omitted to ask a thousand questions.

Sunday even. Aug. 15.—Mr. Milton in his closet and I in my chamber.—For ye first time he seems this evening to have founde out how dissimilar are our minds. Meaning to please him, I sayd, "I kept awake bravelie, tonighte, through that long, long

sermon, for your sake."—"And why not for God's sake?" cried he, "why not for your owne sake?—Oh, sweet wife, I fear you have yet much to learn of ye depth of happinesse that is comprised in the communion between a forgiven soul and its Creator. It hallows the most secular as well as the most spirituall employments; it gives pleasure that has no after bitternesse; it gives pleasure to God—and oh! thinke of ye depth of meaning in those words! think what it is for us to be capable of giving God pleasure!"

—Much more, in the same vein! to which I could not, with equal power, respond; soe, he away to his studdy, to pray perhaps for my change of heart, and I to my bed.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.[1]

"BIOGRAPHY," says Carlyle, "is the most universally pleasant, the most universally profitable of all things."

Whether we wish to study human nature in its social or individual capacity, or, without studying at all, to give ourselves up to the indulgence of our sympathies, and procure ourselves an hour or two of enjoyment, as we do with a romance, we can scarcely find a better book for the purpose than a tolerably well written biography, more especially if it be of the particular class now before us, an *auto*-biography.

The French have for centuries been greatly addicted to memoir writing. They appear generally to have more pleasure in talking of themselves, and less hesitation as to what they shall confide to the public, than any other people. But unfortunately it sometimes appears that in their eagerness to pour out their souls into the sympathetic bosoms of the world in general, they not only tell us all that did happen, but also a great deal that did not. A plain English reader might be apt to suspect M. de Lamartine of falling into this mistake in his "*Confidences.*" There is such a powerful odour of the circulating library about some portions of them, that we are apt to forget we are reading the genuine memoirs of a man of high character, who must, we presume, consider his honour pledged to the truth of a narrative in which he introduces all persons by their real names.

If any one should present us with a natural rose daubed with paint, he could not consider himself aggrieved if we at first took it for an artificial one. If M. de Lamartine will serve up genuine facts with such a flood of sweet sentimental sauce, it is not surprising if we do not immediately find out what it is that we have before us.

In M. de Lamartine's account of the position of his father, a lively idea is conveyed of some of the effects of the system of French society under the old *régime;* a system, the opposite of mercy, which has been said to be "twice blessed," for it was twice cursed,—fatal alike to the classes excluded from privileges, and to those on whom they were bestowed.

The Chevalier de Lamartine was the youngest of six children, but, according to the ideas of the time, the entire fortune of the family was destined for the eldest son. The second son was forced into the church, for which he had no vocation; two of the daughters were thrown into convents, the third devoted also to a single life, having to take the vows as a canoness, and the Chevalier had a commission procured for him, at the age of sixteen. But he, too, was never to think of marriage—that was the rule for younger sons; he was to grow old in the grade of captain, to which he soon attained; he was to come from time to time, to pass a period of furlough in the paternal mansion; and at an advanced age, provided with a small pension from the king and an allowance still smaller from his brother, with permission to vegetate in a garret in some old *chateau*, where he might superintend the gardener, shoot with the curé, look after the horses, play with the children, or make one at a game of chess or *trictrac* with the neighbours, he might creep through the remainder of his life, loved perhaps a little, but neglected by everybody, without property, or wife, or children, till sickness and infirmity should some day banish him from the saloon to the desolate chamber where his old helmet and sword were still hanging on the wall, and then some morning it would be said in the chateau, "The Chevalier is dead."

"This," says M. de Lamartine, "was the life for which my father was destined, when an unexpected circumstance altered these arrangements. His eldest brother became a hopeless valetudinarian, and it began to be said in the family, 'We must marry the Chevalier!' But immediately there arose a general outcry against such a preposterous idea; all the prejudice and deeply rooted notions of my grandfather, and especially of my grandmother, were up in arms at such an innovation. 'Younger sons,' it was said, 'were never intended to marry. My father was sent back to his regiment; and from year to year the family put off the solution of this grand problem. To marry the Chevalier! it was monstrous; yet on the other hand, to allow the name and race to be extinguished, that was still more dreadful. It was necessary to make up their minds, yet they could in such a case come to no decision, and in the mean time the revolution was approaching."

One of the sisters of the Chevalier de Lamartine had been, as we have said, made a canoness, and sent to reside in one of the semi-religious establishments, at which each lady was allowed to receive her brother, and where acquaintances were formed which sometimes resulted in, perhaps, the only marriage of inclination known at that time in French society of the higher order. Thus it happened in the present instance; the Chevalier became warmly attached to a very amiable young lady, the companion of his sister, and after much opposition, the family consented to the unheard-of innovation of the marriage of the younger son. But the moment was not favourable

[1] "Les Confidences." Paris. 1849.

to schemes of domestic happiness; the soil of France was beginning to heave with the approaching convulsion; the tempest in which throne and altar were to be submerged, and Europe shaken to the foundations, was already manifesting itself in lurid gleams, as yet mistaken indeed, by many, for the mere harmless flashes of summer lightning. M. de Lamartine, like many others, imagined that after, perhaps, a few months of disorder, every thing would be restored to its accustomed place. But he was soon awakened from this dream; the scenes at Versailles, at the Bastile, at the Hotel de Ville, and most of all, the terrible 10th of August, wrote in characters of blood and flame the true meaning of the coming change.

M. de Lamartine had refused to join in the disgraceful rush of panic-struck emigration, that in some instances had in a single night deprived whole regiments of their officers; he could not understand how he could with honour desert a king who so much needed his services, and he joined the unfortunate Swiss guard in their defence of the Tuileries, and after it was taken, though wounded by a musket shot, was endeavouring to cross the river when he was made prisoner. He escaped nevertheless this time, by favour of a municipal officer, who had been a gardener in his family; and retired to the country hoping to avoid notice. But these were not the days when people could escape persecution by so simple a plan as that of avoiding interference in public affairs; an order was sent down from the revolutionary government, and in the middle of the night, a grandfather of the age of eighty-four, an equally aged and infirm grandmother, three aunts—poor helpless nuns, previously driven from their convents—were thrown with M. de Lamartine's father, pell-mell into a cart, and driven amidst cries and howlings to an Ursuline convent, converted *pro tempore* into a prison. The present autobiographer, then an infant, was left alone with his weeping mother, who soon retired from her spacious and now desolate mansion, to a little gloomy house in a back street, that had served as a kind of alms-house for the old servants of the family. It happened that a part of the building in which the prisoners were lodged, looked into the narrow retired street in which the house was situated, and the Chevalier, in the hope that he might find some means of communicating with his wife, had solicited and obtained the favour of being lodged in a little room under the roof at the opposite corner. The hope was not disappointed; the wife had been led by a natural impulse to mount into the garret of her abode, in order to look over the high walls of the prison, and soon discovered who was her opposite neighbour; after some trials she succeeded in shooting an arrow, to which a thread was attached, into the window of the prisoner's chamber, and in this manner, under cover of the night, paper, pens, and ink, and a file, were transmitted to him.

As their correspondence remained undiscovered, they were, after a time, led to make a bolder attempt. On one night when there was no moon, the end of a strong rope was attached to the thread, and being firmly fastened at both sides, the prisoner ventured to make the perilous passage over the heads of his sentinels from one side of the street to the other, and to indulge himself in a few delightful hours in the society of his wife and child. He might, of course, have escaped by this means, but as such a step might have been the destruction of his wife, he dared not attempt it.

Eighteen long months passed away; the 9th of *Thermidor* at length opened the prisons, and the Chevalier Lamartine, generously declining to take advantage of the new law, by which he might have insisted on sharing the estate with his elder brother, retired to a little farm and the enjoyment of a small income and a large family in the country.

The life of young Lamartine during his childhood was rude and simple in the extreme. At dawn of day he was out with the other lads of the village, coarsely clothed, without shoes or stockings, collecting the sheep, goats, and a few lean cows, which it was their business to drive to the mountain pastures. He carried, like his comrades, suspended round his neck, a canvass bag containing a large piece of black barley bread, some cheese of goats' milk, as hard as a flint, a small knife with a clumsy wooden handle, and a two-pronged fork, used for fishing up morsels of bacon, cabbage, or bread, from the bowl of soup. As soon as the flocks had reached their destination, the little shepherds used to find out some spot sheltered by a projecting piece of rock, kindle a fire with dried branches, and eat their homely breakfast, rejoicing if any one could discover a few potatoes left in the field from the harvest, or some forgotten chestnuts, to add to the meal. During the day the monotony of watching the flocks was sometimes varied by expeditions of discovery into the caverns of the neighbouring mountains, by the light of torches which the children had made for themselves of bundles of laths dried in the common oven of the village after the bread was withdrawn. Towards evening they returned home, driving the animals before them with their torches, and often concluding by a dance and a bonfire on the last hill overlooking the village.

We draw up our curtain again at a more advanced epoch of the author's life, when he is about to enter on the period denominated—some people may think satirically—"man's estate." He has in the meanwhile, we must premise, received some tincture of humane letters, in the first instance from a village school, (of which we would willingly, had our space permitted, preserve some record,) and subsequently at two different educational establishments, from the first of which he ran away. The second was the celebrated Jesuit school at Bellay, on the frontier of Savoy, of which the author speaks highly.

After this, when he has returned home and donned the *toga virilis*, we have a love passage—rather an insipid one—with a young lady of the neighbourhood, who reads Ossian and looks at the moon, and then the same theme with more brilliant variations, and new

scenery and decorations. We now find ourselves on the Bay of Naples, after a hiatus of three years spent at Paris and in some other towns, concerning which the author seems to think the less is said the better, and a short residence at Rome, in which we find little more than declamation and sentiment.

"A residence of some months at Naples, a frequent association with the people in our daily excursions on the water or into the country, had familiarised us with their sonorous and emphatic language, in which look and gesture are as significant as words. Philosophers by anticipation, and wearied by the vain agitations of life before we had become acquainted with them, we often envied those happy lazzaroni who covered the shores and the quays of Naples, and who passed their days in sleeping in the shadow of a boat on the sand, in hearing verses recited by their wandering poets, and in dancing the *tarantella* with the young girls of their class on the sea shore."

After a while the two philosophers aforesaid, (the friend was twenty years old and M. Lamartine eighteen,) determined to try whether this charming life would bear the test of more intimate acquaintance, and, accordingly, offered themselves as assistants to an old fisherman whose appearance pleased their fancy. We may remark *en passant*, that we nowhere find any explanation of a circumstance that is somewhat puzzling. We are informed that M. Lamartine's father possessed an income of 120*l.* per annum, and had eight children. The manner in which he himself was brought up as a shepherd boy, running barefoot upon the mountains with his flock of sheep and goats, certainly implies a somewhat extreme degree of poverty, yet here we find him spending months in travelling, apparently with no object but pleasure, and it is expressly declared that he and his companions were perfectly masters of their actions, and had no account to render to any one. This is doubtless a very prosaic difficulty of ours, but it is desirable in a biography to feel that we have our foot upon the firm earth, and are not merely borne about in some cloud-land at the pleasure of the narrator. It would greatly have assisted our reliance on his general accuracy if M. Lamartine would have condescended to be a little more explicit upon points of this nature, or even to have acknowledged that he had left them unexplained for some reason satisfactory to himself.

The old fisherman smiled at the application of the two juvenile philosophers, and objected to their hands, saying it would be a pity to harden them by that sort of work. It was urged that they desired to try all trades before choosing one; that the occupation of the fisherman pleased them, because it would keep them on the sea and under the open sky.

"'You are right,' replied the old fisher, 'it is a trade that renders the heart content, and leads the spirit to confide in the protection of the saints. The fisherman is under the immediate protection of heaven. Man knows not whence come the wind and the wave. The plane and the file are in the hands of the workman; riches and favour are in the hands of the king; but the bark is in the hands of God.'"

M. Lamartine was charmed with the pious philosophy of the fisherman, (not considering, it would seem, that the king and the workman are also in the hand of God,) and, after some difficulty, his objections were overcome, and he agreed to take the two young gentlemen as assistants, or apprentices, for a consideration of four *carlins* a-day, and provide their board. A boy was sent to procure an additional stock of bread, wine, cheese, and fruit, and that same evening they embarked and entered on their new profession.

"The first night was delicious. The sea was as calm as a lake among the mountains of Switzerland (!). As we moved farther and farther from the shore, the long lines of light streaming from the windows of palaces and from the quays of Naples sunk beneath the sombre horizon, and the coast was only visible by the light-houses; but these grew pale before the glowing column that rose from the crater of Vesuvius. Whilst the fisherman cast his nets, and the child, half asleep, held his torch with a rather unsteady hand, we gave from time to time a slight impulse to the boat, and listened with delight to the sonorous drops of water from the oars falling harmoniously into the sea, like pearls into a basin of silver."

There is an exquisite stanza of Byron descriptive of a similar scene, in which the simple expression—

"———on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,"

conveys, in our opinion, a more distinct as well as a purer image than these pearl and silver decorations, but it might be, perhaps, less acceptable to a Parisian public.

The two philosophical "apprentices," lulled by the gentle rocking of the boat, soon fell asleep; the worthy fisherman covered them over, and they did not awake till it was broad daylight, and they were in sight of the rocky island of Ischia, which appeared swimming in light, "like the realization of a poet's midsummer night's dream." The fisherman had made a good night's work, for which he was not, we fear, much indebted to the exertions of his two apprentices, and with the setting sun they returned again to Naples. For more than two months the young gentlemen continued thus, greatly to their satisfaction, playing at fishermen, but now the autumnal gales were approaching, and they began to consider that they might be expected home. A more romantic adventure, however, was in store for them, or, at all events, for M. Lamartine.

"One day we set off from Margellina to go and fish for roach and tunny on the coast of Cumæa, where the currents throw them at this season (September). The sea was smooth and unruffled as oil, but the fogs of the morning were floating on the hills, and portended a gale in the evening, though we hoped to have time to double Cape Mycenæ before the sea should rise. The fish, however, was most abundant, and we were tempted to cast another and another net till at last the wind caught us. All at once, from the heights of an immense mountain which overlooks the island of Ischia, it seemed to fall upon the sea with such weight and force as if the mountain itself had been thrown into the sea. For the moment it levelled the whole liquid space around us; then the sea, as if recovering from its surprise, rose again suddenly to such a height that it hid both coast and island, from which we were about equidistant. The

only chance for us now was to work our way through the channel, and reach, if possible, the small gulf of Baia on the left. The old fisherman did not hesitate a moment. From the top of a wave on which the boat hung for an instant suspended amid a whirlwind of foam, he cast a rapid glance around him, and then cried, 'To your oars, boys; we must reach the cape before the wind: if it gets there first, we are lost.'

"We obeyed as if by instinct. With our eyes fixed on his to see the direction we had to take, we threw ourselves on our oars, sometimes painfully toiling up the side of a huge wave, sometimes resisting, as well as we could, a too rapid plunge into the trough of the sea. Eight or ten enormous billows had thrown us into the narrowest part of the channel, between the cape and a projecting point of the island; but the sea was boiling here with frightful fury, for, driven by the hurricane, it could not escape fast enough through the passage, and was raging against the high rocks, and raising a column of foam that covered us even at that distance. To attempt to pass in such a boat as ours would have been perfect madness. I shall never forget the look which the old fisherman threw at the cape; making the sign of the cross, he said, 'It's impossible to pass, and we can't go back to sea. We must land at Procida, or perish.'"

As our readers have the most incontrovertible proof that M. Lamartine was not drowned, they will not, we hope, consider us too hard-hearted, if, for fear of exceeding our limits, we break off our extract here, and tell the remainder of the story somewhat more briefly than he does. To follow him closely would fill several London Magazines. After three hours of imminent peril,—after throwing overboard sails, cordage, anchor, baskets of fish, jars of water, even clothes, they reached Procida, and with much difficulty effected a landing. Here M. Lamartine found, to his great surprise, that the fisherman, whom they had known only as the tenant of a sort of cave near Mount Pansilippo, (to which men of his occupation were accustomed to resort,) owned a little tenement —a cabin and garden, inherited from his father—and that at this moment it was inhabited by his aged wife and her grand-children, who were occupied in drying figs. Rejoicing in this prospect of a shelter from the tempest, they climbed up a rude flight of steps cut in the rock, and slippery with the spray of the sea. Of the steps there were no fewer than four or five hundred, and they were loaded with their oars and what little they had saved from the boat, but they reached, at length, a sort of platform surrounded by a parapet of grey stones, and a romantic looking little dwelling, partly of wood and partly of the living rock, shaded by a large fig-tree, and wreathed round by branches of vines. The fisherman called "Graziella," a soft voice replied, and presently the casement was pushed open by a white arm, and there appeared, just arisen from sleep, with disordered dress and naked feet, (by-the-bye, how could M. Lamartine see her feet?) a most exquisite, lovely young girl. Her figure was tall and slender, "just revealing beneath her thin dress the first undulations of youth," her eyes were large and oval, of a colour between the deepest black and the blue of the sea, swimming in liquid brilliancy, at once tender and passionate; her abundant raven hair fell around her face and neck; her teeth glittered in the light of the torch "like open shells of mother-of-pearl in the sunshine." All these, and many other particulars, M. Lamartine had leisure to mark before Graziella perceived that there were others present besides her papa, and, hastily closing the window, retired in confusion. Afterwards, the charming Graziella, who is in every respect worthy to figure as the heroine of an opera ballet, gathered some branches of rosemary and orange flowers, and, making them into a bouquet with some gold pins drawn from her hair, placed them as an offering before a little image of the Virgin; then she pleaded the cause of the shipwrecked strangers before her venerable white-haired grandmamma, who was inclined to be severe upon them, firstly, because she believed them to be pagans, for the sufficient reason that "all Frenchmen were pagans;" secondly, because they had, in her estimation, brought ill-luck with them.

"The interior of the hut was almost as naked as the rocks without; the walls were merely whitened, without any plaster; the lizards slipped rustling in and out of the interstices of the stones, beneath the heaps of fern that served as beds for the children; the nests of swallows, whose little black heads and restless eyes were visible every now and then, were suspended to the rafters (still covered with the bark) that formed the roof."

The fisherman, after making a sort of apology for the poverty of his dwelling, led the strangers up to a terrace, where he constructed with the oars and some boughs from a chestnut tree a sort of shed, beneath which he spread some bunches of leaves and fern, and, after bringing them two pieces of bread, some figs, and some fresh water, invited them to sleep. But the following morning discovered that the misfortune of the fisherman had been greater than was supposed. The boat, which for want of her anchor had been insufficiently secured, had been caught by the waves during the tempest, and dashed to pieces against the projecting masses of rock which it had been supposed would protect her.

"When we arrived on the spot, the fisherman was taking up one after another the fragments that were left, gazing at them a moment, and then letting them fall at his feet without speaking. Graziella was sitting on the ground weeping, with her face hid in her apron. The children were running with their little naked legs into the sea, and trying to drag ashore some pieces of plank; the old woman was crying and talking incessantly, but we caught only some confused accents and fragments of lamentation that pierced the air and rent our hearts. 'Oh, ferocious sea! oh, deaf sea! sea worse than the demons of hell! sea without heart or honour!' she exclaimed, with a torrent of abusive epithets, and shaking her fist at the object of her wrath, 'why did you not take us too? Take us all, since you have taken what gained us our bread. Here, here, take me in pieces, since you have not taken me altogether!' and as she spoke, she tore off pieces of her dress and tufts of her hair and threw them in, stamping at the same time on the foam. Then, passing from anger to a paroxysm of grief, she seated herself on the sand, leant her forehead on her hands, and wept as she looked at the disjointed pieces. 'Poor boat!' she said, as if she had been addressing the remains of a departed friend, 'is that the fate which we owed to you? Ought we not to have perished with you? have perished as we have lived

—together? What do you think of us? you, who served us so well. We have betrayed you, abandoned you, lost you, close to our own door, within hearing of your master's voice. You have been thrown on the shore like the body of a faithful dog, which the wave has cast back at the feet of the master who has drowned him.'"

All this, if not very true to nature, is very *effective*, and it has its use moreover in heightening the effect of the scene that follows. M. Lamartine and his friend (who fortunately we now find is possessed of a large purse full of gold, and a credit on a banker at Naples) determine to indemnify the fisherman by the purchase of a new boat, and accordingly they make their way across the island to the town of Procida, where they conclude their bargain, pay for it, and ordering it to be sent round immediately, return to witness the joy of the family.

"We walked slowly, sitting down often under the trees, now talking, now falling into reveries, now bargaining with the young traders we met for the baskets of figs, medlars and grapes which they carried; and when from the top of a promontory we saw our new boat gliding along on its way, we hastened our steps to be in time to receive it. We heard no sound in the little dwelling or in the vines surrounding it. Two fine pigeons picking up grains of maize on the parapet were the only signs of life that appeared. We ascended softly to the terraced roof, and found the whole family asleep, all except the young children in the attitudes of exhaustion, produced by grief. The grandmother caught her breath as if still sobbing. The old man lay on his back with his arms crossed in the full sunshine, and two furrows winding down his cheeks showed that the man's spirit had given way and he too had been in tears."

As the new boat has by this time touched the shore, the family are aroused on some other pretence and induced to go down to where it is lying.

"They followed us slowly down the rocky steps, but we could see that the aspect of the sea and the sound of its waves was painful to them. I shall not attempt to describe the astonishment and the joy of these poor people, when they came in sight of the fine new craft, drawn up on the sand and shining in the sun, by the side of the remains of the old one, and my friend said 'It is yours!' They fell on their knees as if struck by lightning, each on the step where he stood, to thank God, before they could find words for us; but their happiness thanked us sufficiently. Then they rose at the voice of my friend calling them; they ran towards the boat, they walked round it, as if to ascertain that it was real and not a dream, they touched it, and then carried the hand that had done so to their lips and forehead, uttering a thousand exclamations of joy, and at last taking hands, the whole family, from the grandmother to the least of the children, danced round and round it."

Were it not that our enjoyment is somewhat disturbed by the ambiguous tone of the narrative, hovering as it does between truth and fiction, we should find, we must own, a great fascination in the picturesque life of the fisherman's family in their beautiful abode, (described in M. de Lamartine's best style,) in which poverty appears in her most graceful and attractive garb; but we are, in spite of ourselves, haunted perpetually by a sense of unreality. We foresee the incidents, not from our knowledge of life, but from our experience of novels, and we do not find ourselves mistaken. His lovely Graziella, for instance, it might easily be predicted by any one well read in that department of literature, is to play an important part, and so it proves. M. de Lamartine falls sick of some mysterious malady not to be discovered by the physician,—Graziella comes to nurse him, and he immediately recovers. He takes up his abode in the fisherman's family; he becomes the instructor of the lovely nymph of the sea, her constant companion; by a thousand symptoms, we lookers on perceive that he has made on her heart an impression many fathoms deep, yet he himself, totally unsuspicious, (as young Frenchmen, everybody knows, are particularly apt to be in such cases,) can in nowise understand her behaviour. Then the plot thickens and matters grow more tragical. A proposal of marriage is made to Graziella by a young man greatly attached to her, and opulent for his position in life. The grand-parents are delighted at her good fortune, and eager to accept a match so every way desirable, but Graziella manifests the most unaccountable aversion to it. The lover perseveres, however, satisfied with the smallest tokens of favour, and at length M. de Lamartine makes the discovery that his own affections are most deeply engaged. The daughter of a fisherman, nevertheless, even though possessed of all the virtue, grace and beauty that ever fell to the lot of mortal woman, and perhaps something more, and with the additional charm of being in love with him to a quite incalculable extent, is altogether out of the question, it seems, as a wife for our republican advocate of equality and contemner of social distinctions; all he can do is to fly. He leaves the fisherman's family, therefore, visits Pompeii, goes down into the crater of Vesuvius, and tries other recipes—but in vain. He returns, and of course at a critical moment. Graziella has at length yielded and the following morning is fixed for the bridal. We old romance readers, however, know all the while that it will not take place. That would be much too simple and prosy a conclusion. Accordingly, on the following morning M. de Lamartine is awakened by cries of distress. Graziella has fled, leaving behind her a mysterious billet! A search is instituted by her disconsolate friends, but we know that nobody will find her but the hero Alphonse. His heart tells him that she can be nowhere else but at Procida, the scene of their first meeting, which the family had left some time since for an abode at Naples. Thither he goes, and finds her alone lying on a couch of dried heath. "Her eyes, animated by fever, open with astonishment, and languid with love, burned like two stars," &c. &c.

There is an *éclaircissement*, a mutual declaration, and so forth, but after all, Graziella is not to be Mrs. Lamartine; and as consistently with the rules of novel writing there is but one other way of disposing of a herione, we need hardly say she dies and so saves any further trouble;—dies for love, of course, leaving M. Lamartine a portion of her raven tresses, and a stock

of pleasing but mournful recollections such as are easily turned to poetical account. Here for the present we must leave him. The account of the brief period during which he occupied so prominent a station in the political world is reserved by him for a separate work, and of the one before us we have said enough to make our readers acquainted with its style and materials. From the tone in which we have spoken they will perceive that we find it impossible, in spite of the real names, to look on much that it contains in a serious light. If there be even a foundation of truth in this Neapolitan story, we must own we can hardly understand a man of honour and feeling working up such a remembrance in this artificial style, so as to make it into a marketable commodity for the amusement of the public; if there be not, and that he has merely embroidered fictitious incidents upon the genuine facts of his biography, he has placed himself in the proverbially insecure position of those who attempt to occupy two places at once.

ADVENTURES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.[1]

The wild, and, for the most part, inhospitable region which extends between "the land of Egypt" and the Oäsis of Jupiter Ammon presents a formidable obstacle to the traveller. The dangers and difficulty of a journey to Siwah appear to have placed it beyond the usual limits of enterprise, so that when, in September, 1847, Mr. Bayle St. John commenced the undertaking, not more than a dozen Europeans, and only one Englishman, had ever penetrated to that green spot,—that smile, as we may term it, on the otherwise scowling face of the Libyan Desert. A large portion of the immense waste was totally new ground; it had seldom been traversed, and had never been described. The oäsis itself was unknown to the general reader; its beautiful natural features, its singular capital city, and the manners and customs of its rough and inhospitable population, had been alike neglected by the traveller. Our author was, therefore, animated with all the enthusiasm of a discoverer when he commenced his journey towards that verdant spot whither Alexander, styled hero by posterity, made his splendid pilgrimage, to learn from the Ammonian oracle the story of his divine origin.

In making the necessary preparations, Mr. St. John and his companions[2] went on the principle of encumbering the expedition as little as possible. Confining themselves to the merest necessaries, they abjured those comforts which might have rendered their bivouacs more luxurious, but would certainly have impeded their progress. Several camels carried the little tent, with provender and water-skins, whilst our travellers bestrode four donkeys. Of these latter animals, there was also one or two to carry the little baggage, such as carpet-bags, kettles, and provisions, with which the expedition was encumbered. Two Bedawins and two Arab lads constituted their attendants, and thus provided, accompanied, and equipped, Mr. St. John started from Alexandria, whence his father, some sixteen years previously, had set forth on his journey to the cataracts.

On the morning of the eighteenth, they left Abrino, (we omit to notice the journey thither from Alexandria,) but delays occurring, through the obstinacy of the guides, it was night ere they were fairly on their way. The early portion of their route lay through a long narrow valley, whose slopes were dotted with bushes, and shut out from the sea by a ridge of dazzlingly white rocks.

After several days' travel, they reached the Koom of Shenench, where Mr. St. John descended into a hole excavated in the solid rock, and found his way into a spacious subterranean chamber, ninety feet square, where there was a well, whose waters were of icy coolness. The rains of winter occasionally fill the whole cistern, in which, however, a large quantity of rubbish is allowed to accumulate, which may eventually choke up the entrance, already so small that our traveller's portly companions declined to attempt the passage. Hence they pursued their way over a country covered with low hills. Here they encountered their first adventure. The attendants, whilst their masters were quietly jogging over the uneven ground, suddenly gave vent to a loud shout, and, with gestures of alarm, signified the approach of danger. At the same moment, eight men, seven of whom were armed with guns, were seen advancing rapidly in the rear, with ominous haste, and making directly for the little kafila. They were instantly pronounced to be robbers; and their mode of approach was certainly most suspicious. The travellers had paid a somewhat lengthened visit to an encampment in the neighbourhood, where a young and handsome girl—the Arethusa of the well of Selem—had assisted to pitch the tent, yet these Bedawins had kept out of sight; and now, when the party was again on the move, they were rushing down upon it, evidently with the most sinister intentions. To dissipate any doubt which might remain, it was only necessary to see them making ready their weapons, which they were not slow to do, every moment increasing the rapidity of their advance:—

"The word was immediately passed to load with ball; after which, the camels, which had been slightly scattered on the first alarm, were again collected and put in motion, whilst we followed, prepared to face about before the pursuers overtook us, and summon them to halt and reveal their intentions. These preparations did not escape their notice, and they visibly slackened their pace, so that it was some time before they came sufficiently near to answer the hail of old Yunus (one of the Bedawins), who had been, meanwhile, making great show of his weapons, fresh priming and examining the lock of his gun, and seeing that his pistols were in fighting order. Saleh also pulled his meagre beard with considerable energy, begged a pinch of Frank powder for his single but large pistol, and loosened his poniard in its sheath. As for Worbsa, our guide, who

(1) "Adventures in the Libyan Desert, and the Oäsis of Jupiter Ammon." By Bayle St. John. Murray.

(2) The party consisted, besides Mr. St. John, of Messrs. Lamport, Forty, and Longshawe, all residents in Egypt, and acquainted with the language.

had a camel at stake, he also made warlike demonstrations; whilst our poor Arabs looked very peaceable and woeful;—they evidently expected to have their throats cut in a few minutes, and wore visages accordingly."

But such was not the result. Whether it was that the travellers made too formidable a display of weapons, or whether those "who drank at the well of Selem" had been libelled, cannot be determined. One thing, however, is certain,—namely, that the pursuing party halted, for some reason or another, at a considerable distance. Old Yunus went forward and hailed them, demanding their intentions. The answer was, that they—eight armed men—had journeyed so far from their encampment, merely in order to sell a single blanket, price seventeen piasters. This pacific interpretation of their movements, however equivocal it might appear, was accepted. Yunus bought the blanket, an excellent bargain, woven in the tents, of dressed wool, and tastefully striped with black. The Englishmen regretted that their Bedawin pursuers had not brought more of these articles for sale; but were glad at any rate to be rid of such doubtful companions. The kafila therefore pursued its way; the Selemites taking so ambiguous a direction at parting, that the Arab lads declared they had only been spared for that day's journey to fall victims during the night bivouac. This idea was strengthened by the fact, that, during the whole of that day's progress, the same suspicious group of men were seen hovering in the distance, in a direction parallel with the line of march.

Long after the sun had set, and a brilliant canopy of stars had taken the place of the clear blue sky of day, Mr. St. John and his adventurous companions continued on their way. A short interval of rest occurred whilst they were waiting for the moon to rise, when, lying down on a carpet of barley-stubble, they lit their pipes, and enjoyed a brief repose. The wished-for luminary soon appeared; the party was again in motion, and, travelling by the aid of the broad masses of light which fell in among the gorges and passes, arrived towards dawn at the valley of the well of Haldeh, never before described by the traveller. It is broad and shallow, with openings on several sides. A few tents stood directly opposite to a white patch of ground indicating the presence of a well, from which three hundred people, with their flocks, exclusive of the passing kafilas, derive a daily supply of water. Here Mr. Bayle St. John was fortunate enough to be the discoverer of some curious ruins. There was evidently an extensive cistern underground, similar to that at Selem, but the entrance has been choked. A large round tower, massively built, formerly stood over its mouth, but time has crumbled it into ruins. The stones lie scattered over the ground, or form the Bedawin tombs which crown the summit of a mound near the well.

At a spot where a little copse afforded a scanty shade, it was determined to encamp.

"It is difficult to convey an idea," says our Author, "of the pleasure which these midday halts afforded us, especially in a tract of country which is a monotonous expanse, without the grandeur of a level plain, exhibiting always a limited and defined horizon, and covered for the most part with loose stones. Here and there a small patch of stunted shrubs springs up from a spot to which the winter rains have washed down a little soil, but although the camels browsed willingly on the tender green extremities, our donkeys went snuffing about in vain for something to suit their palates. On the coast, I remember, they greedily devoured the grey lichens that covered the ground at some places, but here this resource failed them, and they were obliged to wait for their periodical supply of beans and chopped straw. This was given them by the boys, in nosebags, immediately on our arrival at a camping ground, whilst we four set to work merrily to put up the tent. No true traveller expects to have all this done for him. Half the enjoyment would have been destroyed, had other hands laboured, whilst we sat lazily by. When the tent was up, each procured his carpet bag and cloak to form a temporary divan: a tin of preserved meat was opened, the biscuit bag was visited, a few raw onions were added as a relish, a single bottle of port to be diluted with water into four good tumblers, was got ready, the tin plates were cleaned and the frugal meal commenced. Lucullus never relished his innumerable dishes as we did this humble fare. Though we had not a picturesque prospect before us, every accompaniment of the scene was romantic. The very fact of our having created for ourselves, for the moment, a home in the desert, gave a zest to all our comforts. No living creature was near that did not belong to us; our beasts of burden were dispersed here and there, the Bedawins sat in a group apart, our donkey boys enjoyed the shade of the tent on the outside. It was as if we had landed on a little uninhabited island in the midst of the ocean, and had covered it for the first time with life. But the signal for departure is given. The hours have flown rapidly by. Down with the tent, and again into the blazing sun; gather the camels, pile up their burdens, and away!"

When Alexander the conqueror was on his journey through this unwatered wilderness, accident led him from the road, and he found himself wandering in an unknown region, without any marks to indicate the way. Just so was it with Mr. Bayle St. John and his companions, who strayed from the path, during the darkness of night, and feared that they should never be able to regain it. In the case of the heaven-born hero, divine interposition, in the shape of two crows, saved him; but our travellers expected no such favour. Wrapping themselves in their cloaks, and lighting the social pipe, they awaited the rising of the moon, by whose friendly aid fortune at length led them out of their dilemma. But singularly enough, two black crows appeared wheeling in the air, the descendants, probably, as Mr. St. John suggests, of the pair which extricated the wandering army of Alexander. But the birds were disregarded, the guide being followed in preference, although as it afterwards appeared, they winged their flight towards the spot where the kafila again entered on the known road. Reaching the highest point of the irregular range, along whose summit they had with little exception travelled from Mudar, they commenced a descent whose surface was covered with enormous masses of rock, and rising like the ruins of a great city in all directions before the eye. White as snow, and

gleaming in the moonlight, they presented a most remarkable spectacle, appearing like the wrecks of vast fortifications, which had been shattered by the agency of the elements. A deep gorge, black as night, crossed their path, and considerable difficulty was experienced in finding a practicable pass.

Passing between the huge citadel of rock on the right, and the tower-like mass which is thrown out to the left, the kafila emerged on a grey gravelly plain, and pushed on towards Garah, the vanguard of the great oäses—the Islands of the Blessed, the Happy Vallies, as they are called in the language of the desert.

Garah at length came in view. Majestic palm-woods stretched their heavy foliage around; small salt lakes, covered with a white efflorescence, alternated with patches of verdure; the smiling face of a green valley shone upon the surrounding waste; the village, situated on a line of large detached rocks that stretch across the valley, presents its curious front to the gaze. Fertility and beauty, in a word, meet the eye which has so long been accustomed to the uninviting sterility of the Libyan desert.

The village of Garah is, as we have said, built upon rocks. As at Siwah, it is the custom, when the son of a family takes a wife, for the father to build him a dwelling on the roof of his own, so that the houses mount to a great height, during the course of a few generations. The place is dirty and built with no reference to convenience; indeed the wretched inhabitants appear to possess no ideas of domestic comfort.

"Their poultry live with them in the houses, their goats scramble over the roofs as over the neighbouring rocks, and of course do not contribute to increase the salubrity of the air. What other impurities might exist aloft I do not know, but the whole live stock of the oäsis is evidently confined within the walls at night; and I remember that as we were starting, an ass, imprisoned in the highest of the round tower-like huts, at the eastern extremity of the village, thrust forth its head, like that in Lucian, from a window, and brayed a long farewell to its Egyptian kindred!"

An affectionate welcome greeted the English travellers. Their stay at Garah was rendered pleasant by an agreeable intercourse, and their departure was witnessed with regret. But Mr. St. John was too anxious to push on for the Oäsis of Jupiter Ammon, which, with its ruined temples and magnificent verdure, and curious salt-built habitations, tempted them to advance. On the evening of the 1st of October, the gigantic form of Om-el-yus, rearing its colossal height as though to guard the gate of the oäsis, loomed in view, and before the night, the tent was pitched on a little hillock, near the village of Gharmy. The people inhabiting the meadows and groves appeared tolerably civil, and brought presents of onions, cakes, pomegranates and dates. Few of them had never seen a Frank before, although one or two remembered the visit of a German and some others, in 1819.

"Our speculations were interrupted by the clatter of horses' and donkeys' hoofs, and we were soon surrounded by a crowd of Sheikhs and great people from Siwah-el-Kebir itself. Grey beards and white burnooses came crowding pell-mell through the darkness, and a pyramid of inquisitive faces was soon piled up at the doorway of our tent, in the full glare of the lantern. If they thought us as queer looking as they themselves certainly were, I excuse them for the looks of piggish astonishment which they interchanged as they squatted down for some time, jabbering together in their outlandish jargon."

The people of the capital soon allowed their bigoted and inhospitable feelings to appear. Regarding with little favour the members of a race whom they represented to themselves as without a home, and wandering about the ocean in ships, they treated them with much insolence and contempt, refusing to allow them to enter the city, and volunteering little assistance in the travellers' visits to the several parts of the oäsis. Mr. Bayle St. John's description of the Siwah-el-Kebir, or the City of Salt, pictures it as a most extraordinary place; a huge natural rock, around which has grown an irregular facing of buildings, towering above one another, as at Garah, in exact contradiction to the Chinese theory of domestic architecture.

"They stopped short, however," says our Author "at reasonable limits, the great grandson of a defunct constructive genius, perhaps, deeming it safer to occupy the lower rooms left vacant by his forefathers, than to be thrust aloft in the air to the dizzy heights which some have attained, and so the accumulative process at length ceased, after having carried up the pinnacles of the place to a prodigious height. It is probable that successive generations push one another up and down as the stories become vacant, so that whilst in one pile of buildings the chief of a long line is at the bottom, in another he is at the top!"

The dwellers in this great rocky hive allowed our travellers but little opportunity to observe their domestic manners. As the ground that the town stood on was a vast harem, wherein all the women of the community carried water, or were otherwise employed in the gloomy and, for the most part, covered streets, they refused to admit the English tents. All the bachelors and widowers of the city, they said, were compelled to leave it, and dwell in the suburbs, and therefore, travellers could expect no more favour. In this resolution they persisted, so that Mr. St. John obtained no glimpse of the interior, or of the domestic customs of its inhabitants, except that, one night, long after dark he heard loud and discordant shrieks proceeding from the lofty pile, which, as he afterwards learned, were the wailings of the mourners, as they hurried the corpse of a person just deceased, to its rocky grave. Although the Siwahis did not absolutely forbid the travellers from visiting the several curiosities of the oäsis, they threw all manner of impediments in their way.

"In the first place, the children cursed us at a distance, and now and then sent a stone in our direction; the demeanour of the people was ostentatiously uncivil, and if we took a walk in the neighbourhood of the gates, we were surrounded by a mob, that kept talking *at* not *to* us, and tried to excite one the other to drive the Nasâra back to their tent. If a single one among them had plucked up courage to strike a blow,

I have no doubt it would have been the signal for a massacre. On one occasion, the fanatics despatched us an order, which we of course disregarded, not to stir from our encamping ground, and when, annoyed by our ill-treatment, we announced our intention of entering the town in spite of them, they collected armed with guns and spears, and loud threats to put us to death, if we attempted it."

Nothing but this determined show of resistance could have convinced our travellers, that they must of necessity leave the oäsis, without being able to view the interior of the town. Submitting to what could not be avoided, they contented themselves with visiting the other portions of the oäsis, whose verdant expanses, beautiful little vallies, groves and gardens, and cultivated fields, neatly fenced in, well planted, and defended from the evil eye by camels' faces, presented a pleasing landscape. Among the groves of Ambeydah stood all that remained of the ancient temple of Jupiter, whose magnificent proportions, unwrecked by the influence of time and neglect, afforded ample materials for speculation. We cannot pause to accompany Mr. Bayle St. John through his description of them, which the reader of the volume will perceive to be complete and very interesting, nor can we do more than mention his historical sketch of the oäsis, and his brief account of the expedition of Alexander. He visited the sepulchral hills, the village of "the rope-makers," a tribe distinct from the Siwahis, the five-peaked mountain of Abou Bon Bryh, and the borders of those beautiful salt lakes, whose singular tints, of white and purple, impart so peculiar a character to the scenery of the oäsis. Edrar Amelal and Ramysel, with the rocky catacombs and the villages, and the melon-beds, and the date-groves, also afforded much curious matter for speculation. Mr. Bayle St. John had the pleasure to reflect, that he was the second Englishman who had ever stood beneath the roof of the solitary ruin of Beleder-Boom. Indeed Siwah has been a comparatively unvisited and undescribed spot, so that there was novelty in every feature of it. The manners and customs of its inhabitants are almost totally unknown.

"Probably," says our Author, "there are no more curious facts to learn about this remarkable people, than those connected with their treatment of women, as we have seen that they are extremely jealous, and have allowed this feeling completely to determine their mode of life. In order to keep their wives and daughters sacred from the gaze of strangers, they have shut themselves up there in a huge structure, which may be called the common harem of the oäsis."

Though tributary to Egypt, Siwah is still in many respects a republic, governed by its own laws and customs. The Sheikhs are raised to power by the suffrage of the people, who exercise considerable influence over their deliberations. By their rude and inhospitable treatment of our travellers, they at length succeeded, before they had been a week in the oäsis, in inducing them to depart. This was, indeed, highly necessary. The disposition of the Siwahis evidently tended to hostilities, so that every hour's stay was fraught with danger. It was therefore determined to leave that verdant spot, that island in the midst of the desert, that beautiful oäsis where the face of the earth was so fair and smiling, but whose dwellers were so wild and inhospitable. On the evening of the 6th, accordingly, everything was ready for a start next morning. The description of their last evening at Siwah is very pleasantly written. The little tent was divided by imaginary partitions into four apartments, each permanently allotted to one of the party. A lantern hung half-way up the pole, and threw its glimmer on the forms of our author and his companions as they sat together, whilst around was arranged a picturesque display of carpet-bags, cloaks, hats, guns, pipes, gazelle-skins stuffed with tobacco, bottles, tin cups, powder horns, shot-belts and so on.

"One by one was stretched out to repose, in anticipation of the labours of the next day, and a general silence soon prevailed. The fire had gone out, our guides and attendants had sought shelter from the wind in little nooks, formed by the zembils and bean-bags, and the whole encampment would soon probably have been wrapped in slumber, had not the report of a gun, close at hand among the palm trees, aroused us. It was pretty evident that some evil disposed person had crept up behind the wall, and taken a shot at the Nasâra. Luckily he could not aim, and was too cowardly to try his fortune a second time; however, Mr. Lamport put out the lantern at once, for there was no knowing how many ruffians were prowling about, anxious to make a target of us, and we quietly awaited events, making our preparations in silence to resist any attack, unless of overwhelming numbers. Presently a crowd of people were heard coming with loud cries from the direction of Siwah, and we could soon distinguish the name of Yunus, several times repeated. It appeared that his friends within the city had heard the report, and had come out to see what was the matter. They expressed great sorrow at what had taken place, and some of them resolved to remain all night in the neighbourhood of the tent. We now understood that there was a large party at Siwah, who, if they had their will, would massacre us at once; and unpleasant reports reached us, that twenty-four individuals had leagued together, to way-lay us on our return towards Garah."

At length, however, the travellers "gathered themselves up in their skirts of sleep," and reposed until the morning, when numerous excuses and apologies were tendered by the rude dwellers in Siwah, for the unpleasant interruption of the preceding night. However, words could not mend the matter; it was evident that every hour brought danger with it. The band of fanatics who were sworn to destroy the English strangers appeared to acquire more and more influence, so that our travellers were not sorry when they had shaken the dust of Siwah from their feet, and were on their way back to the land of Egypt. Presently a breathless messenger overtook them, begging them to stop, for the Sheikhs were coming up to say adieu.

Although they asked the travellers to return, the invitation was not accepted. The homeward march was at once commenced—one man in authority, named Mansoor, rode after them, to make a separate apology—and they rapidly widened the distance between the kafila and the walls of Siwah-el-Kebir.

"For a short time longer, the valley with its green islands, its lakes and its hills, remained in sight; but our track soon turned northward, and, as we moved, the beautiful scene seemed to fly swiftly behind the gigantic rock of Ros-el-Yus, which in a few minutes hid it from us, most probably for ever. As if by magic, we found ourselves again transported into the realms of desolation; on every side there was nothing but rock and sand and sky."

So the travellers left Siwah, after a visit of not more than a few days. The homeward march was rapid in the extreme, varied by adventure, and not unattended with danger. On one occasion, eleven men with finger on trigger pursued the kafila, whose passage across the desert was hastened by the circumstance. We cannot, however, pause to dwell on the homeward journey. Twelve days and eight hours saw the party again in Alexandria.

We have thought that the few extracts we have made will form the justest criticism on the style in which the volume is written. Great care has been bestowed upon it; it is interesting from its novelty, its abundance of incident and beauty of description. It will undoubtedly enjoy great success. We trust that it is not the last time that we shall accompany the author in his wanderings, through whatever region they may lie. He belongs to a travelling, no less than a literary family. His father spent years in his wanderings through another portion of the same land; we have met his brother Percy in the wilds of Texas, and we hear of his brother Spencer among the islands of the Indian seas. The adventures therefore of Mr. Bayle St. John in the Libyan desert will be read with much pleasure, both on account of their interest, their novelty, and the fact that they are written by one who was born and has been bred in a literary atmosphere.

A SECOND PEEP INTO MACAULEY'S HISTORY.

The Declaration of Indulgence.—The Trial of the Seven Bishops.

Winstanley Hall, April 1840.

My dear Louisa,—Since I wrote to you last, the stately repose of this old Hall has been enlivened by the arrival of Eustace Hay, whom you may remember the pride and plaything of both his parents, and who is now, at thirteen, the orphan heir of love, honours, and wealth, that seem to have accumulated only for him; he is come to pass the Easter holidays with his grandfather, and we are all interested, in our several ways, in making them pleasant. It is delightful to hear his young clear voice resounding through the long passages in the morning, delightful to see the simplicity and genuine kindness of heart with which he makes his friends welcome to all he most values himself, and above all delightful it is to me, to find him still lingering in Cousin Judith's quiet room, to talk over old world stories, and the recollections of his childhood, in which she bears no inconsiderable part. If you could but see this same quiet room, you would not wonder at its having become so truly home to me. It is on the south side of the house, and the windows open upon a French garden, enclosed within a stone balustrade, and rich now in all the delicate tints of Spring flowers: it is odd-cornered and many-sided, with a mantel-piece so high and narrow, that only old china, and Indian monsters will stand upon it; but the recesses are filled with books both old and new, and the walls are covered more than half way to the ceiling with tapestry representing a woodland chase, while the upper panels contain portraits, which seem to me like friends, whose sympathy and silent companionship have never failed me. Amongst these is one of Mary of Modena, the queen of James II. with her pure and fragile beauty, so gentle and yet so regal, that the tale seems quite natural attached to the picture opposite. It is that of a youth, somewhat older than Eustace, whose features and expression often recall him to me: he was a younger brother of the Mrs. Winstanley I have already mentioned to you; his rich light hair is parted on his forehead, and falls in ringlets over his shoulders; and on his brow and in his dark eyes there is a look at once of thoughtfulness and of ardour, that tells the chivalry of his character: he was in the service of the queen, and followed her into exile, while all his kindred rode triumphantly to wealth and power, on the storm they had assisted to raise. "And round these two pictures," said I to Eustace Hay this morning, "lie the poetry and romance of the eventful period, which your Grandfather has been telling us was eminently that of common sense and determination."

"Now to me it seems," replied he, "that it was above all a time of enthusiasm. No one but the Prince of Orange seemed to have any plan of action that did not depend on the chances of each day; and as to the conduct of the principal gentlemen concerned in his advance upon London—why, we should send a fellow to Coventry at Eton, who could stoop to such sneaking ways!"

"You must remember," I answered, "that the true place of a British monarch, and the principles of a constitutional government, were not then very clearly defined; we must try to find the right point of view from which to look at the picture Macaulay has drawn so vividly of the Great Revolution, before we judge of the characters he brings before us. Look, for instance, from the spot where I am standing, at that portrait over the door! instead of the forehead bright with intelligence, and the waves of soft sunny hair, you see nothing but the black velvet dress, and a mass of undistinguished colour; but what a difference if you move to where I generally sit, and then look up at your namesake, Eustace!"

"Ah, I comprehend," he said, with his own winning smile, "you must help me to take my stand, before we consider the rest of the story of the seven Bishops."

"We must recollect then, first," I replied, taking up

my knitting, "that the crudest doctrines of non-resistance to the king's authority had been inculcated in the most absolute manner by Bishops and Judges, and that the very name of Whig had become a term of reproach; when James, blinded in a great degree to the true feelings of his people by his devotion to the church of Rome, put the sincerity of their public professions to the severest test, by his famous 'declaration for liberty of conscience.' Under this specious form, he intended, by dispensing with all religious tests, to fill not only the high offices of Church and State with Roman Catholics, but also their most subordinate departments; he announced at the same time his confidence that Parliament at its next meeting would concur with him—an intimation which he must have known to be groundless, unless we can suppose him to have expected religious doctrine and consistency to prevail over the temporal interests of the whole nation."

"Now," said Eustace, whose eager eye had already fixed on a page of Macauley's history, "you will see how the nation rose against such tyranny!—and he began to read:—

"Having determined to pack a parliament, James set himself energetically and methodically to the work. A proclamation appeared in the gazette, announcing that the king had determined to revise the commissions of peace and of lieutenantcy, and to retain in public employment only such gentlemen as should be disposed to support his policy. . . . . Every lord lieutenant received written orders directing him to go down directly into his county. There he was to summon before him all his deputies and all the justices of the peace, and to put to them a series of interrogatories framed for the purpose of ascertaining how they would act at a general election. He was to take down the answers in writing, and to transmit them to the government. He was to furnish a list of such Roman Catholics and such Protestant Dissenters as might be best qualified for the bench and for commands in the militia. He was also to examine into the state of all the boroughs in his county, and to make such reports as might be necessary to guide the operations of the Board of Regulators," (in which committee Judge Jeffreys alone, remember, represented the Protestant interest.)

"The first effect produced by these orders would have at once sobered a prince less infatuated than James. Half the lords lieutenants of England peremptorily refused to stoop to the odious service which was required of them. Every one of them was dismissed. All those who incurred this glorious disgrace were peers of high consideration, and all had hitherto been regarded as firm supporters of monarchy." Amongst the names in this list, was that of "the noblest subject in Europe, Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last of the old Earls of Oxford;" another, was Francis eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, a Roman Catholic by birth and education, but a convert to the Anglican Church; a third was the Duke of Somerset, whose regiment had already been taken from him, and the king could not find lords of great note, or indeed Protestant lords of any sort, who would accept the vacant offices. "Sunderland, who had been named lord lieutenant of Warwickshire in the room of the Earl of Northampton, found some excuse for not going down to face the indignation and contempt of the gentry of that shire; and the plea was the more readily admitted because the king had by that time begun to feel that the spirit of the rustic gentry was not to be bent. It is to be observed, that those who displayed this spirit were not the old enemies of the house of Stuart. The commissions of peace and lieutenantcy had long been carefully purged of all republican names. The persons from whom the court had in vain endeavoured to extract any promise of support, were with scarcely an exception Tories. The elder among them could still show scars given by the swords of Roundheads, and receipts for plate sent to Charles I. in his distress. The younger had adhered firmly to James against Shaftesbury and Monmouth. Such were the men who were now turned out of office in a mass, by the very prince to whom they had given such signal proofs of fidelity. Dismission, however, only made them more resolute. It had become a sacred point of honour among them to stand stoutly by one another in this crisis."

"James now surely looked to the Roman Catholics for support!" exclaimed Eustace. "If so," I answered, "he miscalculated the measure of true British spirit which prevailed among them; for although many noble and ancient families had suffered much for their faith in the previous reigns, they were none the less loyal to the constitution of their country. But go on to the next few pages."

"The Roman Catholic squire would have been as ready as any of his Protestant neighbours to gird on his sword, and to put pistols in his holsters, for the defence of his native land against an invasion of French or Irish Papists. . . . Several of them refused to be sheriffs. Of those who accepted the shrievalty, many declared that they would discharge their duty as fairly as if they were members of the Established Church, and would return no candidate who had not a real majority. If the king could place little confidence even in his Roman Catholic sheriffs, still less could he rely on the Puritans. Since the publication of the Declaration, several months had elapsed, months crowded with important events, months of unintermitted controversy. Discussion had opened the eyes of many Dissenters; but the acts of the government, and especially the severity with which Magdalene College had been treated, had done more than even the pen of Halifax to alarm and to unite all classes of Protestants. Most of those sectaries who had been induced to express gratitude for the Indulgence were now ashamed of their error, and were desirous of making atonement by casting in their lot with the great body of their countrymen."

"Now Eustace," said I, as he concluded, "we are prepared to judge more fairly of the memorable trial, and of the subsequent conduct both of rulers and people. I will read to you while you go on with your netting; see, here it hangs just as you left it by my chimney corner last Christmas!"

I will not trouble you, dear Louisa, with any further remarks we made, but throw together the passages I read, trusting that you will be as much interested as we were by our morning's work.

On the 27th of April, 1688, the king put forth a second Declaration of Indulgence, which at first produced little sensation, as it contained nothing new; but on the fourth of May, he made an order in council that his Declaration of the preceding week should be read, on two successive Sundays, at the time of divine service, by the officiating ministers of all the churches and chapels in the kingdom. In London and in the suburbs, the reading was to take place on the 20th and 27th of May, in other parts of England on the third and tenth of June. The Bishops

were directed to distribute copies of the Declaration through their respective dioceses.

"When it is considered that the clergy of the Established Church, with scarcely an exception, regarded the Indulgence as a violation of the laws of the realm, as a breach of the plighted faith of the king, and as a fatal blow levelled at the interest and dignity of their own profession, it can scarcely be doubted that the order in council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. By no exertion was it possible in that age to ascertain within a fortnight the intentions of one tenth part of the parochial ministers scattered over the kingdom; it was feared, also, that the Protestant Dissenters might misinterpret the refusal of the clergy to read the declaration, and despairing of obtaining toleration from them, might throw their whole weight into the scale of the court. But bitter and suspicious feelings had been indulged long enough; the time was come when it was necessary to make a choice, and the Nonconformists of the city, with a noble spirit, arrayed themselves side by side with the members of the Church in defence of the fundamental laws of the realm. Baxter, Bates, and Howe, distinguished themselves by their efforts to bring about this coalition; but the generous enthusiasm which pervaded the whole Puritan body made the task easy. The zeal of the flocks outran that of the pastors."

"Meanwhile several of the Bishops were anxiously deliberating as to the course which they should take. On the 12th of May a grave and learned company was assembled round the table of the primate at Lambeth:" the general opinion was, that the declaration ought not to be read: letters were despatched by messengers on horseback to the most respectable prelates of the province of Canterbury, entreating them to come up without delay, and to strengthen the hands of their metropolitan at this conjuncture.

"On the eighteenth a meeting of prelates and of other eminent divines was held at Lambeth. Tillotson, Tennison, Stillingfleet, Patrick, and Sherlock, were present. Prayers were solemnly read before the consultation began. After long deliberation, a petition embodying the general sense was written by the Archbishop with his own hand. It was not drawn up with much felicity of style; indeed the cumbrous and inelegant structure of the sentences brought on Sancroft some raillery, which he bore with less patience than he showed under much heavier trials. But in substance nothing could be more skilfully framed than this memorable document. All disloyalty, all intolerance, was earnestly disclaimed. The king was assured that the Church still was, as she had ever been, faithful to the throne. He was assured also, that the bishops would in proper place and time, as lords of parliament, and members of the Upper House of Convocation, show that they by no means wanted tenderness for the conscientious scruples of Dissenters. But parliament had, both in the late and in the present reign, declared that the sovereign was not constitutionally competent to dispense with statutes in matters ecclesiastical. The Declaration was therefore illegal, and the petitioners could not in prudence, honour, or conscience, be parties to the solemn publication of an illegal declaration in the house of God, and during the time of divine service. This paper was signed by the archbishop and by six of his suffragans, Lloyd of St. Asaph, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, Ken of Bath and Wells, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol. The Bishop of London, being under suspension, did not sign. It was now late on Friday evening, and on Sunday morning the Declaration was to be read in the churches of London. It was necessary to put the paper into the king's hands without delay. The six bishops set off for Whitehall. The Archbishop, who had long been forbidden the court, did not accompany them. Lloyd, leaving his five brethren at the house of Lord Dartmouth in the vicinity of the palace, went to Sunderland, and begged that minister to read the petition and to ascertain when the king would be ready to receive it. Sunderland, afraid of compromising himself, refused to look at the paper, but went immediately to the royal closet. James directed that the bishops should be admitted. He had heard from his tool Cartwright, that they were disposed to obey the royal mandate, but that they wished for some little modifications in form, and that they meant to present a humble request to that effect. His majesty was therefore in a very good humour. When they knelt before him, he told them to rise, took the paper from Lloyd and said, 'This is my lord of Canterbury's hand.' 'Yes, sir, his own hand,' was the reply. James read the petition; he folded it up, and his countenance grew dark. 'This,' he said, 'is a great surprise to me. I did not expect this from your church, especially from some of you. This is a standard of rebellion.'

"The bishops broke out into passionate expressions of loyalty, but the king, as usual, repeated the same words over and over. 'I tell you, this is a standard of rebellion.' 'Rebellion!' cried Trelawney, falling on his knees, 'for God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the crown. Remember how I served your majesty when Monmouth was in the west.' 'We put down the last rebellion,' said Lake, 'we shall not raise another.' 'We rebel!' cried Turner, 'we are ready to die at your majesty's feet.' 'Sir,' said Ken, in a more manly tone, 'I hope that you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind.' Still James went on, 'This is rebellion. This is a standard of rebellion. Did ever a good churchman question the dispensing power before? have not some of you preached for it, and written for it? It is a standard of rebellion; I will have my declaration published.' 'We have two duties to perform,' answered Ken, 'our duty to God, and our duty to your majesty. We honour you, but, fear God.'

'Have I deserved this?' said the king, more and more angry, 'I who have been such a friend to your church! I did not expect this from some of you. I will be obeyed. My declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you here? go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part with it. I will remember you that have signed it.' 'God's will be done, said Ken. 'God has given me the dispensing power,' said the king, 'and I will maintain it. I tell you that there are still seven thousand of your church who have not bowed the knee to Baal.'

"The bishops respectfully retired."[1]

Time had been given to James to revoke his edict; but the Saturday passed, and there was no sign of relenting on the part of the court; and the Sunday arrived—a day long remembered. In the city and liberties of London were about a hundred parish churches. In only four of these was the order in council obeyed; and in those four, as soon as the officiating minister began to read the declaration, the congregations rose and left him alone.

"Never had the Church been so dear to the nation as on the afternoon of that day. The spirit of dissent seemed to be extinct. . . . In truth, the feeling of the whole country had now become such as none but the very best and noblest, or the very worst and basest, of

(1) Sancroft's Narrative; printed from the Tanner MS. Citters: 1688.

mankind could, without much discomposure, encounter. Even the king stood aghast for a moment at the violence of the tempest which he had raised.

"By the advice of Jeffreys, he, however, determined to proceed, and to bring the archbishop and the six other petitioners before the court of King's Bench on a charge of seditious libel; and on the eighth of June they appeared before the king in council.

"The public anxiety was intense. A great multitude filled the courts of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets. Many people were in the habit of refreshing themselves at the close of a summer's day with the cool air of the Thames; but, on this evening, the whole river was alive with wherries. When the seven came forth under a guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell on their knees and prayed aloud for the men who had, with the christian courage of Ridley and Latimer, confronted a tyrant, inflamed by all the bigotry of Mary. Many dashed into the stream, and, up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the holy fathers to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which arose a shout of 'God bless your lordships!' Scarcely had the gates of the Tower been closed upon the prisoners, when an event took place which increased the public excitement. It had been announced that the queen did not expect to be delivered till July; but, on the day after the bishops had appeared before the council, it was observed that the king seemed anxious about her state. In the evening, however, she sate playing cards at Whitehall till near midnight; then she was carried in a sedan to St. James's palace, where apartments had been very hastily fitted up for her reception. Soon, messengers were running about in all directions to summon physicians, and priests, lords of the council, and ladies of the bedchamber. In a few hours, many public functionaries and women of rank were assembled in the queen's room.

"There, on the morning of Sunday, the tenth of June, a day long kept sacred by the too faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick.

"The demeanour of the seven prelates, meanwhile, strengthened the interest which their situation excited. On the evening of the Black Friday, as it was called, on which they were committed, they reached their prison just at the hour of divine service. They instantly hastened to the chapel. It chanced that in the second lesson were these words: 'In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments.' All zealous churchmen were delighted by this coincidence, and remembered how much comfort a similar one had given near forty years before to Charles the First, at the time of his death."

The captivity of the bishops lasted only a week. On Friday, the 15th of June, they were brought before the King's Bench. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, and that day fortnight was fixed for the trial; in the meantime they were permitted to depart to their homes, on their own recognisance.

"On the 29th of June, Westminster Hall, Old and New Palace Yard, and all the neighbouring streets to a great distance, were thronged with people. Such an auditory had never before, and has never since, been assembled in the court of King's Bench. Thirty-five peers of the realm were counted in the crowd. All the four judges of the court were on the bench... The jury was sworn; it consisted of persons of highly respectable station; amongst them was Arnold, the king's brewer. The foreman was Sir Roger Langley, a baronet of old and honourable family."

No idea can be formed from the usual proceedings in an English court of justice, of the scene which followed. The counsel on either side mutually taunted each other with sarcastic retrospects of their former lives and principles. The witnesses answered, some with reluctance, others with eagerness. The spectators cheered or groaned according to their sympathies. The judges tried in vain to enforce decorum.

"The counsel for the bishops determined on conducting the defence on the broad ground that the suspending power was illegal; during three hours they argued with great force in defence of the fundamental principles of the constitution, and Somers rose last. He spoke for little more than five minutes, but every word was full of weighty matter; and when he sate down, his reputation as an orator and a constitutional lawyer was established. He went through the expressions which were used in the information, to describe the offence imputed to the bishops, and showed that every word, whether adjective or substantive, was altogether inappropriate. The offence imputed, was *a false, a malicious, a seditious libel.* False the paper was not; for every fact which it set forth had been proved from the journals of parliament to be strictly true. Malicious the paper was not; for the defendants had not sought an occasion of strife, but had been placed by the government in such a situation that they must either oppose themselves to the royal will, or violate the most sacred obligations of conscience and honour. Seditious the paper was not; for it had not been scattered by the writers among the rabble, but delivered privately into the hands of the king alone; and a libel it was not, but a decent petition, such as, by the laws of England, nay, by the laws of imperial Rome, by the laws of all civilized states, a subject who thinks himself aggrieved may with propriety present to the sovereign. At length Wright proceeded to sum up the evidence, but evaded the question of the dispensing power; Allybone and Holloway followed in his steps. Powell took a bolder course. He avowed that, in his judgment, the Declaration of Indulgence was a nullity, and that the dispensing power, as lately exercised, was utterly inconsistent with all law. If these encroachments of prerogative were allowed, there was an end of parliaments. The whole legislative authority would be in the king. 'That issue, gentlemen,' he said, 'I leave to God and to your consciences.' It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were despatched during that period of suspense, and which have, therefore, an interest of a peculiar kind. 'It is very late,' wrote the Papal Nuncio, 'and the decision is not yet known. The judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle.' The solicitor for the bishops sat up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors; for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly juryman with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was, therefore, kept; not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basons of water for washing were suffered to pass about four in the morning. The jurymen, raging with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices high in altercation were repeatedly heard within the room, but nothing certain was known. At first, nine were for acquitting, and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way, but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate,

who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes; wished to argue the question. Arnold declined; he was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied, and he should not acquit the bishops. 'If you come to that,' said Austin, 'look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe.' It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed: but what the verdict would be was still a secret. At ten the court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box; and there was a breathless stillness. Sir Samuel Astry spoke: 'Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?' Sir Roger Langley answered, 'Not guilty.' As the words passed his lips, Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment, ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and, in another moment, the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard upon the water, and another and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations; yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping, for the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of our church and nation. Yet not even that astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the solicitor.[1] Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called upon the judges to commit those who had violated by clamour the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized, but the tribunal felt that it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offence common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.

"It was vain to think of passing at that moment to any other business; indeed, the roar of the multitude was such that for half-an-hour scarcely a word could be heard in court. Williams got to his coach amidst a tempest of hisses and curses. Cartwright,[2] whose curiosity was ungovernable, had been guilty of the folly and indecency of coming to Westminster in order to hear the decision. He was recognised by his sacerdotal garb and by his corpulent figure, and was hooted through the hall. 'Take care,' said one, 'of the wolf in sheep's clothing.' 'Make room,' cried another, 'for the man with the pope in his belly.'

"The acquitted prelates took refuge from the crowd which implored their blessing in the nearest chapel where divine service was performing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the city and liberties were ringing. The jury, meanwhile, could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds: 'God bless you,' cried the people, 'God prosper your families; you have done like honest, good-natured gentlemen. You have saved us all to-day.'

"As the noblemen who had appeared to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the bishops and the jury. The attorney went with the tidings to Sunderland, who happened to be conversing with the Nuncio. 'Never,' said Powis, 'within man's memory, have there been such shouts and such tears of joy as to-day.'"

(1) Sir William Williams. (2) The Bishop of Chester.

Here I stopped reading, and my young companion's countenance bore the trace of an interest in the drama, as keen as though it had but just passed, or was then passing. I have no better excuse to offer for the length of my letter, which you must receive, dear Louisa, as an offering of love to your own circle,

From their old friend,

JUDITH DAMER.

VISITS TO MONASTERIES IN THE LEVANT.[1]

"STAYING by myself," says Mr. Curzon, "in an old country-house belonging to my family, but not often inhabited by them, and having nothing to do in the evening, I looked about for some occupation to amuse the passing hours. In the room where I was sitting, there was a large book-case, full of ancient manuscripts, many of which had been collected by myself, in various out-of-the-way places, in different parts of the world. Taking some of these ponderous volumes from their shelves, I turned over their wide vellum leaves, and admired the antiquity of one, and the gold and azure which gleamed upon the pages of another. The sight of these books brought before my mind many scenes and recollections of the countries from which they came, and I said to myself, I know what I will do; I will write down some account of the most curious of these manuscripts, and the places in which they were found, as well as some of the adventures which I encountered in the pursuit of my venerable game."

And great reason, it seems to us, have the public to rejoice at the issue of this resolution. Mr. Curzon is incontestably the pleasantest of bibliographers. Although the topics on which he treats may be "caviare to the vulgar," and in these utilitarian days engage the interest of but comparatively few, we can fearlessly aver that the manner of treatment will ensure the amusement of every class of readers. The style, though perfectly native, has much of the airiness and felicity of Beckford's. The more musty the tomes which the Author disinters from their conventual graves, the more lively seems to grow his narrative. With all his antiquarian enthusiasm, he is never dry or unintelligible, but, on the contrary, contrives, by a perpetual play of gentle humour, to infuse into the most indifferent readers, a growing interest in his favourite topics. As our space, however, is limited, we will waste no time in empty panegyric, but enable the writer of this delightful book to address himself at once to the good taste of our readers.

Mr. Curzon, after a few Egyptian sketches, begins with the Coptic monasteries near the Natron lakes.

(1) "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant." By the Honourable Robert Curzon, Jun. London: Murray.

Monasticism took its rise in Egypt, and the desert of Nitria was the first place to which anchorites retired from the world. Of these, St. Macarius was the great exemplar, and the principal monastery is still called after him. After a journey most amusingly detailed, from the Nile across the desert, Mr. Curzon reached the convent of Baramous, and thence proceeded to that of Souriani, the object of his bibliographical researches. He was shown one or two precious volumes; these served, however, but to excite his curiosity, and stimulate his address and perseverance, to further acquisitions.

"The old blind abbot had solemnly declared that there were no other books in the monastery besides those which I had seen; but I had been told, by a French gentleman at Cairo, that there were many ancient manuscripts in the monks' oil cellar; and it was in the pursuit of these and the Coptic dictionary that I had undertaken the journey to the Natron lakes. The abbot positively denied the existence of these books, and we retired from the library to my room with the Coptic manuscripts which they had ceded to me without difficulty, and which, according to the dates contained in them, and from their general appearance, may claim to be considered among the oldest manuscripts in existence; more ancient certainly than many of the Syriac MSS. which I am about to describe. The abbot, his companion, and myself sat down together. I produced a bottle of rosoglio from my stores, to which I knew that all Oriental monks were partial; for though they do not, I believe, drink wine, because an excess in its indulgence is forbidden by scripture, yet ardent spirits not having been invented in those times, there is nothing said about them in the Bible; and at Mount Sinai and all the other spots of sacred pilgrimage the monks comfort themselves with a little glass, or rather a small coffee-cup, of arrack or raw spirits when nothing better of its kind is to be procured. Next to the golden key, which masters so many locks, there is no better opener of the heart than a sufficiency of strong drink,—not too much, but exactly the proper quantity judiciously exhibited (to use a chemical term in the land of Al Chémé, where alchemy and chemistry first had their origin). I have always found it to be invincible; and now we sat sipping our cups of the sweet pink rosoglio and firing little compliments at each other, and talking pleasantly over our bottle till some time passed away, and the face of the blind abbot waxed bland and confiding, and he had that expression on his countenance which men wear when they are pleased with themselves and bear good will towards mankind in general. I had, by the bye, a great advantage over the good abbot, as I could see the workings of his features and he could not see mine, or note my eagerness about the oil-cellar, on the subject of which I again gradually entered.—'There is no oil there,' said he. 'I am curious to see the architecture of so ancient a room,' said I; 'for I have heard that yours is a famous oil-cellar.' 'It is a famous cellar,' said the other monk. 'Take another cup of rosoglio,' said I. 'Ah!' replied he, 'I remember the days when it overflowed with oil, and then there were I do not know how many brethren here with us. But now we are few and poor; bad times are come over us: we are not what we used to be.' 'I should like to see it very much,' said I; 'I have heard so much about it even at Cairo. Let us go and see it; and when we come back we will have another bottle; and I will give you a few more which I have brought with me for your private use.'—This last argument prevailed. We returned to the great tower, and ascended the steep flight of steps which led to its door of entrance. We then descended a narrow staircase to the oil-cellar, a handsome vaulted room, where we found a range of immense vases which formerly contained the oil, but which now on being struck returned a mournful, hollow sound. There was nothing else to be seen: there were no books here: but taking the candle from the hands of one of the brethren, (for they had all wandered in after us, having nothing else to do,) I discovered a narrow low door, and, pushing it open, entered into a small closet vaulted with stone, which was filled to the depth of two feet or more with the loose leaves of the Syriac manuscripts which now form one of the chief treasures of the British Museum. Here I remained for some time turning over the leaves and digging into the mass of loose vellum pages; by which exertions I raised such a cloud of fine pungent dust that the monks relieved each other in holding our only candle at the door, while the dust made us sneeze incessantly as we turned over the scattered leaves of vellum. I had extracted four books—the only ones I could find which seemed to be tolerably perfect—when two monks who were struggling in the corner pulled out a great big manuscript of a brown and musty appearance and of a prodigious weight, which was tied together with a cord. 'Here is a box!'—exclaimed the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust; 'we have found a box, and a heavy one too!' 'A box!' shouted the blind abbot, who was standing in the outer darkness of the oil-cellar. 'A box! where is it? Bring it out; bring out the box! Heaven be praised! We have found a treasure! Lift up the box! Pull out the box! A box! A box! Sandouk! Sandouk!' shouted all the monks in various tones of voice. 'Now then, let us see the box! Bring out the light!' they cried. 'What can there be in it?' and they all came to help, and carried it away up the stairs, the blind abbot following them to the outer door, leaving me to retrace my steps as I could with the volumes which I had dug out of their literary grave."

After a most graphic account of certain Abyssinian monks, "black as crows, and anointed, not with the oil of gladness, but with that of castor," the scene is shifted to the "Convent of the Pulley" as it is called, which we well remember sailing past on a voyage up the Nile, and of the mode of ascent to which Mr. Curzon's is the first description we ever read. He narrates also his adventures at the Coptic convent of Thebes, and the White monastery, interspersing his narrative with a variety of amusing detail, legendary and otherwise. Thence he carries us to Jerusalem, and describes in fearful colours, and we believe for the first time, the terrible catastrophe that took place in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, occasioned by the blasphemous exhibition of the "holy fire." Several hundreds perished, our Author's escape being little short of miraculous. He next visits the convent of Sta. Saba, in the desert of the Jordan, of which he gives, as we can testify, a most veracious and striking sketch. Come we, however, to the most curious part of the book, his journey to the Greek monasteries of Meteora and Mount Athos. From Corfu he crossed over into Albania, and, as the country was disturbed, as a measure of precaution, obtained from the Pasha of Yanina an order upon the chief person at Mezzovo, at the entrance of the wilder parts of the mountains, to procure him an escort. How he fared when he arrived there we leave him to explain:—

"As Mahmoud Pasha had supplied me with a firman, and letters to the principal persons at the several towns of my route, I looked out my Mezzovo letter, with the intention of asking for an escort of a few soldiers to accompany me through the passes of Mount Pindus,

which were reported to be full of robbers and *cattiva gente* of every sort and kind, the great extent of the underwood and box trees forming an impenetrable cover for these 'minions of the moon.'

"Most of the population of Mezzovo turned out to see the procession of Milordos Inglesis as it entered the precincts of their ancient city, and defiled into the market place, in the middle of which was a great tree, under whose shade sat and smoked a circle of grave and reverend seignors, the aristocracy of the place; whereupon, holding the pasha's letter in my hand, I cantered up to them. On seeing me advance towards them, a broad shouldered, good-natured looking man, gorgeously dressed in red velvet, embroidered all over with gold, though something tarnished with the rain and weather, arose, and stepped forward to meet me. 'Here is a letter,' said I, 'from his highness Mahmoud Pasha, Vizier of Yanina, to the chief personage of Mezzovo, whoever he may be, for there is no name mentioned; so tell me who is the chief person in this city, where is he to be found, for I desire to speak with him?' 'You want the chief person of Mezzovo?' replied the broad shouldered man; 'well, I think I am the chief person here, am I not?' he asked of the assembled crowd which had gathered together by this time. 'Certainly, malista, oh yes, you are the chief person of Mezzovo undoubtedly,' they all cried out. 'Very well,' said he, 'then give me the letter.' On my giving it to him, he opened it in a very unceremonious manner; and before he had half read it, burst into a fit of laughing. 'What are you laughing at?' said I, 'is not that the vizier's letter?' 'Oh!' said he, 'you want guards, do you, to protect you against the robbers, the klephti?' 'Yes, I do; but I do not see what there is to laugh at in that. I want some men to go with me to Meteora; if you are the captain or commander here, give me an escort, as I wish to be off at once; it is early now, and I can cross the mountains before dark.' After a pause, he said, 'Well, I am the captain; and you shall have men who will protect you wherever you go. You are an Englishman, are you not?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I am.' 'Well, I like the English; and you particularly.' 'Thank you,' said I; and after some more conversation, he tore off a slip from the vizier's letter, (a very unceremonious proceeding in Albania,) and, writing a few lines on it, he said, 'Now, give this paper to the first soldiers you meet at the foot of Mount Pindus, and all will be right' He then instructed the muleteer which way to go. I took the note, which was not folded up; but the badly-written Romaic was unintelligible to me, so I put it into my pocket, and away we went, my new friend waving his hand to us as we passed out of the market place; and we were soon trotting along through the open country towards the hills which shoot out from the base of the great chain of Mount Pindus, a mountain famous for having had Mount Ossa put on the top of it by some of the giants when they were fighting against Jupiter. As that respected deity got the better of the giants, I presume he put Ossa back again, for which I felt very much obliged to him, as Pindus seemed quite high enough, and steep enough, without any addition."

He had not proceeded far when he fell into the hands of the robbers, and, as a *dernier ressource*, bethought him of the paper, which he accordingly presented to his captors, who dragged him up the mountain to the captain of the gang:—

"The captain was evidently a poor scholar, and he spelt and puzzled over every word. At last, a thought struck him; shading his eyes with his hand from the glare of the fire, he leant forward and peeped into the darkness, where we were awaiting his commands. Not distinguishing us, however, he jumped up from his feet, and shouted out, 'Hallo! where are the gentlemen who brought this letter? what have you done with them? At the sound of his voice the rest of the party jumped up also, being then first aware that something out of the common way had taken place. Some of the palicari jumped towards us, and were going to seize us, when the captain came forward, and, in a civil tone, said, 'Oh, there you are! welcome, gentlemen; we are very glad to receive you. Make yourselves at home; come near the fire and sit down.' I took him at his word, and sat down on the boards by the side of the fire, rubbing my hands, and making myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. My two servants and the muleteer, seeing what turn affairs had taken, became of a sudden as loquacious as they had been silent before, and, in a short time, we were all the greatest friends in the world.

"'So,' said the captain, or whatever he was, 'you are acquainted with our friend at Mezzovo. How did you leave him? I hope he was well."

"'Oh yes,' I said; 'we left him in excellent health. What a remarkably pleasing person he is! and how well he looks in his red velvet dress!"

"'Have you known him long?' he asked.

"'Why, not *very* long,' replied my Albanian; 'but my master has the greatest respect for him, and so has he for my master.'

"'He says you are to take some of our men with you wherever you like,' said our host.

"'Yes, I know," said the Albanian; 'we settled that at Mezzovo, with my master's friend, his excellency, Mr. What's-his-name.'

"'Well, how many will you take?'

"'Oh! five or six will do; that will be as many as we want. We are going to Meteora, and then we shall return over the mountains back to Mezzovo, where I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting your general again.'

"Whilst we were talking and drinking coffee by the fire, a prodigious bustling and chattering was going on among the rest of the party, and before long, five slim, active, dirty looking young rogues, in white dresses, with long black hair hanging down their backs, and each with a long thin gun, announced that they were ready to accompany us whenever we were ready to start. As we had nothing to keep us in the dark, smoky hovel, we were soon ready to go; and glad, indeed, was I to be out again in the open air, among the high trees, without the immediate prospect of being hanged up upon one of them. My party jumped with great alacrity and glee upon their miserable mules and horses; all our belongings, including the half of the cold fowl, were *in statu quo*; and off we set. Our new friends accompanied us on foot. And so delighted was our Caliban of a muleteer at what we all considered as a fortunate escape, that he lifted up his voice, and gave vent to his feelings in a song. The grand gentleman in red velvet to whom I had presented the pasha's letter at Mezzovo was, it seems, himself the captain of the thieves, the very man against whom the pasha wished to afford us his protection; and he, feeling amused probably at the manner in which we had fallen unawares into his clutches, and being a good-natured fellow, (and he certainly looked such,) gave us a note to the officer next in command, ordering him to protect us as his friends, and to provide us with an escort."

Conducted by this respectable body guard, our Author, after being taken himself for a robber, reaches the base of the extraordinary convent of Meteora, perched upon an isolated rock, accessible only by a rope and net let down some twenty-five fathoms, or by a most villanous collection of half rotten ladders planted against the perpendicular face of the crag. Our limits compel us to pass by his capital descrip-

of the place, his research for bibliographical treasures which he was compelled to leave behind, the offer of his banditti friends, on his descending, to storm the convent, and carry them off for him, (a proposal he was considerate enough to decline,) and of his parting from the robbers, who invited him to make one of the gang. The next scene of his researches was Mount Athos, or the "holy mountain," that magnificent promontory which Dinocrates of Samos, who built the temple of Ephesus and the Pharos of Alexandria, is said to have proposed to hew into a statue of Alexander the Great. Of the state of this isolated stronghold of monkery and celibacy, from which every animal of the feminine gender is studiously excluded, he gives us a most curious and interesting account. No traveller had been there since the days of Dr. Clarke, and thus Mr. Curzon, armed with a letter from the archbishop of Canterbury, sought out the Greek patriarch at Constantinople, who, after much puzzling as to the nature of his ecclesiastical brother of England, gave to the enterprising bibliographer a letter which opened to him the gates of the numerous convents with which the "holy mountain" is studded. Here his researches were destined to be crowned with most gratifying success, but not without certain trials and temptations most humorously enumerated. Take for instance the following:—

"I slept well on my divan, and at sunrise received a visit from the agoumenos, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library, and asked permission to view its contents. The agoumenos declared his willingness to show me everything that the monastery contained. 'But first,' said he, 'I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest, I shall prepare it with my own hands, and will stay to see you eat it; for it is really an admirable dish, and one not presented to all persons.'—'Well,' thought I, 'a good breakfast is not a bad thing;' and the fresh mountain air and the good night's rest had given me an appetite; so I expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on the divan, proceeded to prepare his dish. 'This,' said he, producing a shallow basin half full of a white paste, 'is the principal and most savoury part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic, pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese, (it seemed to be of the white acid kind, which resembles what is called caccia cavallo in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers, I believe,) and sundry other nice little condiments, and now it is completed!'—He stirred the savoury mess round and round with a large wooden spoon until it sent forth over room and passage and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma which is not to be described. 'Now,' said the agoumenos, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, 'this is a dish for an emperor! Eat, my friend, my much respected guest; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl, you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, you will not meet with everywhere.' I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? The sour apple of the hermit down below was nothing—a trifle in comparison! Was ever an unfortunate bibliomaniac dosed with such a medicine before? It would have been enough to have cured the whole Roxburghe Club from meddling with libraries and books for ever and ever. I made every endeavour to escape this honour. 'My lord,' said I, 'it is a fast; I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast; I am under a vow. Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit, though the odour certainly is most wonderful! Truly an astonishing savour! Let me see you eat it,' O agoumenos!' continued I; 'for behold, I am unworthy of anything so good.'—'Excellent and virtuous young man!' said the agoumenos, 'no, I will not eat it. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace; for know, that to travellers all such vows are set aside. On a journey it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples; but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honoured friend, and eat it: eat it all, and then we will go into the library.' He put the bowl into one of my hands and the great wooden spoon into the other: and in desperation I took a gulp, the recollection of which still makes me tremble. What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility: not all my ardour in the pursuit of manuscripts could give me the necessary courage. I was overcome with sorrow and despair. My servant saved me at last; he said 'that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings he believed; but he requested that it might be put by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day.' The agoumenos looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the board sounded for church. I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord,' said he; 'I will take you to the library and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church.' So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good agoumenos to the library, where he left me to my own devices."

Roaming from one convent to another, he is sometimes successful in rescuing some invaluable MSS. or monkish curiosities from oblivion. At one place he learned that the library had been destroyed during the Greek revolution, and, peeping down into an old tower, he beheld its melancholy remains:—

"This was a dismal spectacle for a devout lover of old books, a sort of biblical knight-errant, as I then considered myself, who had entered on the perilous adventure of Mount Athos to rescue from the thraldom of ignorant monks those fair vellum volumes, with their bright illuminations, and velvet dresses, and jewelled clasps, which for so many centuries had lain imprisoned in their dark monastic dungeons. It was, indeed, a heart-rending sight. By the dim light which streamed through the opening of an iron door, in the wall of the ruined tower, I saw above a hundred ancient manuscripts lying among the rubbish which had fallen from the upper floor, which was ruinous, and had in great part given way. Some of these manuscripts seemed quite entire, fine large folios, but the monks said they were unapproachable, for that floor also on which they lay was unsafe, the beams below being rotten from the wet and rain which came in through the roof. Here was a trap ready set and baited for a bibliographical antiquary. I peeped at the old manuscripts, looked particularly at one or two that were lying in the middle of the floor, and could hardly resist the temptation. I advanced cautiously along the boards, keeping close to the wall, whilst every now and then a dull cracking noise warned me of my danger; but I tried each board by stamping on it with my foot before I ventured my weight upon it. At last, when I dared go no further, I made them

bring me a long stick, with which I fished up two or three fine manuscripts, and poked them along towards the door. When I had safely landed them, I examined them more at my ease, but found that the rain had washed the outer leaves quite clean, the pages were stuck tight together in a solid mass, and when I attempted to open them, they broke short off like a biscuit. Neglect and damp and exposure had destroyed them completely."

It has been observed that nothing feminine is allowed to profane the precincts of Mount Athos, and at the convent of Xerepotamo Mr. Curzon fell in with a certain monk, a magnificent looking man of thirty, who, he tells us,—

" did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; had never seen a woman, nor had any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin, in the pictures of the Greek Church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favourable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex. . . . He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation further, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred."

Mr. Curzon now prepared to leave Mount Athos, calling however, before he went, on the Turkish aga who is placed there at the small town of Cairez to collect the revenues due to the Porte, and here he met with one solitary violation of the sanctities of the place.

" The aga," he says, "gave me some breakfast, at which repast a cat made its appearance, with whom, the day before, I had made an acquaintance, but now it came, not alone, but accompanied by two kittens. 'Ah !' said I to the aga, 'how is this? Why, as I live, this is a she-cat, a cat feminine! What business has it on Mount Athos? and with kittens too! a wicked cat!'

" 'Hush!' said the aga, with a solemn grin, 'do not say anything about it. Yes, it must be a she-cat: I allow, certainly, that it must be a she-cat. I brought it with me from Stamboul. But do not speak of it, or they will take it away: and it reminds me of my home, where my wife and children are living far away from me.'

" I promised to make no scandal about the cat, and took my leave, and, as I rode off, I saw him looking at me out of his cage, with the cat sitting by his side. I was sorry I could not take the aga, cat and all, with me to Stamboul, the poor gentleman seemed so solitary and melancholy."

In aiming to make our author speak for himself, we have been unavoidably compelled to leave out much curious information about the Oriental convents, their past and present condition, and the bibliographical treasures they contain, and which it is highly desirable should be rescued from the certain destruction that awaits them in the custody of the drowsy votaries of a fast waning system, " in which ignorance and superstition walk hand in hand." How far a more extended account of these establishments than he has given, may be, as Mr. Curzon suggests, a desideratum, we leave to the judgment of others; for ourselves, we have a strong suspicion that he has given us the cream of the matter in his admirable and amusing volume.

REVELATIONS OF LIFE.[1]

With a feeling of reverence and love for the true poet, we prefer to dwell upon his beauties rather than his blemishes. And certainly if a noble purpose, a high tone, and a fine feeling for nature, with great power and beauty of expression, suffice to ensure success to a poem, it must be awarded to the " Revelations of Life;" yet we doubt if it will be popular, for those qualities are accompanied by grave defects—defects, however, arising rather from the excess than the deficiency of poetical fervour. In aiming at intensity Mr. Reade not unfrequently becomes obscure, and by an over-subtlety of idea, and by a cloudy and involved phraseology, builds up, as Byron says of Wordsworth,

> "a dyke
> Betwixt his own and others' intellect."

Perhaps it is hardly fair to sever a passage from its context, but we would cite the following as an instance of what we mean:

> " Face the reality before us, Death,
> The uncompromising real, which dreamers mourn
> And bards in melancholy notes; here feel
> The enigma lies beyond or saw or song!
> Lo, here, our life—lo, there, humiliation
> Crushed slavery never bowed to!—fleshless bones,
> Clay clogged, the skull, the ribs of nerved life
> That cunningly fenced with the decay it fed:
> That from the elements wrung daily bread;
> Strove with brute passion, grateful if unseen
> Beyond that conscious cell, the human heart!"

In striving to catch the poet's meaning we feel too often that we are grasping at a gilded cloud. Not but that we occasionally strike upon some profound vein of thought, or meet some felicitous turn of expression, which show the powers of the author, and cause us to regret the injustice he does to them by this want of clearness and condensation.

The ethical purpose of the " Revelations " is noble, but vague withal. The likeness to the "Excursion" is somewhat too apparent—the same description of personages; the same broad and simple background of lonely, magnificent nature. An enthusiast, a fatalist, and a pastor of the true Wordsworthian type, (recalling, we must say, the Savoyard vicar quite as much as the English clergyman,) hold high discourse together on the wilds of Dartmoor, concerning their experiences of human life. The characters are rather abstractions than individuals. The enthusiast " a priest of nature's temple," as he calls himself, pours forth a tide of swelling impulses, and the following is certainly a noble specimen of his raptures:—

(1) " Revelations of Life and Other Poems." By John Edmund Reade.

"Oh, life owns moments when to disavow
The impulsive Soul in us were mockery:
Then, when we feel the Infinite moving us,
That we are everlastingly allied
To everlasting things! I do recall
That date-day of my life: how bounded forth
My spirit, opening o'er that vast expanse.
Above the luminiferous ether spread:
On the horizon line the far-off Waves,
Glittering in light, banner'd with glorious clouds,
On coming, like some multitudinous host,
Foam-crested, rolling on blue flashing lines,
Broke in reverberating thunders! I
Knelt down and heard the mighty Coming! filled
With inspiration of the priests of old,
The reverential awe of the great Deep!
I stretched my hands forth to embrace the power
In-rushing on my soul! I stood before
Nature, and felt her heaving life: I heard
The innermost pulses throbbing at her heart!
Mountains, and sands, and ocean filled my being:
And the serene sky, calm as Godhead's brow,
Looking on agitation. I beheld
The Spirit of Joy cleave through the rushing waves:
I heard them shouting through their rocky halls
Innumerable laughter, as they came
From their long wanderings rejoicing home!
I felt in me a meeting energy
That hurled itself among them: I became
As they, my breast with their great passion swelled:
The Image of the Infinite was shown,
The Book of Life: I stood, and saw its leaves
Turning in thunders. I was Vision all:
The earthlier faculty absorbed. I knelt
By the wild Chaos heaving at my feet,
And poured myself in gratitude. I felt
A kindred faculty awaked to being.
I gazed till my subsiding spirit calmed;
Until the world of sound my being filled,
And, as on solemn cloud of incense, bore
My soul to regions of tranquillity!"

The fatalist and his experiences are next described. Then follow two episodes, "The Fanatic," powerfully drawn, but running into caricature, and a mysterious female recluse. These different forms of character having been displayed and contrasted, the pastor winds up the poem by an exposure of their several errors, and concludes with a fine but somewhat over metaphysic burst of natural piety.

The minor poems display, to our mind, the powers of their author to greater advantage than his more laboured composition. Many very fine passages might be quoted from them, did our space permit. Mr. Reade has a poet's eye for the grander aspects of nature, and his pictures of different phases of the scenery of Dartmoor, in particular, are full of beauty. Take the following passage among many similar ones in the book, a description of one of the curious "Tors" scattered over the wilds of Devon:—

"One solitary ridge of crag shot up
From that illimitable plain, nor lone
In its sky-cleaving altitude. It held
Communion with the risen and setting sun,
With tempests rushing round it, answering,
While welcoming their fury: with the fine
And subtle motions of the summer air,
The luminiferous ether! with the clouds,
With touches of etherial moonlight, coming
And vanishing like spirits; with the stars
Looking down from their brightness on that rock
Of durability that mocked their own."

The "Lines written on Doulting Sheep-Slate in the autumn of 1847," are so beautiful that we must transfer them entire to our pages:—

LINES WRITTEN ON DOULTING SHEEP-SLATE

In the Autumn of 1847.

I.

"I knelt down as I poured my spirit forth by that gray gate,
In the fulness of my gratitude because I was create;
Alone on that wild heath I stood, and offer'd up, apart,
The human frankincense that, fount-like, gush'd from my full heart.

II.

I felt I stood on sacred ground—sacred it was to me;
To Boyhood's far years faded on the verge of memory:
Sacred to me, the gray-haired man, who drank God's blessed air,
Though thirty years had rolled away since last I entered there!

III.

The oak droop'd o'er that gate, a wither'd thing in dead repose:
Gray Doulting's spire o'er the far waste a sheeted spectre rose:
And Mendip's bleak and barren heights again around me frowned;
Like faces of forgotten friends met on forgotten ground!

IV.

But heath and landscape, boundless once, were shrunken, all was changed:
I felt I stood a stranger, the old place and me estranged:
Each step was thought; each look, a strange but welcome joy; each sense
Was gratitude's fine ecstasy, calm, voiceless, but intense.

V.

All active impulses of life were settled by the scene:
By staid reflection looking in the glass of what had been;
For not a mound I trod on unfamiliar was, nor tree
In the far distance seen, whose image had not enter'd me;—

VI.

Then when material Nature, mother-like, embraced her child!
Then, when each impulse was like hers, unfetter'd, pure, and wild;
I came the Man: the breeze that freshly o'er my forehead blew
Was welcomed like a blessing which that wild boy never knew!

VII.

But where the strength, the nervèd health, the Boy's elastic tread,
The bird's-nest won, the cricket spun, the leap exulting sped,
The conquest-wreath sought ardently by hearts aspiring then,
As in the strife of after life among contending men?

VIII.

The lark sprang from the turf again, and cleaved the air along,
Intoxicate with joy she pour'd forth madly in her song:
The Clouds on the blue sky reposed, and silently reveal'd
The waiting aspect, and the calm, on each vast forehead seal'd!

IX.

The thistle's beard flew past me, but, as once, I chased it not:
I stood where games were play'd, whose very names I had forgot:

I saw the faces I had raised, I met each answering eye:
I heard their voices fill the silent halls of Memory!

X.

Why sunk the sounds within me, an oppression chill and drear,
A pain in my deep heart, and in mine eyes the gushing tear?
I seem'd on the bleak shoal of time left desolate and lone:
I ask'd of startled consciousness where buried youth was flown?

XI.

I call'd upon the firmament of memory, the sun,
Creator of the past, its hues and glory from it won:
I saw fond eyes shed in me the affection's life they drew:
I felt my human happiness most fix'd—even while it flew!

XII.

I closed my eyes to watch the living Visions I had raised:—
Faces that shone familiar lights again upon me gazed;
I heard their words, dream-music by wind waken'd, when it flings
Its spirit-thrilling touches on the harp's electric strings!

XIII.

The thistle waved by me, it broke the dream of shadows: I
Alone stood on the heath before the wind and open sky;
The past receded from me like the clouds o'er the far scene:
I stood within the present—yearning back to what had been.

XIV.

Where are they now, those forms and faces, shadows still endear'd;
Those ardent hearts that swell'd round me, that hated, hoped, and fear'd!
Or dead, or living, scatter'd o'er the earth: so changèd, they
Are creatures of another world whose mould hath passed away!

XV.

Not so art thou—I thank thee, God! I refuge found at last,
From passion's fiery impulses that scathed me as they pass'd;
The dried-up eye, the feverish pulse, is still'd; and, left behind,
The resignation, and the hope, the calm and equal mind!

XVI.

But from thy shrine I turn'd not, mighty Nature! thou hadst given
The freshness of the heart to me, a coronal of heaven:
Simplicity, and child-like hope, and faith thou didst instil,
And love of freedom, among crowds forgot—but cherish'd still.

XVII.

For there, I felt the sickness and the weariness of heart
Of him who feels the hollow shows in which he bore no part:
The heaviness and languor of the hope that all hath tried;
Convention's lie, hate's jaundiced eye, hypocrisy, and pride.

XVIII.

Almighty Nature! take again thy child unto thy breast:
Let me repose again on thee, by weight of life oppress'd,
Before thy awful countenance forget diseasèd thought,
False friends, false loves, and hope, and fame, and man, alike forgót:

XIX.

O holy Pilgrim! thou dost stand before a sacred shrine:
Thy altar-place of opening life, and grave; and is it thine
This altered form, this blanchèd hair and cheek? and can it be
This gray-hair'd pensive man is all that now remains of thee?

XX.

A changèd form, more changed within, the stamp of youth effaced:
Who walks with thoughtful steps along the melancholy waste,
Standing on Life's strand lonely, like the exiled ghost of yore,
Sighing in vain his soul toward lost youth's delicious shore!

XXI.

Yet what art thou but still the child of thy departed youth?
Now, knowing good and evil, pluck'd the knowledge fruit of truth;
Then, as the animal wert thou, material; now, sublime
Thou stand'st, and, god-like, look'st beyond the bounds of space and time!

XXII.

Thou wert the sapling of this trunk that must in age decay:
Seed shed in blossom, morning's hue subdued to twilight gray;
The infant to the giant grown: the laurel-leaf wert thou
He moulded to a wreath to twine unfading on his brow.

XXIII.

Even now I rise and pace the desert heath with firmer tread;
I cast depression to the winds, I raise to heaven my head:
I feel the mission is fulfill'd my soul was set to do:
To read the truth, to look the heart of man and nature through.

XXIV.

A calmer feeling follows and repose: a grateful love
To the Wisdom moving in me, and around me, and above:
That fills my veins with gladness, with the silent joy I see
In bearded faces of the Clouds, in leaf, and flower, and tree;

XXV.

That tells me I am one with the divinity reveal'd,
The visible thought of God on Nature's awful forehead seal'd!
The veneration, and the faith, the gushing love in me,
The triad-elements that, ray-like, flow from central Thee!

XXVI.

Gray Earth shall pass, tongues be forgot, fame's records sink in dust,
And in oblivion's scrolls be lost the good, the brave, the just:
But the mind, rais'd by Thee above its dust, earth-bonds shall sever,
Yea, dwell a consciousness apart, for ever and for ever."

Nor less full of feeling are the succeeding stanzas in *terza rima*, which Mr. Reade handles like a master. They are called "Final Lines on Doulting Sheep-Slate," of which we regret that our space allows us but one or two, though, where all are beautiful, selection is difficult:—

"I felt the chains I struggled with and fail'd:
Evil that fell upon me was entail'd
By fate or nature, conquer'd when assail'd.

"I might have lived unknown in solitude:
A passionless animal, a savage; rude,
As the brutes round me knowing ill nor good;

"And, swine-like, thus have perished in my den.
No!—rather action's stormiest life again,
Feeling my heart-pulse throbbing among men!—

"Foil'd, baffled, overthrown; yet, though in vain,
Contesting: spurning sloth's inglorious chain,
For virtue's strife, self-dignifying pain!"

We may err in our estimate both of Mr. Reade's beauties and defects, but we think he has in him the qualities of a fine poet, and by eschewing obscurity of conception, and a metaphysical and redundant style of expression, may do something which the world will not willingly let die.

EDITOR'S WRITING-DESK.

Our contents this month are, on the whole, somewhat of a graver cast than usual. After a very careful condensation of authorities, the subject of "Penal Economy" has been brought to a conclusion, without containing, as we trust, anything offensive to the advocates of existing systems. Mr. Pearson's views are thus submitted to the impartial consideration of the public. It is not to be supposed that we pledge ourselves to an agreement with them in every particular. Many will think that the separate system is too entirely excluded. It is the grand feature of Mr. Pearson's scheme—its *self-supporting industrial* character—which ought to awaken the earnest consideration of every philanthropic thinker.

Certain of our admiring subscribers are anxious to know to how many numbers the adventures of Mr. Lewis Arundel will run on. We confess that we cannot calculate the movements of so eccentric and fiery a being, who would be little disposed, we fear, to observe any limitations imposed by us. As he is, however, a dashing, lady-killing sort of fellow, and decidedly not yet sobered down enough for matrimony, we suppose we shall be hearing of his scrapes for some considerable time to come. Others of our friends are anxious to know why the name of the magazine has been altered to "Sharpe's London Journal," and why its cover has been changed from red to black? We really have no very good answer to give to these and similar queries, unless that magazines as well as monarchies have partaken the restless revolutionary mania that has been abroad of late. Our friends may rest assured that our graver style of wrapper covers up no black insidious designs, nor bodes any diminution of our vital energy, as our pages will abundantly convince him. In proof of this, we trust shortly to present our readers with the first of a series of papers with illustrations expressly designed on wood, on "Scottish Incident and Character;" the fruits of no hasty and superficial survey, but long and carefully studied, and written *con amore* by the accomplished pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall.

"Armand; or, the Peer and the Peasant; a Play in Five Acts, by Anna Cora Mowatt," deserves a passing notice as being the production of a talented American actress, and as having received the approbation both of English and American audiences. The interest of the play centres in its principal female character, who has been brought up as a simple village girl under the name of Blanche, but who turns out to be the daughter of the Cardinal de Richelieu! The language and imagery throughout we cannot help describing as conventional and common-place, being, in fact, but a tame imitation of Bulwer's successful dramas of "Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons." Mrs. Mowatt has, however, considerable tact, and a good eye for stage effect; the sentiments introduced are generally unexceptionable, and their mode of expression not destitute of a certain prettiness and feminine delicacy which we can conscientiously affirm to be *pleasing* at the very least. We give a single instance. After a passionate expostulation from his daughter, whom he desires to immure in a convent, Richelieu contemptuously exclaims:—

——— "woman's grief
Is wind and rain one summer hour will end.
"*Blanche*. And canst thou thus the name of woman scorn,
Her holy mission lightly look upon;
Nor think that thy first sighs were soothed by her—
Thy first tears kiss'd away by woman's lips—
Thy first prayer taught thee at a woman's knee—
Thy childhood's blessings shower'd from woman's hand—
Thy manhood brighten'd by her watching smile—
Thy age must in her tenderness find prop—
And life's last murmurs may perchance burst forth
Where they began—upon a woman's breast?"

"Bibliomania in the Middle Ages." By F. Sommer Merryweather.—Those who take an interest in the literature and learning of what are, perhaps rather unfairly, termed the "Dark Ages," will find many valuable facts and traditions relating thereto pleasantly brought together in this little book. The author is evidently thoroughly conversant with his subject, and writes upon it with a feeling of earnest enthusiasm well worthy of the genuine bibliomaniac. In treating of the learning of the cloister, Mr. Merryweather satisfactorily shows that the monks were by no means so indifferent to the sacred volume, or so careless in transcribing or preserving it, as common rumour has represented them to have been. The catalogues of the monastic libraries also prove that classical learning, however discouraged, was never entirely neglected by the ecclesiastics. Cicero and Plato, Terence and Virgil, were often found in the same collections, and frequently side by side with manuscripts of Ambrose, Augustine, Origen, and Chrysostome. The transcription of manuscripts, before the invention of printing, was carried on with a systematic attention which was highly creditable to the monastic establishments;

and although at certain periods, to quote from Mr. Merryweather, there were many monks who were oftener occupied "in emptying cups than in correcting codices"—*calicibus epotandis, non codicibus emendandis*, —it appears that the learned leisure of the majority was not unprofitably occupied. The apartment in the monastery devoted to the transcription of manuscripts was termed the Scriptorium, and our author has collected some very interesting information concerning it.

"The abbot superintended the management of the Scriptorium, and decided upon the hours of labour, during which time they [the scribes] were ordered to work with unremitting diligence, 'not leaving to go and wander in idleness,' but to attend solely to the business of transcribing. To prevent detraction [distraction?] or interruption, no one was allowed to enter except the abbot, the prior, the sub-prior, and the armarian. As the latter took charge of all the materials and implements used by the transcribers, it was his duty to prepare and give them out when required: he made the ink, and cut the parchment ready for use. He was strictly enjoined, however, to exercise the greatest economy in supplying these precious materials, and not to give more copies 'nec artavos, nec cultellos, nec scarpellæ, nec membranes,' than were actually necessary, or than he had computed as sufficient for the work; and what the armarian gave them, the monks were to receive without contradiction or contention. The utmost silence prevailed in the Scriptorium; rules were framed and written admonitions hung on the walls, to enforce the greatest care and diligence in copying exactly from the originals."

We cannot, however, afford space for any lengthened quotation from the volume. We perceive, from the title-page, that the publisher and author bear the same name, and are possibly identical. One word in conclusion. Although where the *matter* of a book pleases us we are tempted to overlook carelessness of style, we cannot help remarking that, in addition to faults of construction, the typographical and grammatical errors in the volume before us are too numerous to be passed over without a slight censure.

"Otia Egyptiaca." By G. Gliddon.—This gentleman has done much by lecturing in the United States, to popularize the subject of Egyptian archæology. The results of his lectures, and of still further investigations, by Dr. Lepsius, and other explorers, are given in this little volume, which, although in parts abstruse, we cordially recommend, not only to those who are particularly interested in these delightful studies, but to the general reader.

"Mardi, and the Voyage thither." By Herman Melville. 3 vols. post 8vo. The author of "Omoo" and "Typee" has come out in a new line. "Mardi" is a difficult book to describe, because it aims at many things and achieves none satisfactorily;—but its main intention is to be a mild satire on the whole world and its ways, and a preaching of certain transcendental nonsense which is meant for *bona fide* transcendental philosophy. There is little or no story properly so called; and after the first half-volume, which describes the author's escape from a whaleing vessel in the Pacific in search of unknown islands, the labour of reading is perfectly Herculean, and, to our thinking, remarkably unprofitable.' What our transatlantic friends think of this new production of their favourite, we are at a loss to imagine.

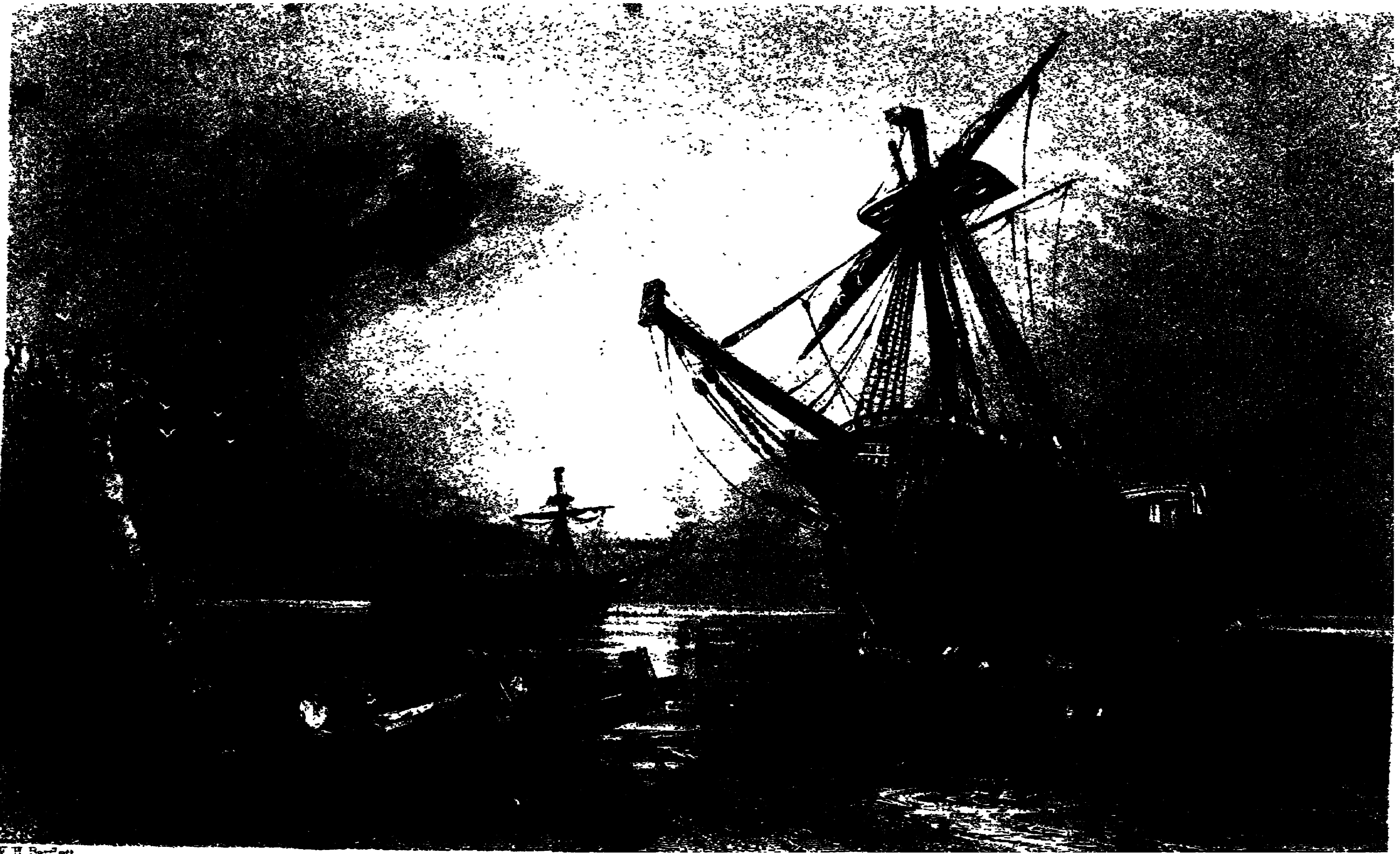
"Frank Forester." 3 vols. post 8vo. A very clever book, by Herbert, a well-known writer in the States. He is, we believe, of English birth, but his fame, and, we fancy, his tastes, are American. This book is nearly all occupied with accounts of American sports and American sportsmen; written in a lively, animated, genuine sportsmanlike style. A week's shooting in the Warwick Woodlands will be coveted by most Englishmen who read this book. The author is well acquainted with the various kinds of sport in England and Scotland, and shows the difference between these and the corresponding sort of thing in the Middle States of America.

"Lady Alice, or the New Una." 3 vols. 8vo. Every thing is *high* in this book—all the *dramatis personæ* are very high-born—(the hero at an early age meditated marriage with his cousin the Princess Victoria)—their conversation is of high art, high fashion, high taste in everything. The heroine is a strange mixture of a maiden of the days of chivalry and an enlightened young lady of liberal tastes of the nineteenth century. She is a match for the hero in strength of intellect. We have little doubt that "Lady Alice," a very clever novel of its kind, is the production of a female pen.

"The Sea Lions." 3 vols. post 8vo. By the author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c. This is an account of the adventures of two sealing vessels in the Antarctic Ocean. They are impeded by the accumulation of the ice on their attempted voyage home, and are obliged to winter on one of the small islands where they find the seal in abundance. This is really interesting, from the apparent truthfulness of every minute circumstance. The navigation, amid fields of ice and huge floating bergs, is well described, and, upon the whole, the "Sea Lions," though somewhat tedious in parts, is a clever and agreeable work.

Ince's "Outlines of English History," "Outlines of French History," "Outlines of General Knowledge." For the use of Schools. Gilbert, Paternoster Row.—In the system of school education sufficient regard is not always paid to impressing on the pupil's mind the leading points in a particular branch of study. His memory is surcharged and confused with a too great variety of details. These little manuals of Mr. Ince's are well calculated to counteract this defective method, by affording a well-digested outline, which should be carefully committed to memory, and afterwards filled up by means of oral instruction, or reference to larger works. Lively chapters of historical memoranda and brief sketches of manners and customs are appropriately introduced. We can cordially recommend these well-digested and inexpensive manuals.

Many of our readers will doubtless be glad to hear that our valued contributor, Mr. Martin F. Tupper, is about to re-issue a cheap edition of his popular Tales, "The Crock of Gold," "Heart," and "The Twins."


W. H. Bartlett

INDIAMEN ASHORE NEAR MARGATE.

The approaches to the mouth of the Thames from the Channel, that great highway from the distant provinces of Britain to her myriad-masted emporium, are notoriously full of peril.

The Boulogne sands and the more fatal Goodwin, worse than the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients, have swallowed up their thousands of victims. Many an exile from the burning clime of India, or from our remotest dependencies, where fate has compelled him to waste the best years of his life, returning at length to pass the evening of his days on his native soil, is here destined, after escaping the dangers of the ocean, to perish within sight of land, the freshness of her green fields mingling its odours with the remorseless gale that is hurrying him to destruction.

Imagine the feeling of security when, after passing over thousands of miles, the cliffs of England are seen looming through the haze, the rapture of anticipation at meeting long separated friends—suddenly exchanged for the certainty of impending destruction within the very sight of those we love—the sense of their agony embittering our own. Surely, there are few forms of human anguish more intense, more indescribable, than this; and scarcely a winter passes without the occurrence of some such heart-rending catastrophe.

While residing at Ramsgate in the beginning of winter a report was abroad the morning after a severe gale, that several ships had been driven ashore. It was a wild day, the sky was leaden gray, the wind moaned drearily over the open country, and the sea was a wild and yeasty mass of foaming breakers, half obscured by driving gusts of rain and sleet. It was a morning to make one realize the blessedness of even the humblest nook on terra firma, safe from the rage of the unstable element. Following the coast in quest of the reported wrecks, the first sight was a brig thrown up against the cliffs of Broadstairs, apparently without any serious injury. In Kingsgate Cove was a Quebec timber ship totally dismasted and abandoned by her crew, the sea rapidly breaking her up. It was about a mile further that, descending from the high ground to the beach by a rugged path between the chalky cliffs, we came in sight of the vessels represented in the engraving. They were two Indiamen of the largest class, and their escape from destruction, it seems, was entirely owing to their channel pilots, who finding that the fury of the gale rendered it impossible to keep off the land, determined to run the ships ashore at the most favourable place, which they had done with such precision and success that but little damage was sustained, and both vessels were got off and shortly after were enabled to resume their stations in the India trade. But for this providential preservation, these noble ships would have been added to the list of those which h[illegible] perished on the fatal sands of the Goodwin.

THE PUNJAUB AND ITS PEOPLE.[1]

Although constituting the seat of some of the most important possessions of Great Britain, there has, perhaps, been less general knowledge diffused respecting the great divisions of India than concerning almost any other portion of the globe. Most persons were contented to regard India from a distance as a territory almost limitless in extent, famed through ages for the richness of its scenery, the tropical heat of its climate, as the mine whence proceeded rich fabrics, fine metals, and many of the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life; and to many it was shadowed forth as the grave of the Englishman who, ambitious of distinction, honour, and wealth, ventured to set his foot upon its shores. The ideas of men expand and develope themselves in progress of time, and require fresh supplies of knowledge in proportion as the intellect of the great human family attains strength. People are now no longer contented with partial investigations; they require to be made familiar with districts of which they have hitherto, perhaps, only heard the name; and when it is learnt that over the vast Indian domains are scattered millions of men divided into so many distinct tribes, sometimes trading with, but oftener in antagonism with each other and that each of these tribes or divisions of men have peculiar habits and customs, distinct forms of religion, and are bound together by various social ties, then, indeed, the investigation becomes of more immediate interest.

The late sanguinary battles in Southern India have naturally attracted a considerable share of attention to the Punjaub, and the public are anxious to possess some idea of the people inhabiting the banks of the rivers Sutlej and Chenab. We shall, therefore, endeavour to present our readers with a brief and rapid account of the Sikhs and the province over which they are scattered.

The Sikh territory may be considered as one of the most interesting and valuable portions in continental India, scarcely excepting those already in our possession. The extraordinary richness of the soil, the advantages of its situation, both in a political and commercial point of view, with its numerous navigable rivers, and commanding as it does the grand routes to Central Asia, support the opinion that its natural advantages are equal, if nor superior, to most of the East India Company's possessions. The Punjaub, or Sikh territory, as extended by Ranjit Singh, covers a superficial area of 135,000 square miles, with a population of five millions, of whom scarcely 500,000 are genuine Sikhs. It is divided into *doabs*, or lands lying between two rivers, which are Julinder, Bari, Rechna, Sinhut, and Sind Sagur, with the Derajat, and Peshauwar, the right bank of the Indus. The district derives its name from two Persian words,

(1) 1. "A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej." By Joseph Davey Cunningham. Murray, 1849.——2. "A History of the Reigning Family of Lahore." Smith & Elder. 1849.——3. "Four Months in the Marches of Mooltan." Chapman. 1849.

signifying five rivers, although, in reality, six may be said to enrich the soil. The Sutlej, taking its rise in the distant mountains of Thibet, follows an irregular and unimpeded course for 200 miles, descending through the valleys of the Himalaya range, until it, at length, flows down upon the country where, joined by numerous tributaries, it enters the plains of the Punjaub at Roopur, and is soon afterwards enlarged by the addition of the Beah, whose source is also found in the Himalaya Mountains. The rivers now form one, known by the name of Ghara, which presents a breadth of 290 yards at the driest season, whilst its depth is twelve feet. Previous to its confluence with the Chenab the stream loses much of its rapidity, and rolls slowly, whilst the appearance of the surface is discoloured and muddy. The surrounding country is low and marshy, and two distinct courses of the rivers Chenab and Ghara, though in reality united, may be traced for many miles, the colour of the former being deep red, while the waves of the latter are pale in the extreme. The source of the Chenab is traced far beyond the Chinese frontier. After receiving many tributary streams, it emerges upon the plains at Bohursi, and becomes navigable for small boats after passing Akluir. Its course is rapid, and its breadth constantly varies, sometimes expanding to three-quarters of a mile, and then shrinking its dimensions to 600 yards.

The Rance rises in Vailu, among the Himalaya Mountains, but is not navigable until within a moderate distance of the capital. Its course is extremely winding, and its banks, fringed with tamarisks and reeds, vary in height from twenty to forty feet. In the adjacent country are found numerous villages, inhabited by pastoral tribes wholly devoted to agricultural pursuits. A tract of land possessing extreme beauty stretches between this river and the Beah. Villages and country-houses, adorned with gardens, are scattered here and there, and around them flourish the apricot, the peach-tree, the almond, the apple, the orange, the fig, the greengage, the date, the mango, the grape, the lemon, and numerous other fruits.

The principal towns, Lahore, Amritsar, Mooltan, Narpur, Runjabad, and Putlerj, lie in Badi, which is the most important of the *doabs*, and is well cultivated, although the soil in some places is exceedingly poor.

The general aspect of the country presents many extraordinary features. To the north the range of the snow-capped Himalaya towers to an almost incredible height, range above range, until the most distant summits are utterly lost in the vast expanse of cloud and sky above. In the bosoms of these hills are valleys of the richest fertility, where verdure is found in the most luxurious perfection. Flowers, and shrubs, and palms, flourish in these solitudes, diffusing fragrance through the air. From the feet of these lofty ranges stretch chain after chain of smaller hills, inhabited by Rajpoot communities. Quitting these, the traveller finds himself on a vast and apparently illimitable plain, extending for more than three hundred miles, to the confluence of the Indus and Punjabad, through which the noble rivers of the Punjaub wander, losing each other in their meeting, and then rolling on united, to carry fertilization over the surrounding countries. On the banks of the stream the richest verdure prevails; close on the edges pine trees rise and overhang the water, whilst here and there broad open expanses, on which a hamlet or town has been erected, stretch away. The tall palms spread their branches over the cottage roofs, for the most part inhabited by quiet and rural tribes of men. Sometimes dense masses of jungle extend for miles, and are lost at last in the skirts of immense woods.

The country, however, seems broken up into irregular patches of cultivation; from some portions the highest system of tillage is evident, while in contiguous districts, the utmost neglect is observable. There can be no doubt that under a fostering rule the Punjaub might become one of the most valuable of our Indian possessions. The rank growth of the jungle, the rapid shooting forth of every description of wild vegetation, are convincing proofs of the fertility of the soil, and what might it not become under judicious management and control. As it is, there is little of the march of civilization apparent among the Sikhs, who still adhere to the wildest superstitions, and are as a people plunged in the deepest ignorance.

We shall not in the brief limits to which we are necessarily confined be enabled to present our readers with more than a cursory glance at the most important towns. Those which have been the scene of the late and earlier battles naturally form the centre of the greatest interest. For two or three miles before reaching the capital, the road is marked by heaps of ruins disclosing remains of mosques or mausoleums, sufficiently removed from utter decay to betray traces of their former magnificence, and, as you draw near, Lahore itself presents a confused heap of buildings, towering high above the walls, or half buried among trees. Large domes rise here and there glittering in the sun, and splendid fronts of houses are beheld in all directions. The wall by which the town is surrounded is between thirty and forty feet in height, and strengthened at proper intervals by towers and bastions. The streets are narrow, and, like those of most oriental cities, dirty in the extreme, and are crowded by a population of upwards of a hundred thousand souls.

Amritsar, though it is not generally regarded as the capital, was doubtless in former times intended for that distinction. The fortifications and defences are infinitely superior to those of Lahore, whilst its size and population are much more considerable. This town possesses an extensive commerce, and carries on large manufactories of silks, coarse cloths, and shawls.

Mooltan is a large and important town; it was captured by Ranjit Singh in 1818, and was once famous as an emporium of trade, in which respect its importance has latterly considerably decreased. It stands at the south-west angle of the province, at a

distance of three miles from the Chenab. It is surrounded by a wall fifty feet in height, with six gates, distributed two on the south, two on the north, and two on the east and west sides. Round the city lie scattered tombs and mosques, with many ruins of ancient buildings.

The climate of the Punjaub is very different in different districts. The mountains in winter are heavily clothed with snow, which commonly continues from November to the middle of January, and sometimes lies on the ground to the depth of four or five feet. This is succeeded by a brief spring, followed by a summer of intense heat; yet notwithstanding the height to which the thermometer rises, the climate of the Punjaub is by no means uncongenial to the European constitution. Indeed, the proportionate amount of sickness is much less than in other districts.

The productions of the province are of a highly varied and valuable nature. At the plains abundance of rice, wheat, barley, and other grains are grown; indigo is cultivated eastward of Lahore, and the tobacco raised near Mooltan is equalled only by that of Persia. Although the sugar-cane thrives luxuriantly in many parts of the province, it does not equal in size that of Hindustan; the sugar, however, is itself infinitely superior in quality. Fruits of every description are plentiful and of the finest quality. The large rosy-cheeked apple carries us back to England, while the traveller may regale in a rich supply of peaches, grapes, almonds, figs, apricots, plums, greengages, pomegranates, mangoes, oranges, lemons, quinces, &c.

In the bosoms of the mountains are found alum and sulphur; white nitre is collected on the plains, whilst mines of copper, lead, and antimony exist in various places. There are many valuable animals to be met with. The horses are of a very fine breed, while herds of camels, buffaloes, and even elephants, inhabit the jungle, and may be seen quietly browsing on the plains. Other creatures also, less friendly to man, as the tiger and the panther, are to be found, and the wild districts of the north abound with hyænas, bears, lynxes and jackals. The mountains are frequented by great numbers of hawks, eagles, herons and pheasants, and the rivers are well stocked with fish.

Many important manufactories of shawls, silks, satins, brocades, carpets, and cotton cloths, exist in several towns in the Punjaub. When Bernier visited the province, more than forty thousand looms were incessantly employed in producing the most exquisite shawls, for which there once existed a great demand, which has, owing to the competition of the traders, much decreased. Mooltan is celebrated for its silks, and at Sealhot there is a paper manufactory.

The occupations of the Sikhs are of a varied nature, and they generally display some degree of excitement and enthusiasm in whatever they attempt. Near Harrikee, Barr observed a man making pottery in the simplest manner possible. In the centre of a circular hole, two feet and a half in depth by as many in diameter, a wooden staff was inserted, and upon this, close to the bottom, but not touching it, was a solid wheel of wood, while another of smaller dimensions was fixed nearer to the top. The apparatus was planted perpendicularly in the ground, and the man, sitting on the edge of the cavity, worked the larger wheel with his foot, whilst with his hands he moulded the clay, placed on the smaller one, into whatever form he required. He was seen to construct an utensil somewhat in the shape of a flower-pot, which he finished with great neatness in less than five minutes.

The erection of dwelling-houses constitutes an important branch of industry, and has been brought to some perfection both as to comfort and appearance. Flat-roofed, pointed-roofed, and cottage-shaped houses are among the most common. They are substantially built, and thatched with bamboo and various other materials, so abundantly found in the jungle.

The inhabitants of the Punjaub are an extremely superstitious[1] and ignorant race, composed for the most part of the Hindoo and Mohammedan tribes, of Jats, and Gujars; from these the soldiery are principally recruited. They believe devoutly in all kinds of witchcraft, spells, and omens, lucky and unlucky days, and choose auspicious moments for commencing undertakings. The Hindoos are quiet and inoffensive in their manners. The Sikh population generally are remarkable for their hospitality. They are fine handsome men, with a cast of countenance somewhat resembling that of the Jew, their manly appearance being increased by the magnificent beards and mustachios which they wear. The fondness for show and gaudy colours is excessive, especially amongst the higher class, whose costume usually consists of a yellow, orange, crimson, or some other bright coloured robe, with a turban to correspond. The majority carry a spear, or sword and shield, and take great delight in decorating themselves with the dorsal feathers of the heron.

Continual disputes arise among the people respecting village boundaries and the course of streams; these often lead to bloodshed. The Zemindars inhabiting the regions contiguous to the fountain head are in the habit of turning the water over their own lands, while those dwelling further down on the plains are debarred from its freshening and fertilizing influence. Other sources of contention exist between the Sikhs and the Mohammedans; the deadliest animosity is fostered, and pushed to such an extreme that they will refuse to fight in the same ranks and will not intermarry.

This leads us to the subject of betrothments, which in the Punjaub take place at a very early age, and these engagements are seldom broken through, though, should such a contingency occur, the presents made at the commencement are returned by the parents unless

(1) As an instance of credulity and ignorance, it may be mentioned that in 1838 a fakir acquired great celebrity by pretending to bury himself for months beneath the earth, and to rise again at will. He was called the burying fakir, and even deluded some Europeans, who put his ingenuity to a severe, and, as they thought, satisfactory test.

they can find a substitute for the girl. The ceremony of marriage in the Punjaub bears a resemblance to that observed among most uncivilized tribes. Early in the morning, the bridegroom, arraying himself in all the pomp which his circumstances may permit, mounts a horse, and, attended by a crowd of friends and relatives, proceeds to the house of the bride, where the ceremony is performed in the presence of a numerous party. On the return the lady is escorted, to the sound of drums and cymbals, to her future home. Gaily caparisoned horsemen attend her train, and a man follows her steed, bearing a huge chattah or umbrella, covered, among the common people, with coloured paper only, but with the rich formed of a more elegant material. Long pendants descend around it, and beneath its shade the dark maiden is conducted to her husband's dwelling. Crowds assemble from all parts of the village or town to witness the procession, and follow it with admiring eyes until it is lost to view. The people are fond of amusement and show of any kind. Their civilization is adapted to holiday-making and festivals, which are of frequent occurrence. Fireworks, dancers, processions, and gay gardens, enter largely into their idea of enjoyment. They take great pleasure in the display of magnificent dresses, arms, and finely caparisoned horses.

Some instances of Suttee still occur among the Sikh population, though it is now a rare circumstance. They, however, burn their dead upon a pyre. When the young of either sex are to be conveyed to their last home, they wrap the body in a piece of orange coloured cloth, and placing it on a sort of litter, bear it on their shoulders from the house of sorrow. A few men follow as mourners, and after them women robed in white walk two by two, chanting a solemn dirge in that low whining tone which all orientals know so well how to assume. If a river be near, they advance slowly to its brink, and logs being heaped one upon another, the body is softly laid upon them, more wood is then piled up, and at last the fire is communicated, amidst the shrieks and lamentations of the mourners, who beat themselves and each other at intervals till the corpse is entirely consumed. They then depart to their respective homes.

Robbery is of frequent occurrence here, as in all other portions of India. Instances of the most astonishing dexterity are related, which go far to prove that an organized system exists all over the province. The poor scarcely ever obtain redress, for justice is administered with an uneven and often bribe-directed hand. The robbers are often clever enough to escape detection. When, however, criminals are caught, they are punished by the loss of a nose, an ear, one hand, or both, according to the aggravated or trifling nature of their guilt. A rich offender generally contrives to evade these little inconveniences by the payment of a reasonable sum of money.

No dereliction from the path of duty is punished more severely than any infringement of the tenets laid down by their religion. To eat the flesh of an ox or to kill a cow is a capital offence, and the Sikh who ventures to commit the crime is punished with death. Any attempt to practise forbidden arts or make profession of witchcraft is visited with severe reprehension. In a particular spot among the mountains exist two pools, beneath whose waters many such offenders sleep. They are brought, accompanied by the holy men, to the spot, and with a millstone round their necks are plunged in, in order to convince the credulous that they had no power to resist the just vengeance of man.

The religion of the Sikhs is full of superstition and gross errors. It may, in fact, be termed a species of deism, blended with the absurdities of the Hindoo faith, and the fabulous inventions of the Mohammedan creed. The number of idols, it is true, has considerably decreased, for it was the constant endeavour of Nanuc Shah, the great founder of the sect, to upset the worship of images. Many observances, trifling and puerile in their nature, they long and tenaciously clung to, as the limpet clings to the rock, and only loosed their hold after long and violent efforts. Tobacco is forbidden, but with the strange inconsistency which so often characterises an imperfect faith, spirituous liquors are drunk, whenever and in as great quantities as they can be procured, while the use of the intoxicating opium and bhang is universal. The precepts of Nanuc inculcated much of peace and good-will towards men; but many of his simple rules were lost sight of by degrees, when persecution and malice aroused the spirit of warfare, and compelled the Sikhs to defend themselves against the aggressors. The holy man continually pressed upon his followers, that he was sent to reconcile jarring creeds, to inculcate the practice of good works, and to put down disputes and contentious, which were as impious as they were unjust. He taught that the good should go to Paradise, and those who were neither remarkable for their good deeds, nor distinguished for their sins, should again revisit the earth, whilst the souls of the wicked should animate the bodies of dogs and cats. Nanuc composed the first part of the Adi Granth, which, written in verse, is constantly read to the people. The subject of the poem is the Almighty, the beauty of religion and virtue, as contrasted with the hideousness of impiety and vice.

The Sikh people owe their origin and faith to this, in some respects, extraordinary man. From his earliest youth he displayed the deepest attachment to virtue, and was remarkable for his piety. He was born in 1469, at Salbunder, in the Lahore province, and being educated as a merchant, left his home with a considerable sum of money, to trade in salt. On his way he encountered a party of travelling fakirs, in a state of great destitution, and could not refrain from distributing his store among them; after which, he was compelled to return to his family, and explain what he had done. He was subsequently placed with his uncle, a merchant, with the view of inclining him more strongly to business, but all his attention was directed to charity and conversation with the devout. From his earliest youth he had evidently conceived

the plan of instituting a new religion among the inhabitants of the Punjaub. He perceived the distracting elements, and irreconcileable superstitions which then disfigured their worship, and the evils to which they gave birth, and all his studies and habits of reflection, inspired him with the idea of a purer religion.

When arrived at the proper age, he set out on his travels, for the purpose of enlarging the range of his knowledge, and acquiring a more perfect acquaintance with men. After visiting the tomb of Mohammed, the shrine of Mecca, he returned through Persia and Cabul to his native province, where he gradually surrounded himself with followers. The fame of his genius and learning spread, and many converts flocked around him, eager to be instructed in the principles of the new faith. The character of the man inspired them with respect. He possessed great penetration and remarkable fortitude and perseverance, while, for an oriental, he displayed much tolerance and moderation. Nanuc Shah was followed by many successors, by no means remarkable for their talents and virtue, until Ram Das, famed for his pious works and the building of the sacred reservoir of Amritsar. Arjunrade, his son, who succeeded him, was put to death by the Mohammedan governor of Lahore, at the instigation of a rival. His son summoned the Sikhs to arm; the call was obeyed, and a flame of war was kindled which the lapse of many years saw raging with undiminished fury. Until Gavind Goor possessed power, the Sikh religion maintained its character unaltered, but this holy man introduced new features, and considerably improved its tenets. From this time forth, the history of the Sikhs is intricate and obscure. To follow it through a series of battles and conflicts with reigning powers, would be utterly impossible in the space of an article such as ours. For years they disappear almost entirely from the annals of the Punjaub, and when they emerge from this gloom, it is as plunderers and oppressors of all who were opposed to them in religious belief.

They, however, gathered strength and importance by gradual degrees, and at length, in 1740, after the invasion of the Affghans, took possession of the Doab of Jullendar, and became a strong people, and ultimately subjugated the whole country. From the time of Maha Singh, father of Ranjit Singh, until the death of that prince, the history of the Punjaub is, doubtless, well known to most of our readers; and were it otherwise, our limits forbid us to detail it. Many works relative to that period have been published, explanatory of events, and descriptive of the social aspect of the times. Throughout his life, Ranjit had, whether from policy or inclination, displayed a friendly disposition towards the English,—a feeling which was not shared by his ministers. Upon his death, these hostile feelings became apparent, and the Sikh capital, in which Ranjit had maintained comparative order and repose, became the theatre of intrigue, murder, and assassination. There existed in Lahore a set of ambitious and jealous men, eager to establish themselves on the Guddee to the prejudice of young Dhuleep, the son of their late ruler, whom they desired to destroy. The Maharanee, eager to secure the ultimate succession of his son, gave the preference of prime minister to his own private favourites, and was continually engaged in intrigues and machinations, calculated utterly to subvert order and destroy peace. A series of murders commenced, which speedily plunged the capital into a state of irremediable confusion. One traitor after another paid the penalty of his transgressions;—for no sooner had he apparently paved the way to his own aggrandizement, than the hand of a rival struck him down from the pinnacle on which his ambition had placed him. The treaty which Ranjit had concluded with the British Government was infringed in every possible way; and this, with the disorganized and pitiable state of the Lahore population, rendered the interference of the English necessary in 1846. Into all these events Captain Cunningham has entered at considerable length. He has given a correct view of the state of things subsequent and previous to the death of Ranjit Singh, and has taken infinite pains to detail every interesting event to his readers. He was pre-eminently calculated to speak of the Sikhs from his long residence in the province, where he lived for eight years during an important period of its history. With patient laboriousness, and indefatigable perseverance, the author has amassed the materials of his work, and has presented us with a valuable and instructive volume upon a much desired subject. The history of the Sikhs has long been wanted,—at least, such a history as that before us. There is some confusion in the earlier portion, owing to the immense mass of facts which are crowded into the pages; but this, with some little additional trouble, might have been remedied.

Into the author's views respecting the future policy to be pursued with regard to the Punjaub, this is not the place to enter. We refrain from discussing the politics of the question, because our columns are not habitually devoted to such subjects; and we abstain from endeavouring to shadow forth the future, because experience has shown how dangerous it is to reckon on the wisdom of statesmen. We merely desire our readers to institute in their own minds a comparison between the independent populations of India and those under English rule; to weigh the chance of civilization in the native states and in the British provinces, —to contrast the degradation, misery, poverty, and tyranny, which are the normal condition of those districts now languishing under the influence of expiring native power, with the peace, prosperity, and gradual enlightenment of those Indian races who now travel on the road to civilization, happiness, and freedom, under the shadow of British rule, and to ask themselves the question,—What course will be most beneficial to humanity?

And if the objection arises in the reader's mind—Is annexation just?—have we a right to extend our fostering arms over the Punjaub?—then we request

them to glance back over the late history of the province. The invasion, twice repeated, of the territories of an ally, the violation of all engagements, the treacherous assassinations and conspiracies, of which the clearest evidence has proved its native rulers guilty,—these are the justifications of conquest. The battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon, gave us a title to the possession of the province. Why, therefore, was all that blood shed at Mooltan, Chillianwallah, and Ramnuggur? Clearly because we neglected to do then what we shall ultimately be compelled to do,—because we sought to inspire vitality into a corpse. It is like cutting down a noxious plant; unless you root it up, it will grow again with more rankness than before. The simile is exactly applicable to the case: what has happened, may and will happen again. The policy of annexation will spread plenty, peace, and freedom over the Punjaub, whilst its contrary principle, if acted upon, will sow the seeds of fresh battles, fresh disasters, fresh conquests, and, in a word, give birth to other dear-bought victories, like that of Chillianwallah, to drench the land with blood, and to scatter sorrow and mourning through thousands of English and Indian homes.

A RABBINICAL LEGEND.[1]

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

THE shades of evening fell upon the land,
And Abraham knelt within his tent, and called,
As was his wont, upon the Holy God.

There came a stranger to the patriarch's tent,
A solitary, weary wayfarer,
Years-stricken, hunger-smitten, travel-soiled,
And pray'd and said, "Have pity on the poor,
And give me leave to rest my limbs awhile,
And cool my parch'd lips from the stranger's flask."

And Abraham heard, and in the name of Him
Who in one likeness fashion'd all mankind,
Went forth and took the stranger by the hand,
And brought him in, and gave him bread to eat,
And furnish'd him with water from his flask.

And Abraham ask'd him not from whence he came,
Whither he journey'd, or what name he bore;
But for that he was weary, and distress'd
By toil and travail, hungry and athirst,
Besought him, saying: "Sojourn thou with me,
And in my tent with me and mine abide,
And share my morning and my mid-day meal,
That when thou art refreshed and satisfied,
Thou mayst proceed rejoicing on thy way."

Then Abraham turnèd him about awhile,
And fell upon his face, and pray'd again,
And call'd aloud upon the living God.

And lo! the stranger rose, and went aside,
Nor bent his knee, nor utter'd prayer nor praise,
But fix'd his eyes upon the setting sun,
And murmur'd something, which as Abraham heard,
His wrath was kindled, and he spake and said:

"There is One God, who made the heavens and earth,
To whom alone all homage should be paid;
Him shouldst thou worship, Him shouldst thou adore;
The stars of night, the sun, the firmament,
Are his, and form'd and fashion'd by his hand.
Why call'st thou not upon his name with me?"

The stranger answer'd: "Worship thou thy God,
Nor in thy tent will I blaspheme his name,
But I have never learnt to pray to him:
I worship not with thee, nor thou with me."

Then Abraham took the stranger by the arm,
And thrust him forth, and drove him from the tent,
And so with force constrain'd him to depart.

And Abraham fell upon his face again,
And call'd once more aloud upon his God:
And lo! a voice address'd him as he pray'd,
"Oh, Abraham, Abraham!" Abraham knew the voice,
And spake and answer'd, "Yea, Lord, here am I."

Then said the Lord: "Where is the man that sought
For food and shelter at my servant's hands—
The stranger that I sent to thee to night?"

And Abraham answer'd, "He refused to call
Upon thy name, and own thee for his God,
And I was wroth, and sent him on his way."

Then spake the Lord: "Is he not old and poor—
Have *I* not borne with him these hundred years,
And couldst not thou, the servant of my choice,
Bear with his presence for a single night?"

And Abraham rose, and knew that he had sinn'd,
And smote his breast, and groan'd within himself,
And cried and said: "The Lord my God is good,
Now therefore I will turn and seek the man,
And bring him in unto my tent again;
For surely he shall rest with me to-night."

So Abraham passèd forth, and sought the man;
And wandering o'er the waste with heavy heart,
What time the shadows darken'd all the land,
Found him at length, as through the wilderness
He journey'd on with toilsome step and slow.

And Abraham callèd after him, and said:
"Oh, stranger, I have done a grievous wrong,
And sinn'd against my God exceedingly;
Now, therefore, I beseech thee, turn again,
And rest thine aged limbs this night with me,
And on the morrow take whate'er thou wilt;
For so the Lord my God commandeth me."

So Abraham caused the stranger to return,
And brought him back with him unto his tent.
And on the morrow Abraham pray'd the Lord
To bless the man with further length of days
And heart and mind to learn and do His will.

(1) This Apologue is quoted by Bishop Jeremy Taylor in his "Liberty of Prophesying." In the present version a slight alteration has been made in the story.

THE HISTORY OF A HOUSEHOLD.[1]

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

CHAPTER III.—THE FIRST DEATH IN THE FAMILY.

AFTER Margaret's wedding, our house was never quite so cheerful as before. Miles went away to a distant school, and Dora became Kate's pupil, for my mother would never consent to send her daughters from

(1) Continued from p. 133.

the sacred precincts of home, the only place where a young girl's mind and heart can be alike nurtured. I followed my profession of medicine, living still in my father's house.

Herbert, helpless as he was doomed to be through life, and sad as that life had now become through the severance of the sweet tie which had subsisted from his birth,—yet endured patiently his monotonous existence. Kate became to him as she always had been to me, the kindest sister that ever man had; yet he never loved her like Margaret.

It was early autumn when Margaret went away; winter came and found Herbert still pining for his twin-sister. His continual ill-health had given him almost the clinging tenderness of a girl; indeed, at nineteen, Herbert was in many things a mere child. In a thousand ways Margaret had become essential to him; she it was who soothed his waywardness, who found for him all kinds of amusement, and prevented his devoting himself to any undue study. In intellect Herbert had the strength of manhood; in every thing else he was a boy still. Now that Margaret was gone, he clung solely to his books for pleasure, and no persuasions could allure him from them. He grew more reserved, less simple and child-like, and though his health was scarcely worse than usual, still there darkened more and more over his face that strange shadow, half-solemn, half-mournful, which we unconsciously associate with the idea of future sorrow, or regard as the omen of early death.

Christmas came, and we all met together once more—all but one! Yet we knew that she was happy sailing over the blue waters with him who, as she had said with the enthusiasm of a young wife, "made every place home to her." Still there was one gone from among us; and when we gathered round the dinner-table there was one vacant seat, by Herbert's side. My mother glanced towards it, and burst into tears. Kate silently glided thither, but Herbert, with the waywardness in which he now indulged at times, signed her to return to her own place. Not another word was said about Margaret; but that Christmas dinner was the first sad and silent one we had ever had.

All evening we were very quiet; Margaret's piano remained unopened, and the unfailing jests of Miles could elicit a smile from none but Dora. Herbert sat reading in his arm-chair. Once or twice during the evening I watched his countenance change, while he pressed his hand suddenly to his heart. But when I spoke to him, he only answered that it was a slight pain which was quite usual to him—nothing worth "Doctor Bernard's" notice. That night my father gave us his simple and heart-felt "God bless you all, my children!" with more solemnity than usual; and for the first time we separated without the accustomed mirthful chorus, to which every one used to add his or her voice, whether musical or not. It was the last Christmas-day we ever spent together.

I returned to my professional duties, and was but little at home. It was a bitter winter, and we were not surprised that Herbert suffered much in consequence. We had been so long accustomed to his illness, that we never thought his health was failing. Letters from Margaret cheered and brightened him; her absence, she said, was likely to last only five years instead of ten, and then Edmund was determined never to leave England more. Kate told me how much this good news had affected our invalid,—at first almost dangerously so, for the throbbing pain at his heart had alarmed her by its frequency. But Herbert now looked so well, and seemed so cheerful, that his kind sister soon lost all fear.

One evening I returned home, having been absent from the dull dawn of a winter's morning until late at night. I rode through the court-yard—fastened my horse, and, without seeing any person, walked through the dark fir-tree alley, to the hall-door. No light came from the windows on the snow-covered grass; but I was scarcely surprised, for it was a night in which every one would shut out the cold with double barricades. My usual light knock sounded hollow and strange, I thought; but in a moment the door was opened by my sister.

"It is a late hour for you, Kate," I said.

She did not speak, but her looks terrified me.

"Has any thing happened?" I hastily asked.

Kate threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking.

Death had entered our house for the first time; the gentle, long stricken Herbert was no more! He had died suddenly a few hours before, of that fearful heart-disease which calls away its victims in a moment. Kate was leaning over his easy-chair in cheerful talk, when the dread summons came. One affectionate look—one pressure of her hand—one word, "*Margaret!*" and the soul had departed. Our brother was now numbered with the dead.

I do not see why we should pray to be delivered from "sudden death." To those who walk with their eyes turned heavenward, not shrinking from the dread Angel, but looking calmly on his face, until all its horror is changed into a solemn beauty, there is no fear, whether he come with a slow warning, or with a lightning summons. Equally peaceful are the arms of the great Deliverer, whether they creep around us with the stealthiness of wasting sickness, or snatch us away in the embrace of a moment. And to those who survive, is it not almost always better that the wrench should be sudden than that they should watch the lingering agonies of slow disease, until love itself grows feebler, and even learns to pray that the sufferer may be freed?

Thus thought I, as in the stillness of that solemn midnight I stood with Kate beside me, and looked on the marble features of our dead brother. We did not murmur—we felt that it was best it should be so. For Herbert we could not grieve. Life to him had been a weary road, save for the continual sunshine of love that had surrounded him. If a change should come, he could not have borne it. I knew, more than Kate did, that there was a cloud

gathering over us, and I felt almost thankful that poor Herbert had been taken away from the sorrow to come, though it was then only as a faint shadow in the distance.

I have not yet spoken of my father and mother in their affliction. Perhaps in a large family, the companionship between parents and children is not so close as when there are few to divide that parental love. My father and mother were so united to each other that they had no favourites among the children. Their joys and sorrows were shared together through many long years of wedded life; and when this greatest blow came, the husband and wife clung to one another, and not even we dared intermingle our sorrows with a grief so sacred as theirs. They remained together, secluded in their own chamber, rarely joining the rest of the family, during the whole of that gloomy week of death.

The first death in a household carries with it a strange solemnity. Never before had we experienced the tokens of the presence of death,—the closed shutters, the noiseless footsteps, the whispered tones, and all those dread formalities which sorrow assumes. I do not think this altogether right. Why should we close the light of day from us, if we indeed believe as we say, that the dead—the righteous dead—are blessed, and their spirits are rejoicing in that heaven to which we dare not or will not look? Why should we shrink from mentioning the beloved name of one departed, or utter it with mournful and pitying epithets, when each doctrine of our religion, each effort of our reason, teaches us that the great change from life to immortality is one joyful, and not sorrowful? I did not then think thus, but I do now; and the more so as, from my profession, I have been often and often within the shadow of the dread Visitant, until I have learned to look upon him thus, without fear or undue sorrow. Would that I could teach all others to do the same!

My father, my brother, and I, laid poor Herbert in his solitary grave, the first of our own that we had ever stood by. We heard the words of immortal hope breathed in our Church's sublime burial service, and then we returned home. My mother and sisters sat in their black robes, calm and serious, but without tears. They had subdued their first bitter grief, and affection would soon soften it into a tender memory of him who was gone. But alas! for the one who had so loved him, and whom he had loved best; who was far away, and knew not that she would see his face no more! From my heart's core I grieved at the thought of Margaret.

Chapter IV.—Life and its Cares.

Not long after Herbert's death, I determined to quit my father's house, and begin to practise as a surgeon in a distant part of the country. I did this partly because of a few hints that my father gave of his own cares, and the wish he had to see me settled and making my way in the world. He expressed what I thought at the time an undue anxiety for the fate of my two sisters, saying then I was their sole stay, that Miles was only a boy, and even then a great cause of sorrow, from his thoughtlessness and his wild ways.

I had none of the joy that young men often feel at leaving the household, for home was to me not a place of restraint, but a sweet and pleasant refuge—not a dull prison, but a cheerful abode where all tried to make a little atmosphere of quiet gaiety. People who murmur so constantly at the faults of wild brothers and unruly sons, never think how much the after life of both depends on their life at home during the interval from childhood to manhood. If it is a wife's duty to make for her husband a cheerful and happy fireside, surely it is no less that of mother and sisters to do the same for the young men who depend on them for so much while they remain at home. True, the wife receives the fruit of her care and self-devotion in her husband's love and the world's estimation, while the mother and sister are rarely requited and often forgotten; but the duty remains the same, and the good influence is never wholly lost.

All this and more had Kate done for me, and my greatest trouble in leaving home, was in parting from her. Her good sense, her gentle temper, her strong but not too excitable feelings, made her every way suited to be my companion and confidant. And so she was from childhood; until the younger ones used to laugh and call us the grave old people—old bachelor and old maid in prospective. How far they were destined to prove true prophets, my story will tell in good time. However, at present the prediction seemed likely to be correct, for Kate had arrived at the mature age of twenty-two, without showing any disposition to follow the example of our beautiful Margaret. I think I have never described Kate; I will do so now. She was not beautiful; her perfectly colourless complexion looked faded beside Margaret's lilies and roses: yet her delicate features were full of expression; she had sweet soft eyes, and beautiful silken hair, of that purple black which poets call hyacinthine. She possessed the grace which a refined mind naturally gives to a face and form otherwise not lovely; at first sight she seemed an ordinary girl, neither plain nor pretty; but one by one her qualities, personal and mental, unfolded themselves, and before you had lived a week in the same house with my sister Kate, you would have thought her a perfect Venus.

The day before I left home, Kate and I had a long walk and talk together; much good advice did the gentle girl bestow, to which her elder brother was not too proud to listen, so humbly and unoffendingly was it given. Some men think a woman has no capability of judging or of advising; but I am not ashamed to confess that some of Kate's grave speeches during that long walk have lingered on my memory, and done me good through life.

"Bernard," she said, in answer to my vague hopes that good fortune might attend me, "you do not know how much a man's fortune in life depends upon him-

self. Fate, or rather Providence, sends the showers and sunshine, but all is in vain if man does not sow the corn. If your steadiness and perseverance had not attracted the notice of good Dr. Cleveland, he would probably never have offered you this partnership which is likely to turn out so well, and which you call so fortunate."

"I am afraid, Kate, you will make me vain, when I ought to be pious and thankful."

"Not at all," answered my sister; "I will stop your mouth with an old adage, dear Bernard—'Providence helps those who help themselves.' And don't be discouraged," she added with a smile, "if you have to work from morning till night, or your patients get peevish, and the old doctor cross; go on your way steadily, not expecting too much, and you will be a great man yet."

"Thank you, Kate; I did not know you thought me so clever."

Kate's frankness was put to the proof; she said candidly, though affectionately, "I do not consider you a man of genius, Bernard, but your talents are above mediocrity; and you will, I trust, deserve thus far the title of a great man, in having made the most of your natural powers, and in becoming a useful and good member of society in your station, whether it be high or low. And depend upon it, no one is or will be more proud of you than your sister Kate." Her voice trembled as she concluded. I pressed her arm as we walked along, declaring that she was the best and truest sister in the world—that I would never give her reason to think worse of me than now; and so we went in to prepare for my departure.

When my father bade me adieu in his study, he told me how strong was his confidence that I should do well in the world, that as yet he could only add to my store a small gift of money which he made me take. Things had not gone well in his business lately, he said, though he hoped they would amend.

"But I am getting old, Bernard," he added, "and you may ere long become the head of the family. Two of them are gone—perhaps it is well for poor Herbert, as for Margaret—but there are your mother, your sisters, and Miles; I charge you, act ever towards them as I have acted towards you, and towards all my children. Be a good elder brother and guide to them, and if I should die before your mother, never forsake her in her old age. But I do not doubt you," he continued, "you have always been a comfort to me, and, my dear Bernard, my best wish for you is that *your* eldest son may grow up like *mine!*"

Six months after my departure, I was called home suddenly—My father was dead, and the family were ruined!

Chapter V.—The Breaking-up of the Family.

Many and cutting were the observations of our neighbours, when it was known that Mr. Orgreve, whom every one thought so well off in his circumstances had died on the verge of insolvency. But the world is not half so wicked and cruel as many novelists—ay, and moralists too,—would have us believe, making universal the distorted image which exists in their own hearts, and walking through life with a pair of allegorical green spectacles on their mental eyes. There is much goodness and noble kindness in the world yet; and so I thought when many old friends—ay, and new ones too—did not turn away from me, but gave the hand of fellowship to my ruined father's son. Now I saw what a blessing is an unspotted name. My father had gone through life blameless; and though by a sudden revulsion in trade he had experienced these fatal losses, yet even then he was not distrusted. Not one of his creditors obtruded themselves to harass his dying moments, or to add fresh agony to the sorrows of the widow and orphans.

When I shed the tears which even manhood could not despise, over my father's grave, in my heart of hearts I blessed him for having left me that best of inheritance, a good name—and next to that, that he had given me the education, mental and moral, which is worth all the world's wealth. I had never hoped for much of his fortune, in which there were so many to share,—girls too, whom it is every father's duty to consider first; but still it was a loss to me to miss any little help that my father might have given me. And then I had my widowed mother, whose strength of mind was utterly prostrated, Dora, and Miles, all looking to me for support, counsel, and comfort. Kate alone, my brave Kate, could think and act for herself.

My sister and I mutually began to arrange our father's affairs. In his last illness he had taken his eldest daughter into his confidence, and therefore Kate was a great assistance to me. We found that, upon the discharge of some long-standing debts owing to him, enough might be collected from the wreck of his fortune to clear our father's memory from disgrace, and even to leave some trifle over. But we must have time;—and so I went to every one of my father's creditors to ask this. It was an undertaking that sorely galled my pride, but Kate encouraged me in her own gentle way.

"Sudden misfortune is no shame," she said; "no one will think lower of you for what has happened, at least no one whose opinion is worth having. You were always rather too proud, Bernard," she added with a faint smile, "and you think there are no good people to be found, when there are many."

Kate was right; with one or two exceptions, I was every where treated with respect instead of coolness or insolence.

"Mr. Bernard Orgreve," said one old man to me, "pay me when you can or when you like; if never, my grand-children will be none the worse for a few pounds. I knew your father all his life; he was an honourable man, and it was no fault of his if trouble came to him in his old age. I don't mind waiting for what he owed me, and I should be ashamed of myself if I doubted for a moment your father's son."

Another, whom I had myself known, and whose

family I had attended, listened silently to my statement, and then said with a *brusque* manner which I should have thought unfeeling, had I not seen a strange moistness in his eyes,

"My good sir, I wonder what you think I am made of! Did you not save the life of my pretty little Nelly in that dreadful fever, and do you think I could look at her sweet healthy smiling face, and remember that your father's children were the poorer for my taking your money, even though he did legally owe it to me? Mr. Bernard, I won't have a penny of it; and to show you that I mean what I say, look nere!"

He took my father's bond, and pushed it between the bars of the grate, making several fierce attacks at it with the poker until it was quite consumed. Then putting his hands in his pockets with a complacent smile the worthy man added,

"Now this matter is ended, so come and see how well my Nelly looks, and let my wife give you a cup of tea."

I went home with a full heart. "You spoke truly, dear Kate," said I, when I had told her the result of my mission, which brought many bright tears to her soft gray eyes, making them softer than ever; "The world is indeed full of goodness."

"If we do but strive to deserve it, Bernard. How much do we not owe to our excellent father, whose virtues have brought a blessing on his children even when he is no more!" And Kate repeated in her low tones a rhyme from one of the grave, wise old English poets that she loved so much:—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

And now we had to think of the future. Our dear old home could be ours no longer; the factory, house, and furniture must be sold, and Kate wisely thought that the sooner all was over, the better. My poor mother clung helplessly and hopelessly to her two elder children, suffering us to arrange all as we thought best. Her whole life and energies had been so wrapped up in my father, she had been so accustomed to look to him for support in every thing, that her mind, never of the highest order, sunk powerless under the blow. She moved mechanically about the house, arranging my father's papers and clothes, as if he were alive, and examining her widow's weeds with a touching earnestness. She kept Dora, who was my father's pet and very like him, constantly by her side, sometimes looking wistfully in the child's face until a flood of tears came to her relief; but more constantly her senses were wrapped in a dull torpor that was more sad than weeping. When Kate explained to her that she was to go and live with Bernard, she at first resolutely refused; but at last we succeeded in persuading her to consent. My kind partner found me a small house, and there we agreed should be the home of my mother and Dora. Miles would finish his school-term in a few months, and then we must think of something for him.

"But you, Kate," I asked, when we had decided all these things; "you have said nothing of yourself; what are you thinking to do?—I can never part with you."

"It will be painful, Bernard, but there is no other chance. It is hard enough upon you to have the whole care of my mother and Dora, who are so helpless; I am the only one who can do anything, it is fitting that I should try."

"And what will you do, my poor Kate?"

"I will go out as a governess."

At first I vehemently opposed this plan, not through pride, for, alas! my pride had been sorely bowed, but because I could not bear to have my favourite sister subjected to the caprices of others, without a home or a brother to shield her. But Kate succeeded at last in persuading me that she was right.

"If I do meet with a little unkindness," she said, "you know I have a quiet spirit to make the best of it. I am not beautiful, and have some little dignity, I hope, so that I can take care of myself. And then, not being quite so proud as my elder brother, I shall not suffer so much if I should meet with a few slights. But I do truly believe that the treatment the world gives us depends much upon ourselves."

"And shall we never have a home together again, Kate?"

"Yes, if you get rich, or Dora marries, I will come and keep house for you, Bernard; that is, if you have not by that time a better and dearer housekeeper than your sister Kate."

I smiled, and the conversation ceased. Kate, having gained this point, set bravely to accomplish her end, and soon found a proffered home in a family to which even I could not bring an objection. We persuaded my mother to take Dora, and see that all was going on well in her future home. Imagining, or at least hoping that her absence was but temporary, she departed, thus avoiding the pang of a last farewell to the dear scene of her long and happy wedded life. When my mother was gone, Kate and I were left alone to prepare for our departure. Three busy days allowed us no time to think, for we had to arrange all preparatory to the sale. But for this, it would have been a mournful thing to witness the havoc in our pretty home;—our dismantled nursery, our pleasant drawing-room, full of so many silent remembrances, my father's books, Margaret's piano, and Herbert's easy-chair. All were tokens that death and change had been busy amongst us, and that we should be no more as we once had been, until we met—

"No wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!"

Kate and I sat mournfully at our last meal, the night before the sale. We were both weary, and an hour's rest was very welcome. We sat in my father's study, the only room in the house that preserved a semblance of comfort. Yet it was carpetless, and the furniture was heaped carelessly together, except the two chairs which we occupied. Kate's hand

trembled as she poured out the tea; she had been very calm all day, like a brave-hearted girl as she was, but she looked ill and worn, and there was a quivering on her lips at times, which showed how much she struggled for composure.

"I think we have done all that is to be done, Bernard," she said; "you have worked very hard, and I begin to feel tired myself. I am rather glad that we accepted Mrs. Woodward's offer for the night; the house looks so desolate." Kate's eyes glanced round the room until they became dim with tears, and I will confess that my own were far from seeing clearly.

"Now let us go," said she, as the fire sank to its last embers, and the chilly night began to be felt. And yet we lingered, walked through every room, and were long in unfastening the hall-door, which closed upon us, at last, with a sound which rang mournfully through the half-empty dwelling.

We stood a few moments in the garden. The old house rose clearly defined in the frosty moonlight, and the fir-trees cast their dark shadows, as in our childish days, when we used to steal out to play at hide-and-seek on clear nights like this. Where were we all now? Two sleeping in the churchyard hard by, one far over the waters, the rest scattered; only Kate and I remained to bid adieu to our dear old home. With our hands fast clasped together, my sister and I stood long and mournfully, and then, as in that other time of deep sorrow, Kate's arm encircled my neck, and she wept in the bitterness of grief. At last we turned away, and quitted for ever the home of our childhood.

(To be continued.)

THE PLANT.[1]

Shaken by autumn gusts, the seed drops into the soil; the yellow leaves fall upon it, cover it, and moulder into dust; the winter rain washes it deeper into the earth's bosom, the mid-winter frost chains it in an ice-bound cell, which spring breaks up, and under the vitalizing influence of an opening floral year, the plant comes to life, bursts its grave-bonds, and enters into the vegetable world a new and perfect organism. Buried in one form, it has arisen in another; yet this, the true and exact repetition of the parent of the seed, and itself to become the parent, in course of time, of a multitude of seeds, all intended to run the same career and effectuate the same results. Faith commits the seed to the earth with a full and certain expectation of the revivification of the now slumbering mass of cells, and we depart and leave it; it grows up we know not how. But not altogether so: true, we do not know, and in all probability never shall know, the number and nature of the principles which we are pleased to call the laws of vitality, nor how a little warmth and a little moisture calls them into activity; but we *can* watch the building up of the wonderful plant-structure from the primordial cell up to the perfection of vegetable beauty; and to present in a popular style, and with such ornaments as a poetic-minded man of science knows best how to employ, a linked exposition of the chain of events concerned in this, the life of a plant, from its cradle to its maturity, is the object of the work now before us.

Is it then possible among the infinite variations of vegetable form and structure to find order in disorder, a single type in those thousand-fold varieties of habit which the narrowest view of the plant-world brings up to the memory? Is it so that the tall palm, the delicate moss, the rosy *Victoria regina*, the yellow-flowered duck-weed, notwithstanding all the play of fashioning we behold in them, have a common basis of structure, a point where all meet, whence all depart? Such has been now shown to be strictly true, and to Dr. Schleiden belongs the honour of this, one of the most important and astonishing of microscopical discoveries. Let us then listen attentively as the author discourses to us the wonders of the vegetable birth, and follow him as he unfolds the wealth of one of the most beautiful of the Creator's works, the kingdom of plants. In order, however, to give a degree of order to the conceptions of the reader on these interesting subjects, we shall take the liberty of the critical morphologist, and so rearrange the matter of this volume as to present within the limits of an article a tolerably definite sketch of its most important and interesting sections.

The basis of the structure of all the so very dissimilar vegetables, is a little closed vesicle, composed of a membrane usually transparent and colourless as water; this botanists call the "cell," or "vegetable cell." All living vegetating "cells" have this in common: their wall consists of a double layer—a firm colourless one, (the proper cell-membrane,) and a semi-fluid, viscid and rather yellowish substance, which invests the whole internal surface of the cell-membrane, and thus constitutes one of the coats of the cell. The latter coating is called the "primordial utricle," and, strange to say, it may be occasionally seen flowing with a continuous motion, and often in a determinate direction over the in-surface of the tiny cell. This fluid or semi-fluid investment is found to contain nitrogen, while the membranous exterior or cell-wall is composed of cellulose, consisting chemically of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen only. If the reader would see a separate cell, it is easily effected by stripping off the membrane of the snow-berry, and he will find in its interior a number of slippery, small, shining granules, which are vegetable cells. Minute though these cells are, and insignificant as in the muster-roll of vegetable life they appear, each may be regarded as a little independent organism living for itself alone. It imbibes fluid nutriment from the surrounding parts, out of which, by chemical processes which are constantly in action in the interior of the cell, it forms new substances, which are partly applied

(1) "The Plant; a Biography." By M. J. Schleiden. Translated by A. Henfrey. London: Baillière. 1848.

to the nutrition and growth of its walls, partly laid up in store for future requirements, partly again expelled as useless and to make room for the entrance of new matters. Thus this diminutive cell presents us with the whole idea of the life of a plant. What wonderful chemico-vital laboratories then are these, of which thousands may lie at once on the microscopic field of vision.

The origin of the cell is not clearly made out; this much is certain, that a peculiar little body appertaining to the viscid in-coat of the cell, and called the cell-nucleus, plays a very important part in it. The cell does not continue stationary; it grows. It always remains closed, shut up as it were, but it increases in size, pressing itself against surrounding cells, and thus assuming a number of different forms in consequence of the mutual lateral and perpendicular pressure. The walls of the cell also increase in thickness, new matter being deposited by the viscid in-coat upon the inner surface of the cell-wall, sometimes in streaks, dots, or spiral lines, and this may go on until the whole cavity of the cell is filled up, or it may cease at a particular point. Upon these two peculiarities of the laws of cell-life, and upon the varying external circumstances in which they came into operation, rests the origin of all the various tissues which make up the whole plant. Thus the cell becomes the simple element, from which may proceed an almost countless number of differences in the tissue of plants. These cells in the course of their development become crowded closely together, and thus form the whole mass of the plant—the cellular tissue—which, however, may be divided into three principal classes of tissue according to the different forms of the cells, and more especially according to their importance to the life of the plant. To use popular terms, these are the bark, the wood, and the pith of plants, or in botanical language, respectively the epidermoid, vascular, and cellular tissues. Their different characters may be readily detected by the microscope, and as the woody or "bass" fibres enter into the composition of linen fabrics, and exhibit a marked difference of structure from the flattened filaments of cotton, the microscope actually supplies us with the only certain means of distinguishing an adulteration of cotton in a professedly linen garment.

In the varying nature of the cell-contents mankind has the deepest interest. If only so far as they relate to the gratification of the senses, they stand prominently forward among their fellow tenants of the kingdom of nature. Here lies locked up the odorous perfume which, insensibly escaping, fills the damp evening air with its balmy fragrance; here too every shade of red, blue and yellow, or the pellucid droplet which gleams through the waxen structures and produces a snowy whiteness. All the tinctorial glories, all the delicacies of scent, all the loveliness of aspect are here. More than this, here lies the potent drug,—here the pain-annulling alkaloid,—here the fearful poison; yet more—here lies the food of man and beast. In a word, the riches and the beauty of the vegetable world are alike dependent upon the contents of these minute vesicles. Two of the most important constituents in the vegetable cell, however, are the semi-fluid, half-granular mucus, composed of a nitrogenous substance; and starch. In a grain of corn the nitrogenous matter, or gluten, which constitutes the peculiar nutrient matter of the grain, lies principally in the cells nearest the outside; the inner cells are principally filled with starch. Now the grindstone separating the husk from the grain also separates the very cells which contain the pre-eminently nutritive part of the wheat, for these lie outside; hence the microscope at once explains to us why bread is just so much the less valuable for food, the more carefully the bran has been separated from the meal. Will *this* evidence suffice to convince man of the loss and injury which caprice entails upon him?

We have yet one more important peculiarity of the vegetable cell to discuss before we can go further. If the nutrient matter within the cell increases in quantity beyond a certain measure, new cells are formed from it within the first, called secondary or daughter-cells; they propagate, and in the usual course the mother-cell then gradually dissolves and disappears, while the two, four, eight or more young cells produced by it, occupy its place. The whole of that process which we call growth in plants, consists in its essential elements of a continuous propagation of cells of this kind, whence the number of cells becomes multiplied beyond calculation, nay almost beyond credibility. From an approximative calculation, for example, in a rapidly growing fungus, the *Bovista gigantea*, 20,000 new cells are formed in every minute! Now, the newly-formed cells have also this peculiarity, that they grow, and arrange themselves conformably to the cell in which they originate. Thus is the power given to all plants to develope new plants out of any of their cells, when these come to be placed in favourable circumstances.

Leaving now these first principles, so necessary to be understood *in limine*, and so intrinsically interesting in themselves, let us pass on to the proper plant-history; and in so doing we must commence at the natural commencement, the formative processes concerned in producing the seed. All that splendid fabric which rose under Linnæus, and Linnæan hands, under the title of the sexual system, has been dashed to the ground by the unspiritualizing science of modern botany, and it was the lot of the author of this volume to contribute the most powerful and fatal assistance to its destruction. The fables of philosopher-poets, and the marvels of poet-botanists, as to what they fancifully termed the Loves of the Plants, have vanished away, and it now appears as a distinct fact, that we are to look to no hidden mysteries for the origin of a seed, but rather to direct our thoughts to the laws affecting the development of the vegetable cell. Taking this therefore as our stand-point, the following phenomena are exhibited before us in a survey of the reproduction of plants, and of seed. Every plant

produces within itself a definite number of single, free, unconnected cells, which at a certain epoch spontaneously separate from the plant. In plants possessing true leaves, these cells are produced only in the interior of the leaves, which at the same time often assume a very different form, as in the stamens. These cells are in every instance -excepting in the very lowest plants, flowering wholly under water—invested with a peculiar yellow and very indestructible substance; and when thus clothed are known to all the world as pollen. From every one of these propagative cells, under the proper conditions, a new plant will be developed, and this takes place under one of the two following conditions; either, as in Cryptogamic plants, such as the algæ, fungi, lichens, &c. the cells are at once scattered on the earth or in the water, where the new plants are to grow, and in this case the cells are called *spores*, or germinal grains,—or, in the evident-flowered or Phanerogamic plants, they enter into a peculiar apparatus in which they develop up to a certain point, and there pause for a time. Here the cells are called *pollen;* they are produced by *stamens* or metamorphosed leaves; extending themselves into long filaments, they penetrate the *stigma*, enter the cavity of the *germen*, where meeting a number of little knobs called *ovules*, or properly *seed-buds*, they penetrate into them, there expand, become filled with daughter-cells, and these develop forthwith into a perfect, though as yet simple and minute plantule, the so-called *embryo* or *germ*. While the pollen-cell is thus developed into an embryo, the seed-bud is simultaneously perfected into a seed, and the germen becomes the fruit. The seed is thus formed; and with its latent powers of vitality only waits for the hand of time, accident, or of man to embosom it in the soil, to wake into life, and finally to evolve the perfect plant. The slumber may be for a few months, or it may even be for three thousand years, yet let the favouring circumstances come, and vegetable life takes origin from that hour.

In spring we commit the barleycorn to its nurse, the earth; the germ begins to move, starts from its envelopes, which fall to decay. A tiny leaf springs up, and a tiny radicle shoots down. Cell is heaped upon cell in both directions and laterally. The young plant grows and stands above the soil, and we distinguish in it two essential portions, the axis and the leaves. To these all other parts may be reduced. As we proceed up the stem, the leaves undergo a strange and generally a sudden metamorphosis; they lose their *chlorophyll*, or green colouring matter, become fragile and delicate in texture, and assume a difference of form so complete, that when we look for them in the sepals and petals of the flower we are apt to question the reality of the change. Inside the flower is the fruit, but the fruit is only a combination of leaves metamorphosed and fused together. Lastly, we come to the stamens: are these little structures altered leaves? They are no exception to the rest; the leaf becomes slender and thick; cavities are excavated in its interior; these become filled with a quantity of isolated dust-like cells, which by the regular opening of the cavities are expelled and scattered around. Thus are produced stamens, anthers, and pollen. The seed is perfected, and during its completion constant changes in the plant, from below upwards, are in progress. One leaf after another dies and withers; at last, but the naked straw-haulm stands there: bowed down by the burden of the golden gift of Ceres, it breaks up and rots upon the earth, while within the scattered grain, lightly and snugly covered by the protecting snow, a new period of development is preparing, which, beginning in the following spring, continues in the unceasing repetition of these processes. An endless becoming and unfolding, and a continual death and destruction, are here side by side and intergrafted. Such is the plant.

Although we differ from the views which Dr. Schleiden is disposed to take as to the origin of the vegetable kingdom, as a whole, we think it right to state them. When on old damp walls and palings, or in glasses in which we have let soft water stand for several days in summer, we find a delicate bright green and often almost velvety coat, we meet with the first beginning of vegetation, and then we find that the vegetable world, like the individual plant, is produced and developed from a simple cell. The most suitable name for these microscopic cells is *Protococcus*, or *primary vesicle*. "From this simple cell, vegetating as an independent plant, the development of the vegetable world takes its departure, and ascends by continually greater combinations and complications to the most complex plants, which we are compelled to look upon as the highest states, although the uninitiated may think it strange when I name as a representative of this highest expression of vegetable development, the little, common, and therefore despised daisy." In this assumed progression of development the cells are supposed to undergo various alterations of form. They become filamentous, then branched, then arrange themselves into lines in manifold ways; elegant forms and brilliant colours appear. Then they unite to compose flat masses known to botanists by the name of Ulvas, frequently growing in the sea, sometimes green, sometimes red, and often affording a meagre meal to the poor inhabitants of the coast. Now they crowd together into solid masses, forming clumps and balls of the greatest possible variety of shapes, and hence commences an unfolding of richer and more varied forms. That Dr. Schleiden is disposed to refer the origin of this fair part of God's creation to the developments of a simple cell, is sufficiently evident from another portion of the work, the history of the vegetable world, when he writes that "the germ of organic life came forth upon the earth once out of the strife of the inorganic elements;" and again, "that the whole fulness of the vegetable world has been gradually developed out of a single cell and its descendants." Then the ancient myth of the mundane egg has lived to the present day, and we must patiently listen to a philosopher who can crush genera and species, all

the varieties of form, colour, and object, with their interdependence and natural harmonies so exquisitely arranged, into his "*primary vesicle.*"

To turn to a portion of the work more worthy the contemplation of sober science. In having to select a family of plants which should furnish an illustration of the usefulness and value of plants to man, Dr. Schleiden has given us a most interesting account of the plants yielding milk-sap. As is well known, all milky plant-juice contains caoutchouc. England consumes this product in immense quantities: in 1833 duty was paid on eighty-nine tons, and in one manufactory at Greenwich alone, eight cwts. are daily submitted to dry distillation in iron vessels. The residue of this process is used for steeping the cordage of our navy in, to render it more durable. The families which principally yield milky juice are the Spurges, the *Apocynaceæ*, and the Nettle plants. Like animal milk, this juice consists of a colourless fluid and small globules. The caoutchouc occurs in the form of little globules, which are prevented from coalescing by an albuminous substance in the same way as are the butter globules in milk. Exactly like the cream in milk, the caoutchouc globules rise to the surface of the milk-sap of plants, when left to stand. Here they form a cream and coalesce, and cannot, any more than butter, be separated again into their distinct globules. Running over the varied properties of the milky juices in plants, we find them yielding the swift-intoxicating Mandioc drink, the blistering drops of the maddening Manchineal, the bright phosphoric streams which in dark summer nights run down the stems of trees in the forests of Brazil, and give the semblance of an enchanter's hall to those noble shades. They yield too the terrible Woorari, and anointed on the arrow-tip bring death-stricken to the earth in a few seconds the mightiest of the brute creation. They run in the sting-tube of the wayside nettle, and deep in the primeval forests of Java they flow through the cells of the beautiful but deadly *Tjettek* of the natives, from the roots of which the dreadful *Upas radia* or "sovereign poison" is concocted. A slight wound from a weapon poisoned with this makes the tiger tremble, stand motionless a minute, then fall as though seized with vertigo, and die in brief but violent convulsions. They also yield the refreshing milk of the cow-tree of Ceylon, and run in such abundance in the tissues of the Hya Hya of British Guiana, that a moderate sized stem which Arnott and his companions felled on the bank of a large forest-brook, in the course of an hour coloured the rivulet quite white and milky. In addition to these the milk-plants yield some of the most powerful medicinal agents, among which *Strychnine*, *Brucine* and *Morphine* stand conspicuous.

In illustrating the peculiarities which divide plants into families, the Cactus family is selected as most remarkably opposed in its general features to the aspect of other plants, and thus as furnishing a good example of a definite and distinct family or tribe. Everything about these plants is wonderful. Only one of the genera possess leaves. In form they simulate the oddest objects. Here the arid rock-soil is horrent with prickly balls, there rises the serious, mournful, "old man" cactus, with its venerable-looking long grey hair. On the plains of Mexico the great torch-thistles rise twenty or thirty feet into the air, in angled and fantastic columns, while round about appear the strangest, ugliest forms, in the groups of the *Echinocacti* and little *Cerei*, between which creeps snake-like, or as some poisonous reptile, the long dry stem of the great-flowered cactus. In all our wanderings the cactus family accompanies us, seeming by its wondrous forms to withdraw itself entirely from the principle of beauty, and yet at the same time it presses forward so strikingly, so determinately marking the peculiar character of the landscape, that we are compelled to turn our attention to it. Delighting in the driest habitats, exposed to scorching heats, and abounding in watery juices, they have been well called by St. Pierre the "springs of the desert." In the dry season, when all animal life flies from the glowing Pampas, when the cayman and boa sink into a death-like sleep in the dried-up mud, the wild ass alone, traversing the steppe, knows how to guard against thirst; cautiously stripping off the dangerous spines of the *Melocactus* with his hoof, and then in safety sucking the cooling vegetable juice. In addition to the beauty and singularity of their forms, and the refreshing coolness of their juice, this family has important economical relations. They supply a refreshing fruit, the dead stems of the tall torch-thistles form a valuable fuel where other combustibles cannot be obtained; hence their name. They also form hedges, and have been planted in a triple row to mark the boundary line between the English and French in the island of St. Christopher; they supply also useful medicines.

The geography of plants, that interesting science first founded by the illustrious Humboldt, next occupies attention. The facts collected on this head are very striking, and some of them present us with a problem at present insoluble by botanical science. The subject is introduced in a lively manner by transporting the reader to the club-room of the Travellers' Club in London, and listening to the tales of three travellers to different regions of the world. That plants are seriously affected by purely physical causes in the laws of their distribution over the surface of the earth, such as climatic differences, &c., is a feature of plant-geography which will be readily apprehended. But the curious fact is, that there exists upon the globe a mode of allotment or distribution of plants, which is not produced by the conditions of vegetation at present understood, nor can be explained by them. Take for example the following phenomena. From the southern part of Africa to the North Cape in Mageroe, the heaths extend throughout the old world, merely leaping over the proper tropical regions. With the same latitudes, the same climate, and similar conditions of soil, we find not a single species of true heath in all America. They are replaced by allied

plants, the *Ericaceæ*. Again, in Australia we shall not find one Ericaceous plant, but in their place a most peculiar family, the *Epacris* tribe. In a little corner of Asia grows the tea-shrub, and it is certainly not the absence of corresponding climatical influences in all the rest of the world that confines the tea to China. In a small girdle on the Andes of the northern half of South America, grows the race of Peruvian bark trees; is there no spot on all the earth in which the like conditions of temperature and soil coincide? An aggregate of incoherent facts of a similar kind has been collected to a large amount, but their arrangement into order and the exposition of their guide-laws is for posterity.

We regret that we cannot follow the author into the two concluding portions of his work, the history and the æsthetics of the vegetable world. The phenomena of which they treat well deserve attentive study, but not so the brain-spun speculations which are woven out of them. From the perusal of the purely scientific portions of this book we have derived much intellectual enjoyment, as much from the matter as from the poetic charm which has clothed it in a most attractive form. But unfortunately, the curse of the German philosophy—a love of abstractions, accompanied with an irresistible inclination to wild and daring speculation—mars the rest; and against these it is our duty to warn the reader. We take also the strongest exception to the use of several expressions with reference to a large portion of Scripture: "a poetic tradition" is surely not the phrase which the Christian philosopher ought to recognise as applicable to any portion of Holy Writ. With these exceptions, (and they are not small,) we recognise in the work a most interesting production on the beautiful science of which it treats. The popularity of the style, the abundance of the illustrations, and the elegance of the garb of this work, will probably give it a wide circulation; we feel therefore the more imperatively the duty of laying our finger on its faulty and unsound portions.

RENDER TO EVERY MAN HIS DUE.

A TALE.

"Robert Mendham," said a little man, with a sharp voice and an equally sharp expression of countenance, pausing at the threshold of a small grocer's shop in ——, "I have called again for my money."

The shopkeeper issued from a room behind at the sound of the voice, and exhibited a countenance indicative of much honesty and good-nature, but on whose lineaments care was branded in such unmistakeable characters that he might run who read them.

"Indeed, Mr. Simpson, I hoped to have sent you your money yesterday, for Squire Osgood owes me more than that, and promised to pay me; but he has put me off again till this morning. I will come down to you the moment he settles, indeed."

"I cannot go on like this, you know, Mendham. I have my own way to pay; and we cannot look for money except where it is due."

"I know that, Mr. Simpson; but what can I do? I have twenty accounts in the same state as Mr. Osgood's. Those who do not pay their tradesmen in proper time little think what misery they cause."

"That is true enough; but it does not pay me, and I cannot wait. If your money is to come this morning, why not send for it at once, while I stay?"

"I will do that very cheerfully. Charles Robinson, step up and tell Mr. Osgood he will do me a great service if he will settle with you. You can say I have a gentleman waiting for his account."

Charles Robinson was a young clerk in the neighbourhood, who would much rather have continued his occupation of whispering sundry matters into the unreluctant ear of Phœbe, the grocer's pretty daughter. However, as his worldly possessions lay more in hopes than sovereigns, he was tactician enough to know that disobliging the owner of his coveted treasure was not the readiest way to obtain it. He was, moreover, a warm-hearted, good-natured lad; and though he saw at once that in undertaking the office the remaining minutes of his early dinner-hour would be sacrificed without hope of redemption, he did not hesitate a moment in obeying the summons.

Mr. Osgood was a gentleman of handsome fortune and good natural dispositions, but no way remarkable for punctuality in his engagements, or indeed for his attachment to business in any form; though he would have been much surprised at hearing either the one or the other imputed to him. On the present morning he was a little put out of his way. It was his custom to con the parliamentary debates over his breakfast; enriching his chocolate with Brougham's cream of perfect love, and flavouring his ham with D'Israeli mustard, or his fish with sauce *à la* Roebuck. A protracted debate had delayed the arrival of the papers: his breakfast had lost its wonted stimulant, and been, in consequence, a bad one; and the cloth had scarcely been removed when he received a business call from the lawyer. A moment after, the "Times" arrived. He heard it come, but was still forced to listen, or pretend to listen, to a lengthened exposition of the clauses of a lease. At last the man of business rose. Mr. Osgood's delighted eye watched his coat-tail disappear behind the closing door, and he had already turned to ring for his long-delayed gratification, when his daughter entered from an inner room with the paper in her hand.

"That is my good girl," said he, eagerly seizing it. "I long to see if they divided last night. Ah, here it is. Pshaw! there is that fool of a Robert knocking again. Come in. What pests these servants are!"

"A young man from Mendham's, sir," said the footman, "to know if you would please to settle his little account."

"Oh, tell him I am busy: he must call again."

"You told him to call this morning, papa," said the young lady.

"Did I, child? Well, perhaps I did. But, at all events, he must come again. I have not had time to look through his bill."

"Shall I pay it, papa? No doubt it is correct; and it has been standing some time. Perhaps they want the money."

"Pay a bill without examining it! It is well for you that I am a man of business, or you would not have a house over your head long. And as to his wanting it, that is sheer nonsense. Why, it is not thirty pounds, I know."

"That seems very little to you, papa; but——

"There, there—say no more about it; I shall have some one else coming before I have even looked at the paper. I do not want to keep the man out of his money, but I cannot pay accounts before I have had time to check them. I am a man of business. Let him call about this time to-morrow; and find me his bill in the mean time. Shut the door, Robert; and if any one call, I am engaged, mind. House of Commons—adjourned debate;—now for it."

Charles retraced his steps with a heavy heart, for he knew he was about to inflict pain on those most dear to him; and as he pursued his returning way at about a third of the pace which had borne him on his mission, full of hope for its success and of eagerness that his friends should be gladdened by it, he could not avoid wondering how it was that gentlemen could be thus reckless of the wants and feelings of those below them in the social ranks. It seemed to him that if he had been endowed with wealth, it would only have made him more thoughtful of those who lacked it; that his best enjoyment would be found in lightening their burthens; that the disposition he was sure he should have to bestow freely would naturally lead him to be doubly careful in rendering to every man what was merely his due. He knew not that the connexion between these feelings is often far more loose than might be supposed—that many can be generous without being just—that the man from whose door he had just been turned would have cheerfully contributed a hundred guineas to a subscription for the Poles, or the endowment of a church or an hospital—that he had actually, the day before, given a liberal portion of it to relieve a private distress that affected his sympathies, while he refused to part with a third of the sum where it was justly due, and where its retention would perhaps occasion a greater amount of misery than that which his charity had just relieved.

Charles at length reached the house, the sight of which had been hitherto always so welcome, but which he would now have gladly had a dozen streets further distant. He crossed the threshold, wondering at his own reluctance, for he had been accustomed rather to obey feelings than to analyze them. The storm of anger with which Mr. Simpson heard of this failure moved him but lightly, for he had looked for it as for the thunder-peal when the flash had gone forth; but when the latter had departed with the positive threat of an arrest if the money was not sent him the following day, he could not so easily endure the burst of grief to which Phœbe gave way at the prospect of such a termination to their struggles, while her father feebly endeavoured to cheer her with hopes which he evidently did not feel himself. Charles, as he looked from one to the other with a gloomy eye and a tongue that refused all utterance, experienced the full bitterness of the trial of poverty. Had a kingdom been at his command, he would have given it without hesitation to stop the flowing of those tears: but he must behold them stream on, without the ability to afford them the slightest relief. And yet, not so. True, he had neither purse nor credit to devote to them, nor influence with Mr. Simpson to mollify him; but he could write to Mr. Osgood, telling him the facts, and appealing to his sense of justice. He would do it respectfully, he would do it feelingly, and he must do it successfully. As he came to this determination, the striking of a neighbouring clock warned him that his time had ceased to be his own; and finding his tongue loosed by the honey-drop which hope had let fall upon it, he hastily poured forth a few words of encouragement, and hurried to his daily occupation.

The first moments which he was at liberty to devote to his own pursuits were dedicated to this effort in his friend's favour; and having, with beating heart and trembling hand—for he was but an unpractised letter-writer, and knew how much depended on his success—indited one of those simple and touching appeals which, as coming from the heart, often find their way more directly to it than more elaborate efforts, he hurried with it to Mr. Osgood's house, and having urged on the footman to deliver it without fail when his master returned to dinner, proceeded with a lighter heart to the more humble domicile which yet, to him, held richer treasures than the mines of Golconda.

Mendham had not been idle in the interval, but had devoted the whole of it to calling on such of his debtors as he was entitled to expect would discharge his claim. But one was out; another busy; a third indisposed; a fourth had not had time to examine the account; a fifth had lost so much at play that he would be quite a poor man for a month at least; while a sixth thought him excessively troublesome:—the goods had not been furnished above eight or nine months, and all tradesmen realized such enormous profits, that they could well afford to give a twelvemonth's credit, if not longer. Wearied, dispirited, and almost heart-broken, Mendham at last turned his steps homeward. His daughter received him as she always did—with all the kindness of deep affection; and he patted her head as he was wont; but his usual smile beamed not on his face, and the accustomed words of endearment stuck in his throat. His tea was waiting, as she knew he would be tired; and she had added a muffin—a much-prized, though rarely-indulged luxury—that if the world without had been harsh and uncheering, his heart might at least be solaced by the little comforts of his home. But that

heart was beyond the reach of such a solace. He thanked her, indeed, and in a tone which showed that he felt her kindness; but he turned from the food with a gesture of repugnance; and throwing himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and neither spoke nor moved till Charles's entrance.

What passed in the depths of his spirit during these moments of bitter communing, none can ever know; and none can ever guess but those who have had some experience of the nature of those trials which beset the man of straitened means; which poison his joys, which cramp his energies, which wither his spirit; which too often drive him beyond the pale of ordinary sympathy, and tempt him to deeds which brand him as the outcast of society, and sometimes write his name on the roll of infamy in characters of blood. One of the brightest stars in our literary hemisphere has lately given us his view of "the battle of life." It is full of those touches which mark the master hand; but it is *not* the battle of life, but at best a slight, though spirited, skirmish at the outposts. The real battle of life is fought over the poor man's hearthstone; and the elements of the conflict are found in his struggles to make his slender means supply the necessaries of life to his dependent family—in the self-denial which abridges even some of these, in order that a trifle may be saved to give the minds of his little ones such culture as may bring them up in the fear of God and man—in the patience with which he submits to still further privations, as the wants of those cherished ones grow more numerous, while no exertion that he can make will enlarge his scanty means; but, on the contrary, the sinews that are beginning to feel the approach of age, or, it may be, are enfeebled by sickness, require a double effort to perform their usual labour, and hint significantly of the time when its recompense will be diminished—in his strenuous exertions to ward off the approach of that dreaded period which, nevertheless, comes on, slowly but unerringly, like the tide to its mark—in the alternate faintings of spirit and renewals of hope; now giving up all for lost, now taking courage and bracing every energy for the conflict; and often wrestling at once with poverty, with sickness, with bereavement, with the ruin of his best prospects, with the oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely, and, worse than them all, were their strength multiplied ten-fold, with the dark temptations to free himself from the crushing burthen by unhallowed means: to cast off his integrity; to forfeit his good name among men; to avenge himself, no matter at what cost, on that society which seems to have cast him from its bosom as a viper, and would therefore be but fitly repaid by the viper's sting. It is in these circumstances, and such as these, that man really and truly fights the battle of life: frequently contending for existence in its most literal sense, and often against fearful odds, till the last and most terrific struggle of all, even that with death, closes the mighty contest. And if it has been fought in the spirit which beseems a good soldier of the cross, there beams on his dying eyelids a vision of bright-winged messengers sent to greet the faithful warrior with the wreath of triumph and the palm of victory.

That some portion of this battle had been fought by Mendham during his interval of gloomy meditation, one glance at his face, as he raised it on Charles's entrance, was sufficient to render evident. There is something in the expression which intense mental agony imparts to the human countenance, that at once awes and impresses; that excites our deepest sympathies for the sufferer, and at the same time makes us feel as if their utterance would be a sort of sacrilege. Under the influence of these feelings, Charles approached with noiseless footsteps; his words of greeting, though kind as heart could dictate, were few, and uttered in a tone scarce above a whisper; he made no inquiries, for he had none to make: one glance at the old man's face told him enough. He sat down, and for some time gently endeavoured to lure Mendham's mind from its brooding by a few occasional words of comfort of a general nature. By degrees he ventured on the subject nearest to all their hearts; and found, as he had expected, that the very bitterness with which Mendham inveighed against the authors of his disappointment, tended in some measure to soothe his exacerbated spirit. He related what he had done himself, and dwelt in such glowing terms on the certain result on the morrow, that the contracted brow began to relax, and the nightly farewell was accompanied by the usual quiet smile; while Phœbe's grateful look sent the comforter home with more schemes for future happiness in his head than ten sober existences could have reduced to practice.

His anxiety kept him awake during great part of the night. Not that he doubted the success of his appeal, for he had only asked as a favour what every rule of law and equity entitled him to demand as a right: but he had heard that, despite his carelessness in business matters, Mr. Osgood was such an excellent-hearted man, that he could not get rid of a vague presentiment that matters would not stop there. True, they had no claim on his kindliness; but he had drawn such a picture of their trials, and their patience under them, as he felt ought to excite interest in a right-minded man; and if such should be the event, there was no saying how far a person of warm feelings might be carried. The truth of the last reflection was demonstrated by the fact, that Charles awoke the next morning in the midst of an unfinished speech of thanks to Mr. Osgood for an appointment as land steward, while Phœbe was standing at his side, still blushing at some jocose remark which that gentleman had been making on the excellence of early marriages.

If he did not actually count the minutes on that day, he at least looked much oftener than usual at the dial in his office, and several times could not persuade himself that it had not stopped. At last, when he had given up the idea as an impossible thing, the hand

did point to his hour of liberty, and he found himself rapidly threading his way towards the spot where so many hopes and wishes centred, and elbowing the people that impeded his progress without any particular ceremony.

As he hurried along, a debtor of his employer's, who saw him pass, delayed him a short time in order to settle his account. He said, he observed it was nearly due, and he would rather be too early than too late. The speaker was but a tradesman, and far from moving among the highest of his class; but Charles could not help regarding the carriages that rolled by him as he emerged from the shop, and thinking that many of their occupants might have found there a model for imitation. In his own case, he held the incident as a favourable omen; and full of hope that he should find paying debts to be the order of the day, he pushed on for Mr. Osgood's.

In proportion to the height to which his expectations had been raised was the depth of their fall, when, on entering the hall, the first object that met his eye was the letter that was to have wrought such wonders, reclining, unopened, on the chimney-piece, just where it had been placed the night before. He could not speak; but if the footman had not recognised his face, the glance of utter despair which was riveted on the unfortunate letter would have sufficed to announce his business; and the man, without waiting to be questioned, proceeded to inform him that his master had not been home since, having gone into the country for a day's shooting, but would return on the morrow.

Charles still did not utter a word, nor give the slightest sign of having even heard, much less comprehended the explanation, but his regards were still riveted on his letter, with such a look as Sisyphus might have cast at the stone, when, at the moment of success, he saw it escape from his hands, and roll hopelessly back down the declivity. When the voice ceased to sound in his ears, he seemed to have an instinctive sense that his business there was ended, and turned mechanically from the door. The first feeling of which he became conscious, was the rising of a substance in his throat, that seemed ready to choke him, and which compelled his leaning for an instant against the railings, in order to gather strength to proceed. The crowd swept heedlessly by: there was the loud laugh, the careless whistle, the tune lightly hummed from the very overflowing of the joyous spirit—there was all that marked ease, and gaiety, and thoughtlessness, and happiness; and none noted the young heart which was all but bursting with its pent-up agony, save a little ragged urchin, who, ceasing for an instant his occupation of stopping the legitimate course of the kennel with wet mud, in order that its waters might overflow the pavement, called to a companion who was bringing supplies from a neighbouring puddle—"I say, Jack, twig that 'ere cove agen the palings;—blest if he aint drunk!"

It was not the words, nor the laugh that accompanied them, that recalled Charles to himself—he had not heard either; but his physical and mental energies were in the fulness of early vigour, and though they had given way for a moment under the crushing weight of a blow so severe and so unexpected, they soon began to gather up their strength for a renewal of the conflict. With all the heart-sophistry so natural at his age, he had reasoned himself into the belief that his effort must rescue the Mendhams from their peril. The disappointment had been bitter, but the past must be forgotten; the peril remained—was growing more imminent; and what should be his next attempt? On whichever side he looked, the horizon seemed wrapped in pitchy darkness, when it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had not tried his persuasive powers on Simpson himself. He was not the actual debtor, and his words might therefore have more weight; and he could tell him how certain he was of the money in a day or two; that he would become security for it, if that would be any inducement; and that harsh measures would certainly break the hearts of both parent and child, which no man of common humanity could think of. He wondered he had not thought of this before; and, with an energy of which he had seemed incapable, bounded along on the new track of Hope's labyrinth, morally certain of having now obtained the clue that led to the temple, and physically certain—though unconscious of the fact—of having, by his timely movement, escaped a shower of mud which the juvenile watchers of his meditations had just directed at him from behind a post.

Mendham's house lay but a short distance out of his new course; and as he passed the turning that led down to it, he could not resist the desire of pausing there for a moment, to see how they had borne up, to say a few encouraging words, and to receive a glance from Phœbe's grateful eye, that should give tenfold fervour to his pleading. He hurried down the street, and as he reached the door, thought he distinguished some unusual sounds: he paused a moment, when a shriek from a well-known voice caused him to dash open the door, with a force that nearly swung it from its hinges. A single bound cleared the distance that lay between him and the little parlour; he caught a glimpse of Mendham struggling with some unknown antagonist, and the next instant he was standing between them, with the stranger lying at his feet.

The whole of this had passed so rapidly, and indeed had been so entirely a mechanical process, that it was only at this stage of the business that his mind began to take part in it, and to suggest the somewhat tardy but still necessary inquiry—what was the matter? while at the same moment, a strong voice behind quickened his meditations by saluting him with—"Come, I say, my spicy cove! draw it mild, will you? or I shall just have to let a little daylight into that small sconce of yours. Do you see this?"

Charles had wheeled round to confront the speaker at the sound of the voice, and the first object upon which his eye rested was a constable's staff, round the end of which a formidable set of knuckles hinted the contiguity of an arm that would find little difficulty in

making a skylight for the occiput of any party requiring such a convenience. This impression was no way belied, when the whole of its owner's person came within the sweep of Charles's glance; on the contrary, the stalwart frame and well-knit and sinewy limbs spoke so convincingly of the possession of great physical strength, that it was a kind of relief to perceive that the face had rather a good-natured expression than otherwise, and indicated no wish to awaken Samson unless the Philistines were upon him.

There was decidedly no fear of such an extremity at present, for Charles was by no means a young man to fly deliberately in the face of constituted authority. He clearly felt that he had done wrong, and hastened to declare it, offering to assist his late antagonist to rise, and professing his sorrow for his precipitancy. His excuses were not received with a very good grace by the constable, who no sooner found his feet than he began to threaten him with magisterial punishments enough to have formed an abridgement of Burn's "Justice." His companion, however, who seemed to be the principal, and whose wrath, moreover, had not been stimulated like the complainant's, by having his shin scraped by the sharp edge of a stool in his descent, told him to "shut up; the light-weight had been a little too glib with his mauleys, to be sure; but he was sorry for it, and what was the good of chaffing? He liked to see youngsters a little plucky;" and then concluded his eloquent harangue by asking Charles what he wanted there, and what he had got to say for himself.

This inquiry produced mutual explanations; and Charles learnt—what indeed his fears had already divined, that Mendham was arrested for Simpson's debt, and being without the means of discharging it, had no alternative but a prison.

The low groan which, in spite of his efforts, escaped from the old man at the mention of the word, went to Charles's heart, and yet moved him less than the silent despair of Phœbe. Pale to the very hue of death, with her eyes fixed intently on the ground, and without even the movement of a muscle offering the least indication of life, she seemed neither to see nor hear what was passing before her, till the officer concluded by intimating to Mendham that it was time to depart, when she sprang up as if arrow-stricken, and clasping her hands together with convulsive energy, burst forth—"Oh, sir, you cannot be so cruel as to take him from me!"

"Why, you see, young woman," said the constable, "I don't want to do nothing as is unpleasant; but as you haven't got the tin, I aint got no option. So if you've any duds, old fellow, as you wants to pack up, just bear a hand about it, will you?"

Phœbe raised her clasped hands towards heaven without uttering another word, and then sank upon the seat from which she had just risen, in a hysteric burst of sobbing. Agitated by a variety of emotions, Charles besought the officer's delay till he could run to Simpson, and strive to obtain his forbearance.

"Not a bit of it," replied that functionary; "it would be no go, and a precious waste of time for nothing. You might as well whistle a jig to a milestone as go to him, unless you'd got the possibles in your pocket."

The thought that he *had* the means of redemption in his pocket darted across Charles's mind like a lightning flash; but he flung the temptation from him with a shudder, and replied, "But it can only be for a day or two, at the latest."

"Then what a pity it is you can't raise the wind till then!"

Again the tempter rose in Charles's heart; and again, by a powerful effort, he thrust him down.

"Well, my friends," said Mendham, "I will not detain you. It is hard to be dragged to a prison because others will not pay me their just debts; but if it is the will of Providence——You will comfort my poor child when I am gone, Charles. I cannot speak to her—let us go."

He made a step towards the door as he spoke; but Phœbe again sprang up at the movement, and, throwing herself into his arms, buried her head on his breast, and clasped him with a strength of which no one could have thought her capable. Her convulsive sobs were heard distinctly for several seconds, then they became less audible, the tenacity of her clasp relaxed, her form grew heavier on her father's bosom, and it became evident that she had fainted. Mendham did not utter a word, (perhaps he could not,) but he placed her on the chair with the greatest tenderness, printed one fervent kiss upon her clammy forehead, and made signs to Charles to approach and support her, that he might seize the moment to depart.

The latter, however, did not obey the signal. The working of his features, and the alternate flushing and pallor of his face, gave evidence of a deep internal struggle. After some moments of incertitude, a glance at the still senseless form of Phœbe seemed to decide him. Hastily, and as if fearing to trust himself with another thought, he approached the officer, said a few words to him in an under tone, and they left the room together. Mendham gazed after them in surprise; but his daughter, at that moment, exhibited some signs of returning consciousness, and drew all his thoughts towards her. He hastily made use of such restorative means as were within his reach; absorbed in which, he did not even notice the figure of the constable re-appear at the door and beckon his companion from the room. A slight colour had just begun to revisit her cheek, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. He turned, and saw Charles standing by his side, alone, who said in a low tone, not free from agitation, "They are gone, and you are free."

"Free!" echoed Mendham, in amazement; "what do you mean?"

Phœbe had heard the words, low as they were uttered, and she needed no other restorative. The "Thank Heaven!" that burst from her lips had that clear, ringing sound which the voice never produces save under the influence of peculiarly deep feeling;

and the look of blended love and gratitude which she cast on the bringer of the welcome tidings made him feel that it would have been a light thing, at that moment, to have laid down his life for her sake. He was aroused from the sweet dream by the repetition of Mendham's question. A slight shudder passed through his frame as he hurriedly replied that he would tell him all another time; that his hour for leaving them had arrived; and, bidding them keep up their spirits and be happy, he hastened from the house.

His thoughts as he walked along were naturally with those he had left; and he busied himself in dressing up little pictures of their happiness, now that the cloud which had hung over it was removed; how they would look round with unusual delight upon their little home now there was no longer any fear of their losing it; and how they would again and again revert to him as the author of their happiness; and he felt a high gratification as he conjured up these images. By degrees, however, he began to be sensible that this gratification had something forced and unnatural in it. It seemed as if all was not told; and as if that which was behind was less pleasurable than the objects which flitted over the foreground. Then the images themselves would glide unconsciously from his mind, giving place to other thoughts; it required an effort to bring them back; and when they came, their impressions were fainter. He did not seem so glad as he ought to be—as he told himself he ought to be; and this very conviction made him less glad than before. The heart will not rejoice or be sorrowful by the rule and compass. His occupations at the office during the evening seemed heavy and wearisome, though he had been wont to discharge them *con amore*, for they were suited to his taste. Mr. Sparks, too, his employer, though what is usually called a sharp man, had treated him with unvarying kindness; and Charles had loved to work at his side. But this evening he found his presence irksome; he fancied he was not so kind as usual; that his eye dwelt on him oftener and longer than ordinary; and that its wonted urbane expression was wanting. He convinced himself several times that this was mere fancy; but still it was a sensible relief that Mr. Sparks left the office early, and did not return.

Charles had intended to embrace the first moment of freedom to hurry to Mendham's. It was natural that he should be anxious about Phœbe. But when the time arrived, he could not bring himself to go; he fancied they might like to enjoy the first hours of their recovered happiness alone—even his presence might be some restraint upon them. He had never thought so before. He went home, and in the solitude of his chamber first dared to examine his new feelings, and to ask himself why he felt so oppressed. His conscience acquitted him of the most distant intention of wronging his employer, who would not be at all inconvenienced by his appropriation, for a day or two, of the sum received; he would not even know of its abstraction; and what an amount of suffering had been averted by its temporary use. Surely it was fastidious to be uneasy; in a few days, at farthest, it would be replaced, and there would be an end of it. With these reflections he reasoned himself into a more comfortable frame of mind; but it had been his custom never to lay his head on the pillow without bringing the events of the day into review, and submitting their motives and feelings to the scrutiny of the Searcher of hearts. In attempting to do so now, the film at once fell from his eyes; the hollow sophistries which had hitherto sufficed to lull conscience to rest, dared not pass the threshold of the sanctuary. He felt that he could not make either them or the act which had called them forth the subject of prayer.

That night was to Charles a sleepless one. In its still watches he held faithful communion with his heart; and, stripping his new position of all its specious disguises, felt that he had, for the first time, sullied his integrity; that no hollow reasoning, nor even the absence of fraudulent intention, could absolve him from the guilt of a breach of the moral law. As this conviction was fully forced upon him, he gave way to the wretchedness of bitter and unavailing remorse; the agony of which grew at last so insupportable, that he resolved, at all hazards, to disclose the whole to Mr. Sparks, and throw himself upon his mercy. Somewhat easier under the influence of this determination, he left the pillow which the loss of innocence had, for the first time, made one of thorns, and sat down to write his confession; for he felt that to make it with his lips would be impossible. Nor did he find the difficulty so much lessened by the present mode as he had anticipated. It is no easy or pleasant task, even on paper, to tell one who has confided in us, that his confidence has been abused—that we have been trusted beyond our deserts, and can no longer lay claim to his good opinion. Repeatedly was Charles's half-finished explanation torn in pieces, and commenced anew; till at last he succeeded in completing a document which, though far from doing justice to the feelings with which he wrote, gave at least a plain, unvarnished statement of the circumstances under which his virtue had been tested, and had failed; and sealing it with a beating heart, he placed it in his pocket with a sigh, and took the road which led to his employer's residence.

He had not proceeded far, when a rough voice from behind accosted him with, "I say, young shaver, not so fast. Plant your stumps, will you?" and at the same moment a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned, and found himself in the presence of two constables, who apprehended him for a breach of the peace the day before, in assaulting an officer in the execution of his duty.

His consternation at this detention was extreme; not so much at the thing itself, though he had thought his apology accepted, and the matter set at rest; but the only thing which had given some degree of peace to his perturbed spirit, had been his resolution to confess all to Mr. Sparks; and to be deprived of liberty at

this critical moment was not a little galling. He besought the officers at least to take —— Street in their way, and allow him to leave the letter as he passed; it lay, however, in an opposite direction, and he spoke to the deaf. Remonstrance was unavailing, and with a heavy heart and reluctant step he accompanied them to the prison, where he was locked up to await the sitting of the magistrates.

A British court of justice is in the abstract a thing of much moral sublimity, and it is but fair to add, that the theory is often well carried out in practice; but it sometimes happens, that the performers of this portion of the dance of life, being accustomed to tread a different measure on more ordinary occasions, are somewhat deficient in the proper dignity of the steps; and there being but one *step* from the sublime to the ridiculous, find a niche among the worthies which adorn the pages of Punch, instead of those which dignify the House of Lords. The present state of things, too, differs in some respects from that which prevailed when the laws of sublimity were first settled, and the skilful mistaker of *meum* for *tuum*, who if he had flourished in the days of Lycurgus would have gone down to posterity with Herodotus, now goes down to Brixton with the turnkey. Moreover, justice has grown older since then, and it is no disparagement to her to hint that, though sufficiently clear-sighted in the main, her eyes will occasionally wax a little dim; and surrounded as she is by a host of lynx-eyed satellites, ever on the watch to seize the favourable moment of her doze, to play some of those fantastic tricks which make angels weep, it is not altogether matter of surprise that the scene exhibited, though still an imposing one, should be so in a somewhat different sense from that which its original projectors intended.

On the present occasion, the presiding magistrate was Sir Archibald Featherstone, who, fortunately for all culprits, meant to stand for the borough at the next election, and meanwhile did the amiable very assiduously, in order to acquire the character of a merciful judge, while at the same time he embraced such opportunities as so limited an arena presented of fledging the eloquence which was one day to entrance a senate. His worship was assisted by a dapper little man who officiated as clerk, and seemed to have an irresistible propensity for folding papers in an oblong form, writing on the top, pressing between two sheets of blotting paper, carefully examining if the impression was perfectly dry, and then nicely adjusting them to each other, and confining them exactly in the centre with a piece of red tape. This operation he kept performing with an attention and care that quite abstracted his attention from everything and everybody besides: and he evidently felt that much of the reputation of justice in that locality depended upon the manner in which his arrangements were carried out. He was flanked on either side by the several officers of the court, who did their best to uphold its dignity by maintaining their own, (which they naturally regarded as mixed up with it,) through the media of an erect carriage where the absence of obesity and corns permitted it, an elevation of elbow to that degree of angular incidence which some geometricians call a-kimbo, and a loud and authoritative tone of voice which made by-standers cast looks of admiration at the intrepid men who dared to speak so loudly and so fearlessly in the very presence of the great Justice Featherstone.

Before this august tribunal Charles was duly arraigned for a violent and felonious assault on the person of Robert Clutchingham, who in his evidence described it as being of so aggravated a character, that his escape without loss of life or limb was little less than a miracle. Charles, on being called on for his defence, modestly stated the facts; frankly admitting that he knew his conduct had not been legally defensible, though, he trusted, not wholly without excuse.

"Um—why, we must see about that," said Sir Archibald; "it is all very proper for you to make the point, and if it should appear that you are entitled to claim it, the court will grant you the favour. At the same time, you see, the assault is proved—and the dignity of the law must be upheld. I do not wish to press a case against a young man, I am sure; at the same time it appears to me that, being taken *nolens volens*, as we say—that is, in point of fact, you see the delicate position in which I stand, and though I would wish to say every thing, yet, under the circumstances, you understand, I am afraid I can say nothing in it."

"Please your worship, I seed the whole of that 'ere business," said the officer who had acted as peacemaker, rising from a small bench in the corner, and smoothing his front hair down upon his eyes as he spoke. "I don't bear Bob no malice; but it was half his own fault; for if he had not come it quite so strong with the old one, and put his blood up, there wouldn't have been no shindy at all. And I don't think as the young chap meant——"

"Ah—yes—I know all you are going to say," interrupted Sir Archibald; "but we cannot go into motives here—it is too metaphysical. I do not wish to be hard, but the assault is proved, as I said before; and for that reason—*cum multis aliis*—I am afraid I must commit. Mr. Taperose," turning to the clerk, "perhaps you will be kind enough to make out the mittimus."

"With pleasure, sir," replied that functionary, looking up from his occupation of re-tying one of the red-tape parcels, the knot of which was not exactly in the centre.

"Well, no offence, your worship," said the officer, "you knows best. Only I don't think as Bob should be quite so tight on the light-weight, after taking his tip; it aint Jonnick."

"Do you mean to say," inquired the magistrate,—"really I get so accustomed to your dialect—Am I to understand that this young man gave Clutchingham money after the assault?"

"Oh, yes; he tipped him, your worship. I seed him do it."

"Ah! that alters the case. Young man, this evidence shows the value of the old rule, *Audi alteram partem.* By taking your money, complainant forfeits his claim to compensation, inasmuch as he has set a price on his injuries, and received it. I am therefore glad to be spared the ungrateful task of committing you; and I trust this escape will make you more cautious how you apply the *argumentum calculinum,* in future. You may go now."

Charles bowed respectfully; but as he turned to avail himself of his recovered freedom, he started back, with an exclamation of horror and astonishment, for he beheld the eye of Mr. Sparks fixed upon him with a meaning sternness of expression not to be misunderstood. The discovery of his delinquency, its probable consequences, the loss of his employment, of his reputation, of Phœbe, the trial, the sentence, the punishment of the felon—all seemed to start up at once before him, and compress an age of torment into a moment of time. He stood rooted to the spot, and but for the working of the muscles that betrayed the strong internal emotion, might have seemed unconscious of what was passing before him; only his eye sunk before the piercing glance of his employer, and a slight shiver passed through his frame as that gentleman grasped his arm somewhat roughly, and exclaimed, "You and I must have a word together before you go, young man. Come this way;" and Charles mechanically followed him into a small anteroom, Mr. Clutchingham scraping his foot to the attorney as he passed, and observing, with a chuckle, "I thought he wouldn't cut his stick just directly; and he won't slip his neck quite so easy out of this collar, I expect. The last cove as laid his mauleys on me went over the herring-pond, I mind."

The object of this benevolent anticipation still stood trembling under the withering frown of his master, who at length said, "I see it is unnecessary to tell you my business,—your conscience has informed you."

Charles could not speak. What a loosener of the tongue is innocence!

"My client, Edmonds," pursued Mr. Sparks, "called on me this morning, to point out an error in the amount he paid you, which produced the discovery. I have sent to your lodgings, and find you left them much earlier than usual—meaning to abscond, of course."

"No, sir!" cried Charles, finding voice at such an accusation; "indeed I did not."

"Then why were you not at the office as usual?"

"I have been confined," faltered Charles.

"Oh! some drunken brawl, I suppose, incurred in spending some of the first-fruits of your honesty."

"No, sir!" said Charles, with more firmness, and, for the first time, looking his employer steadily in the face. "I have erred, and am deeply sensible of it, but I am not so degraded as you think me. This letter will explain the unfortunate circumstances of—of my guilt; and, but for my detention here, it would have reached you twelve hours since."

"I came here for a warrant for you," said Mr. Sparks, "and I do not see that I ought to waste my time in useless details. But I have no wish to be harsh,"—and slowly breaking the seal, he rather glanced at than read the letter, while Charles's eye was fastened on his face with an eagerness that seemed to devour every turn of his countenance.

"Just what I expected," he observed, in concluding; "ingeniously drawn up, but not at all invalidating the facts; you need not have shown me this. You had better give it to your counsel; he will make the most of it with the jury; and I have no objection to join in recommending you to mercy."

"And must it come to that?" exclaimed Charles, bitterly.

"You should have thought of these things earlier," replied Mr. Sparks; "I can do nothing with this letter; even its statements may be true, or they may not. I have only your *ipse dixit* for them, and when we find want of principle in one thing, we naturally suspect it in others."

There was a mutual pause: the one evidently considering that nothing remained to be said, and the other that it would be a useless degradation to pursue the subject where his motives and feelings were so little understood.

"I shall now procure the warrant," resumed Mr. Sparks, after a short interval; "you will leave this room at your peril!"

"I beg your pardon," said a gentleman opening the door as he advanced towards it; "they told me I should find you here. My name is Osgood."

Charles, as he heard a name so closely associated with all his anxious thoughts during the last three days, could not help raising his eyes to the speaker; but he lowered them the next moment, with the feeling that his presence came too late, and that events must now take their course. Yet, as his eye wandered from time to time to the part of the room to which they had withdrawn, and still saw them engaged in animated conversation, he could not but give Mr. Osgood credit for at least doing his best, even in a hopeless case.

At last they drew towards him; and his very ears tingled with the flush that shot over his face, as he heard Mr. Sparks say, "Well, sir, I will consent to give up the prosecution. I cannot, however, receive the young man back into my service. I have other clerks; and it would be a dangerous precedent."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Osgood; "I must do something for him. There is a young lady in the case too, I find; and there will be several things to think of. I am very glad I have prevailed on you to pardon my young friend here; for, from all that I hear, I am satisfied that he never meant to wrong you. It is a near escape for him though, and shows that it is dangerous to play with edged tools."

"It does," replied Mr. Sparks, "and the lesson is an important one. There is also another arising out of the case, which you have probably overlooked; if you had paid your bill in proper time, none of these things would have taken place."

THE PANORAMA OF POMPEII.

By increasing our knowledge, multiplying our sympathies, and constantly exercising our mental faculties, in going over old ground and breaking up new,—in this way alone, as applied to both thought and action, can we attain to a fuller and higher life here, and thus best prepare ourselves for that far larger and higher life which is to come hereafter. This is a somewhat grave beginning to a few observations upon a new Panorama; but, as Jeremy Taylor says, "everything hath two handles; or, at least, we have two hands wherewith to apprehend it;"—and sometimes it will happen, that in taking up a trifling thing the serious handle comes first to hand, as on the present occasion. However, we beg you, good reader, not to be alarmed by this serious handle to our subject; we do not intend to make it very prominent just now, but merely indicate that *by* that *handle* you may, if you please, hang it up on a peg in the great Temple of Moral and Intellectual Culture, in which you and we are willing worshippers.

The second day of this present year 1849 was, as most people doubtless remember, intensely cold; but the sky, at least here, in the modern Babylon, was clear and cloudless, and had, as if in merry mockery of the frost below, a

"Summer sky's delicious blue."

The sun shone out brightly, and had we been *minus* the sense of feeling, we could have supposed it was really the middle of the "leafy month of June," far away from this brick-and-mortar wilderness, out where the grass is green, and the leaves unfold themselves to the light and air, and where the wind is audible elsewhere than in the chimney,—where, to use the words of a remarkable Poet, we may

"*Hear how the breezes*
Blows among the treeses!"

Well, on this very bright second day of the year, all the world of London walked abroad in the streets, looking, for the most part, cheerful, but very cold. Among the rest walked Mr. Willoughby and his son and daughter. Dr. Johnson once requested *Observation* (in the imperative mood, by the way,) to

"Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Some wicked wag, an enemy to the leonine Doctor, has pronounced this celebrated passage to be a piece of absurd tautology; asserting that, in fact, the sense is this, "Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind." We leave all such criticism to those who have a taste for it; but let them remember, that in criticism, as in other things, it is possible to be more nice than wise. If the allegorical dame, invoked by the great philosopher of Fleet Street, had been employed according to his wish on this particular 2d of January, she would have paused in her survey of mankind, to watch Mr. Willoughby and Mary and Charles as they came out of the door of their house into Bedford Square. Not that Mr. Willoughby was anything wonderful to look at, or indeed Mary, (though she was a good, pretty girl enough,) or Charles, though he wore an astounding outer garment of a novel fashion, but whether yclept Chesterfield, Paletot, Taglioni, Register, Patent, Workus, Pilot or Wrap-Rascal, this deponent sayeth not. No; it was not exactly the external phenomena of the three, that would have attracted the attention of the spectator aforesaid; it was the genial, affectionate and intelligent brightness and vigour that seemed to possess them all. Mary took her father's arm, and Charles walked on the other side of his sister.

"Where are you going to take us, Charley, my boy?" inquired Mr. Willoughby.

"Into another country," said Charles, looking mysterious.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mary, "I hope it is a warm one; I could bear a tropical climate very well just now. The very thought of Central Africa thaws the ground at my feet. Suppose we talk of the Simoöm,—it might take the edge off this east wind. I never felt anything so sharp."

"Why, Mary, my child," said the father, jocosely, "you must take care, or you will certainly cut your shins against your own wit, some of these days."

"Thank you, papa; did such a thing ever happen to you? Awkwardness of that kind may be hereditary in our family. But what foreign clime is he going to carry us to, do you think? Iceland, at the Serpentine!"

"No, no; the ice does not bear yet. Where are we going, Charley?"

"Towards the south," replied Charles with becoming gravity, as he turned down Wardour Street, out of Oxford Street.

"So I perceive; but how far south, Sir Oracle?"

"As far as Leicester Square," replied the son. "The truth is, I want you to see a new Panorama of Burford's. I will not tell you what it is; I have seen the real place, and can vouch for its fidelity to nature. You also have seen the place; but it was some years ago, and it is slightly changed since; but I am sure you will remember it directly. Mary too will, I think, find out what place it is without being told. At all events she must try, as we will not help her, till she gives up in despair."

"Well, you have taken an effectual method of rousing our curiosity," said his father. "A place I know! humph! Brighton? Boulogne? Paris? Cologne? —No?—Rome? Venice?—No?—Well, I will ask no more. Why do you not guess, Mary?"

"Oh! I would rather see if I can find out, when we are on the spot. I am glad it is a Panorama. Seeing a good Panorama is the next best thing to seeing a beautiful place itself. I suppose the place is beautiful, Charles?"

"Yes, dear, very beautiful, I think; and what you will be glad to hear is, that this new Panorama is pronounced by some of the very best judges of art a very fine performance in its kind. It is very carefully finished, and is perhaps the best Panorama that Burford has ever exhibited. It is small, but on that

very account, the painting is necessarily more like that of a picture, and will bear inspection. It is really not mechanical, dauby scene-painting for the stage and gas-light, but a well-conceived and well-executed work of art. I went in out of the rain the other day, and was transported in a moment to a far off land, by the magical effect of the Panorama."

"In what country did you say it was?" asked Mary in a quiet, cunning voice.

Her brother laughed, shook his head, and said, "No go, Mary." Then he whispered to her—

"*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n?*"

"No! I know nothing about it but its name," she replied. "So your fine Panorama is in Italy, is it?"

"No, just round the corner here, in Leicester Square."

"Well, I will not condescend to interrogate farther," replied Mary, smiling; "and I will certainly not look at the placards at the door, for I really should like to see whether I could find out what a place is, that I have never seen. I suppose you think me well *up* in pictures and engravings of Italian scenery."

They turned into the unobtrusive, retreating doorway of the old house in Leicester Square. Mr. Willoughby and Mary were half-way down the long, dusky, mysterious-looking passage, leading from the entrance to the money-taker's desk, when they perceived that Charles was not with them. Turning round, they saw him standing at the door in conversation with a little Italian boy, who was resting his organ on the pavement, while he pointed with his brown fore-finger to something in the inscription on the door-post. They did not hear all that was said, but presently they saw the animated little face light up with a smile, and they heard the eager reply, "*Si, Signor sono; Napolitano, io.*"

"Why, Mary, I do believe he is going to bring the child in here!"

And so it was. Charles Willoughby had observed the little fellow looking wistfully at the announcement on the door-post, "*Panoramas of Vienna, Paris, and Pompeii.*" Something in the boy's face made Charles stop and speak to him in Italian. The sound of his native tongue seemed to awaken new life within the half-frozen child, and he answered with rapid words and expressive gestures. He was born at Sorrento, and, of course, had often been to Pompeii. This name had attracted his attention, for he could read. When Charles offered to show him a picture of the place, little Carlo seemed beside himself with joy, and shivered no longer. Charles made him bring his organ into the house, and requested one of the servants to take charge of it, while the boy went to see his native place. In the mean time, Mr. Willoughby and Mary had descended the stairs, and were standing in the midst of a beautiful Panorama. One rapid glance sufficed for the former to recognise a place which, when he was a young traveller, had possessed singular attractions for him. There was the old vineyard, covering half the City of the Dead, through which he had so often wandered in vain speculation as to the temples and streets lying beneath his feet, awaiting the time when they should be laid bare, and the length and breadth of the ancient Pompeii should no longer be a matter of conjecture. Yes, Charles was right; the place was slightly altered; more excavations had been made; several streets and one or two temples have been added to the former discoveries; but that does not affect the general appearance of the scenery. And Mr. Willoughby's gaze moved delightedly over the sun-lighted Vesuvius, and away to the beautiful receding Apennines, following their line along the horizon, lingering on the site of the ancient Stabia, made immortal as the dwelling-place of the elder Pliny, who lost his life on the fatal night of the eruption, in crossing from the spot where the spectator stands, to his home there among yonder hills. There is the fine Mount Lactarius, and there is that lovely, gay Castel a Mare, where he had spent so many pleasant days. And that soft sunny blue sea! how true to nature! "Why, Mary," he exclaimed at length, "this is almost beyond art; it is the very place itself!"

"I think I have found out what place it is, papa. This ruined city, with the bright frescos on the walls, and the regular streets and roofless houses, must be Pompeii or Herculaneum. And now I recollect, it cannot be Herculaneum, because there the streets are only *excavated*, not uncovered. There the workmen had to dig through the solid lava; but in Pompeii they had only ashes and the vegetable mould of that wild looking vineyard to remove. Oh! papa, I am sure this is Pompeii; for there is Mount Lactarius! and Sorrento and Capri! Surely I cannot be mistaken in that lovely headland, and that curve of the bay. All these ought to be on this side of Vesuvius, I think; and Naples and the bay, and Herculaneum, are over on the other side of the mountain. Do tell me, papa, am I right?"

"Ask Charles. Here he comes with his new friend."

"Charles! Charles!" cried his sister, "I have found out. It is very easy to tell. This is—"

"*Pompæia! Pompæia! è qui la mia patria! Ecco il carissimo Sorrento. Oh! oh! buon buonissimo Signor! Oh Dio! La Montagna! La bellissima Acqua! Oh! Signor! Troppo felice!*" and the excited child burst into tears of uncontrollable joy, and then danced about, pointing out every familiar object with vehement gesticulations and the most touching accent of affection. Presently he made a dart forward, as if to run down the elevation in the ancient Forum from which the Panorama is taken, and striking himself against the railing, he seemed suddenly to recollect that what he saw was not real. Mary watched the darkening of the kindled eye, and the mournful tones of the boy's voice pierced her heart, as he sank down on a seat, straining his eyes in the direction of Sorrento, and murmuring, "*No, no, carissima madre! Non posso vederti. So addesso, so troppo ben che sogno. Non è qua il vero Sorrento.*

Non è il mio Mare una pittura! Solamente una pittura! Povero Carlo!" and he remained still for many minutes turning his tearful eyes from one well known point to another. Mary and Charles thought it best to leave him to his own reflections for a time, and they joined their father in a careful examination of the scene.

"What is that high pointed island yonder?" asked Mary.

"Ischia. It is an extinct volcano, and is very fertile. Yonder too is Procida, and *there* the Bay of Naples begins. Running up twelve miles from the entrance, it reaches the town."

"How I wish we could set off from this point, and go over the side of the mountain, and look down upon all that. It seems a very little way off," said Mary.

"There is the carriage road, you see, winding past Torre dell' Annunziata. That leads directly to Naples. But they have a railroad now which runs right along the shore, close to the sea, in that direction. There is a station just *here*, where visitors for Pompeii are set down."

"A railway station and Pompeii!" exclaimed Mary; "I do not much like the idea. But now that we are at Pompeii, you must tell me all you know about it, both of you."

"A moderate request! However, let me ask you a few questions. Do you know how the buried city first came to be discovered, and when?"

"Let me see. How: yes, of course I know *how*, but *when*, not exactly; somewhere in the middle of last century."

"Just a hundred years ago, in the year 1748. Do you know when it was destroyed?"

"Oh, yes. Girls at school always learn *that* date. In the year 79, in the reign of Titus."

"Well, then, in what state would you expect to find a third-rate Roman city at that time? Rich or poor, savage or refined?"

"Why, papa," said Mary, laughing, "I really believe you think I know nothing of history. However, setting histories aside, I have read the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' and I have picked up a fact or two from that, concerning the city and its inhabitants at the time of the destruction. I have a tolerable idea of the luxury and extravagance, the immorality and general corruption of manners, and the false taste in art, which prevailed throughout Italy in those days, and nowhere more than in Pompeii, except perhaps in Rome itself."

"Very well! Are you prepared to find the people little behind ourselves in the arts of domestic life?"

"Oh, yes, I am quite prepared to find what we, at the present day, would think a strange mixture of high civilization and half barbarism."

"Do you see any evidence of this as you look down on these ruins?"

"Yes, I see streets regularly built and paved, with a *trottoir* for pedestrians and stepping stones for crossing, and yet these streets are too narrow for more than one chariot to pass at a time, and the houses are very small, and scarcely any have a story over the ground floor. No doubt, the inhabitants did not really *inhabit* them in our sense of the word. But still the women, and the sick, and the old, could not be always running about in the Forum, and the theatres, and temples, and *they* must have found their homes dull enough, unless they happened to be rich. And then those terrible little suffocating cubicula must have made some prophetic Pompeian dream of a coming age of ventilation and window tax, I should fancy."

"Perhaps you do not know that some of the Pompeians really had glass windows and shutters to their houses?"

"Shutters, yes; but glass windows I never heard of. I thought they used talc or horn, and did not know how to make glass windows."

"Recent discovery here tells a different tale. Look there, beyond that ruin of a fountain, where the two streets meet; that is a baker's shop where loaves were found. That street is called the Street of Shops, because it seems to have been composed of open shops. Most of the dwellings are built of lava, tufa, or brick covered with stucco; the walls were almost all painted in fresco, and the colours are as fresh and vivid as if painted yesterday. Just look at that painting on the wall of the temple of Bacchus, (or, as some say, Venus,) — did you ever see colours brighter?"

"Oh, Mary, I wish you had been with me when I used to go so often from Castel a Mare to these ruins!" exclaimed her brother; "it is one of the most interesting places on the earth. One is sometimes quite startled how nearly these pagan people, so long dead, living under quite other laws and institutions, approach to our own habits and thoughts upon all important matters. Man in all ages and climes is essentially the same, and is moved to love, or hate, or anger, or contempt, by the same things.

'We have all of us one human heart.'

Here we see, as elsewhere, vast labour and expense bestowed on the temples of the gods, showing the human tendency to worship a higher power and goodness. All the remains of handsome buildings here are, or were, temples and offices of state, which last are second only to the religious edifices. The love of the beautiful among this people is evinced in the fashioning of every domestic article; the sacred rights of the stranger and the guest are recognised in the word '*Salve*' inscribed on the threshold of some of the houses. A thousand trifles show an identity of feeling between us and them."

"Solomon's doctrine about sparing the rod and spoiling the child was believed to be sound, here," said his father; "for, if I remember rightly, the sign of a school-house was a boy, hoisted on the back of another, being whipped in a thoroughly modern fashion."

"Had the Pompeians signs to their houses?" asked Mary.

"Yes, almost every trade or profession had a sign. The houses, besides, were inscribed with the names of their owners, and they were all numbered, as with us. Since you know Bulwer's novel so well, I need not tell you about the houses of Sallust, and Diomed, and Panza, and the curiosities, jewels, and articles of virtu found therein."

"No, dear papa, nor about the skeletons and pulverized bones of human beings found in the houses and streets. It was a wonderful instance of the interposition of Providence that nearly all the inhabitants of the city were assembled over yonder in the great theatre when the eruption began. How calm and beautiful the mountain looks now! how gracefully the smoke ascends from the crater!"

"It was by an eruption from the now extinct crater of that other peak that Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed," said Mr. Willoughby. "Now look round and tell me if you ever saw a softer or lovelier scene."

"Never, papa. How I should like to see the real place! How beautifully Capri dips into the sea! Sorrento! ah! it is worthy to have been the birthplace of Tasso."

"*Sorrento! La mia patria!*" said little Carlo, advancing; "*Oh non è bellissima, Signora?*"

Mary was pleased to see him recovered, and praised his native place to his heart's content. He knew a little about the present unhappy state of Naples, and said with vehemence that "*il Re*" was "*traditore*" and "*crudele*," which Mary and her brother assented to heartily. They endeavoured to comfort the little patriot by the assurance that before long matters *must* be better arranged, and that by the time he had earned money enough to go back and live with his mother at Sorrento, his country would be in peace once more. Carlo seemed much consoled by their words, and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude for this unexpected sight of his native place. "It make me glad and sorry," said he, "but more glad dan sorry." He seemed to think that the person who had painted the Panorama was a great magician, and expressed a fearful desire of seeing him. When the Willoughbys were going away, he gave one more earnest glance around with his bright black eyes, and then followed them to the hall. Mr. Willoughby spoke a few words in a low tone to the money-taker, and then calling forward Carlo, who had already taken his organ on his back again, he said, "This is the child. Now, Carlo, I have been asking this gentleman to let you come in and look at the Panorama, whenever you are passing by, as long as you behave well." Poor boy! he was quite overwhelmed with joy at this news. Mary then called him to her, and told him to go home with them, and he should have a good dinner and half-a-crown as a new-year's gift. He thought he had attracted the especial favour of his patron saint that day. Since then Carlo has played his prettiest tunes every day beneath the windows of a certain house in Bedford Square, receiving always a considerable largesse from Miss Mary; and every time he sees her at the window, his expressive face lights up with a southern smile, and he cries out, "*Grazia Signorina! oggi ho veduto la mia Patria,*"—which means, in unadorned English, "I have been to-day to see the Panorama of Pompeii."

BERTRAND DE BORN.

BY MRS. HOARE.

[Henry the Second, harassed by the continued rebellion of his eldest son Henry, at length went over with an army to France, in order to put down an insurrection which the young prince had raised among his vassals in Guienne. Bertrand de Born, Lord of Hautefort, was a noble equally celebrated for his poetic talent as a troubadour, and his valour as a warrior. He warmly espoused the cause of young Henry, and accompanied him to the castle of Martel, whither he had retired on hearing of his father's approach. The king encamped at Turenne, and hostilities had already commenced, when a messenger arrived at the English camp, bearing tidings that Prince Henry was dangerously ill, and longed to see his father, and receive his forgiveness before he died. Henry, however, had so often been deceived by his rebellious son, that he believed this to be a stratagem, and refused to visit the castle of Martel. In a day or two the prince died, and Bertrand de Born, dreading the king's vengeance, fled to his castle of Hautefort, and prepared to hold it out against the English. After an obstinate siege, it was at length reduced, and Bertrand was taken and led bound into the presence of Henry. The king was about to pass sentence of death on him, when Bertrand in a few touching words spoke of the love which the dead prince had ever borne him, and the monarch, bursting into tears, pardoned the Lord of Hautefort, and, for the sake of his son, restored to him all his honours and possessions.]

Why do the island banners gleam, the island knights advance,
Mid strains of warlike minstrelsy, across the plains of France?
The island host lies camp'd within the walls of old Turenne,
And forth they sally to the fight, who never fight in vain.
The hall was draped with banners, and there a throne was set
For the haughtiest king of England's line, Henry Plantagenet.
He sate him down in silence, his nobles standing by;
And they that knew him well might mark strange trouble in his eye.

His cold stern lip was quivering, his furrow'd cheek was pale,
His brow was dark with the shade it wore when he listed the fearful tale,
How vengeance muttered, half conceived, was fully wreak'd the while,
And proud A'Becket weltering lay in Canterbury's aisle.

An English knight came spurring fast, he rush'd into the hall:
"Good news!" he cried, "my liege, I bring from Hautefort's ruin'd wall.
The strong-barr'd gates are batter'd down, the citadel is ta'en;
Our soldiers forced their bloody way o'er pyramids of slain.

"And there within the Donjon, at bay, and fighting still,
We seized the traitor Bertrand, and bound him at our will.
Without he waits thy sentence—will it please my liege to see
The rebel lord in life, or shall we bear his head to thee?"
"Bring him in hither," said the king, "I fain would see him near,
Who dared to raise his arm in fight, spurning our kingly fear."
They led the sword-reft prisoner in, his stalwart limbs bound tight;
The dust they scatter'd on his head had dimm'd its golden light.

His fearless eye look'd up, and still an untamed fire was there,
His proud lips moved, yet sent they forth no utterance of prayer;
He bent no knee in reverence, there stood that prison'd knight,
As proud as when his cuirass gleam'd and falchion waved in fight.
Firm and few the words he spake, and yet they touch'd a string
That thrill'd the parent-stricken heart of England's mighty king;
A chord whose plaintive tones brake forth erewhile by Judah's sea:
"Would God I had died for thee, my son, would I had died for thee!"

"Thou art the monarch, Sire," he said, "of fair and wide domains;
Thy hosts have scaled the craggy hills, and plough'd the level plains;
Thy voice that summon'd to the fight made many a dwelling lone;
Thou hast ta'en away the peasant's child—canst thou bring back thine own?
Thy son whom once thou loved'st so well, thy first-born son lies low;
No brother watch'd beside his couch, no father smooth'd his brow.
I only held him in my arms till death's dark fight was won;
I only heard his last faint words—'Father, forgive thy son!'"

A strange thing is a parent's heart—the words that Bertrand spake
Were strong to move the old man's soul, as breezes stir a lake.
The steel-clad bosom sternly heaved, the cold clear eye was wet,
Of him who never quail'd in fight—Henry Plantagenet.
And soft sad memories awoke of the blessed far-off time
When his boy was in his infancy, and he was in his prime.
Could the bold rebel that had turn'd to gall his cup of joy,
Have been indeed the gladsome child, the darling fair-hair'd boy,
That rode his squire-led war-horse, that waved the mimic brand,
And kiss'd his father's bearded lip, and clasp'd his mailed hand?

Now, now the loving lips are closed, never to speak again,
Never to say, "Forgive me, father—shall thy child plead in vain?
And pardon him who serv'd me, better than words can tell;
He sinn'd 'gainst thee, my gracious sire, loving thy son too well!"
Such thoughts pass'd through the monarch's breast, and gently then he spake:—
"Bertrand de Born, I pardon thee, for my dead Henry's sake.
Take back thy castle—take thy sword, but wield it not in strife
Against thy king, who gives thee now thy liberty and life."

He said, and low the Norman lord bent down his haughty brow:
That heart the death-stroke might not break was sway'd by kindness now.
They cut the bonds that held his arms, and as he grasp'd his sword,
"Oh! would," he cried, "that my dead lord could hear the blessed word!
He was a falcon, soaring high on proud but erring wing;
He did not know his father's heart, I did not know my king.
Would he could stand before thee now, and bend a suppliant knee,
And say, 'Kind sire, I render here my life and love to thee!'
But he is gone, and I can nought but offer thee my part,
My sword, my vassals, and withal true fealty of heart.
As I have served thy princely son, I fain would serve thee now:
God grant that merrie England's crown may long rest on thy brow!"

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

Aug. 21. *Saturday.*—Oh heaven! can it be possible? am I agayn at Forest Hill? How strange, how joyfulle an event, tho' brought about with teares!—Can it be, that it is onlie a month since I stoode at this toilette as a bride? and lay awake on that bed, thinking of London? How long a month! and oh! this present one will be alle too short.

It seemeth that Ralph Hewlett, shocked at my teares and y[e] alteration in my looks, broughte back a dismall report of me to deare father and mother, pronouncing me either ill or unhappie. Thereupon, Richard, with his usuall impetuositie, prevayled on father to let him and Ralph fetch me home for a while, at leaste till after Michaelmasse.

How surprised was I to see Dick enter! My arms were soe fast about his neck, and my face prest soe close to his shoulder, that I did not for a while perceive y[e] grave looke he had put on. At y[e] last, I was avised to ask what broughte him soe unexpectedlie to London; and then he hemmed and looked at Ralph, and Ralph looked at Dick, and then Dick sayd bluntly, he hoped Mr. Milton woulde spare me to go

(1) Continued from p. 171.

home till after Michaelmasse, and father had sent him on purpose to say soe. Mr. Milton lookt surprised and hurte, and sayd, how could he be expected to part soe soone with me, a month's bride? it must be some other time: he had intended to take me himselfe to Forest Hill yᵉ following spring, but coulde not spare time now, nor liked me to goe without him, nor thought I should like it myself. But my eyes said *I shoulde*, and then he gazed earnestlie at me and lookt hurt; and there was a dead silence. Then Dick, hesitating a little, sayd he was sorrie to tell us my father was ill; on which I clasped my hands and beganne to weepe; and Mr. Milton, changing countenance, askt sundrie questions, which Dick answered well enough; and then said he woulde not be soe cruel as to keepe me from a father I soe dearlie loved, if he were sick, though he liked not my travelling in such unsettled times with so young a convoy. Ralph sayd they had brought Diggory with them, who was olde and steddy enough, and had ridden my mother's mare for my use; and Dick was for our getting forward a stage on our journey the same evening, but Mr. Milton insisted on our abiding till the following morn, and woulde not be overruled. And gave me leave to stay a month, and gave me money, and many kind words, which I coulde mark little, being soe overtaken with concern about dear father, whose illness I feared to be worse than Dick sayd, seeing he seemed soe close and dealt in dark speeches and parables. After dinner, they went forth, they sayd, to look after yᵉ horses, but I think to see London, and returned not till supper.

We got them beds in a house hard by, and started at earlie dawn.

Mr. Milton kissed me most tenderlie agayn and agayn at parting, as though he feared to lose me; but it had seemed to me soe hard to brook yᵉ delay of even a few hours when father, in his sicknesse, was wanting me, that I took leave of my husband with less affection than I mighte have shewn, and onlie began to find my spiritts lighten when we were fairly quit of London with its vile sewers and drains, and to breathe yᵉ sweete, pure morning ayre, as we rode swiftlie along. Dick called London a vile place, and spake to Ralph concerning what they had seene of it overnighte, whence it appeared to me, that he had beene pleasure-seeking more than, in father's state, he ought to have beene. But Dick was always a reckless lad;—and oh, what joy, on reaching this deare place, to find father had onlie beene suffering under one of his usual stomach attacks, which have no danger in them, and which Dick had exaggerated, fearing Mr. Milton woulde not otherwise part with me;—I was a little shocked, and coulde not help scolding him, though I was yᵉ gainer; but he boldlie defended what he called his "stratagem of war," saying it was quite allowable in dealing with a Puritan.

As for Robin, he was wild with joy when I arrived; and hath never ceased to hang about me. The other children are riotous in their mirth. Little Joscelyn hath returned from his foster-mother's farm, and is noe longer a puny child—'tis thought he will thrive. I have him constantly in my arms or riding on my shoulder; and with delight have revisited alle my olde haunts, patted Clover, &c. Deare mother is most kind. The maids as oft call me Mrs. Molly as Mrs. Milton, and then smile and beg pardon. Rose and Agnew have have been here, and have made me promise to visit Sheepscote before I return to London. The whole house seams full of glee.

Monday.—It seemes quite strange to heare Dick and Harry singing loyal songs and drinking yᵉ king's health after soe recentlie hearing his M. soe continuallie spoken agaynst. Also, to see a lad of Robin's age, coming in and out at his will, doing anicthing or nothing; instead of being ever at his taskes, and looking at meal-times as if he were repeating them to himselfe. I know which I like best.

A most kind letter from Mr. Milton, hoping father is better, and praying for news of him. How can I write to him without betraying Dick? Robin and I rode, this morning, to Sheepscote. Thoughte Mr. Agnew received me with unwonted gravitie. He tolde me he had received a letter from my husband, praying news of my father, seeing I had sent him none, and that he had writ to him that father was quite well, never had been better. Then he sayd to me he feared Mr. Milton was labouring under some false impression. I tolde him trulie, that Dick, to get me home, had exaggerated a trifling illness of father's, but that I was guiltlesse of it. He sayd Dick was inexcusable, and that noe good end coulde justifie a man of honour in overcharging yᵉ truth; and that, since I was innocent, I shoulde write to my husband to clear myself. I said briefly, I woulde; and I mean to do soe, onlie not to-daye. Oh, sweet countrie life! I was made for you and none other. This riding and walking at one's owne free will, in yᵉ fresh pure ayre, coming in to earlie, heartie, wholesome meals, seasoned with harmlesse jests,—seeing fresh faces everie daye come to yᵉ house, knowing everie face one meets out of doores,—supping in the garden, and remaining in the ayre long after the moon has risen, talking, laughing, or perhaps dancing,—if this be not joyfullnesse, what is?

For certain, I woulde that Mr. Milton were here; but he woulde call our sports mistimed, and throw a damp upon our mirth by not joining in it. Soe I will enjoy my holiday while it lasts, for it may be long ere I get another—especiallie if his and father's opinions get wider asunder, as I think they are doing alreadie. My promised spring holiday may come to nothing.

Monday.—My husband hath writ to me strangelie, chiding me most unkindlie for what was noe fault of mine, to wit, Dick's falsitie; and wondering I can derive anie pleasure from a holiday so obtayned, which he will not curtayl, but will on noe pretence extend. Nay! but methinks Mr. Milton presumeth somewhat

too much on his marital authoritie, writing in this strayn. I am no mere child neither, nor a runaway wife, nor in such bad companie, in mine own father's house, where he firste saw me; and, was it anie fault of mine, indeed, that father was not ill? or can I wish he had beene? No, truly!

This letter hath sorelie vexed me. Dear father, seeing me soe dulle, askt me if I had had bad news. I sayd I had, for that Mr. Milton wanted me back at ye month's end. He sayd, lightlie, Oh, that must not be, I must at all events stay over his birthdaye, he could not spare me sooner; he woulde settle all that. Let it be soe then—I am content enoughe.

To change ye current of my thoughts, he hath renewed ye scheme for our visit to Lady Falkland, which, weather permitting, is to take place to-morrow. 'Tis long since I have seen her, soe I am willing to goe; but she is dearer to Rose than to me, though I respect her much.

Wednesday.—The whole of yesterday occupyde with our visitt. I love Lady Falkland well, yet her religious mellanchollie and presages of evil have left a weight upon my spiritts. To-daye, we have a family dinner. The Agnews come not, but the Merediths doe, we shall have more mirthe if less wit. My time now draweth soe short, I must crowd into it alle ye pleasure I can; and in this, everie one conspires to help me, saying, "Poor Moll must soon return to London." Never was creature soe petted or spoylt. How was it there was none of this before I married, when they might have me alwaies? ah, therein lies the secret. Now, we have mutuallie tasted our losse.

Ralph Hewlett, going agayn to town, was avised to ask whether I had anie commission wherewith to charge him. I bade him tell Mr. Milton that since we should meet soe soone, I need not write, but would keep alle my news for our fire-side. Robin added, "Say, we cannot spare her yet," and father echoed the same.

But I begin to feel now, that I must not prolong my stay. At the leaste, not beyond father's birthday. My month is hasting to a close.

Sept. 21.—Battle at Newbury—Lord Falkland slayn. Oh, fatal loss! Father and mother going off to my Lady: but I think she will not see them. Aunt and uncle Hewlett, who brought ye news, can talk of nothing else.

22.—Alle sadnesse and consternation. I am wearie of bad news, public and private, and feel less and less love for ye puritans, yet am forced to seem more loyal than I really am, soe high runs party feeling just now at home.

My month has passed!

Sept. 28.—A most displeased letter from my husband, minding me that my leave of absence hath expired, and that he likes not the messages he received through Ralph, nor ye unreasonable and hurtfulle pastimes which he finds have beene making my quiet home distastefulle. Asking, are they suitable, under circumstances of nationall consternation to *my owne* party, or seemlie in soe young a wife, apart from her husband? To conclude, insisting, with more authoritie than kindnesse, on my immediate return.

With tears in my eyes, I have beene to my father. I have tolde him I must goe. He sayth, Oh no, not yet. I persisted, I must, my husband was soe very angry. He rejoined, What, angry with my sweet Moll? and for spending a few days with her old father? Can it be? hath it come to this alreadie? I sayd, my month had expired. He sayd, Nonsense, he had always askt me to stay over Michaelmasse, till his birthday; he knew Dick had named it to Mr. Milton. I sayd, Mr. Milton had taken no notice thereof, but had onlie granted me a month. He grew peevish, and said "Pooh, pooh!" Thereat, after a silence of a minute or two, I sayd yet agayn, I must goe. He took me by ye two wrists and sayd, Doe you wish to go? I burst into teares, but made noe answer. He sayd, That is answer enough,—how doth this puritan carry it with you, my child? and snatched his letter. I sayd, Oh, don't read that, and would have drawn it back; but father, when heated, is impossible to controwl; therefore, quite deaf to entreaty, he would read ye letter, which was unfit for him in his chafed mood; then, holding it at arm's length, and smiting it with his fist,—Ha! and is it thus he dares address a daughter of mine? (with words added, I dare not write)—but be quiet, Moll, be at peace, my child, for he shall not have you back for awhile, even though he come to fetch you himself. The maddest thing I ever did was to give you to this roundhead. He and Roger Agnew talked me over in soe many fine words.—What possessed me, I know not. Your mother always said evil woulde come of it. But as long as thy father has a roof over his head, child, thou hast a home.

As soone as he woulde hear me, I begged him not to take on soe, for that I was not an unhappy wife; but my tears, he sayd, belied me; and indeed, with fear and agitation, they flowed fast enough. But I sayd, I *must* goe home, and wished I had gone sooner, and woulde he let Diggory take me! No, he sayd, not a man Jack on his land shoulde saddle a horse for me, nor would he lend me one, to carry me back to Mr. Milton; at the leaste not for a while, till he had come to reason, and protested he was sorry for having writ to me soe harshly.

"Soe be content, Moll, and make not two enemies instead of one. Goe, help thy mother with her clear starching. Be happy whilst thou art here."

But ah! more easily said than done. "Alle joy is darkened; the mirthe of the land is gone!"

Michaelmasse Day.—At Squire Paice's grand dinner we have been counting on soe many days; but it gave me not ye pleasure expected.

Oct. 13.—The weather is soe foul that I am sure Mr. Milton woulde not like me to be on yᵉ road, even would my father let me goe.

—While writing yᵉ above, heard very angrie voices in yᵉ court-yard, my father's especiallie, louder than common; and distinguished the words 'knave' and 'varlet,' and 'begone.' Lookt from my window and beheld a man, booted and cloaked, with two horses, at yᵉ gate, parleying with my father, who stood in an offensive attitude, and would not let him in. I could catch such fragments as, 'But, sir!' 'What! in such weather as this?' 'Nay, it had not overcast when I started.' ''Tis foul enough now, then.' 'Let me but have speech of my mistress.' 'You crosse not my threshold.' 'Nay, sir, if but to give her this letter:'—and turning his head, I was avised of its being Hubert, old Mr. Milton's man; doubtless sent by my husband to fetch me. Seeing my father raise his hand in angrie action (his riding whip being in it), I hasted down as fast as I coulde, to prevent mischiefe, as well as to get my letter; but, unhappilie, not soe fleetlie as to see more than Hubert's flying skirts as he gallopped from yᵉ gate, with the led horse by the bridle; while my father flinging downe yᵉ torne letter, walked passionatelie away. I clasped my hands, and stood mazed for a while,—was then avised to piece yᵉ letter, but could not; onlie making out such words as 'Sweet Moll,' in my husband's writing.

Oct. 14.—Rose came this morning, through rain and mire, at some risk as well as much inconvenience, to intreat of me, even with teares, not to vex Mr. Milton by anie farther delays, but to return to him as soon as possible. Kind soule, her affection toucht me, and I assured her the more readilie I intended to return home as soone as I coulde, which was not yet, my father having taking yᵉ matter into his own hands, and permitting me noe escort; but that I questioned not, Mr. Milton was onlie awaiting the weather to settle, to fetch me himself. That he will doe so, is my firm persuasion. Meanwhile, I make it my duty to joyn with some attempt at cherfullenesse in yᵉ amusements of others, to make my father's confinement to yᵉ house less irksome; and have in some measure succeeded.

Oct. 23.—Noe sighte nor tidings of Mr. Milton.—I am uneasie, frighted at myself, and wish I had never left him, yet hurte at yᵉ neglect. Hubert, being a crabbed temper, made mischief on his return, I fancy. Father is vexed, methinks, at his owne passion, and hath never, directlie, spoken, in my hearinge, of what passed; but rayleth continualle agaynst rebels and roundheads. As to mother,—ah me.

Oct. 24.—Thro' dank and miry lanes and bye-roads with Robin, to Sheepscote.

Waiting for Rose in Mr. Agnew's small studdy, where she mostlie sitteth with him, oft acting as his amanuensis, was avised to take up a printed sheet of paper that lay on yᵉ table; but finding it to be of Latin versing, was about to laye it downe agayn, when Rose came in. She changed colour, and in a faltering voice sayd, "Ah, cousin, do you know what that is? One of your husband's proofe sheets. I woulde that it coulde interest you in like manner as it hath me." Made her noe answer, laying it aside enconcernedlie, but secretlie felt, as I have oft done before, how stupid it is not to know Latin, and resolved to get Robin to teach me. He is noe greate scholar himself, soe will not shame me.—I am wearie of hearing of war and politicks; soe will try studdy for a while, and see if 'twill cure this dull payn at my heart.

Oct. 28.—Robin and I have shut ourselves up for three hours dailie, in yᵉ small book-room, and have made fayre progresse. He liketh his office of tutor mightilie.

31.—My lessons are more crabbed, or I am more dull and inattentive, for I cannot fix my minde on my book, and am secretlie wearie. Robin wearies too. But I will not give up as yet; the more soe as in this quiete studdy I am out of sighte and hearinge of sundrie young officers Dick is continuallie bringing over from Oxford, who spend manie hours with him in countrie sports, and then come into yᵉ house, hungry, thirstie, noisie, and idle. I know Mr. Milton woulde not like them.

—Surelie he will come soone?—I sayd to father last night, I wanted to hear from home. He sayd, "Home! Dost call yon taylor's shop your home?" soe ironicalle that I was shamed to say more.

Woulde that I had never married!—then coulde I enjoy my childhoode's home. Yet I knew not its value before I quitted it, and had even a stupid pleasure in anticipating another. Ah me, had I loved Mr. Milton more, perhaps I might better have endured yᵉ taylor's shop.

(*To be continued.*)

A JOURNEY FROM LIEGE TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,

In a Diligence belonging to the Prussian Messageries.

I ARRIVED at the coach-office just as they were putting the horses to, procured my ticket, and was putting it in my pocket, when a by-stander rather significantly said, "You had better read it, sir." I took his advice. These tickets, for the convenience of travellers, were printed in German and French. I found I was to occupy the fourth seat in the vehicle, and was strictly forbidden to change places with my fellow-travellers, even if such an arrangement should prove agreeable to all parties. This despotic military discipline was a sufficient indication of our nearing the territories of his Prussian Majesty, Frederic William. However, when once snugly ensconced in my corner, the tyranny of his Majesty gave me but little concern;—I fell fast asleep, and enjoyed as

sound a nap as could fall to the lot of any man in a land of perfect liberty. It was about three o'clock in the morning—that is to say, daybreak, when I awoke; the rocking of the carriage—so soothing to the drowsy—had ceased, and my slumbers broken. At first, I anticipated some evil,—the loss of a wheel, a horse fallen down, or some unfortunate accident. I advanced my head to the carriage window; all was right; there we were, alone, brought to a stand on one of the most beautiful roads I ever saw. I took my ticket from my pocket, to see if I could gain information as to this rather unusual method of travelling.—Not a word; but as there was no prohibition to my holding conversation during the journey, why, I turned to my neighbour, and asked him if we had been thus stationary for any length of time?

"About twenty minutes," was the reply.

"Twenty minutes!" I exclaimed. "Pray, sir, may I, without indiscretion, ask what we are doing here?"

"We are waiting."

"Oh! we are waiting. And pray what are we waiting for?"

"The hour."

"What hour?"

"The hour when, by right, we enter the town."

"Is there, then, a fixed hour?"

"Every thing is fixed in Prussia."

"But, supposing we happened to arrive before the hour?"

"The conductor would be punished."

"And if after?"

"Punished the same."

"That's well looked to, at any rate," was my observation.

"Every thing is well looked to in Prussia," responded my neighbour.

I bowed my head in token of assent. Not for worlds would I have differed from a gentleman who was so thoroughly impressed with the superiority of the laws and ordinances of his country; independent of which, he had been too complaisant in answering my many questions to admit of my wounding his *amour propre*. I saw that my silent acquiescence to his opinion had gratified him; so I ventured to resume the conversation, by inquiring the precise hour at which alone we had the privilege of entering Aix-la-Chapelle.

"Thirty-five minutes past four in the morning."

"But if the watches and clocks don't agree?"

"Watches and clocks always agree in Prussia."

There must be something more than meets the eye, thought I, in this said kingdom of Prussia, when even time seems regulated by dictatorial edict. Really puzzled, I begged an explanation.

"The conductors," continued my companion, "have a timepiece placed before them in the cabriolet, which is secured by a padlock, to prevent all touching of the works to suit their convenience. These are regulated by the clocks of the Messageries, and by them the moment of arrival at each town and village is ascertained, to our final *entrée* at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"With all these precautions, how happens it," I continued, "that we are obliged to be waiting here on this bowling-green of a road?"

"I suppose the conductor, like yourself, sir, fell asleep, and during the time the postilions pushed on at too great a speed, and now they have to pay for time *overspent*."

"Oh! if that's the case, I will profit by the halt, get out of the carriage, and look about me a little."

"You cannot get out of a diligence in Prussia till the end of your journey."

I was nearly tempted to utter a deep and bitter imprecation against Prussia and all who belonged to it. I, however, suppressed my anger, and begged to know what were those ruins I saw at a little distance.

"It is the Castle of Emmaburgh."

"And what is the Castle of Emmaburgh?"

"It was there that the adventure of Eginhard and Emma took place."

"Indeed! Do, pray, have the kindness to change places with me for a few minutes, so that, at least, I may view it from the window."

"With great pleasure would I comply with your request, but we are forbidden to change places in a public carriage in Prussia."

"Confound Prussia!" I exclaimed, my patience completely worn out. Instantly I recollected myself, and apologized for my indiscretion.

"Oh! dose Frenchmen always chatter, chatter,—dere tongue neber still," growled forth a fat German, without unclosing his eyes; and these were the first words he had uttered since we started.

"What is that you say, sir?" asked I, not half pleased at his observation.

"I did say——Oh! *noting, noting*."

"You had much better go to sleep again, sir," I said to him; "and if it is your habit to dream aloud, I recommend its being in your mother tongue."

The German began to snore.

"Postilions! vorwarts—vorwarts!" cried the conductor.

Crack went the whips, at full gallop the horses;—I tried to catch a peep of the poetical ruins, but a sudden turn of the road cut off all view.

At thirty-five minutes past four, to a second, we drove into the court of the Messageries at Aix-la-Chapelle.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.[1]

Some years back we were standing on the deck of a packet from the United States as it entered the port of Liverpool. By our side was an American gentleman, whose eye roved with all the excitement of curiosity over the docks and piers, and other

(1) "Juvenile Depravity." 100*l*. Prize Essay, by the Rev. Henry Worsley, M.A., late Michel Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford; Rector of Easton, Suffolk. "An Inquiry into the Extent and Causes of Juvenile Depravity." By Thomas Beggs.——Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street Without.

splendid evidences of power and wealth, and his admiration of them was freely expressed, but as we neared the quay, where was congregated together a mass of ill-clad, poverty-stricken, depraved looking beings, collected by idle curiosity or the hope of earning a sixpence, his countenance suddenly fell. With an irrepressible fervour that came from the heart, he exclaimed, "Thank God, we have nothing like this to show in our country!" It was impossible to answer a word; for although, the race being the same, the difference must lie entirely in the circumstances, yet the absence of this degraded class was the first thing that had struck us in America, and infinitely outweighed a whole catalogue of "Trollopian" deficiencies and annoyances. Nor was the exclamation prompted by national prejudice; he was from the New England States, where among cultivated men still exists a warm filial love for the mother country; but independently of this circumstance, we believe that the progress of England is regarded with more of admiration than jealousy by her transatlantic children generally. "She is marching with giant strides towards immortal renown," says an American writer. The glorious distinction is adjudged to her of having taken the lead in philanthropy. "England," says Channing, "is a privileged nation: on one part of her history she can look with unmixed self-respect. With the exception of the promulgation of Christianity, I know not a moral effort so glorious as the long, painful, victorious struggle of her philanthropists against that concentration of all horrors, cruelties, and crimes, the slave trade. Next to this, her recent Emancipation Act is the most signal expression, afforded by our times, of the progress of civilization and a purer Christianity. Loaded with an unprecedented debt and with a grinding taxation, she contracted a new debt of a hundred million dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. This was not an act of policy, not a work of statesmen. Parliament but registered the edict of the people. The English nation, with one heart and voice, under a strong Christian impulse, and without distinction of rank, sex, party, or religious names, decreed freedom to the slave. I know not that history records a national act so disinterested, so sublime."

Why are we forced to admit that this picture has a terrible reverse. The southern planter taunts us with the misery of our labouring class—with the degradation of our Irish paupers—and asks, if such are the boasted fruits of our institutions, wherein they differ from the very worst results of slavery? The common reply is, that our poor are at least free, and that they may better their condition by industry and good conduct. We fear that this does not altogether meet the question. The presence of such a vast mass of pauperism and vice argues something hollow at the root of our civilization—that there are classes to whom it has hitherto proved a curse rather than a blessing. The mighty revolution of the social machine that has enriched the country at large, has thrust these unfortunates lower and lower in the scale, till they are bound down by an almost iron necessity to ignorance, suffering, and crime. They constitute a vast and discontented body in the midst of us,—the pariahs of modern civilization, the wide-spreading ulcer of our social state, whom it is as dangerous as it is cruel to leave any longer in neglect. The upper and middle classes of our elaborate social system have, in their haste to become rich, or in their struggles for subsistence, too long forgotten this, the lowest of all; and thus they have been left to themselves under the most crushing and hopeless circumstances. It is time that the latent causes of this state of things should be laid bare, that a timely remedy should be applied; or, to use the words of Lord Ashley, "we may anticipate in twenty years a general convulsion and displacement of society. There can be neither comfort nor peace but in a virtuous and religious people." What Longfellow forebodes of slavery in America, may no less be predicted of our own neglected classes:—

> "There is a poor blind Samson in this land,
> Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
> Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
> And shake the pillars of this commonweal,
> Till the vast temple of our liberties
> A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."

But of the pauper crowd that thronged us on the Liverpool quay, the greater number were little more than children; and this points to one most menacing symptom in the moral condition of our lowest class: vice is becoming precocious; the spring is polluted nearer to its source than of old. The root of the evil has struck deeper, and the result is a rank and poisonous overgrowth of crime. This has not escaped the notice of the noble band of philanthropists who are studying the cause and endeavouring to stay the progress of the evil. With a view to ensure the closest consideration of the subject, a prize of 100*l.* was offered for the best Essay upon it, and three Dissenting ministers, themselves of distinguished abilities, were appointed the adjudicators. After carefully perusing no less than fifty-five papers, the prize was adjudged to a clergyman of the Church of England. We confess that we rejoice in this circumstance, not in a spirit of party, but because it is an earnest of what may be looked for from the influence of that body, directed, as we believe and trust it has been and will be, towards the amelioration of our social evils. We wish that Mr. Worsley's book were in everybody's hands throughout the kingdom, to awaken the slumbering sympathy of all other classes towards the most suffering of all, and to stimulate every one, according to his ability, to co-operate in the work of its regeneration.

The work of Mr. Beggs, a gentleman well known for his writings on the subject of "The Moral Elevation of the People," was also recommended by the adjudicators to a second prize, to which its high merits undoubtedly entitle it.

The publication of both Essays is certainly well timed. Public attention is now fully awakened to the

enormity of our social evils, and a vast impulse has been given to philanthropic exertion. Various forms of education are devised, to embrace even the most abject classes. Charity is going forth into the highways and hedges, and compelling the forsaken to come in. The legislature, influenced by the universal feeling, is turning its attention to plans for an improved penal economy, to sanitary reform, and other important social improvements. The literature of the day is rendering noble service to the good cause. The writings of Dickens have shed a lustre over the virtues of the humbler classes, and portrayed in vivid colours their trials and their sufferings, and their heroic endurance; and the Manchester operatives have recently found a sympathizing and powerful advocate in the talented author of "Mary Barton."

Of all the forms of human misery, there is none that challenges our sympathy so much as the premature debasement of childhood. Look, on one hand, at the joyous infant, the pet of the family, "fed," as Lamb says, "with milk and praise," and seeing nothing but love in the eyes of all around, growing up into the child, fostered with a not unwise indulgence, carefully excluded from evil influences, and trained, as its faculties expand, in the paths of virtue and the precepts of religion—looking up to its parents as to God's vicegerents, with mingled reverence and love—associating from its earliest years every sweet and sacred emotion with the idea of "home;" and then, at the children of the very poor, who, as the same writer says, "have no home," or one, from the misery of which they instinctively seek to escape. Who is there among us that cannot testify to the painful truth of the following picture placed before us by Mr. Beggs?

"Thousands of youth are growing up to manhood, it cannot be said without education, for no negative term will express the truth,—they are literally trained to fraud and theft as a profession. The sceptic may gather sufficient evidence of this by merely perambulating the streets of the metropolis or the bye lanes and alleys of any of our large towns. He will be at no loss to detect the young recruits of the dangerous class. He may espy a group of children engaged in some boisterous game, or apparently lounging listlessly about. They appear in every variety of ragged costume. The unwashed face, the uncombed hair, the head without a hat, and the feet without shoes, bespeak a condition of abject poverty and neglect. If they are observed for a time, all the traits of character will appear. Obscenity and blasphemy shock the ear; their skill in artifice is made apparent in the tricks practised upon each other. *Some of their faculties are particularly acute, and all the propensities precociously developed.* They are gathered at street-corners, watching with keen and eager eye all that is passing within the range of observation. They look out most greedily for an opportunity of obtaining a penny by begging, purloining, or by any petty drudgery. If the observer pass from the streets into the police-office, he will see members of this class brought before the presiding magistrate at the age of twelve or thirteen, and many of even a more tender age, probably for the second or third offence. On inquiry it will be found that the boy has already learnt to smoke, drink, and practise nameless debaucheries. It may be that he is the child of honest, but ignorant and negligent parents, and, from being allowed to wander abroad, has been seduced by older associates. It may be that he is an orphan or deserted child,—destitute, friendless, and homeless, and has to pick up a precarious subsistence by the chances of the street. It as often happens that he is the offspring of profligate parents, and sent out to bring 'something back,'—the 'something' being converted into money, and the money spent upon intoxicating liquor. It would be a severe and toilsome investigation, to show in what proportion these different causes furnish the outcasts and petty depredators of our streets. No doubt many of these wretched beings, to the disgrace of a Christian age, are without home, and abandoned by one parent, or both, seeking their nightly shelter in the low lodging-houses when the proceeds of the day will allow such a luxury, or sleeping under bridges and gateways when they will not. Is it not a cruelty and injustice to bring these wretched beings before the felons' bar? It is a solemn mockery to go through the forms of law; and yet *nearly twenty thousand children*, under seventeen years of age, pass through our gaols every year, besides the cases summarily disposed of. *Here*, (he continues,) *we find childhood without its joys, and youth without its hopes. Every kind and generous feeling is left to perish without nurture, or is warped into the most revolting deformity. Shadows hang over the cradle, guilt and want track the early footsteps.* Among earth's saddest scenes, there is none more painful than to look upon the face of infancy, and find, instead of innocence and mirth, the traces of bitter grief and passion."

Looking to the statistical statements as to the amount of juvenile delinquency, some doubt may, however, be entertained whether Mr. Worsley is correct in estimating it as *largely* on the *increase* relatively to adult crime. "We are to take into account," says Mr. Beggs, "that much of the apparent increase in the number of prisoners in general arises from other causes than those connected with the advance of crime. The error of passing laws with a view to suppress crime, the *legislandi cacoethes*, if it has not multiplied crimes, has made them more conspicuous, without having done anything towards their suppression; and this holds peculiarly of juvenile delinquencies, which have fallen more especially within the province of this minute legislation." The *number* of juvenile offences, too, must be checked by their comparative *lightness*. According to the elaborate tables of Mr. Neison, "while *three-fourths* of all the crime of the country is confined to offences against property, without violence, among the population of sixteen years and younger, more than *nine-tenths* of all the crime are due to this class of offences;" and he goes on to make the important remark, "that the nature of these offences places them within the reach of such remedial measures as would certainly to a great extent remove them from the criminal calendar, and thus go far towards the prevention of three-fourths of the crime of the country." But though it is consoling to hope that there may be no large proportional increase of juvenile depravity, yet, looking to its actual amount and to its being in a great measure the prolific seed of adult crime, it is evident that we cannot overrate the importance of checking it in the bud.

Another result of statistical inquiries as given by Mr. Beggs is highly encouraging. Crime, after all, appears to have reached its maximum, and to be gradually on the decline; since even where there is a

temporary increase of commitments, there is a sensible diminution in the intensity of the crime. And both our essayists agree in their statistical results as to the value of education, even of the most elementary kind, in checking the progress of vice. Everywhere the statistics prove that ignorance and depravity walk hand in hand, and thus stimulate to increased activity the promoters of education and enlightenment in every shape, by showing the happy effects that have undeniably resulted from their labours.

To consider first the state of crime among the agricultural class. Mr. Worsley attributes its prevalent demoralization primarily to a disturbance of the old social relations of master and servant:—

"If we look back upon society," he says, "as it subsisted about the middle of the last century, and compare with that the present state of things, we find that a complete revolution, an entire change in the general character of ideas, in the distribution of property, and division of employment, has passed over us. Towards the close of the last century, previous to 1770, our manufactures were domestic—they were hand manufactures; and those who conducted them, generally united the farmer with the manufacturer. The farms then cultivated were not generally of very large extent, except perhaps in the North of England, and in general less profit was derived from agriculture than from the spinning-wheel and hand-loom. Besides the community of small farmers collected together here and there among the cultivated lands, there was the labourer, occupying a position, in many instances, not much inferior to that of his employer, helping out very frequently a comfortable subsistence by the same recourse to hand-manufactures; and there was, also, the country gentleman or squire, superior to both the preceding classes, distinguished for the most part by good-breeding and ancient blood, possessed of little learning, and desiring little, but not without a considerable stock, in many cases, of traditional lore and mother-wit. Such in brief description was the triple association of squire, yeoman, and labourer.

"It will be interesting to consider the relation in which the farmer of those days stood towards his labourer. The superintendence which he exercised over his workmen was more patriarchal than at the present date; farmer and labourers might be said with some truth to have formed, rather more than fifty years ago, one united family. Labour was shared in common very frequently by master and man; the single men lodged under the roof of their employer—there was no separation of the two classes—but one kitchen, with its brick floor, received all on their return from labour; and the conversation, such as it was, languished under few restrictions of ceremony or exclusiveness. At meals, the master of the house sat at the head of his own table, and carved for his domestics and the labourers who lodged in the farm-house, from the same viands on which he and his family dined and supped. The means of passage to and fro were slow and uncertain; the squire was resident on his own estate in the manor house; there he received the parson of the parish to his convivial board, to talk over the day's chase, or ask his opinion on a knotty point for magisterial decision; there he entertained his tenantry, and, on the great festivals, assembled all classes without distinction of rank, to join in the hospitable repast, and amusements of the time.

"The consequence which the squire conciliated to himself by a proper regard to the traditional duties of his station, was considerable: his authority interposed to settle village disputes; he dealt with many offences summarily by recourse to the stocks, or in the case of a juvenile delinquent to flagellation; there was a halo of dignity round an Allworthy or a Sir Roger de Coverley in the baronial residence of his ancestors. In one particular, the example of the squire was eminently useful: to omit attendance at the parish church would have been an offence noted by all; and this custom on his part, imitated by all classes, though it may have had more to do with ceremonial than vital religion, according to the error of the times, had an inherent tendency to produce subordination, respectability of appearance and behaviour, and therefore to improve the condition of the poor.' 'Sunday was a day for the display of sanctity and parade, the Lord of the Manor repairing to church in great state, through a lane of uncovered and bowing peasantry, who took this opportunity of craving indulgences and showing respect, receiving favours or kind inquiries in return: after which the squire entered the hereditary pew of the manor house, whence he carefully looked round to see which of his dependants were absent, as well by that, as by the loudness of his responses during the service, to impress those present with respect.'[1] The Old English Gentleman was the growth of that period, a more noble character (I am quoting the sentiments of Dr. Arnold, expressed in one of his letters) than ever flashed across the imagination of a Sismondi or a Guizot.

"*If, when a fair balance is cast, we can have no reasonable wish to recur to the state of society and mode of life which prevailed a century ago, it is at the same time indisputable, that the relation between squire, yeoman, and labourer, was at that period far more friendly, and that such a circumstance must have operated very advantageously upon the class, the lowest in the scale.*" . . . . .

"One bad effect at once observable, consequent on the low rate of agricultural wages universal at the present day, is the out-door employment of women and children in pulling up turnips, or other field labour. The mixture of males and females, in any work, has been proved universally to be prejudicial to morals; but besides, home duties must necessarily be neglected,—an omission involving the worst effects. . . . . .

"Another important consideration is, the alteration for the worse in the dwelling-houses of the poor. . . During the present century, we have been building dwellings for the poor, as if we were running up sties for pigs.

"It is only the introduction of the allotment system which has rendered the poor man's condition, in these altered times, even bearable; but this improvement, introduced of late years, is only a substitution for the garden, or garden and orchard, which, in happier days, were generally annexed to the cottage.

"The changed circumstances of the labourer in regard to his relation in the present day to the other parts of society, and the pecuniary compensation for his services, which has gradually diminished, as well as the other alterations in village life for the worse, must be supposed to exert an injurious influence upon his character, and yet more so upon the pliable disposition of his children."

The changes that have taken place in our social condition are minutely developed by Mr. Worsley. We can give only a brief outline of them. The nascent germ was Hargrave's invention of the spinning jenny in 1767. Many small farmers' sons relinquished agriculture for this more lucrative pursuit. Hence originated a new order of tenants on a new understanding with the landlord, and improved farming was the result. But this rivalry drove the olden yeomen also to embark in spinning, who were soon ruined by the establishment of mills, with which domestic manufactures could not compete. The weavers, too, who up to this time had remained prosperous, were

(1) Wade's History of the Working Classes, c. ix.

exposed to the same unequal competition, and the application of steam to machinery involved both classes in one common fate. The effects of this revolution brought about by machinery upon country life were very great; large manufacturing towns sprung up—foreign commerce was enlarged—luxuries became necessaries, and thus a large home market also had been opened to manufacturing skill—population rapidly increased; the *die had been cast*, and England had become the workshop of the world. London had become the great centre—the squire was attracted thither by the magnetic influences of the age—the old manor house first vacated, then let to a tenant or pulled down. Centralization, the prominent feature of the altered system, by removing the gentry from their ancient haunts, was injurious to the character of the new farming class, who, introducing machinery into agriculture, and *owing to the consolidation of small farms*, ceased to board and lodge his now numerous servants, and, while rising himself into a higher station, looked down upon the class above whom he was formerly but a degree removed. The obvious consequence was the depression of the labouring population. The rise of manufactures indeed gave an impetus to agriculture; rents were raised, the price of wheat rose and the labourer's wages; in 1811 the former was 96*s.* per quarter, the latter 14*s.* 6*d.* per week; since which period wages have gradually declined—"*the labourer*," Mr. Wade writes, "*has been mutely sinking.*"

"It cannot be supposed," says our author, in a beautiful passage, "that such startling changes in village life were accomplished without some notice and allusions to passing events and shifting manners in the pages of poetry. Shall the country squire, the ancient presiding guardian of the village, leave his ancestral halls, desert the scene consecrated to memory by oft-recurring merriment and Christmas festivities; and shall the woodland pipe of poetry—'*agrestis avena*'—sound no lament for his departure, no requiem over the buried usages of former times? I must ask the reader's pardon for intruding on him some rather lengthy quotations from cotemporary poets. It is the Muse's province to survey the varied scene of human action, to notice the rise of customs and manners, commend or satirize; she is privileged; it is her proper task: and I therefore refer to our English poets for the description of a former period, and the contrast offered to it by our own, as I should to Aristophanes, to trace the broidery of colours flung upon the scene of Athenian life, or to Horace to compare Rome in his days with Rome as it was once. The features of the time are charactered upon the cotemporary page—'Votivâ veluti patent descripta tabellâ.'

"Cowper's *Task* was composed in 1783-4; in it the rush to the metropolis and desertion of rural seats by their owners are mourned, and the change of manners in the farming class is depicted with graphic accuracy.

"'The town has tinged the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils. * * *

* * * * * * *

"'The rich, and they that have an arm to check
The license of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and, themselves intent
On pleasure, *haunt the capital*, and thus
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes, their presence might protect.'
Winter Evening.

"The change in manners, ideas of station, &c., is thus described by the same poet:—

"'No: we are polished now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. *The character is lost!*'"
* * * * * * *

Mr. Worsley also quotes Burns and Bloomfield in support of the same views.

The author next proceeds to "the statistical proof of the influence of a body of resident gentry upon the morals and respectability of the labouring class," and clearly proves that "wherever the proportion of resident gentry is great, there crime is less frequent; in other words, the amount of crime can be proved to be in inverse ratio to the number of residents of independent means."

The ignorance and narrow views of the farming class are justly attributed by Mr. Worsley to the absence of a proper controlling and directing influence. The farmer may be said to be under all the disadvantages of a period of transition from an old state of things which is passing away, to a modern one which has not yet been brought to bear favourably upon him—"he is left to the guidance of a half-instructed mind." We quite agree in the opinion that the parish clergyman is in general the only person of more humanized mind whose influence can atone for the absence of the squire, and that were he removed as well as his old associate, the evil would yet be aggravated. He is the only model of what Wordsworth calls a "refined rusticity;" and often, in the rural districts, the only link between the wide extremes of landlord and tenant, or of farmer and labourer, while the progress of education is of necessity principally committed to his hands. The novels of Fielding and the history of Macaulay depict the clergy of the last century as degraded in position, and, too often, in character; but a happy change has since taken place, and none, we believe, are found to be more active than the parochial clergyman in promoting the improvement of the poor. "Still," as Mr. Worsley well remarks, "from his position and widely different occupation, he cannot possess the same amount of authority which would be at once allowed to a landlord resident among his tenantry."

"The Consolidation of property," he continues, "is a badge of the present times. It is stated that about the year 1770 the lands of England were divided among no fewer than 250,000 families; but at the close of the revolutionary war in 1815 they were found to be concentrated in the hands of only 32,000. . . . . Not only, therefore, is the small farmer extinct, but the small landed proprietor belongs to an order which is rapidly vanishing, and has in a great degree already disappeared. The tradesman, moreover, who has little capital, is now contending at a ruinous disadvantage with outbidding rivals. The trade which prospers most in villages and small towns in these times, is, it may well be feared, the publican's. All classes are merging in one of two, the

indigent and the opulent; the chasm between rich and poor has widened, and is widening. England's greatest splendour, and England's most abject poverty, are admirably adapted as subjects for the display of the artist's skill in painting contrasts; and two such pictures well executed, would present a powerful practical illustration of the poet's

" 'First and last—the immensely distant two.' "

Contrasting the opposite results of the division of land into large and small farms, and appealing to Belgium, where the latter system prevails, in proof of the superior comfort and morality of the peasantry it produces, Mr. Worsley thus sums up:—

"The cottier population of that day, if I may be allowed to use the simile, nestled like birds beneath the manorial eaves. Their sympathies were drawn out in respect, obedience, and affection to those in a higher station; they were more cared for, and they cared for others more. The removal of the squire from the village, the substitution of a new order of farmers, different in their habits and feelings towards the working-class, in place of the old, have acted unfavourably upon the character of the peasantry—have loosened the previous system of subordination in their households, after the pattern of all they saw around them—have conspired, with other circumstances, to drive fathers, and even mothers of families, to the ale-house; and, thus the old checks removed as well as the motives to good, have served to introduce general depraved habits, which have exhibited themselves in acts of crime, and more particularly in juvenile crime."

After exposing the moral sources of the degeneracy of the peasantry, Mr. Worsley proceeds to state what are their immediate incentives to crime, namely—beer-shops, the game laws, the tramp system, and the arrangements of cottages and lodging houses.

"Beer-shops," he remarks, "very frequently do not exist in those villages which are under the immediate eye of some presiding tutelary guardian, or in other words, of a resident gentleman landowner: but wherever such influence is removed, they have sprung up with astonishing rapidity and in dense numbers. It is impossible to consider their effects on our rural population, except in connexion with the demoralizing habit of poaching. Intemperance and poaching act and re-act, the one vile habit on the other. . . . .

"I have classed the arrangements of cottages and lodging-houses under one head, as a cause of rural juvenile crime, because the moral influence of both is much of the same nature, *the lodging-house being a more malignant form of the over-crowded labourer's cottage. The moral effect of both is the destruction of all modesty in either sex;* and the almost universal absence of chastity and purity among the labouring class, in our country villages at the present day, is notorious to every one at all acquainted with them. Between the lodging-house system, and vagrancy or tramping, there is as close an union as between the carouse at the beer-shop and the daring feats of the poacher. . . . .

"The lodging-house is described in the Constabulary Police Report as the flash-house of the rural district, the most extensively established school of juvenile delinquency, and for the most part the most infamous brothel to be met with. . . . .

"It will be observed that of these ten, in which the increase of vagrancy is most remarkable, eight are decidedly agricultural counties.

"Nor is the mischief, which the vagrant does, confined to the act of crime; but we must reflect, that he is thrown into a county prison, and there associates with rural offenders, among whom he at once obtains a rank by his superiority under that very category, which for a time unites them together, and to whom he imparts the niceties of the thieving art. The demoralizing influence of all those prisons in which the separate system is not pursued, must not escape our remark in an Essay on Juvenile Depravity."

Having examined the condition of our agricultural population, the author turns next to the manufacturing districts, with a view to consider "the peculiar circumstances which have given to these parts," as he may well observe, "their distressing pre-eminence in crime."

"A large portion of the population of Lancashire is grouped here and there in immense knots in and round towns. Many evils naturally arise from this accumulation of so many human beings, each of whom is possessed of large powers and propensities to evil; and these in such a concourse are stimulated into exercise, and have every scope for their full development. *The moral checks ought to be on a gigantic scale, to be at all adequate to the need; and should increase with the same rapidity as the population itself.* These two conditions are indispensable to anything like order, respectability, and morality, in such a vast assemblage of men, such a shifting and heterogeneous mass. But the absence of any such system at all proportionate to the powers of evil which must be encountered, is as notorious as it is lamentable; and hence the unhappy proportion and rapid increase of juvenile depravity in these districts and in our times."

After noticing the bad moral effect of the fluctuating rate of wages in producing carelessness and improvidence, he proceeds to dwell upon what is undoubtedly one of the most fruitful sources of intemperance—the protracted and exhausting labours of the operatives.

"It appears from the Report of Commissioners[1] that labour used to be continued in the mills during as many as fifteen and even sixteen hours, and that it has been known to have been occasionally protracted as long as *eighteen*, and in some instances yet longer. If we consider what the degree of temperature must of necessity be in the mills or rooms where the manufactures or trades are carried on, particularly wherever little attention is paid to ventilation, we shall be able to form some estimate of the jaded condition of the wretched beings who were thus immured in worse than servitude. The state of bodily exhaustion in which they must have returned from their work, could have left no inclination or power for the due discharge of the duties of domestic life, much less for their own improvement by instructive or religious reading. They returned pale and emaciated, their bodily vigour quite spent; lassitude, and frequently disease, brought on by the over-tasking the physical powers, urged them to have recourse to stimulants; and to the unremitted toil of the day, there succeeded too often a night of intoxication and debauchery.

"It was not possible that labour," continues Mr. Worsley, "persisted in during so long a time, could be pursued regularly day after day. The physical necessities of the operatives, and the taste for excitement and dram-drinking which their unnatural toil promoted, pressed to seek a temporary relief in holidays of very frequent recurrence. These intervals of short rest, as well as Sunday, were, and in many instances it may be feared, still are, devoted to drinking, gambling, dissipation in its various shapes, (and it was ever acquiring new shapes,) a licentious idleness, or daring vice. The amusements, the low shows, the penny theatres of Manchester and Birmingham, where the feats of Dick Turpin

(1) Trades and Manufactures. 1843.

or Jack Sheppard are exhibited to youthful admiration; the beer-shops, comprising, in some streets, every house; the gin-palaces after the London model; all the means of excitement, and all the attractions of vice which wait upon the intervals of labour afforded to the operative, must be regarded as in some sort the natural and necessary growth of a physical frame, worn, and its vigour wasted, by an application to work continued beyond *all reasonable limits of time.*

"But it must be remembered, that those employed in manufacture are not only men, but *women, children, and even infants*. . . . .

"Female children thus employed from their earliest years in labour so long continued, could learn nothing but the trade, or the particular part of some manufacture, by which they earned their week's pay: they were not taught to sew, darn, or perform needle-work of any kind; their mothers, brought up themselves on the same system, were unable, not merely from other occupation, but incapacitated by ignorance, and I believe, in the great majority of cases still are so, to discharge the most common duties of a housewife. The result is, *a house in the grossest disorder, and a home without comfort. Thus discomfort at home is another inducement to seek refuge in the exciting pleasures of the theatre, the beer-shop, or gin-palace. Home is but a scene of untidiness and filth; no place so comfortless as home, from which husband and children are glad to escape.* The condition of the mining districts is identical in this respect." [1]

Here we would remark, that notwithstanding the benevolent enactment by the legislature of the Ten Hours Bill, not a few of our manufacturers are already endeavouring to evade its provisions by a system of "relays" of labourers. We are happy to see that this plan is likely to be defeated by the vigilant agitation of the first promoters of the Ten Hours Bill, and especially that the clergy of the manufacturing districts are coming forward with a petition to the legislature against a manœuvre that must, if it be allowed to pass unnoticed, nullify the *moral* results that may be hoped from the bill.

"The social evils are aggravated by the independence of the young of both sexes. The parents receive the wages for the child, as long as he is incapable, from very tender years, to make provision with the week's pay for himself. At the first dawning of discretion the child receives his own wages on his own account. In some cases, he will even remove from the parental roof; but if he still remains an inmate of the family dwelling, he occupies henceforth the position of a lodger, finds his own meals, and pays so much per week for house-room. The occasion of this disastrous innovation on the arrangement of nature, is said to have been the extravgance and dissipation of some parents, who thus forced the children to consult their own interests. The custom once set on foot soon became almost universal.

"The school of the affections is the sweetest and at the same time the most effective school of virtue. Where the restraints arising from deference and love to a parent are wanting, what means can be invented to supply a deficiency so deplorable? Wherever the parents divest themselves of their natural authority and claim to obedience and regard, by dissipation and indulgence in vice, the children, on their part, will not be slow to overlook the duties which nature has imposed on them. Amid such a state of things, we learn without surprise, that crime is precocious in no ordinary degree.

"Let us now turn to the condition of the dwellings of the operatives. Alas! human nature appears to be more sunk in depravity and misery by an appeal to facts, than all the powers of a vigorous imagination are able to conceive. It will be universally allowed, that the general state of dwelling-houses and domestic comfort is closely linked with moral habits; that discomfort at home is both cause and effect of immorality and vice. The houses of the poor working-class are described to be in general wretched in the extreme, imperfectly drained, or not drained at all, without conveniences for the comfort, or even the decencies of life, unwholesome hovels, in which the very air is pestilential, and breathes the miasma of moral disease. To such a home, although here a term is misplaced, which brings with it to the mind a transporting association of peace and joy, and happiness, the jaded operative, his wife and children, are to retire from the scene of their day's employment: here they are to seek the refreshment of the night's repose in an atmosphere which, from imperfect ventilation and the total absence of draining, is impregnated with malignant vapours; and to these the fumes of intoxication are unhappily too often added; for in his state of discomfort, entrenched by a twelve-month's gathering of filth, what wonder is it, if the exhausted workman finds his only solace in the delirium consequent upon dram-drinking! The rent of one of these miserable and disordered cabins is 1*s*. 6*d*. or 2*s*., perhaps more, a-week; if the rent be duly paid, the landlord or his steward is satisfied—the condition of the inmates occasions him no trouble or concern—the expenditure of a small sum on his part might suffice to render these habitations of the poorer class decent and comfortable, but he cares not to improve them: perhaps the rent could not thereby be proportionately raised; at any rate, he is unwilling to make the outlay. In one of such dwellings then, if you can picture to the mind its comfortless condition, much beyond 'the worst inn's worst room,' the operative's family, consisting it may be of a wife and children of various ages, all engaged in factory-labour, pass a *horrible* night; and before day-break, or as soon, they rise, little refreshed by their broken, perhaps intoxicated slumber, to resume their usual occupation at the mill."

Let us now turn to Mr. Beggs, who fully corroborates these statements, but who draws his illustrations more particularly from the condition of low districts in the metropolis. For pictures of the pestilential cellars and hovels of Manchester we may refer the reader to the powerful delineations of the author of "Mary Barton." But here, as usual, fiction must yield to fact, and horrors are disclosed of a nature which the novelist dare not portray, and which we equally shrink from revealing:—

"The Reports of the Health of Towns Commission have exhibited some fearful facts. The overcrowding, and the consequent absence of all decent observances, is not confined to our town populations, but extends to our suburban districts, and our agricultural villages. In small incommodious and wretchedly-ventilated apartments, whole families are stowed in: fathers and grown-up daughters, brothers and sisters, and very often strangers, are brought together in such a way as to shock every humane and decent feeling. Some of the facts already given will intimate the defective arrangements as to lodging and dwelling. It is necessary to give a more minute description of the resorts of the dangerous classes, and the homes of those who are picking up a precarious subsistence, or practising mendicancy for a living. Many of the young criminals frequent the low lodging-houses. Lord Ashley quotes the description of one by a City Missionary:—'The City Missionary, speaking of a lodging-house, and referring to the "parlour"—for there are many euphonious terms employed—said:

"'The parlour measures 18 feet by 10. Beds are

(1) Commission on Employment of Children in Mines, 1842—p. 33.

arranged on each side of it, composed of straw, rags, and shavings. Here are 27 male and female adults, and 31 children, with several dogs; in all, 58 human beings in a contracted den, from which light and air are systematically excluded. It is impossible (he says) to convey a just idea of their state. The quantities of vermin are amazing. I have entered a room, and in a few minutes I have felt them dropping on my hat from the ceiling like peas. "They may be gathered by handfuls," observed one of the inmates. "I could fill a pail in a few minutes. I have been so tormented with the itch, that on two occasions I filled my pockets with stones, and waited till a policeman came up, and then broke a lamp, that I might be sent to prison, and there be cleansed, as is required before new-comers are admitted." "Ah!" said another, standing by, "you can get a comfortable snooze and scrub there."'

"No fruit could be expected from such a soil but disorder and vice. *Whether we look to the drinking habits as the cause or the effect, we find them almost invariably associated with a bad sanitary condition.* In the very worst neighbourhoods, and amongst the most degraded population, the greatest number of houses for the sale of drink will be found. These inquiries are important, but they would be greatly increased in value if an effort were made to ascertain the extent of drinking among such a population, with a view of tracing the connexion between intemperance and the undoubted misery that prevails. . . . .

"The children reared up in these crowded and neglected neighbourhoods constitute a class as distinct in form and feature as in habits from the better-conditioned children of the middle classes: they appear almost to belong to a separate race. There may be considerable scepticism on this point, but when the effects of *a vicious parentage are carefully examined, very often extending over two or three generations, moral and physical deterioration can only be expected.* Let the children who constitute the predatory hordes of the street be contrasted with those who gather round the circle of a well-conducted home, and the inferiority of the former is palpable at once. It could not be otherwise: want, early and daily acquaintance with misery, exposure to cold, harshness, and ill-usage, must have an effect upon the body as well as upon the mind. These children are thus described by Dr. Aldis:

"'They are emaciated, pale, and thin, and in a low condition. They complain of sinking, depression of strength, loss of spirits, loss of appetite, accompanied by pains in different parts of the body, with disturbed sleep.'—'The depressed and low condition of health in which these people are always found, induces habits of intemperance, unfortunately so common among them.'—'The children (says another) are diminutive, pale, squalid, sickly, irritable; I rarely saw a child in a really healthy state.' . . . .

"There is now brought together a mass of evidence, gleaned from many sources, of a most conclusive kind, as to the condition, moral and physical, of the classes from whence spring the hosts of juvenile vagrants and criminals. The state of that young population is truthfully delineated; they are destitute of counsel, care, teaching—except that which is pernicious—and they are without any ostensible means of procuring a livelihood. When we regard the thousands who gather round the gin-shops, and crawl from them in a desperate state of self-abandonment into holes and corners and filthy hovels, a painful hopelessness comes over the mind—an impression that they are beyond any human instrumentality, and that unless God in his mercy breathes upon them, and dispels the thick darkness, they must perish as they have lived. But the young generation springing up, are capable of better things: they might, under favourable auspices, be trained to a life of industry and sobriety with the same ease that they are now trained to one of vagabondry, idleness, or wickedness."

Mr. Worsley next proceeds to quote a passage corroborative of his views in the report made to Government by Joseph Fletcher, Esq. Inspector of British and Foreign Schools, from which we extract a few very striking remarks.

"'A silent but extensive re-organization of a considerable part of society has taken place during the last half century in the development of its mechanical skill, and the elaboration of economical truths. This re-organization was made almost as early and as rapidly among the agricultural as among the artizan population: the manufacturing system, indeed, was introduced perhaps as early in the fields as in the towns, for it consists simply in an employment of mechanical agency, and of the subdivision of labour in the production of the commodities of life to a greater extent than had long been customary; a progress upon which we shall have every reason to congratulate ourselves, *if we do not too long comparatively neglect every other element of progress.* Uneasinesses have naturally arisen out of such a state of things; but happily, we have, I hope, too much of truth, humanity, justice and practical good sense amongst us, to refrain from seeking some great and effective remedy for this *one-sidedness of progress;* a remedy which shall bring the *moral condition of society* to fit agreement *with its industrial organization.* This is very plainly seen where the workmen are in connexion with the property and near to the homes of their employers, in the efforts made by the more public-spirited proprietors and manufacturers, possessed of large means and Christian hearts. It is less observable where the producers are on a smaller scale, struggling between the old system and the new. It is wholly unobservable where the labourer is entirely unconnected with any mentionable amount of the capital, and removed from all neighbourhood to the home of his employer; as in the case of the great mass of the stockingers, hand-loom weavers, lace-makers, . . . &c.; while a still lower tone of morals, manners, and dispositions, is found wherever the women and children are extensively employed in the trade of the place. But a term appears to be rapidly approaching to the thoughtlessness which *accepts the wealth procured by the more economical organization of society, without attempting to secure its foundations anew, by more united efforts to fit the labourer to discharge the duties of good citizenship which are expected from him, unguided by superiors, in his present position.*'"

The pernicious influence of low theatrical exhibitions, and of the enormous increase of cheap demoralizing publications—the statistics of which are positively frightful, being 28,862,000, more by 4,443,380 copies than all the religious societies put together exposed, is also to be taken into account.

"It cannot be doubted that the liberty, political and social, which characterises and defines the present period, the liberty of the press, liberty of all kinds, have removed the restrictions of a previous age upon the extensive and rapid diffusion of the means, both of good and evil: unhappily the giant powers of Evil entered the race first, and were foremost to run their course; the antagonist principle of Good lost the start; but is now arousing all its energies for the mortal contest."

Mr. Worsley points out that—

"The extent and increase of depravity among the female sex, which has undergone not only a very considerable, but an unvarying and progressive augmentation for many years—this enormous proportion and progressive and rapid increase of female crime in trading and manufacturing districts, is the exact result which might have been expected from the general

condition, both past and present, of our large industrial centres. If we duly consider the vast influence of the female character upon the other sex for good and evil, the circumstance of its largely increasing depravity is confessedly one of the blackest spots upon the vision of the future; such as offers in itself some explanation of the great augmentation of juvenile crime in the other sex; or rather is an accompanying and highly aggravating effect of a common cause.

"Such, and of such a particular complexion as regards age and sex, is the unhappy pre-eminence in crime which distinguishes the manufacturing districts, and especially the neighbourhoods of the large towns situate in them.

"The statistics of crime cannot develope in half or in a quarter of its fearful extent, the general state of depravity among the lower class in the great metropolis, or one of our manufacturing towns; can never trace the monster roots of vice, how widely they spread and diverge themselves, or how deep they penetrate in the congenial soil. Even the imagination is overtasked when called upon to exert her powers, so as to produce a picture of demoralized humanity that shall be adequate to the truth. *The real condition of many parts of such localities is not merely barbarism and heathenism, but can only be fitly designated by some term which includes those, and yet more of degradation;—it is—what is worse—civilization uncivilized; humanity with its external opportunities of action enlarged to be the more imbruted; a scene in which a knowledge of religion is only proved by blasphemy, and the resources of an enlightened and emancipated age are perverted to sin.*"

It is time we should turn to intemperance, and its effects upon crime. Although these cannot well be overrated, yet, perhaps, the terms of the "Prize Essay," which required that they should be made the chief subject of inquiry, may have tended to give an undue prominence to this part of the subject. Intemperance has always been the vice of northern climates, and but a century since was as much the habit of the higher, as it is now of the lower classes. The progress of refinement, and the greater diffusion of rational and elegant amusements, has caused it to go more and more out of fashion even among the middle classes. Among the lower, it is not difficult to discern the special provocatives to intemperate habits. The crushing misery of their condition, physical exhaustion, the absence of domestic comforts, of mental cultivation, and of cheap and wholesome enjoyments, all tend to throw them upon the gin-shop as a resource. A frightful facility is given to this habit; the path of destruction is smoothed for their descent. We cannot but regard intemperance as being, in the main, rather the result than the cause of juvenile and adult depravity, but as reacting in its turn with fearful aggravation upon those evils which gave it birth. It is intemperance that puts the climax to a host of demoralizing causes—that prevents the counter agencies of religion and education from taking due effect. It is drink that stifles the last lingering feeling of shame, that causes the hardened parents to drive forth their children into the streets, to seek for them, by theft or prostitution, fresh aliment for their accursed vice. The manifest enormity of the evil, it is said, demands an instant remedy, and the formation of total abstinence societies is earnestly enforced upon the public at large by the authors of both the essays. It is to be feared, however, that such measures, though they may produce a temporary palliation of the evil, will not suffice to cure it; we must look deeper to the causes of this wide-spread social evil, and lay stress upon the preventative, rather than the cure.

It is evident that improvement can be but gradual, that many things must work together to this end, that much depends on political measures, into the discussion of which it is not our province to enter. The duty of the legislature, however, is in some points manifest, and it is a happiness to know that the moral and intellectual progress of the community, no less than its wealth, is becoming more and more an object of study. To sanitary improvement, and a penal economy which shall study the reformation of juvenile offenders, and the formation of industrial habits, allusion has been already made. How far education is to be the work of the Government, and how far it is to depend upon voluntary effort, is a vexed question we shall not attempt to settle here. It is, however, deplorable to think, that while the people are perishing for lack of knowledge, religious differences should neutralize every measure that is successively proposed. Although firmly believing that religious principle should be the basis of popular education, we would almost rather accept a broad and impartial system of secular teaching, and trust to private agencies for religious improvement, than see the work any longer delayed. Other duties are suggested by Mr. Beggs as being within the province of the legislature—a provision and training for destitute or orphan offenders, and the arrest of all other children found begging; and the devisal of some system whereby they may be rescued from the selfish cruelty of abandoned parents. In connexion with this subject, we refer to his pages for an account of the successful operations of the Philanthropic Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders in London. The establishment of places of agreeable relaxation, public walks, lectures, &c. on the one hand, and on the other, some wholesome restrictions upon drinking-houses and places of low and demoralizing amusement, are clearly both within the power and duty of legislation.

In a community like our own, however, we must look rather to the result of private and local efforts. The preceding exposure of the evils peculiar to the different classes, will suggest the duties of those who severally preside over them. Noble instances there are of what may be done by landed proprietors or heads of manufacturing establishments with whom the physical and moral improvement of those who depend upon them outweighs the consideration of selfish aggrandizement. Consult, for example, Mr. Worsley's pages for the state of the Earl of Ellesmere's collieries; and Mr. Beggs', for an account of the Cwm Avon Iron Works, near Neath; and of the factory of Mr. Morris of Manchester, who, "having risen himself from the condition of a factory operative, has felt in his own person the disadvantages under which the workmen labour," and has thus established at his works a library, coffee-room, class-room, weekly lectures, and

a system of industrial training, and Temperance Society; thus lessening at the same time the inducement and the facilities to drink.

But our space is more than exhausted. Again referring the reader most cordially to these important and well-timed essays, of which we have here presented to him an imperfect outline, we conclude with an eloquent passage from Mr. Beggs' work:—

"This is a time favourable for effort. Unless we are unmindful of the admonition given by the convulsions of 1848, we shall seek to improve the opportunities afforded to us. Safety can only rest on the morality of the people, and the wisdom of their rulers. England has remained safe amid the shock, and this may be attributed in some degree to the interest which has been recently awakened to the condition of the poorer classes, and the practical measures which have followed. Amongst the auspicious peculiarities of the age, it is gratifying to notice that we live under the rule of a female Sovereign who has established a claim to the esteem of her subjects, by exhibiting the high virtues of the English wife and mother. That illustrious lady sways an empire on which the sun never sets, and yet the sympathy manifested for the lowliest of her people will give a higher dignity and reflect a brighter lustre on her reign than would the conquest of new worlds. What will posterity say to this day of activity and change? It may be that the sun under which this nation warmed into life, and has risen to glory, has attained its meridian, and is now hastening to its setting,—that her power will ere long pass away, and the trident she had so tenaciously held be wrested from her grasp. Could we look through the vista of coming time, we might see from one of the distant provinces which Great Britain is now peopling with her children, and where she is planting her language, her institutions, and her religion, some powerful empire spring up to lead the world in commerce and arts, when she, the mother of nations, has performed her mission, fulfilled her destiny, and sunk down into age and decrepitude. Perchance in some hall of learning, or in some lonely or secluded study in that new state, the pale and thoughtful student may exhaust the midnight oil in contemplating the deeds of the nation that has played so conspicuous a part in the world's business. His award cannot be a matter of indifference to us. We may entertain the assurance that after he has followed the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race through eight centuries of existence, and traced the annals which record its triumphs, its glory, and its shame, he will be at no difficulty to point out the age of Victoria as distinguished from, and having a prouder title to admiration and gratitude than all that preceded it. He will date from it the inauguration of a new era in the history of civilization. It was then, he will say, that those in power began to stoop down to study social wants, and to legislate for social necessities. It was then that the people began to manifest a new spirit—to turn from the pomp and glitter of military glory, to conquests of a more peaceful and substantial kind. It was then that Philanthropy, animated by the genius of Christianity, went out to explore the wretched homes of poverty, and to attack the ignorance, vice, and disease which, like a thick midnight, hung over them. This is a solemn consideration. Posterity will be affected by the uses we may make of our high trust, and has to weigh and judge us. If patriotism is not a mere name, that consideration will form one element in the motive to exertion. But there is a stronger—the sense of duty. Thousands are perishing around us, that it is in our power to save. No arm is too feeble—no influence too small. Every man is the centre of a circle, and operates for good or evil among his fellows. Let all then in the spirit of hope and of truthfulness embark their energies in the cause of the dark and beclouded. All may labour in such a cause—and it comes home to every man's interest. All men may do something towards ushering in the day when the deserts shall be glad, and the barren wilderness of humanity made to blossom like the rose. It is in the power of all to hasten the realization of that time when all nations and languages shall be able to join in the prophetic song of the angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

THE CRUEL SISTER.

Of this very ancient ballad there are several versions under various names. Our copy is taken from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which differs essentially from that which has been published in many collections under the title of "Binnorie." It is "composed" by Sir Walter Scott, from a copy in Mrs. Brown's MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment of fourteen verses, transmitted to the Editor by J. C. Walker, Esq., the ingenious historian of the Irish Bards. Mr. Walker, at the same time, favoured the Editor with the following note:—"I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brooke, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows:—This song was transcribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses: probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly."

There can be little doubt that the ballad may be classed among compositions which are founded upon actual occurrences. It is very beautiful and very touching; and the incident of the harp "playing alone," although belonging to things impossible, is related so simply as to seem perfectly natural and true. Not so the means by which the harp is obtained.

"There were two sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envied her sister fair;

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
'Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?'—

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river strand;

The youngest stude upon a stane,
The eldest came and push'd her in;

She took her by the middle sma',
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;

'O sister, sister, reach your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land.'—

'O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land;

Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It's twin'd me, and my world's make.'—

E. Corbould del. T. Armstrong sc

THE CRUEL SISTER.

'O sister, reach me but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love.'—
'Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
And sweet William shall better be my love;
'Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair.'—
Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Until she cam to the miller's dam;
'O father, father, draw your dam,
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan.'—
The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drown'd woman;
You could not see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;
You could not see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
A famous harper passing by,
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
And when he look'd that lady on,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;
He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;
The strings he fram'd of her yellow hair,
Whose notes made sad the list'ning ear;
He brought it to her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all;
He laid his harp upon a stone,
And straight it began to play alone;
'Oh, yonder sits my father, the king,
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;
'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true.'—
But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was—'Woe to my sister, false Helen!'
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie."

STRAY NOTES ON THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

No. I.

We hope that our readers will not consider an apology necessary for the selection of the British Museum as the subject of two or three papers. Since the dingy walls of Montague House have gradually disappeared, and since appropriate repositories have been provided for its various collections, this noble establishment has occupied a considerable share of public attention. Liberally supported and carefully superintended, there is every reason why it should stand high in popular estimation. It is the magnificent model of a class of establishments on the utility and humanizing influences of which it is unnecessary to expatiate. A *national* institution, in the strictest sense of the term, it opens its doors and offers attractions to the pale-faced student whose taste or daily occupation leads him to explore its literary treasures, and to the mechanic who spends his Easter or Whitsuntide holiday—the precious leisure of a year of toil—in passing through its crowded rooms, and catching a glimpse at the wonders of art and nature exposed to his view. In the present day, among intelligent people, there are not, happily, two opinions respecting the propriety and expediency of bringing within the reach of all classes the means of intellectual culture and rational enjoyment. Experience has proved that there is no indisposition on the part of the people to avail themselves of every additional boon that has been granted; and to those who are apt to libel their countrymen by affirming that the privilege of indiscriminate admission is commonly abused by acts of wanton mischief and impropriety, it is satisfactory to be able to reply, that, with the single exception of the destruction of the Portland Vase,[1]—the capricious act of a madman,—no instance of grave misconduct can be imputed to the many thousands who with pleasure and profit to themselves have annually visited this noble institution.

In adverting to the history of the Museum, we need not perhaps premise, that its establishment is of comparatively recent date, and that it derives no interest from its antiquity. It is, indeed, scarcely a century old, the collection having been first opened to the public on the 15th of January, 1759. The nation may be said to have been indebted to Sir Hans Sloane, the celebrated physician, for the establishment of a British Museum. This distinguished man had devoted himself during a long life to the acquisition of scientific knowledge, and in addition to a large library of books and manuscripts, had collected many interesting specimens in Natural History—rare and curious indeed at the period in which he lived. A short residence in the West Indian islands, then a new field for the naturalist, had afforded him peculiar advantages, which he had not failed to turn to good account. He afterwards practised in London as a physician with great success, acquired considerable property, and died at the advanced age of ninety, at his house in Chelsea; where his name, it will be observed, has since become the familiar designation of one of the leading thoroughfares.

In order that his collection might not be separated after his death, Sir Hans Sloane directed in his will that it should be offered to the nation for 20,000*l.* (although he estimated that it had cost him a sum of upwards of 50,000*l.*) It was further provided that if within six months after the overture was made it was not accepted, the collection was to be offered on the same terms to the fellows of the Royal Society in London, then to the University of Oxford, and afterwards to the College of Physicians at Edinburgh; and in case each and all of these learned bodies declined to purchase, then the like offer was to be made to certain foreign universities.

The first draught of the will bears the date of

(1) It is gratifying to state that this precious relic of antiquity has been restored to its pristine condition; the numerous pieces into which it was shattered having been put together with almost miraculous skill, by Mr. James Doubleday, the Medallist of the British Museum.

1739, being twelve years before the death of the testator, and commences with this characteristic preamble: "Whereas from my youth I have been a great observer and admirer of the wonderful power, wisdom, and contrivance of the Almighty God, appearing in the works of his creation, and have gathered together many things in my own travels or voyages, or had them from others, especially my ever honoured late friend William Courten, Esq; . . . now, desiring very much that these things, tending many ways to the manifestation of the glory of God, the confutation of atheism and its consequences, the use and improvement of physic, and other arts and sciences, ... may remain together, and not be separated, and that chiefly in and about the city of London, where I have acquired most of my estates, and where they may by the great confluence of people be of most use, ... I therefore give and devise," &c. and he then proceeds to direct and provide for their disposal as above stated. Upon the death of Sir Hans Sloane in 1753, the Government gladly complied with the stipulations of his will, and the Act of Parliament which directed the purchase, at the same time enacted that the library of manuscripts principally collected by Sir Robert Cotton, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., (and given to the Government, by Act of Parliament, for public uses,) should be added to the collection, which was at the same time to be rendered more complete by the purchase of the Harleian manuscripts from the Countess of Oxford, relict of William Earl of Oxford, and their daughter the Duchess of Portland. The title of the Act of Parliament, under which the national collection was first formed, is that of "An Act for the purchase of the museum or collection of Sir Hans Sloane, and of the Harleian collection of manuscripts; and for providing one general repository for the better reception and more convenient use of the same collections; and of the Cottonian Library, and of the additions thereto."

The building selected by the Government as a receptacle for these collections, and purchased at a cost of 10,000*l.*, was certainly an oddity in its way.

Montague House—the old British Museum—had been built, or rather rebuilt, in 1686, (the former edifice having been destroyed by fire,) completely in the French style and taste of the age of *Louis Quatorze*. The first Duke of Montague, by whom it was erected, had been twice ambassador to Paris, and he imported on the occasion a French architect, a French decorator, and French painters, who did their best to produce an imitation of the spacious but somewhat gloomy hotels of the Parisian *noblesse*. The scandal-mongers of the day did not hesitate to affirm that the Duke of Montague's house had been paid for by the *Grand Monarque* himself—a rumour which easily obtained credence at a time when it was more than suspected that French money had been pocketed by the highest personages in the realm. This strange building, however, having been in the course of time found inadequate to contain the constant accessions made to the national collections, has now all but disappeared; and though we are well aware that there are many individuals who from old associations regarded it with a species of lingering affection, we are not a little rejoiced to find it replaced by the present elegant and imposing structure.

Before we proceed to give a particular account of any of the literary treasures contained in the Museum Library, it will be as well to give a slight sketch of the mode in which it has been gradually collected and augmented. In 1757, George II. transferred to it the books and manuscripts which had formed the private libraries of successive English sovereigns from Henry VII. to William III. In this collection were included the libraries of Archbishop Cranmer, and of the learned Isaac Casaubon, the son-in-law of Henry Stephens the printer, and one of the most illustrious scholars of his age. Casaubon had resided in England for some years before his death, under the patronage of James I., who appreciated his profound scholarship, and by whom he was appointed Prebendary of Canterbury and Westminster. He was the father of twenty children, of whom one named Meric acquired some distinction in the country of his adoption, as a High Church divine, and published a variety of works on theological subjects. Many of Casaubon's books are valuable from the copious manuscript notes, written in a small neat hand, with which they are enriched. Among the manuscripts in the same collection was the celebrated "Codex Alexandrinus," supposed to be the most ancient manuscript of the Greek Bible extant, and written, it is said, between the fourth and sixth centuries. It was a present from Cyril, the Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I. There was also the celebrated Basilicon Doron, by James I., in his own hand-writing. A valuable collection of pamphlets and periodical papers referring to those most eventful periods in English history, the civil wars and the Commonwealth, was presented by George III. We shall not, we fear, be able to particularize in chronological order each subsequent addition. The Rev. Thomas Birch, some time President of the Royal Society, and one of the most active and indefatigable scholars of the last century, bequeathed his books and manuscripts to the public; and on his death, which occurred through a fatal accident in 1766, they were placed in the British Museum. The library was subsequently augmented and enriched by a choice collection of books, including many early editions of the classics, and other rarities, from the Rev. Mordaunt Clayton Cracherode; a variety of works on musical science from Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney; Garrick's celebrated collection of old plays; a number of works on Italian history and topography from Sir Richard Colt Hoare, and the valuable biographical collections of Sir William Musgrave. The library of Francis Hargrave, a black-letter lawyer of no mean repute, and of whose profound legal learning it is unnecessary to speak, also found its way to the Museum after his death, having been purchased of his representatives, by the

Government. Most of his books were enriched with manuscript notes, which, we need not say, considerably enhance their value.

In recent years, one of the most considerable benefactors to the Museum was the late Sir Joseph Banks. The life of this distinguished man had been marked by many acts of personal heroism, and by an uninterrupted course of dignified and laborious exertion. By no individual in modern times has a purer or more disinterested love of science been evinced. He devoted his ample means to the furtherance of scientific investigation; and he shrank from no danger, toil, or hardship in the pursuit of his favourite study. His botanical researches in the South Seas, in New Zealand, and in New South Wales, were of signal service to the cause of science; and we may, perhaps, remind our readers that our principal penal colony received the name of Botany Bay from the visit of Sir Joseph and his friend Dr. Solander, a Swedish naturalist, who accompanied him on the expedition. Sir Joseph Banks bequeathed to his librarian, Robert Brown, Esq., the use and enjoyment of his library and collections during his lifetime, on condition that they were afterwards to be deposited in the British Museum. On the death of Sir Joseph, in 1820, an arrangement was made with Mr. Brown, by which he was transferred, together with the collections, to the Museum.

The noblest addition, however, to the national library was made in 1823, when George IV. presented to the nation the library of his father George III. Many exquisite specimens of early typography are contained in this collection, some of the earliest productions of the press of Caxton, and a plentiful supply of the fine "large paper" copies which delight the eyes of bibliomaniacs and virtuosos. In order that these works might be kept separate and distinct from the other collections, a suitable apartment was erected for their reception, three hundred feet in length, and remarkable for the elegance and beauty of its proportions.[1] Passing over minor additions in intervening years, the most recent and most valuable accession remaining for us to speak of is the library of the late Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, which having been generously bequeathed to the British Museum, was deposited there in 1847. In an admirable article on "Libraries and Catalogues," in the "Quarterly Review" for May 1843, this collection is spoken of as being, in its way, unique, "formed regardless of cost, elegant in taste and objects, choice in editions, with just so much of rarity as makes us esteem a picture of a master whose works are numbered by tens, more than a picture of equal merit by a painter whose canvass may be estimated by acres." Amongst other rarities, it contains the *first edition* of "Don Quixote," printed in 1605, and three others published in the same year, of which one bears the imprint of Lisbon, a circumstance which proves the wonderful popularity of the work on its first appearance. There is also a fine collection of the early editions of Ariosto; whilst for the illustration of English history there are many rare and curious tracts on the Spanish Armada, and on that fruitful topic of controversy, the divorce of Henry VIII. The progressive increase of the library of the British Museum will be best illustrated by stating, that in 1757 it comprised about 40,000 volumes; in 1800, about 65,000; in 1823, 125,000; in 1836, 240,000; and in 1848, 435,000. A more vivid idea of its extent will perhaps be formed from a statement copied into the number of the "Quarterly" before cited, that the printed books alone at that time occupied *ten miles of shelf*. No amount of labour or expense has of late years been spared to render this department of the Museum as complete as possible; and very recently an immense hoard of Rabbinical books, forming the Hebrew library of the late Dr. Michael, of Hamburgh, and enriched with his notes, were added to the other collections. Nor should we omit to speak of the Chinese books on all conceivable topics, which were presented by the Government at the close of the war with the Celestial Nation, and whose cabalistic characters may in time reveal a fund of knowledge entirely new to the western world.

Having extended this paper to some length, it is not our intention to detain the reader with any detailed account of the other collections in the Museum, and which are better known to the public. In the department of Antiquities, it may be said to be especially rich. Not to speak of the Elgin and Phigaleian marbles, the most precious relics of Grecian art which time in its "all-devastating flight" has spared, and the grand and gloomy sculptures which adorn the Egyptian Saloon, the collection has been lately enriched with the Lycian marbles brought by Sir Charles Fellowes from Asia Minor, and still more recently with the far-famed sculptures from Nimroud, the site of ancient Nineveh, for the discovery of which the nation will long hold itself indebted to the zeal and enterprise of Mr. Austin Henry Layard. In the Print Room, we may by the way observe, there are many of the choicest productions of Albert Durer and Rembrandt, some of which are of the extremest rarity.

Connected with the department of Antiquities, there is an extensive collection of coins and medals, for the public exhibition of which there is at present, unhappily, no facility. As an example of the singular circumstances which sometimes confer an interest upon an object and render it historically valuable, we may, in conclusion, just refer to the story of the famous Pulteney Guinea in this collection.

William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, was remarkable alike for his oratorical talents and his long and consistent opposition to the measures of Sir

(1) This apartment is known as the "King's Library." It may not be altogether irrelevant to notice, amongst other matters of public notoriety, that an old and esteemed attendant (Mr. John Williams), who was transferred to the Museum with this library, has, "man and boy," superintended for upwards of fifty years the placing and replacing of the books, and may be fairly regarded as one of the rarities of the collection.

Robert Walpole, the great Whig minister. On the 11th of February, 1741, a time when party feeling was at its height, Walpole received an intimation in the House of Commons that it was the intention of the opposition to impeach him. To this menace he replied with his usual composure and self-complacence, merely requesting a fair and candid hearing, and winding up his speech with the quotation:

"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ."

With his usual tact, Pulteney immediately rose, and observed, "that the right honourable gentleman's logic and Latin were alike inaccurate, and that Horace, whom he had just misquoted, had written 'nullâ pallescere culpâ.'" Walpole maintained that his quotation was correct, and a bet was offered. The matter was thereupon referred to Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, an excellent classical scholar, who decided against Walpole. The minister accordingly took a guinea from his pocket, and flung it across the House to Pulteney. The latter caught it, and, holding it up, exclaimed, "It's the only money I have received from the treasury for many years, and it shall be the last."[1] This guinea, having been carefully preserved, finally came into the hands of Sir John Murray, by whom it was presented in 1828 to the British Museum. The following memorandum, in the handwriting of Pulteney, is attached to it:—"This guinea I desire may be kept as an heir-loom. It was won of Sir Robert Walpole in the House of Commons, he asserting the verse in Horace to be *nulli pallescere culpæ*, whereas I laid the wager of a guinea that it was *nullâ pallescere culpâ*. He sent for the book, and being convinced that he had lost, gave me this guinea. I told him I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and the receiver ought not equally to blush. This guinea, I hope, will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning."

(1) History of Party, by G. Wingrove Cooke, vol. 2.

SCIENCE ON THE GLACIERS.

The celebrated Swiss naturalist, Agassiz, has for many years been accustomed to make excursions into the Alpine regions of his native country for the purpose of scientific investigation. Sometimes the tour is "a pilgrimage in which, with one or two companions only, he goes to discover new subjects for meditation and study." At other times he is accompanied by a party of philosophers, both native and foreign, setting out with a specific object in view, each one undertaking a different portion of the subject under inquiry, and thus an exploring expedition is formed, whose united knowledge and perseverance make the journey contribute in no small degree to the interests of science.

Interesting accounts of these expeditions have been preserved in the pages of a periodical published at Geneva, from which we gather various particulars of the journey in the summer of 1841. On this occasion, the grand object was to determine the temperature of glaciers, the effects produced upon them by the fluctuations of the atmosphere, and to note the process by which snow increases their bulk. Besides these questions, many others connected with the animal and vegetable phenomena of icy regions remained to be settled, and their relations traced to similar phenomena in other regions. Numerous philosophical instruments and mechanical tools were prepared before hand; the hospice of the Grimsel was selected as head quarters, from its vicinity to several interesting localities, including the glacier of the Aar, on which the experiments were to be made, and in the month of August the *savans* started for the scene of action.

At the Grimsel they were fortunate enough to meet with the two best guides in the country; one the brother of Papa Zybach, superior of the convent, the other a mason noted for his fertile resources in the construction of impromptu cabins for the shelter of benighted travellers. Here the party learned that the glaciers were practicable, and that red snow, one of the objects to which their researches were to be directed, was abundant in many places. They set out for the glacier, situated on the heights between Bernese Oberland and the Valais, at a height of nearly 6,000 feet above the sea level. The icy mass was extremely difficult of access, its steep sloping base being covered by a stratum of large blocks of stone, which slip from under the traveller's feet, and give him half an hour's hard climbing before the pure ice is reached. It is a remarkable fact that a glacier never retains foreign substances within its body; these, consisting chiefly of stones, are extruded from the sides and top of the huge mass. When in the latter position, an enormous block may sometimes be seen on the top of an icy pedestal several feet in height. The explanation given of this singular appearance is, that the stone shelters the ice beneath it from the action of the sun's rays, and is by this cause gradually elevated above the surrounding surface, which melts away in the warm season. Sometimes, however, a single day suffices to dissolve the column of ice, when the stone is left lying on the surface of the glacier.

A place for a temporary dwelling was found under the projecting angle of an enormous block of mica schist; a perpendicular wall was built up to meet this angle, inclosing a space about three feet high, where six persons could lie down. A thick layer of dry grass was spread on the floor, and covered with oilskin to prevent the rising of damp; above this a second layer of grass formed the beds. Places were found under another portion of the block to serve as kitchen, dining-room, and cellar. This rude residence was called "Hotel des Neuchâtelois," which name, together with the distance from one extremity of the glacier, was inscribed in large characters on the side of the rock, as an index for the verification of future

observations. Since the preceding year the glacier of the Aar had increased its length by 200 feet.

The duties of each individual were duly prescribed. Agassiz made all the barometric, thermometric, hygrometric, and similar observations; Vogt was to examine the red snow and its organic elements; to Nicollet was assigned the study of the flora of the glacier and surrounding rocks; to Desor the phenomena of the ice, its structure and appearance under different conditions of the atmosphere. To Agassiz, as chief of the expedition, all the observed facts were statedly communicated; his was the task of putting them together as a complete system. The effect of this social organization was to expedite and perfect the various operations.

The party were rarely together except at night and during meals; at four in the morning the guides arrived from their own hut, about half a mile distant. Their first business was to light a fire and prepare breakfast; then the daily conversation began, inquiries issued from the sleeping place as to the weather, the height of the barometer, promise of a fine day, &c. The chocolate was soon ready, when Jacob, approaching the dormitory, said, "Now, gentlemen, you must come out if you wish to take your chocolate while it is hot." The philosophers, some of them unwillingly, then crept from beneath their coverings; it was, however, remarked that the morning wash in the icy cold water of the glacier never failed to put them all into good humour. Provisions were sent to them daily from the Grimsel, a precaution rendered necessary by the extreme dryness of the air on the glacier rendering food unpalatable if kept more than a day; such, however, were the appetites of the party that they ate double their usual quantity.

"Isolated as we were," writes M. Desor, "in our little colony in the midst of the sea of ice, and occupied exclusively with our scientific observations, we rarely thought of the ordinary subjects of social life; in fact, the most extraordinary political events interested the most of us but very indirectly and remotely. I remember, when the news reached us of Prince Louis Buonaparte's landing at Boulogne, we could hardly believe that people in their senses would go so far astray. Although our manner of living was nearly the same every day, I do not recollect that we had a single moment of weariness. Even the most monotonous occupations, such as the barometrical and hygrometrical observations, possessed a certain interest. The smallest facts were submitted to discussion, and whenever one or the other of us returned from an excursion on the glacier, it was rarely without some new and instructive observation. The microscopes, besides, offered a charm always new in the varied forms of the novel fauna which we were enabled to study on the spot; every day, in fact, passed in good humour and pleasure."

The approach of evening produces a striking effect in Alpine regions. At sunset the explorers retired to rest: the temperature at that time generally falls below Zero, the little streams which the sun's warmth sets in motion on the surface of the glacier cease to flow, the noise of cascades insensibly ceases, and a most profound stillness prevails over the whole icy solitude. The animal heat of the party sufficed to keep their little cabin warm, but one night they were awakened by an unusual cold; on looking up, an opening of several inches was seen, where the wall finished against the projecting rock. Daylight was anxiously waited for, and showed them a crevice across the whole mass of the glacier, close to their sleeping place, which had opened during the night, and thus displaced the masonry. From observations based upon this and similar facts the conclusion was come to, that the formation of crevices is due to the unequal tension produced by differences of temperature in the internal and external layers of the icy mass. The glacier, it is said, is never more beautiful than in rainy weather; then the numerous fissures and little cavities which everywhere intersect the surface become filled with water, and give a bluish tint to the huge mass, which has an extremely pleasing effect. Should the rain be followed by a night's frost, all this water congeals in the superficial cracks, and stands up in relief like a network of blue veins, while the surrounding ice resumes its usual white hue, presenting the appearance of veins of azure quartz in calcareous scoria.

One of the objects of the expedition was to ascertain the interior temperature of glaciers; this could only be effected by piercing holes in the ice. The guides were set to work with iron instruments constructed for the purpose; but after several hours' labour they succeeded only in penetrating to a depth of six inches. The tools were the especial contrivance of Agassiz, and his companions with sly humour joked him on the *non-complaisance* of the glacier. The next day, however, the philosophers were confined to their cabin by fog and rain, where they smoked their pipes and passed the time in microscopic observations on the colouring matter of red snow and some extraordinary insects that inhabit the ice. As soon as the weather cleared up, the boring was resumed, and the glacier, before so refractory, was now easily penetrated, and by the following day two holes, one twenty and the other eight feet deep, were dug side by side. Every evening a thermometer was suspended in each of these cavities, which were closely covered to prevent the admission of external air, and the results showed, when compared with observations made outside, that at a depth of eight or nine feet the temperature of a glacier is constant a little below Zero, while the surface is generally at Zero. The spot on which the party were assembled was surrounded by an accumulation of snow and ice, covering a surface of eight leagues. "What beautiful pastures these would be," said one of the guides, with a sigh, "were it not for that horrid ice!" Glaciers, however, if of no use to the shepherd, have rendered important services to the meteorologist and geologist, who otherwise would have been at a loss to explain many apparently inexplicable phenomena Geologists show

that the quantity of ice on the surface was at one time much greater than at present. The traces of glaciers have been found in various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. M. Agassiz considers that their melting is not caused by terrestrial heat, and has proved that their mass, instead of being, as was supposed, exceedingly close and compact, is, on the contrary, full of innumerable veins. On making experiments by infiltration with coloured fluids, they were found to run through a block of ice twenty feet thick in two hours and a half.

Red snow appears to have been first noticed by De Saussure in 1760; he found it lying in hollow patches, generally of a deep red in the centre and pale on the edges, and attributed the colour to the presence of a vegetable pollen. Red snow was afterwards seen by Ross in 1818, during his arctic voyage; a range of cliffs eight miles in length, covered with it, were named the Crimson Cliffs. Some of the snow was preserved and submitted to analysis, which gave a species of fungus, *uredo nivalis*, as the colouring agent. Since that period the attention of the most distinguished naturalists has been directed to this phenomenon, with a view to determine its real nature. In 1839 it was ascertained that the red matter of snow consisted of living animals, intermingled with *algæ*. Some of the animals were of a gray colour, but the greater number of a deep crimson; their motion was so swift as scarcely to be followed by the eye. Some were pear shaped, and spun round like a top with incredible velocity; others had two red transparent stomachs, with which a singular apparatus was connected. These little animals frolic and disport themselves in a temperature below the freezing point, exhibiting all the activity of the insects that flit about in the more genial sunshine. A degree of warmth barely sufficient to melt the snow invariably kills them.

The party whose labours we are describing ascertained these minute creatures to be *infusoria*; they had taken care to provide themselves with Ehrenberg's great work on the subject, and were thus enabled to compare and classify them. The most interesting, as above specified, is one of the *rotifera*, named by the German naturalists *Philodina roseola*. It was found in abundance at the foot of the glacier of the Aar; the animal's head consists of a trunk opening with a ciliary orifice, behind which are two rotatory organs like the wheels of a mill, which are often seen in rapid motion, the means apparently of conveying nutriment to the stomach. At the base of the trunk the eyes are placed obliquely; it is in the stomach and its appendages that the peculiar red colour is seen, varying in intensity according to the nature of the organ, some portions of the intestines being of a pale and others of a deep crimson. The tail is made to lengthen and contract after the manner of a telescope, and consists of seven joints or rings, the last being furnished with two feet similar to those of the caterpillar. This singular animal has other peculiarities of which it is scarcely possible to give a familiar description. The question of red snow is no longer a puzzle; that which was supposed to be devoid of all life is now found to be the abode of millions of living creatures, in whose stomachs the substance of the snow is converted into a red fluid.

Not less extraordinary, perhaps, is the fact that fleas live and breed upon glaciers. These insects had been seen by some of the party on a former occasion, but Agassiz had refused to consider them as tenants of the ice. "Judge then," writes M. Desor, "what was my pleasure when I saw them again; not that they are pretty, for they are very ugly, but because it gave me the opportunity of convincing Agassiz that these animals really lived in the glacier, and were not thrown there by chance. On turning over some stones, we found an incredible number, sometimes thousands within the space of a foot, and carried away many specimens to be examined with the microscope. We afterwards met with them all over the glacier, but they seem to prefer the shelter of stones, and the edges of pools and crevices. But what surprised us most was to see these little animals introduce themselves with extraordinary agility into the most apparently compact ice, to such an extent that whenever we broke off a fragment we saw them circulating like globules of blood through their canals. This is a fact which deserves to be taken into consideration, as it confirms the truth demonstrated by Agassiz, that glacier ice, whatever may be its compactness and transparence, is always traversed by a *plexus* of minute fissures which escape an ordinary eye, and furnishes besides a manifest proof that glaciers are by no means incompatible with the development of organic life either on their surface or in their interior."

"These little insects are about the size of the common flea, and leap in the same way when disturbed. It was for this reason that we gave them the name of glacier fleas, although, zoologically speaking, the relationship is very false, for, when examined with the microscope, it is soon seen that their organization has nothing in common with that of the parasite so inconvenient to the human race." They belong to the family of the *Podurellæ*, and have been named, from their discoverer, *Desoria saltans*. Their bodies are of a deep black colour, thickly covered with fine short hairs; their food consists of solid matter, which is ground between their jaws before descending to their stomachs. A remarkable fact has been observed with regard to their circulatory system: the motion of the blood is intermittent, or rather, ceases at the animal's will. It may be seen for hours without a sign of life, when all at once a movement takes place, attended by regular pulsations, beating 140 times in a minute.

M. Topffer, the author of "Voyages en Zigzag," gives an amusing account of a meeting which he had with some members of the party at the hospice of the Grimsel. "Complaisant and well informed," he tells us, "they gave us a familiar account of the sort of life they lead upon the glacier of the Aar, for what reasons they are sinking a well, how glaciers have fleas just the same as cooks and poodle dogs, and that

red snow owes its colour to an insect with a crimson stomach. Quick we sent to fetch some red-snow water, mounted a microscope, and there we were taking our turn to look at *rotifera* as many as we pleased. What a curious animal! Figure to yourself a creature which keeps two mill wheels in perpetual activity at the two corners of its mouth, for no other purpose than to make the water constantly renewed enter in greater abundance. This water rushes into the gulf, sweeping along all sorts of matters, and at last reaches the red stomach, where two mill-stones, placed at the entrance, bruise, crush, and reduce to a jelly every thing that comes. Truly, we are only animalcules of cotton by the side of this grinding animal, and our gastric juice is nothing but lukewarm water in comparison with this redoubtable mechanism, which pulverises all it lays hold of. As for the fleas, they are about the same size as our own, and velveted, apparently to keep them warm. But what in the name of mischief do they find to bite on the glaciers—those mighty lymphatics? And is it not, after all, a melancholy fate for fleas to have to bite something which feels nothing at all of their sting?"

After a week's residence on the glacier some of the party determined on attempting the pass of the Strahleck, by way of the *mer de glace* between the Finsberaar and Grindelwald, a feat which had only twice before been accomplished. The whole of their collections and apparatus, excepting a few of the observing instruments, were packed up and sent to await their return by the ordinary route to the Grimsel. They started early in the morning, and arriving at the foot of the Strahleck, found it less formidable in appearance than had been anticipated; but distances and heights are very deceptive in mountainous districts. "We ranged ourselves in file," says M. Desor, "to make the ascent. Jacob and Währen, the guides, marched in advance, sounding the granulated snow, or *névé*, to find out the crevices. Gradually the slope became steeper, and the snow so loose that we sank in it to our knees at every step. Fearful of accidents, our guides now thought proper to attach us together at convenient distances by a long cord, which we carried for the purpose, and passed round our bodies. Our two guides left themselves at liberty, the better to observe our route. It was interesting to observe with what circumspection, and confidence at the same time, these two intelligent and robust mountaineers beat the path before us, sometimes stamping on the snow to prevent our sinking into it, at others chopping steps in the hardened surface with an axe, and encouraging us by voice and gestures not to change our footing, to remain always at an equal distance from one another, and not to look behind; for the slope was such as to create a giddiness even in those not subject to it. It is impossible to travel up such an inclination in a direct line, and we only accomplished it by deviations from right to left. It was with inexpressible pleasure that I pressed Agassiz's hand when we at length reached the summit of the pass, from whence we suddenly beheld the chains of the lower Alps, and the magnificent pyramid of the Niesen bathed by the waters of the Lake of Thun."

The instruments were unpacked and the required observations made; the dryness of the air was extreme, and, notwithstanding the bright sunshine, the thermometer remained below the freezing point. The party were in such high spirits that, after their repast, they began to dance and sing like schoolboys on a holiday. At the end of an hour and a half, however, it was time to cease frolics and commence the descent. It was judged best to slide down the slope of frozen snow; the adventurers again attached themselves to the cord, as a measure of safety, and had scarcely started when one of them sunk up to his breast into the snow; one of the fearful crevices was beneath him, but by the rapid motion of the others he was drawn out in safety. Sometimes where the route became rougher or steeper than usual, one of the number fell and dragged two or three others down with him. After various mischances of this nature, they separated, and each slid down in a sitting posture. Agassiz found himself suddenly at the edge of a yawning chasm, from which he saved himself by a rapid spring to the opposite side. Here his footing failed, and before he could recover himself he was carried some distance down the rugged surface of the snow, and his hands lacerated by vain endeavours to stop himself. At length the whole party reached a resting place, where the guides were waiting with outstretched arms to break the shock of their descent. Before going further it was found necessary to set one of the guides to sew up the rents in their trowsers caused by the rough passage. "Notwithstanding the trouble and fatigue," says M. Desor, "we never shrank from the trouble of going out of our way, or getting over a crevice, to pluck a little stunted plant, or to examine a stone or lichen of an uncommon appearance. It is the privilege of science to furnish to the naturalist at each step new subjects of recreation and meditation, when even the greater scenes of nature begin to lose something of their interest."

The last portion of the descent, which occupied five hours, was the most dangerous and fatiguing, and only effected by following the bed of a small watercourse, which one of the guides discovered after much difficulty. "All at once," pursues the narrator, "a spontaneous exclamation of joy broke from our little troop, when, on turning the projecting angle of a rock, we saw the church and village of Grindelwald. Never had a valley appeared more beautiful than that now presented to us. We felt our eye-balls, contracted by the dazzling reflection from the ice and snow, dilate with pleasure upon the green turf watered by the sparkling current of Lutchine. The first thing we did on our arrival was to rub our legs with brandy, in order to be able to continue our walk on the following day." The two subsequent days were passed in returning by the ordinary mountain-

road to the hospice of the Grimsel, where the whole of the party again met, and having exchanged notes and made up the sum of their observations, each one descended to resume his customary avocations in the lower regions of the earth.

Reviews.

THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.[1]

The history of England's colonial empire is a subject of profound interest. Colonization, under any circumstances, involves questions of vital importance, not only to particular states, but to the common rights of humanity. Even the earliest English colonies were founded at a period when the science of civilization was beginning to be studied with new and extraordinary aids. Both the rulers and the Churchmen of this country were, therefore, called upon to consider the planting of a colony as a matter of far higher import than that of merely relieving the parent-land of a superabundant population. As social and religious rights become better understood and more highly valued, so the system of colonization must be founded on principles of a nobler character.

Slowly as this important truth has diffused itself among men of influence in this country, it has been more or less understood from a very early period. The first experiments in colonization made by Englishmen had a germ of English freedom in them. Good sense and Christianity modified the turbulent feelings ever attending novel schemes and adventures. Many benevolent and enlightened minds were engaged in watching the course of the emigrants. A new class of sympathies were created in the nation; and every colony that was planted helped to enlarge and quicken the heart of England with fresh generosity. It is a striking fact, that the only foreign possession belonging to this country, at the dawn of the Reformation, was the town of Calais. The temper likely to be shown, when larger and more legitimate acquisitions should reward English enterprise, is forcibly intimated by the conduct pursued towards that little territory. Thus Cranmer, in a letter to secretary Cromwell, writes:—"Whereas, among other of the King's dominions within this his realm, there is no part, in my opinion, that more needeth good instruction of the word of God, or aid of learned curates to be resident, than doth the town and marches of Calais; considering specially, not only the great ignorance and blindness, as well of the heads now resident there, as of the common and vulgar people, in the doctrine and knowledge of Scripture, but also having respect unto the universal concourse of aliens and strangers, which daily diverteth and resorteth thither; I think, that it will no less be a charitable and godly deed than a singular commodity for this realm, to have in those parties, at the least, two learned persons planted and settled there by the King's authority in some honest living, whose sincerity in conversation of living and teaching shall shortly, no doubt, clearly extinct and extirpate all manner of hypocrisy, false faith, and blindness of God and his word, wherein now the inhabitants there be altogether wrapt, to the no little slander, I fear me, of this realm, and prejudice of the good and laudable acts lately conceived by the King's grace and his high court of parliament."

In the reign of Edward VI. England began to feel the impulse which had already, in Spain and Portugal, compelled the genius of chivalry and romance to yield to that of enterprise. But a genuine feeling of piety dictated the rules by which it was governed. When Sir Hugh Willoughby was despatched on a voyage to Cathay, the youthful monarch furnished him with letters to the princes whose territories he was expected to visit. These royal epistles abound in noble sentiments. They state, that, "as the great and Almighty God hath given unto mankind, above all other living creatures, such an heart and desire, that every man desireth to join friendship with other, to love and be loved, also to give and receive mutual benefits,—it is therefore the duty of all men, according to their power, to maintain and increase this desire in every man, with well-deserving to all men, and especially to show this good affection to such as, being moved with this desire, come unto them from far countries." Again: "The God of heaven and earth, greatly providing for mankind, would not that all things should be found in one region, to the end that one should have need of another, that by this means friendship might be established among all men, and every one seek to gratify all."

The feeling which prevailed when these enterprises were undertaken, reappears in the provision made for the religious wants of the infant colony of Virginia. Hakluyt, the venerable historian of early maritime discovery, lived in the reign of James I., and was a prebendary of Westminster. He urged with great force the value of foreign settlements to a nation capable of understanding the highest interests of the human race. In the spirit of these representations, it was observed, in the letters patent, that "so noble a work may, by the providence of Almighty God, hereafter tend to the glory of his divine majesty, in propagating of Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God, and may in time bring the infidels and savages, living in those parts, to human civility, and to a settled and quiet government."

In the articles drawn up for the guidance of the colonists in the Bermudas, we find the original settlers "faithfully promising," and "solemnly binding themselves," "evermore to worship the only true and ever-living God, according to the rules prescribed in his most holy word, and ever to continue in that faith

(1) "The History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire." By the Rev. James S. M. Anderson, M.A. &c. &c. Two Volumes. London: Rivingtons.

into which they were baptized in the Church of England." The holy observance of the Sabbath, and the strict performance of all the duties belonging to a Christian life, are next particularly enjoined; and it only needed discreet and faithful ministers to keep the people obedient to the maxims which they had thus readily and affectionately adopted.

Unhappily, a set of men were now beginning to intrude themselves into the foreign stations of the Church, who had neither the mental nor the spiritual endowments proper for such positions. Incalculable evils were the consequence. Lord Bacon seems to have foreseen the danger which would attend the appointment of clergymen to distant colonies, without making them definitely responsible to some head of their own Church. Thus he says especially, "The discipline of the Church in the colonies should agree with that which is settled in England," and should "be subordinate under some bishop, or bishopric of this realm."

Few narratives can be more interesting than that in which our author traces the progress of English colonization, and its connexion with the enlargement of the Church of Christ. In most of the accounts which he gives, we meet with stirring examples of the indomitable force of the national character; of the natural disposition of Englishmen to dare peril, to contend unflinchingly against the most discouraging difficulties, and to regard difference of place and clime as unworthy the consideration of men devoted to the accomplishment of any great object, or the performance of even the most ordinary duties. Hence, in the establishment of our colonies, we find aspirations after good, which, if not checked by untoward circumstances, or the accidental mixture of vulgar avarice and ambition, could not fail of the noblest results. The history of what has been done for religion, in these respects exhibits all the lights and shadows of this most important subject.

We have no fault to find with Mr. Anderson's book but that it contains more than it ought to do. It is not in the way of compliment, or with disguised praise, that we say this. An author commits no slight error, when he obliges his readers to wade through some hundreds of pages not immediately belonging to the subject in question. We wanted a history of the Colonial Church. Mr. Anderson has given us, in more than one instance, a history of England. This mode of writing is all very well for readers who look for general instruction, or amusement, in every book which they take up, but it is an intolerable annoyance to those who read a book with one aim, confidently trusting in the discretion of the author, and hoping that he will always keep that one aim in view. For the sake of our sons and daughters, we pardon Mr. Anderson. He has written a very charming, as well as a very useful book; and the pleasant style in which he describes events, not necessarily detailed at length, ought to render him popular among those who have time to follow his desultory narrative. There are many who know little or nothing of the general topics which we think ought to have been left to the general historian; Mr. Anderson has performed a kind service for such persons. Abridgements are usually made for the young and unskilled; in the present case, we should like to see the reverse. Let Mr. Anderson keep his work in the form in which it now appears, for the general reader; but let him abridge it; let him compress the main portion of the narrative into a single volume of 400 or 500 pages, for those who know all about Charles I., Lord Bacon, William and Mary, and other such personages, but who confess that they know less than they ought to do about the Colonial Church, and who, we are sure, would gladly study the subject by the aid of so able and enlightened a writer as the preacher of Lincoln's Inn.

TRAVELS OF PRINCE ADALBERT OF PRUSSIA.[1]

A LEARNED and witty physician, when asked in a case "De lunatico," whether he considered the patient, a noble lord, of dull intellect, made reply, to the no little detriment of his practice, "No; not for a *lord!*"—Is this a dull work? No; not for a *prince!* will doubtless be the answer of many an ill-natured critic in these democratic days, when it is pleasanter to say a good thing than to render even-handed justice, especially if an author happen to have the taint of royal blood. Because he is a man of some *weight*, it is presumed without examination or trial that he must, "nolens volens," produce a *heavy* work; a style of criticism easier to a Zoilus than fair to the author and to the public. For, a prince though he be, he is not at all obnoxious to "the *soft* impeachment." A love of truth, and of fairness and magnanimity even towards princes, obliges us to observe that the writer of these travels is decidedly a man of no common talents and attainments, and has produced an extremely interesting and well-written book. Far from being imbued with the prejudices of an exclusive education and of birth, it appears to us wholly free from any royal or aristocratic traits, enough to satisfy the most scrupulous and fastidious reader. His regard for the health and safety of his companions, his sympathy for sufferers wherever found, and his declared abhorrence of the infamous traffic in man, with his suggestions for opening new communications and means of commerce, entitle him to approbation and respect.

The fact, moreover, of the author's previous travels, especially in the East, the advantages and facilities for observation within his reach,—all enabled him to render the present work more complete, more correct and truthful in its details, as well as more rich in point of anecdote and illustration. The power of judging, and of forming comparisons with regard both to

(1) "Travels of H. R. H. Prince Adalbert of Prussia, in the South of Europe and in Brazil; with a Voyage up the Amazon and the Zingu." Translated by Sir Robert H. Schomburgh, and John Edward Taylor. 2 vols. 8vo. London. D. Bogue.

character and scenery, which a wider field of experience ever confers, has a great charm for the general reader. Combined too with that of graphic delineation, of a glowing style, and richer imagery, this enlarged sphere of observation gives variety and animation to the narrative, with a vivacity and picturesqueness of description beyond the reach of a solitary tourist who for the first time beholds the world.

Often the companion of the great Humboldt, and intimately acquainted with his sound works, the author possessed many advantages in undertaking such an expedition. It is a proof of that enthusiasm and thirst of knowledge, which can alone throw light upon distant regions, penetrate the most remote rivers and primeval forests, and confer the benefits of science and Christian freedom and civilization, as far as man's power of observation and resistless tendency to communicate the *known* and to ascertain the *unknown* can by possibility extend.

Truth is great and will prevail, although few critics have impartiality and self-respect enough at all times to proclaim it. We ought to speak of the author of these travels as we should of the simplest pedestrian traveller; to recollect moreover that he wrote for Germans, and not for ourselves. That which is familiar to us, may be thought novel by them; the dull, lively; tedious detail, curious and interesting; while German critics may glory in the innumerable books of travel, under which the less patient and fastidious English lament and groan. In short, without some degree of liberal feeling, some comprehensive spirit of criticism prevail, we fall into all kinds of errors and absurdities in treating of foreign works.

It is not the information furnished, but the mode of treating it, which constitutes a dull book, and it would be as absurd as unjust to pronounce the author's admirable descriptions of European scenery, tedious and "de trop," because we happen to have travelled over or to have read accounts of those spots before.

When a work upon lands of so vast a surface, and on rivers and forests with all their products of such colossal proportions, enters into anything like details of a minute kind, it must necessarily be esteemed heavy, in the estimation, at least, of ordinary readers. But that is not the case here, though a lover of sketches might think these volumes judiciously condensed within half their present bulk. His appetite may be far too fastidious, and his power of digesting bulky volumes much less developed than a German reader's. As with the boys and the frogs, what is pleasure to one party is death to the other; and the old adage alone—"What is one man's meat is another's poison," is enough to set all critical one-sidedness at defiance.

It is no fault of the author's, then, that he is a prince—a brother of the late Prince Waldemar, who was present in the former campaign against the Sikhs,—or that he enjoyed opportunities for locomotion not usually offered to the general run of travellers; that the King of Sardinia, moreover, placed a beautiful frigate at his disposal, to visit whatever countries he pleased, and retain until his return; that at Rio de Janeiro the Emperor of Brazil should "take up the wondrous tale," supply the exploring party with boats and provisions, and treat the Prince to a ball! nay, still more insufferable, that he should have counts, and consuls, and men of science, to attend him; Indian chiefs, and tribes far beyond the Amazon, to hail his advent; a noble young missioner to introduce him; guides, mules, and hammocks, to beguile the tediousness of the way; and, to crown all, the celebrated Humboldt proud and happy to write a preface to his travels upon his return.

We can tolerate even this, and speak of a prince in no spirit of disparagement if he have sense to make his position useful, and to respect himself. Had he not possessed talent and judgment, he would only the more have compromised himself, and exposed his vanity and folly, by entering his name upon the list of distinguished travellers; he would be sure to have become the butt of party, and to expiate the sin of royal authorship by running the gauntlet through the whole literary press. As it is, it will be argued that the author was greatly in fault for not exactly consulting English tastes and feelings, and his translators still more for not metamorphosing, or cutting down his fair proportions to a small readable volume—that delight of an idle critic's, as of a desultory reader's heart.

To pronounce these volumes cumbrous or dull, therefore, is with such merely to assert that they are the work of a foreigner and a German, and written in a style and spirit the opposite of skimming over everything and speaking of nothing. The few examples we have it in our power to give will fully bear out, we feel assured, the generally high character we have fearlessly given of its merits and characteristics, as distinguished from the more condensed form and sketching character of a purely English book of travels.

The joint translation is very ably executed. The parties seem to have entered fully into the tone and spirit of the writer; the style is clear and flowing, and, with a perfect command of the language, and appreciation of the author's views and meaning, it reads much with the air of an original production.

As the narrative was first printed in German for private circulation only, the translators were, consequently, indebted for a copy of the work to the Prince's sanction of their labours. To Sir R. H. Schomburgh, the author of "Travels in Guiana and on the Orinoco," Humboldt, in his introduction, pays a just tribute, showing that his labours have materially enlarged our knowledge of the geography and natural history of the eastern part of South America, and the great net of rivers between the sea-coast of Guiana and the basin of the Amazon. If human civilization, which is making such giant strides in North America, should ever penetrate into these fastnesses, (a hope which St. Basil calls "day-dreams of man,") the structure of this great net of rivers from north to south may open channels of communication such as are unknown

in any other part of the world. An insignificant canal in the vicinity of the Brazilian Villa Bella, connecting the basin of the Gunpore (a tributary of the Rio de Madeira) with the basin of the Paraguay, would effect the possibility of an unbroken navigation throughout the whole continent, from Buenos Ayres to the mouth of the Orinoco, opposite the Island of Trinidad.

The opinion of so enlightened a traveller upon the work before us is the more interesting from being expressed with perfect frankness and freedom.

"It conducts us through Brazil to the mouth of the Amazon river, and through this into one of its important tributaries, the Xingu, the course of which is now explored for the first time... The author had previously visited the Crimea, Constantinople, and Greece. A youthful passion for the sea early awakened in him, and a noble thirst for knowledge, the desire to enrich life by the acquisition of new and enlarged ideas, subsequently led him to travel through Sicily, along the Spanish coast to Teneriffe, and Rio de Janeiro. The Journal of his Travels enriched with sketches made from nature by the author himself, is not in the strict sense of the word a scientific book; nevertheless, it contains observations, and views of nature and customs, which reflect a vivid picture of the scenes which the Prince witnessed and passed through. Instruction is imparted in the most pleasing manner when an unaffected simplicity and an absence of all pretension pervade a work like this."

The period filled by these travels, is from May 7th, 1842, to March 27th, 1843; they open in Sicily, with the ascent of Mount Etna, and close with the Prince's return voyage, at Lisbon. He was accompanied in some of his European excursions by his brother Waldemar and Baron Waltershausen, the boldest modern explorer and able describer of Mount Etna, and throughout the whole expedition by the Count Oriolla, and Bismark of the Prussian service, besides others who joined him in the western hemisphere, especially a young father missioner, whose active zeal enabled him to penetrate the forest regions far up the river Xingu.

We shall give but a hasty glance at his progress to those mighty solitudes of a new and more prolific world, whose grander forms and richer colouring almost dazzle the imagination as we contemplate their future grandeur and importance, when absorbed, as they may one day be, into the vast confederation of the Anglo-American race. It is thither we accompany the author; description of European scenery and of Etna itself, however graphic and powerful, having been multiplied "ad nauseam," and it being our invariable object to interest and instruct our readers. The adventures in Sicily, Spain, and the Alhambra, Gibraltar, coast batteries, storms, naval battles, Moorish coast and cities, Cadiz, the Disertas and Madeira, we pass over, till we reach the giant of the ocean, pointing to another and a brighter hemisphere, the soaring peak of Teneriffe. But we should not omit to mention that at Madeira he visited the hospitable mansion of Mr. Gordon, where he was introduced to the late Mr. Andrew Picken, whose early artistic productions gave rich promise of future celebrity. The young artist accompanied the Prince, himself an excellent draughtsman, to various picturesque spots, and Mrs. Gordon showed him the beautiful work upon Madeira—"a rich treat," which Mr. Picken had published in England.

The following notice of *the Peak* is very truthful and characteristic :—

"Above this fearful scene of volcanic action, this gigantic wall which once rose out of the depths of the ocean, high above all these scenes and objects, the giant peak, like a colossal pyramid purpled by the setting sun, flung his shadow over the mists which covered the ocean. This wonderful line of shadow had not yet reached the glorious mountain, whose base was lost in the mists. The noble Alpine chain of the Gran Canaria, that island which once braved for eighty years the Spanish dominion of the world, lay spread out before me in the most beautiful distinctness. The further I ascended, the higher my spectral guide rose out of the sea of mists, until it entirely concealed Canaria. It was now night; the fires of the Estancia were the beacon which lighted me along my steep descent, and led me back to my companions."—Vol. i. p. 195.

It was then discovered that Count Oriolla was missing.

"Sharing the general attraction of the fearful and majestic scenes around us, the Count had left the Estancia at the same time with myself, but, whilst sketching upon the acclivity, I had soon lost sight of him. With his usual boldness and perseverance he climbed up the cone, to explore the secrets of the mountain. . . . . Shortly after sunset he reached the edge of the crater; but to return was not so easy, and he wandered nearly the whole night in the dark, among boulders and sharp masses of rock, where a false step might at any moment have proved fatal. His joy may readily be imagined, when he at length felt again the first trace of vegetation under his hand,—a little tuft of moss, which, as the harbinger of hope, he took with him, to keep in remembrance of this fearful night."—Vol. i. p. 196.

He had given up all hope, when fortunately he beheld the watch-fire of his companions above his head. On his reaching it, he sunk down exhausted at their side. Their cries had proved ineffectual, and whoever has ascended the Peak will easily imagine the impossibility of searching for his companion in the dark, over those fields of lava and obsidian. Here the stars shone with the same brilliancy as on the night when they had ascended Etna. The bold adventurers scaled the giant mountain, whose fires have now nearly half a century been quenched, but "who can foretell when he may again awake?"

They passed Alta Vista, at 9,753 feet above the sea, at the edge of the mighty Malpays del Teyde, and reached a yet more elevated part of the cone.

"The stars were still shining in the clear blue sky, when we saw, high above the colossal circus, the streaks of the glimmering dawn. Just over this rosy-coloured border, one star particularly attracted my attention. Instead of falling perpendicularly, like a shooting star, it had a quick, fitful, horizontal motion. I pointed this phenomenon out to my companions, who saw it as distinctly as myself. When looked at through a telescope, the star appeared to form two, united by a winding tail, the motion of which was the same as seen by the naked eye."—Vol. i. p. 198.

The view from the crater is described as a glorious panorama. They stood upon the central volcano :—

"At its foot the scene of desolation out of which it

arose, skirted by the smiling fields of Teneriffe, and all around the volcanic islands rising out of the ocean, looking up to the Teyde as their common head; he is their fixed star, they the moons; their fires, their eruptions are all his work."

On the 5th of September, "the San Michele" arrived off Rio de Janeiro.

"All gazed with astonishment at the strange forms of the mountainous coast which lay stretched out before us from west to east. On the extreme left rose a small cone out of the sea, like an island, with which was connected on the right several small islands that looked like points. Then followed the wonderful mountain-chain, the outlines of which resemble a giant lying on his back,—a sure land-mark to sailors at the entrance to the harbour of Rio, that king of harbours! The head of the 'giant,' with an immense aquiline nose and wide open mouth, is formed by the steep rock called the Gavin, (topsail,) to which the British sailors have given the more significant name of 'Lord Hood's nose.' .... Stretched out before us lay those wonders of tropical vegetation, which seen in books and drawings often appear to border on the fabulous. Wherever the eye ranged, the mountains were clothed with forests, above the outline of which rose single slender palms, with various trees of forms which a European has never seen, overtopping the plants and shrubs that covered the hill sides.... Even Constantinople did not transport me so much as the first view of Rio de Janeiro. Neither Naples nor Stamboul, nor any other spot I have seen on earth, not even the Alhambra, can compare with the strange and magic charm of the entrance to this bay. Wonders revealed themselves to our sight, the existence of which we had never imagined, and it was now clear why the first discoverers of this land gave to it the name of 'the New World.'

Rio and its environs are described with the same enthusiasm, but with the pen of a practised traveller. His delineations are as picturesque as faithful; for he appears to have the eye of a true artist. The aboriginal tribes, the early settlements, the Jesuits, the successive dominions and cessions, with the declaration of Brazilian independence, are all, like a group of figures, brought under his rapid view.

His excursion through the province and to the Parahyba, with its rising colonies and various wonders, is full of novelty and interest for an English reader. A "Night in the Forest," anecdotes of the people, and accidents in the dark, give zest to the progress of the narrative. He observes that "wherever plantain-trees are found in Brazil, it is a sure sign that human habitations are near at hand; but such a number of these trees I had never before seen." Alluding to the longevity of the Indians, he was assured that in one tribe they were believed to survive from a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty years.

Having finished his excursions, and been féted by the emperor and the resident British officers, he set forth in the "Growler," and at length reached the mighty Rio das Amazonas. "This king of rivers flows here majestically along in an undivided course, and free of islands, and its bed hollowed to a depth which has never yet been sounded. The tide extends up the Marañon, a distance of 360 English miles.... the water rising to a height of 451 feet above the level of the sea.... By taking twice the length of the Rhine from the Rheinwald glaciers to the lock at Katwyk-op Tee, we have the course of the great Zingu, which flows through a territory of nearly 1,200 English miles, but it is little visited. At about 200 miles below the former river, near Porto de Moz, its clear waters join the Amazon: its sources lie in the Serra dos Vertentes, south-east of the Campos de Parecis, between 14° and 15° south latitude.... The course of the Zingu from its sources to its junction with the Amazon in 1° 41′ south latitude, is generally from south to north, but in its lower part it makes a great bend to the south-east, which terminates just above Souzel, near the last place inhabited by whites, and opposite the junction of the Tucurui.

Even west of the junction with the Zingu, the Amazon appeared to Von Martius as wide as the Lake of Constance. Its branches are then described; the phenomenon of the Pororoca, or prolonged ebbing of the out-flowing mass of water, which meeting the flood, raises the tidal wave in a few minutes to its greatest height. "This destructive tidal wave sometimes occupies the whole width of the river; on coming to a shallow place, it rises to a height of twelve to fifteen feet; but in deep water the wave almost disappears. Those who navigate the river call such deep parts 'Esperas,' places of refuge, where even small vessels lie secure from the raging Pororoca." The ebb and flood of the Amazon appears to be little less extraordinary, and below the Rio Negro it does not reach its greatest height before the end of March, or beginning of April. Another fact which shows the superabundant generation, even of the fountains of waters, in some impenetrable and mystic recesses of the south, is, that the northern tributaries have less influence on the Amazon than the gigantic ones which flow from the south and commence rising suddenly in November, in consequence of the swelling of the mountain streams. The Madeira, however, produces the greatest effect on the Amazon. This river has a copious supply of water, the highest and lowest state of which coincides with that of the main stream.

"In the river Solemones, and further to the east, the water rises forty feet: Von Martius even found some trees covered with the mud of the river, up to a height of fifty feet above the lowest level. At these periods of high tide, the land on the banks of the Marañon, lined with forests through which the flood rushes, appears as if drowned in the boundless rolling mass of waters. The tallest trees tremble with the shock, while numerous trunks are torn up and swept along by the flood. The wild beasts fly to the higher parts of the country, and fishes and alligators swim where the jaguar and tapir lately roamed through the woods. A few species of birds only which build on the highest trees, (among others, the macaw,) remain unscared by the uproar of the elements, that breaks the usual stillness of the forest. This inundation annually causes new islands to arise: the banks take new forms, as the stream washes them away in some parts, and deposits the soil in others. Frequently a large island is thus divided into several smaller ones, or numerous islets are united into a large one; nor is it improbable, that the many lakes which are found along the course of the Marañon and the Madeira, connected with the river, may have been

originally caused by these inundations."—Vol. ii. pp. 137, 138.

The disastrous expedition of Gonzalo Pizarro across the Andes, in quest of a Peruvian California, is thus spoken of:—

"The story of the 'gilded king' and his marvellous City of Manao, where three thousand goldsmiths were constantly employed, of its fabulous gold land, its three mountains of gold, of silver, and of salt, all prompted Gonzalo, misled by the accounts given by the Indians, to go in quest of these marvels towards eastern Peru. No wonder that his curiosity and cupidity were excited by such tales of a monarch, who every morning was anointed with fragrant oils and gums, and then bade his attendants blow upon him gold dust through long tubes, while every night, lest this vestment should prevent sleep, the prince had the gold washed off, and his majesty was re-gilded in the morning."—Vol. ii. p. 141.

Respecting the fair and far-famed rulers of this royal river and its tributaries, we have just space enough—for it would be endless to multiply examples from a work that teems with interest—to insert the following happily turned remarks:—

"'The bold adventurers had for some time heard reports of a nation of 'Amazons' who were said to inhabit the interior. On the 22d of June 1542, after they had proceeded down the river a distance computed at 1400 leagues, they for the first time saw ten or twelve of these heroines, who at the head of their subjects fought valiantly with the Spaniards. The obstinate resistance of this tribe was explained by the circumstance that their fair tyrants put to death every one in their army who attempted to run away.'"—Vol. ii. p. 143.

This amusing and instructive work is supplied with three maps, and a handsome frontispiece with a vignette, the productions of the Prince's own pencil.

RUPERT AND THE CAVALIERS.[1]

Mr. Warburton's design in writing this work seems to be two-fold; viz. to raise the reputation of Prince Rupert to what he believes to be its proper height, and to give the world another book on the Great Rebellion which shall unite the dignity of learning and historic authority with the lighter graces of a purely literary composition. Without any desire to detract from the peculiar merit of the work (which we shall refer to presently), we must begin by expressing our belief that Mr. Warburton has failed in his strenuous efforts to make Prince Rupert a *great man*, and that he has also failed to produce an exact and accurate book which may be relied on as a standard authority. Moreover, by the profuse display of information that can in any way be made to have a connexion with his subject, he has swamped half of his text in an ocean of loose, inaccurate, though agreeable notes. Whenever any of these notes are solid and really valuable, the reader is puzzled to find out *why* they do not form part of the text, which is occasionally quite meagre for want of the matter which they contain.

Our author has entered warmly into his work; he has read and sought out much, and has spared no pains to elucidate every portion of his work, but he is not always successful in the effects produced, and is often tedious instead of accurate. All persons who have read the "Crescent and the Cross" will expect to find "Rupert and the Cavaliers" graceful and eloquent in style; nor will they be disappointed wherever the author writes for himself, or, in that expressive phrase, "out of his own head." He introduces his hero effectively thus:—

"There is a loud fame of Prince Rupert in our civil wars, yet singularly little of his private history is known. He seems to start into existence when the Royal Standard of England is set up; he advances that fatal banner through its terrible career, with supernatural but ill-starred bravery; and when it is finally struck down at Naseby, he vanishes at the same time from our view. Yet even during that memorable strife, there is a rumour rather than a knowledge of him: mothers hush their infants with the terror of his name, leaguering armies retire at the first challenge of his trumpets, the stern energy of the Puritan gives way before his resistless charge, Roundhead hatred and Royalist recrimination accuse him as the evil genius of the war; yet whence he came or whither he went, few have inquired or can tell.

"The few glimpses by which he is afterwards viewed are equally singular and varied. We find him a veteran in arms and renown while yet a boy; a prisoner for years before he attains to manhood: leader of the Cavaliers from the first hour that he meets them; conqueror in every battle, though defeated; maintaining the war upon the sea when it has been crushed upon the land; buccaneering in the name of loyalty on the Spanish main; honest amid corruption, philosophic among triflers in the court of the Restoration; laying aside his impetuosity, but not his gallantry, as Admiral of our fleets; returning thence to the chemist's laboratory and the painter's study; and finally dying in peace and honour here in Old England, 'beloved by all the gentlemen of the county,' and 'generally lamented, having maintained such good-temper and such happy neutrality in the present unhappy divisions, that he was honoured and respected by men of the most varying interests.'

"Can this be the person whom we have hitherto known only to neglect or to condemn? Surely there must have been some heroic nature in this man, which prejudice alone has darkened or denied.—some prejudice more fatal to his fame than the hatred or the obloquy of his contemporaries. Let the generous and candid reader but take *the facts* of Prince Rupert's life as they are here imperfectly arranged; let him grant to them such credence as their authorities may seem to deserve, and such interest as their romantic character may claim; and surely he will admit that the chief of the Cavaliers deserves a higher place in story than he has hitherto obtained."

We are quite of Mr. Warburton's way of thinking as far as regards the fact that Rupert has been underrated; but "reverse of wrong is not always right." Eclipsed as he has been hitherto by being ranked too low, as he stands before us in Mr. Warburton's estimation he reminds us forcibly of the French proverb—

"Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier."

It is quite natural that a biographer should love

(1) "Memoirs of Rupert and the Cavaliers." By Eliot Warburton, author of the "Crescent and the Cross." 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

and admire his hero; indeed, biographies in which this is not the case are worth little. We do not, therefore, wish to quarrel with Mr. Warburton; on the contrary, we sympathize, in a great measure, with his liking for the brave, impetuous, honest-hearted young soldier, who was in mature life, if not a great philosopher and a great artist, yet philosophic and artistic enough to make himself rationally happy amid the folly and depravity of an ignorant court. Clarendon was too much of a statesman to value the rough headlong youth who often frustrated his plans; and as to Master Samuel Pepys—to use his own words, "it do amaze me mightily" that any one should attach any importance to his evident dislike of Prince Rupert. When did cunning, servile, cowardly, lying, time-serving gossips ever pay respect to honesty, bravery, and simplicity when out of fashion in the times and coteries they served? No, no. It was not possible for Pepys to give Prince Rupert a good word, even in his private journal, as long as he saw that when his Highness came to court, he was "welcome to nobody." It is quite true that Rupert was "counted always unlucky," and Pepys was not a man to forget that; especially when his Highness found fault with the management of affairs at the Admiralty.

These "Memoirs of Rupert and the Cavaliers" contain many letters, and extracts from letters and other documents, relating to the great civil war, never before printed. This original matter was collected by Colonel Benett, secretary to Prince Rupert, from whom it has descended to Mr. Benett of Pyt House in Wiltshire. Mr. Bentley, the publisher, (whether instigated by Mr. Warburton we know not,) has purchased this collection, and intrusted it to our author to use as he should find desirable in the composition of the present work. This collection has not been printed entire. The selections from it given by the author of "Rupert and the Cavaliers" will doubtless attract considerable attention among seventeenth-century scholars. They do not bring to light much that is absolutely new, but they serve to render distinct many transactions among the Cavalier party which were not very clear before. The usual public sources of information, such as the Lansdowne, Harleian, Ashmolean, Bodleian collections, &c. together with private papers contributed by individuals, have been used by Mr. Warburton, who, of course, quotes much from Clarendon and other standard authorities concerning this period. But this is generally done in the objectionable notes, which invade two-thirds of most of his pages. We quote the following from the sensible and modest preface:—

"The Benett collection consists of the following documents:—First.—Upwards of 1,000 original letters from the leading cavaliers. Of these I have only been able to use a comparatively small proportion, but an alphabetical index and abstract of them all will be found at the end of the first volume, which I trust will prove of some importance to the historian and to the student of history. Among them are numerous letters from kings Charles I. and II., the Dukes of York, Richmond, and Buckingham; Lords Worcester, Hertford, Newcastle, Clarendon, Goring, Digby, Langdale, Culpepper, Hopton; from Will Legge, Ashburnham, Berkeley and many other persons.

"Secondly.—A MS. relating to Prince Rupert's early life. This is imperfect and fragmentary, I have therefore only quoted from it.

"Thirdly.—A MS. of some length recording Prince Rupert's adventures as Admiral of the Royal Fleet, and his corsair expedition among the Western Islands and on the Spanish main. With this is a sort of 'log' or journal of the cruise from September 1651 to March 1653, which will be found in the Appendix to the third volume.

"Fourthly.—Another MS. which I have called in the references to it 'Prince Rupert's Diary.' It is not an autograph of his, however, but a somewhat vague chronological collection of anecdotes relating to the Prince; it appears to have been written at different times, on the authority of different eye-witnesses of the actions or other circumstances that it relates."

The value of this collection of papers as regards the biography of the Prince is thus estimated by Mr. Warburton in a subsequent portion of his book, where he first begins to insert the original letters.

"I have a few observations to make concerning the following correspondence. First, it proves Prince Rupert to have been the director of the whole war, and the sole referee of the King upon every point connected with their military affairs. This, at first, considering the issue of the war, may appear to be an unfortunate admission for the Prince; but it is to be recollected, that at the first, the state of the King's affairs was well nigh desperate, that nothing but the most able and vehement exertions could have raised up his depressed and destitute army to a state of strength and service; and that through all the widely scattered quarters of this army, wherever there was a courtier, there was a wayward and jealous opponent of the young general. At head quarters, especially, every obstacle was thrown in his way, that the King's partiality would allow, and all the responsibility being thrown upon the Prince, all the many failures were visited upon him also. It is remarkable that all those who were under his orders express themselves with devotedness and affection towards his service, and that every brave man only seems to desire to serve under the eyes of the most daring leader of that brave time."

It may not be superfluous labour, on our part, to set down here the leading facts of Prince Rupert's eventful life. He was the third son of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and Frederick V. Elector Palatine of the Rhine. He was born on the 18th December, 1619. His mother was every inch a Stuart, and the portrait of Rupert, prefixed to this first volume, resembles the members of that family. Nearly all our readers are probably acquainted with the nature of the Palatinate war, in the midst of which Rupert was reared. He gave early indications of a love of arms, and he seems to have been his mother's favourite child. At the age of seventeen, he visited his uncle Charles I. in company with his elder brother, the detestable Elector Charles Louis. Soon after their return to Germany, Rupert was taken prisoner in a skirmish with the Austrians, and confined in the Castle of Lintz. Elizabeth of Bohemia and her children were the great Protestant leaders in Germany, and Rupert's principles were sorely tried during his imprisonment. Let us quote Mr. Warburton's account.

"The Governor of Lintz was a brave old soldier of the Empire; he had once professed the reformed faith, but adopted that of the Emperor on entering his service. For this, and it is to be hoped, for other services, Count Kuffstein stood high in the favour of the Court. To him was confided the desire of the Emperor to obtain the services of the young Palatine, and the Count attempted, as a preliminary, to convert his captive. Our Prince was what his brother would have termed *obstinate*, in his rejection of new doctrines. The Count offered to let him have the society of two priests, Jesuits, who were much interested in his spiritual well-being; the Prince replied, that 'he would be happy to see the Count's friends provided he might also see his own;' this was refused, so he remained in solitude. His firmness was soon put to a far more trying test, in the same manner as the sunshine was more successful than the rude storm against the fabled traveller's cloak.

"Among the few recreations permitted to the Prince, was an occasional dinner with the Governor, and free access to his gardens. It was destined that his imprisonment, as well as his chivalric career, should lack nothing of the requirements of romance. Strange as it may read in these matter-of-fact pages, Count Kuffstein had a daughter, an only cherished child, who lived in his stern old castle, like the delicate Dryad of some gnarled tree. She 'was one of the brightest beauties of her age,' and rarely gifted, 'no lesse excelling in the charms of her minde than of her faire bodye.'—The imagination of the reader will easily supply what the faithful historian is not permitted to record. How the heroism, the misfortunes, and the noble person of her royal captive, touched her imagination; how the impetuous young Prince, whose thoughts had ever fed on tales of love and glory passed his time in that grim castle, hitherto without an object, save to watch time and the old Danube rolling by; how this fair girl dawned upon his gloomy life, charged by her father to cheer her royal prisoner, and, if it might be, to win his soul over to the ancient faith. Does the reader pity him or even her? Though soon to be forsaken, she never was forgotten in all the wild vicissitudes of his dangerous and reckless career; and to woman's foolish heart, even this is something. And for him—how often when wearied with the doomed yet charmed life he bore, must his thoughts have flown back to that fair girl:—back from the hushed ambush or raging battle-field, or stormy seas, to those quiet and innocent days, when he listened to her loving controversy as they stood by the antique battlements, with the old Danube rolling by!

"We are not writing romance, but actual biography, gleaned painfully out from crabbed old manuscripts, through which her character still shines fair and purely. For, those quaint old letters tell me that thenceforward 'he never named her, without admiracon and expressinge a devotion to serve her with his lyfe;' and it requires nothing more to tell me that her honour had been guarded by his own.

"Nevertheless, with war resounding all around him with so many prizes to be fought for, and so much glory to be won, Mlle. de Kuffstein must have sometimes found it a hard task to cheer her captive in his cage. How his young spirit must have chafed as he saw glimpses of the war roll by and vanish far away. And to loose himself from this captivity, this living grave, he had but one word to utter; he had but to follow the example of the chivalrous Henry of Navarre, to profess himself a proselyte and be free. His royal uncle, his imperial enemy, his lady-love, his worldly interest, were all in favour of the change; his own conviction, his own brave and manly heart, alone against it. Be this remembered when his many errors are recounted."

After about three years' imprisonment he is released by the emperor, Ferdinand III., at the intercession of the empress, who was (by the way) that very Infanta of Spain whom Charles I. rejected in order to marry Henrietta Maria. It seems not at all improbable, as Mr. Warburton suggests, that she felt a peculiar interest in Charles's favourite nephew, and was not unwilling to forward the wishes of her former suitor, by obtaining Rupert's freedom.

During this time, matters were growing desperate between Charles and his parliament. Strafford had been beheaded. The vain, mischief-making queen had fled to the continent to procure money and troops for the approaching war, and in 1642, on August 22d (according to Mr. Warburton's authorities), Charles raised the royal standard at Nottingham. Rupert had just arrived at his uncle's court, and under the title of General of the Royal Horse, (there being, as yet, no royal horse to command,) he accompanied the king to take part in that unlucky ceremony. Probably the disheartened king found pleasure in the fresh, buoyant spirit of his young nephew. Dauntless, bold, and full of hope even in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances, there is a sort of reckless chivalry about the Prince Palatine, which must have been very fascinating to the young Cavaliers; and, accordingly, we find him ever at their head. His personal appearance may as well be noted now. Mr. Warburton says:—

"The best portraits of the Prince that I am acquainted with are in the possession of Lord Kinnaird at Rossie Priory, Lord Craven at Coombe Abbey, and Sir Robert Bromley at Stoke Park. The first, by Vandyke, was taken apparently at the Hague, when he was about eleven years of age; the second, also by Vandyke, about the period of his first visit to England, and the last was painted by Sir Peter Lely, after the Restoration."

At the time of the setting up of the standard he is thus described by our author, with apparently very fair ground for doing so. Such a person is a proper hero of romance:—

"Prince Rupert was now nearly twenty-three. His portraits present to us the ideal of a gallant Cavalier. His figure, tall, vigorous, and symmetrical, would have been somewhat stately, but for its graceful bearing and noble ease. A vehement yet firm character predominates in the countenance, combined with a certain gentleness, apparent only in the thoughtful but not pensive eyes. Large, dark, and well formed eyebrows overarch a high-bred Norman nose: the upper lip is finely cut, but somewhat supercilious in expression; the lower part of the mouth and chin have a very different meaning, and impart a tone of iron resolution to the whole countenance. Long flowing hair (through which, doubtless, curled the romantic 'love-lock') flowed over the wide embroidered collar, or the scarlet cloak: he wore neither beard nor moustaches, then almost universal; and his cheek, though bronzed by exposure, was marked by a womanly dimple."

But "love locks" and "dimples" must be forgotten amid the bloodshed and misery which desolated this unhappy country during the succeeding years. In proof of the general good understanding and affection that prevailed between Charles and his nephew, we quote the following interesting letters.

While Rupert is in Bristol, holding out against Fairfax, the king forms a determination of going to

Scotland, which his nephew thinks ruinous to the royal cause.

"As usual, every body about his majesty who ought *not* to know his intentions easily learned them; and so the report reached Rupert, who thereupon writes this manly remonstrance to the Duke of Richmond:—

"'My Lord,—It is now in everybody's mouth that the king is going for Scotland. I must confess it to be a strange resolution, considering not only in what condition he will leave all behind him, but what probability there is for him to get thither. If I were desired to deliver my opinion what other ways the king should take, this should be my opinion, which your lordship may declare to the king. His majesty now hath no way left to preserve his posterity, kingdom, and nobility, but by a treaty. I believe it a more prudent way to retain something than to lose all. If the king resolve to abandon Ireland, which now he may with honour, since they desire unreasonably, and it is apparent they will cheat the king, having not five thousand men in their power. When this has been told him, and that many of his officers and soldiers go from him to them, if he have no more consideration of such as stay, I must extremely lament their condition, being exposed to all ruin and slavery. One comfort will be left—we shall all fall together. When this is, remember I have done my duty. Your faithful friend,

"'*Bristol, July 28th*, 1645. Rupert.'

"On the third of August the Duke of Richmond writes to the prince in answer, from Cardiff, in a cypher letter, almost unintelligible; its purport is as follows: 'That his grace shewed the king Prince Rupert's letter, with as much care for the interest of the latter as was possible; that the former read it graciously and seemed to think that the difficulty lay not in consenting to a treaty but in asking for one;' that 'anywise it is a bitter draught, the worse for having been previously tasted;' that 'dear Rupert' was right to use perfect freedom, and that he had expressed 'himself with the same generosity that appears in all his actions,' &c.

"Almost at the same time the king writes to Rupert a long letter in further reply to the prince's communication through the Duke of Richmond. In this his majesty says, 'Speaking rather as a mere soldier or statesman, I confess there is no probability of my ruin. If I had any other quarrel but the defence of my religion, crown, and friends, you had full reason for your advice. As a Christian, however, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels to prosper, or this cause to be overthrown; and whatsoever personal punishment He shall please to inflict upon me, must not make me repine, much less give over this quarrel. As for the Irish, I assure you they shall not cheat me; but it is possible they may cozen themselves. I am sending to Ormond such a despatch as I am sure will please you and all honest men, &c.—C. R."

About the same time Charles addresses the following affectionate letter to Rupert:—

"'Nephew,—If I had as much time as I have matter, this should be a very long letter; but what I want I have commanded others to supply, for I have commanded Jack Ashburnham to give you a full account both of our proceedings and resolutions here, with all the reasons of them, as likewise, Colepepper being newly come from my son, I have commanded him to acquaint you with those affairs concerning which, to deal freely with you, I find that you might do so great good there, that if it were not for the danger of the passage and that I know not how Bristol can be yet without you, I would wish you were with my son; but, as it is, I think only fit to name it, and no more; so leaving it only to you. As for the oaths you have proposed to be taken, I not only approve them but thank you for the motion; only that clause which concerns the public meetings may be left out, because it will needlessly exasperate the clubmen; all the rest I do very much like. And now, because it is possible that it will be a long time before I see you, I earnestly desire you to have an implicit faith in my friendship and affection to you, for I assure you I hold myself interested equally to protect you as one of my own children; so that you shall share largely with me, if ever it shall please God to send happy days unto

"'Your loving uncle and most faithful friend,

"'Charles R.'"

Very soon after this, Charles listens to the accusations of Lord Digby against Prince Rupert in the matter of the surrender of Bristol, and deprives him of all his offices, and sends him a pass to leave the kingdom. Even Clarendon intimates his sense of the injustice of this punishment. But thus was it ever with Charles, whom we may pity sincerely, but can scarcely ever commend. He was, as Milton has said, "a man neither by nature nor by nurture wise."

After the final defeat of the king at Naseby, Rupert and his younger brother retire from the kingdom. Rupert is soon after made Admiral of the Royal Navy, such as it is. For several years he leads a wild, buccaneering life, capturing all the vessels of the Commonwealth he can get at, and supplying the needy Charles II.'s purse. In a storm in the West Indies his younger brother, Prince Maurice, is drowned. Rupert returns to Europe richer than he went; and a short time before the Restoration, Mr. Warburton gives his readers a glimpse of his Highness in the midst of the beauty and fashion of Paris, but he does not favour them with any of the love-letters which, he intimates, are to be met with in abundance at this date in the Benett collection. There seems to have been no thought of marrying his Highness at any period since his uncle's treaty for the hand of Mlle. de Rohan, during his first visit to England, which failed.

The Prince was too poor and too Protestant to be considered a good match by the European courts. After the Restoration, we find him domesticated in England, studying philosophy, drawing in mezzotinto, (an art he is said to have invented,) etching, and making improvements in mechanics. His mother also, by the good offices of her romantic lover and noble friend, Lord Craven, is made easy during her last years. If ever there was a true, disinterested, lofty-minded hero,—a faithful, generous, self-sacrificing lover,—it was this Earl of Craven, who devoted his whole life, his fortune, and his ambitious hopes at home, to the service of Elizabeth of Bohemia and her children. "*Alles fur Got und ihr*,"—every thing for God and her,—was the motto which expressed at once the strength and the purity of his affection.

There must have been something very extraordinary about Rupert's mother, to have attached to her in this way (and without any hope of love on her side) such men as Lord Craven, Counts Mansfeldt and Thurm, and the Duke of Brunswick, who were all ready to lay down their lives in her cause. Some of them did die for her. Lord Craven's respectful devotion lasted till her death, when she was sixty-six years old. If we mistake not, Pepys says that it was

commonly believed that they were married. She died in his house in London, we believe, which stood where the Olympic Theatre now stands. Coombe Abbey, the property of the present Lord Craven, was bought by his chivalric ancestor, because it was the place in which his "Queen of Hearts" (as Elizabeth was called) had passed her childhood, and he could thus give her the pleasure of dwelling in old age amid the well-remembered scenes to which through all the storms of life she ever reverted with delight. Yes, there must have been something uncommon in this woman, but there must have been something much more uncommon, we suspect, in Lord Craven. There are facts concerning the Queen of Bohemia which are scarcely accordant with an ideal of female perfection.

These volumes are enriched with portraits of the principal Cavaliers, Lord Falkland, Goring, Montrose, Worcester, Lunsford, &c. Not unworthy to be ranked with the Cavaliers, in spite of their unworthy gender, are the Countesses of Derby and Arundel, who defended their houses so bravely in the absence of their lords, and whose portraits are in these volumes.

Enough has been said to prove that "Rupert and the Cavaliers" is full of interesting and instructive matter. One word we would say in addition. Mr. Warburton has been careful never to embroider a fact. This is a great merit in a work like the present, and we give the author full credit for abstaining from any exercise of fancy in completing or rounding off facts which his authority leaves imperfect. In a man of eloquence and imaginative power, this is a rare quality.

EXPEDITION INTO CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.[1]

There are some portions of the world's surface which appear to retreat as the discoverer advances. The sources of the White Nile, the fountain head of the Niger, the remote interior of Africa, and the centre of Australia form a few among the difficult and long disputed of those geographical problems. Each discovery seems to bring to light other regions to be discovered, as the traveller over an undulating country mounts one ridge only to see another in his way. The causes which prevented Captain Sturt from bringing his enterprise to a successful accomplishment are not to be traced to himself or his companions, but to natural sources. The character of the vast region which he traversed was such as to present every difficulty, every obstacle which can be imagined, and when at length he turned his back upon the point towards which he had been journeying, it was with regret amounting to sorrow. But he had duties to perform; he was responsible for the lives of those who had shared his fatigues and dangers, and had he allowed the enthusiasm which had carried him thus far, to overcome his reason, and lead him still further into the heart of that inhospitable wilderness, he would have incurred the danger of death at every step. No addition to our geographical knowledge would have been sufficient compensation, had his companions in that perilous expedition bequeathed their dust to the desert through his intemperate zeal. As it was, one life was lost; one of the travellers died, and his remains were buried under a pyramidal heap of stones on the summit of Mount Poole, which takes its name from him. Much new information, however, has been obtained, and for this reason, if for no other, Captain Sturt's volumes are interesting and valuable.

On the 10th of August, 1844, Captain Sturt, with a number of companions, accompanied by several attendants and provided with the necessary accompaniments of such an expedition, started from Gawler Town in the province of South Australia. Towards the end of the month they encamped on the banks of the Darling, having passed the great bend of the Murray, and traced the course of the river to a considerable distance. From thence the journey lay over a country diversified by hills, valleys, streams, and spots of picturesque beauty. Everywhere some object of interest presented itself, everywhere the travellers were made sensible that they were proceeding through a wild and curious region, and everywhere the districts traversed afforded material for a description, whether of Australian life or scenery. But our limits will not allow us to do more than point out some of the more remarkable features of the region which was explored by the expedition of 1844. The natives whom they encountered from time to time appeared astonished and often alarmed at the apparition of the party, as in somewhat cumbrous procession it wended its way towards the unknown interior. The dwellings of these primitive people, whose life is no less strange than the land they inhabit is wild, are composed of mere bowers, like the *ranchieras* of California, constructed of the branches of trees woven together and coated with a stiff plaster of clay, alike impervious to heat and rain. They are situated invariably with their openings towards the north, and each hut has a smaller one at its side. They vary much in size, shape, and construction in the various districts, according to the character of the tribes which inhabit them, sometimes being built with upright poles resting against the branches of a tree, and sometimes of boughs stuck into the ground in a semicircle, and thatched with grass and leaves. But in one respect the different native tribes appeared to agree in manners and usages; they do not make these hovels the place of their permanent abode, but resort to them at certain seasons of the year, when cold and rain, or the fierce heat of the sun, renders it imperative to seek another roof than that of heaven. The scarcity of vegetation in most parts of the country conduces also to render a lengthened residence in any particular locality a matter of difficulty, since the savage community frequently find it necessary to desert its dwellings in one spot to wander thence and erect them on another, where the unexhausted herbage promises sustenance to those who possess no notion of

(1) "Narrative of an Expedition into Central Australia, performed under the Authority of Her Majesty's Government in 1844, 5, 6." By Captain Charles Sturt. Two vols. T. & W. Boone. 1849.

calling it out of the ground by the labour of their hands. In the course of time the ground lying about the forsaken localities becoming again clothed with the scanty vegetation of interior Australia, they are again peopled by some wandering tribe. In this manner the tide of population is in constant motion, sometimes travelling from one place to another in search of a convenient site for the erection of huts, but more frequently merely shifting their encamping ground, a circumstance attested by the countless remains of fire which attracted Captain Sturt's attention as he traversed the wild region of the interior.

Encamping one night on a broad grassy flat near the northernmost part of the Murray, our travellers were visited by a large number of natives, whose manner was friendly and respectful, and characterised by little which spoke of the savage. When it was pitch dark the men painted themselves and prepared to perform a corrobar, a species of entertainment between a dance and a drama. A large and umbrageous tree stood near. Close to this the women prepared the ground, clearing it of all obstructions, and kindling numerous fires. The dancers arranged themselves each with a large bundle of leaves in his hand, so as to be veiled by the gloom. A movement then commenced. Now they emerged into the light of the fires, now retreated into darkness, each time flinging a handful of the dry leaves among the flames, which blazed up simultaneously, and revealed the line of dusky figures, painted and grotesquely ornamented, with the most admirable effect. The scene was striking. The glare of the fires reflected on a sheet of water close at hand, on the figure of the dancers, and on the green turf, the moving groups, the tall tree, the clear sky, the knot of white men, and the little encampment near them; all these formed accessories to a picture as wild and curious as it was simple and destitute of imposing features. Gradually the fires burned low, the dancers wearied, and all at length, desisting from their efforts, relapsed into that slumber sweet though light which is so often enjoyed by the savage.

Keeping along the banks of the Darling, whose current was here sluggish and broad, the party continued to advance over a somewhat monotonous country, occasionally meeting with parties of the natives. Captain Sturt relates in this portion of his narrative a pleasing anecdote:—

"We had a great many natives at our encampment on the 8th, but they did not approach the tents. Their families generally were on the opposite side of the river, but our man had his lubra and two children on one side of it. My attention was drawn to him, from his perseverance in cutting a bark canoe, at which he laboured for more than an hour without success. Mr. Beame walked with me to the tree at which he was working, and I found that his only tool was a stone tomahawk, and that with such an implement he would hardly finish his work before dark. I therefore sent for an iron tomahawk, which I gave to him, and with which he soon had the bark cut and detached. He then prepared it for launching by puddling up its ends, and putting it into the water, placed his lubra and an infant child in it, and giving her a rude spear as a paddle, pushed her away from the bank. She was immediately followed by a little urchin who was sitting on the bank, the canoe being too fragile to receive him; but he evidently doubted his ability to gain the opposite bank of the river, and it was most interesting to mark the anxiety of both parents as the little fellow struck across the foaming current. The mother kept close beside him in the canoe, and the father stood on the bank encouraging his son. At length they all landed in safety, when the native came to return the tomahawk, which he understood to have been only lent him. However, I was too much pleased with the scene I had witnessed to deprive him of it, nor did I ever see a man more delighted than he was when he found that the tomahawk, the value and superiority of which he had so lately proved, was indeed his own. He thanked me for it, he eyed it with infinite satisfaction, and then turning round, plunged into the stream, and joined his family on the opposite bank."

Incidents such as these were not of unfrequent occurrence, and allowed Captain Sturt to observe much that was amiable in the native character. One of the black men who accompanied the expedition heard, on arriving at an encampment, where some of his friends had lit their bivouac fires, of the death of a relative, and Captain Sturt describes his grief as piteous to see. But emotions with the savage are frequently but the emotions of the moment, and this wild native, now in tears, was soon again busying himself with his ordinary concerns, as though nothing had occurred to check even for an instant the smooth current of his life.

It will readily be imagined that in the compass of a brief notice like the present we must content ourselves with indicating a few points of interest in the work before us. To describe it would occupy far more space than we can allow. And here we cannot avoid observing, that Captain Sturt would not in our opinion have diminished the value or interest of his work, had he omitted some of the details which are introduced. These may be possessed of importance in the eyes of some readers, but this does not compensate for the disadvantage of cumbrous size. With this exception there is scarcely anything to be objected to in the book, save that its author occasionally appears to us too dogmatic, too decisive and peremptory in the expression of an idea, and somewhat inclined to found a rule on the experience of a single example—as where he speaks of the fidelity of the horse. These, however, are at most but matters of taste, and do not call for harsh criticism, especially as the narrative has those two qualities, value and interest, which are all we look for in such works; and when we state that the whole is neatly and carefully written, we have said enough, we think, to recommend it to our readers' notice. The expedition, though it did not succeed in its ultimate object,—that of penetrating to the centre of Australia, has nevertheless contributed largely to our knowledge of the interior of Australia. The nature of the country, barren, difficult, and cheerless, save where a water-pool or spring afforded nourishment to the thirsty earth and clothed it with verdure, tended to render the progress of the party wearisome and hazardous. Interminable ridgy expanses, dense forests of the gloomy pine, and hard stony deserts alternated, whilst here and there a few green spots cheered the face of the wilderness. The

furthest point reached by the expedition was surrounded by a tract of land whose appearance afforded little invitation to a further advance. Dreary and barren it stretched away in all directions, whilst lofty sand-ridges, tending towards the centre like the spokes of a wheel, composed almost the only features to be deserted. Numerous adventures were met with in the course of the journey For many months the travellers were chained, as it were, in a little glen, the only spot which afforded water. The land all around was parched, and they were compelled to wait for showers. These at length came, refreshed the earth, and set the travellers free. They inspected the salt shores of Lake Taveus, determined the position of numerous localities, and encountered many adventures which relieved the monotony of the way. But the expedition, especially as it wended its way homeward, was melancholy and dispirited; one life, as we have said, was lost,—one among those who had started with the adventurers from Adelaide was left behind in a grave in the wilderness, under the shelter of a solitary tree. The climate was opposed to the English constitution, the country was unsuited for a journey, and every thing in a word combined to render the undertaking difficult, dangerous, and impossible of complete accomplishment. This, however, if it prevented the traveller from revealing, through the pages of his journal, the unknown centre of Australia to the gaze of the civilized world, has not prevented him from writing an interesting and important work, to which we may refer our readers for the details of the journey, since, as we have said, within our limits it is impossible to compress anything approaching to the necessary information.

SEVEN TALES, BY SEVEN AUTHORS.[1]

It will be sufficient to inform our readers that the Editor of this volume is their old acquaintance Mr. Frank Fairlegh, in order to predispose them in its favour. Some of our young lady readers, indeed, may cry out at once, on becoming aware of that fact,—"Oh! I do not care what the book is about, I shall be sure to like it."

This conclusion may be quite satisfactory to themselves, and it would scarcely be in the nature of so gallant a gentleman as Mr. Fairlegh to find fault with it on his own account, or with them on any account; yet we think it would not be amiss to say what the book consists of, so that people who are apt to ask, "What's in a name?" may be certified that it has other merits besides the able editorship of Mr. Frank Fairlegh.

The "Seven Tales" are in title and order following: "Norfolk and Hereford," by G. P. R. James, Esq.—"The Will," by Miss Pardoe,—"King Veric," by Martin F. Tupper, Esq.—"The Last in the Lease," by Mrs. S. C. Hall,—"A Very Woman," by S. M.—"The Trust," by E. J. B., and "The Mysteries of Redgrave Court," by the author of "Frank Fairlegh."—Each of these Seven authors will be recognised as an old acquaintance by our readers, and a ceremonious introduction, or a critical dissertation on the peculiar style of each would be superfluous. A few observations indicative of the nature of the particular tale contributed by each to the present volume, will be all that can be desired at our hands. Before we set down our own remarks, however, we deem it necessary to quote the Editor's own account of the object he had in view in publishing the volume:—

"First, we conceive we owe it to our readers to explain how we Seven Authors have met in such strange companionship, and to tell how it happens that names recognisable at sight as appertaining to great realities, jostle with mere initial skeletons of appellations, and fraternise with such unreal mockeries as 'The Maiden Aunt' and 'Frank Fairlegh.' Be it known then to all men, that we are a band of 'seven champions,' (all the better fitted for our intended attack on public sympathy, from the fact that the majority of our forces consists of recruits from the gentler sex,) and the good cause for which we are working, the cause of charity, is the bond that unites us. The outline of our enterprise is as follows:—

"A lady, herself an authoress, of whose literary merits we need say the less, as our readers will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them in the tale entitled 'The Trust,' was some months ago introduced as a contributor to SHARPE'S MAGAZINE, at that time conducted by the Editor of the present volume. Owing to circumstances into which it is unnecessary to enter, the precarious income of a Magazine writer was the chief resource on which this lady had to rely for the support of herself and her young family, although there was a good reason to hope, that if the effects of the immediate pressure could be averted, a brighter prospect lay before her.

"The fact of this lady possessing the advantage of Mr. James's friendship suggested to the Editor the possibility of raising a sum of money for her by the sale of some such work as the present; and the kindness with which that gentleman entered into his views, and afforded the scheme the benefit of his advice and assistance, has mainly contributed to its success. Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Pardoe, and Mr. Tupper have also lent the valuable aid of their pens, solely on the merits of the case, (as, previously to their kindly acceding to his request, the Editor was personally unknown to them,) the list of Subscribers increased rapidly, and the project has already succeeded beyond the expectations of its originator. The 'Seven Tales' were written expressly for this volume, with the exception of 'The Last in the Lease,' by Mrs. Hall, which appeared some years ago."

A great German philosopher said once in speaking of a course of lectures he was delivering gratuitously, that "as it was a *gift*, he should spare no pains with it. Every body naturally desired to make his *gifts* the very best things he could produce." It will be but fair to suppose our "Seven Authors" animated by a like spirit, and to attribute the imperfections we may have to notice to any cause rather than to a want of will to make their gifts as worthy as possible.

First in order comes Mr. James. His title, or rather that of his story, misled us; "Norfolk and Hereford" called up immediately the forms of the two

(1) "Seven Tales, by Seven Authors." Edited by the Author of "Frank Fairlegh." George Hoby, 123, Mount Street, Berkeley Square.

"wrath-kindled gentlemen" who make so conspicuous a figure in the first act of Richard II.

"High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire."

But instead of Mowbray and Bolingbroke, we have in Mr. James's tale Ralph de Guador, Earl of Norfolk, and Roger Fitzosborn, Earl of Hereford, personages who flourished in the reign of the Conqueror. Instead of a mortal combat between them, the chief fact upon which the story is grounded is a marriage between one of the bold barons and the sister of the other. It would be difficult to select any portion of this author's works, of a similar length, that would be a better sample of his peculiar characteristics than "Norfolk and Hereford."

"The Will." We have no particular fault to find with this story; but we have read many of Miss Pardoe's that we like much better.

"King Veric." This is a mélange of poetical prose and a rhymed lay of ancient Britain, concerning a certain British king Veric, who seems to have halted between two opinions, when the Romans first invaded the island. It was not clear to him whether it was best to fight or to negotiate with them. His barbarous subjects, however, are not very sensible of the full meaning of S.P.Q.R., but are keenly alive to their own savage notions of freedom and honour, and declare by the most emphatic words and actions that "Britons never shall be slaves." Veric is obliged by the force of public opinion to fight the strangers; and he and his brave son Mepati are slain in a Macauleyish ballad, which without being first-rate of its kind, is full of flow and vigour, and well suited to the subject.

"The Last in the Lease." This is one of the prettiest stories in the book, but as it was published some time ago, our readers may be well acquainted with it, and we will only express our opinion that it is one of Mrs. Hall's best illustrations of Irish Peasant Life.

"A Very Woman." This beautiful little tale is by the Authoress of "The Maiden Aunt." It is, we think, the best story in the book. It pretends to be nothing but a simple domestic tale, and it is what it pretends to be. It interests the feelings in a quiet way; while at the same time it raises the moral tone of the reader's mind to a level with that of the author, who assumes no airs of superiority, and does not surfeit people with virtuous sentiments, *à la* Joseph Surface. Such graceful, winning ways of rousing a sense of duty, will certainly produce the desired effect. The story opens thus, with a direct introduction of the heroine, without any preliminary remarks on her eyes, hair, or figure,—a commendable omission; few people have the art of making such things *tell* in a tale, however important they may be in real life. An artist's hand is recognised in the omission of all things which do not contribute to the general effect of his work, just as much as in the introduction and arrangement of all those things which do:—

"'Fertile in expedients!' said Clara Capel to herself, as she stood alone at the breakfast table with a spoon filled with tea-leaves carefully poised in her hand on its way from the caddy to the tea-pot. The Life of Sully lay open on the table beside her, and was the immediate cause of her soliloquy. 'Fertile in expedients!' thought she; 'it is always the same. All great men are so, whether satesmen, or generals, or authors. They don't make a handsome, tidy, comfortable, theory in their own minds, and then throw away every thing they meet with because it does not exactly suit the place they have got ready for it; but they take the world as they find it, and having got their materials, they improve here and correct there, they invent this and beautify that, and combine all; till at last they have built up a great edifice to the glory of God, and the irregularity and variety, the dreamy lights and doubtful shadows, are in fact the beauty of it.' (Clara was pleased with her illustration, and so paused to polish it a little ere she proceeded.) 'To give up labouring, because the persons or the systems by whom and under which you have to labour are not ideally perfect, is very much as if an artist were to give up painting because his oil colours did not smell of otto of roses, and were apt to soil his fingers. "Make the best of it," that is the motto of all practical greatness; and what a *best* it is sometimes! How infinitely and wonderfully the result transcends the means!—Well, and the same sort of mind which, when the proportions are large, is fit to rule the world, must be necessary, though with small proportions, for the guidance of a family, or a course of every-day duties. Of that I am quite sure. And this is a woman's business, not to sit down as I do, and grieve inwardly because she cannot do what she would, but to do what she can and that cheerfully. Goethe says, "It is well for a woman when no work seems too hard for her, or too small,—when she is able to forget herself, and live entirely in others." Why am not I thus?—I *can* be, and by God's help I will be. Unselfishness and energy, these are the great secrets, and these are within every body's reach. I may be, if I choose, the life and centre of this home of mine; the one who helps all, the one to whom all appeal. I may bring order, and even elegance out of all this confusion, by descending to details and going to work heartily. Why should I be ashamed to do so?—The heroine of a Swedish novel goes into the kitchen to dress beef steaks for her husband's dinner, and yet is capable of discussing æsthetics in a manner that few Englishwomen could equal. One would not be less liked and admired (here it must be confessed that a particular person was in Clara's thoughts, though she gave mental utterance to no name) for such exertions, but rather more. Men, especially, never think so highly of a woman as when she contributes to the comfort of others; and how *can* she contribute to the comfort of others, if her most active bodily exertion is to dance the Polka? But this must be all *real*. It must be *done*, not thought about; and the disagreeables and failures which one must needs encounter, must be laughed at and overcome.'"

Such is the soliloquy of "a very woman," and, as the reader perceives, of a very superior woman.

"The Trust," by the lady for whose benefit the volume is published, is a very painful story. That it is one the truth of which has impressed itself on the writer's mind, is evident from the strong feeling which is displayed in the narrative; otherwise, we should be inclined to say the facts seem to be highly coloured.

"The Mysteries of Redgrave Court." We will console all the admirers of "Frank Fairlegh" and "Lewis Arundel" who may not come across this book, by the information, that their favourite has not written anything, on the present occasion, so good as

either of those lively productions; although it is almost sure to be found amusing, it is not a very successful effort of our facetious quondam Editor. Probably, his stars are more in fault than he, and, to use his own words, he may have "better luck next time." People who are good for anything, do not perform their tasks like machines which always work in one way, but like human beings who are subject to all sorts of skyey and earthly influences. For our own part, we would rather read stories written by a man, than by the best patent tale-constructer in the world. The partial failures of the one would be far more interesting than all the regular successes of the other.

SIR ELIDOC.[1]

Few of our readers are unacquainted with the works of De la Motte Fouqué, either in their original or in an English dress; perhaps everybody has been charmed at least once in his life by Undine. Fouqué's graceful fancy and earnest feeling never clothed themselves in a happier, a worthier form. "Sir Elidoc," although abounding in beauties, is far inferior as a whole to Undine. Still, its solemn, earnest simplicity, its touching grace—above all, its strong religious faith, appear to us better calculated to meet the moral wants and weaknesses of the age, than nine-tenths of the tales which are poured forth yearly on the British public. On this account we have selected it for brief reviewal, in preference to any of the small shoal of three-volumed novels at present encumbering our table.

"Sir Elidoc" is not altogether the production of Fouqué's inventive genius. In Ellis's "Early English Romances" may be found the same beautiful legend, under the title of the "Lay of Elidoc." The present translator also says in his preface, that "the same tale seems to have supplied materials for the 'Double Marriage' of Beaumont and Fletcher." Like most genuine old Legends, "Sir Elidoc" is not altogether free from objections to its structure; but these are fortunately trifling in comparison with the general tendency of the work, which is purifying and elevating in an uncommon degree. The following passage from the Translator's preface expresses our opinion on the subject of religious tales generally, and on Fouqué's in particular.

"Generally speaking, tales are either dull or dangerous vehicles for religious doctrine, and few writers have such instinctive reverence, accuracy and self-denial, as to be safely trusted with the portraiture of holy things; for this very reason, it seems a pity to lose a striking work of one whose peculiar merit is, that his writings are at once flowing and elaborate, simple in plot, tone and language, yet marvellously suggestive, and thoroughly subservient to some one religious idea, which stands as key-note to the whole. It should seem that of this peculiar merit of Fouqué the two romances 'Thiodolph' and 'Elidoc' are remarkable specimens. In fact, 'Elidoc' forms a kind of sequel to 'Thiodolph.' As Thiodolph is the bold high-spirited heathen, filled in virtue as in vice with the ungovernable Berserker nature of the natural man; then, at last, after long struggles and much misery, controlled, leavened, softened, guided to happiness and peace within the bosom of the Church; so on the other hand we see in Elidoc the erring yet noble-hearted Christian, with the good seed of Baptism checked, yet not choked, ever seeking opportunity to spring up within him, till his refuge is found in real deep repentance."

Sir Elidoc, a noble and powerful knight of Brittany, is blessed with all good gifts that a chivalrous heart can desire or exercise. Comely, valiant, pious, courteous; honoured by his liege lord, and beloved by a fair and noble wife, Sir Elidoc, the second person in the kingdom, *sans tache et sans reproche* in the eyes of the world, is becoming daily the prey of spiritual pride and self-reliance.

In the opening of the tale, we find the hero palled with prosperity, and desirous only of showing to himself and others that he is strong and virtuous; he wants humility, the great Christian grace, without which the loftiest shall be brought low even in his own esteem. In his untried strength, he has not learned to distrust himself, or to seek support in time of temptation from a higher power. The following passage is typical of the presumptuous self-reliance of youth.

"Sir Elidoc ordered his slender white hunter to be saddled, and rode forth along the sea-shore, partly to refresh himself with the pleasant breeze which at this hour blows from the sea, partly also because he thought that the spring mists rolling over the meadows, or even the foam of the solemnly flowing waves, might bring to him something marvellous—a magical cloudy phantom with which he could have a combat, or a wondrously tender and alluring mermaid. But he resolved most firmly to withstand the allurements of such a one, no less strongly than the weapons of the airy phantom. 'It would be a pleasant thing,' said he, smiling to himself, 'to relate the adventure to my sweet Ellenor at supper; and the wreath of myrtle and evergreens which perchance she will weave for me in honour of my victory over temptation, shall have the first place among all the armour taken in battle. And I wot that I shall have obtained the noblest and choicest ornament of my whole life.'"

What follows is an illustration of the text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." From that day his trials begin, and his failures. By his haughty disobedience, he offends his royal master, is deprived of all offices and honours, and is dismissed from court. Soon after this, he receives all malcontents at his castle, and, but for the influence of his noble-minded wife, Sir Elidoc would have headed a rebellion against his sovereign. She persuades him to use his warlike energy in seeking adventures in a foreign land. He sets off with a train of followers, and sails to Britain. From among the minor incidents we select the following, as a specimen of the spirit of the whole; the circumstance takes place as he is about to embark for Britain. He saves the life of a man whose horse has run away with him in Arthur's Forest.

"Stunned but almost wholly unhurt, the rescued man stood up in the midst of his preservers, and was about to open his mouth with words of the liveliest gratitude,

(1) "Sir Elidoc." An old Breton Legend, from the German of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. John & Charles Mozley, Paternoster Row.

when he looked on Sir Elidoc's features, staggered, and fell back on the grass, stammering forth, 'My life has been twice in your hands! Do with me what you will. I am the forester Reginald!'

"'The forester Reginald!' began the soldiers to mutter all around, and they pressed closer and closer on him whom they had saved, but with gestures and signs which betrayed that they had now other and worse intentions towards him than the help which they had afforded him might seem to promise. 'The forester Reginald! He who made enmity between our noble knight and the Duke!' was murmured more and more loudly on all sides, as their anger rose higher, almost like the sound of the sea before a gathering storm. 'Let him, then, taste what he has brewed in the witch's cauldron of slander!' cried now some powerful voices. And spears and strung cross-bows were pointed on all sides towards the denounced man, who lay at Elidoc's feet like a dumb helpless victim. But though he might be dumb in his terror, he was not helpless; for, proudly raising his head, with its coroneted helmet, Sir Elidoc made a sign to them to draw back, and then, bending down to the forester and lifting him up, he said with a voice which wavered between contempt and mildness, 'How couldst thou, then, fancy that I would do thee any harm, O poor Reginald!—Thou paltry graceless creature, how low must Elidoc have sunk, ere he could avenge himself for any evil that might befall him through thee! Ride peaceably hence, if thou hast courage enough to mount anew thy wild horse; yet I almost advise thee, luckless rider that thou art, to go peaceably hence on foot. But only deem not, oh! never deem, that Sir Elidoc could have ever thought of avenging himself on such as thou.'

"Then, on a sudden, it seemed as though a strange feeling of dignity and power raised up the forester Reginald, who until then had been pressed down by shame and repentance. 'Thus far and no farther!' said he. 'Immeasurably hadst thou the advantage over me up to this hour, Sir Elidoc; and immeasurably more wouldst thou have added to the advantage in this present moment! But thy last speech has made the scales even. No man may dare speak so overbearingly to another, as thou hast spoken to me; and henceforth I have to forgive thee, not thou me!'

"Thereupon he mounted his horse, and, without even bending his head in sign of farewell, he rode away slowly and proudly into the thickest shades of the wood. Sir Elidoc stood still somewhat astonished, and it seemed as though the lofty thoughts of himself which he so lately had cherished, could no longer be put into words. But he was soon restored by the exulting shouts of his horsemen, who applauded their leader as a pattern of generosity, for letting his audacious foe depart thence unharmed. They also praised him for having made the overbold forester feel all the weight of his superiority; in short, they deemed everything done by Elidoc this morning altogether knightly and noble, and they hastened to prophesy from this beginning a glorious result to the whole expedition. How readily does the poor heart of man believe such things, even though they be not put before him with one united voice of triumph and applause, as then before Sir Elidoc!"

In Britain Sir Elidoc gains much honour; he drives out the king's enemies, and restores peace. But while he receives honour of men, he knows himself to be guilty of the vilest deception. He wins the love of the king's fair daughter, having concealed the fact of his previous marriage. Suddenly he is recalled home by a message from his wife. Brittany is attacked by foreign enemies, and now may Sir Elidoc prove his loyalty, and recover his prince's favour by restoring peace to his country. Elidoc sets sail for his native land immediately, but his heart is with the British princess. He feels all the agony of a noble mind conscious of ignoble acts, when he meets his gentle, loving Ellenor. To complete his degradation, she tells him that she has heard how the British king would have rewarded him with his daughter's hand, and that he remained faithful to his absent wife, in the midst of much temptation. To be esteemed virtuous in that in which we are most guilty, is one of the sharpest punishments that can be inflicted on a mind naturally noble and candid. We will not follow Sir Elidoc through all the troubles of his life, which are brought on by this first haughty trust in his own power to resist temptation. Long does he struggle against the higher principle of Christianity;—like a brave heathen he will not acknowledge his own weakness. The world is too much with him. He receives sacrifices from others as his due; he is praised and flattered, and reaches the summit of earthly bliss; but all is not at peace within. At length the day of repentance dawns; and finally Sir Elidoc the victorious knight, becomes Brother Salvatus, the pious and beneficent monk. The two fair women in this legend are beautiful; perfect types of noble womanhood. The only serious fault that can be brought against this tale is, that it is decidedly too long. The translation is not particularly easy or graceful, but it is literal and careful.

LAYS OF THE HEART.[1]

Perhaps there is nothing that will more surprise our readers than to learn, that the comparative number of American poets, male and female, surpasses, in certain localities at least, that of our own country. We remember to have seen, for instance, a little volume called the "New York Book," which contained the contributions of about a hundred different writers; and New York, be it remembered, is about the size of Liverpool. It is not to be supposed that these attempts can all be good; they are rather to be viewed as the indications of a widely diffused taste for literature among our transatlantic brethren and sisters. But few of the works of the female poets of America have found an echo on this side of the Atlantic. Among the best known, perhaps, are those of Mrs. Lydia Sigourney. In America she may be called a household poet, the whole community may be said to regard her as a friend. This, perhaps the most gratifying of all reputations, is eminently due to the exquisite purity and delicacy of her compositions, as well as to the nature of her subjects, the interest of which is, for the most part, domestic and familiar. Her tone is strictly *feminine*, her simple pathos such as wells up from the purest and deepest fountains of a woman's heart. A deep and practical sense of religion, as an animating and sustaining influence, pervades all her writings, which are imbued

(1) "Lays of the Heart, with Oriska and other Poems." By Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney. London: Tegg & Co; Aylott & Jones.

beside with an exquisite apprehension of the beauties and harmonies of nature. There is thus no volume of poems fitter for the perusal of our wives or daughters than those of this gifted and amiable American lady, and yet we believe that no perfect collection of them has been published in this country. The present edition has many claims; it is cheap, compact, and, at the same time, elegant, fit for the drawing-room table, and easily slipped into the pocket on a rural ramble. We earnestly counsel our fair readers to procure it. We need not instruct them how to appreciate what appeals so directly to their own gentle bosoms.

The poems are of different lengths, the principal being Oriska, an affecting Indian story, and The Scottish Weaver. In regard to the former we would remark, as one who has visited America, that nothing strikes the traveller in that country so much as its comparative want of *associations*. In England, and in Europe, every spot is hallowed by some touching recollection, but we wander over the lakes and forests of America with a feeling that, magnificent as they are, a *something* is wanting. It is then that imagination turns to the few traces of the Indian tribes, and to their mournful history, with a painful and romantic interest. American novelists, such as Cooper, have known well how to turn this feeling to account; and the poems of Bryant and others are full of touching allusions to the perished tribes of the leafy wilderness. Mrs. Sigourney has also successfully laboured in the same field, as the following lines will show:—

"THE MOHEGAN CHURCH.

"Amid those hills, with verdure spread,
The red-brow'd hunter's arrow sped,
And on those waters, sheen and blue,
He freely launch'd his light canoe,
While through the forests glanced like light
The flying wild-deer's antler bright.
Ask ye for hamlet's people bound,
With cone-roof'd cabins circled round?
For chieftain grave—for warrior proud,
In nature's majesty unbow'd?
You've seen the fleeting shadow fly,
The foam upon the billows die,
The floating vapour leave no trace,—
Such was their path—that fated race.

"Say ye that kings, with lofty port,
Here held their stern and simple court?
That here, with gestures rudely bold,
Stern orators the throng controll'd?
Methinks, even now, on tempest wings,
The thunder of their war-shout rings;
Methinks springs up, with dazzling spire,
The redness of their council fire.
No! no!—in darkness rest the throng,
Despair hath check'd the tide of song,
Dust dimm'd their glory's ray,
But can these staunch their bleeding wrong?
Or quell remembrance, fierce and strong?
Recording angel—say!
I mark'd where once a fortress frown'd,
High o'er the blood-cemented ground,
And many a deed that savage tower
Might tell to chill the midnight hour.
But now, its ruins strongly bear
Fruits that the gentlest hand might share;
For there a hallow'd dome imparts
The lore of Heaven to listening hearts,
And forms, like those which lingering stay'd,
Latest 'neath Calvary's awful shade,
And *earliest* pierced the gather'd gloom
To watch a Saviour's lowly tomb,—
Such forms have soothed the Indian's ire,
And bade for him that dome aspire.
Now, where tradition, ghostly pale,
With ancient horrors loads the vale,
And shuddering weaves in crimson loom
Ambush, and snare, and torture-doom,
There shall the peaceful prayer arise,
And tuneful hymns invoke the skies.
Crush'd race!—so long condemn'd to moan,
Scorn'd—rifled—spiritless—and lone,—
From pagan rites, from sorrow's maze,
Turn to these temple-gates with praise;
Yes, turn and bless the usurping band
That rent away your fathers' land;
Forgive the wrong, suppress the blame,
And view with Faith's fraternal claim
Your God—your hope—your heaven the same."

The most beautiful of Mrs. Sigourney's poems are undoubtedly those bearing a domestic interest. Of these, let the following serve as an example:—

"IT WAS BUT A BABE.

"I ask'd them why the verdant turf was riven
From its young rooting, and with silent lip
They pointed to a new-made chasm among
The marble-pillar'd mansions of the dead.
Who goeth to his rest in yon damp couch?
The tearless crowd pass'd on—'Twas but a babe.
A babe!—And poise ye in the rigid scales
Of calculation, the fond bosom's wealth?
Rating its priceless idols as ye weigh
Such merchandise as moth and rust corrupt,
Or the rude robber steals? Ye mete our grief,
Perchance, when youth, maturity or age,
Sink in the thronging tomb, but when the breath
Grows icy on the lip of innocence
Repress your measured sympathies, and say
'Twas but a babe.'
What know ye of her love
Who patient watcheth till the stars grow dim
Over the drooping infant, with an eye
Bright as unchanging Hope if his repose?
What know ye of her woe who sought no joy
More exquisite than on his placid brow
To trace the glow of health, and drink at dawn
The thrilling lustre of his waking smile?
Go ask that musing father why yon grave,
So narrow and so noteless, might not close
Without a tear!
And though his lip be mute,
Feeling the poverty of speech to give
Fit answer to thee, still his pallid brow
And the deep agonizing prayer that loads
Midnight's dark wing to him the God of strength,
May satisfy thy question.
Ye who mourn
Whene'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That deck'd the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to His arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope,
When a few hasting years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you?
And when glad Faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangels' praises, with the high response
Of cherubim, and seraphim, oh think—
Think that your babe is there!"

EDITOR'S WRITING DESK.

To the (sole) correspondent who complains of the length of our reviews, we would observe, that among the most interesting literary features of our day is the publication of numerous books of travel. Not only those lands hallowed by sacred or classical associations, but the remotest and hitherto unknown regions of the earth, are thus brought before us. In aiming to keep pace as much as possible with these and other publications of *the current month*, we have been unavoidably compelled to entrench upon the space hitherto devoted to original contributions. But do not our subscribers rather gain than lose by this arrangement—especially those in the country, to whom our journal is, perhaps, almost the sole medium of intercourse with the world of literature? A "Constant Reader" justly regrets that the tales are not regularly continued every month, and that the thread of the discourse is lost. This is not always in a poor editor's power to prevent. For instance—we are this month charged with the apologies of our friend Frank Fairlegh, for the unavoidable postponement of the next chapter of "Lewis Arundel." We hardly know whether to reply to a certain ungracious "Mentor," who complains of our noticing *fictitious*, to the neglect of real complaints. This were indeed a notable device of editorial cunning; only that the "cui bono" is rather difficult of discovery. Let our friend rest assured that not a single communication, save his own, has reached us on the subject of his strictures. "Lewis Arundel," and the "Story of a Family," will be continued without fail in the next number.

"Cola Monti; or, the Story of a Genius." By the authoress of "How to Win Love," &c.—Cola, or Niccolo Monti, the hero of the tale before us, is first introduced to the reader as he appeared at the interesting age of twelve years, when making his *début* at the academy of Dr. Birch, who, unlike his namesake immortalized by Mr. Thackeray, proves a most rare and amiable specimen of the genus pedagogue. In his well-ordered establishment, the young Italian speedily acquires a friend who calls forth the good, and an enemy who excites the evil propensities, of his ardent nature; and meets with sundry adventures, which eventually serve to strengthen the former, and eradicate the latter qualities. The school-boy necessity of caricaturing his master, reveals Cola's talent for drawing, and the artist-feeling once aroused, rapidly developes into a master passion, which forces its way over every obstacle, till it has achieved greatness for its possessor. This "Story of a Genius" is told with a degree of earnest truthfulness which affords proof of a kindred spirit in its authoress. The style is easy and thoroughly adapted to youthful readers. The characters are well contrasted, cleverly conceived, and ably executed; above all, they are faithful to nature; and this is a merit we rarely meet with in children's books, where the good boys are angels in jackets and turned-down collars, and the naughty ones "bad spirits," unqualified either by the "least taste in life" of the dew of heaven, or the milk of human kindness. Our authoress avoids these absurd mistakes, (which, by the way, quick children invariably detect,) her "model boys" still acknowledge some touch of human frailty, while her very "shocking examples" themselves possess redeeming qualities, which afford hope of their eventually improving into respectable members of society. In "Rhoda's Lesson; or, How to Win Love," the authoress has proved her ability to teach the "little women" of England that most important branch of their mission; in "Cola Monti" she points out to the young gentlemen of the land, how even genius may be nothing worth, unless united with industry and perseverance. This little volume is got up with much taste, and enriched by four spirited illustrations by Franklin.

"Family Failings." 3 vols. post 8vo. Newby. A very pleasant novel, containing no moving accidents, but the every-day life of ordinary people in England. The authoress has, we think, taken Miss Austen for her model. It is no little compliment to say that "Family Failings" reminds us of the author of "Pride and Prejudice."

"Eighteen Hundred and Twelve." Translated from the German, by Mary Norman. 3 vols. post 8vo. A long novel, well written and well translated; quite suited to family reading in England, which the generality of German novels are *not*. The main subject of this work is the invasion of Russia by Napoleon's army, and its disastrous retreat. Some of the historical scenes are painted with great power; the author is full of imaginative and dramatic vigour, and is often very eloquent.

"The Lottery of Marriage." A very clever novel by Mrs. Trollope. It is free from that objectionable coarseness of tone and feeling so often observed in this lady's books. The female characters in the present work are drawn with delicacy and decision. The husband-hunting mother and daughter are in Mrs. Trollope's best *worldly* style. The splendid Cassandra, with her beauty, her accomplishments, her *trente-trois ans*, and her many fascinations, is true to the life. Her mother is perhaps a little over-done; but they are a pair worthy to be stereotyped as nineteenth century marauders, harrying society at watering places, or "wherever men do congregate." We cannot express any regret that Cassandra succeeded in entrapping the splendid Mr. Augustus Ogilvie; we think most readers will say that he deserved no better fate. It is a pity Miss Stockton did not marry Lord Wigton, as the reader knows too little of Mr. Beaumont to be much interested in his happiness.

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PREFACE.

In bringing to a conclusion another Volume of Sharpe's London Magazine, the Editor trusts that its contents will not prove less acceptable than those of its predecessors, and that it will be found to contain nothing, in a moral and religious light, unworthy of the principles upon which it was originally founded. It has been objected by some of the Subscribers, that there has been of late, perhaps, an undue predominance of fiction. Anxious to welcome every suggestion of improvement, the utmost endeavour will be made to give, in future, a larger proportion of useful and improving matter, and a greater reference to current literature and topics of general interest.

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SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL.

THE PANORAMA OF THE RIGHI.

Ask any old traveller upon what scene of his wanderings he lingers with most affection—with an almost passionate desire to revisit it again before he dies—and, if he be a lover of nature, he is pretty sure to answer, Switzerland, dear Switzerland! In no other land have his spirits been so elastic and his nerves so braced—his mind so pleasurably excited by endless and romantic variety—his soul so exalted by the sublimest aspects of nature to grateful adoration of the beneficent Creator. Oh, those delicious rambles over the turf-covered passes of the Alps, with a world at one's feet, and icy peaks soaring far above one's head—listening to the sound of the sheep-bell, the sugh of the pine forest, the rush of the torrent—treading the flower-enamelled turf—breathing the mountain air, redolent of a thousand sweets—how often do we sigh to renew once more these unforgotten delights, "to re-people the mind with nature!"

We cannot thus but feel indebted to Mr. Burford for giving, with admirable taste and accuracy, the outward presentment of one of the finest scenes in this glorious country—for enabling us to recall, as far as is in the power of art, the feelings with which we once stood upon the spot itself. All that *could* be translated is here; the mountain passes we once threaded with youthful and exulting step—the pastoral valleys along which we rambled—the waters on which we boated—are all depicted with inimitable truth. To speak of the art of the performance, we should say that in the representation of *distance* it was never yet equalled, and cannot well be surpassed in panoramic painting. The difficulty of representing a vast extent of level country receding from the eye is surmounted with surprising skill. Some parts too of the great chain of Alps appear almost deceptive. The eternal snows seem actually to glitter in the sun, and we may gaze upon them till entirely absorbed and unconscious of our actual whereabout in the midst of the great metropolis.

From the execution of the picture let us turn to the scene represented. The Righi is but a mountain of secondary height for Switzerland—higher, however, than Snowdon or Skiddaw,—but then, from its central position, it commands a view probably unequalled in the world for its extent and variety. As we stand upon the Kulm, or summit, a vast horizon expands around. To the south is the great central chain of Alps—the backbone of Europe and the reservoir of her great rivers—towering to an average of ten thousand feet above the sea, with peaks rising at intervals some two or three thousand feet above. These peaks are all of primitive granite, huge and rounded, or jagged and perpendicular, and pointed like needles, and glittering with eternal snow. The Bernese Alps, an offshoot from this central chain, stand out by themselves in majestic isolation. Beneath these highest mountains are the secondary ranges, upon which the snow annually melts. Their verdant flanks are covered with dark forests of pine. Embedded between them is the deep basin of the Lake of Lucerne, which receives the waters brought down from the St. Gothard. Its irregular form renders it the most romantic in Switzerland; its upper end (concealed in the Panorama) is everywhere bordered by lofty heights, and it is subject to violent storms from the gusts which descend from their summits. At its lower end (seen in the view) it is more open and champaign, yet sentinelled all round with detached groups, such as the Righi and the Pilatus.

As we gradually turn from this more majestic portion of the Panorama, we see the valleys opening from this central solitude, and the mountains gradually subsiding in height until they sink into the immense irregular plains extending to the Black Forest and the Rhine, which float ridge beyond ridge, till lost in bluish haze. We may then be said to have beneath us the anatomy of the Alpine region, and are enabled to study its formation. But how to describe the thousand accidents of form, the endless variety of peaks and forests and valleys—the intricate and romantic outline of the Lake of Lucerne and its branches—the twelve other lakes which are scattered over the wide expanse,—to detail the varied phases of cultivation and verdure, from the corn, meadow, and woodland of the plains—the luxuriant gardens, orchards, and forests of oak and pine of the middle region, and the grassy pasturages of the higher solitudes, till we get into a region of stunted heath, and then to the line of perpetual snow;—how to enumerate the towns and villages and mountain chalets which stud the smiling plains, or are hung upon romantic and apparently inaccessible steeps—delicious little nooks in the midst of enamelled grass and hemmed in with forests of pine,—to note the accidents of light and shade, of mists and vapours, which, as they pass over the landscape, bring out into successive relief its different portions and characteristic beauties;—this is a task which altogether surpasses our powers. To appreciate all this it is necessary to stand upon the spot itself, or, what is next best, to go and see the Panorama.

The general character of the view from the Righi is that of awful and magnificent solitude relieved by the

sweetness of pastoral life. But there is one dark death spot in the midst of the living landscape. This is the valley of Goldau, and few valleys could once have been lovelier,—with its small lake, and five hamlets and their surrounding orchards and gardens, overhung by the twin heights of the Righi and the Rossberg, which seemed to shelter and enclose it from the world. The latter mountain is composed of pudding-stone, which, being infiltrated by water, is easily loosened from its hold. During the summer of 1806 many alarming appearances were observed and pointed out, but the peasants lived on in accustomed security. To abridge the admirable account of the catastrophe given by Dr. Beattie:—

"At length, about two o'clock in the afternoon of the second of September, a black cloud, following the track of an immense rock which had been hurled from its path, attracted observation, and seemed, indeed, the herald of the approaching calamity. At the lower part of the mountain the ground appeared as if pressed down from above, and when a stick or spade was stuck into it, moved of itself. Struck at these appearances, a man, who was digging in his garden at the time, took alarm, and fled from the place. Almost immediately thereafter, a fissure greatly superior in dimensions to the others, and which seemed every instant widening into a chasm, succeeded: the natural springs were suddenly dried up; the pine trees were violently agitated and twisted to and fro; while everything that had wings fled away screaming with terror. At five o'clock the indications of some fearful catastrophe became more defined, and the whole mountain, putting itself in motion, appeared to be gliding slowly down into the valley.

"In the mean time an old man, who is said to have often foretold some calamity of this nature, was sitting in his cottage quietly smoking his pipe, when a young man running past hastily directed his attention to the Rossberg, and told him that it was already in the act of falling. Not, however, disposed to believe even what he himself had predicted, he merely looked out, and then returning to his seat, observed that 'he had still time to fill another pipe.' The young man who had warned him still continuing his flight, was thrown down several times, and with great difficulty effected his escape. On looking back he saw the house suddenly carried away.

"Another inhabitant hastily snatched up two of his children and ran off, calling at the same time to his wife to follow with the third; but she, with a mother's feelings, thinking nothing was saved while one was exposed, ran to secure the fourth, Marianne, with whom the maid servant, Francesca Ulrich, was at the same moment crossing the floor. In a moment, as the latter afterwards described it, the house seemed to be torn from its foundations, and spun round like a top. 'I was sometimes,' she said, 'on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and forcibly separated from the child.' When this violent whirling motion subsided, she found herself wedged in on all sides, her head downwards, much bruised, suffering extreme pain, and impressed with the belief that she was buried deep in the earth, and must there perish by a lingering death. Disengaging her right hand with much difficulty, and wiping the blood from her eyes, she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by name. The child, in answer, said she was held down on her back, and closely entangled among stones and bushes, but that her hands were free, and she could perceive a glimmering light and the appearance of something green, adding, 'Will not some one come soon to take us out?' 'No,' said Francesca, 'it is the day of judgment, none are left to help us; but when released by death, we shall be happy in heaven.' They then prayed together, when suddenly Francesca's ear caught the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg. Shortly after, she heard the hour of *seven* slowly struck in another village, and persuading herself that there was still something living, endeavoured to cheer her little fellow-prisoner, who was at first clamorous for something to eat, but soon became fainter and quiet, and at length seemingly dropt into a profound sleep.

"Francesca, still embedded in wet earth, at last, after severe and repeated struggles, succeeded in disengaging her limbs. Many hours had thus crept slowly away when the voice of Marianne was again heard, but crying bitterly from the effects of cold and hunger. All this time the distracted father, who had saved himself and two children, as if by miracle, had continued wandering about, till at day-break he discovered the ruins of his house, and looking eagerly around him for some fatal relic of the disaster, observed a human foot projecting from the earth, and there found his unhappy wife, who had perished with the child in her arms. His cries of grief and despair, as he laboured to disengage the body from the mass of ruins in which it was buried, were heard and answered by Marianne—a voice of consolation in the deepest of sorrow.

"After a moment's pause at this unexpected salutation, his energies were redoubled, the earth was removed, and his little daughter raised, literally from the grave, but with one thigh broken, and otherwise bruised and hurt. Immediately, search for Francesca followed, but the difficulty was increased by her making no answer to the voices that now strove to encourage her. At length her rescue was also effected, but she was in so weakened a state that her life was despaired of. She was blind for several days, and remained ever after subject to convulsive fits of terror. The unhappy inmates of this family had been carried about 1,500 feet from the spot which the house had occupied; but whether with or without the latter remains uncertain.

"So vast and sudden was the rush of earth and stones into the beautiful lake of Lowerz, that one end of it, although several miles distant from the scene, was filled up; while the displaced mass of water—driven like a tempest completely over the island of Schwanau, and raised seventy feet above the usual level—overwhelmed the opposite shore, and, in its return, swept off several houses with their inhabitants. The chapel of Olten, a wooden structure, was found half a league from its original station, and many large blocks of stone had completely changed their situations.

"By this overwhelming calamity four hundred and fifty-seven individuals perished by a sudden, and in many instances, it is feared, a lingering death. Fourteen alone were rescued from beneath the deluge of rocks; and, of the surviving population, seventy-four had owed their safety to flight, but many were severely wounded; and the whole population, now reduced to three hundred and fifty, having lost their *all*, were reduced to a state of the deepest misery and destitution, and the happy valley of Goldau transformed in one brief hour to a Golgotha, an appearance which it still presents."

The historical associations connected with the neighbourhood of the Righi are among the most stirring in modern history. The borders of the Lake of Lucerne are memorable as the birth-place of Swiss liberty. Amidst these pastoral solitudes were nursed the spirits of Tell and his confederates, and of the heroic Winkelried. The meadow of Grutli, where Tell, Stauffacher, and Melchthal, met to arrange their plans for the overthrow of Gesler—Altorf, the scene of the trying ordeal of Tell's shooting the apple from his son's head—the rock, now covered with a chapel, where

he leaped ashore out of the boat of Gesler, in the midst of the storm, are all, though immediately at hand, concealed from sight by intervening peaks. But the hollow way of Kusnacht, where Tell lay in wait for and shot the tyrant, is visible immediately beneath us on the borders of the lake. On its opposite side is seen—a speck amidst surrounding immensity—the little pastoral town of Stanz, the abode of Arnold von Winkelried, where his statue is religiously preserved, and beyond Lucerne expands the pretty lake of Sempach, whose smiling borders witnessed the deadly struggle with the Austrians, where the heroic Swiss, by grasping and throwing himself upon the enemy's spears, opened a passage to victory for his fainting countrymen. The story of Tell is too well known to need recapitulation here, and that of Winkelried has recently been chanted, in no unworthy verses, by one of our contributors.

A few words about Lucerne, and we have done. This, as the annexed view will show, is a very curious and picturesque city, still retaining its wall and towers—veritable relics of the middle ages—and its singular covered bridges, spanning the transparent green Reuss as it issues from the lake. The interior of these bridges is adorned with some very ancient paintings. And now we hope that we have said enough to raise the curiosity of our readers, and to induce them, if they cannot visit the spot itself, to look in at least upon the Panorama of the Righi.

ORNITHOLOGIA POETICA.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE CUCKOO. (*Cuculus Canorus.*)

"The cuckoo is a gentle bird, and gentle is his note;
And April it is pleasant when the sun is waxing hot;
For amid the green woods growing, and the fresh flowers' blooming throng,
In comes the gentle cuckoo, with his meek and modest song.
The woodcock comes, and, with the swan, brings winter on his wing,
The groves cast off their garments green, the small birds cease to sing;
The small birds cease to sing till the lilies scent the earth,
But the cuckoo scatters roses round whenever *he* goes forth."
MARY HOWITT.

A MERE matter-of-fact naturalist would very probably tell us that the term "gentle" applied to this bird is a perfect misnomer—that he is, on the contrary, a fierce, pugnacious fellow, delighting in brawls, and all manner of discreditable proceedings; that, whatever moon-struck poets and dreaming moralists may say in his favour, his actions and mode of living are very disreputable, he being a robber, a polygamist, one who preys on the weak and defenceless, and sets at defiance all moral laws and salutary enactments made and provided for the better ordering of society at large. Nay, more, we are told that he is a proud, conceited coxcomb, for ever talking of himself, and that he shuns society because he deems, forsooth, that there is no one who can properly appreciate his merits; which latter piece of calumny is strengthened and supported by the lines of the German fabulist, Gellert:—

"One day a cuckoo, in his flight up and down,
Fell in with a starling escaping from town:
'Pray what is the talk?' he began, with an air;
'Pray how do they speak of our songs in the city?
Pray what do they think of the nightingale there?'
'The whole of the town is in love with her ditty.'
'And, pray, what remark do they make on the lark?'
'She's high in renown with the half of the town.'
'Indeed! Well, and as to the blackbird?' 'He, too,
Is eulogized much here and there by a few.'
'Well, now I've to add, that I'd feel very glad
If you'd tell me the various opinions that go forth
Respecting *myself*, and my merits, and so forth?'
'Why, that,' said the starling, 'I hardly can do,
For scarcely a soul ever talks about you.'
'Base ingrates! Well, then, as they grant me no praise,
I'll trumpet myself to the end of my days.'
So saying, away to the forest he flew,
And ever since then has been crying *cuckoo!*"

It is likewise affirmed that he is a fool, whose brain is too shallow to keep a secret, and whose tongue is ever giving utterance to senseless nothings,—

"Empty sounds and iterations,
Very trying to one's patience."

But you, reader, and ourselves, and a few more from whom we shall presently quote, know better than this. We would ask these maligners why he should *not* blazon abroad the pleasing intelligence that azure skies, fragrant flowers, and balmy zephyrs, are preparing to visit us? To their dull souls his notes may be meaningless, but to us they are full of delightful significance, fraught with hope, and bright anticipations, and vivifying memories of youth and its innocent pleasures.

"Why art thou always welcome, lovely bird?'

asks James Montgomery; and the response is a true echo of the feelings which dictated the query:—

"'The heart grows young again when I am heard;
Not in the double note the magic lies,
But in the fields, the woods, the streams, the skies.'"

We grieve to say that mankind in general have so far fallen into these opinions adverse to the cuckoo, as to fancy they recognise the appropriateness of the term "gowk," applied to this bird in Scotland and some of our own counties; this term, as well as "geck," was used by early writers to denote either a fool or a cuckoo; hence the silly custom, to some extent still prevalent on the first of April, of sending people on fool's errands, was called "hunting the gowk," in allusion to which the old couplet runs thus:—

"On the first of April,
Hunt the gowk another mile."

We need be at no loss for the derivation of these terms, for the learned Brande informs us that in

Saxon *geac* means a cuckoo; and also that in the Teutonic language it is nearly the same; but why they should have been considered synonymous with "fool" we are at a loss to imagine; for the history of the bird to which they belong proves it to be anything but stupid, or easily imposed on. From this application, or rather *mis*-application, of terms, no doubt has arisen the reproach of "joining in a cuckoo-cry," to which those are subjected who raise their voices to reprobate or applaud without knowing exactly why or wherefore, save that others are doing the like; and also the popular notion that the call of the bird is one of mockery, which is thus alluded to by Drummond of Hawthornden:—

> "In fields Rinaldo stray'd,
> May's tapestry to see,
> And hearing in a tree
> The cuckoo sing, sigh'd to himself, and said,
> 'Lo, how, alas! even birds sit mocking me.'"

A still more obnoxious term than either of those mentioned above has been applied to, or, as it would seem, derived from, the name of the cuckoo, and to it the Bard of Avon alludes in these lines:—

> "When daisies pied and violets blue,
> And ladysmocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight,
> The cuckoo then in every tree
> *Mocks married men;* for thus sings he—
> Cuckoo:
> Cuckoo, cuckoo! O word of fear,
> *Unpleasing to a married ear.*"

The Rev. Robert Bailey in "Nature considered as a Revelation," tells us that "the cuckoo teaches that many persons will work for the public and leave their family to starve. As while the cuckoo sings, it abandons its young;" and he thus continues, as an illustration of his subject: "How many of our Crispin politicians, and beer-shop statesmen, do this daily!" From a perusal of his book, the author is one who sees, or who earnestly desires to see,

> "Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Now, as a defender of the cuckoo from all and sundry charges laid on him, we must enter our protest against this unfavourable comparison; or, if it be allowed to stand good—if, in legal phraseology, it is indeed "a true count in the indictment"—then let us, in justice to all parties, include the ostrich, and—

> "She whose head, with its bright plumes bedeck'd,
> Moves gracefully amid the mazy dance,"—

the fashionable mother. It may, however, be said that she does not leave *her* offspring to starve; she has the most perfect assurance that they are well cared for during her absence; *reason* informs her of this. And who shall say that *instinct* does not give an equally strong assurance to the cuckoo and the ostrich of the safety and well-being of the progeny which *they*, in accordance with the wise ordinations of Providence, leave, in the one case to be cared for by the elements above, and in the other, to be nurtured and reared in the nest which the parent bird never fashioned, nor will probably ever again visit. We merely put the case thus, to show that the cuckoo has been unjustly singled out for these odious charges and comparisons. The ostrich may wander away like one who hath no household cares, and leave her eggs to be hatched by the burning sun, and her little fledgelings to obtain sustenance how they best can; the fashionable mother may desert her children for a time, and "mingle in the gay and festive scene," as though she were perfectly free from "encumbrances," and the world points not the finger of scorn, wags not the tongue of animadversion, either at desert-bird or ball-room lady. Why, then, may not the poor cuckoo unblamed deposit *her* eggs, and leave *her* young to be tended and fed by other birds, while she flies hither and thither, making the woods re-echo with her voice, and telling such tales of youth and vernal spring-time, that old grey-haired men become boys again, and dames with bowed-down heads and palsied limbs think of the village green on which they danced so fleetly years agone, and of the stile and the hawthorn bush beside it where first the tale of love was told to them, and strive to "croon" out a merry lay sung often in those early, happy days, when the voice now cracked and broken was clear as a bell, and the eyes now dim and sunken were bright and flashing as the sun-kissed ripples of the brook in which they were mirrored:—

> "As the merry cuckoo's note,
> From the coppice not remote,
> Came upon the maiden's ear,
> And beside the waters clear,
> Down she stooped to peer and pry,
> That she might the bird descry
> Which, as ancient legends tell,
> Knew full well
> When should ring her marriage bell."[1]

And this is the bird's peculiar mission, to cheer and gladden us, to fill our hearts with vernal thoughts, so much needed amid the sterility and dearth caused therein by worldly selfishness:—

> "Then let us hail this messenger of spring,
> With words of praise and heartiest welcoming."

The earliest mention we find made of the cuckoo is in the Bible, and there it occurs in the list of *unclean* birds, which the children of Israel were commanded not to eat (Levit. xi. 16.) But Bochart, and other commentators, among whom is Dr. Adam Clarke, believe this to be an erroneous translation, and consider that the sea-mew or gull is the bird specified in the original text. Why, of course it is; whoever presumes to affirm otherwise, deserves to have the opprobrious epithets bestowed on himself, and to be, like Malvolio, in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night,"

(1) We may remark, by the way, that this is a German superstition, the old popular rhyme runs thus:—

> "Cuckoo! cuckoo!
> Tell me true—
> Tell me fair and fine—
> How long must I unmarried pine?"

"Made the most notorious *geck* and *gull*,
That e'er invention played on."

Aristotle is the first of the profane writers, that we know of, who makes any allusion to the cuckoo, and a great many ill-natured things he says of it; among others, to account for its assumed rapacity and greediness, he described the poor bird to be nothing else than a *transformed sparrow-hawk!* Pliny afterwards, in his "Historia Naturalis," takes occasion to repeat most of the old Stagyrite's absurd accusations with some complimentary additions of his own. In order to show how far a man may be carried by his preconceived notions and false prejudices, we here repeat this writer's observations as translated by Holland. "They (the cuckoos) always lay in other birds' nests, and most of all in the stock-dove's, commonly one egg and no more, (which no other bird doth besides,) and seldom twain. The reason why they would have other birds to sit upon their eggs and hatch them, is because they know how all birds hate them, for even the very little birds are ready to war with them; for fear, therefore, that the whole race be utterly destroyed by the fury of others of the same kind, they make no nest of their own, (being otherwise timorous and fearful, naturally, of themselves,) and so are forced to this crafty shift to avoid danger. The titling (*Anthus pratensis*), therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egg, and bringeth up the chick of another bird. And this young cuckoo, being greedy by kind, beguiling the other young birds, and intercepting the nest from them, groweth thereby fat and fair-looking, whereby it comes into special grace and favour with the dam of the rest, and the nurse to it. She joyeth to see so goodly a bird toward, and wondereth at herself that she hath hatched and reared so trim a chick. The rest, which are her own indeed, she sets no store by, as if they were changelings, but in regard of that one counteth them all misbegotten, yea, and suffereth them to be eaten and devoured of the other before her face. And this she doth so long, until the young cuckoo, being once fledged and ready to fly abroad, is so bold as to *seize on the old titling, and eat her up which hatched her.*"

Now is it not abominable that such a piece of slander should ever have been propagated, and that too, by grave philosophers and learned naturalists? And to think that it should have gained credence in more enlightened ages! that Linnæus himself should have believed in this absurd story of the cuckoo's eating its nurse, and have given it a wider circulation, so that in Germany, "ungrateful as a cuckoo" grew into a proverb, which saying the wise and pious Melancthon made use of as a text, whereon to deliver a most eloquent discourse against ingratitude. Shakspeare, too, the lover of all things gentle and beautiful, the close observer of Nature, has given *his* countenance to the slander. In the play of "Henry IV." he makes that monarch exclaim:—

"And being fed by us, you used us so,
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing,
We were constrained for safety's sake to fly."

And again, in "King Lear," the fool is made to say,—

"The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young;"

in allusion to the unnatural conduct of Regan and Goneril, to whom the bird is likened. Then again, "the Father of English Poetry," he that sang so sweetly of the daisy, and thought he could within the blooming mead

"Dwell always in the jolly month of May,
Nor care to take his rest, nor eat nor drink,"

so he might but enjoy the delight of gazing on his beloved flower; he, too, makes the cuckoo an emblem of one of the worst passions of our nature:—

"And Jealousy,
She wore of yellow-golds a garland,
And had a cuckoo sitting on her hand."

In consequence of the testimony borne against him by these great authorities, the cuckoo has been considered as a sort of demon in feathers, to be looked upon with horror and detestation, and listened to with fear and trembling. Chaucer says:—

"But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which lovers heed,
How among men it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the nightingale
Ere the *vile* cuckoo's note be uttered.'

And we likewise learn from other writers that it was a prevalent notion that no love affair could go on smoothly, or terminate favourably, if the parties concerned therein chanced at the coming in of the spring to hear the cuckoo's monotone before the dulcet warble of the sweetest songster of the grove. Lydgate tells us that—

"Between the cuckoo and the nightingale,
There is a manner of strange difference;"

evidently meaning to cast discredit on the former bird; but the old monk of Bury St. Edmund's would probably have stared if he had been told that of all the feathered songsters, this is the only one which displays any *science* in its melody. That such is the case, we are assured by Lisle Bowles, who, in his poem called "Barnwell Hill," says—

"The cuckoo *only* joins her two sweet notes."

And he further goes on to state that these notes are in exact accordance with musical numbers, being the *fifth* and *major third* of the diatonic scale. We do not mean to advance so absurd an opinion as that no other bird sings so *well* and *pleasingly* as the cuckoo, for we think that, apart from its joyous and inspiriting associations, the monotonous cry of this herald of spring is rather disagreeable than otherwise, but we merely mention the above as a remarkable fact connected with the natural history of this much-abused bird, whose innocence of the charge of devouring its nurse, brought against it by Pliny, is clearly proved,

modern science having declared this act to be a physical impossibility. Neither is the cuckoo in the habit of feeding upon its fellow nestlings, nor on the eggs of her "who is the nurse of it," as the old Roman naturalist affirms. M. Montbeillard made several interesting experiments to elucidate this point, and the result was altogether favourable to our *protegée*.

> "No fledgelings gobbled he, no eggs he broke,
> Upon their dainty yolks a feast to make."

In "The Mirror of the Months," an exceedingly pleasant and interesting work, we find the following passage:—"I have hitherto been very chary of appealing to the poets in these papers, because they are a people that if you give them an inch, even in a span-long essay of this kind, always endeavour to lay hands on the whole of it. They are like the young cuckoos, that if once they be hatched within a nest, always contrive to oust the natural inhabitants." And we quote this passage because it embodies that portion of the standing charge against the cuckoo in which we are obliged to confess our belief. The evidence of Dr. Jenner and other scientific men of our own time may not be controverted, and on this head it appears to be clear and conclusive. We will not, therefore, attempt to deny that the young cuckoo may destroy its fellow-nestlings, but not by devouring them, nor is the act one of wanton cruelty: there is a necessity for it. Finding the narrow nest too small for its increasing bulk, it shovels, as it were, its young companions up on its broad back, in which there is a depression admirably suited for the purpose, and, raising them one by one to the edge of the nest, pushes them over. We believe it is Dr. Jenner who states that he has witnessed this curious proceeding. Instinct approaches very near to reason here, teaching the bird how to obtain for itself more space, and also more food, for by this means it obtains possession of the whole amount of sustenance which had before to be divided amongst a family. Meanwhile the reputed parent, as Gisborne tells us,—

> "Unwitting of the change, her nestling feeds
> With toil augmented; its portentous throat
> Wondering she views with ceaseless hunger gape,
> Starts at the glare of its capacious eye,
> Its giant bulk, and wings of hue unknown."

The cuckoo, then, stands convicted of leading a very idle, vagabond sort of life; having no settled habitation,—no tenement which would entitle him to a vote, supposing a parliament of birds were to be called together. He is, in fact, the gipsy of the feathered tribes. You meet with him in green lanes, far away from the populous city, and in dim, shady woodlands; and although he does not "pitch his tent where'er he pleases," yet, certain it is, that "there he makes his home." Like the Zingari, too, we fear that our friend has some propensities not altogether in accordance with the rules of strict morality; on these, however, we shall not dwell, enough having been said about them by Tennant, Buffon, and the rest,—all very good sort of men, we entertain not a doubt, but rather given to scrutinize too closely and to judge too harshly. We well know that few of our own actions will bear a very microscopic examination, a nice weighing in the moral balances; and, questionless, it is the same with the feathered as with the unfeathered bipeds,—with this material difference, that whereas the latter are accountable for their motives and actions, the former are not.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the proverb. The cuckoo has long laboured under the disadvantages of an evil reputation; but surely it is much better to throw a veil over the faults of our friends, than to blazon them abroad for the gratification of the idle and the malicious: therefore, and also for the truth's sake, we have entered into this defence of the cuckoo; and now propose to quote a few more of the *good* things which have been said of this bird, to counteract, as far as may be, the ill effects of the *bad*.

> "Thou monotonous bird, whom we ne'er wish away,
> Who hears thee not pleased on the threshold of May?
> Thy advent reminds us of all that is sweet,
> Which nature benignantly lays at our feet;—
> Sweet flowers—sweet meadows—sweet birds and their loves—
> Sweet sunshiny mornings, and sweet shady groves—
> Sweet smiles of the maiden—sweet looks of the youth,
> Sweet asseverations, too, prompted by truth;
> Sweet promise of plenty throughout the rich dale,
> And sweet the bees humming in meadow and vale;
> Of the summer's approach, of the presence of spring,
> For ever, sweet cuckoo, continue to sing:
> Oh, who then, dear bird, could e'er wish thee away?
> Who hears thee not pleased on the threshold of May?"

Thus sings Mr. Jennings in his "Ornithologia;" and who but responds to the sentiment which he beautifully expresses?

It is recorded in that veracious chronicle entitled "The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," that those sapient individuals would fain have had the cuckoo always among them, and to this end—but the story will lose much of its effect unless told in the chronicler's own words, therefore we give them. "On a time the men of Gotham would have pinned in the cuckow, whereby she should sing all the year; and in the midst of the town they had a hedge made, round in compass, and they had got a cuckoo, and put her into it, and said, 'Sing here, and you shall lack neither meat nor drink all the year.' The cuckoo, when she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. 'A vengeance on her!' said the wise men, 'we made not our hedge high enough!'"

An old writer in "England's Helicon," in allusion to this story, says—

> "If Cynthia crave her ring of mee,
> I blot her name out of the tree.
> If doubt no darker things held doere
> Then well-fur nothing once a yeere:
> For many run, but one must win;
> *Fools only edge the cuckoo in.*"

That the men of Gotham were not singular in their desire to retain so pleasant a visitor as the cuckoo, we have already shown; their fault was that they mistook the means. Nothing that is a source of joy will be *forced* to abide with us. We must allow it

to come and go without let or hindrance; for so we are likely to possess and enjoy it the longer and oftener. Besides which, we should bear in mind the words of Solomon, "There is a time for all things," and avoid any attempt to alter the disposition and arrangement of natural events as ordered by an all-wise Providence; for such an attempt must surely result in disappointment and sorrow. But to our subject.

Thomas Miller, in his "Beauties of the Country," that delightfully refreshing book, after quoting Logan's fine poem on this bird, says, "I have a great love for the cuckoo; she was my favourite in my boyish days, and many a time, when going to school, I have lingered in the lanes and meadows to discover her, looking

"'A thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky,'—

hearing her at one moment near at hand, and the next afar off, sounding across the river, sweetened by the distance; then how loud her voice seemed! making the valleys echo with music, and telling us that—

"'Summer is a-coming in,
Loud sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood anew;
Sing cuckoo!

"'Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf the cow;
Bullock starteth,
Buck verteth;
Merry sings cuckoo—
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou, cuckoo;
Nor cease thou ever!'"

This song is the modernization by our author of one said to be the oldest in the English language, bearing date 1250, almost a century before Geoffrey Chaucer flourished; so that, in very early days, we find the cuckoo was not without its admirers. We have another instance of this in the writings of John Lilly, a dramatist contemporary with Shakspeare; he says—

"Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing,
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring."

We know not who it was spoke of this bird as "the robber rude, by little birds pursued," but have no doubt that it was some surly misanthrope, who sat in solitude, "like an owl in an ivy-bush," and looked out upon nature with a jaundiced eye. Not so does Thomas Miller look upon the manifold beauties of creation. Hear him:—

"'Cuckoo, cuckoo!' ah, well I know thy note!
Those summer sounds the backward years do bring;
Like memory's locked-up barque, once more afloat,
They carry me away to life's glad spring,—
To home, and all its old boughs rustling.
'Tis a sweet sound! but now I feel not glad;
I miss the voices which were wont to sing,
When on the hills I roamed, a happy lad.
Cuckoo! it is the grave—not thee—that makes me sad."

There will ever be sad thoughts associated with the pleasant memories of the past, running through, and entwining with them, like sombre threads in a gaily-woven piece of tapestry, or the chords of a mournful strain played amid sprightly airs; yet none the less do we love to indulge in those recollections of vanished days,—to open the treasure-house of memory, and contemplate the buried loves, hopes, and joys which it contains. The note of the cuckoo is one of the master-keys of this treasure-house; and if our delight in viewing these hidden stores be somewhat subdued by feelings of regret, we may well say with the poet,—

"Cuckoo! it is the *grave*—not thee—that makes me sad.'

Who amongst us has not paused in the merry spring-time, to listen to the voice of this bird—as Wharton sings—

"Who wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay,"

without letting their thoughts glide back through the lapse of departed years, till they rest once more on the sunny play-ground of childhood?

"And you shall climb
The pine-clad mountains like a happy boy,
And hear the harping cuckoo *mock at time*,"

sings J. W. Ord; and Miss Poulton, in her poem entitled "Imagination," tells us—

"And distant flouts upon the liquid air
The cuckoo's joyous note, that mocks at care."

Though the poems of Wordsworth, Logan, Burton, Wiffen, and many others, might be cited to show how intimately associated are the feelings and memories of youth with the note of the cuckoo, yet, as they are too long for quotation, we must only allude to them, and conclude with some lines by William Howitt, which have not this objection:—

"Spring is abroad! the cuckoo's note
Floats o'er the flowery lea;
Yet nothing of the mighty sea
Her welcome tones denote—
Nothing of lands where she has been,
Of pastures she has known:
The joy of this remembered scene
Breathes in her song alone.
No traveller she, whose vaunting boast
Tells of each fair but far-off coast;
She talks not here of eastern skies,
But of home and its pleasant memories."

THE EMPEROR'S NIGHT ADVENTURE.

A Legend of Vienna.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It is a well-known fact that, like Haroun Alraschid of oriental memory, Joseph II. of Austria was addicted to midnight and incognito wanderings through his capital; which, although they occasionally led to results not only disagreeable but even dangerous, at other times amply repaid his risk and fatigue by their originality, and the insight which they afforded him into popular feeling, and that species of national under-current of thought and motive from which kings and kaisers are necessarily shut out in their

gilded saloons and crowded ante-rooms. Joseph, however, unlike his eastern prototype, eschewed all companionship in these nocturnal pilgrimages; suffered no grand-vèsir to follow upon his footsteps, or to share his perils; but, conveniently disguised and fitly armed, sallied forth alone, and trusted to the influence of his star, or that of his name, should the declaration become necessary, to liberate him from any untoward situation in which he might chance to involve himself.

Many were the unpalatable, if not useless facts with which he was thus made acquainted; and more than once during his strolls through the suburbs he found himself compelled to ransom his person by the surrender of his purse, his watch, his mantle, and even his arms, to the light-fingered gentry whom he encountered upon his path; but these little adventures, perilous as they were for the moment, so far from abating his passion for this mysterious pastime, only invested it with an additional zest, which contrasted most invitingly with the daily monotony of a life of restraint and etiquette.

This much explained, we will relate at least one of his adventures as it was told to ourselves.

It was on a dark and stormy night when, at the close of the midnight mass, (for it was the eve of a grand festival,) closely folded in a heavy cloak which had sufficed, coupled with the obscurity of the remote corner in which he had ensconced himself during the ceremony, to conceal his identity from the pious crowd about him, the emperor issued from the cathedral church of St. Stephen into the gloom of the open space before it. Leaning within the still deeper shadows of the building against the stone-work of the sacred edifice, he suffered all the congregation to disperse before he attempted to pursue his way; but they had no sooner betaken themselves to their separate habitations, hurrying each in his own direction, to escape as quickly as they might from the heavy rain which was falling, and the fierce gusts that swept howling and hissing round the several corners of the streets, than he drew his broad-flapped hat deeper upon his brow, and securing his mantle by a tight grasp, set forth in his turn.

On the occasion in question he bent his steps to the Leopoldstadt, which, although at that period a very important adjunct of the city, had not attained to the importance which it afterwards acquired. The houses were more thinly scattered, and the open spaces more lonely, dark, and dangerous. More than once, however, the imperial wanderer had succeeded in exploring its recesses without molestation, and the violence of the weather on this particular night gave him additional confidence. Nevertheless, he was not fated to find that confidence well placed, for when about midway between the fortifications and the suburb, he was attacked by four ruffians, to whom, after a brief resistance, he was compelled to deliver over, not only all the valuables in his possession, and the cloak which had hitherto sheltered him from the storm, but even the vest of black velvet that he wore beneath it.

In this unregal plight, shivering under the cold blasts of wind, and becoming rapidly wet to the skin, he pursued his way more hurriedly in order to secure a shelter, however humble. But all was pitch darkness as he reached the straggling street; every door was inhospitably barred, and every window carefully secured, while not a sound broke upon his ear except the dull moan of the river as it flowed between its invisible banks. The descendant of the Cæsars began to wish himself safely housed in his palace; but he had wandered far, and regrets were unavailing. For an instant he stood still, deliberating in his own mind how he should act, and that moment sufficed to decide him. He had, at length, detected the bright gleam of a lamp through the aperture of a shutter, which had apparently been defectively closed, and he no longer hesitated as to the next step to be taken. The house from whence the friendly light had emanated was large, gloomy, ancient in its structure for the neighbourhood in which it stood, and was, moreover, totally isolated, being surrounded on all sides by a high wall, only broken in one direction by a pair of tall wrought-iron gates, through which the emperor had been enabled to detect the welcome gleam. By another chance, equally fortunate, the gates had been as carelessly fastened as the window, and a very slight degree of exertion sufficed to fling one of them back upon its hinges, and to afford ingress to the imperial intruder into a vast paved space, as silent and gloomy as the street from which he had just escaped.

Nothing daunted, however, by the sepulchral aspect of this place of temporary refuge, the emperor hastily mounted half a dozen stone steps, which led to a covered door-way, where he found himself in a slight degree sheltered from "the pelting of the pitiless storm," and his next discovery being a large iron knocker, he applied it so vigorously to the solid oak of which the door was composed, that he heard the long dull echoes reverberate for several seconds along the interior passages of the dwelling. Nevertheless, not a sound bespoke the existence of any one within; and again and again did the heavy hammer resound upon the oaken panels with the same want of success. Joseph II. began to lose at once his patience and his temper; and, as if to irritate him still further, the wind suddenly veered round, and drove the rain into the deepest recesses of the partial shelter he had gained. Unfortunately, kaisers become wet through as soon as the meanest of their subjects; and when the exasperated emperor seized the knocker for the last time, he presented a pitiable spectacle. On this occasion he was, however, spared the necessity of putting forth his strength, for he had scarcely clutched it ere the door opened, smoothly and noiselessly, as though it fell back upon velvet, and a young man of apparently six or seven-and-twenty years of age, holding in his hand a lamp which burnt with extraordinary steadiness and brilliancy, stood before him.

"Who are you? and what do you seek at so untimely an hour?" he asked, firmly but courteously.

"I am one of the emperor's officers, and I have been robbed. I seek shelter."

"His imperial and royal majesty would scarcely care to own you in such a trim, my friend;" said the young man, as his eye wandered with a smile of doubt over the dripping stranger. "How can you convince me that you are not yourself a robber?"

"If I look so little like one of Joseph's guards," was the retort; "surely I bear no more resemblance to a knight of the road; a coat and cloak too many might well make you suspicious, but, as you see, I am without either."

As he spoke, the emperor looked full into the eyes of the young man; and having advanced a pace or two towards him, the glare of the lamp fell upon his features. In an instant the door flew back, and the head of his new host was reverently bent.

"I recognise your majesty," he said humbly, but not servilely; "enter without fear; you possess not throughout your empire subjects more devoted than me and mine."

And, snatching up a mantle of dark velvet, which was flung down upon a carved chest in the spacious hall, he adjusted it respectfully upon the shoulders of the shivering emperor. He then rapidly closed the door, and with a gesture which might have made the most finished courtier turn pale with envy, prepared to lead the way for his imperial guest.

Wet and weary as he was, however, Joseph II. gazed about him with astonishment. The walls of the magnificent hall in which he stood were of white marble panelled with black; the first decorated with the most costly pictures, and the last throwing into broader relief the most exquisite productions of the sculptor's chisel; the floor was overlaid with rich Persian carpets, and the domed roof was studded with silver stars. Bewildered by so unexpected a display of splendour, he moved slowly, but when he reached the threshold of the first apartment, he began to believe himself the sport of a dream. Velvet hangings with their rich crimson folds held back by bands and fringes of gold; sofas and divans embroidered with flowers so vividly as to appear strown but newly from the choicest parterres of Eden: mirrors which supported the ceiling and reflected the feet; vessels of gold and silver inlaid with jewels; toys from foreign lands, alike without names or uses, but all either graceful or gorgeous; a bright fire of cedar and sandal wood blazing upon a hearth of red Egyptian marble, beside which was placed a table of marqueterie covered with fruit and wine and goblets of Bohemian glass; and a chair of inlaid ivory and ebony, with cushions of satin-damask as white as the breast of the aigret-heron; such was the spectacle which presented itself in one of the suburbs of his capital to the astonished and benighted emperor.

In his first surprise, the imperial visitor had not remarked the disappearance of his host; but ere long he discovered that he was alone, and, throwing himself upon the snowy chair, (decidedly little suited to bear so dripping a burden,) he stretched his aching legs closer to the genial and perfumed heat of the vast chimney; and pouring into one of the Bohemian goblets, which resembled a large ruby veined with gold, a stream of amber-coloured tokayer, bright and rich as though it had been just crushed from the precious grape that yields it, he emptied it at a draught.

When he again raised his head to look around him, he found his host at his side; nor did the costly garments with which he was now laden, and which he respectfully assisted his royal guest to adjust, astonish the monarch less than all the other wonders by which he was surrounded.

His acknowledgments for this well-timed attention were brief but sincere; and when he had taken possession of a second chair, which was wheeled forward for his accommodation, he prepared to inquire into the mysteries about him.

"Your imperial majesty must be exhausted;" said the firm but sweet voice of his entertainer, as he was about to speak; "permit me to offer to you a few drops of a precious elixir which will at once restore your strength;" and taking from the table a curiously-twisted phial covered all over with strange mystical characters, he dropped into a tall-stalked Venice glass a small quantity of its contents, which he himself swallowed; and then, rincing the glass with tokayer, which he flung into the blaze of the fire, whence it streamed upwards like a pyramid of liquid topaz, he once more let fall a similar quantity into the goblet, and reverently bending his knee, presented it to the emperor upon a small salver of chased gold.

"By St. Stephen, our patron! my good friend;" smiled Joseph II. as he returned the glass, "your elixir is as agreeable as your welcome. Like the man in the thousand-and-one nights, I feel inclined to pinch myself, in order to ascertain whether I be really awake. Who are you? and what is the meaning of all this?"

"Your imperial majesty shall ere long know all," was the reply; "but since I may never again have the honour to receive you beneath my humble roof, I would crave permission to present to you one who is very dear to me; and who, although she may be for the moment unconscious of so high a privilege, will nevertheless cherish the memory of it to the end of her life."

"And she is——" commenced the emperor.

"Here, your majesty," and the young man drew towards him a thick rope of gold, which, when forcibly pulled, swung back a hanging drapery that veiled the upper end of the room, and revealed the space beyond it.

As the heavy curtain rolled aside, Joseph II. forgot his imperial dignity, and started from his seat. He saw before him a miniature forest, with trailing plants linking the trees together, and garlanding their very summits with gorgeous blossoms, while birds of bright plumage were flitting from bough to bough, or pluming themselves upon the branches. But that which more especially riveted the attention of the emperor was the figure of a young girl, apparently buried in a profound sleep, and lying with one hand beneath her head, and the other grasping a garland of wild flowers, upon a green bank overcanopied by a

tulip-tree. Nothing could be more faultlessly beautiful than both her form and face; her long and glossy hair, of that rich purple black which takes a golden gleam in the light, was confined round her brow by a circlet of half-blown lotus blossoms, and then fell over her throat and shoulders in wonderful profusion. The long lashes of her closed eyes rested upon a cheek as fair as Parian marble, and as white; while her parted lips were of the richest tint that ever nestled in the bosom of a sea-shell.

"Once more," exclaimed the emperor, as he sank back in his chair, when, his entertainer having relaxed his hold of the golden rope, the dark curtains again shut out this fairy vision; "once more, who are you? Do not fear to confide in me. Have I not shown that I have trust in yourself? Tell me all, at once. You could not do so at a more favourable moment. I am your guest, and will not repay your hospitality by harshness. Speak."

Again the young man bent his knee.

"Sire, I have faith in your imperial word."

"And you are right. Who are you?"

"I am the grand-nephew of Faust."

"How!" cried the emperor, once more starting from his seat, and gazing down upon him, half in anger and half in amazement; "you are Gottlieb Faust! and you dare to own this to me?"

"Fearlessly, sire;" said the young man firmly; "for you will not falsify your pledge."

"Gottlieb Faust!" repeated Joseph II. unable to conquer his surprise. "Can you be Gottlieb Faust, the initiated, the rosicrucian, the atheist, the sorcerer? Are you aware that I have been a thousand times solicited to arrest you, and to put you upon your trial?"

"I am not ignorant of the fact."

"That I have been entreated to take your head?"

"I know both wherefore, and by whom."

"You know this, and yet you venture to deliver yourself thus into my hands?"

"Why should I hesitate?" asked the young man with a proud smile; "your imperial majesty is not to be duped by the idle and empty superstitions of the ignorant. You have never put faith in these vulgar fallacies."

"No, assuredly," said the emperor with dignity; "and yet the outcry is loud against you. You live in regal splendour; you dispense annually a fortune in charity."

"For which men call me an atheist," interposed Gottlieb, with another of his beaming smiles.

"You are known to possess extraordinary talents, which you disdain to use;" pursued Joseph II. without heeding the interruption; "and marvellous secrets, which you will not divulge."

"And thus men esteem me a sorcerer!"

"By St. Stephen! I scarcely marvel at their belief," exclaimed the emperor, "although I do not share it. But you owe me an explanation of all this mystery, were it only for my faith in your innocence; and, first, who is that magnificent beauty, who does not seem to be of this world, or even conscious of her own existence?"

"Simply my sister, sire; who, too timid to have sustained your gaze, would still have chidden me had I not enabled her to feel, that she had once had the honour of being for an instant in the presence of her emperor. A slight narcotic sufficed to reconcile my fears with my indulgence. For I love her, sire;" said the young man energetically, "love her as those only can love who have but one sole object upon which to pour out the full tide of their affection. We are alone in the world, save that we make our house the home of the poor; for even to the very gates of the palace of the Cæsars, which nothing should approach save what is joyful and glorious, poverty will creep, and it is a happy privilege to be permitted to beckon it away."

"Rise, mynheer, rise," said the emperor; "give me truth, and fear nothing. I value truth more than knee-worship."

He was obeyed.

"And now, this affluence, this splendour," persisted Joseph II.; "this lavish magnificence, when not only my wealthiest nobles, but even I myself am impoverished by a long and expensive war—how can you account for this?"

"Simply and satisfactorily, sire. I have told your majesty that I am the grand-nephew of Faust; but few are aware that before his death he had discovered that mystery of mysteries, the art of producing gold; a secret which he only divulged, and then under the most solemn oaths of inviolable silence, to his next of kin, my father, who was neither to profit by his knowledge until he had attained the age of sixty years, nor to communicate it, except upon his death-bed, and still under the same restrictions, to his immediate descendant. You see him before you, sire. My father, thanks to a constant use of that elixir of which your imperial majesty has partaken, lived to the age of seventy, not only hale, but even vigorous as in his first manhood; and during the ten years which were granted to him after he had unrolled the mysterious scroll which taught him how to transmute the basest metals into sterling ore, he spent every day, and almost every hour, in enriching me, his only son, and the child of his old age."

"And should you die before the allotted time," asked the emperor eagerly, "who would inherit the secret?"

"No one on this earth;" said the young man, almost despondingly; "for the scroll is written in hieroglyphics so difficult to decipher, that it requires years to comprehend them, learnt, as they must be, without the aid of written characters; and the task is rendered doubly onerous by the fact that the lesson thus acquired is complicated by the introduction of a host of figures, signs, and sounds, which ultimately prove supererogatory, and are only invented to check the impious curiosity of those destined to succeed to the mysterious inheritance."

"And can you reconcile yourself to thus uselessly mystifying your son in your turn?" asked Joseph II. gloomily.

"Sire," was the steady but sad reply, "I have already told your imperial majesty that I live only in, and for, my sister. I shall never press a child of my own against my heart. I will inflict no such bitter misery upon another human being as I have myself borne."

"Misery!" echoed the emperor incredulously; "misery! Are you not surrounded by every luxury, by every splendour, and assured of their possession, whatever may be the fate of cities and of empires?"

"Your majesty has been importuned to take my life."

"True; but I have protected it."

"And your successor might be less lenient. Believe me, sire, the gold is hardly earned which must be bought by popular execration, loud-voiced suspicion, and the constant perspective of a scaffold."

"Yet to lose such a secret! Do you not feel that you owe something to the world?"

"Atheist though I am deemed, sire, I feel that I owe more to my own soul. What can I have in common with a world which hates and misjudges me?"

"I, at least, have done you justice."

"Ah, sire;" said the young man, as he bent down until his lips came in contact with the imperial hand, "to you I owe more than life, for you have reconciled me with my kind: and, if I dared——"

"Dare anything," said the emperor, interested even to fascination by this strange adventure.

"And I shall be forgiven?"

"Freely—fully."

"Then, sire," and Gottlieb Faust lifted from the lofty mantel a heavy mass of yellow metal which had served to secure some withered blossoms that had been spread out to dry beneath it, "your imperial majesty spoke a while back of being impoverished by the war. It is an unworthy offering, but it is humbly made."

"By St. Stephen! I accept it as frankly as it is tendered;" said Joseph II. with flashing eyes. "It will replenish my treasury bravely; and shall be well applied." Then rising, and drawing back the curtain from an unshuttered window, "We must part now," he said, "the day is dawning; but you shall still further make me your debtor—give me a mantle and a sword. I must return to the palace unrecognised. And, remember, not a word of this interview, as you value your life. You shall soon hear from me again."

The young alchemist obeyed upon the instant. The emperor girt on the weapon, muffled himself in the cloak, extended his hand, which Gottlieb reverently pressed to his lips, and in five minutes the sound of his retreating footsteps was no longer audible. Then, and not till then, Gottlieb Faust withdrew from the gate with a heavy sigh, closed the oaken doors behind him, and retired to his own chamber.

On the following day all was commotion in the imperial palace; and the state ante-chamber, like the *Œil-de-Bœuf* at Versailles under Louis XIV., was crowded by a throng of idle courtiers; a few lounging listlessly against the wide casements opening upon the Joseph-Platz, apparently watching for some anticipated event; others shedding around them an envenomed shower of that courtly small talk which is generally as wicked as it is witty,—that flood of brilliant epigrams and rounded periods which engulfs a reputation in a repartee, or sacrifices the feelings of a friend to a rhetorical flourish. Others again, more ambitious and less vain, sauntered near the door of the emperor's reception-room, keeping their eyes steadfastly fixed upon the usher on duty; and calculating the amount of their present favour by the length of the period which elapsed before they were admitted to the presence.

Never, perhaps, since the gorgeous but frivolous court to which we have already alluded, filled the gardens and saloons of Versailles with a galaxy of splendour, has the palace of any European sovereign afforded so brilliant a spectacle as that of the Cæsars. The blending of so many national costumes, all alike costly and picturesque, among which that of the noble Hungarian guard, alike in form but varying in colour and ornament, is eminently conspicuous, renders the select circle of the emperors of Austria a human kaleidoscope, of which every successive move only tends to enhance the attraction; and thus it was on the morning of which we write.

"Can it be true, my dear marquis," asked a tardy courtier, as he made his way from the gallery towards a member of the government, "that our gracious emperor has at length consented to arrest that rascally alchemist, Gottlieb Faust?"

"Nothing can be more certain, count; and, moreover, he is already in the palace, awaiting the pleasure of his imperial majesty."

"What is his crime?" asked a tall and superbly-mustachioed Bohemian noble, joining the group; "it must be something fearful to win him the honour of so much excitement."

"His crimes, you should say, baron, for they are legion. Here are we, the faithful and honest servants of Joseph II. with all our gold upon our doublets, while he is flinging a Pactolean shower about him which seems exhaustless. No wonder that the imperial patience has given way at last."

"If riches be a crime, it is certain that a more righteous court than this of Vienna does not exist at the present moment;" laughed the light-hearted young Bohemian. "As for me, I have only the memory of my inheritance and two mortgaged estates to exist upon."

"And the smiles of an archduchess," murmured the younger of his two companions.

"No scandal within the walls of the palace;" was the merry reply. "You know that it is as contraband as Turkish tobacco."

"And, consequently, as easy to enjoy. But, as regards this Faust; they say that he has not only the Midas touch, that turns all upon which he lays his hand into gold, but that he also deals in spells, some of which are not so innocent as to defy the law."

"I can believe it;" observed a magnificent Hunga-

rian, carelessly adjusting the jewelled belt which sustained his sword; "such practices are common in the Banât, and I could give you instances —— "

"Not now, Erdödi, not now;" said the first speaker; "remember that walls have ears, and that Faust is not far off."

The Hungarian was silenced. He would not have turned his back upon a host in a fair field, but he was not superior to the superstition of his age and country.

Suddenly a murmur was heard in the state gallery, and an instant afterwards a stranger was seen to enter the waiting-room, between two officers of the imperial guard. In a moment every voice was hushed, and every eye turned upon the new-comer. He was a tall and stately man in the full vigour of life; his eyes were large, dark, and singularly calm; his black hair was parted along the centre of his finely-moulded head, and fell in heavy masses about his brow, and over his shoulders. His nose was, perhaps, a trifle too prominent, but its outline was perfect; while the firm and graceful curve of his mouth was rendered conspicuous by the jetty blackness of his beard and mustachio, which, contrary to the fashion then prevalent in Germany, he wore full and smooth. He was richly habited in a pourpoint of black velvet, embroidered with arabesques in gold; and in his hand he carried a cap of the same material, to which a short red feather was attached by a clasp of large emeralds; and as he moved forward with a graceful and dignified unrestraint, which it had taken years to enable some of those now about him to acquire, the astonishment was universal. His lip never quivered, his eye never sank; and when, as he was summoned onward by the sonorous voice of the usher, he traversed the vast apartment on his way towards the audience-chamber, his step was as free and as firm as though no peril awaited him at the termination of his progress.

As the tapestried hanging of the imperial saloon fell behind him, every tongue was unloosed. "Can that be Gottlieb Faust? Can that be the son of the alchemist of the Leopoldstadt? And admitted on the instant to the emperor, while we have been so long waiting!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed another, "our good master is anxious to be rid of him. He is a dangerous inmate for a palace."

"They will surely not accord to him the honour of decapitation;" remarked a third; "he is of plebeian birth, and should die by the cord."

"Patience, gentlemen;" said the old minister; "we shall soon know all."

Meanwhile, the object of all these comments and speculations had bent his knee upon the threshold of the imperial apartment, in which Joseph II. was seated before a table covered with papers, and entirely unattended.

"Come forward, mine host, come forward!" said the emperor, good-humouredly. "I owe you a courteous welcome for that which you bestowed upon myself last night. Ay, and for more than that. Do you see these multiplied columns of figures which make the eyes dance that endeavour to rest on them? Well, my assayer has given me full assurance that, through your means, a sponge may be passed over them all; and this is no trifling obligation. I have faith in all that you have told me. I believe you to be an honest man and a gentleman; but this acknowledgment is insufficient to satisfy the pride of an Austrian monarch. You have laid me under a heavy debt, Count von Faustemburg. Nay, do not kneel; your new title will serve to tickle the ears of the courtiers, so that it may be useful in its way. But here, sir;" he continued with sudden dignity, as he took from the table a cross of the order of Maria Theresa; "here is an honour less empty, and to which I am convinced you will not be insensible. I bestow it freely, for I know that the jewel will rest upon an honest heart."

"Your imperial majesty beggars me," stammered the young man, overcome for the first time by his feelings.

"And now," said the emperor, waving his hand, as if to deprecate all further acknowledgment on the part of the new-made noble; "and now, count, what are your future intentions? You surely cannot purpose to waste your life in a solitary home, which, however splendid it may be, is still only a gilded prison. You are too young to yield to so ignoble an indolence. What! silent!"

"I was thinking of my orphan sister, sire."

"Nor have I forgotten her," eagerly replied Joseph II.; "she shall be cared for. We will attach her to the suite of one of the archduchesses."

"Not so, sire, if your imperial majesty will pardon me;" said the young man gloomily; "she is a wild bird, fit only for the free wood; she would pine and die in a gilded cage."

"No fear of that, my friend;" persisted Joseph II.; "we shall not keep her long. Young, rich, and beautiful, she will soon become noble in her turn."

"The saints forbid!" was the emphatic reply. "She must go to her grave as she came from her cradle, unconscious of the penalty which is attached to the name she bears."

"On what do you decide, then?" demanded the emperor somewhat impatiently.

"I will serve in your armies, sire, should you consider me worthy of such an honour; and during my absence from the capital, my sister shall seek refuge in a convent."

"By St. Stephen! it is a poor alternative;" smiled the monarch; "but be it as you will; although it is certain that you must, by such a measure, mar her fortunes; for, should others only feel as I do, she were a bride for whom the noblest in the empire might not scorn to contend."

"I know it," said the young man, with a kindling eye; "but hers is not a nature to contend against proud mothers or insolent sisters, who might presume upon her meaner birth; and thus the blossom which I have reared so tenderly would be withered in its first bloom. I have read her heart, ay, like an open

volume; and I feel sure that, once our separation over, she will cling to the calm refuge of a cloister. So let it be, sire, if you would indeed bind me to you for ever; so let it be. She is too pure for the contact of a world—for the contact of a court. So let it be; and the doomed name of Faust will then perish upon earth—perish, and be forgotten."

"You are a poor courtier, my friend."

"I shall make the better soldier, sire. Trust me—try me—and I shall not fail."

"I believe you, count; and now I will present you to a few of my private circle."

As the emperor ceased speaking, he rang a silver bell beside him, which was no sooner answered than he rapidly ran over a number of the noblest names in Austria, and desired that those who bore them might be introduced.

Anxious and excited, the courtiers lost not a moment in obeying the imperial summons: and great was their surprise when, upon entering the presence, they saw the descendant of the Cæsars standing within a pace or two of the supposed criminal, whom they believed themselves to have been called upon to judge; but upon whose breast each detected at a glance the glittering cross of Maria Theresa.

"You are welcome, gentlemen;" said Joseph II. as he slightly bent his head in acknowledgment of their salutations; "I have requested your presence in order to make known to you your new comrade, the Count von Faustemburg, upon whom I have just conferred the command of a company in the Lichenstein regiment. I recommend him to your friendship." And then by a silent gesture he dismissed the circle.

Not one solitary token of wonder escaped the well-practised courtiers, nor could the grand-nephew of Faust have himself suspected by the courtesies and congratulations with which he was overwhelmed on his reappearance in the ante-chamber, that it contained even some who had deemed him too vile for the headsman's axe.

Had he known it, however, the heart-stricken young man was too fully employed with his own thoughts, and his approaching separation from his sister, to have yielded even a smile of pity to their duplicity; but, hastily returning their compliments with as lofty an air as though such homage were familiar to him, he made his way through the brilliant crowd, and left the palace.

In another week his home was desolate, and his sister the inmate of a Benedictine convent at Gratz; and this struggle over, he gave himself up to the performance of his new duties. Constitutionally acute, he was not long ere he comprehended all that was required of him, and then his only anxiety was to be placed upon active service. The opportunity was not long in presenting itself; the corps to which he belonged was summoned to the field, no matter where or against what enemy—we are not writing the history of a nation, but that of an individual—and among the first who fell bravely, and breast to breast with the foe, was Gottlieb Faust.

As he sank to the earth, a voice of authority issued hasty orders that his body should be carried to the rear, and it was no sooner extended upon a cloak beneath a tent, than one of the favourite generals of the emperor galloped up; and springing from his saddle at the entrance, knelt down beside the dead man, and anxiously pressed his hand upon his heart. It had ceased to beat, and an icy coldness was already spreading over the body, although the countenance was as calm and as composed as it had ever been.

"He is gone!" murmured the officer in a tone of relief; and then, tearing open the breast of the uniform, now defaced with blood, he cautiously passed his fingers over the chest of the corpse, and drew forth a massy chain of gold, to which were suspended the portrait of a lovely girl, whose luxuriant dark hair was crowned with water-lilies, and a small discoloured scroll of parchment. He gazed upon the first for a brief instant with flashing eyes, and then carefully securing both that and the writing about his own neck, he once more mounted, and returned to his post as rapidly as he had abandoned it.

* * * *

"It is then useless to persist longer?" said Joseph II. about two months subsequently, as he sat poring over a small scrap of time-worn parchment; "you feel convinced, mynheer, of the impossibility of deciphering this accursed scrawl?"

"Thoroughly, your imperial majesty;" was the reply of a tall, lean, sallow-visaged individual, his sole companion; "I have spared neither time nor study—I have consulted the stars—I have made various intricate combinations, both mineral and elemental; and all have alike failed. If your august majesty could recall to life the illustrious Tullius, the great Faust, and the incomparable Flamel, then indeed there might be hope; but I know from unerring signs that none of mortal birth now living can read those mystic characters."

"There might still have been a chance," exclaimed the emperor despondingly, "had the novice of St. Benedict survived her brother's loss. She died strangely—marvellously."

"Like a bird smitten on the wing, sire, as I have heard," was the reply. "Has your imperial majesty any further commands?"

"None, mynheer; you may return to your laboratory."

* * * *

That scroll, negative as its merits had become, was carefully preserved among the treasures of the imperial palace, but it is probable that during the recent outbreak in Vienna, it has been lost or stolen. Who is now its owner? And, more important still, who will become its next interpreter?

He that returns good for evil, a soft answer to the asperity of his enemy, kindnesses to injuries, lessens the contention always, and sometimes gets a friend; and when he does not, he shames his enemy.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

(From the German of Schiller, and in the metre of the original.)

BY GEORGE BULLEN.

To Corinth, where, in friendship blended,
The tribes of Hellas oft contended
In chariot-race and poesy,
From Rhegium old in Italy,
The God-loved Ibycus was wending:
His was Apollo's gift of song,
And so upon his light staff bending,
Full of the God he paced along.

And now the Acrocorinth appearing,
On yonder ridge its height uprearing,
Solemn and slow his footsteps rove
Among the pines in Neptune's grove;
Nor here aught moves around him, only
A flock of cranes in squadron grey
Accompany the traveller lonely,
As southward they pursue their way.

"Dear birds," said he, "receive my greeting;
All hail this second friendly meeting,
My fellow-travellers o'er the sea!
A prosperous omen may it be,
That soon, secure from toil and danger,
Fit entertainment we shall find,
A roof to shelter the poor stranger,
A gentle host both good and kind!"

So said, with lighter heart he presses
On through the pine-grove's deep recesses,
When lo! two murderers bar his way,
And he must fight or be their prey:
He fights, but ah! the vain endeavour!
Soon sinks the poet's wearied hand!
Oft had it swept the lyre, but never
The foeman's bow of might had spann'd.

Help from the gods he now beseeches,
But ah! his supplication reaches
Nor men, nor gods; no help appears,
No answering voice salutes his ears.
"Ah me!" he cries, "forlorn, forsaken,
Doom'd on a foreign strand to die!
And will no friendly power awaken?
And is there no avenger nigh?"

And now a ruffian stroke succeeding,
Has laid him on the earth all bleeding,
When, lo! a rustling in the air
Tells him the cranes are hovering there.
The welcome sound his heart rejoices,
Then cries he with his latest breath,
"I hear you overhead, ye voices—
Dear cranes, avenge my cruel death!"

Some passers-by the corse discover,
With cruel wounds disfigured over,
Yet can his host at Corinth tell
'Tis he, the friend he loved so well:
"And is it thus," he cries, "I meet thee?
How had I hoped, dear honour'd bard,
With wreath of Isthmian pine to greet thee,
With victor wreath, thy due reward!"

And loud is heard the lamentation
Of that assembled Grecian nation;
Seems as if every heart had lost
The friend it loved and valued most;
While some to the tribunal pressing,
Seek vengeance from the Prytanes—
Vengeance alone the power possessing
The outraged Manes to appease.

Yet who, by any certain traces,
Among so many myriad faces,
Lured to those high festivities,
The miscreant wretch can recognise?
Was it by robber hands he perish'd,
Or died he by the murderous steel
Of one who long revenge had cherish'd?—
Great Phœbus only can reveal!

E'en now, perhaps, he's proudly walking
The city through, perhaps is talking
With some gay group, nor heeds nor fears
The sounds of vengeance in his ears:
Perhaps, the very gods defying,
He's entering now some holy fane,
Or in the theatre is vying
With yonder crowd a place to gain.

There, bench on bench, with eager longing,
Such countless multitudes are thronging
From every tribe of Grecian race,
The building trembles to its base:
All hoarsely like the ocean roaring,
Swarming with men it seems to rise
In semi-circle upward soaring,
As if 'twould reach the very skies.

Who can enumerate them duly,
Or name their tribes in order truly?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, and the Spartan land,
From islands in the distant ocean,
From Asia's far-off fertile plains,
Together met, with wrapt emotion,
They list the Chorus' awful strains.

With visage stern and pacing slowly,
As was the ancient usage holy,
Advancing from the hinder ground,
The Chorus treads its mystic round:
Of female form, but such their stature,
Such every gesture, every pace,
They seem of more than mortal nature,
Towering above the human race.

Black mantles round their loins are clinging,
Their fleshless hands are wildly swinging
Brands of a fitful, lurid glare;
All bloodless are their cheeks, and where,
Crowning with grace the human features,
The hair in rich luxuriance hangs,
Here snakes and adders, hideous creatures,
Dart to and fro their poisonous fangs.

Thus they in awful circle wheeling,
The choral melody are pealing;
It lacerates the guilty heart,
It makes the sinner writhe and start,
Such sounds the sense and memory harrow—
'Tis the Eumenides that quire!
They rive the brain, they pierce the marrow,
And drown the twanging of the lyre.

"Whose soul no thought of crime has entered,
Where child-like innocence is centred,
All joy to him! he treads his path
Secure from our avenging wrath:
But woe to him whose hands are reeking
With murder foul, wrought out of sight;
We track his path, his ruin seeking,
We, the grim daughters of the night!

"And should he fly, our vengeance fearing,
We too have wings, and straight appearing,
We cast our toils about his feet,
And stay his course, however fleet:
So we pursue him, never weary,
Unmoved by penitence or prayer,
Down to the Stygian kingdom dreary,
Nor give him respite even there!"

Then dance and song together ending,
Dread silence, as of death, descending,
Wraps the whole house in awe and fear,
As if some deity were near;
And once again, all pacing slowly,
They tread their mystic, solemn round,
As was the ancient usage holy,
Then vanish in the hinder ground.

'Twixt truth and fiction still debating,
Each bosom trembling, hesitating,
Does homage to the fearful might,
Whose judgments, hidden from the sight,
Inscrutable, unfathomable,
Only the soul can contemplate,
Which to the sun impenetrable,
Weaves the dark web of human fate.

'Tis done! the silence hath been broken,
Some far-off voice at length hath spoken,
"Look up, look up, Timotheus!
Behold the cranes of Ibycus!"
Then suddenly while passing over
Above the theatre on high,
A flock of cranes is seen to hover,
And almost blacken all the sky.

"Of Ibycus!"—fresh grief upspringing
At that dear name each breast is wringing,
And like as waves upon the beach,
So runs the word from each to each:
"Of Ibycus! our lamentation!
For whom each Grecian heart complains;
What means that sudden exclamation?
And what can mean that flight of cranes?"

Loud and more loud the question presses,
Till each in answer each addresses,
Like lightning swift, "Bend, bend the knees
Before the dread Eumenides!
This moment is their power attested;
The murderer hath himself confessed.
Who spoke, let him be straight arrested,
Also the man whom he addressed!"

In vain the wretch would now most gladly
Recall the words he spoke so madly,
And vain each effort to conceal
The guilt those pallid cheeks reveal.
Stern justice on its victims seizes;
The scene is now the judgment hall;
Their crime they own, their blood appeases
The poet's shade, in sight of all.

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—MADELINE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

How our intimacy grew up I can scarcely tell, but it was as rapid as it was complete. To myself, it was as though the key of life were suddenly given into my grasp, the point suddenly attained from which its dizzy and tumultuous tracery became visible as a beautiful and harmonious whole, and I believed it to be the same with him. So natural seemed the closeness of our intercourse, that we were unconscious of it—we could not say when it began, we should rather have fancied that it never was otherwise. There was nothing between us that bore any resemblance to a flirtation: there was no love-making; he sometimes found fault with me, he never paid me a compliment; yet I felt that he watched me when I was silent, and listened when I spoke,—that in every occurrence, great or small, his first thought, his fullest confidence was for me,—and I rested upon his affection for me with a security which never admitted the possibility of doubt. Gradually, and without being aware of it, I suffered him to achieve the fullest dominion over my being that ever man exercised over woman; every thought as it arose waited till it had received his seal ere it ventured to allow its own existence. I did not know this myself; I do not think that he suspected it. Busied as I was in exploring this inner world, so new, so rich, so wonderful, I never thought about the habit of reserve which had fixed itself upon my outward demeanour. Even when he was with me, I was often so pre-occupied with the thought of him, that I became absent and answered him stupidly or not at all. All this may seem strange, unwomanly, improbable. It is so according to conventional rules—is it so when measured against the heights and depths of reality?

He associated himself in all my pursuits, and at every point his genius met and mastered mine. How strange a delight it was to me to feel my own inferiority. These were the pretexts for our constant intercourse, and it must be confessed that we made unsparing use of them. The Miss Barrons were aghast; but they might as soon have tried to drill Sir Charles Napier himself into a decorous meekness of behaviour, as to make me submit to their notions of propriety. Moreover, Mr. Tyrrell was the son of a very old friend of their own, and he managed so skilfully as occasionally to delude them into thinking that his visits were intended for themselves. Still they sometimes presumed to expostulate after their own fashion, and if they had not been so pre-eminently stupid, they could scarcely have failed to produce *some* effect. As it was, they failed signally.

"My dear," says Miss Barron to me in her most acid and ferocious tone, "there is Mr. Tyrrell coming up the sweep."

I, who had been moving listlessly about the room till the instant before, when I caught a glimpse of his approaching figure and sat down satisfied, answered with careless ease, "Really."

"He was here yesterday," observed Miss Eliza.

I did not think that this speech demanded a reply, so I was silent.

"And the day before," chimed in Miss Barron.

They both waited as if they expected me either to deny or defend the fact, but as I maintained a profound silence they felt a little puzzled, and had only time to say "Really, my dear," both at once, with peculiar savageness, twice over, when the entrance of Mr. Tyrrell himself cut the remonstrance short.

He paid his compliments to the party, but, noticing me only by a slight shake of the hand, addressed himself at once to Miss Barron. He had brought

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her a specimen of a flower which she particularly wanted for her hortus siccus, and had hitherto been unable to procure. The Misses Barron were devoted to dried flowers. One miserable colourless little sprawling skeleton of a plant strapped down on its sheet of white paper was more beautiful in their eyes than a whole canopy of living roses pouring out fragrance and sparkling with dew. The animation with which they instantly began to quarrel about the name, habits, and favourite localities of this new treasure, proved beyond mistake that they were highly delighted. Mr. Tyrrell joined for a few minutes in the discussion, and then turning to me asked to see my last sketch, which he criticised and condemned in that half-authoritative, half-jocose manner peculiar to himself, and by virtue of which he was able to say and do things such as no other man ever said or did without giving offence. In five minutes more we were established over our drawing book, and my morning's occupation fixed quite satisfactorily to myself.

"I can't praise this last production of yours," observed he, as he examined and unsparingly criticised a sketch in crayons of which I was particularly proud, "the outline is as hazy and uncertain as a lady's logic." He looked provokingly in my face as he pronounced the last words, for we often contested the question of the relative intellects of the two sexes, half in play, half in earnest; an unpleasant lurking consciousness that he thought I plumed myself upon my abilities giving more than the usual quantity of asperity to my repartees.

"And the haziness serves the same purpose in both, I suppose you would say," rejoined I,—"namely, that of concealing defects."

"Well," he replied, "I don't think I should be disparaging you if I were to say so. Ladies ought not to be logicians."

"It would often be very inconvenient for gentlemen if they were," retorted I. He laughed heartily, and made me a low bow. "You have the victory," he said; "I confess that I gave you a fair opening for checkmate, and you took advantage of it."

"You deserved to be defeated," answered I. "It is so common-place to say that women are deficient in reasoning powers; it is a mere stock commodity of ordinary small talk, quite below the notice of an adventurous speculator like yourself. I wonder you were not ashamed to say it."

"I think I might well be ashamed to maintain it against *you*," he replied.

"I thought you never paid compliments," was my answer.

"I never do," rejoined he; "but sometimes, though very rarely, I do say what I think."

Well do I remember, even now, the glow of pleasure which shot through me at these words—words to which doubtless I imputed double their real significance. Oh! the exquisite delight of praise from one to whom we look up, but who is at once reserved, fastidious, and just; who is not given to petty raptures or shallow admiration, but who quietly watches actions, measures them by a true and therefore a high standard, and so decides for the most part that they may best be treated with a charitable silence. To find unexpectedly that such an one approves, commends, admires, to detect it, if only in a gesture, much more in a smile or quiet word, these are among the few bright moments of life, which, like flashes of sunshine across a dreary landscape, lend it a transient beauty hard to part with, impossible to forget.

Miss Barron, quick to discover, resolute to disturb any intercourse which might presume to transcend the limits of formal disquisition or dull jocularity, here interposed. She made the most unpleasant observation which can possibly be made when you are enjoying a little genuine conversation. "Pray," asked she, "what are you talking about?"

Mr. Tyrrell gave me a comic look, but immediately answered, "We were discussing friendship, ma'am."

The lady seemed not a little scandalized; friendship, she thought, was far too dangerous a subject to be discussed without the intervention of a chaperon, so she immediately asked another question, the first she could manage to think of. "What sort of friendship?" was her inquiry.

"Friendship between a man and woman," he rejoined, evidently determined to plague her. "Ah! you look incredulous, Miss Barron; you are one of those who consider that such a friendship has no real existence,—that it must needs either rise into love or degenerate into convenience. But I don't see why this should be. I believe the relation between friend and friend to have roots as deep and sanctions as divine as that between husband and wife; and were I a woman, no senseless conventionalities of etiquette should prevent my seeking nourishment for the inner life in such a relation."

"It is not her part to seek, but to be sought," remarked I.

"True," he said, "but she must respond to and meet the seeker, suffering herself to be led to the ground on which he desires to place her, and showing by the alacrity and frankness of her cordiality, that she neither distrusts the reality of his affection, nor mistakes its nature."

"The poor woman!" cried I, "this she may do, but what will the result be? She will perhaps overlook and despise the wretched gossip which besets her path at its outset, like the mocking voices on that mountain in the Arabian nights, always eager to bewilder and check the adventurer who presumes to rise above the level of the valley; but she can neither overlook nor despise the disappointment which she is sure to encounter in the ascent itself. It is very rare to find a man who is not too fickle or too vain to form a true friendship with a woman; either he will fancy she is falling in love with him, and think it quite necessary to discourage her, or he will change his mind and cease to need her, just when he has made himself necessary to her. I will give you the rule and definition of masculine friendship, if you

like; it is this: make all the use you possibly can of your friend; be frank, confiding, familiar, attentive, cordial, *so long as it suits you;* and as soon as it ceases to suit you, drop her quietly, without the compliment of a pause or the mere decency of gradation."

I spoke in pure playfulness; I was in high spirits, and wanted to provoke him to do battle in defence of his sex, and at the same time to help him in his project of worrying poor Miss Barron. I succeeded perfectly, and an animated dicussion followed, which was prolonged till the announcement of luncheon put a forcible stop to it. Little did I suspect the true, deep application of my sportive words; I have never forgotten them; after events have given them the impressiveness of an unconscious prophecy.

About three weeks after this conversation, three weeks of close, habitual, familiar intercourse, Mr. Tyrrell returned to London. He was a perfect gentleman, and so *could* not, under *any* circumstances, neglect the courtesies due to a lady; he paid his farewell visit, and at Stainbury Hall was profuse in his polite regrets, had even a warmer look, a softer word, a longer shake of the hand for me, hoped that I would not forget my drawing, or my drawing-master, &c. &c. and went. I felt sure he would write. Day after day passed, and no letter. Oh the dreary listlessness of that time of expectation! No bell rang, no door opened, even at the most unreasonable and impossible hours of the day, that I did not look round with stealthy quickness, expecting to see the servant enter with a letter for me. I learned to know the sound of a footstep on the gravel walk, while it was yet too far off to be audible to ears less eagerly acute; to calculate to a nicety the time which must elapse ere the visitor should come within sight of a particular corner of a particular window in the drawing-room, at which I always established myself with some seeming occupation; to wait, watch, argue with myself, tell myself that I expected nobody, receive my disappointment, and quietly withdraw my eyes from that miserable pane of glass, without any human being suspecting what was passing within me, twenty times a-day.

There is a species of hope which seems only to exist for the sake of enhancing disappointment. It does not cheer you while it is present, for you have no faith in it, but nevertheless it contrives to afflict you when it departs as keenly as though it had commanded your fullest confidence. Gradually, however, I waked up to the consciousness that I had made a blunder, *the* blunder of a woman's life, which she is so loath to believe, so slow to forsake,—which even in the deep privacy of her own thoughts she cannot confess without an agony of shame. I had imagined myself beloved, and it was not so. Bitterer even than this, the feeling which I had mistaken for love was not even friendship; it was no feeling at all,—it was a cheat, a plaything, a mockery. Yet would it have required a far greater credulousness to believe that it did *not* exist, than to have supposed that it *did*, before inexorable facts thus forced it upon me. Even now, when I recalled the constancy and closeness of our intercourse, which, though allowed by me, was assuredly sought by him, it seemed to me quite impossible that it should thus utterly cease in a moment of time, and that he should feel no void, no vacancy, no want. How could I have thus been, for a while, all to him, and then suddenly nothing? I little knew the instability of man, and the omnipotence of circumstance.

Two months had thus worn away, when one morning I received the following letter from my father:—

"My dear Madeline,—I have not liked to worry you with any discussion of the particulars of my position, but after the conversation which we had just before you quitted home, you will not at least be *surprised* that I have to tell you that my worst fears are realized. The last chance has failed, and my ruin is now public. There is no use in wasting words on the matter; let me turn at once to a subject pleasanter to me, and I hope also to you.

"I have undertaken to plead with you the cause of one of your numerous admirers, a man whose character, position, and family are all unexceptionable, who is not generally supposed to be deficient in qualifications for winning a lady's heart, and who proves his disinterestedness by coming forward at a time when he can have no inducement to do so, except affection for yourself. I do not think you *can* be cruel in this case, and indeed, from all I have heard, I have reason to believe that you are not disposed to be. Will you then allow me to put Mr. Tyrrell out of his pain as speedily as may be?

"If you give the consent which I own I anticipate, another consideration follows. I know you to be superior to petty coquetry, and I know that you despise, perhaps more than is wise, the mere formalities of the social rule; so I am not afraid of frightening you by what follows. Mr. Tyrrell has been appointed our *chargé d'affaires* at Lisbon, and I have pledged my word, that if you agree to become his wife, no childish scruples shall prevent your doing so before he departs to take possession of his office. This gives you—do not be startled—only three weeks for preparation. I am certain that you have too much good sense to allow this to be an obstacle. After all, when a young lady has once made up her mind to assume the matronly dignity, it can signify very little whether she is installed on the fifth of April, or the tenth of August; time and space, I have heard, are matters far below the consideration of lovers. I need scarcely draw your attention to the happy change which this produces in my prospects. I shall, of course, accompany you.

"On the alternative, for myself, I will not dwell. For you it could of course be only to gain your livelihood as a governess. But I purposely avoid touching on these matters, lest you should suppose that I am seeking to influence you unduly. I will

therefore only add to my letter the warmest and sincerest congratulations of

"Your affectionate father,
"JAMES CECIL.

"P.S.—I need scarcely remind you that your answer must be prompt."

I sat still with this letter in my hand for three hours by the clock; not that I counted them, but so I afterwards found that it was. I did not feel the slightest surprise, neither had I any difficulty in reconciling the apparent inconsistencies in Mr. Tyrrell's behaviour. The whole seemed perfectly natural, and my happiness was far too deep for agitation. It was the breathless splendour of noonday, when one can only sit still and gaze; it was a Sabbath in the depths of the soul—a sudden fall of peace upon sorely troubled waters. I had no standard whereby to test the new creation in the midst of which I suddenly found myself; love had in me no past, through whose distinct and mellow light the present might be more justly discerned. This was my first affection. As the first man stood in the unknown world, credulous and full of fancy, reaching after truth but missing of reality, peopling the shades with bright phantoms and the sunsets with shapes of indissoluble glory, taking miracle for the law of existence, and clothing all nature with the supernatural, so did I stand on the borders of this unexplored heart region, with a faith in its mysteries too unquestioningly childlike to be shaken by the boldest contradiction or disturbed by the most self-evident impossibility. I could reconcile all things, bear, believe in, hope all things; this human counterfeit of charity lacked nothing to complete its resemblance to its divine original, save the one element of eternity. Oh, golden twilight of morning! who that sees the marsh all tremulous and glistening beneath thy rainbow glance, would dream that it could be so desolate a thing to look upon, when the day has waxed but a few hours older?

[There was a break here in the narrative of Madeline. Ida turned over several blank pages, which it might be supposed the writer had intended to fill, but had failed to do so from want either of inclination or strength. When the record was resumed, it was in the form of a dairy, which appeared to begin more than a year after the period at which the narrative ceased. This was of course more broken and confused than the retrospect with which the volume commenced, but there was nevertheless sufficient connexion to render the whole tolerably intelligible.]

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I had now been married sixteen months, and I knew little more of my husband than I did on my wedding-day. First, there was the long tedious sea-voyage, during which, a martyr to the most unsentimental of maladies, my sole desire was to be left to inglorious repose, and not tormented by attentions. Many a book has been written on the power of the mind over the body, while that of the body over the mind is left to the eloquence of its own unmistakeable reality. The first two months after my arrival were spent in a whirl of gaiety more congenial to my former temper than to that which now possessed me. I was given up not merely to a first *love*, but to a first *affection*, and all occupations, excitements, interests, which bore no immediate relation to that one idea, were inexpressibly wearisome to me. Of the completeness of my empire over my husband's thoughts I never doubted for an instant, and I admired him for the sacrifice which he made to the requirements of his station by thus living in public. There was considerable reserve between us, but in this I delighted. I held it to be the evidence of that refinement of character in him which I had always specially admired, while at the same time it gave room for my own imaginative nature to expatiate without restraint. In the midst of the bustle by which I was surrounded, my own life was a perpetual reverie. But of course, in a character moulded as mine had been, no passion could long continue unselfish or unfrivolous; mine would have begun to deteriorate in quality, though not in intensity, sooner than it actually did, had not a temporary separation from my husband intervened. My health, which had been delicate ever since my sea-voyage, became so seriously affected, that change of air was pronounced imperatively necessary, and I was sent to a distant watering-place, renowned for the wonder-working efficacy of some medicinal spring, which drew within the magic circle of its attractions hosts of invalids, whose faith was probably the main cause of their cure. Here my intercourse with my husband was carried on chiefly by letter, or by such occasional visits as his official duties left him time to pay. Somehow, our correspondence was unsatisfactory. I began by writing to him out of the abundance of my heart, pouring out every thought and feeling, and mixing in happy confusion ideas, books, sentiments, persons, and things. He answered punctually, and answered paragraph by paragraph. No observation of mine was overlooked, no sentence without its comment, no question without its reply, and when he had thus gone through my letter, and done his duty by every part of it, he invariably remained my affectionate husband. I could scarcely tell *why* this displeased me, but so it was. I told myself repeatedly that he could not show more expressively the deep personal interest which he took in me, than by thus noticing and responding to every word of mine; yet there seemed something business-like about it,—it was all done consciously and on purpose,—and I would rather a hundred times have received a letter full of his own thoughts and feelings, in which some of mine might perhaps be overlooked or disregarded. I found it impossible to continue writing with the same freedom and *abandon* with which I had begun, and our correspondence dwindled and degenerated accordingly. Whenever I reflected upon this, I considered it entirely my own fault, but satisfied myself by inwardly deciding that an affection such as

ours could not possibly express itself upon paper, and that my letters were as unsatisfactory to him, as his were to me. Then my child was born, and, of course, he came to me; it was of his coming that I thought, and of that only. I had scarce a passing regard for the new and tender life that was now linked to mine; the mother instinct did not awake in me as yet. I well remember my husband's look when I, being forbidden by my doctors to perform a mother's office by the little creature, composedly resigned it to the charge of another, and prepared to return with him to Lisbon. It was not disappointment, not anger, but a kind of quiet settled disapprobation, as if he had expected no better from me. I did not understand it at the time; I was solely occupied with my delight at the idea of being with him again after so long a separation. Some little while afterwards I looked back upon it, and appreciated it.

"We shall be a whole day's journey distant from the boy, if he remains here," observed Mr. Tyrrell.

"True," replied I, carelessly; "but Dr. Ulloa says that he has a feeble constitution, and that his best chance of health is to live in this air for the next few months. I am perfectly easy about him. I leave him in charge of my own maid, and Dr. Ulloa promises a daily visit."

"If it would make you happier to remain with him, Madeline ——" began my husband, with some hesitation.

"Remain *here!*" cried I, excessively piqued, and scarcely able to conceal it. "Surely you can't be in earnest! I have been a captive here for thirteen months, and am absolutely pining for liberty. Why, I have not had a civilized creature to speak to, and my dresses are all fading and drooping for want of being worn. I would not miss the Duke of ——'s ball next Thursday for all the babies in the world."

I said this because I was provoked and wished to provoke. I was not really so heartless a wretch as I pretended to be, though I was quite heartless enough to disgust a more devoted husband than Mr. Tyrrell. But I anticipate. His face flushed as he answered me, "I beg your pardon for having supposed it possible that you might feel some tenderness for your first-born child."

"I never liked babies," was my reply. "I dare say I shall doat upon him as soon as he begins to prattle; but just at present I am afraid to lay hold of him lest he should crumble to pieces in my hand; and till his features have assumed some sort of definite shape, you can't expect me to read any meanings in them."

My husband was perfectly silent, and so was I, though burning inwardly with the thought that his love for the child should have conquered, even momentarily, his desire for my society. I was secure of my power over him, and determined to assert it. Conscious that I had entirely recovered the beauty of which he was so passionate an admirer, and which had at one time been not a little affected by the state of my health, I resolved to exert every fascination, to shine in the eyes of others, to bring him at last to my feet, making him show himself to be that which I doubted not that in his heart he was, a devoted lover. Then, thought I, I will concede, for then concession will be graceful; but will he then be able to allow me to go from him? My heart answered this question in the negative.

At the duke's ball I had the satisfaction of knowing myself to be incomparably the handsomest woman in the room. My toilette was perfect, and the attention which I commanded was as universal and as profound as vanity itself could desire. I talked, laughed, danced, flirted, passed the whole evening in a fever of excitement, and felt my old taste for admiration reviving within me. My husband looked grave; I was enchanted at this proof of my power. "He loves me too well," thought I, "to like to see me engrossed by others for a single evening. I dare say I could soon make him jealous." And in the wantonness of my selfish and prosperous affection, I thought how delicious would be the triumph over his pride and reserve, if I could only bring him to confess that he was jealous. I always intended to become a pattern wife from the moment in which I should achieve this victory. I seemed to be in a fair way to obtain my wishes; wherever I went, I was surrounded by admirers, to whom my conversation appeared to be as attractive as my person. I became *the fashion;* every body knows how much is comprehended in that magic phrase. *Chapeaux à la Madeline* and *Corsages à la Tyrrell* were every where adopted. My whims, and I had plenty of them, were the laws of the society in which I moved. Once I took it into my head to substitute children's games for dancing at one of my *soirées*, and immediately a round of parties was given for blindman's buff and hunt the slipper. Grave diplomatists might be seen playing at puss-in-the-corner, and white-headed general officers went upon Tom Tiddler's ground, and picked up gold and silver for the hour together. Another time I chose to ride in the public drives, wearing a turban instead of a hat, and before the next morning the entire *corps de bataille* of milliners throughout the city was employed in the manufacture of certain fabulous and unintelligible head-ties, which were pronounced indisputably Eastern, on the same unimpeachable milliner authority.

How ridiculous it all was! I wonder what was working in the minds of all these people; the men, I mean, who were dangling about me from morning till night, all whose avocations seemed to be only so many irksome interruptions to the grand business of waiting upon me. I wonder what they thought about when they were at home.

All human beings, I suppose, even the giddiest or the most prosaic, have their hours of reverie, in which, out of the past and the present, they weave to themselves an imaginary future, for which they either persuade themselves that they are working, or remorsefully confess that they are not. To the holy, that anticipated time to come is only a *development* of the time that is; to the happy, it is only a *continuation*; (how *very* happy

one must be for this to be the case!) but to all the rest of the world it involves the necessity of a positive change of some sort, which they either hope to effect, or dream of as effected; and, perhaps, wake to lament over their impotence. I wonder what sort of future General —— was dreaming of—he was sixty at the very least, and lived only for amusement; or young Lord ——, who, at five-and-twenty, preferred no "claim upon life," to use Frederika Bremer's expressive phrase, beyond the irreproachable curl of his whiskers, and the sublime perfection of his stud. Yet he was not wholly without capacity, though of course it dwindled year by year. It is a painful spectacle, that of an intellect dying slowly of starvation and solitary confinement.

As to the women, according to the popular and highly complimentary (masculine) code, they must be supposed to hate me in their hearts, but to be very polite to me outwardly. However, in truth, this was not at all the case. There are a vast number of women in the world who, instinctively conscious that they cannot be stars of the first magnitude themselves, are quite content to congregate around such a star, and so form parts of the constellation of which it is the centre. I believe on the whole I was rather popular amongst them. If occasionally they criticised me behind my back, why, it was no more than I did by them, and, certainly, no more than men do, one by another, every day of their lives. It has often struck me as droll that the spiteful sayings of a woman who happens unfortunately to be plain, insignificant, or *passée*, are always caught up and chronicled, as if they were the only spiteful sayings in the world; whereas, I am fully persuaded that quite as much spite comes from the lips of the beauties, and a great deal more from those of their masculine admirers, who indignantly restrict the title of "gossip" to the opposite sex, and flatter themselves that by disclaiming the name they get rid of the reality. But, if I was popular with the ladies in general, there was one lady whose reserve no efforts of mine availed to penetrate, and, as generally happens in such cases, this individual was *the one, par éminence,* whose liking I most coveted.

Miss Arundel was my husband's intimate friend. Some wives are jealous of their husband's lady-friend; some copy, some avoid, some despise her—*all* regard her with a peculiar emotion, as representing a kind of standard in his mind with which they have to undergo comparison, and, whereinsoever they vary from it, perchance, condemnation. I did none of all these things; I earnestly desired her friendship, and I gloried in being as unlike her as possible, thus proving to the world, and to myself, that my husband had conceived a perfectly new ideal in loving me. Miss Arundel was short and fair—I was thankful for my five feet seven inches of height, my sable eyebrows and deep hazel eyes; her brown hair was simply parted from her pale intellectual face—I dressed my dark locks in an abundance of ringlets, though bands were most becoming to me, and rejoiced in the bloom which nature had fixed upon my cheeks, and which I could have wished a shade or two less delicate. She was rather shy, and very quiet in her manners—I increased my natural vivacity, and doubled my repartees. I never could understand in what her charm consisted, though I myself was by no means insensible to it. Surrounded as I was by admirers, she was never neglected; at *soirée*, ball, or *pic-nic*, there was invariably some *one* in deep conversation with her, and that *one* generally the person best worth talking to in the company. Strangest of all seemed the fact that she was never accused of flirting; no, not even when she passed a whole evening in a *tete-à-téte*. Her composure was so gentle and unembarrassed, her animation so simple and genuine, that scandal itself could not have pronounced her a flirt under any circumstances. But to me that composure became coldness, that reserve unbending stiffness, that animation sarcasm, or so I fancied it. To me her conversation, ordinarily so interesting, became the merest small-talk; and if I began to speak of deeper things, or to assume a more earnest tone, she listened with a courteous and attentive smile, but was silent herself. I could neither conquer, nor despise, not dislike her; at all points she baffled me. I was afraid of speaking about her to my husband, though I could have given no reason for my fear. The only occasion on which her name *dia* occur between us was not such as to encourage me to repeat the experiment.

Mr. Tyrrell had watched my career with a gravity which showed pretty significantly that it was distasteful to him; but it was some time ere he ventured on a remonstrance, and then only indirectly. It was after a *soirée* at which I had been more than commonly flippant, and more than commonly sought,—a circle of gentlemen gathering around me to provoke and applaud my smart speeches. My husband made no comment on my demeanour, though I could see that it annoyed him, which was, of course, a gratification to me, as my greatest desire was to pique him into throwing aside the assumed reserve which was becoming so intolerable to me. As we went home, however, he began to talk with my father about the manners of women, and expressed his opinion quite unequivocally. "Frankness," he said, "did not imply flippancy, but the reverse of it; and, though prudery and stiffness were his abhorence, there was, nevertheless, a *retenue*, a dignity, a modesty of manner, the inevitable result of genuine modesty of character, which, in his opinion, no woman should be without. More especially," added he, "no married woman; for, I confess, the high spirits which may lead a young *girl* to exhibit her wit, and say and do strange things for the amusement of the company, and which are in her, perhaps, pardonable, become infinitely more objectionable in a young *wife*."

I was excessively provoked. I wanted him to address a tender remonstrance *to myself*, and was ready to have yielded instantly; but this *talking at* me through my father was more than my temper could stand. The phrase, too, was peculiarly offensive,—"Exhibiting her wit for the amusement of the com-

pany." My anger was thoroughly roused, and I answered, without a moment's hesitation,

"How unfortunate it is that *my* manners should be those of the 'young girl,' while Miss Arundel exactly corresponds with your idea of the 'young wife!' We ought to change places."

A slight colour—a most unusual symptom of emotion in him—passed over his forehead and cheeks as he replied,

"*I* did not seek any comparison. Miss Arundel's gifts are rare."

The carriage stopped, and I was left to digest this bitter morsel as best I might. Strange as it may appear, I conceived no jealousy of Miss Arundel's place in my husband's estimation, though I felt thoroughly indignant with *him*. I believed myself to be indisputably the empress of his affections, and was only impatient with his pride, which would not suffer him to confess it. I believed that he spoke only to pique me, and I redoubled my efforts to conquer him. Once let me carry off the victory, and I was ready to be a slave for the future. Strange, incomprehensible, contradictory, selfish, earthy love! and yet it *was* love, real and passionate, as I know too well; but it was disguised and distorted by the character to which it belonged.

At last the crisis came. It was the evening of the day on which, as I before said, I had assumed a turban instead of a riding-hat, and established a new fashion in Lisbon. My husband came into the room where my father and I were lounging over our coffee. He had been detained all day by business; he looked disturbed but determined.

"Madeline," said he, abruptly and coldly, "it is time to speak plainly. I had resolved not to interfere with your *tastes* and *pursuits*," (he emphasized the words somewhat scornfully,) "so long as they were in any way admissible in *my wife*. They have ceased to be so. The exhibition of to-day must be the last of its kind. Whatever you may be at home, abroad you shall not render yourself either conspicuous or contemptible."

My cheeks flushed, and my heart swelled. I scarcely know how I felt, but I was cowed for the moment.

"I don't know to what you allude," stammered I.

"To the absurd head-dress which you were pleased to wear in public this afternoon," he replied; "but not to that only—to your whole manner, to the kind of life you lead, to the kind of reputation you have established, to the tone in which you have caused your name to dwell upon the lips of every man and woman in Lisbon. It is unbecoming in you, and highly offensive to me; and I choose that it should cease."

There was no reproach, no appeal, no word of tenderness, no symptom of grief; it was all stern, cold, inexorable indignation. I looked at him with a kind of terror, and burst into tears; my proud spirit ready to crush my woman's heart for the weakness, but unable to control it.

He came up to me, and spoke more gently, but still quite calmly and without a trace of emotion.

"I am sorry to distress you," said he. "I am sure that, upon reflection, you will see that I am right. If I spoke harshly, forgive me—I was angry, and I had reason; but I believe that you will give me no further reason for anger. I will speak with you again when you are calmer."

So saying, he turned on his heel and left the room. I was in a tumult of contending emotions, unintelligible even to myself, and my father began, very considerately, to lecture me.

"My dear Madeline," said he, "I have long expected something of this sort. You are throwing away your own happiness like a spoiled child. You are not a sentimental girl, neither is Mr. Tyrrell a romantic lover, and you must make up your mind to behave like a rational woman, if you wish to be happy as a wife."

This was more than I could endure; and, brushing the tears from my eyes with a proud and hasty movement, I replied, in a very paroxysm of wilfulness, "I shall do exactly as I please."

My father continued in the same cold, steady, business-like manner, which was enough to drive me mad, without considering the import of his words.

"You ought by this time," he said, "to be thoroughly aware of your own position; it may be unpleasant and mortifying to you to have it explained; but it is quite necessary. Mr. Tyrrell was never what is popularly called *in love* with you. I believe myself that very few men ever are in love, and those who are are either poets or simpletons. Your husband is neither. He admired your beauty, and was interested by your intellect; your society was agreeable to him. He had nothing else to do, and he forgot, as even a man of the world will sometimes forget, the *convenances* of the situation. It never occurred to him that he was winning your heart. Before he was aware of it, your names were coupled together; and your supposed engagement was in everybody's mouth. This annoyed him deeply; he did not like to imagine it his fault; yet, he felt that he had unconsciously done you an injury. I took care—for of course I was anxious both for your happiness and for your establishment—that he should be made aware, through Mr. Barron, of the state of your affections."

Here I uttered an exclamation that was well nigh a shriek, and my father paused, looking at me in wonder, and with some little alarm. I felt as though reason were quite forsaking me; but, holding my heart with both hands, and staring fixedly upon his face as if by retaining it in my gaze I kept hold of life and reality, I said in a choked voice, "Go on—go on; pray let me hear all!" I was conscious of scarcely any feeling but a vehement and intense desire to know the whole truth at *any* cost.

Cold-hearted people have no idea of the struggles of those differently constituted from themselves, if only those struggles end in victory. My father's alarm was appeased, and he continued,

"Mr. Tyrrell is most scrupulous on the point of honour, and he could not endure the idea of appearing

to give you up because of the unhappy change in my circumstances, which, you know, just then became public."

I got up; I marvel at myself when I remember how quietly I replied;

"My dear father, I'm quite tired of this long, stupid story; and as it's very late, I shall go to bed;" and, without pausing an instant, I went to my own room.

To keep off insensibility was my one leading idea. I plunged my head and face into cold water, walked up and down the room, sat down, started up again, a heavy pulse beating in my temples like the pants of a steam-engine, all my thoughts bewildered. I tried to collect them; it was in vain. One passionate, strong purpose possessed me, and for the moment suppressed agitation and conquered despair—to escape—never to see his face again. It was the only wish I had left. And what a wish! I determined, if anything so like delirium could be called determination, to make my escape at once; all fears, all considerations, all scruples lost, swallowed up in the one overwhelming dread of ever seeing him again. Hurriedly, and with a cunning akin to that of madness, I collected my jewels and such money as I could find, and concealed them upon my person. I then went into the room formerly occupied by the maid, who was now absent with my child, and searched in her drawers for a dress that might serve to disguise me; found it, put it on, and returned to my own chamber. I threw on a dressing-gown over my clothes and rang the bell.

"Tell your master," said I, (it was beyond my power to utter his name,) "when he comes home, that I am ill to-night; and as I don't wish to be disturbed, I am going to sleep in the bay-windowed bedroom."

To this bedroom, which communicated by a balcony with the garden, I went; dismissed the maid, locked the door, and without a moment's pause descended from the window.

It was past ten o'clock; a calm clear night, moon and stars glittering against the blue darkness of a southern sky after sunset. I have a strange vivid recollection of the garden as I passed through it under that quiet light; it *stands out*, in the confused past, like some one image of a fever-dream, remembered after the delirium is over; distinct in itself, and bringing with it a vague but terrible consciousness of the forms and thoughts by which it was accompanied. I remember walking upon the smooth shaven grass lest my footsteps should be overheard; I remember the phantom shapes of the pale flowers, so gorgeous by daylight, and the fantastic regularity of the beds, and the wire arches covered with creepers, having a spectral look to me, and oppressing me with a sense of something unnatural and painful. I specially remember the iron railing which skirted the garden, and which was surmounted by a row of spikes. I followed these spikes with my eye, as if they were trying to escape me, and I must needs overtake them. I even counted them with a kind of furious haste as I walked rapidly along, as though I knew the number and must take care that none were missing. I expected the line to end in something, I knew not what; and then stopped with a sudden hope that I might be going mad, and that if so I should forget what my father had told me. I reached a small side-gate of which I had the key, passed through, and continued to walk for several hours with unabated speed on the road to ——.

MONTREAL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The riots in Canada have lately attracted a painful attention, and much anxiety has been manifested lest the colony should sooner or later proclaim its independence. We shall content ourselves with remarking that if Great Britain is destined to lose this magnificent possession, it will be from the inevitable course of human events, rather than from any special misgovernment on her part. The truth is, that in the case of Canada, the British Government has ever shown itself in the highest degree conciliatory; and it is to this very tendency that the late disturbances are due. Perhaps it may be pleasant to turn from the turbulent scenes recently enacted, to the peaceful settlement of the colony, and to the earlier history of the city of Montreal.

The success of Columbus, and the territories he acquired for Spain, kindled a spirit of zealous emulation in France and England. Sebastian Cabot, a Genoese, under the patronage of Henry VII., first discovered the northern extremity of the American continent; Verezzano, a Florentine, explored on behalf of Francis I. the coast of the United States, but without effecting any settlement whatever. Francis, occupied at home in his struggle with Charles V., was little disposed to engage in fresh attempts, but at the instance of Chabot, Admiral of France, Jacques Cartier, an experienced mariner of St. Malo, was appointed to the command of a second expedition. Furnished with two small but well appointed ships of sixty tons burden, on the 20th of April, 1534, he reached Newfoundland, which he nearly circumnavigated, then crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence, discovered the Baie des Chaleurs, so called from the intensity of the summer heat, equalled only in the Canadian climate by the excessive rigour of the winter's cold. Then stretching to the N.W. to find a passage, he landed on the point of Gaspé, where, in the presence of many of the natives, he erected upon the entrance of the said haven "a faire high cross of the height of thirty feet, in the midst whereof," he says, "we hanged up a shield with three *Fleur de Luces* on it, and on the top carved in anticke letters, this posie—*Vive le Roy de France.*" Being, however, unprepared for wintering, he resolved to return, and after a swift passage, reached in September the harbour of St. Malo.

This first voyage of Cartier, although no settlement was effected by him, seemed to open a new career of

discovery, which the court of France was now more disposed to encourage. The spirit of enterprise gained ground among all ranks; some even of the young nobility enrolled themselves among the adventurers.

The next expedition was consecrated by the solemnities of the Catholic Church. On Whit-Sunday, the 16th of May, 1535, the whole body confessed, and received the sacrament and the episcopal benediction in the Cathedral of St. Malo. Three well furnished ships were ready; the Great Hermina of 120 tons, of which Cartier was appointed commander, the Little Hermina, of 60 tons, and the Hermerillon of but 40. They departed "with a good gale," and, proceeding to the west, they reached, as Hakluyt calls it, "the goodly great gulfe, full of islands, passages, and entrances, with every wind," which, from their opening it on the day of St. Lawrence, they named after that saint, and entered the "great river of Hochelaga, never before explored," which has since received the same appellation of St. Lawrence.

Cartier anchored awhile in a tributary, which still retains his name. Many devices were attempted by Donnacona, a chief of the country, to prevent him from ascending the river to Hochelaga, now Montreal, and at that time a principal settlement, prompted by jealousy of the other tribes. But Cartier, penetrating his motives, continued his voyage; and passing through Lake St. Peter's, and struggling with the "fierceness and swiftness" of the downward flow, at length reached the desired Hochelaga. His arrival created a feeling of enthusiasm among the simple Indians, and his landing was a pageant which it is beautiful to realize. "As they stepped on shore, they were met by a thousand persons, men, women, and children, who 'afterwards entertained them, as a father would his child;'"[1] their boats, on returning to their vessels, were loaded with millet, bread, and provisions, and fruit. The next day, Cartier, "very gorgeously apparelled," attended by five gentlemen and twenty sailors, and having obtained three guides, ascended the mountain, which overhung the Indian settlement. The way from the shore was broad and well beaten; and after he had proceeded some distance, he was met by one of "the chiefest lordes of the citie," arrayed in barbaric splendour, in skins and plumes, who invited him to repose a while around a good fire that had been kindled, and entertained him with a discourse "in sign of mirth and amity." In return for his good will, the French commander made him a present of hatchets and knives, and a cross which he instructed him to kiss. As he advanced higher and higher, his eye reposed with delight upon the wide spread expanse that gradually opened; he admired the scattered groups of oak trees, and the smiling enclosures of bright green Indian corn, the noblest of cereal productions. When, at length, he gained the summit of the mountain, transported with the extent and magnificence of the prospect from its commanding crest, he bestowed on it, in his enthusiasm, the name of Mont Royal. From this commanding elevation he beheld the broad stream of the St. Lawrence, dotted with islands, and gay with Indian barks—a vast and level region of primeval forests occupied both shores, unbroken but by a few Indian settlements; above this great plain, at intervals, groups of bold and insulated mountains, extending far toward the southern horizon. It was a scene fitted for the seat of empire; and proudly must the heart of its first discoverer have swelled as he gazed on it, and indulged in visions of its future greatness.

At his feet, and joined to the spurs of the mountain, was the pretty Indian town of Hochelaga, enclosing in its "three courses of ramparts," the fifty dwellings of the Indians, each fifty paces long, by fifteen wide, built of wood covered with fine bark, and having on the top, store places for the corn, which, beaten to powder, was made into cakes baked on hot stones. This with pottage, stores of pulse, dried fish, and fruits, especially cucumbers and melons, formed the simple but abundant food of the inhabitants. They slept on fine bark covered with skins. As Cartier descended into the open space in the midst of the town, the chief came forth to meet him, borne on the shoulders of ten Indians. Seating himself with the Frenchman on a fine deer skin, he took from his own head the wreath which served as his distinctive badge, and placed it upon that of Cartier. The Indians, who invested their visitors with almost supernatural attributes, now brought forth their sick, that they might be healed. "With the simplicity of these poor people," says Charlevoix, "the captain was greatly moved: he armed himself with a lively faith, and recited, as devoutly as he was able, the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He then made the sign of the cross over the sick, distributed to them chaplets and Agnus Dei, and made them understand of how great virtue they were, for the cure of all sorts of infirmities. This done, he engaged in prayer, beseeching earnestly the Lord to leave no longer these poor idolaters in the darkness of infidelity, and recited with a loud voice the passion of Jesus Christ. The Indians listened with vague feelings of awe and devotion to these pious ceremonies, which were terminated by a burst of music, which set them beside themselves with wonderment and joy."

On leaving the friendly Hochelaga, Cartier returned to his old station at the river now called after him. A tradition existed in the time of Charlevoix, that one of his vessels was wrecked upon a sunken rock, opposite its mouth, hence called Jacques Cartier's rock. Here he passed the long and dreary Canadian winter, "in ice two fadoms thick, and snow four feet higher than his ship's sides;" and losing many of his people, of all ranks, by the ravages of the scurvy. On the approach of summer he gladly prepared to return to France; set up a cross in sign of French occupation; and, partly by force and partly by persuasion, having brought off Donnacona and some others with him, he in July, 1536, regained the well-known harbour of St. Malo.

(1) Hakluyt.

The noble river which Cartier was thus the first to explore, is unique in its peculiarities, and perhaps unequalled by any other in the world. The magnificent lakes, or rather inland seas of which it is the outlet, which maintain the even and unvarying flow of its majestic current, are assumed, upon solid grounds, to contain half the fresh water on this planet. The quantity discharged hourly by this amazing flood, is estimated at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet. Its basin is divided into three parts, the higher being occupied by Lake Superior, three hundred miles in length, and receiving more than fifty rivers. Through the falls of St. Mary, the whole of its waters pours into the Lakes of Michigan and Huron, of scarcely inferior dimensions. The almost unfathomable depth of these lakes is a most interesting phenomena in physical geography. Though the surface of the two lower is 618 feet above the Atlantic level, their bottoms are nearly 300 feet below it. By the straits of Detroit, these upper lakes pour down into the basin of Lake Erie, which is 230 miles in length. The narrow strait, where the whole of this immense body rolls for ever in its resistless might, over the sublime cliffs of Niagara, and then forms for several miles of swift descent one continuous and terrific rapid, one whirl of foam and terror, through the profound and narrow chasm which it has excavated in the course of ages, is altogether unequalled in its fearful sublimity upon our globe. By the channel it descends to the level of Lake Ontario, the last and lowest of these inland seas, 200 miles long, by 70 broad.

The river, as it flows out of this lake, varies from two to ten miles wide, and is divided into numerous channels of every width, as it passes through the "Thousand Isles." These are of every size and form, and for the most part in a state of primeval nature, forming a scene of soft and romantic beauty, of dreamy, fairy strangeness—of fantastic intricacy, in striking contrast to the terrific grandeur of Niagara. Hurrying on, with its burden of timber rafts, over the tremendous rapids of the Long Sault and La Chine, (which interruption is surmounted by a ship canal,) it is increased by the influx of the romantic Ottawa, and flows past the city of Montreal, the growing emporium of Canada, receiving, as it proceeds on its course, the waters of Lakes George and Champlain, to expand at length, in all its glory, beneath the crested crags of Quebec. To this city, the great timber dépôt, it is 550 miles from the sea, navigable for ships of the line of the first class, while vessels of 600 tons ascend to Montreal, which is upwards of 730 miles above the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The whole of this stupendous basin (which, when Cartier first entered it, was the haunt of the roaming savage) is fast filling up, and becoming the seat of a mighty nation. But three centuries since it was discovered, how much of romantic incident, of momentous change, of astonishing progress, has filled up the short but eventful period. Upon these lakes, then skimmed only by the wandering canoe, hostile fleets have been built, and have contended in deadly conflict. On one of its shores feeble colonies have sprung up into an independent nation, rivalling in power the proudest states of the old world. Populous cities adorn the banks of these great inland waters, and splendid steam-boats connect their remotest extremities. Canals have been cut to overcome the occasional obstacles presented by nature, and a chain of internal water communication, extending from the Atlantic many hundreds of miles into the heart of this mighty continent, serves as a highway for the countless emigrants who are continually pouring into it from all the nations of the civilized world.

There are some striking peculiarities in the St. Lawrence, as contrasted with its great rival, the Mississippi. The former is as limpid in its waters, and as unalterable in their level, as the latter is turbid, and with its swelling inundations overflows its banks for miles round. The St. Lawrence is magnificently beautiful; the grandeur of the Mississippi is gloomy and oppressive. It is in moral keeping with this physical contrast, that the banks of the St. Lawrence have been settled by freemen alone, and have never echoed, like those of the Mississippi, to the lash of the slave-master, or the groan of the captive; but many a hunted fugitive from the southern strongholds of slavery, as he has passed its broad stream, and felt himself on British ground, has blessed his God who has enabled him to reach an asylum of liberty.

No river can exhibit greater variety of scenery—here the calm and glassy expanse, studded with verdurous islands; there, wild and tumultuous rapids, with the immense rafts that hurry down among their foaming waters. Sometimes for miles all is the unbroken solitude of primeval nature; the canoe of the Indian is still seen paddling from shore to shore, his bark wigwam still glimmers amid the dusky shades of the forest; and then succeeds the pleasant, quaint, white village of the French settlers, with its antique vanes, and spire, and cross. What more picturesque than old Quebec, with its rock-built citadel and antiquated buildings? Nor is there in the new world any river with such stirring, though often painful associations, as the St. Lawrence. The devotedness of the first Catholic Missionaries, who counted not their lives dear in planting the cross among the Indian savages, their trials and their martyrdom, together with the warlike feats of Wolfe, and Montcalm, and Montgomery, have thrown over its banks a troubled but romantic halo.

But to return to our history. For some time after Cartier's visit, the progress of colonization was slow, and the next we hear of the infant Montreal, is in connexion with the missions of the French Jesuits, which followed in the wake of discovery. "Religious enthusiasm," says the eloquent Bancroft, "colonized New England, and religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness on the Upper Lakes, and explored the Mississippi. Puritanism gave New England its worship and its schools, the Roman Church created for Canada its altars, its hospitals, and its seminaries." "Of Montreal, selected to be a nearer rendezvous for converted Indians,

possession was taken in 1640, by a solemn mass, celebrated beneath a tent. In the following February, in France, at the Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris, a general supplication was made that the Queen of Angels would take the island of Montreal under her protection. In August of the same year, in the presence of the French gathered from all parts of Canada, and of the native warriors summoned from the wilderness, the festival of the Assumption was solemnized on the island itself. Henceforward, the hearth of the sacred fires of the Wyandots was consecrated to the Virgin." "There the Mohawk and the feebler Algonquin," (Indian tribes) said Le Jeune, "shall make their home; the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and a little child shall guide them." [1]

Thus far the chronicles of Montreal are peaceful. Time flew on, and the place continued to increase. The struggle between France and England for colonial monopoly, was the signal for its first misfortunes. In August, 1689, a band of Iroquois Indians, siding with Great Britain, surprised and burnt the place, and in less than an hour "two hundred persons met death, under forms too horrible to mention." The place, however, fell into the hands of the French, and remained under their rule until the victory of Wolfe gained possession of Canada for his country. No conquered province was ever treated with greater mildness and forbearance; the religion and usages of the French population were respected, to a degree irreconcilable perhaps with those organic changes required by the rapid influx which then began to take place of British settlers—as active, and energetic, and enterprising, as the French "habitans" were attached to old habits and traditions, and obstinately opposed to innovation or progress. It is in attempting to reconcile these jarring interests, and to fuse elements which, like oil and water, obstinately refuse to mingle, that the British Government has alternately awakened the jealous hostility of both; and it is in difficulties arising out of this state of things, that her supremacy is most endangered.

Of this opposition of races and religions, the city of Montreal is, as it were, a visible type. Its oldest buildings are all French and Catholic. Narrow streets, bordered by masses of heavy stone piles, quaint and picturesque steeples, surmounted with crosses, form the prominent characteristics of the place. As the British population poured in, more open avenues, in a lighter style of architecture, were added in rapid succession. Thus mixed is the aspect of the place. One moment we hear the plaintive bell of a Catholic nunnery; the next, the streets resound with the merry English fife and drum. The population is as mingled as at Quebec. On the quay may be seen the dusky half-reclaimed Indian and his bark canoe, side by side with the ruddy English settler, newly arrived by the booming steam-boat. On the St. Lawrence, as on the Mississippi, the old and the new are seen just now together, but the old is rapidly fading away, and will soon exist only in poetry and tradition, while the new is advancing with gigantic strides.

(1) Bancroft's History of America.

We shall not pursue the history of Montreal any further, beyond observing, that in the War of Independence, and in that of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States, it was more than once the object of contention, but, being open and unfortified, furnishes no incidents specially worthy of notice. Under the British Government, it has become a place of great and growing importance; the natural centre of our immense possessions in North America. Of these and of their capabilities, a New York journal, after speculating as to the issue of the recent disturbances, gives the following prodigious estimate, and suggests a grand, but perhaps somewhat visionary scheme for their development:—

"Although annexation to the United States has been mooted, we do not believe that any such result can be anticipated for some time to come. Other remedies of a more local and British character, springing from their condition, will be first attempted. One of the most feasible of these remedies would appear to be a national union of all British North America, under one constitutional form of government, in which the two Canadas, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the other dependencies, might be united in one great country. To this union might be added the whole region north and west, to Vancouver's Island and the North Pole. If, in addition to this grand plan of creating a new nationality in British North America, the British Government and British mercantile interests were to commence immediately the construction of a magnificent railroad from Montreal to the Pacific, by the most practicable route, thus opening a new channel of communication between China and the East, and Great Britain herself, they might be enabled to turn the energy, skill, enterprise, and national capacity of the British American colonies into a new and fortunate direction. Politics and commerce must go hand in hand in Anglo-Saxon affairs. Trade and liberty are the bread and butter of Anglo-Saxon existence. The British territory in North America is greater in extent than the whole of the United States, and almost equal to that of the Russian empire. They possess means, and soil, and climate, and productions of all kinds, and a race of people, if they were all banded together, sufficient to absorb the entire population of Great Britain and Ireland in one grand North American confederacy, under a constitutional government, which would speedily upset the French and English factions that now agitate unfortunate Canada; bringing into operation new elements of material, wealth, and political and social prosperity, of the grandest and most imposing character. *Thus they might prepare themselves for admission, in good time, into the limits of this vast and growing republic of free States.*"

This extract is eminently characteristic at once of the "go ahead" imagination, and of the imperturbable self-complacency of our transatlantic brethren.

THE DEATH OF BUDRUDEEN.

BY META.

Mr. Brooke having effected a reconciliation between the Sultan of Borneo and the two princes, Muda Hassim and Budrudeen, these two latter remained devoted to the interests of England, in despite

of every effort to menace or corrupt them; and when the pirate party found that nothing could induce them to violate their engagements, it was determined to exterminate them, with all their families and friends. The seal of Omar Ali was obtained, and the massacre executed to the letter.

The four brothers were at this time living in security in various parts of the city, quite unsuspicious of any conspiracy against them, when suddenly, in the dead of night, the houses of each of the princes and other men of rank known to be favourable to the English policy and to the suppression of piracy, were attacked by orders from the Sultan, given under his own signet; and thirteen members of his own family, uncles, nephews, and cousins, were barbarously assassinated by this unnatural monster.

Jaffer, at the moment of the attack, was in attendance on his lord the Pangeran Budrudeen; and, with a few of his immediate followers, who happened to be in the house, made every exertion to repel the assailants. For some time Budrudeen fought bravely at their head; but taken completely by surprise, overpowered by numbers, and desperately wounded, he at last gave way, and retiring by the women's apartments, escaped to a distant part of the building, accompanied by his sister and by another young lady, all of whom were by this time aware, from the shouts and exclamations of the multitude, that Budrudeen was attacked by the authority of his own uncle and sovereign, whom he had so long and so faithfully served.

On rejoining his lord, Jaffer was directed to open a cask or barrel of gunpowder, which was found standing in the room. This order he immediately obeyed, and waited his lord's further commands. Pangeran Budrudeen then took a ring from his finger, and calling Jaffer to his presence, placed it in his hands, with a last injunction to flee in haste to the sea, to endeavour to reach Sarawak, and to convey the ring to his friend, Mr. Brooke, as a dying memento of his esteem, and to bid Mr. Brooke not to forget him, and to lay his case and the cause of his country before the Queen of England. Having received the ring, and faithfully promised to comply with those commands, Jaffer was ordered to depart, and as soon as he had done so, his lord fired the gunpowder, and Pangeran Budrudeen and the two women were instantly blown up.

'Tis night! and on his couch reclining
The wearied prince hath sought repose—
Yet ere the last red sun's reclining
His death was compassed by his foes!

And near him, on soft cushions lying,
Two lovely girls are dimly seen,
W o silent watch with love undying
he calm soft sleep of Budrudeen.

Calmly he sleeps while o'er him bending
His wife and sister gaze with pride;
What anxious thoughts with joy contending
Fill the fond heart of that young bride!

That day, before the Sultan kneeling,
The Pangeran hath nobly borne
The scoffs of those whose footsteps stealing
Shall rouse him ere the break of morn.

Yes!—for his words of truth and right
Their wicked hearts are lashed to madness.
Oh! fly before the morning's light,
Nor let thy life be quenched in sadness!

Too late! too late! the hour is come;
Grim swarthy forms now onwards sally,
Bearing,—oh God, that truth were dumb!
The signet seal of Omar Ali!

Yes! 'twas the Sultan, uncle, friend,
Who gave the stern command to spear him;
Now, gracious heaven, thy succour lend,
For the bright kris is gleaming near him.

Oh! Ella Meem, if *thou* couldst save,
How gladly thy young life had parted;
But shadows borrowed from the grave
Now gather round the lion-hearted!

They come! they come! a countless crowd;
She hears their summons at the gate;
Hark! 'tis the death-note sounding loud,
Which summons thee to meet thy fate!

He hears!—with eye-balls wildly flashing,
He starteth from his death-like trance,
With rapid footsteps madly dashing,
He checks the foemen's first advance.

"Now yield to *this* a subject's duty,
No longer faith with strangers keep,
Or give thy head—the pirates' booty,
To deck their prahus on the deep!"

"No! villains!—By the God of heaven,
I keep my faith to England's Queen!
To you one conquering hour is given—
To die for truth, to Budrudeen!

"But know that ere the rising sun
Hath reddened thrice the angry sky,
My death shall be revenged by one
Before whose look your hearts shall die!

"For truth, for constancy, for faith,
God wills that I should perish here;
But well I know my early death
Shall cost your dastard chieftains dear!"

They fight! Who falls?—the prince?—oh no!
Though wounded sore, he stands at bay,
And through the thickest of the foe,
Like panther bounds to seize his prey.

Some demigod of old he seemed,
His bleeding arm betrayed no slackness,
And still his flashing weapon gleamed
Like lightning through the tempest's blackness!

They yield—they stagger—back they fall,
They leave the outer portal clear;
Now, Budrudeen, if saved at all,
Fly! ere thy foes again appear!

But no! within that chamber lying,
His wife and sister still remain;
Ah! noble heart!—*thy* thoughts of flying
Are, to that chamber back again!

"Now, Jaffer, be thy friendly task
To seek the spot to thee well known;
Bring hence my precious powder cask,
And then—thy services are done!—

"I may not fly—I dare not stay,
E'en now my palace gates they sever;
Swift, Jaffer !—ere the dawn of day
Thy prince shall be at rest for ever !

"Ha ! faithful friend—now give the match !
'Tis well !—my foes and I are even !—
Now, Ella, now !—one kiss I snatch,
The next, sweet love, is ours in heaven !

"Fly, Jaffer ! bear to Sarawak
This signet-ring—my last sad token ;
Say that my soul with joy looks back
On pledges kept and faith unbroken !

"Tell Rajah Brooke, by swift prahus
To send this ring to England's Queen ;
For well I know *her* heart will choose
A swift revenge for Budrudeen !

"Farewell—farewell !"—the words come slow,
The life-blood pours in current free.
They enter ! "Now, Si Jaffer, go--
Remember, vengeance rests with thee !"

A moment passed—the servant fled,
The women threw their arms around him !
Now, Ella, now ! the torch is red ;
Too long thy love to earth hath bound him !

A blinding smoke—a sudden flash—
The palace walls are wildly shaking;
They totter—fall with sudden crash ;
The very earth beneath is shaking !

Wife, sister, prince, together lie,
Their blackened corses smoulder slowly ;
Ah, Budrudeen ! thou *couldst* but die,
Yet is thy death a triumph holy.

And England, as she drops a tear
Above thy narrow spot of earth,
Will bid surrounding nations hear
How dear she holds thy priceless worth !

The "life that lives in other's breath,"
That life is thine, full well I ween;
And fame upon *her* page of death
Inscribes thy name, Prince Budrudeen.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

CHAPTER XV.

MISS LIVINGSTONE SPEAKS A BIT OF HER MIND.

It was a lovely morning in early summer, when the sun, shining into his bed-room at Broadhurst, aroused Lewis from a heavy dreamless sleep, the result of his previous night's dissipation at Lady Lombard's. The sensation of waking for the first time in a strange place, is usually a disagreeable one; there is an unfamiliar newness in the aspect of everything around us, an absence of old associations, which to an impressible disposition is singularly disheartening. This was peculiarly the case with Lewis; the costly furniture of the room, arranged with a stiff propriety, the spotless carpet, the chair-covers too clean and slippery to be sat upon, the bright cold mirrors, the polished grate, in which a fire would have been high treason, each and all suggestive of the chilling influence of that rigid disciplinarian, Miss Livingstone, served painfully to realize his new position. Splendour without comfort, was an anomaly he had never before encountered, and in his then frame of mind, it aroused all the bitter feelings which even his strength of will was unable to subdue, and he mentally compared himself to a slave working in gilded chains, and longed for independence, no matter through what hardships, struggles, and dangers it must be attained. But there was a healthy energy about his mind, which prevented his yielding to these morbid feelings; so, hastily dressing himself, he found his way into the pleasure garden, and as it was yet early, strolled onward through the park.

After wandering about for nearly an hour, the calm beauty of the scenery, and the exhilarating freshness of the morning air, producing their natural effect upon his spirits, it occurred to him that his absence might be commented upon, and possibly give offence; accordingly, he retraced his steps towards the house. Ignorant of the *locale*, however, he was unable to discover the door by which he had gone out, and, after making one or two attempts in a wrong direction, was compelled to effect his entrance through a French window, opening into a conservatory. Lewis possessed a great taste for, and some knowledge of Botany, and his attention was at once attracted by the rare and beautiful plants around him. So completely was he engrossed by his admiration, that not until he heard his own name pronounced, did he become aware that he was not the sole tenant of the conservatory. Turning at the sound, he perceived Annie Grant, in a very becoming gardening costume, busily employed in altering the arrangement of certain flower-pots.

Before we proceed farther, it may be as well to afford the reader an insight into Lewis's feelings towards this young lady, as they were by no means of such a nature as might be expected from a young man, towards a pretty and agreeable girl, with whom he was about to be domesticated. In order to account for his peculiar state of mind on this subject, we must take a retrospective glance at an episode in Lewis's student-life, which has been already alluded to in a conversation between Frere and his friend. About a year before the period at which our story opened, Lewis had encountered, at a festive meeting of the worthy citizens of Bonn, the very pretty daughter of a wealthy shopkeeper, and struck by her bright eyes, and a certain *naïve* simplicity of manner, had danced with her the greater part of the evening. Flattered by the attentions of the handsome young Englishman, the damsel, who (her simplicity being confined entirely to manner,) was as arrant a little flirt as ever caused a heart-ache, took care that the acquaintance should continue; and while she was merely bent on adding to her train of admirers, Lewis fell in love with her, as deeply as a man can do, with a

(1) Continued from vol. ix. p. 152.

girl completely his inferior in mind, as well as in station. Imagination, however, which at eighteen is alarmingly active, supplied all deficiencies, and Lewis continued to dream his lady-love was an angel, till, one fine morning, the fact of her elopement with a German baron, who considered matrimony a superfluous ordinance, induced him to alter his opinion. With the termination of the adventure the reader is already acquainted, but the effect upon Lewis's disposition, was one which time might weaken, but could never efface. The fatal lesson that one who seemed true and pure, was not so, once learnt, could never be forgotten; the seeds of mistrust were sown, and strive as he might, the perfect faith, the bright eager confidence of youth, were lost to him for ever.

Annie, as the reader is aware, was unusually lovely, and Lewis accordingly regarded her in the light of a dangerous man-trap; besides this, oddly enough, she was by no means unlike an ethereal and spiritualized representation of "Gretchen;" the features and colouring were similar, and the arch simplicity of the *Fraulein's* manner was part and parcel of Annie's very nature. The painful recollections which this resemblance excited, added unconsciously to the prejudice (for it amounted to that) which Lewis had conceived against the general's daughter;—but the true source of the feeling lay deeper. However circumstances may cause him to affect, or even to believe the contrary, there is in every man's heart a latent desire to render himself agreeable to any young and pretty woman into whose society he may be thrown, more especially where the individual is conscious of possessing powers of pleasing, if he chooses to exert them; and even Lewis's slight experience of society had sufficed to enlighten him in regard to this point, on which the dullest are clear-sighted. But coupled with this feeling came the humiliating consciousness, that although by birth and education Miss Grant's equal, the position he held in the family rendered him her inferior; and this idea was galling in the extreme to Lewis's haughty nature. Annie, on the other hand, profoundly ignorant of all these wheels within wheels, entertained the most amiable and benevolent intentions towards her new associate. She knew he was unfortunate, she saw he was a gentleman, and she had heard that he was undertaking a duty he disliked, for the sake of his mother and sister; and for all these reasons her woman's heart warmed towards him, and she determined to do what she was able, to render his position as little painful as might be; moreover, she was sufficiently acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of her father and her great-aunt, to be aware, that any kindness the young tutor would be likely to meet with in the family, must emanate from herself. Accordingly, when Lewis, having replied to her cordial "Good morning, Mr. Arundel," by slightly raising his hat, and making a formal bow, was about to pass on, she renewed the attack by adding,—

"May I trouble you to move this flower-pot for me? it is so heavy."

Thus appealed to, Lewis stopped short, and for a moment debated with himself the possibility of refusing; but without being actually ill-bred, such a possibility did not exist; so, resigning himself to his fate with a very ill grace, he deposited his hat on a vacant flower-stand, and tossing back his dark curls with the air of a sulky lion shaking his mane, he took the garden pot, which indeed seemed too heavy for Annie's little hands, asking with a stately coldness by no means in character with the mild nature of the inquiry,

"Where would you wish it to be placed, Miss Grant?"

"Here, if you will be so kind," returned the young lady, indicating the spot by pointing with the end of a pert little parasol.

Lewis, having installed the plant in its appointed place, was again about to take his departure, but ere he did so, glancing involuntarily at the effect of his labour, his quick eye at once discerned the object of the changes Annie was striving to effect, and perceived that, in order to carry out her design, several heavy flowers yet required moving. Nothing, however, was farther from his thoughts than the idea of volunteering his assistance, when Annie, catching the direction of his eye, continued,

"Yes, the white camellia is too low."

"While the rhododendron is as much too high," returned Lewis eagerly, and forgetting his proud scruples in the impulse of the moment, he set to work with the greatest energy, to complete the arrangement, which his correct taste acknowledged to be an improvement.

The camellia had been exalted, and the rhododendron abased, and many other "pets of the parterre" had experienced sudden changes of station, and still Lewis worked with unabated zeal, and still his fair companion directed and approved, when just as, poised on one foot half way up a high flower-stand, he was stretching to his utmost to instal a gaudy cactus, all red and green like a paroquet, on the topmost pinnacle, a stately tread was heard approaching, and General Grant entered the conservatory. Lewis coloured with mingled anger and annoyance at being detected in such a situation; but Annie good-naturedly came to his assistance. Tripping up to her father, and taking both his hands, she exclaimed,—

"Good morning, papa. Welcome to dear old Broadhurst once again. How pretty it all looks! but they have placed my flowers so stupidly, I must have every one of them altered. I've been working away for half-an-hour at least, and as Mr. Arundel happened to be passing, I pressed him into the service, for some of the pots are so heavy."

"Much too heavy for you to attempt to move, my dear," returned the General in a tone of marked disapproval, "but why did you not summon one of the gardeners to make the alteration you wished, without troubling Mr. Arundel, who must have had other duties to perform."

"As it was your desire, sir, to be present at my

introduction to my future pupil," replied Lewis, who had by this time reached *terra firma*, and recovered his self-possession, "I have refrained from making any attempt to see him, till I should have learned your farther wishes on the subject. My time was therefore quite at Miss Grant's disposal, if I could be in any way useful to her."

"My daughter is obliged by your politeness, sir, but will not trespass upon it farther," replied the General coldly.—"My dear Annie," he continued, "it only wants ten minutes of nine; you will oblige me by preparing for breakfast—punctuality is a quality by the neglect of which all order is subverted, propriety set at nought, much valuable time wasted which can never be recalled, and the comfort of a family totally destroyed. Your excellent aunt is aware of my opinion on this subject, and during the twelve years she has done me the favour to preside over my household, she has never kept me waiting one minute."

"Well, dear papa, I'll do my best to please you," returned Annie; "but," she added, laying her hand on his shoulder caressingly, and looking up in his face with a glance half mischievous and half imploring, "you won't expect me to be so terribly perfect as Aunt Martha? Recollect, she is three times as old as I am, and ought therefore to be three times as wise."

The General tried to look displeased, but he could not resist Annie, for he was human after all; so, stroking her glossy curls, he told her that Mrs. Botherfille (a serious schoolmistress, who, for the trifling consideration of 300*l.* per annum, condescended to allow the youthful female aristocracy of the land, to sit at her feet, and learn from her lips how to regenerate society through the medium of frivolous accomplishments,) had failed in curing her of talking nonsense, at which Annie laughed merrily and then tripped off, turning as she passed Lewis to take a last glance at the newly arranged flowers, and saying, "Now, don't they look pretty, Mr. Arundel?"

As the directions in regard to Lewis and his pupil's separate establishment (for such the isolated suite of rooms they were to occupy might be considered,) had not as yet been communicated to the servants, General Grant requested the favour of Lewis's company at breakfast, with as much ceremony as he could have used if he had been inviting a royal duke to a banquet; and as a request from such a quarter was equivalent to a command, Lewis could only comply. Half a minute before the clock struck nine, Miss Livingstone, that human hedge-hog, rustled into the breakfast room, more stiff and starched in mind and body than any other living creature. As for her cap, a railway train might have passed over it without injuring that rigid mystery, while her gown was at the least sabre, not to say bullet-proof. If ever there were a wife fitted for our Iron Duke, that adamantine spinster was the woman—only that to have married her, would have required more courage than twenty Waterloos!

As the clock struck nine, the household servants made their appearance, and all the family knelt down, (with the exception of Miss Livingstone, who, being evidently fashioned as the ancients believed elephants were, without knee joints, merely reared up against the breakfast table, as the next best thing she could do,) while the General read them a short, stern but polite prayer, after which he blessed them very much as if he were doing the reverse, and suffered them to depart. The breakfast was excellent as far as the commissariat department was concerned, and the tea was not so cold as might have been expected considering Miss Livingstone poured it out.

Even Lewis's short acquaintance with that austere virgin's usual expression of countenance, led him to believe that a darker shade than ordinary lowered upon her brow; nor was he mistaken, for after despatching a piece of dry toast with the air of an acidulated martyr, the spirit (we fear it was not an amiable one) moved her, and she spoke.

"I must say, General, your benevolence has rather overpowered your judgment, to my poor thinking, in this singular addition to the establishment at Broadhurst. I really consider that I ought to have been a little more clearly informed as to the facts of the case, before these new arrangements were actually decided on."

"If you refer to Sir Walter Desborough, madam," returned the General sternly, "I must recall to your memory the fact of my having mentioned to you, this day week, my intention that my ward should reside at Broadhurst."

"I am not in the habit of forgetting any communication you do me the honour of making to me, General Grant, nor have I forgotten the conversation to which you refer; but if you mentioned that your ward was a dangerous idiot, and that you expected me to preside over a private lunatic asylum, that circumstance certainly has escaped me."

The wrinkles on the General's forehead deepened, as he replied with a glance towards Lewis,—"You forget, Miss Livingstone, that we are not in private."

"Really," rejoined the lady, "if, as I believe, that *young*" (and she laid an ill-natured emphasis on the word) "gentleman has undertaken the duties of keeper—".

"Tutor," interposed the General sharply.

"Well, tutor, then, if you like to call it so," continued Miss Livingstone, "the name does not much signify; but if Mr. Arundel is to have the care of this dreadful boy, the sooner he knows what his duties will be, and sets about them, the better; for I tell you plainly, General Grant, that unless there's a man about the creature who can manage him, I won't sleep another night in the house with him. There's no trusting those idiots; we may all be murdered in our beds."

As the good lady, who had by this time got the steam up to a very high degree of pressure, hazarded the above uncomfortable suggestion, Annie, who had been listening with an expression of painful annoyance

to her aunt's harangue, suddenly turned pale and glanced with a look of appealing inquiry towards her father, who replied to her rather than to Miss Livingstone, in the following terms:—

"Really, my dear Annie, I am compelled to say, that the fears with which your excellent relative (and he looked bayonets at Minerva, who shook her head till her terrific cap rustled like an angry hail-storm) would seek to inspire you are utterly without foundation."

Then, turning to Lewis, he added,

"The truth of the matter, Mr. Arundel, is, that from a mistaken policy, your future pupil has been indulged in every caprice of his weak intellect, till the slightest opposition to his wishes irritates him, beyond all control that has yet been exercised over him; but as his only attendants are an old female domestic who was his nurse, and her son, a lad younger than Sir Walter himself, whom he has been foolishly permitted to look upon in the light of a companion, this is not so much to be wondered at."

"It will be a difficult task to eradicate faults of temper which have been allowed to become habitual, especially where the reasoning faculties are defective," observed Lewis thoughtfully.

"You may well say that, sir," chimed in Miss Livingstone; "his reasoning faculties (as you please to term them) are *so defective*, that in my humble opinion the boy is neither more nor less than a fool; and you may as well try to drive a pig straight, as to talk sense to a fool,—but how a man so particular as General Grant can have brought such an inmate into his family, and then expect that things are to go on with the order and precision that—"

"MADAM!" began the General in a voice of thunder, his stock of patience utterly exhausted by this indirect mode of attack. But Annie, with a degree of tact and moral courage for which Lewis had by no means been disposed to give her credit, laid her hand imploringly on her father's arm, and whispered a few magical words, which served to avert the storm that had appeared inevitable. An awkward pause ensued, which was broken by the General, who, rising majestically from his chair, informed Lewis that he should request his attendance in half-an-hour; then casting a withering glance at Miss Livingstone, which caused that respectable porcupine of private life to bristle up if possible more fiercely than before, he quitted the room. No sooner had her nephew-in-law's retreating footsteps ceased to echo through the long corridor, than the good lady, freed from the restraint of his presence, did then and there openly, avowedly, and with much vehemence, utter a declaration of war, issue a protest against the introduction of "rampant idiots" into that heretofore peaceful family, and finally assert her own liberty of action, by promulgating her determination to depart forthwith, leaving her companions to contemplate the agreeable contingencies of "being frightened out of their wits during the day-time, and murdered in their beds all night."

Having in some degree relieved her mind by this explosion, she applied the superfluous steam still remaining, to the purpose of locomotion, her crisp schako rending the air, and her high-heeled shoes knocking sharp little double knocks, as of an angry postman, against the polished oak floor, as she swept along.

And these "pleasant passages" were the first votive offering which Lewis saw presented to the Lares and Penates of Broadhurst.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONTAINS MUCH FOLLY AND A LITTLE COMMON SENSE.

GENERAL GRANT sat bolt upright in his easy chair, as if he were on his charger, and his face wore an expression of scrutinizing authority, as of a commander about to review his troops, when Lewis, in obedience to his summons, entered the library.

"Take a chair, Mr. Arundel. I have requested the attendance of Sir Walter Desborough, and expect he will be here immediately."

In compliance with this request, Lewis seated himself to await the arrival of his future pupil; but the minutes glided by, and still no pupil appeared. At length, just as the General's small stock of patience became exhausted and he had requested Lewis to ring the bell, the butler returned saying that it was impossible to induce Sir Walter to leave his room unless the female attendant who had been his nurse might come with him. General Grant frowned portentously, glanced expressively towards Lewis, muttering, "Some of the evil effects of a grievous system of neglect;" then added, to the servant, "You may desire Mrs. Peters to accompany Sir Walter Desborough."

"One of the first points to which you will have to direct your attention, Mr. Arundel," continued the General, as the domestic quitted the apartment, "is to induce my ward to dispense with the society of this person and her son; he may retain their services as attendants, but must be taught no longer to regard them as companions."

As he spoke, the door opened, and admitted three individuals. Of these, the first who claims our notice, was the unfortunate young baronet who was to be Lewis's future charge. He appeared about fourteen, but was tall for that age; his figure was slight and not ungraceful, and his features were handsome; his forehead was high but narrow and receding; his eyes were bright and clear, though totally devoid of expression, and there was an appearance of weakness and irresolution about the mouth, which too clearly indicated his want of intellect. Mrs. Peters was a very stout old lady, on whom the cares of life, and a rare specimen of the female costume of some by-gone age, appeared to sit easily; her outline might have suggested to an imaginative beholder the idea of a huge pillow which had "come alive," and made itself a gown out of one of the chintz bed-curtains, forgetting the waist. Her conversation was embellished by a redundancy of mild ejaculations, amongst which a benediction on her own "heart alive," and an apostrophe to a solitary possessive pronoun, which had lost its noun, and agreed with nothing in particular,

stood pre-eminent. Her stock of ideas, which was by no means inconveniently large, had been presented to her in her youth, and required altering to suit the present fashion. Still she was a good old woman in her way; her "heart alive" was a very kind one; and she doated on poor Walter, spoiling and indulging him till she had made even a greater fool of him than nature had intended him to be. The trio was completed by her hopeful son Robert, or, as he was more familiarly termed, Bob Peters, who, one year younger than Sir Walter, was as clever and mischievous an imp as ever indued a page's livery and bore a splendid crop of buttons to fascinate society. Pressing close to his nurse's side, and dragging the pretty page after him by the wrist, Walter entered the alarming presence of his guardian and his tutor, hanging back like a startled colt the moment he perceived a stranger.

"Walter, come here; I want to introduce you to this gentleman," exclaimed General Grant, in the blandest tone he could command; but in vain, Walter only hung his head, and shrank closer to his protectress.

"Go to the General, Walter dearie. Bless my heart alive, you ain't so silly as to be afraid of *him*," exclaimed Mrs. Peters, emphasizing the *him* as though it referred to a pet lamb or a tame rabbit.

"Go in and win, Master Walter; the gentleman won't bite yer," suggested Bob, in an audible whisper.

But their remonstrances produced no effect upon Walter, and served only to increase General Grant's irritation.

"He must be taught obedience, sir," he remarked quickly, appealing to Lewis, "nothing can be done till he becomes obedient;" then turning to the old nurse, he continued, "Mrs. Peters, Sir Walter will not require your attendance at present; you may leave the room, and take your son with you."

"I'm afeard, sir, you won't be able to do nothing with Master Walter, without one of us stops with him; you see he's kind of used to us," urged Mrs. Peters.

"I shall feel obliged by your leaving the room, Mrs. Peters; when I require your advice, I will inform you of the fact," returned the General, walking with stately steps towards the door, which he held partially open, to permit the egress of the servants, while he prevented Walter from following them.

As he saw his friends depart, the boy raised his eyes, which gleamed with mingled fear and rage, to General Grant's face, but cold inflexibility was written there so unmistakeably that even the darkened perceptions of the idiot could not fail to perceive it; and apparently feeling instinctively that anger would be unavailing, his countenance assumed a sulky dogged expression, and he suffered himself to be led to a seat without opposition. But, despite this success, the General seemed as far from gaining his point as ever; neither kindness nor coercion could induce Walter to pay the slightest attention to the remarks addressed to him, or to utter a single word. Any one, to have seen him at that moment, would have imagined him to be hopelessly imbecile. That such was not the case, however, Lewis, who without interfering openly had been closely observing him from the moment of his entrance, felt convinced. He had particularly watched the play of his features, and had remarked when he first came in, that they were characterised by an expression of fear and shyness, rather than of stupidity, and that it was not until his guardian had banished those whom he knew well, and in whom he had confidence, that they assumed the look of stolid sulkiness which they now wore. After making several unsuccessful attempts to elicit from his ward some proof of intelligence, General Grant at length quitted the room in search of his daughter, actuated thereunto by a vague consciousness that his own manner might possibly be deficient in conciliatory power, and that Annie, from the fact of her belonging to the softer sex, possessed a decided advantage over him in this particular. Availing himself of this opportunity, Lewis caught up a young kitten which was playing about the room, and towards which he had observed Walter cast several furtive glances; and caressing the little animal as he held it in his arms, he approached his pupil, saying quietly,—

"I'm sure you like the kitten, Walter, she is so playful and pretty?"

The boy made no answer, but the sullen look in his face, gradually gave place to a milder expression, and he glanced from Lewis to the kitten, with an appearance of intelligence, for which any one who had seen him a minute before, would not have given him credit. Lewis saw that he had touched the right string, and continued in the same kind and gentle manner.

"We must make a great pet of the kitten; she will play with us and amuse us nicely."

As he said this, Walter drew closer to him, and seeming, in his interest about the kitten, to forget his fear of the stranger, held out his hands for the little creature to be given to him.

"Will you be kind to her if I let you have her?" continued Lewis.

Walter nodded in token of assent, and Lewis handed him the kitten, which he immediately began to fondle and play with, laughing with childish glee at its gambols. After amusing himself in this manner for several minutes, he suddenly turned to Lewis, and asked in a half whisper,—

"Do you like ponies too?"

Delighted at this proof of the success of his attempt to win his pupil's confidence, Lewis signified his intense affection for ponies in general, and inquired whether Walter possessed one. On receiving an affirmative nod, he continued,—

"And are you very fond of riding it?"

This question seemed to perplex the boy, for he made no reply, and a half-puzzled, vacant expression, banished the gleam of intelligence which had lighted up his features. Lewis repeated the inquiry in two or three different forms, but with no better success. A pause ensued, during which the young tutor pondered with himself the best means of calling forth and strengthening the faint germs of intellect

which evidently existed in the clouded mind of the poor idiot, when Walter again looked up, and exclaimed abruptly,—

"Bob says I'm to ride the pony when somebody comes to take care of me."

"And I am that somebody," returned Lewis, smiling good naturedly; "you shall ride the pony to-day, if you like."

This seemed to please him, for he nodded and laughed, and resumed his gambols with the kitten. Suddenly a new idea appeared to strike him, for his face became clouded, and drawing close to Lewis, he whispered, pointing to the door by which General Grant had left the apartment,—

"Don't tell him, or he won't let me go."

"Why should you think so, Walter? That gentleman is your guardian, and means to be very kind to you," returned Lewis; but Walter shook his head, and repeated,—

"Don't tell him; he won't let me go."

At this moment the General returned, accompanied by Annie, whose feelings of sympathy and pity were slightly tempered by the fears which Miss Livingstone had laboured industriously to instil into her mind. Lewis drew the General on one side, and gave him an outline of all that had passed during his absence; adding, that although it was of course too soon for him to judge with any degree of accuracy to what extent they might proceed, it was evident his pupil possessed some powers of reasoning which cultivation might develop. And he was going on to add that harshness appeared to him likely rather to increase than diminish the evil, when his attention was attracted by an exclamation of anger from Walter.

The moment General Grant returned, his ward had relapsed into his former state of sullen apathy, and all Annie's attempts to induce him to notice her, only appeared to increase his obstinacy, till at length she began to stroke the kitten, which he still held in his arms. This, for some unexplained cause, (probably because he fancied she might be about to injure his favourite, or to deprive him of it,) irritated him beyond control, and forgetting his fear in his anger, he uttered the exclamation above alluded to, and struck at her fiercely with a riding-whip, which he had brought in with him. Springing forward, however, before the blow could descend, Lewis caught his uplifted arm, and held it in an iron grasp, while in a grave, but stern voice, he said,—

"Walter, I am surprised at you. Attempt to strike a lady! You must never do such a thing again."

The calm, impressive manner in which he uttered these words, appeared to produce a beneficial effect in subduing the boy's irritation; for, after making one furious but unavailing attempt to free himself, he sat perfectly still and unresisting. Nothing, however, could induce him to make friends with Annie, or to allow her to touch his beloved kitten; though when Lewis caressed it, and even took it in his arms, he appeared well contented.

A fortnight's careful study of the young baronet's character only served to confirm the impressions Lewis had received during this first interview. That he possessed some power of reasoning and reflection was evident; but the great difficulty lay in finding a key to the workings of his mind, by aid of which these powers might be strengthened and developed. Any direct question seemed to puzzle and confuse him; and the only plan which appeared to promise success, was, if possible, to discover some train of thought, (if the vague and desultory fancies which flitted across his feeble brain deserve to be so called,) and then to lead him gently on, by suggesting new ideas, some of which he might adopt and retain. But it was an up-hill task; and often when Lewis, with a degree of calm perseverance which in one of his eager and impetuous disposition could scarcely have been looked for, had succeeded in making him acquire, as he believed, a leading idea on which he hoped to base some superstructure of elementary knowledge, a look of hopeless vacuity would show that no progress had been made, and that the labour must all be gone through again. At other times, some shrewd remark or pertinent question would take Lewis, as it were, by surprise, and induce him to imagine that he had underrated his pupil's mental capacity, and that the fault must lie in his own inexperience of such cases. But there was much to be unlearned, as well as to be taught. As is usually the case in persons of weak intellect, the more animal parts of his nature were proportionably strong. He was subject to violent bursts of passion, if his will were in the slightest degree thwarted, which it required all Lewis's firmness and strength of character to contend against successfully. Occasionally fits of melancholy would seize him, during which he would sit for hours without speaking, his head resting dejectedly on his hand, and nothing appearing able to interest or amuse him. If not prevented, he would eat so voraciously as to injure his health. He was also indolent, and averse to active exertion of any kind. But Lewis took much pains to teach him to ride, and the exercise thus obtained tended greatly to strengthen his constitution. His fondness for animals was one of the most amiable points in his disposition. He and Faust ere long became inseparable; and Lewis found the dog a most useful auxiliary in inculcating—by example, not precept, for Faust could not quite talk—the necessity of implicit obedience.

A month soon glided by, and at its expiration Lewis informed General Grant, that, if he still wished him to undertake the care of his ward, he was willing to do so; an offer of which that noble commander joyfully availed himself, being in his secret soul equally surprised and pleased at the degree of success which had already attended Lewis's efforts, and only too glad to secure the services of one who could, and would, save him all farther difficulty, in regard to the onerous and troublesome responsibility, which he had taken upon himself. For the next six months of his residence at Broadhurst, Lewis saw but little of the family. During the greater

part of that time the General was absent on a visit to some relations in Scotland, whither his daughter accompanied him. Miss Livingstone, having supplied herself with a resident victim in the person of Miss Susan Pinner, an unhappy little fourteen-year-old cousin once removed, (the further the better from such a relative, we should imagine,) spent her time very happily in daily offering up the helpless sacrifice thus acquired, at the altar of her evil temper, and tyrannizing over the poor of the neighbourhood, with most excruciating benevolence. A sick family was a rare treat to this venerable scourge. Oh, the nauseous medicines she forced down the throats of the destitute—the aggravating directions with which she tortured the suffering—the hateful dietary on which she nourished all sick persons and young children! truly an irritating poor man's plaster was that sphinx of modern society, Minerva Livingstone; and Œdipus himself would never have guessed at one half her modes of ingeniously tormenting indigent merit. Fortunately, working out the details of this ferocious philanthropy, occupied so much of the good lady's time, that Lewis enjoyed a happy immunity from her attentions, and was allowed to put in practice his theories for the improvement of his pupil, without let or hindrance; and it was with a degree of pleasure which was in itself sufficient reward for his trouble, that he perceived his plans likely to succeed beyond his most sanguine expectations. Affairs were in this position, when——but such an interesting disclosure requires a fresh chapter.

BURIAL PLACES AMONG BARBAROUS NATIONS.—No. II.

SIAM, AVA, JAVA, SUMATRA, BALI, BORNEO, CELEBES, JOHORE, THE MALAY PENINSULA, THE MEIA-COSHENIAH ISLANDS.

> "They are but dust,—
> Whether they sleep in marble sepulchres
> Or shroudless rot beneath a sod of grass,
> They are but dust."

We now turn to the Eastern nations of the world, and find them burying their dead after various fashions. More or less of pageantry almost invariably attends the disposal of the lifeless clay, though we occasionally meet with instances where the barbarian rudely thrusts the body of his friend wherever it will be most easily screened from sight, without show of ceremony or sorrow. Such examples are, however, rare. One of the common characteristics of the savage is his superstitious reverence for the ashes of the dead, and we accordingly find among the oriental nations that the grave is regarded with decent respect, if not with religious awe.

It would be beside our purpose to enter into a description, which, perhaps, could not fail to be tedious, of the gorgeous and glittering pageantry which attends the funeral of a Siamese noble, and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief account of the obsequies of a man of comparatively humble condition. The wealthy barbarian endeavours to manifest his sorrow or respect by the superb magnificence of a funeral; the humble mourner is content to express his grief by the multiplication of simple ceremonies.

Ceremony of a Siamese Funeral.—The body, wrapped in costly garments and deposited in a coffin decorated with fanciful carvings, is placed upon a lofty bier, under the branches of the sacred fig-tree of Siam. A drapery of white cloth embroidered with gold, and ornamented with garlands of jessamine and other delicate and sweet-smelling flowers, is spread over the whole, while the surrounding crowd, amid the sound of drums and flageolets, await the arrival of the priest. The ceremony is not solemn. The chief mourner, with shaven head and clothed in white garments, sits by the side of the bier, while the officiating priest mutters a few prayers. The fire is then kindled beneath, and the male relatives of the deceased, tying their clothes up in bundles, throw them from one to another, without cessation, across the blazing pile until the whole is consumed. The more humble Siamese does not, however, meet even with this respect after death. His remains, placed on a heap of wood prepared on a low earthen platform, are burnt, and the ashes left to be scattered by the wind, returning, in the most literal sense, to the dust from whence they came. Some of the people of Siam disembowel their dead and preserve them for an extravagantly long period before burning. In Ava this custom is confined to the priesthood.

Obsequies of an Avan Priest.—The funeral of an Avan priest is a curious spectacle. An immense train of people issues from the temple and repairs to the appointed spot. The body lies in state upon a huge wooden car, raised upon lofty wheels, and behind this is drawn a cannon or mortar of gigantic dimensions. Arrived at the consecrated ground, the mourners, with their servants and friends, immediately, with great shouts and clamour, drag the body from its resting place, and drive, or rather hammer it down the mouth of the engine, already loaded with a double charge of powder. The match is applied, and the corpse shot forth and blown into atoms, so that a vestige of it is rarely discovered.

This is an original mode of disposing of the dead, and the reason given for it is no less curious. "His soul," says the Avan priest, "has been despatched to heaven on a flash of fire."

Obsequies of a Layman.—On other occasions the body is carried forth with great solemnity, followed by a procession of diseased persons, to the funeral pile, and with great parade and ceremony placed upon it; the Five Commandments of Buddha are repeated, and, after a mock combat, the fire kindled, amid laughter and loud conversation. A man clothed in red garments, and mounted upon an elephant, is

then employed to collect the ashes of the deceased and carry them away into the forest. He is generally a criminal, and the beast upon which he rides, usually a maimed or diseased animal, is considered polluted by the office, and is turned loose for ever in the woods.

Barbarian pomp and savage simplicity.—The people of the two nations we have mentioned have possessed themselves of many of the luxuries, if not of the refinements of civilization, and we observe among them a curious illustration of the remark which has been often made, that men hovering, as it were, between barbarism and civilization are often ruder and grosser in their manners than those who have never emerged from the darkness of their primitive existence. We find them, at their funerals, indecent and boisterous, not from irreverence, but because they imagine it pleasing to the departed spirit, and exhibiting little of that deep silent sorrow with which the simple savage consigns his dead relative to the eternity which is utterly unknown to him.

Funeral at Teng'ghar.—Some curious ceremonies are observed at the funeral of an inhabitant of Teng'ghar, in Java. The body is placed at the bottom of a deep grave, with the head lying towards the south, and is then concealed from sight by a strong roofing of planks, which prevent the earth from pressing on it. The pit is then filled up. Two posts are planted, one at the head, the other at the foot, while a hollow bamboo is thurst into the ground directly above the breast. For seven successive days the relatives come and pour a quantity of pure water into this bamboo, beside which two large dishes of food are placed.

Feast of the Dead.—The feast of the dead is, at the expiration of this period, announced. Great preparations are made. An image of leaves, representing the human form, and decorated with variegated flowers, is prepared and placed near the grave, half-clothed in the garments of the deceased person. In front of this a garland of young blossoms and a jar of water are placed, and the holy man who officiates repeats a variety of incantations. The assembled company then partake of the feast, the garland is burned, the holy water sprinkled over each individual in turn, and a blessing invoked on all. If, at the expiration of a thousand days, the memory of the dead man be still loved and cherished by his friends, these ceremonies are renewed; but if, with his disappearance from the earth, his image has died in the minds of his friends, no further solemnities occur, and the site of the grave is soon lost; either raked by the plough, or covered over by the wild vegetation of the jungle.

Javan Funeral.—The ceremony of a funeral in the neighbourhood of a Javanese town is second only in solemnity to that which takes place at the birth of a new year. An immense procession accompanies the body. Images, representing the relations and friends who have preceded him on the road of death, are borne along, while musical instruments and flags render the pageant one more gay than imposing. The corpse is buried within the walls of a large enclosure, and over each grave is raised a crescent-shaped mound of earth, ornamented with considerable taste. But if there be little sombre pomp in the funerals of the Javanese, nothing can be more striking than the aspect of their solemn though simple burial grounds. These are generally situated on the slope of a hill, or in the bosom of a little green and woody valley, at some distance from the habitations of men. Low mounds mark the several graves, and above each blooms the dark-leaved *samboja* tree,[1] the fantastic growth of whose trunk imparts a strange appearance to the silent spot.

Affection for Tombs.—The Javan venerates the tomb of his forefathers, and if seized with a mortal illness at a distance from his native place, his last request generally is, that his ashes may lie near those of his ancestors. It sometimes occurs that the humble peasant is forced to leave the lands he has been accustomed to cultivate, to till a distant farm, and his chief regret always is that he shall be away from his father's tomb. An annual festival takes place in honour of the dead; men, women, and children, attired in decent though sober apparel, repair to the burial grounds, and there pass the day in devotion, strewing over the graves abundant showers of the delicate white blossoms of the *salasiæ*, a plant cultivated for no other purpose.[2]

Sumatran Funeral.—Peculiar arrangement of the Grave.—The funeral of a Sumatran villager is not unattended with solemnity. In many villages it is the custom to preserve, generation after generation, a broad slab of costly wood, called the burial plank, on which the dead are carried forth to their graves. It is deposited in a safe receptacle, and constantly rubbed over with lime, to keep it pure and preserve it from decay. No coffin is made use of, the corpse being wrapped in white cloth of a peculiar texture. In forming the grave, after digging to a convenient depth, they make an excavation in the side, which, after receiving the body, is roofed and walled with stout planks. Thus the object is gained which is considered so important by many of the Indian islanders—the earth lies lightly upon the corpse. A white flower, planted at the head of the grave, is allowed to flourish for one year, when it dies and is never renewed. When its last blossom has withered, the tribe assembles, the relations place a few long elliptical stones about the spot, killing a buffalo in honour of the deceased, and leaving its head as a suitable propitiation to the attendant spirits, which are supposed to hover about the burial grounds, to perform for the remains of the dead the guardianship which other beings held over them during life. The desecration of these abodes of death is regarded as a crime almost inexpiable. It is looked upon not only

(1) From the peculiar growth of this tree, it has always the appearance of being aged.

(2) "There is also another flower, the *Salasi* (*ocimum*), with a strong aromatic odour, which is gathered in large quantities to strew over the graves of great and famous men."—*Horticultural Magazine, June* 1848.

as an act of irreverence to the departed, but as a heinous offence to the presiding deities.

Funeral at Tanjung Alem.—When Sir Stamford Raffles was at Tanjung Alem, the funeral of an old woman of rank took place. The body, clothed in costly garments, was carried to the hall of audience, and there displayed in state before the whole population. A goat was sacrificed and its blood sprinkled about the house of the deceased, while all the young girls of the village surrounded the place, and uttered in loud, though monotonous, chant the words,—

" Oh, mother, mother, come back, come back !
Oh, mother, come back !
Oh, mother, mother, come back, back ! "

And so on, with incessant repetition. This unvarying chant was uttered, day after day, by successive choruses, until the corpse could keep no longer, when it was seized, placed hurriedly upon a rude bier, and borne away swiftly to a distant grave, where, without ceremony of any kind, it was given to the earth. The very site of its resting place was soon cropped over with the rank verdure which clothes every neglected spot.

Balinese Ceremonies.—The Balinese not only burn their dead but also allow the widows and female slaves of the deceased to give themselves as victims and perish on the funeral pile. The rite of suttee is too well known to need description here. It is practised only in this diminutive island, upon which the small remnant of the worshippers of Buddha and Vishnu perform the ceremonies of their faith. The countless temples of Java attest that Hinduism was not always confined to Bali. Other religions, however, have taken its place, and it will soon, probably, cease to rank among the various and multiplied creeds of the Indian islanders. It is common among the poorer classes of these people to cast their dead into the sea.

Bornean Funerals.—Offerings at the Tomb.—The respect paid to the aged and infirm among the native races of Borneo does not cease with death. On the dissolution of a warrior the Dyaks dress him out in his war habiliments and keep him in his house for ten days. They then convey the body, wrapped in white cloth and placed upon a large litter, to the burial ground, and deposit it, together with a profusion of arms, implements, and provisions, in the grave, over which a large mound is raised and encircled with strong stakes. No warrior can bring an offering more acceptable, as it is supposed, to the spirit of the departed, or more complimentary to the feelings of his friends, than a fresh bleeding head to fix upon one of the stakes. No one ever ventures to pay a visit of condolence to the relatives of the dead unless he has made this grateful offering at the grave. It may readily be imagined, therefore, how the death of one chief or fighting man brings others in its train.

The Road to Paradise.—Among many of the tribes the corpse is not permitted to be buried until a fresh head is ready to decorate the tomb. One principal reason assigned by the natives for this practice is, that the way to Paradise lies over a mighty gulf, across which is placed, as a bridge, the trunk of a single tree, and to accomplish this passage it is necessary that the noble spirit should have the assistance of one or more slaves. Of their souls no account is made.

Strange Burial Place.—Some of the Bornean race burn their dead and bury their ashes in an earthen jar, on a spot set apart for the purpose, and strewn with pottery, pikes, implements, provisions, and human bones. It must be a curious sight for the traveller who, emerging on an open glade in the jungle, should find it thus devoted to the rest of the dead, whose presence below is indicated by these strange decorations. A ghastly head is seldom wanted to complete the grimness of the scene. A burial ground among the Dyaks of Sarawak is situated near a river, upon slightly elevated ground: each grave is entirely covered with a huge bundle of wood, piled to the height of a foot and a half or two feet, and kept together by means of a transverse cross. On the graves of the men are placed numerous ornaments, with sword-scabbards and armlets; while the waist-rings they wore in life decorate the resting places of the women. A jar of water and a vessel of food are placed at the head of each, that the spirit may not want; though whether the spirit ever partakes of this provision appears a problem even to the Dyak races.

Burial Forest.—Funeral Ceremonies.—The appearances presented by a burial forest among the people of Pari in the Kayan territory of Borneo is extraordinary to the last degree. Huge and rudely constructed coffins hang around the branches of the trees, in every direction. Only visited for the purpose of adding to the number of the decaying tenants of these strange depositories of death, the burial forest is as silent as it is curious in appearance. And no less remarkable are the ceremonies which precede the disposal of the body amid the branches of the selected tree: as soon as the Kayan dies his friends and relatives assemble in his house and take their seats around the room. The dead man is then brought in, clothed in his best attire, with a cigar placed in his mouth and a betel-box at his side. The friends then, in turns, offer him certain advice regarding his future welfare; and, having partaken of a feast, go away, when the body is placed in a coffin of large dimensions, and allowed to lie in the house for several months. Another assemblage then takes place; the coffin is borne forth, followed by a long procession, and carried to the appointed spot in the wood, where it is hoisted up amid the topmost branches of some lofty tree, and secured to prevent it from falling, and then left for ever. During the passage from the village to the burial forest the deceased is constantly cautioned not to lose his way. "Follow the road," he is told, "till it branches in three directions; be careful in selecting the centre path, for this will conduct you to your own country, whilst that to the right leads to Borneo, and that to the left to the sea."

Picturesque Burial Grounds.—The burial grounds

which at intervals dot the banks of the Mambakut river are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. They can scarcely be designated as burial grounds, for the tombs generally lie in detached groups, here and there, on elevated spots selected for the beauty of their verdure, and the luxuriance of the flowers which bloom around. Erected on posts ten or twelve feet high, they are clothed with blossoming creepers, surrounded with flowers, and ornamented with curiously painted strips of bark. They form the chief ornaments of the villagers, and are regarded with the utmost respect and veneration. The tombs of great chiefs are even more elaborately ornamented, and are situated on the summits of high hillocks, decorated with gay streamers, with one or two grim skulls, denoting the rank and honour of the deceased.

Ancient Chinese Burial Grounds.—There exist, scattered at wide intervals over the eastern provinces of Borneo, numerous ancient Chinese burial grounds; a fact which Mr. Dalton cites to prove that the country was formerly occupied by a colony from the Celestial Empire. These abodes of the dead appear to have been neatly arranged, though time has nearly obliterated all vestiges of their former beauty. The jungle, with its rank and rich growth of vegetation, is supreme in the wild districts, and these burial grounds, once abandoned by their original possessors, soon yield themselves to its power, and are now only to be discovered by searching around the thickets, where you may at every step meet a tomb, wrapped in a mass of creeping plants. On the summits of several of the mountains, once inhabited by Dyak tribes, who have deserted their former homes and selected more secluded residences in the woods, may be found the ruins of small villages, which, built of light and fragile materials, soon crumble into decay and sink upon the ground. But the narrow houses of the dead, less exposed to the violence of the elements, last long; and when a new tribe comes to take possession of the deserted site, the low mounds, ornamented with arms and implements of husbandry, are often discovered and levelled. Every trace of the burial ground is thus obliterated; and a village, peopled with an industrious and busy tribe, rises upon the spot beneath which the earth is crowded with the mouldering remains of the dead.

The Dyaks often change the site of their abodes, and journey from place to place in the forest or jungle, to allow the soil to lie fallow, and seek a richer for their crops. The villages are generally destroyed, and all that is left is the lonely little burial ground, which in the wood, as on the mountain, is soon concealed with vegetation. The jungle thickens over it, and it is seldom or never disturbed again, save when the rhinoceros turns up the ground with his armed snout, or the lapse of years bring another tribe to settle on the spot.

Wild Tribes of the Koti.—Disposal of the Dead.—On the wild banks of the Koti, on the eastern coast of Borneo, there exist tribes of men so savage, so utterly ignorant of all the arts and charities of civilization that they know neither how to erect for themselves villages, nor to manufacture clothing even of the simplest kind, nor indeed to elevate themselves above the condition of the beast. When any one of them dies his body is burned, and the ashes are deposited in the trunk of a tree hollowed by decay. Other tribes inhabiting the banks of this river bury their dead and allow them to remain under the ground until all but the bones is mouldered away. These are then taken up and placed in a hollow piece of timber, which is deposited in a particular building called by them the Chamber of Bones.

Having thus rambled over a few of the Bornean provinces and marked the most curious of the ceremonies which attend the disposal of the dead among the native races, we naturally step over to Celebes, and find the mode of burial practised there by no means less worthy of attention. Little, however, is known of the island. It has seldom been visited, and still less frequently described; we are enabled, therefore, to select but one or two among the various customs which, without doubt, prevail in an island peopled by so strange a race, divided into so many communities.

Funeral Rites in Celebes.—Cemeteries.—At Tesora, in the Boni territory, it is customary when a person dies to interdict the family and followers of the deceased from partaking of any amusement for the space of one hundred days. They are also enjoined to wear plain clothes; but their abstinence from hilarity and rejoicing is not shared by the other members of the tribe. The poor especially are feasted, in proportion to the means of the deceased, with buffalo and goat's flesh, fowls and sweetmeats. The expense of this entertainment is sometimes lightened by contributions from the friends. Mr. Brooke, during his visit to this place, gained more friendship among the natives by a small present made by him on the occasion of a funeral than he would have acquired by almost any other means. The dead are carried forth to a species of cemetery at some distance from the town, where they are buried. A thatched tomb is erected on the spot, which is enclosed by the foliage of two trees, one planted on either side. Otherwise, few ceremonies mark the event.

Minkoka Funerals.—Among the Minkokas of Celebes few ceremonies attend a funeral, save that a band of fighting men, the friends of the deceased, sally forth with strips of white cloth bound about their foreheads, in search of heads to solemnise the occasion. From twenty to forty are procured, and the body is not allowed to be buried until the required number has been brought in. The graves are situated in picturesque spots, shadowed over by trees, and distinguished by the richness and variety of the vegetation which flourishes around.

Funeral Salutes.—On the western coast of Celebes an immense quantity of gunpowder is expended on the occasion of the death of a petty rajah. For the space of one month after the day of his death as many guns are fired as he was years old; and when the

great rajah dies this daily ceremony is expected for a whole year. This is good for the gunpowder trade, but for little else except to make the people idle and boisterous, for this infinite shooting of guns, if we may be allowed to use Pepys's quaint words, attracts a crowd which continually disperses and is as continually renewed.

Aspect of the Burial Ground.—If the scene of his life continues to be startled by the echoes of artillery, however, the repose of the chieftain after death is silent and undisturbed. His ashes generally lie in some sequestered spot, at the bottom of a deep green valley, or on the slope of a woody hill. A few delicate and fragrant flowers bloom near at hand, and the shade of graceful trees is thrown over the spot consecrated to the repose of the dead. An occasional visitant hovers about the burial ground, but this is seldom.

Anecdote.—The rest of the dead is considered sacred, and few instances of desecration occur. On one occasion, however, a native, having died, was buried with the usual ceremonies in the accustomed place; and about the same time another man, anxious to be admitted into the circle of the brave, was continually baffled in his efforts to obtain the required head. It appears to have occurred to him that, by the exercise of a little courage and ingenuity, he might obtain a head from the burial ground, without the chance of detection. Desperate, and weary of failure, he resolved to accomplish the enterprise, hazardous as it was, at the risk of his life, and, accordingly, late at night left the village and proceeded to his destination. No one was abroad, and he reached the place of tombs uninterrupted, and, proceeding to the new grave, set about laying it open that he might sever the head from the corpse, and thus acquire the reputation of a warrior. He had proceeded far with his task, and was apparently about to drag forth the body, when the swift blow of a scimitar from behind rolled his own head to the ground. The son of the dead man had observed the spoiler's movements, had followed him to the burial ground, and taken this summary method of punishing the desecration of the sacred spot. Returned to the village, he related his achievement and was hailed with universal acclamation. The unfortunate head-hunter was condemned as one of infamous memory, and his head placed above the grave he had attempted to rob. We mention the incident as characteristic of the tribe among whom it is related to have occurred.

Burial Places in Johore.—Funeral Fires.—Curious Superstitions.—Among the Binua of Johore no ceremonies mark the interval between death and burial. The body is simply wrapped in a cloth and carried forth to a grave dug within a short distance of the hut in which the deceased was accustomed to dwell. The aspect of the tomb is curious; a quadrangular frame of wood is placed on the spot, and at the end of this is set an upright piece of bamboo elaborately carved. The whole is often protected by a roof, beneath which it is not uncommon to see a small fire burning all night, to prevent the attendant spirit from crying out and raising a disturbance in the village. This practice is very similar to that observed by the Burman aborigines, whose burial grounds are constantly seen dotted with blazing trees, which present a singular appearance at night. Situated on the slopes of the mountains, they may be observed from a distance, lit up with the flames which burn above every newly made grave for the space of seven successive nights. The same reason is assigned; namely, that if the fires were not kindled the dead would never rest, but burst their shrouds and shriek in the night time, so as to terrify the whole surrounding country. Another singular custom may be observed by the traveller who visits one of the burial-grounds of this wild and superstitious people. This consists in placing a hollow bamboo close to the nose of the corpse of every young child, the upper end of which reaches above ground. To account for this practice, the Burmans say that, in the bodies of young children, there accumulate, after death, a great number of powerful gases, which, if not allowed an outlet by this means, would explode and throw the remains above ground. The consequence of this would be that the infant's mother would be affected in the same manner.

The Malay Peninsula.—The Orang Sabimba, or race inhabiting the extremity of the Malay Peninsula, practise few ceremonies at a funeral. The body is washed, clothed and placed in a grave, with an excavation in the side. The friends of the deceased then throw the earth upon the corpse, and place above it, on the ground, a quantity of rice, an earthen pot, an axe, or hatchet, and several other necessaries, kindling a large fire at the same time. They then depart, praying the dead person not to call them again, or require their future services in any manner, and return to the house he inhabited. On the third and seventh days they visit the burial-ground which, adorned with the multitude of domestic utensils, and the heaps of food, presents a curious appearance. The house of the deceased is then for ever abandoned, and soon falls into ruin.

Desecration of Graves.—The Orang Muka Kuning of Battam bury their dead in a place set apart for the purpose, in graves one foot and a half in depth. A sumpitan, or blow-pipe, is thrust into the ground above the grave of a man, a knife above that of a woman. The hut which the dead have inhabited is deserted; otherwise no ceremonies take place.

The Mintira people plant paddi, plantains, and numerous other vegetable productions about the graves of their dead. These are scattered here and there over the place, that the spirits may not be cold, and some broken weapons and implements are strewn over the ground. The little crop is gathered, and the spot, when covered with graves, is abandoned to the dominion of nature. These people have a belief that certain spirits, known as the Hantu Dago, haunt the graves of the dead, in the forms of deer, and allure the stray passer-by to destruction.

Superstition.—Among several of the Indian tribes the superstition prevails, that if any one scrapes a handful of earth from a new grave, and throws it into a hut, it will cause all kinds of disease and misfortune. Numerous spells are therefore worn, by which the effects of this may be counteracted. The ignorant and barbarous of the human race, are ever apt to create terror out of terrorless objects, and to invest with fear that which in reality possesses no power either for good or for evil. The decaying corpse, mouldering in the grave, is supposed still to exert an influence either for the detriment or benefit of his fellow-creatures, and is accordingly sought to be propitiated by every imaginable ceremony supposed to soothe and please the spirit, which has been withdrawn from among the busy scenes of the upper world.

Burial Caverns.—Inland Burial Grounds.—The places which the islanders of the Meia-co-Sheniah group, select for sepulchre, are generally caverns, hewn in the face of those precipitous edges of rock, which commonly environ their coasts. The bodies are laid in wooden coffins, bound in cerements of a particular texture. Their burial caves, viewed from the sea, present a singular appearance, situated as they are, high above the water, and ornamented with continually renewed garlands. The mourners occasionally make pilgrimages to these spots, bringing with them offerings of flowers and holy water, borne in the sacred clam shell. In other parts of the islands, —the inland portions—shady and secluded places are selected as burial grounds, and tended with reverence and care, so that in time they become endued with a simple beauty, eminently adapted to the purpose to which they are consecrated.

That we may not exceed the limits to which we are confined, we here break off from our account of the manners and modes of burial prevailing among the several barbarous races and nations of the world. We have in the present paper restricted our remarks to the tribes inhabiting the islands and continents which stud and border the great Indian Ocean. Had we attempted to embark on another sea of speculation, extending our observations beyond these limits, and sought to describe the burial ceremonies of China, Tartary, and those numerous other regions, which lie beyond the circle of the present sketch, it would have been difficult, and perhaps impossible to keep within moderate bounds; possibly, on some future occasion, we may recur to this subject, and present our readers with a few additional pictures of burial places and burial ceremonies; until then we quit the topic, and trust that these brief and slight sketches have not been without their interest. Perhaps it may have been perceived from them that throughout the world, civilization, if it has softened and refined, and delicately wrought the usages of primitive antiquity, has not been wanting to impress the savage mind with an idea of the sad and solemn respect due to the dead, due to them and their resting-places. In some instances we have observed that mortality is consigned to its parent earth with rough and rude indecency, but the examples are few. Among the barbarous races of the world, no characteristic is more striking than the reverence and awe with which the living tread the ground set apart for the repose of the dead. The reason is, that they possess but few, and those few incomplete, ideas of a future state, and often imagine that the soul, separated from the body by death, yet occasionally visits it, and often lingers about the spot where the ashes lie. To offend a spirit is the dread of the savage, and he accordingly enters with timid and reverential respect, the precincts of the simple and strangely adorned burial-ground of his forefathers.

NATIONALITY, AND THE WARNING FACTS OF HISTORY.

BY R. H. HORNE.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their peculiar natures and characteristics, and these can never be destroyed or altered, except in accordance with the laws of nature. The student of the mind, and the student of physiology, can equally vouch for this. Conquest and colonization, and new laws, institutions, and languages, may exert their powerful influences, but they can never by any arbitrary process obliterate or transform the handiwork of Providence which has arranged nations after their several varieties. Extermination is not success,—it is failure, and failure of the worst kind. Different nations can only be brought to assimilate by gradual means suitable to the nature of each; and where the natures are extremely different and directly opposed, assimilation never takes place, and national fusion is impossible. In proof of these positions, let us begin our historical sketch with a few familiar illustrations taken from the garden and orchard.

If you graft a golden pippin upon a crab-tree stock, the branches of the graft, or scion, will produce nothing but golden pippins; never once a crab apple. If you graft a crab apple scion upon the stock of a golden pippin, you will get crab apples, or nothing. The most delicate garden rose will grow and flourish upon a wild rose stock; and the wild rose will, perhaps, grow and flourish upon the stock of a delicate garden rose; but in these, and all similar cases, the scion will never do more than receive a tone, nutriment, support, and strength from the parent stock, and will never become *identical* with its nature. Again, roses of various kinds will all grow together upon a wild thorn stock; but never any flower except roses. No pears will grow upon an apple-tree stock; no apples upon a pear-tree stock. An occasional exception, if it appeared, would only be a garden monster. It is so throughout the vegetable (and animal) kingdom. Grafts made contrary to natural laws wither and die; or, if too strong, they destroy the parent.

The laws of nature establish and secure the highest strength and the greatest beauty, together with the utmost variety. To each kingdom of life there is

one common nature, with endless individual variations. The orchards and the wild woods, the plantations and flower-gardens, have all their fibrous feet set in the earth, and their heads turned toward the sunny heavens; and out of this same parental nutriment, what an infinitude of properties and appearances are derived! Thus is it with nations. It is a healthy assimilation that should be sought, and not an irrational effort to discover or produce sameness; it is sympathy, and not uniformity, that is desirable—an exchange of ideas and good feelings, and not mere echoes and reproductions, arbitrary or hereditary opinions and customs. Even the healthy fusion of different nations is seldom the loss of identity to each; nor should it be sought. The highest perfection in man, as in music, must be found in varied harmonies, and not in unisons.

An unchangeable or unvaried condition of a nation, always reproducing the past, and admitting no new elements from other nations, is certain to lead to national deterioration, which, if continued through many centuries, ends in a general imbecility of mind and body. This is peculiarly exemplified in the Chinese. The ingress of the Tartars would have been of the highest benefit, could their influence have been well received, and some degree of fusion of the two races been the result. But the inequality of the Chinese was too positive, the difference of mental and physical character too great, to admit of assimilation. The consequence has been, that the Chinese have remained what they always were, or yet more incapable of energy, and a Tartar dynasty with its Tartar armies has long ruled over them, leaving no prospect of any change in the people or their institutions.

But where the elements of two or more races of people coming together are not too unequal, and the character of the national institutions under which they assemble is favourable to assimilation and the law of fusion, even in this case it can only be accomplished by slow and gradual processes. The original elements of the Roman people, as shown by Niebuhr, were derived from different races. The patrician *caste*, (the *gentes*,) and the great Roman commonalty, (the *plebs*,) reacted upon each other during the whole course of their history. "The fusion of the two," says Dr. Verity, "being completed only by the establishment of the Plebeian consulship, and of intermarriage between the castes, the *connubium* of the Canuleian law."

Nothing but disaster, defeat, and utter failure, has followed all attempts to create by arbitrary means an assimilation between different nations, or even to expediate the process by superseding those necessary gradations which require many years, perhaps centuries, to effect. How great were the errors of this kind committed by Napoleon! How signal and invariable his failure! He forced French institutions upon Italy—excellent in themselves, in so many respects, and undeniably equal to, or superior to anything the Italians, as a nation, have been striving ever since that time to obtain, while in place of narrow-minded and capricious enactments, he substituted steady and enlightened laws, and equal administration of justice. But the institutions and the laws were French, and not Italian, and the national spirit of Italy seized the first opportunity of casting them aside. It was much the same with regard to Switzerland. However good the institutions and laws enforced on the cantons by Napoleon, they were not Swiss, but French, and they had been *forced* upon them. It was not very different with the Rhine provinces. Twenty years of power, and the constant residence of the French, soldiers, merchants, artists, actors, visitors, induced a considerable amenity, the exchange of courtesies and the cultivation of mutual interests. The Rhenish Prussians came to like the French, individually and socially, and the French language had spread through all classes. Still, all this was very much on the surface; the elements of assimilation were wanting, or wanted far more time; and on the first political convulsion, the Prussians threw aside all the foreign influences that affected their nationality. In St. Domingo, the attempt wrought the worst results; a constant resistance, covert or open, and bloodshed and tyranny, were all that came of it, until the power of France was abolished, and all her unsuitable enactments, even where superior to those which had previously existed, were scattered to the winds by the equally infuriate white, black, and mulatto population. The national elements were repugnant, and the inferior felt as much outraged by the violent attempt at subversion and elevation, as though the vilest degradations had been put upon it. And, in one sense, they really were degrading, because intended arbitrarily to supersede the admirable institutions of a noble spirit of the native race, Toussaint l'Ouverture, whose treatment and fate is the darkest spot on the character of Napoleon.

Nor was any real progress made by the nationality of the French in Spain. Internally disordered, priest-ridden, and miserably misruled as Spain had so long been,—a most beautiful country, which only needed a good and powerful master, and where the possession of enlightened institutions and fixed laws, ably administered, (instead of the "Holy Office" with its dungeons and tortures,) might have been expected to induce the greatest tendency to assimilation; and where also the elements of the two nations were sufficiently equal to have rendered a fusion of the races very possible to occur in due process of years; so far from the Spanish nation showing any desire to avail itself of the superiority of internal government set over it by France, the people rose in Guerilla warfare, they called in the assistance of England, and it may truly be said that this movement in Spain was the latent cause of the final overthrow of Napoleon.

But what did Spain herself do in former times? to say nothing of the early conquests and colonizations made by the Portuguese. Confining ourselves to one example, could anything be more striking in proof of all I have said and suggested concerning nationality, than the whole history of the Spaniards in Mexico? The

Spaniards got possession of the country, crowded the chief cities with their own people, and set up new institutions and laws. But instead of any fusion of the two nations taking place, the natives gradually retired before the ingress of the foreigners, till a half-caste of the two races constituted the chief inhabitants of all the cities and towns, and the aborigines (*Paysanos*, or Mexican Indians), took to the woods and valleys and river-borders, and there they remain apart to this day. Their ancient language is lost, it is true, and they all speak a sort of *patois* Spanish, but, with this exception, there has scarcely been any elemental change in the race up to the present time. During the whole of the war for independence against Old Spain, the national insignia on the Mexican banner, of the eagle with a serpent writhing in its beak, was an apt illustration of the struggle; the more so, as it terminated in the last folds of the serpent being torn off from its neck, and dashed away. But in the recent war with North America, it is melancholy to observe how the insignia is reversed, as to its truth,—for Mexico has been the bright serpent seized upon as a prize by the strong bird of prey, and who writhed hopelessly in the grasp of its fierce invader. Can any body doubt the results of the conquest? Mexico will fall quite prostrate, notwithstanding all its spirit of hatred and resistance, before the American grasp, and will eventually become one of its most dis-United States; in fact (as Ireland is with us), its "greatest difficulty." Fusion in the two races is impossible; assimilation impossible. Anglo-American institutions and laws will be forced on a people totally unsuited and averse to them, and in the end the inhabitants of the cities and towns will be composed of their conquerors, and of a caste between the Anglo-Americans and Spanish-Mexicans, while the native *Indianos* become fewer and fewer in number, and at last are extinguished; even as it will be with the numerous tribes of North American Indians, who are so rapidly fading away before the stern trading progress of a remorseless and (in some respects) very questionable civilization.

The conduct of England with regard to New Zealand, or rather, perhaps, we should say, the conduct of those in authority who represented the English government there, has not been characterised by a wise recognition of the peculiarities of a different nationality. If we only take the example which lately occurred, and which produced such contest and bloodshed, we shall at once see that the sufficiently apparent fact of the aborigines being of a totally distinct race from the settlers was not at all taken into consideration. A New Zealand savage steals something from an Englishman; and instead of the authorities handing over the prisoner to a native chief in friendly relation with the settlers, to receive due punishment, the English authorities try the culprit and punish him according to the forms and regulations of the British laws. All sorts of misunderstandings, outrages, and atrocities occurred in consequence.

Concerning our enormous possessions of territory in India, whether England has shown much wisdom in a philosophical and political recognition of nationality, or more strength of the sword and skill in diplomacy, opens far too wide a field to be discussed in the present brief sketch. I must confine myself to a few incidental remarks. Our position in India is anomalous, wonderful. We—the little remote island, truly called *Great* Britain—possess a hundred millions of native subjects in India, among whom a large population of the mixed races is rapidly growing up; and here, therefore, as among the slave populations of the United States of America, a stupendous political problem is at work. A handful of English now govern this vast extent of country; the native aboriginal race is powerless against it; but the movements that may arise among the mixed race, which possesses very superior energies, are not altogether beyond conjecture. We must bear in mind that the Indian army (the sepoys), though in our pay, are natives, and have national sympathies, which we ought not to overlook. I do not mean to say that we are forcing our institutions on the native populations, but we may mismanage them sadly for want of a due recognition of their peculiarities, for want of attention to historical and philosophical facts; in short, for want of a practical consideration of the elements of nationality.

Of the treatment of Poland by Russia, very little need be said. The emperor may have his massacres, order Polish noblemen and ladies to be flogged with rod-sticks or bull's-hide thongs, scatter and distribute the population, send captives in chains and barefooted to work in the mines of Siberia, and cause the name of "Poland" to be erased from the maps; there is a living soul amidst all these things, a national physiology ordained by Providence, which no earthly despotism can touch. Poland is not yet dead; and never, until that death occurs, can it become "Russia."

Something of a less exterminating kind has been recently attempted by Austria with regard to Italy. Disunited as the Italians are, so that the states collectively can hardly be called a substantive nation, there is nevertheless a strong spirit of nationality in the states individually; so strong, yearning, and unconquerable, that it is impossible to believe that a semi-barbarous people like the Austrians should long continue to hold possession of populations with whom they never can approach to the remotest assimilation. Nature has placed a gulf between the two nations. Italy we regard as the mother of learning, of science, of literature, of all the fine arts which the modern world possesses:—what good thing ever came from Austria? In what way, by what great men, has Austria ever benefited mankind at large? Nearly all we ever hear of that country, is concentrated in "Austrian bayonets." The institutions and laws which Vienna forced upon the Lombardo-Venetian and other provinces, never worked in any way except under the pressure of immediate force; and at every interval when this force was withdrawn, or could be

heaved aside, the national spring flew up, the national spirit mounted in the air. In vain, therefore, have been all the long-continued oppressions, in vain the recent victories and vaunts of the old General Radetzski. The two nations were born asunder; they are not united by heaven; nor is all the power of man able to join them, even though all the infernal deities of war be called in to aid.

The Bohemians are a nobler race of people than the Austrians, and naturally averse to assimilate with them, far less endure their yoke. It will be recollected that the Bohemians were very early strugglers for civil and religious liberty. Next to Wickliffe in England, we must place John Huss of Bohemia, a man worthy to rank among "the noble army of martyrs." In the full vigour of his career he was invited by the adverse priests to a conference at Prague. Being unable to confute him by reason, they adopted a shorter course—they burnt him. The national spirit of a country which produces such men can form no elementary alliance with Austrians. That there is something more in the people at large of the latter country than their old despotic system of government has hitherto afforded any fair means for development by individual energies, seems probable, if we may judge by recent events. Up to this period, however, we can but regard the Austrians as a race far less highly organized than the Bohemians, and unsuited to a national union, especially a forced one. The same, to a considerable degree, may be said of the Hungarians. They are a different and superior race of people, and wish to form no alliance with "Austrian bayonets," far less to be held subject to the old ideas of an advanced philosophy of government which those banded instruments represent. Let the present struggle be a witness.

Of the vexed question of English rule in Ireland, with all the conflicting views of politics which seem to be inseparable from the discussion, nothing shall here be said. We must confine ourselves to our subject, which is of too great an expanse to admit of any party views or local influences. Whatever be the cause—whether we trace it to the blood derived from old Spain, or that we prefer to give it the general denomination of Celtic—it is quite certain that very marked and strong national peculiarities exist in Ireland, and that these are of a singularly different kind to those of England. The same may be said of Scotland. But it has so fallen out, through a long course of events, that the peculiarities of Ireland and England, instead of working to a national union by assimilation and a gradual fusion of the races, have always been antagonistic, so that they are as far asunder, and their elements as hopelessly disunited, as ever. A period of re-action is not only natural, but advantageous to the gradual process of fusion; in Ireland, however, the re-action has never ceased, and the process of fusion, or even of the preliminary assimilation, in a national point of view, has not even commenced. I will here quote the words of a profound writer, who is by no means as well known as he deserves to be, in a work entitled, "Changes produced in the Nervous System by Civilization, considered according to the evidence of physiology and the philosophy of history, by Robert Verity, M.D."

"These two series of phenomena—re-action and fusion—will be observed to follow one another, at successive intervals, throughout the history of nations; and when thus continuously reiterated, and properly proportioned to each other, contribute by their antagonism to the healthful and harmonious development of the highest civilization."

"The want of adjustment between these two laws will be found to mark the period of decline in the progress of nations. Either without the other is destructive of society. Re-action without fusion causes permanent unsettlement of the social elements;" (this is exactly the case with Ireland;) "it is the *first* step in all political and social reforms. It is, on the contrary, the *only* principle of revolutions. The great end of agitation is to excite re-action. Alone, without fusion, re-action leads, through anarchy and functional disturbance of the national brain—so to speak—to a degeneration of race, and dissolution of the body politic. The longer legitimate re-action is provoked and prolonged by deep rooted resistance," (and may not this closely apply to England with regard to the sister nation?) "the more do the social elements become loosened and dispersed, and at length fevered. Fusion and a return to a healthful condition, is, in consequence, proportionately retarded, or even altogether prevented; and a disastrous revolution may be effected, where only a reform was needed."

The book from which I quote was published in 1839, and the foregoing extract is only the generalized view of a philosopher, without special reference to any particular nation. Recent events, however, have gone far to display the soundness of his speculations.

The following remarks, however, have a direct reference:—

"First, hostile collision, then assimilative re-action must precede the new national fusion."

"The history of Great Britain, from the Heptarchy, through the Conquest and its social revolutions, down to the Reform of the present day, affords an illustration of the law. In Ireland, the old Celtic races will become much sooner assimilated to British civilization, in proportion as the same social and political systems are made to operate fairly upon both countries."

"The French Canadians must go through this process of disintegration before they can be assimilated to the British system and language. If left, as they now are, in the position of an isolated foreign body in the state, they will surely follow this law of re-action, and ever tend to separate from the power which antagonizes them. Their re-action may be expected to occur over and over again, until some measures of pacific assimilation be adopted."

What volumes of furious, life-wasting, party-spirited speeches—to say nothing of party passions—

might be superseded by a few rational reflections like the foregoing!

I commenced this historical sketch by a few homely illustrations, drawn from the cultivation of gardens and orchards. Let me conclude it in the same way: "For if thou wert cut out of the olive tree which is wild by nature, and wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive tree: how much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree?"—*Rom.* xi. 24. Herein is comprised the main principle of the junction of nations of different races. It must not be contrary to the nature of either. Sir Thomas Browne, commenting on the above passage, in *Certain Miscellany Tracts,* (Tract I.) makes these remarks: "Insitio melior est similium in similibus; for the nearer consanguinity there is between the scion and the stock, the readier comprehension is made, and the nobler fructification." According, also, to the latter caution of Laurenbergius, (*De Horticultura,*) "Arbores domesticæ insitioni destinatæ, semper anteponendæ sylvestribus. And though the success be good, and may suffice upon stocks of the same denomination, yet, to be grafted upon their own and mother stock, is the nearest insition; which way, though less practised of old, is now much embraced, and found a notable way for melioration of the fruit; and much the rather if the tree to be grafted on be a good and generous plant—a good and fair olive, as the apostle seems to imply by a peculiar word, (καλλιέλαιον,) scarce to be found elsewhere."

Nations have their distinct individualities as well as men; and in all unions and desired mixture and fusion of races, where these distinctions are not sufficiently considered and wisely dealt with, nothing but contest and disruption ensues from first to last, terminating only with the extinction (which is not fusion, be it remembered, but failure,) of the weaker race.

Practical gardening tells us these facts. If you join a graft and a stock against nature, no good comes of it. They either produce nothing, or nothing worth having. Perhaps the scion will not take hold, or if it do take hold, it bears no fruit, or only some meagre garden-monster, or the scion withers. For either the stock grows too fast for the scion, and chokes it, or pushes it off; or the scion grows too fast for the stock, and then the first gust of wind blows it off; and sometimes a strong scion will fairly grow itself off.

The Anglo-Americans were scions of the English stock; they grew too fast for the parent, and grew themselves off, putting forth roots of their own in a new soil. In like manner, we may lose Canada, and other colonies, (perhaps even India,) if we do not more philosophically consider the necessity of giving institutions and laws suited to the respective nationalities; and if we do not also remodel our Colonial Office on a scale proportioned to the enormous increase of those foreign branches whose roots we still hold packed even to bursting in the narrow receptacle at home. Our Colonial Office is a small counting-house with maps and ledgers, instead of a grand national, or rather many-nationed, observatory, overlooking vast seas, and territories beyond, almost as vast, covered with divers races of mankind.

As for poor, starving, entangled, half-maddened Ireland, we cannot, of course, call ourselves its parent stock; but we are, geographically, a twin bough which has grown so prodigiously in advance of its unprosperous sister, that it has drawn off and absorbed nearly all the nutriment which should go to its increase, and it consequently withers in some parts, grows wild and awry in others, and threatens to break off with some gust of wind, if it does not utterly decay.

Perhaps the best possible illustration of the many favourable circumstances required for the fusion of mixed races, is presented by England at the present time. It has taken many generations to effect it. On the original Celtic stock were grafted the Roman scions; then came strong grafts from the Saxon tribes; "and lastly," says Dr. Verity, "the national character received its full accession of strength and impulse from the flower of the Scandinavian races in the Norman invasion and settlement. It was the union of the two great elements of modern civilization, the Roman and the Germanic; the one giving us our municipal institutions and government, the other our sense of individual liberty and independence." It is, moreover, observable that in those portions of the United Kingdom of Great Britain which the above elements of new powers did not reach—such as the mountainous districts of Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, and, yet more extensively, the remote parts of Ireland—the varied intelligence, skill, and refinements of civilization, have made so little progress, that great numbers of the inhabitants of those districts are still in many respects the very same kind of people as those of the ages which first emerged from barbarism.

THE HISTORY OF A HOUSEHOLD.[1]

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Chapter VI.—The Sister's Secret.

Some wiseacres argue that family affection is a mere habit, the result of constant association, or else springing from similarity of tastes, and therefore quite distinct from the instinct of parental love, or the passion that gives rise to conjugal attachment. Thus they say, brothers and sisters parted for any length of time soon lose the custom of loving one another, and become like strangers. This seems a cold selfish theory, but I will not argue against it, especially as in many instances it appears only too true. That the tie of kindred, not strengthened by those qualities which command esteem, is of itself sufficient to create and maintain love, is a great mistake. But when to those family bonds are added

(1) Continued from vol. ix. p. 203.

the firmer ones of true friendship, no tie is so complete and lasting.

When Margaret left us, we long missed and regretted her, but in time we learned to think of her in her happy wedded state, and she seemed no longer one of us. Perhaps this was in some measure owing to herself. After she had recovered from the acute agony which Herbert's death had evidently caused, her letters were full of her new life,—a life of splendour and gaiety. The brilliant wife of Colonel Worthington, with her servants and her palanquins, her richly dressed children, her gorgeous entertainments, was not our pretty Margaret playing about the meadows, singing her happy songs, and devoting herself to the care of her twin brother. Our sad change made the difference more apparent, and when, after our mother's death, which happened when she had patiently borne a few widowed years, Margaret's letters became rare, and at last totally ceased, we neither wondered nor grieved much at the circumstance. We still spoke and thought of Margaret as she had been in our childish days, and, though living, her memory seemed linked with that of the departed Herbert.

A sense of independence, which would not suffer her to owe subsistence even to her brother, made Kate steadily refuse to make my house her home. She still remained in the family to whom she had at first gone; they loved and valued her, and Kate always told me she was very happy. I advanced slowly but surely in my profession; Dora, now grown into blooming girlhood, kept my house, and was a sage and skilful little maiden, the image of what Kate used to be at her age, only that in grace and beauty she was more like Margaret.

Miles was my sole cause of care. He was now a tall handsome youth, high-spirited and ardent alike in good or evil. After much anxiety I had succeeded in obtaining for him a situation in a merchant's office, and with more difficulty still I prevailed on him to accept of it. From his childhood the boy's delight had been in guns and pistols, and the summit of his wishes was to enter the army; but this was now out of the question. I used all arguments of reason and principle, while sweet little Dora tried the more womanly means of soothing persuasion, and, to tell truth, I believe these succeeded the best. Perhaps there was in the influence of an elder brother something that appeared to Miles very like command, the very shadow of which chafed his proud spirit to the uttermost. I might not have been gentle enough with the boy, for his nature was so opposite to my own; but I saw that when Miles yielded, and began his daily duties at the office, it was more owing to Dora's tears and caressing entreaties than to my grave arguments.

Miles still lived with me, for I remembered my poor father's last charge, and determined that as long as they were willing, none of his surviving children should want a shelter under their eldest brother's roof. Nevertheless, after he had entered the office, I saw very little of him, for my duties as a surgeon in full practice called me much from home, and often we never met for weeks except at the early and hasty breakfast. But Miles's employers spoke well of him, and I knew that he spent his evenings with Dora, between whom and himself there had always subsisted the same affection as between Kate and me. That she would guide the wayward youth of her brother in all good things, I fully trusted; indeed, she was as anxious about him as I was myself; so much so, that when the first six months of his engagement at the office were near their termination, when his salary would begin, I was not much surprised to see Dora looking pale and careworn. But she only smiled at my interrogations, told me she was quite content, and had nothing on her mind to annoy her. So I only prescribed the favourite remedies of early hours, air, and exercise, and declared my intention of sending my little housekeeper on a visit somewhere, as she must be dull at home; but she steadily refused to go. It would certainly have been a pain to me to miss her pretty smiling face, so I gave up the point without much contest.

One night,—or rather morning, for it was past two o'clock,—I came home, and having noiselessly entered, as was my wont, I was proceeding to my own room, heartily hoping that the fire, which Dora always left burning in readiness for me, was not quite out, that I might try to get warm after the freezing night ride. On the stairs I stopped, for the door of my sister's little sitting-room was open, and I heard her voice and that of Miles in earnest conversation.

I may be thought mean—perhaps I was—and yet I solemnly declare it was from a motive for which I need not blush; but the words that met my ears made me stand rooted to the spot. I could not pass on, I durst not enter the room. Miles was saying, with fierce energy,

"If you go and tell Bernard, Dora,—if you let fall a word to make him suspect it,—I will shoot myself on the spot, before your very eyes."

A smothered scream from Dora made me shudder, for I well knew Miles's desperate nature, and that he would not scruple to do as he threatened.

"Miles, oh Miles! God forgive you for those wicked words," she sobbed at last.

"They shall be deeds if you do not promise this moment."

"I will, I do promise: you know I have never betrayed you all these weeks, months, that I have sat up for you night after night, lest he should know how late you came home."

"Why did you do it? I never asked you," said Miles, sullenly.

"Because I loved you, Miles; because I knew if Bernard were angry you would not bear it, but would go away from home, and perhaps get among worse companions than you have now. And to think that you should have done this wickedness; that you should have deceived your master; that my noble, handsome, good brother should be a—"

"Don't say the word, or you will kill me, Dora," hoarsely muttered the boy, and a long silence ensued. I dared not move, lest they should hear me. I hardly breathed. What was this dreadful word?

At last Miles said, "Take away your arm, Dora, don't mind me any more; who cares for me now? They may come and take me to prison. Go away, and leave me."

"*I* care for you, Miles; *I* will never leave you. You shall not be found out. I must think what we can do," answered Dora, speaking very quickly. "Tell me how much money you—you took away."

I did not catch Miles's answer, but his sister drew a deep breath, as if relieved from a heavy weight.

"And how much have you left of it?"

"Only ten pounds."

Dora went to a cabinet in her little room, and I heard the jingling of coins.

"Now, Miles," she said, and her grave earnest voice sounded fearfully solemn, "here is a hundred pounds. I saved it out of my own little earnings in painting flowers, and out of the money our kind brother allows me for dress. For what purpose I saved it," and her voice trembled a little, "is of no moment now. I will give it to you, if you will solemnly promise to do what I tell you."

"Bless you, Dora, bless you," murmured the boy, in broken tones, "I do promise, I swear it."

"Then go to-morrow morning to your master; he is a good man, he knew my father well, and will not be harsh to his son. Take him the money, tell him the whole truth, and beg him not to prosecute you."

"But that wretch who urged me to it, he will tell. I dare not stay in this place, he would hunt me to the death."

"Then you shall go abroad. I know your master told Bernard he intended to send you to Jamaica. I will implore him to do so still."

"And you will never tell Bernard?"

"I will not, if you fulfil your promise. And now, go to rest. Come to me for the money to-morrow morning, and oh! Miles, for the love of God—for the sake of poor Dora—never do so wickedly again."

Before Miles left his sister's room, I was in my own. How my heart yearned towards that noble girl, when I met her at breakfast the next morning, calm and cheerful, as if she had not gone through the agonies of the previous night. I forgave her all the love-incited dissimulation which she had shown towards me, for the sake of her noble devotion to that poor misguided boy.

The fearful uncertainty of the next few days I cannot even look back upon without pain. Sometimes I thought I would tell the good merchant that I was aware of all, and add my entreaties to Dora's; but I knew the pride of Miles, and that the idea that I was acquainted with his guilt, would perhaps drive him back to his evil courses. I cannot describe the relief it was when his excellent master told me that the ship would sail for Jamaica in a week, and that Miles must be ready to leave.

He did leave, and never by word or look did his sister betray his sin. Many years after, when Miles had made his home in that far country, content with the certainty that he should never see England more, and when Dora was a wife and mother, I told her by what chance the story had come to my knowledge, how I had kept the secret, and would do so for ever. She only answered to my warm praises and blessings with her own sweet smile.

"And for all this you have never been rewarded, Dora?"

"Yes," she replied, "for I have saved my brother."

Chapter VII.—The Trial.

Before Dora had reached her twentieth year, she left my house for the home of a beloved husband, the son of my good partner, Dr. Cleveland. Her wedding reminded us too much of the day when Margaret left us, to be very mirthful. Yet I gave my youngest sister away with the fullest confidence that she would be happy; and those hopes were realized. There was no life-long parting either, for Dora and George Cleveland made their home within a few miles of me, and uncle Bernard was, and is to this day, an equal favourite with the elder and younger inhabitants of that pretty parsonage.

On the evening of Dora's wedding-day, Kate and I sat by our own fireside, and talked over old times.

"You will not leave me again, Kate?" I said; "we will live together as bachelor brother and maiden sister, now that all the young people are married and gone away."

Kate smiled and consented. Her own pupils were grown up, and she was glad to find a home with me My sister and I looked at one another by the dim fire-light. How much we had gone through, and how different we were to that happy Bernard and Kate who had been playfellows at the old home, were thoughts that doubtless passed through the minds of both, but they were not uttered. Kate had arrived at the late summer of womanhood: she was past thirty; the curves of her round cheek had grown sharper, and there was a look in her soft eyes as if she had seen much sorrow. Sometimes I wondered why she had not married, for surely some one must have been won by her goodness and sweetness, even though she was not dazzlingly beautiful. But she never mentioned the subject, nor did I allude to it, for it was one on which my own heart was too sore. I had a dream once myself which no one knew; I have not spoken of it here, nor shall I, it was so long ago. It was only a dream, and like a dream it passed away, but it was the reason that, to the surprise of all my friends and acquaintance, Dr. Bernard Orgreve, with tolerably good looks, good manners, and good fortune, at seven-and-thirty, was still unmarried.

I have hitherto played more a passive than an active part in this family history, but I must now come to personal confessions. I think even now with mingled feelings of the forthcoming passage in my

life; but it hardly becomes a septuagenarian to indulge in such emotions. As we grow older, life becomes dim in the distance; we cast our eyes over the grand panorama of our past existence, as it is spread out before us, and wonder if we ever trod those intricate and thorny ways as sunny paths, or if it were all a delusion, and we have never been otherwise than grey-headed old men and women.

Kate had been with me about a year when our little circle of society, such as a provincial town affords, was enlivened by a new face. And a very pretty one too was that of Miss Myra Vaughan, as I could not but acknowledge when she came with the old lady whose guest she was, to pay a visit to my sister. She and Kate had been old acquaintance,—quite intimate friends, Miss Vaughan said,—at the house which had been Kate's home for so many years. I too remembered having heard my sister mention her, and therefore I was not surprised, when after a few weeks Myra Vaughan was upon the footing of an old friend in our home.

And now let me describe this girl, of whom I shall have much to say. She was hardly beautiful,—she had neither Margaret's dazzling bloom, nor even Kate's regular features, and yet there was something irresistibly attractive in her looks and words. She sang well, talked well, danced well, was equally pleasing in the ball-room or by the quiet fireside, and her manner, sometimes lively, sometimes serious, suited itself to all moods. I could not resist so many attractions; in short, I, the grave Bernard Orgreve, was in love at last, and seriously thinking of marriage. In my eyes Myra was faultless, and I was surprised, sometimes almost angry, that Kate did not seem to think so too. Her manner towards our new friend was always courteous,—she did not resist her advances; but there was an inexplicable coldness, that was perceptible to me though not perhaps to others, and I knew was not like my own warm-hearted sister Kate.

As my attentions grew more pointed, the world—our little world—began to chatter about Myra and myself. I did not care for it in the least, for I felt that I loved her with the deep affection of a man whose boyish sentiment had merged into feelings more intense and lasting. At my age no man ever loves lightly, and even now I tremble to think how strangely that girl had entwined herself round every fibre of my heart. I only waited for some trifling betrayal that might give me a chance of ascertaining her feelings towards myself, to ask her at once to be my wife. At last the moment came. She told me she was going away. A slight sigh, a glistening in her dark eye, a broken declaration of regret, seemed to declare that the parting would be painful to her. The room whirled round with me—we were in a crowded party, or I could not have repressed my feelings. I went home, determining that the next day should decide the matter,—that Myra should leave behind her a rejected lover, or stay and become my wife.

Kate was sitting up for me when I reached home. She did not always share in the gaieties in which I had joined so much of late—for whose sake, my heart told me but too well.

"You look pale, Bernard," she said; "you are not ill, I hope. What made you come home so early?"

I muttered something unintelligible, and sat down. I felt that I ought to tell Kate, who had been for so long the sharer of my joys and sorrows, what was in my heart; that she had a right to be acquainted with the important step I contemplated, and yet I knew not how to unfold it. Her woman's feelings must long have discovered my secret, for I had often caught her earnest eyes resting on Myra and myself, though she never breathed a word to me that she guessed my love. But now she evidently perceived that I had something to disclose. She came over to me, laid her hand on my shoulder, and said gently,

"My dear Bernard, tell me what you are thinking of? you never used to have any secrets from Kate."

"Nor will I now. You may have guessed what I am going to tell you."

"It is about Myra Vaughan?"

"Yes. She told me to-night that she is about to leave us. I cannot bear to part with her. I am going to-morrow to ask her to be my wife and your sister."

I had proceeded thus far and stopped. I could not meet Kate's eye, and we were both silent for some minutes.

"I had foreseen this," she said at length. "Do you think she will make you happy?"

"Can you doubt it?" I exclaimed, and burst out into a lover's passionate praises, ending by an angry declaration that Kate disliked Myra through jealousy of my love for her.

A tear of wounded feeling showed me how unjust I had been to my sweet sister.

"Forgive me, Kate. I do not think less of you; but I do love her so much."

"My poor Bernard! And you think she loves you? Listen to me. Women know one another's real character better than men can do. Do not be angry when I say that Myra Vaughan, graceful and winning as she is, is not worthy to marry my brother. Do not ask her, Bernard. I doubt if she really loves you, and even if you wedded her, she would make you miserable. She is gay, extravagant, heartless."

"You cannot prove this. You are sorely belying my own Myra. I do not believe it," I cried in violent anger, rising to retire."

Kate turned her pale sad face towards me.

"Bernard, since you will not be convinced, I will tell you what, but for this, would have never passed my lips. You think I cannot understand your feelings; that I have never loved. I *have;* and with that love which can be felt but once, and for one. He who sought me, and wooed me when I was away from home, poor and dependent, had qualities to win any girl's heart. He told me he loved me; I believed

him, and we were affianced: but a young girl came, a brilliant dazzling coquette. She stole his heart from me, knowing him to be my betrothed, and I saw that he loved me no longer."

"And what did you do, Kate?"

"What every right-minded woman who loves for love's own sake, must do. I freed him from all bonds towards me; he murmured a little, but I knew that he was glad to be released. Oh, the agony of that knowledge! And I saw, too, that she who had beguiled him was only trifling with him; for he was too poor to give her the station she sought, and he was only one out of many she had won and cast away. That girl's name was Myra Vaughan."

I started to my feet.

"Kate, you are deceiving yourself and me. It is through bitter feeling that you speak against her, and would hinder your brother from marrying the girl he loves, because she came between you and your lover."

Bitterly have I since regretted that cruel speech. Kate turned, and looked full in my face—what agony was depicted in her own!

"If it be as you say, Bernard, do you not see that if Myra were your wife, Vernon Gray—I can utter his name. now—would be free; that we might meet one day, and he might feel as of old towards me, for I know he did love me dearly once."

And Kate buried her face with her hands, while the long-suppressed tears fell through her fingers. Oh! how this love had hardened my heart, when I could leave my own true-hearted sister in her sorrow, with only a cold good-night. I did not see Kate again until I had proposed to Myra Vaughan, and been rejected!

After she was gone, the talkative old lady whom she had visited told us, with many "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," that Miss Vaughan was staying with an old friend of hers, a Mrs. Grey, whose only son had lately come into a large property. In two months we saw in the county paper the marriage of Myra Vaughan and Vernon Grey. As we read it, Kate and I pressed each other's hand with a mournful smile, saying,

"Now we must live only for one another."

Chapter VIII.—The True Heart's Reward.

Kate and I went on our way through life with calmness and peace. We learned to look on the past without pain, and towards the future with quiet patience. Our lot, if not perfect in happiness, was at least free from gnawing cares. We loved one another with a sincerity and tenderness which years rather increased than diminished, and had now no secrets from each other; and it might be that the fatality which had blighted our hopes in the same blow, only drew us nearer together. The names of Vernon and of Myra were never uttered by us; we seldom heard them breathed elsewhere, for their home and fate were totally different from ours. We only knew that the marriage had proved an unhappy one.

Five years had passed since the last sad epoch in Kate's life and mine, when I was called out one stormy March night from my warm cheerful parlour, to attend a pressing case—a gentleman who had met with an accident in passing through the town.

"Who is he?" I asked of my summoner, the waiter at the inn, who stood bowing at the parlour-door while I put on my great coat. I was getting a middle-aged man now, and had learned to take care of myself.

"He is a stranger, sir; all we know is that his name is Mr. Grey."

Kate changed colour; she always did at the mention of that name, common though it was, and often as she heard it, but never without a thrill at her heart. I bade her go to rest, and set off to my patient. It was Vernon Grey whose sick-bed I had thus, by a strange chance, been called to attend.

He started when he heard my name announced, and often, even during the acute pain of setting his wounded arm, I caught his eyes fixed on my face with a troubled expression. I had been thought like Kate, and I did not wonder at his gaze. I, too, could not look upon the husband of Myra without a feeling of pain. At last, when the operation was concluded, and my patient was quietly laid on his bed, I asked if I could write to any relative to come and stay with him—Mrs. Grey?"

"My wife has been dead a year," he answered, abruptly; "I have no relatives."

And so she was dead! she whom I had loved so well—the brilliant, fascinating Myra! and her husband spoke thus coldly of her. I hastily bade him good night and departed, for my heart was full of the past. Myra had blighted my sister's love,—she had scorned mine,—and yet I could not hear of her death without a pang. I went to Kate, who sat just as I had left her.

"Kate," said I, hoarsely, "it is Vernon Grey; he is here; he will soon recover, and Myra is dead."

I rushed to my own chamber, and wept over the memory of my lost love.

I will not linger over the relation of Vernon Grey's restoration to health, and how Kate and he again met. His marriage had been unhappy, as we before knew, for she who had lured his heart from Kate cared little for her prize; and the image of my gentle sister rose up before him in strong contrast to his gay and worldly wife. But peace to the memory of the dead, for I loved her once—oh, how well!

Vernon Grey again wooed his first love—his only true one—for the second had been but a dazzling of the fancy. I scarcely thought him worthy of my noble sister; but then Kate had loved him once, and loved him still. She pleaded to me for him, spoke of his high principles, his affectionate heart; and while I smiled at her woman's trust and loving forgiveness, I bade her wed him and be happy.

"I will not take your sister far away from you, for you are more worthy of her than I," said Vernon Grey; and so he bought an estate near, that Kate might see her brother every day.

Once again our neighbours saw a wedding go forth from Dr. Bernard Orgreve's doors. I have beheld younger and fairer brides than the one I now attended to the altar, but never did I look upon a face more beaming with chastened happiness than Kate's. Of what moment was it that a few white threads mingled with the dark hair, and that the hand which received the golden symbol, had shrunk a little from its round proportions? Kate was still fair, for she had the beauty given by a tender heart; a meek spirit, and that love which "beareth, hopeth, forgiveth all things."

It is time that I should end this simple history. From the period of Kate's marriage I lived as I live now, in tranquil solitude. After forty a man does not easily love again, nor is he likely to inspire love; he is too old for the young fresh hearts, and the worn and withered ones are too old for him. I do not say that this is invariably the case, for love is a perennial plant which can sometimes bloom as fair in life's autumn as in its spring. But with me it had already blossomed and faded; I did not love again. Yet, though now time's circles are narrowing around me, and I look towards the close of life, not as a distant prospect, but as a valley so near that my feet even now are entering its borders, I am not mournful. I look back upon a long course, which, if a weary one, has not been devoid of many pleasant resting-places. My life has not been wasted; I have striven to work while it was day, remembering the coming night. If no wife or children brighten my fireside in my old age, I have at least other ties almost as dear. Dora's gay troop of boys and girls love me as well as children of my own could have done, and Kate and her husband share with me the calm enjoyments of a green old age. It is pleasant to think that, were death to come, the old bachelor would be missed in more than one home, happy though it be. And come death soon, or come he late, I fear not. I am contented here; I have many sweet ties that I would not wish to leave, but I have more in the land where there is no parting.

Attached to the manuscript which relates this History of a Household, is a sentence written in a formal lawyer's hand, a strong contrast to the old man's trembling characters, "Died, June 19th, 18—, Dr. Bernard Orgreve, aged 89. He was the last of the family."

A PAPER ON PENMANSHIP.

Q.

"Non est aliena res, quæ ferè ab honestis negligi solet, cura benè et velociter scribendi.... Quare, quùm semper et ubique, tum præcipuè in epistolis secretis et familiaribus, delectabit, ne hoc quidem neglectum reliquisse.—QUINCTILIAN.

IT is a saying attributed, I believe, to Talleyrand, "The use of words is to conceal thoughts." It is to be hoped that this sentiment is less extensively prevalent than one which, although not avowed, appears unquestionably entertained by a numerous generation—*that the use of writing is to conceal words.* Many gentlemen (alas, that truth forbids us to except ladies!) who would be not a little offended at the charge of intending one thing and doing another, do nevertheless so employ their pens, that, if they designed their readers, or rather would-be readers, to comprehend as much of their writing as of phonography or Teloogoo, they could not act to that end more efficiently.

Hannah More felicitously called unintelligible writing "one of the minor immoralities." I suppose she meant, that to do all things as well as possible is part of our duty: and inasmuch as very little pains and attention are requisite to enable any person to write legibly, illegible writing argued a degree of culpable remissness and a disorderly habit. Courtesy, too, is a duty; and it is scarcely courteous to occupy the time and exhaust the patience of your correspondents in *deciphering* for hours what they might *read* in minutes.

I am very far from wishing to insinuate that illegible writers may not have a very keen sense of what is due from them in every way. I have the advantage of being acquainted with some, whom, save in this one particular, I should deem it a privilege, however distantly, to imitate. In their attention to higher things, they overlook one which they conceive so very inferior and unimportant that it does not deserve a thought. But surely it were better they did not. Attention to matters of importance does not necessarily imply neglect of less momentous concerns. An orator does not disregard clearness of enunciation, or even expression of tone, because he considers matter and diction more important; nay, perhaps, for that very reason, he endeavours to give his language and his argument all the advantage they can derive from an impressive delivery. There surely is not that difference between speaking and writing as vehicles of thought, that the very contrary courses should be adopted by the speaker and the writer. It is as though the speaker should purposely stammer, that his hearers might pay attention, not to the vigour of his arguments or the eloquence of his illustrations, but to the far-between portions of his words, in order that they might link them together; and to the distant exordia of his sentences, that they might remember them till his perorations in due time arrived. Whatever the logical or rhetorical power of such an orator, he would be understood by few, and few of those few could he impress. For the most part, his rising would be the no distant prelude of empty benches. And should he carry his practice into private conversation, he would, like Horace's declaimer, put learned and unlearned alike to flight,[1] or, like the ancient mariner, must hold his friends down ere they would hear him; when it is certain that they would not listen like a three years' child; unless that comparison be taken to express fractiousness and

(1) "Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus."—*De Art. Poet*

impatience. Yet where is the difference between an amateur stammer and an amateur scrawl? Shakspeare himself, if we must read him in the penmanship of many of our acquaintance, would become an unintelligible bore—and it needs no small intimacy, patience, and good nature, to reconcile us to the task of reading some of the mystic perpetrations which we are all destined, at some time or other, to assail.

Notwithstanding the closeness of the analogy, there is every difference in the treatment which the stammerer and the scrawler respectively receive at the hands of society. The former, who, on account of the unpopularity of the accomplishment, is always such through infirmity, is barely tolerated; the latter, though perfectly capable of amendment, is encouraged to persist in his delinquency, by two strange but prevalent opinions,—1, that bad writing is the characteristic of a gentleman; 2, that it is an indication of genius.

There is no conceivable reason why stammering should not be as much the badge of gentility and the heritage of genius as unintelligible writing. But for the present let us try the question on its own separate merits, and without reference to any analogies.

As to the first of these views, I am afraid we are become so refined and fastidious that nothing would reconcile us to a "writing-master" hand: a gentleman who should adopt it, would incur grave suspicion of having exercised that plebeian vocation, if not of having sat in the counting-house, or even behind the counter. How far this is a reasonable prejudice, I will not undertake to decide. But if it be, still it does not follow that the abandonment of one kind of legible writing involves the adoption of one which is illegible. A gentleman in a ball-room may not wish to be mistaken for a dancing-master; but he may avoid that imputation without tripping up his partner. He who should do so would make a good bargain were he mistaken for nothing worse. A gentleman may sometimes so far avoid all suspicion of his ever having *been* a writing-master, that he may incur that of never having *had* one. How

"The crooked scrawls of many a *clownish* hand"

should be the distinctive character of *gentlemen*, seems not easy to comprehend. A coarse, clumsy demeanour, or voice, or address, would be fatal to the claim. Why should a coarse clumsy hand-writing support it? That some gentlemen do indeed write such abominations, is but too well known to their correspondents; and some of these gentlemen, it is not unlikely, are influenced by the notion that they are thereby upholding their position in society; but, to the honour of common sense, there is a host of others, who, while they act and speak and compose like gentlemen, are not afraid of any degradation in making themselves intelligible on paper.

If genius be indicated by illegible writing, the world has to congratulate itself on the possession of a much larger proportion of that quality than is ordinarily supposed to exist in it. At this rate, it can scarcely boast an inhabitant who is not acquainted with many writers of genius, if he have not the happiness to possess this criterion of genius himself. The world, it seems, knows nothing of its greatest men. Beside, it is rather an awkward fact, that some tolerably clear penmen have obtained a little reputation for genius therein. The autograph of Shakspeare is remarkably distinct. I have now lying before me the writing of Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, Keble, Talfourd, Dickens, Longfellow, Thackery, Tennyson, Porson. As I do not consider genius and imagination merely convertible terms, I venture to add the last name to the list. The penmanship of all these writers is eminently clear; that of the last three not surpassed by the finest typography. If, then, genius of the highest order is quite compatible with an intelligible hand, while a very humble amount of talent will suffice for the acquirement of a scrawl, the notion of affinity between genius and illegibility is as little supported by facts as it is by common sense.

But, granting the monstrous supposition of affinity between genius and bad writing, (as if genius could have *affinity* with any thing bad,) whatever is bad ought surely to be rejected. The *faults* of genius are not to be imitated. Men of genius have sometimes squandered health and property in profligacy, —dodged their creditors through life. And such an erratic course has been deemed characteristic of genius, with about as good reason as assigns the same distinction to distorted penmanship. But even if this view were true, it would scarcely follow that such a course was worthy of imitation. "Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile." It may seem strange to some that, because they are in awe of a tipstaff, they are not Sheridans, and though they are forgers, they are not Chattertons. Yet, strange as it may seem, it is true; and if they never carry their imitation beyond this mark, they will never be any nearer to the models of their ambition.

It were well if some people would expend a little time in learning to write distinctly, were it only to save themselves, as well as their neighbours, many unpleasantnesses. An example or two, recorded on good authority, may set this matter in a clearer light.

It was said of a late eminent chancery barrister, that he wrote three hands only—one which none but himself and his clerk could read; one which none but himself could read; and one which he himself could not read. In one of the two former, it is said, he once addressed a note to a friend, who recognised the writing, but was utterly unable to comprehend the purport. After many unavailing assaults and prostrated conjectures, as a desperate resource, he dashed a bottle of ink over a sheet of paper, signed his name at the bottom, folded the sheet, and addressed it to his enigmatical friend, whose astonishment on opening it was boundless. Instantly he hurried to the chambers of the writer, if so we may designate him, whom he encountered with, "Are you mad? You have sent me here a blotted sheet of paper with your name to it—what do you mean?" Imperturbably the friend replied, "If this is evidence of insanity,

you stand self-convicted: you have done the very same. You have sent me a blotted sheet subscribed with your name, and I knew no other way to answer it." The other protested he had done no such thing, and viewed the new assertion as irrefragable confirmation of his previous deduction. "I will, however, show you the paper," said his friend, coolly. The note was produced, and the writer exclaimed—"Why, could you not read this? It says as clearly as I could write it,

"Dear——, Will you favour me with the pleasure of your company to dinner on Thursday next, at half-past six?

"Yours truly,

"—— ——"

"Well," said the friend, "my reply is quite as clear. See, it is—

"Dear——, It will give me much pleasure to accept your kind invitation for Thursday next.

"Yours truly,

"—— ——"

But correspondence of this kind is not always equally fortunate. Dr. Parr, whose hand was the very abstraction of incomprehensibility, visiting the reading-room of a watering-place, happened to find among the subscribers a name which *he* could decypher, though few others would have been equally successful. It was that of a friend whom he had not seen for some time. Anxious to renew early impressions, he inquired of the proprietor of the rooms his friend's address. This, however, was not known; accordingly the doctor was obliged to leave his card, with his own address thereon written, or intended to be written, in that peculiar vehicle of thought which his pen was wont to employ. On the next appearance of the person for whom the card was designed, it was duly put into his hand. Delighted at the proximity of his early friend, the recipient proceeded to inquire at the talisman where its owner was to be found; but it pertinaciously refused to declare,—not a letter was decypherable. Whether crescent, street, or square, was undiscoverable. Thus foiled, the reader, if we may so designate the unsuccessful attempter, had no resource save to leave his own card, with his address (as he imagined) written thereon. But, alas! he and his friend were similar in their ideas of penmanship as well as of other things: and when Parr, surprised that he had not seen his old companion, again betook himself to the room, heard the history, and received the card, he was equally at fault; and the result was that two friends, anxious to meet, and living in the same town, actually lost the opportunity of intercourse, through the enigmatical character of their writing.

A more serious instance is recently reported in the papers. The news of the late dreadful event at Stanfield Hall was communicated immediately to Norwich by telegraph. But what the marvels of modern discovery could effect for celerity was more than counterbalanced by slovenly writing. The telegraphic message was so miserably penned, that the authorities of the police did not comprehend its import till the next morning. The consequence might have been the utter frustration of the ends of justice.

The only case in which illegible writing seems defensible is, where you wish to give your friend a salutary exercise of patience and temper: though even here, unless there be a predisposition to self-control, the attempt may not be advisable. Where, however, such a disposition exists, it may be beneficially exercised by labouring to extract the meaning of an obstinate epistle; for, if the communication be important, the struggling of impatience which it will tend to excite, will afford favourable opportunities of internal conflict; while, if the matter be insignificant, the trouble taken to arrive at nothing will furnish means of imitating the higher and more characteristic moral features of Socrates. But the experiment will be best restricted to the latter case, as its effects will then be purely salutary; whereas, in the former, whether the business be important to yourself, your friend, or both, it would be unpleasant to render it nugatory; a probable result, notwithstanding, of your cacographical labours.

The advantages of your experiment will be greatly enhanced by *crossing*, which may succeed in rendering it an immortal "Triumph of Temper." Even a legible hand is so ingeniously disguised by this practice, that it attains the dignity of the most confirmed scrawl. Why ladies are so much addicted to this habit is a problem to which I have never been able to find a satisfactory solution.

On the whole, however, I will venture to infer from the above rambling observations, that unintelligible writing is neither the characteristic of a gentleman, nor of a genius: that, as far as it has any result, it detracts from the qualities of both; that it often produces serious inconvenience, and that, however beneficial as a moral exercise, it shares that advantage with many other things which are neither agreeable nor desirable, and which the most careless penman would be very far from anxious to incur.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

CONNEXION OF NATURAL AND MORAL PHENOMENA.

Niebuhr commences one of his lectures on Roman history with this striking observation: "Shakspeare has connected awful phenomena of nature with the occurrences in the moral world, as Thucydides connects the physical phenomena of the Peloponnesian War with the moral condition of the people. During the second Punic War, the earth was shaken by extraordinary convulsions and fermentations which were going on in its bowels; and Pliny says, that in one year, fifty-seven earthquakes were reported at Rome,—a greater number than has ever been observed before in so short a period."

"INDIA RUBBER."

The first mention of this substance being seen in England, occurs in a letter written by Sir Joseph

Banks to Carston, the philosopher, in the year 1768, accompanying "two balls of the elastic substance." Two years afterwards, it was announced to the public as for sale, for the purpose of rubbing out pencil marks. The first printed notice of it occurs at the end of the preface to Priestley's work on Perspective, published in 1770. It runs thus:—"Since this work was printed off, I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping off from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practise drawing. It is sold by Mr. Nairne, mathematical instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece of about half an inch for three shillings, and he says it will last for several years." For upwards of fifty years, the elastic substance was known as *Rubber*, and nothing else, both in name and use; and it is but recently that its solubility and elasticity have been fully appreciated in multitudinous applications to the arts.

The various adaptations by Macintosh of *caoutchouc*, as India-rubber is now called, are familiar to the reader; but he is probably not aware that India-rubber cloaks were worn in South America upwards of a century since. Yet such, forsooth, is the plain fact of history; and, disinclined as we are to deprive Mr. Macintosh of the merit of his adaptation, the invention must be awarded to another age. In a work entitled *La Monarchia Indiana*, printed at Madrid in 1723, we find a chapter devoted to "Very profitable trees in New Spain, from which there distil various liquors and resin." Among them is described a tree called *ulquahuill*, which the natives cut with a hatchet, to obtain the white, thick, and adhesive milk. This, when coagulated, they made into balls, called *ulli*, which rebounded very high when struck to the ground, and were used in various games. It was also made into shoes and sandals. The author continues: "Our people (the Spaniards) make use of this *ulli* to varnish their *cloaks*, made of hempen cloth, for *wet weather*, which are good to resist water, but not against the sun, by whose heat and rays the *ulli* is dissolved." India Rubber is not known in Mexico at the present day by any other name than that of *ulli;* and the oil-silk covering of hats very generally worn throughout the country by travellers, is always called *ulli*.

In Assam, trees yielding caoutchouc grow in vast forests. One tree has been found with a trunk seventy feet in circumference, 100 feet in height, and its branches expanding 610 feet in circuit. It has been estimated, after an accurate survey, that there are 43,240 such noble trees within a length of thirty miles and breadth of eight miles of forest near Ferozepore, in the district of Chardwar, in Assam.

NITRIC ACID IN HAIL.

It is known that rain which falls during a thunder-storm frequently contains a little nitric acid, the origin of which is attributed to the combustion of nitrogen by the lightning. M. Ducros has proved by experiment that certain hailstones which had a piquant taste, not only contained nitric acid, but minute portions of nitrate of potash.

FORCE OF ELECTRICITY.

Faraday has shown that the decomposition of one single grain of water produces more electricity than is contained in the most powerful flash of lightning. If so, then must the decomposition of a grain of water produce indirectly, as a minimum, a power of force equal to the moving of 100 tons from a state of rest, and giving them an average velocity of ten feet per second.—*E. Highton, C.E.*

DAGUERREOTYPING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Sir C. Lyell, in his recently published Travels, observes: "The Falls of Niagara, though continually in motion, have all the effects of a fixed and unvarying feature in the landscape; and, however strange it may seem, some Daguerréotype representations have been executed with no small success. They not only record the form of the rocks and the islands, but even the leading features of the cataract, and the shape of the rising clouds of spray. I have often wished that Father Hennessin could have taken one of these portraits, and bequeathed it to the geologists of our times. It would have afforded us no slight aid in our speculations respecting the comparative states of the ravine in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries." The first series of Views of the Falls taken by the Daguerréotype, was executed by J. E. Myall, (Prof. High School,) in September, 1846.

GOLD TESTS.

Professor Tennant, in a lecture delivered to the Society of Arts, details a few simple tests to detect the adulteration of gold. It is said that brass filings have been exported to California to mix with the gold dust found there; the filings, however, are much lighter than gold, and readily dissolve in nitric acid. The specific gravity of gold has been tried by four different tests; the following is the result: 15·, 15·$\frac{7}{10}$, 16·$\frac{1}{4}$, 17·; so that, as a mean, the specific gravity of gold is sixteen times greater than water; while that of copper pyrites is 4·5; iron pyrites, 4·3; mica, 3·. The blowpipe is a most useful and simple instrument for these examinations: it can be used with a penny candle and a half-pennyworth of charcoal; so that for eightpence or tenpence a primitive furnace to commence operations with can be purchased. Gold may be cut with a knife, like lead, and bent and beat out into thin leaves. Iron pyrites cannot be cut, or even scratched, with a knife; copper pyrites can, and both are brittle. Mica is foliated and elastic. If the blowpipe be applied to gold it will retain its colour; while copper and iron pyrites lose theirs, and the latter becomes magnetic. Gold is not acted upon by nitric, muriatic, or sulphuric acid, singly; it is only soluble in the former two acids combined. If any of the other three minerals were reduced to powder, either of these acids would readily act on them.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

The engineering details of this vast work present some marvels of ingenuity. The building of the huge

brick shaft, fifty feet in diameter, forty-two feet in height, and three feet thick, with, set over it, the steam-engine for pumping out the water, and raising the earth, and the sinking of the whole, *en masse*, into the Rotherhithe bank,—were monster works of genius. Thus far the vertical shaft; the Tunnel itself commenced with an excavation larger than the interior of the old House of Commons. But the greatest invention was the *shield* apparatus, reminding one of the *testudo* of the Roman soldiers. It consisted of a series of cells, in which, as the miners worked at one end, the bricklayers formed at the other the top, sides, and bottom of the Tunnel. But the dangers were many. Sometimes, portions of the frame would break, with the noise of a cannon-shot; then alarming cries were heard, as some irruption of earth or water poured in. The excavators were, however, much more inconvenienced by fire than water; gas explosions frequently wrapping the place in a sheet of flame, and strangely mingling with the water, and rendering the workmen insensible. Yet, with all these perils, only seven lives were lost in constructing the Tunnel under the Thames; whereas nearly forty men were killed in building the new London Bridge.

THE ARTESIAN WELL OF GRENELLE, AT PARIS.

The boring of this well by the Messrs. Mulot occupied seven years, one month, and twenty-six days, to the depth of 1,794½ English feet, or 194½ feet below the depth at which M. Elie de Beaumont foretold that water would be found. The sound, or borer, weighed 20,000 lb., and was treble the height of the dome of the Hospital des Invalides, at Paris. In May, 1837, when the bore had reached 1,246 feet 8 inches, the great chisel and 262 feet of rod fell to the bottom; and, although these weighed five tons, M. Mulot tapped a screw on the head of the rods, and thus, connecting another length to them, after fifteen months' labour, drew up the chisel. On another occasion, the chisel having been raised with great force, sunk at one stroke 85 feet 3 inches into the chalk.

The depth of this well is nearly four times the height of Strasburg Cathedral, more than six times the height of the Hospital des Invalides, at Paris, and St. Peter's, at Rome; nearly four times and a-half the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and nine times the height of the Monument, London. Lastly, suppose all the above edifices to be piled upon each other, from the base-line of the Well of Grenelle, and they would but reach within 11½ feet of its surface.—*Year-book of Facts*, 1843.

AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE.

The number representing the average duration of life gives but a general idea of the mortality, and can only be employed with circumspection. It would be difficult to cite any example of arithmetical mean, in which more dissimilar elements are employed. For example, in the calculation of the average duration of life, the same value is given to a year of the existence of a child as of a man in the prime of life, or in his old age.—*Quetelet on Probabilities.*

LAW OF NUMBERS.

The remarkable principle of James Bernouilli consists exactly of this. That skilful geometrician had employed a part of his life in demonstrating this result, which now appears so simple to us—namely, that the mean given by a series of trials falls near the number sought within limits so much the more narrow as the trials are more multiplied.—*Quetelet on Probabilities.*

BLOOMING OF PLANTS.

The time of the blossoming of the lilac, the elm, the birch, the linden, and the oak, is known for the environs of Naples. Comparing the dates with those of Brussels, we find that in the latter place the blossoming took place thirty-six days later; and as between Naples and Brussels the difference of latitude is only 10°, it can be seen that we must reckon 3·6 for one degree of difference in latitude. It should be added that the environs of Naples differ little in elevation from those of Brussels.

ABUSE OF SCIENCE.

Nearly all the sciences in their origin, instead of producing salutary fruits, have given rise to the most deplorable abuses. Astrology, by the aid of cheats and charlatans, boldly wrought on the credulity of men, while the true science of the stars, timid and unknown, was attempting its first steps, and was endeavouring to mount its usurped throne. Alchemy in turn, seated itself by the side of the cradle of the science which studies the laws and composition of bodies; and for a long time it also deceived men by the promise of results which it had not power to realise. Magic, next, foreseeing the marvels which physic would one day produce, attempted to accomplish them in its own way, and equally to usurp a power which did not belong to it. Each science at its birth finds the same antagonism. So soon as we perceive the distant end to which it should conduct, so soon as we have the consciousness of its future, imagination seeks to seize by anticipation those treasures the contemplation of which should one day give us enjoyment: it gives birth to brilliant systems, and attempts to transfer to others the illusions by which itself has been misled.—*Quetelet on Probabilities.*

FALSE ESTIMATES OF THE EARLY ASTRONOMERS.

We have a curious proof of our senses deceiving us more than our instruments, in the history of astronomy, in regard to the valuing of the apparent diameters of the stars. The first astronomers who occupied themselves with determining the angle under which the most brilliant stars which radiate from the heavens were seen, much exaggerated its size. Kepler attributed to Sirius an apparent diameter of 240 seconds; Tycho Brahe more than 126 seconds; and Albategnius, before them, made it 45 seconds. The diversity of these measures shows sufficiently how little confidence they should inspire; and the improvements in telescopes prove even the smallest to have been much exaggerated. Gassendi gave Sirius but ten seconds of apparent diameter. Galileo, Hevelius, and J. D. Cassini reduced the diameter to five or six seconds.

Sir W. Herschel went even further, and only estimated at small fractions of a second the apparent diameter of the two most brilliant stars in the heavens. This celebrated astronomer even doubted whether the value for Arcturus should not fall below the tenth part of a second. What a prodigious difference in the estimate of stars of the first magnitude, to descend from 240 seconds to the 2,400th part of that value!—*Quetelet.*

A LADY WHO HAS SEEN THE WORLD.

Reader, did you ever chance to hear of the famous Maria of Mont Blanc, a peasant woman of Chamouni, the only one of her sex who ever ascended to the summit of the monarch of mountains; or of our own countrywoman, Mrs. Campbell, who, with her daughters, traversed the frightful Mer de Glace, in all its extent, and crossed over to the valley of Cormayeur? These were remarkable instances of female nerve and intrepidity, but what think you of a woman who has actually gone round the globe by herself, not comfortably ensconced on shipboard and touching here and there in its four quarters, but exploring many of its most interesting countries? Can you believe in the existence of such a prodigy? if not, such an one I must no less declare myself to have seen, and talked, and travelled with.

It was at Constantinople, in the summer of 1841, that I went on board the Austrian steamer plying from that city to Beirout, and, as it happened, found myself the only passenger in the best cabin. I was not long, however, in making acquaintances on deck. Among the crowd of Turks and Levantines I was struck with the appearance of a lady, whose singular costume—a tight gown of plain grey serge, of a somewhat antiquated fashion, and a Florentine straw hat, with a very wide brim—curiously contrasted with the flowing oriental garments around. There was, however, nothing even to excite a smile in her appearance. Her person was slight, her countenance grave, and her manners remarkably simple and unaffected. She was travelling entirely alone, but had found a temporary protector in the person of a venerable-looking monk, who was going to his convent in Syria. I found that our object was the same,—a pilgrimage to the Holy City; nor was I long in discovering that my new companion was no ordinary pilgrim, and that the thirst for romantic excitement and the desire for information were motives at least as powerful with her as the indulgence of a feeling of piety. Our conversation turned upon the difficulties of the way. The country was reputed to be in a very unsettled state, the roads said to be beset with robbers. I soon became so interested in the calm and resolute character of my new friend, that I resolved to assist her to the utmost of my power. On reaching Beirout, no time was lost in repairing to an English merchant to whom I had an introduction, whose active kindness procured me a travelling servant, named Achmet, a native of Beirout, who was directed to lay in a stock of provisions for a two or three days' cruise, and to take our places in a boat sailing that evening for Jaffa. My lady pilgrim, of whom I had lost sight during the confusion of landing, was now sought out; nor was it long before she made her appearance at the merchant's. At first my friend was rather shy of this part of the business, but the mature age, grave appearance, and simple manners of my new acquaintance, soon set at rest any ungenerous suspicions.

The evening came, and we repaired on board. The boat proved to be an undecked Arab craft, of the very rudest description, with two masts, and huge latine or triangular sails. A small cabin, about six feet square, into which it was necessary to creep on all fours, was contrived at the stern, but it was so foul that to take refuge there except in case of a storm was impossible. The rest of the boat had a flooring of sand and shingle, and its rough ribs served for couches, and sofas, and berths, at once. The places of honour, including the aforesaid cabin, had been reserved for ourselves—the rest of the vessel was crowded with a motley collection of passengers.

Having myself roughed it before in this way, I was prepared for what I met with, but nothing surprised me more than the passive indifference of my companion. Though certainly not "cabinned," we were "cribbed and confined" with a vengeance. Wilkie, when putting up for the night in the one room of a Spanish posada with a party of ladies and gentlemen, talks of curtains and other contrivances for decorum. I thought of the fastidious delicacy of Hood's "Schoolmistress" under such alarming circumstances. But there was no remedy. "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." All distinctions were literally brought to one level, and, when night came on, and we were forced to lie down in the sand which formed the sheeting of the general bed, with the canopy of heaven for a curtain, we made so tight a fit of it, that, as Stephens somewhere says, "if the bottom of the boat had fallen out, we could hardly have tumbled through."

On awaking the next morning, we were already dressed. The sun was rising in glory behind Mount Lebanon. Our picturesque old bark, with her huge latine sails, flew steadily along under the pressure of the light breeze, and the fresh odours from the sea, with our prosperous progress, contributed to put us all into excellent spirits. After our ablutions, Achmet was soon ready with a breakfast of coffee, bread, eggs, and fruit. We sat in the pleasant shadow of the sail; maps and guide-books were pulled out, and every point of that memorable coast successively made out and commented on. I was perfectly delighted with the intelligence of my companion, and never, surely, did any traveller, male or female, give so little trouble, and enter into every thing with such a spirit of quiet, heartfelt enjoyment. And thus we sailed along, past Sidon, and past Tyre, till, as the sun dropped his fiery ball into the western waters, we reached the promontory of Mount Carmel and its

white convent, looking out over the lonely, wide-spread sea. As night came on, all dropped asleep again, huddled together in the general receptacle.

On reaching Jaffa the next afternoon, a tribe of half-naked Arabs rushed shouting into the water, and bore us, lady and all, triumphantly into the town. The notion of a woman wandering about by herself was so unintelligible to the crew and Arabs, that I was, of course, looked upon as her lawful proprietor and protector; and it was rather embarrassing how to get rid of this honour, and, at the same time, to provide comfortably for my companion. Fortunately, there proved to be an Austrian consul in the place, and to his custody, as a German, I desired Achmet to consign her for the night.

Jaffa is but thirty miles from Jerusalem, and, by starting very early in the morning, I intended to get there that evening. Accordingly, long before sunrise I had ordered horses to be ready, and sent Achmet to fetch Madame from the Austrian consul's, where she had been very kindly treated by the ladies of his family. It was one of the hottest days of a Syrian summer; the half-cultivated plains, parched up by the summer heat, were destitute of shade and verdure, and haunted by myriad swarms of insects; our supply of water was soon exhausted, and had it not been for the peasant girls of the villages, who brought forth pitchers to gain a few paras from a passing traveller, we should have suffered cruelly. But not a single murmur, not even an indication of impatience, ever escaped the lips of my surprising feminine companion during the whole of this burning day. After a most blessed halt at a well, and an hour's repose under the shadow of a solitary fig-tree, we pushed into the wild defiles of the hill country of Judæa, so narrow in places that but one at a time can pass, famous of old besides for their insecurity, and as the scene of many an outrage and many a murder perpetrated upon the pilgrims to Jerusalem. Our progress through these ravines was so much slower than we anticipated, that we were benighted at a village in the mountains. We halted in the court of a ruinous mosque, and established our quarters under its vaulted cloisters. The village sheik, who had sent us a huge *pilau* for supper, came down for a while to visit us. At length we betook ourselves to our respective dormitories on the ground; but sleep refused to visit our eyes: we had reached, we found, to within three hours of Jerusalem. Restless and excited, about midnight, I desired Achmet to prepare for departure—our companion, I found, had been as wakeful as myself. At midnight, the camels sleeping around us in groups, we stumbled forth by starlight from the court of the mosque, and picked our uncertain way among the olive groves surrounding the village.

The road was a mere horse-path down slippery slabs of rock into the hollow of a precipitous ravine: in the dark, it was one succession of slides and stumbles from top to bottom. I soon lost sight of Madame, who had forged ahead of me, but hailed her from time to time with loud shouts, to which she responded in a minor key. At the bottom of the valley I overtook her, and we hastened onwards towards the bourne of our journey. My own excitement was beyond anything I ever experienced—the mind of my companion was no less absorbed, and thus we paced on side by side in the dim starlight, without exchanging more than an occasional syllable. At length, the light broke gradually in faint red bars behind a dark wavy summit—it was the Mount of Olives! A long line of walls, with here and there a tower and dome, loomed up and began to redden with the increasing light; and as the crimson streaks became more and more intensely vivid, with a feeling more like dreaming than waking, we found ourselves at the gate of Jerusalem. While the sentinel within was unbarring it, we held a brief consultation, when it was decided that I should remit the pilgrim-lady to her legitimate protectors, the monks of the Roman Catholic convent, while I sought out for myself the abode of a friend who was then *locum tenens* for the absent consul.

During my stay at Jerusalem I saw but little of my companion, but on joining some travellers who were about to go down to the Jordan and the Dead Sea,—an excursion which, though short, is both fatiguing and perilous, Madame proved to be one of the party. At nightfall we reached the extraordinary convent of St. Saba, among the wild deserts of the Jordan, and here I found that, lest the sanctity of the brethren should be compromised, women were never admitted within the walls, a solitary tower without being appointed as their receptacle. Thither I repaired with a lay servant, whose office it was to attend to the wants of the female pilgrims. Stumbling in the dark over the rocky ground, we reached at length the base of the tower, standing, quite isolated, upon the brink of a tremendous precipice. Here the lay brother, handing me the supper-basket, planted a ladder so as to form a communication with the portal, which was elevated some twenty feet above the ground, and then, ascending, drew forth a key and unlocked the small heavy door which gave access to this female asylum, or rather prison. The room we entered was empty, and, by another ladder, we ascended to the upper story, which was furnished with some little attention to the bodily, but also to what was more consulted, the ghostly comforts of its gentle inmates. Pictures and images of saints adorned the walls of a small oratory, which was niched into the side of the apartment, over which a few lamps cast a dim uncertain gleam, leaving its extremities in gloomy obscurity. Upon a low divan sat the object of our search, with her usual expression of calm and fearless tranquillity. Her simple supper was brought forth, and while she was engaged with it, I asked her whether she did not feel timid at being left in utter solitude. In fact, the dim, dreary-looking chamber above, the total darkness of the lower story, the horrible stillness of the place, were all calculated to act upon a nervous imagination, and to awaken a train of dismal and superstitious fancies. When Captain Basil Hall and

his daughters visited the place, the ladies had refused to be thus incarcerated, and stormed away till allowed to enter the convent walls. Not so, however, the German pilgrim; she declared that she never was more comfortable, and refused my offer to remain on guard in the lower story of the tower. Accordingly, we departed, and locked her up snug for the night.

Long before sunrise next morning, we were all mustered, including Madame, before the gate of the convent, and wended our way to the awful shores of the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan. Not to dwell upon these well-known scenes, suffice it to say, that the powers of endurance of the whole party were never more severely tried That night we bivouacked under a tree, and, rising by starlight, returned to Jerusalem, most thoroughly knocked up.

Here I lost sight of my interesting and intrepid friend. On returning to Europe I often reverted to our adventures, and wondered what would be the end of her strange passion for rambling, which "seemed to grow by what it fed on." Conceive my surprise at finding last autumn the following notice of her in the "New York Literary World," under the head of "What is talked about:"—

"Madame Ida Pfeiffer, of Vienna, has arrived in this city, furnished with letters from our Missionaries. She formerly visited the East, and has written her travels. She has since carried away bricks from Nineveh, passed through Persia, and looked in upon Gutzlaff in China. On her way hither through the Brazils, she was attacked by robbers, against whom she defended herself bravely—cutting off the fingers of one of her antagonists, and being herself wounded in the struggle. After remaining with us awhile, she will return to her native city, from which she departed on her adventurous expedition." W. H. B.

Reviews.

SUMMER TIME IN THE COUNTRY.[1]

The title of this book will have a wonderful fascination for every "pining wretch, in city pent." No, not *wonderful;* we recall the word; it is but *natural* that the thought of Summer Time in the country should charm the minds of those who pass their lives amid the noise and turmoil, the press and hurry, the ceaseless toil and excitement, of a great city. For who is there, though born and bred in London, and loving London as he may, that does not long for the country from May to November? The world of business and the world of fashion may counteract that longing, and do so effectually; but we do not hesitate to affirm that no people love "the country" more than the English, and that among the English the Londoners love it not the least. Among the many proofs of this which might be adduced, we will only set down the fact, that such books as the one before us are so much prized by all cultivated readers. Books that do not undertake to *prove* anything, or to inculcate any dogma; books that are not written upon a plan, or with any definite aim; that do not pretend to too much originality of thought, or too extraordinary polish of style; books that may be written by men of any party, and are read and liked by persons of all parties, merely because the groundwork of the book, or rather the atmosphere in which its heterogeneous contents all float and live, is the love of nature; or, to use a more homely expression, a love of the country and of country things. The author of this small volume, although he does not now speak in numbers, is a poet, and throughout its pages the reader pictures him—

> "In some melodious plot,
> Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
> *Singing* of summer in full throated ease,"

and writing this diary by way of recreation after such exhausting, though joyous labour.

But the recreations of such minds are full of instruction to those less gifted; and when we say that this "Journal of Summer Time" is written without a definite aim, we are far from insinuating that it is deficient in moral purpose, or that it can be read without profit. On the contrary, it is impossible to read it without being invigorated and purified; the mind has been bathing in a pure stream of thought and feeling.

From these pages it is easy to gather that Mr. Willmott is an elegant scholar, a man of cultivated taste, of gentle and kindly feeling towards his fellows, and of sincere, habitual, and instinctive piety. He, like his favourite Cowley, has learned the important truth, that

> "If we could open and intend our eye,
> We all, like Moses should espy,
> Ev'n in a Bush, the radiant Deity."

This truth is here taught in a variety of graceful forms; and, having made Truth appear before his readers as Beauty, the author has little to fear from criticism for this modest and unpretending volume. It would not be easy to find one containing "more matter and less art." And it is this artless freedom in jotting down recollections, thoughts, fancies, feelings,—observations, critical and artistic,—just as they arise in the mind, which gives this work its great charm, that of companionship and communion with the reader. A few extracts will serve to support our opinion:—

"Few men of genius have taken the trouble of recording their feelings or studies. One or two precious legacies have perished by accident or design. But when the full light is wanting, an unexpected illumination frequently breaks over a character, from a passage in the published works of the author. A page of the journal is broken up, and melted into the poem, or essay. Shakspere's sonnets are a chapter of autobiography, although unreadable till criticism find the key. Raffaelle's drawings were his diary; Shenstone's garden, his confessions. Cowper's letters and Wordsworth's poetry reflect the features of their writers, as face answers to face in water.

"The notion of a journal implies variety. Gray confessed that his reading wandered from Pausanias to

(1) A Journal of Summer Time in the Country, By the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks. Author of "Jeremy Taylor, a Biography." John Parker, West Strand.

Pindar; mixing Aristotle and Ovid, like bread with cheese. He might have sheltered himself under a noble example. Lord Bacon considered it necessary to contract and dilate the mind's eye-sight; regarding the interchange of splendour and gloom as essential to the health of the organ. The reader may test the rule by trying it on his natural eyes. In a gorgeous summer day, let him come suddenly from a thick screen of branches, turning his face towards the sun, and then to the grass. Every blade will be reddened, as if a fairy procession had gone by. The colour is not in the grass, but in the eye; as that contracts, the glare vanishes.

"Subject the mental sight to a similar experiment. After wandering in the dim recesses of history or metaphysics, let the inward eye be lifted to the broad, central, glowing orbs of Shakspere, Milton, or Hooker, and immediately cast down upon the surface of daily life. Objects become hazy and discoloured; the dilation of the nerve of thought dazzles and bewilders the vision. It is wise, therefore, to familiarize the seeing faculty of the understanding to different degrees of lustre. Sunshine and twilight should temper one another. Despise nothing. After Plato take up Reid; closing Dante glance at Warton; from Titian walk away to K. du Jardin.

"If a letter be conversation upon paper, a journal is a dialogue between the writer and his memory. Now he grows red with Horace, scolding the innkeeper because the bad water had taken away his appetite: and before the strife of tongues has subsided, he sits down with Shakspere, under a chesnut-tree in Sir Thomas Lucy's park. Thoughts must ever be the swiftest travellers, and sighs are not the only things wafted 'from Indus to the Pole' in a moment. Most people are conscious sometimes of strange and beautiful fancies swimming before their eyes:—the pen is a wand to arrest, and the journal the mirror to detain and fix them. The mind is visited with certain seasons of brightness; remote events and faded images are recovered with startling distinctness, in sudden flashes and irradiations of memory; just to borrow a very striking illustration, as the sombre features and minute objects of a distant ridge of hills become visible in the strong gleams of sun, which fall on them for an instant, and then vanish into darkness. My own journal may afford a faint impression of the advantages and charms of which that form of writing is susceptible.

"Perhaps the gleams of deep inward thought and feeling that shine and melt over the familiar letter, poem, or criticism, are to be preferred even to the talk of the writer, as being more sincere and unaffected. Conversation, however, gives very clear traits of character—it is the shadow on the dial, telling the hour. But they must be marked at the instant; a looker-on need be quick and cautious. If you bend over the dial, you break the shadow, and the clock is silent; at the best, the indication never continues long, because the light burns only for a moment, and is gone. Our happy glimpses of Johnson, revelations of his dignity, virtues, follies, wisdom, and weakness, are owing to this. Boswell was generally at hand to catch and copy the feature, as the sudden illumination of anger, pleasure, imagination, or disease, sparkled behind the fleshly veil. He seized the shape and colour of the moral transparency before the flame vanished."

The following remarks on Walter Savage Landor, and Benjamin Franklin, are, to our thinking, just:—

"May 6th.—I find Archdeacon Hare commending, with measureless praise, the genius of Mr. Landor. The judgment of Coleridge comes nearer to my taste:—'What is it that Mr. Landor wants to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems totally deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units in one whole. His poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and beneath them in darkness. Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, to write simple and lucid English.' This is a fair estimate of Gebir and the Imaginary Conversations. Of every great author in prose or verse the motion, within certain variations, is uniform. When the singing robe is put off, the dweller of Olympus may still be known by his walk. It is not so with Mr. Landor. He glitters in purple, or hobbles in rags; is either a prince or a mendicant on Parnassus. He altogether reverses his own character of writers who are to circulate through ages to come; who, once 'above the heads of contemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation.' This is precisely what Mr. Landor does not perform. Now and then he disengages himself from the lumber that clogs him, and begins to ascend. For a moment, he goes up bravely, higher and higher, flashing abroad fair colours in the sunlight, and catching glimpses of towered cities, crowded rivers, and spreading forests: we gaze after his flight with wonder. But before we can tell the story the buoyancy vanishes, and the pilgrim of the sun is seen tumbling back to earth, not with a flaming fall, but lifeless, powerless, collapsed—the breath of inspiration exhausted—to be dragged home in gaudy tatters and defilement. This catastrophe is to be regretted, in proportion as the ascending impulse is strong.

"Mr. Landor's great deficiency seems to be in *taste*. He wants, to an extraordinary degree, that bright faculty which colours, subdues, shapes, and combines all the treasures of Imagination. His music requires cadence, his pictures tone. Some passages of his prose are charming; but he seldom suffers our delight to be unjarred. A coarse satiric humour continually breaks out. The effect is most painful. It is a snatch of a political ballad, in the intricate melody of Mozart: it is a sweet face of Murillo, with a border by Cruikshank."

"Sometimes a *bias* is given to the mind by a particular occurrence, which all its future motions acknowledge. We have an instance in Franklin, related by himself. He was leaving the library of Dr. Mather, at Boston, by a narrow passage, in which a beam projected from the roof. They continued talking, until Mather suddenly called out—'*Stoop! stoop!*' Before his visitor could obey the warning, his head struck sharply against the beam. 'You are young,' said his friend, 'and have the world before you; *stoop* as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' Franklin recollected the caution, especially when he saw people mortified by carrying their heads too high. He did not, however, limit the advice to a prudent humility: it was the motto of his life—he went to his grave stooping. All his thoughts, desires, and actions, were of one growth and stature—clever, but stunted. His writings are cramped into the same posture; so that one, not indisposed to value or applaud his talents, has remarked, that in his hands 'a great subject sometimes seems to become less while it is elucidated, and less commanding while it is enforced.' And thus it came to pass that an accidental moral, drawn from a beam in a roof, influenced for ill the judgment and conduct of a remarkable person."

Mr. Willmott favours us with much poetic lore on the subject of the nightingale. It is a favourite theme with him. The glow-worm, too, attracts his attention, and suggests much matter for pleasing reflection. He tells a little anecdote about reading the Psalms by their cool, green light. He says that he placed six of the most luminous he could find, at

the top of the page, moving them from verse to verse as he descended, and that he found the experiment perfectly successful. We can very easily believe it; for (not to spoil Mr. Willmott's story), we ourselves once put six glow-worms under a tumbler in a dark room, to try a similar experiment, and placing our book, (Wordsworth's "Excursion"), close to the glass, we read a page with no difficulty.

Mr. Willmott has cultivated a taste for painting, and speaks of pictures like a connoisseur.

"In a page on portrait-painters, I cannot omit two of different tastes, yet most wonderful genius—Holbein and Giorgione. No masters are more alike; each is the antithesis of the other. Hazlitt thought that the works of Holbein are to the finest efforts of the pencil, what state papers are to history: they present the character in part, but only the dry, the concrete, the fixed. Giorgione, on the contrary, gives the inner spirit and life of thought. His faces are ideal, and yet real. The same countenance painted by Holbein and Giorgione, would resemble an English story told by Holinshed and illuminated by Spenser. Both are precious—the fact as authenticating the poetry and the poetry as embellishing the fact. In a parallel, Rubens would naturally come in; but Raffaelle cannot be bracketed.

"Something of imaginative reality is seen in Vandyke; in general beauty and completeness he yields to Titian. 'Vandyke's portraits,' said Northcote, 'are like pictures; Reynolds', like reflections in a looking-glass; Titian's, like the real people.' Mr. Eastlake has a very interesting remark on this characteristic of Titian, in a note to Goethe's theory of colours. He observes with reference to the flesh-tint, that its effects, at different distances, can never be so well compared as when the painter and his subject draw near and go by each other on an element so smooth, in scenery so tranquil, as Venice afforded to its greatest painter. Gliding along the waveless canals in the calm gondola, the rich complexions of Italian beauty, and the serious grandeur of manly wisdom, delighted his eye. The same writer reminds us, that the season for these artistic studies was the evening, when the sun had set behind the hills of Bassano, and a glowing and scattered light poured a balmy softness into all the shadows. Living in the northern part of Venice, Titian enjoyed in their fulness these charming twilights. I may add, that Uvedale Price considered the whole system of Venetian colouring, particularly of Giorgione and Titian, to have been founded upon the tints of autumn; while Rubens looked for his brilliant hues in the light freshness of the early spring. Hence the warm golden tinge of the one, and the dewy gaiety of the other. The flowers of Titian and Rubens belong to different seasons of the year."

The following remarks upon some great landscape painters are worth quoting:—

"August 6th.—Sir George Beaumont said one day to Constable—'Do you not find it difficult to place your brown tree?' 'Not in the least,' was the answer, 'for I never put such a thing in a picture!' On another occasion the accomplished critic recommended the colour of an old violin for the prevailing tint of a landscape. Constable replied by laying one upon the lawn before the house. This morning I have amused myself with looking at our home scenery, with reference to the rival theories; and certainly at the first glance, I saw nothing of the Cremona in tree, field, or lane. The white beech, stained over with faint, silvery green, is unlike the trunk of Hobbima or Both. But it might have stood to Constable for its portrait.

"I think the apparent contradiction may be explained. The colour of trees and grass depends chiefly on the light and distance in which they are viewed. Walk up to an elm, and mark the sunshine running along its sides, and afterwards retire to the end of the glade and look back; the bright tint will be sobered into a shadowy gloom, altogether different. The same change may be observed in the openings of a wood; and accordingly a poet, who has the true painter's eye, describes

'The mossy pales that skirt the orchard green,
Here hid by shrubwood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.'

"Wilkie says of one of Titian's famous landscapes, the whites are yellow, the blue sky is green, and the green trees are the deepest brown. I have seen Ostade often on this scale; and if successful effect constitutes authority, how practically terrible is the tone of this great work; but how removed from the practice of modern times!"

"Clever, scoffing Mathews, (the 'Invalid',) used to declare that G. Poussin's green landscapes had no charms for him, and that the delightful verdurous tint of nature could not be transferred by the pencil. The great masters took their colours from autumn, breathing a mellow shade of ideal hues over the whole. As Sir G. Beaumont observed of Rembrandt, they nourished the picture with warmth.

"Titian produced *compositions*; Constable *copies*. Not a spot of moss escapes him. I remember a striking illustration of his faithfulness:—a cottage is closely surrounded by a corn-field, which, on the side sheltered from the heat of the sun, continues to be green, while the other parts are ripening into the golden colour. This truth of representation drew from an admirer the exclamation—'How fresh, how dewy, how exhilarating!' Of the elder painters Albano alone preserved the green of his trees, though he touched them with a soft light of poetry unknown and unfelt by the English artist. The merit of Constable is in some degree that of Cowper. The middle tints of Claude, or the transparent distances of Rubens, were equally beyond his taste and capacity. He is pleasing, because he is true. Compare his trees with those of Watteau, of which the grotesqueness was a puzzle to Walpole, until he recognised them in the trimmed branches of the Tuileries.

"An amusing page might be written on the favourite trees of landscape painters. G. Poussin was partial to the thin-leaved acacia; Ruysdael to the broad oak; Claude to the elm and stone pine; Rubens to the stumpy pollard; Salvator Rosa delighted in the chestnut. It flourished in the Calabrian mountains, where he studied it in all its forms; breaking and disposing it, as Gilpin says, in a thousand beautiful shapes, as the exigencies of his composition required. Perhaps its brittleness, which causes it to be often shattered by storms, recommended it still more to his picturesque eye."

To enumerate all the subjects touched upon, and all the authors quoted in this small work, would be a difficult task. One subject, however, bearing more directly than many others upon the title, must not be passed over without an extract. We wish that Mr. Willmott would himself undertake a work on the "History of Gardens and the Art of Gardening;" we have no doubt he would do it justice.

"I may add that Camden, a contemporary of Spenser mentions Guy-Cliffe, in Warwickshire, with unusual animation; and Sir William Temple bestows a panegyric on Sir Henry Fanshawe's flower-garden at Ware Park, and his artistic arrangement of colours. 'He did so precisely examine the tinctures and seasons of his flowers, that in their settings the inwardest of

wn by W. Daniell R.A. | Engraved by T. Garner

A Female Peasant of Ceylon.

which that were to come up at the same time should be always a little darker than the utmost, and so serve them for a kind of gentle shadow.' Temple also mentions, as the 'perfectest figure of a garden' he ever saw, 'either at home or abroad,' the one made by the Countess of Bedford, who was the theme of Donne and his poetic brethren. It combined every excellence of the antique pleasure-ground; the terrace gravel-walk, three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; 'the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees, both of flower and fruit,' the stone steps, in three series, leading to extensive parterres; the fountains and statues; summer-houses; and a cloister facing the south and covered with vines. These, with the ivied balustrade, and—

'Walls mellow'd into harmony by time,'

composed a garden that suited, while it encouraged, the meditative temper of our ancestors.

"The English garden of the sixteenth century was the Latin reproduced. Lord Bacon's walks and topiary work at Gorhambury were reflections of Pliny's Tusculan Villa. The solemn terrace, sloping lawn, little flower-garden, with fountain in the centre, and sculptured trees, were common to both. Evelyn's garden was a happy example. Perhaps the antique system had more than one feature worthy of preservation. It is pleasant to look at Pliny, through one of his own amusing letters, sitting in a room shaded by plane-trees, and, like Sidney—

'Deaf to noise and blind to light;'

or, sauntering beneath an embowered walk of vines, so soft that his uncovered feet suffered no inconvenience. Pope describes such a path in his ingenious imitation of Cowley—

'There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shaded from the piercing day;
Where summer's beauty, midst of winter strays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.'

And Milton shows our first parents, in Eden, rising with the early dawn to dress the

—'alleys green,
Their walk at noon, with branches over-grown.'

"Bacon, in gardening as in philosophy, had the prophetic eye. He foresaw the charm of ornamental scenery, which was to delight the refined taste of another generation. Mason praises him for banishing the crisped knot and artificial foliage, while he restored the ample lawn,

—'to feast the sight
With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridged.'

"Bacon and Milton were the prophet and herald, Pope and Addison the reformer and legislator, of horticulture—Pope in the 'Spectator,' Addison in the 'Guardian.' Neither was a mere theorist. Addison made a few experiments in landscape-decoration at his rural seat, near Rugby; and Pope created a little Elysium at Twickenham. However modern rhymers about green fields may deride him, he loved nature and understood her charms. In a letter to Richardson, written in the freshness of a summer morning, he invites him to pass the day among his shades, 'and as much of the night as a fine moon allows.' From the heat of noon he retreated into his grotto—fit haunt for poetry and wood-nymphs! Sails gliding up and down the river cast a faint, vanishing gleam through a sloping arcade of trees; and when the doors of the grotto were closed, the changeful scenery of hills, woods, and boats were reflected on the wall. As the sun sank behind the branches, his terrace tempted him abroad: it commanded the finest reach of the river. At Richmond, in the words of Thomson,

—'the silver Thames first rural grows,
Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt,
In Twit'nam's bowers.'

The leafy walks of Ham were opposite, and Petersham wood lent a dark frame to the bright hill of Richmond, of which the Saxon name, *Shene*, or brilliancy, is so happily descriptive. Not a foot of ground was overlooked or unembellished. Within the small enclosure of five acres, Pope had a charming flower-garden—his own work—an orangery, bowling-green, and vineyard. There he feasted his friends, Swift saying grace, which Dr. Warton declares that he always did with remarkable devotion."

Among other recreations of a well-filled mind, poetical parallels, and designed or accidental imitations occupy no little space in these pages. In many instances, we think our author attributes plagiarism unjustly. A striking similarity of thought or of expression is no proof whatever of imitation. That Dryden, Pope, Gray, and other highly esteemed poets stole occasionally from older and forgotten writers we do not doubt, but certainly not in every case in which a similarity between them has been detected. We should impoverish the world of literature wofully, if we adjudge every idea and form of expression to the man who first had, or made use of them, depriving others of a claim to them, who, perhaps, never knew them except as springing up in their own minds. This detection of poetical robbery is an elegant sort of trifling which may very easily be carried too far. We must not neglect to say that some of the loftiest thoughts concerning the power and wisdom of the great Creator, and some of the sweetest, humblest, and most consolatory reflections concerning our dependence in all things upon his will, are to be found in this "Journal of Summer Time in the Country." The cheerful recognition of good, at present, and the glowing faith in a better state hereafter, are the two eyes of the mind by which we may all

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God."

CEYLON AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.[1]

(With an Illustration.)

It may pre-eminently be said of Great Britain, that, wherever her conquests have been extended, the evils of warfare and the inseparable consequences of territorial acquisition, have been nobly redeemed by the unqualified respect she has invariably shown to the inalienable rights of the natives; and, above all, by the substitution of good government, peace, and liberty, for the tyranny, anarchy and oppression which had preceded her domination. It has not unfrequently been urged against England, and that too by Englishmen, that she has no right to her possessions in the East: that they were gained by cruelty and injustice, and are maintained at the expense of much life and money. That both these

(1) "An Historical, Political, and Statistical Account of Ceylon and its Dependencies." By Charles Pridham, Esq. B.A. T. W. Boone, New Bond Street.

statements are partially correct we do not deny; but that they are more than half visionary and ill-founded, the records of history and the experience of the past fully attest. The good which British influence and British government has done, and is doing, in her Indian territories, more than counterbalances the evils attendant on her subjugation of them. But the injustice complained of is, when viewed in its proper light, the injustice which an honest and brave man does to the assassin when he arrests the fatal blow which he levels at a comrade; when he interferes, in fact, to prevent, in the cause of humanity, the commission of so diabolical a crime.

The English found the whole continent of India divided into a number of petty states; the king of each a tyrant to his own subjects, and a scourge and terror to his neighbours. Anarchy and misgovernment prevailed; feuds and quarrels were rife; cruelty and superstition, slavery and misery, characterised the condition of the people—and wherein consisted England's injustice? If she has restrained the power of the native princes, she has increased that of the people; if she has checked the arbitrary will of the sovereign, she has sheltered his subjects beneath that barrier to private oppression, trial by jury; if she has arrested ignorance and cruelty, she is implanting education and industry; if she is bursting the bonds of superstition and idolatry, she is affording the nations the opportunities of knowing a pure and holy religion; if she has suppressed petty quarrels, misgovernment, and oppression, she has restored peace, order, and security. Her injustice has consisted in doing good to the many at the expense of the few. Yes; her injustice, if there be any, is against the few for the benefit of the many; and the advantages of this disinterested policy is manifested in the daily improvement of these vast territories in the blessings of civilized life.

Ceylon is an island of considerable extent, lying off the coast of India. It is peculiarly picturesque; and though the climate is naturally hot, it is rendered pleasant by its insular position, and the high table land which it contains. Bishop Heber, who travelled through it in 1825, remarked there was nothing like it in the world.

"The hills, whose forms are most glorious, are literally masses of rock clothed, (how it is I know not,) with trees of exquisite foliage, and creepers, in luxuriant beauty, throwing over them their light and elegant tracery."

The Mahomedans also entertain the deepest veneration for this island, regarding it as the locality of Paradise lost. In the interior is a lofty mountain called Adam's Peak, where it is stated he stood on one foot after his expulsion from the garden of Eden, until his sins were forgiven him. The print of a man's foot, wrought in a rock, is shown on the top of one of the mountains, which gives, in the eye of a Mussulman, an infallible credibility to the story, the truth of which is still further corroborated by the legend of Adam's bridge, and the supposed existence of the tombs of Cain and Abel in the island of Ramisseram.

There are in Ceylon three distinct classes, the Cingalese, the Candian, and the Malabar; each of whom endeavours to trace back the origin of their race to some renowned individual or god. The two first are supposed by some to be the original inhabitants of the island, though, according to the opinion of Mr. Pridham, the Vedahs, a wild race who rise scarce superior to the baboon in the scale of intellect, and who inhabit the eastern coast, sleeping under the branches of trees, or sheltered by the rocks, are indisputably the aborigines of the country.

In allusion to their early origin he says:—

"In Ceylon, whether we meet with Cingalese, Malabars, or Moormen, there is an equal tendency to look back as far as possible, nay, by the last-named, to the very beginning of time, for the origin of the people. Thus the first assure us that the regenerators of mankind, the long line of Budd, has frequently resorted hither to remodel the institutions of the island, and to purify and raise the character of the degenerate inhabitants. The second maintain that it was on the spot, that Vishnu vanquished his enemies, and that on this land of delights, Ravana confined the beautiful Seeta. The third profess that Adam here enjoyed his earthly paradise, and that from hence the human race was originally propagated."

This island was known in very ancient times, and in the age of Alexander the Great, who is called in the writings of the Oriental historians, Iskander Sultan, was familiar to the Greeks; but no very accurate account of it is to be met with before the time when the Portuguese gained a settlement there early in the sixteenth century. In their hands it remained until they were expelled by the Dutch in 1656, who, in their turn, were driven out by the British in 1796, in whose possession it has remained quietly ever since, being finally conceded to them by the peace of Amiens.

Immediately after its conquest from the Dutch, the government of this island was dependent on that of Madras, but was subsequently separated from the control of the East India Company in 1798, and the Hon. Mr. Notts made its governor; and, in the year 1802, it was taken under the surveillance of the Colonial Department.

We cannot fail to peruse with the deepest interest that portion of the Cingalese history which succeeds the introduction of British dominion and influence, and to trace the different acts of the independent states that led to the entire subjugation of the country, and the permanent authority of the British power throughout every part of it.

Leaving the historical part, the description of the manners, customs, and dress of the inhabitants, the account of their religion, education, and advancement in literature, their resources, agriculture and commerce, are given in a lively and interesting style.

Amongst the most valuable, as well as the most beautiful productions of Ceylon, is the cinnamon. It first attracted notice as an article of commerce so early as the year 1506, but it was not until the year

1770 that its cultivation, with a view to the improvement of the quality of the bark, was attended to.

"When in full bloom the cinnamon bushes have a very beautiful appearance, the small white petals affording a most agreeable contrast with the flame-coloured extremities of the upper and the dark green of the inferior foliage. There are two regular seasons for taking the cinnamon, one from April to August, another from November to January. In order to ascertain the maturity of the liver, or inner bark, which is the cinnamon of commerce, the peeler gives the stick a diagonal cut with a heavy knife, and if the bark readily separates itself from the wood of the shoot he has selected, he cuts it down; having scraped off the outer brown and green pellicles with a blunt knife, he removes the bark, by passing a sharp-pointed knife longitudinally from one extremity to the other."

The perfume of this plant is so powerful, that it has been scented at the distance of many leagues out at sea, which gave rise to the poetical fiction dwelt upon by some writers, of "the cinnamon breezes of Ceylon."

The pearl fisheries of this island have long been celebrated for the value of the pearls obtained; and as the mode of procuring them is curious, we will give a short extract illustrating the mode adopted.

"When the rays of the sun begin to emit some degree of heat, diving commences. A kind of open scaffolding is projected from each side of the boat, and from it the diving tackle is suspended, three stones on one side, and two on the other. Each is a stone of fifty-six pounds weight, of the shape of a sugar-loaf."

When the diver feels himself properly prepared, he grasps his nostrils with one hand to prevent the water from rushing in, and with the other pulls a rope which holds the stone, so that the stone sinks with him. He is also furnished with a basket, attached by another rope to the diving apparatus above.

"The diver, in the bottom of the sea, throws himself as much as possible on his face, and collects everything he can get hold of into the basket. When he is ready to ascend he gives a jerk to the rope, and the person who holds the other end of it, hauls it up as fast as possible; but the diver always reaches the surface of the water before it."

Various are the expedients resorted to to ward off danger: the pretenders to incantation swarm the shore during the diving season. Amongst the most common is that of shark-charm; and, although frequent accidents occur, the faith in enchantments and the power of the charmer remain undiminished. The cleansing the pearl is the next operation, which is performed by pouring fresh water upon the oysters, which are kept long enough to have become putrid and rotten, until the filthy and decayed flesh is washed away, when the pearl is preserved and ready for market.

Of the physical and geographical aspect of this island we have some interesting descriptions, especially that of the country around the three principal towns, Kandy, Colombo, and Trincomalee.

We cannot close our remarks without adverting to the great assistance afforded in the present work to naturalists, botanists, and geologists. The account Mr. Pridham has been enabled to give of the birds and beasts, the large collection of indigenous plants he has given, and the scientific descriptions of the geological formations of the rocks and earth, will impart to the work an interest not only in the eye of the general reader, the historian, politician, or statician, but of the philosopher and student.

We safely recommend this work to all who are desirous of perfecting themselves in a knowledge of the colonies of Great Britain, and have not yet become thoroughly acquainted with the history of the people, the resources of the island, and position of the English on it.

THE ADIRONDACK.[1]

Some of our readers whose literary tastes are not confined to native produce, may be glad to hear, occasionally, what the great country across the Atlantic is doing in the book-writing way; others who care less about books, and more about "the signs of the times" and the "progress of nations," may like to know something of the contents of a genuine American book; one that is written by an American, about something in America, the like of which is not to be found in old countries. With a view of pleasing both these classes, we intend to say a few words about "The Adirondack."

In the first place, we think the general appearance of the book is in its favour. It is not handsomely bound, or expensive; but it is a neat and elegant octavo volume. The illustrations are beautifully drawn, and well engraved, the paper is very good, and the typography is excellent;—a wonderful assistance to "the reading faculty," be it said, *par parenthese.* We notice these things because American publishers have been taking them to heart for some time past, and have got up many books lately in first-rate style; the consequence has been a general improvement in paper-making, printing, binding, and we may add, the art of engraving, throughout the States. "The Adirondack" is probably but one specimen out of a number of books, equally well got up, at a moderate price.

Mr. Headley is, we believe, tolerably well known in the States as a clever, lively writer. "Napoleon and his Marshals," and "Washington and his Generals," have met with considerable notice there. Their titles indicate sufficiently that there is nothing particularly national in them, nothing that might not have been written by a European, and that they are not likely to tell us much about America and the Americans. In fact, the Americans, as yet, have no national literature; probably, for this simple reason, that they have only just begun to be a nation. That they will in due course of time produce a magnificent literature, we have no doubt. At present, like all young creatures, they imitate their elders, and repeat in a parrot-fashion the opinions in matters of taste and philosophy which they have heard enunciated by others. Therefore it is that the

(1) The Adirondack; or, Life in the Woods. By J. T. Headley, Author of "Washington and his Generals," &c. Baker and Scribner. 145, Nassau Street and 36 Park Row, New York.

philosophical and artistic writings of America are, with exceptions, of course, for the most part of little value. But a book descriptive of a state of things and of places actually existing in America; of things and places, which in the rapid onward flow of civilization must necessarily soon change into quite other forms; such a book will have some intrinsic value. Such a book, slight and unpretending as it is, in form, is "The Adirondack."

It is a series of letters addressed by the author from the wild, unexplored, and singularly beautiful region which bears that name. They are written in a free, dashing style, and bear that unmistakable impress of truth, which, (whatever be the defect in other respects,) is sure to fix a reader's attention. We have not space for more than one or two extracts, one of which must be from the preliminary "general description of the country."

"To give the reader some idea of the central portion of New York, in which the scenes of this work are laid, and through which I travelled, and that he may not regard it as mere child's play to penetrate it, I would say that across it, either way, is the distance of New York to Albany, varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles. It is the same as if the whole country from New York to Albany, and extending also fifty miles each side of the Hudson, was an unbroken wilderness, crossed by no road, enlivened by no cultivation, not a keel disturbing its waters, while bears, panthers, wolves, moose, and deer, were the only lords of the soil.

"Imagine such a country, about the size of Massachusetts and Connecticut put together, most of which lies a neglected waste, through which you must make your way with the compass, sustained by what your own skill can secure, and you will obtain a faint conception of the Adirondack region. And yet you would hardly get a correct one, because there would not enter into it the gloomy gorges and savage mountains that every where roll it into disorder."

Elsewhere, the author informs his readers that he first penetrated this "pathless and unknown wilderness of central New York," in search of that richest jewel, *health;* and two years afterwards he visited it again for the love of the place, and the sort of life a man must lead who goes there. His reason for publishing the letters written during these two excursions was, that he wished "to make that portion of our State better known; for it bears the same relation to us that the Highlands do to Scotland, and the Oberland to Switzerland."

Mr. Headley's style of thought and expression is American, although not what might be pronounced "*plenty Yankee.*" He is unable to sustain a high flight of imagination, or a strong feeling, long; he is moved by fine scenery more than by any thing else, we imagine; but never to the point of forgetting his dinner or his night's rest. Enthusiasm, when it does come from a mind of this sort, is always genuine, and affects the reader accordingly. Take as a specimen of his enjoyment of Nature the following description of the view from the summit of Mount Tahawus, the highest point of the Adirondack:—

"At length we reached the top; and, oh! what a view spread out before, or rather below us! Here we were more than a mile up in the heavens, on the highest point of land in the Empire State, and, with one exception, the highest in the Union; and in the centre of a chaos of mountains the like of which I never saw before. It was wholly different from the Alps. There were no peaks and shining glaciers, but all was grey, or green, or black, as far as the vision could extend. It looked as if the Almighty had once set this vast earth rolling like the sea, and then in the midst of its maddest flow, bid all the gigantic billows stop and congeal in their places. And there they stood just as He froze them; grand and gloomy. There was the long swell, and there the cresting, bursting billow; and there too the deep black cavernous gulf. Far away, more than fifty miles to the south-east, a storm was raging, and the massive clouds over the distant mountains of Vermont, or rather *between* us and them, and below their summits, stood balanced in space, with their white tops towering over their black and dense bases, as if they were the margin of Jehovah's mantle folded back to let the earth beyond be seen. That far away storm against a back-ground of mountains, and with nothing but the most savage scenery between;—how mysterious—how awful it seemed!

Mount Colden, with its terrific precipices; Mount McIntyre, with its bold, black, barren, monster-like head; Whiteface, with its white spot on its forehead, and countless other summits, pierced the heavens in every direction. And then, such a stretch of forest, for more than three hundred miles in circumference—ridges and slopes of green, broken only by lakes that dared just to press into view from their deep hiding places—one vast wilderness seamed here and there by a river whose surface you could not see, but whose course you could follow by the black winding gap through the tops of the trees. Still there was beauty as well as grandeur in the scene. Lake Champlain, with its islands spread away as far as the eye could follow towards the Canadas, while the distant Green Mountains rolled their granite summits along the eastern horizon with Burlington curtained in smoke at their feet. To the north-west gleamed out here and there the lakes of the Saranac river; and, farther to the west, those along the Raquette; nearer by, Lake Sandford, Placid Lake, Lake Colden, and Lake Henderson, show in quiet beauty amid the solitude. Nearly thirty lakes in all were visible; some dark as polished jet, beneath the shadow of girdling mountains, others flashing out upon the limitless landscape, like smiles, to relieve the gloom of the great solitude. Throughout the wide extent, but three clearings were visible; all was as nature made it. My head swam in the wondrous vision; and I seemed lifted up above the earth and shown all its mountains and forests and lakes at once. But the impression of the whole it is impossible to convey; nay, I am myself hardly conscious what it is. It seems as if I had seen vagueness, terror, sublimity, strength, and beauty all embodied, so that I had a new and more definite knowledge of them."

A good idea of the more isolated sort of back-wood life may be gathered from the following passage. About five miles, (through the forest,) from Moose Lake is "Brown's Tract," a portion of which is farmed, rent-free, by a Mr. Arnold. Boonville, the nearest settlement, is twenty miles off. The "dozen" of girls is more picturesque and useful, than alarming, we think:—

"Yet he lives contented, year after year, with his family of thirteen children—twelve girls and one boy—by turns trapping, shooting and cultivating his fields. The agricultural part, however, is performed mostly by the females, who plough, sow, rake, bind, &c. equal to any farmer. Two of the girls threshed alone, with common flails, five hundred bushels of oats one winter, while

their father and mother were away trapping for marten. Occupying such a large tract of land, and cultivating as much as he chooses, he is able to keep a great many cattle, and has some excellent horses which these girls of his ride with a wildness and a recklessness that makes one tremble for their safety. You will often see five or six of them, each on her own horse, some astraddle, and some sideways, yet all 'bare back,' *i.e.* without any saddle, racing it like mad creatures over the huge common. They sit, (I was going to say, their saddles,) their horses beautifully; and with their hair streaming in the wind and dresses flying about their white limbs and bare feet, careering across the plains, they look wild and spirited enough for Amazons. They frequently ride without a bridle or even halter, guiding the horse by a motion or stroke of the hand. What think you of a dozen fearless girls, mounted on fleet horses, without a saddle, on a dead run? I should like to see them going down Broadway; yet they are modest and retiring in their manners, and mild and timid as fawns among strangers.

"There was a lad about nineteen years of age with my friend B——n, whom one of the girls challenged to a race. He accepted it, and they whipped their horses to the top of their speed. The barn, nearly a mile distant, was to be the goal. Away they went, pell-mell—the girl without a saddle--across the field. The boy plied the whip lustily, ashamed to be beaten by a woman; yet he fell behind, full a hundred yards. Mortified at his discomfiture, and the peal of laughter that went up, he hung his head, saying it was no fault of his, for she had the best horse. She then offered to exchange with him, and try the race over again This was fair, and he was compelled to take the second challenge. Taking their old station they started again. It would have done a jockey good to see that stout frontier youth use his whip, and beat his horse's ribs with his heels, and to hear him yell. But all would not do—that girl sat quietly leaning over her steed's neck, and with her low, clear chirrup, and her sharp, well planted blows, inspired the beaten animal with such courage and speed that she seemed to fly over the ground, and she came out full as far ahead as before. The poor fellow had to give up beaten, humiliating as it was, and the girl with a smile of triumph slipped the bridle from her nag's head, and turned him loose in the fields to graze."

We can heartily join in Mr. Headley's displeasure against those rapid tourists who keep the high-road, or rail-road, "from Dan to Beersheba," and pronounce all the country "barren" in the picturesque and beautiful. Mr. Headley heard Professor Von Raumer say that he—

"Had travelled from Boston through the Atlantic States to New Orleans, and up the Mississippi, through Canada and back to Vermont; and that Niagara and Burlington furnished the only scenery that could be called fine he had found in all his route. Now, so old a traveller as Von Raumer ought to be ashamed of such a remark. If he will go through the country on rail-roads and steamboats, at the rate of fifteen and twenty miles an hour, he should not complain of dearth of scenery. I have seen both continents (not excepting even the professor's favourite Germany), and I affirm that in *natural* scenery, the United States stand unrivalled; and if this remark is an index of the book he designs to publish about us, I would not give a straw for it. How supremely foolish for a man to hurry through the country by steam, taking all the low-lands in his route, and then pretend to write about our scenery. These three-months tourists are not the most reliable in the world. To add to the professor's wisdom he took the *night* boat up the lake. Very likely he went down the Hudson *by night* also."

To remedy the evil done by the reports of very intelligent foreigners who travel too fast and who keep to the beaten tracks, we think a few American writers should explore the unknown or little known portions of their country, and publish faithful and animated accounts of what they see and hear, and feel and understand. Such a book, for instance, as this of Mr. Headley's cannot fail to serve as an antidote to assertions like that of Von Raumer; no person can read it without feeling sure that the beauties of uncultured Nature, which are so well described by the author, really exist in the huge Empire State. Seeing is said to be believing; and upon that principle, after looking at the drawings in this book we are inclined to believe that few mountainous regions in the world are more picturesque than the Adirondack. They are by Ingham, Durand, Gignoux, and Hill of Vermont.

EDITOR'S WRITING-DESK.

Two books of poems have this month appeared, from which our readers will not be sorry to have a few extracts. The first of these, published by Longmans, is "The English Melodies" of Mr. Chas. Swain, which comes recommended by his high and well-merited reputation. One of his best qualities, if we mistake not, is a native vigour, sweetness, and wholesomeness, a truth of feeling, and absence of affectation, alike akin and grateful to our English nature. All can understand and be the better for reading these songs. They are various in subject and style, and of course unequal, but many of them are worthy to take root in our literature. Let the following speak for themselves, and show with what felicity the author can pass from gay to graver shades of emotion; add the charm of pleasant associations to our household life, and reprove the evil tempers by which it is too often embittered.

"TRIPPING DOWN THE FIELD-PATH.

"Tripping down the field-path,
Early in the morn,
There I met my own love,
'Midst the golden corn;
Autumn winds were blowing,
As in frolic chase,
All her silken ringlets
Backward from her face;
Little time for speaking
Had she, for the wind,
Bonnet, scarf, or ribbon,
Ever swept behind.

"Still some sweet improvement
In her beauty shone;
Every graceful movement
Won me—one by one!
As the breath of Venus
Seem'd the breeze of morn,
Blowing thus between us,
'Midst the golden corn.
Little time for wooing
Had we, for the wind
Still kept on undoing
What we sought to bind!

"Oh, that autumn morning!
In my heart it beams,
Love's last look adorning
With its dream of dreams!
Still like waters flowing
In the ocean shell—
Sounds of breezes blowing
In my spirit dwell!
Still I see the field-path;—
Would that I could see
Her whose graceful beauty
Lost is now to me!"

"WHEN LIFE HATH SORROW FOUND.

"When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.
No, though in grief we part,
Meet in dejection,
Tears but expand the heart,
Ripen affection.
When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.

"When o'er a distant sea,
When griefs are nearest,
Still will I think of thee,
Still love thee, dearest.
Tired Hope may, like the rose,
Fade 'neath time's fleetness,
Yet yield each blast that blows
Half its own sweetness.
When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter."

"THE CORNER.

"The seat in the corner—
What comfort we see
In that type of affection,
Where love bends the knee:
When the prayers of our childhood
We learn'd to repeat,
And the lips of a mother
Made holiness sweet.

"The name of a corner
Has something still dear,
That tells us of pleasures
Ne'er bought with a tear:
Of loved ones remember'd,
Of faces, once gay,
That have fled like a dream,
Like a vision away.

"In our letters, full often,
Kind sayings abound;
But still in the corner
The kindest is found;
We look to the postscript,
And there, written small,
We find in the corner
Words dearer than all!

"Our heart receives many
We love with good will,
But who gets the corner
Is loved the best still:
For the heart hath its corner,
And dear is the one
Who remains its possessor
Till life's love is gone."

"EVER COMPLAINING.

"Ever complaining,
Nothing is right;
Daylight is dreary—
Wearisome night:
Ever rejecting,
Quick to destroy,
The little that's left
For our life to enjoy!

"Shame on the nature
Thankless and vain,
Shame on the temper
Eager to pain!
Hearts that in selfishness
Only are cast,
Darkening the present
With clouds of the past!

"Sad that the summer
Of life should be spent
In blighting the roses
For happiness sent;
Sad that affection
So often should grieve
Over natures that seem
Only born to deceive!"

The few poems called "Reverberations" are peculiarly suggested, as their name implies, by our own times and circumstances. Looking through the discouraging clouds that hang over our social condition, with a spirit of loving belief in an over-ruling Providence, the author sees all things working together for good. Feeling for the deep woes of the struggling classes, he labours to instil the consolations of faith into their desponding spirits, to show the fugitive nature of suffering, and to point out the symptoms of "a good time coming." Without professing to echo every sentiment expressed in these poems, we may say that there is something very high and kindling in their tone, and that nothing more remarkable or well timed has lately appeared.

One of the finest is perhaps the following:—

"BELIEVE IN GOD.

"*Suggested by the Sixth Book of the 'Purgatory of Suicides,' by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist.*

"God, my brothers, will not leave us;
Still his heaven is o'er us bent;
His commandments are not grievous,
Do his will and be content.
Only Truth and Love shall flourish,
In the end, beloved mates;
Only Charity can nourish
Those whom Charity creates.
Believe in God.

"You have woes by forge and furnace,
You have darkness, you have dread,
But you work in radiant harness,
And your God is overhead.
Does not night bring forth the morning?
Does not darkness father light?
Even now we have forewarning,
Brothers, of the close of night.
Believe in God.

"Many, many are the shadows
That the dawn of truth reveals;
Beautiful, on Life's broad meadows,
Is the light the Christian feels.

Evil shall give place to goodness,
Wrong be dispossest by right:
Out of all chaotic rudeness
God evokes a world of light.
Believe in God.

"Do ye toil? Oh, freer, firmer,
Ye shall grow beneath your toil,
Only craven spirits murmur,
Lightly rooted in the soil.
Thro' the gloom and thro' the darkness,
Thro' the danger and the dole,
Thro' the mist and thro' the murkness,
Travels the great human soul.
Believe in God.

"Ye have often read the story
Of the Hero of our race,
How the gloom outran the glory,
And the wrath outran the grace;
How he trod the earth in sorrow,
Yet left bliss where'er he trod,
How he died, yet on the morrow,
Sprang from death to light and God.
Believe in God.

"In his love and his endurance,
In his manliness sublime,
Labour shone with bright assurance
Of a holier, happier time.
Then, my brothers, love and labour,
As the hero God before;
Learn to bless a needy neighbour,
Even from a scanty store.
Believe in God.

"Fades the prophet's lovely vision,
While ye talk of force for force;
Golden hope and dream Elysian
Fly from Death on his white horse.
Trust me, there is strength in weakness.
There's a greatness lies in love,
The persistency of meekness
Makes you like the Christ above.
Believe in God.

"Have you never felt the pleasure
Of forgiving fraud and wrong,
Rippling thro' your soul like measure
Sweet of sweetest poets' song?
Have you never felt that beauty
Lies in pain for others borne,
That the sacredness of duty
Bids you offer love for scorn?
Believe in God.

"But you tell me that I mock you
With a measured, mincing verse—
O, my brothers! I could lock you
To my heart while I rehearse.
But you tell me that your anguish
And your death-toil drive you mad,
That you see your children languish,
Your beloved one's spirit sad.
Believe in God.

"And you say, 'In homestead quiet,
Where the roses climb and creep,
Where the vine is running riot,
And the bees sing you to sleep,
You can give us counsel gravest,
You can fancy and refine,
And you think your heart the bravest,
And you call your creed divine.
Believe in God.

"'But if you had borne the burden
And the heat of England's day,
Then your heart like ours would harden,
You would not believe and pray;
If your soul like ours was hoary
With the grief of many years,
You would never look for glory,
Hope for life beyond the spheres,
Nor trust in God.

"'Once a husband, once a father,
I could praise and I could pray,
That is over now—I rather
Turn like God from God away.
No! I do not speak in malice,
You, too, from your creed would swerve,
Had you seen your little Alice
And her saintly mother starve.
There is no God.'

"O, my brothers! this is grievous!
But I still believe in God,
Still I think he will not leave us,
And I kneel and kiss the rod.
Trust me, too, that not so brightly
Have life's waters flow'd for me,
Sorrow daily, sorrow nightly,
Comes alike to me and thee.
Believe in God.

"I too have been hunger-bitten,
Much of sorrow and of sin,
More than ever could be written,
Dwells this failing heart within.
Broken health, and pain, and trial,
Loss of worldly gear are mine,
Yet on God's eternal dial,
God's eternal sunbeams shine.
Believe in God.

"I thro' doubt and darkness travel,
Thro' the agony and gloom,
Hoping that I shall unravel
This strange web beyond the tomb.
O, my brothers! men heroic!
Workers both with hand and brain!
'Tis the Christian, not the Stoic,
That best triumphs over pain.
Believe in God.

"O, my brothers! love and labour,
Conquer wrong by doing right;
Truth alone must be your sabre,
Love alone your shield in fight.
Virtues yet shall cancel vices;
Look above, beloved mates;
Only God himself suffices,
Those whom God alone creates.
Believe in God."

"Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales." By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. The author of this industrious compilation well observes that "traces of the simplest stories and most absurd superstitions, are often more effectual in proving the affinity of different races, and determining other literary questions, than a host of grander and more imposing monuments. The humble class-book is found to be descended not only from mediæval romance, but also not unfrequently from the more ancient mythology, whilst some of our simplest nursery rhymes are chanted to this day by the children of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden—a fact strikingly exhibiting their great antiquity and remote origin. Few readers," he continues, "will require to be informed that Whittington's cat realized his price in India, and that Arlotto related the story long before the Lord Mayor was born; that Jack the Giant-killer is founded on an Edda, and that the slipper of Cinderella finds a parallel in the history of the cele-

brated Rhodope." Miss Costello informs us that the beautiful story of Llewellyn and his dog Gelert is derived from the East. To illustrate the antiquity of popular songs, who could imagine that the following was found upon an Egyptian tomb by Champollion, written in hieroglyphics, at least 1,500 years before the Christian era, and doubtless subsisting for many centuries before.

"Tread ye out for yourselves,
Tread ye out for yourselves,
O Oxen!
Tread ye out for yourselves,
Tread ye out for yourselves,
The Straw!
For men who are your masters,
The Grain."

And Mr. Gliddon tells us that the Egyptian peasants at the present day sing songs almost identical with the above.

Of Mr. Halliwell's book the most pleasing and curious part is the parallelism between our own child verses and those of northern nations. Such among others are the well-known nursery rhymes, "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home," "Shoe the wild mare," and, "This is the way the ladies ride," of which he gives us versions in Swedish, German, and Danish. Next to these in interest are such odd fragments as happen to illustrate our history or poetry, although it must be confessed that those here collected are not very abundant. The greatest number, indeed, derive what interest they have mainly from our childish associations. They are, however, sufficiently numerous to be divided into Nursery Antiquities, Fireside Nursery Stories, Game Rhymes, Alphabet Rhymes, Riddle Rhymes, Nature Songs, Proverb Rhymes, Places and Families, Superstition Rhymes, Custom Rhymes, Nursery Songs; under all of which heads the reader will find some pleasant and curious gleanings—traces of manners and customs fast vanishing before the spread of education and social changes, and as such well worthy of preservation. Many of the tales are given with little or no editorial comment, but much learning and ingenuity is often displayed in the illustration of others.

"The Philosophy of Painting." By Henry Twining. This is a practical and theoretical treatise upon the art of painting, which the popular nature of our magazine precludes us from reviewing at length. It will doubtless attract attention among the various artistic periodicals, as it seems to us to be decidedly worthy of notice in all quarters where æsthetical subjects are discussed and criticised. The present volume is intimately connected with Mr. Twining's former work, on the "Elements of the Picturesque," printed for private circulation only, but which, we are happy to learn, is about to be published. In the present, as in the former work, there is the same careful, calm, and conscientious spirit in the author's observations upon phenomena in nature and varieties in art. In the theoretical and philosophic portions of the work, he is not so anxious to build up theories of his own as to explain fairly those of the various great authorities upon æsthetical matters. In the more practical and technical portions, the young artist, ay, and the mature one too, will find much that will be of use. To an unprejudiced and observing mind, Mr. Twining adds the advantages of great general cultivation, and a systematic study of æsthetics in most languages. The book will be extremely interesting to the amateur as well as useful to the professional artist.

"Governess Life." Parker. This is a valuable little book on a great subject. The authoress is a lady who has interested herself much in promoting the views of the Committee of the Governess Institution, in founding the Queen's College, for the education of ladies generally, and especially of those who intend to become teachers. Like her previous works, "Aids to Development," and "Mothers and Governesses," the present one is marked by sound sense, kind feeling, and enlarged views of female education.

"Rizzio." Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq. This is a fictitious autobiography of David Rizzio, written by the late Mr. Ireland, author of the Shakspeare forgeries. It is quite unlike the historical novels of the present day, and in the opinion of many people it is none the worse for that. The style is occasionally Rosa Matildaish, and worthy of the palmy days of the Minerva press, and it never has the grace of simplicity or vigour to recommend it; but, in compensation, the matter is ample, various, and well put together. Rizzio is brought into familiar intercourse with all the great men and women and villains of the sixteenth century in Europe; and no little credit is due to Mr. Ireland for the air of *vraisemblance* which he gives to all these intimacies. There is much less about the Queen of Scots than might have been expected. Mr. James has written a good-natured, sensible preface to the work, and has, we imagine, performed the part of editor very conscientiously.

"Crichton." This is a new edition of Mr. Ainsworth's clever novel, with numerous illustrations by Hablot Browne.

"Evelyn." By Miss Bunbury. This "Journey from Stockholm to Rome" has nothing whatever to do with a conversion from Lutheranism to the Roman Catholic Church. It is a real journey, bodily undertaken, by the authoress in company with "Evelyn," a beautiful and very mysterious young English lady, whose acquaintance she makes at Stockholm. Miss Bunbury writes cleverly, although not without occasional affectations. We think the stories mixed up with the travels are much better than the travels themselves. The "Geraldine" tale is as graceful and interesting a love-story as we have seen for some time.

"The Protestant Leader." By Eugene Sue. A historical novel about the religious revolt in the Cevennes, headed by Jean Cavalier, against whom the celebrated Marshal Villars was sent by Louis XIV. This book is vilely translated, and, though it contains some good and clever things, is not worth reading in the original.

"Excitement." A tolerably good novel, with a very unsatisfactory and *non*-descriptive title.

H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

AMERICAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.[1]

Perhaps no spot on earth has, from the earliest time, been regarded with such a feeling of mystery and awe as the region of the Dead Sea. The awful catastrophe of Sodom and Gomorrah, the ruins of which, excited imagination has figured as still existing beneath its waters,—the desolation of the place, its extraordinary features and scenery, the deep depression of its bed, its volcanic peculiarities, its oppressive climate, the difficulty and danger of visiting it,—all combine to stamp it with a peculiar and thrilling interest. If religious zeal has been stimulated by the hope of confirming by its complete exploration the details of the Scripture narrative, science, on the other hand, has been no less desirous of investigating physical phenomena that are almost unique. The difficulties of such an enterprise, however, are greater than might, at first sight, be imagined. The basin of the Jordan and the Dead Sea is a dreary wilderness, haunted by predatory Arabs, and utterly destitute of every supply. Succour, in cases of accident, is distant and uncertain, while the climate, loaded with mephitic vapours, is almost overpowering. To convey any but the lightest boats from the shores of the Mediterranean to the interior is difficult; and the rapids on the Jordan, and sudden gales on the lake, are alike dangerous to navigation. In short, none but a numerous party, well armed and appointed in all respects, could have the slightest chance of success. Two attempts have already had a fatal termination. The story of poor Costigan has often been related. Embarking on the lake in a small ill-furnished boat, with a single Maltese servant, he was soon overcome with heat, thirst, and fatigue, and expired shortly after he landed. Lieutenant Molyneux, the commander of a small party, was attacked by the Arabs on the descent of the Jordan, and ultimately died of fever contracted on the lake. It might have seemed, to a superstitious fancy, with the Dead Sea as with Edom, as though a region accursed by the Divine judgment was doomed to be fatal to any who should dare to invade its forbidden precincts.

The very difficulties of such an enterprise, however, seemed but to stimulate to fresh attempts. The writer well remembers canvassing the plan with a veteran oriental traveller, whose imagination was greatly excited on the subject. Many an abortive speculation has doubtless been started by others; but it was reserved for Lieutenant Lynch, of the American navy, to overcome all difficulties, and to carry off the palm of success. After more than one disappointment, he at length obtained permission of the United States Government, at the close of the recent war with Mexico, to repair to Palestine with the special purpose of exploring the Dead Sea. The store-ship, "Supply," was appointed to this service. Two metallic boats, of copper and galvanised iron, named after two lovely children, the "Fanny Mason," and "Fanny Skinner," were each to be manned by ten young muscular native-born American sailors, tee-totallers, one of them being a mechanic; air-tight gum elastic water bags, as life-preservers, should the boats be destroyed, and low trucks to transport the boats over land, tents, &c. were the principal preparations.

Our author's journal commences with the 27th of November, 1847, when he left New York. "It was a Friday," he observes, "the dreaded day of seamen. Why superstition should select this day as an unlucky one I cannot conceive. On the sixth day, Friday, God created man and blessed him; and on Friday, the Redeemer died for man's salvation; on Friday Columbus sailed from Palos in quest of another world; on the same day of the week he saw the realization of his dream of life, and returned upon a Friday to electrify Europe with the wondrous tidings of his discovery. As a harbinger of good, therefore, and not of evil, I hail our departure upon this favoured day." With the usual alternations of fair and foul weather, the vessel, touching at Gibraltar, Port Mahon, Malta, and Smyrna, of which places there are incidentally some lively sketches, reached Constantinople, where the American Government had desired Lieutenant Lynch to obtain, through their ambassador, a special *firman* to facilitate the enterprise. He was introduced to the young sultan, and, after some delay, being furnished with the desired document, lost no time in setting sail for Beyroot, in Syria, where he arrived on March 25, 1848. Here, upon the very threshold of his enterprise, he was not a little discouraged by the accounts he received. Lieutenant Molyneux's party had been recently attacked; and the natives declared that a fresh attempt was nothing short of madness. Mr. Lynch, however, confident in his resources, was not to be deterred, and having fortunately met with Dr. Anderson, a young physician of New York, he engaged his valuable services. This gentleman was detached across the country to make a geological *reconnaissance*, and to meet the party on the route from Acre to Tiberias. To the former place, where the boats were to be disembarked and carried over-land to the Lake of Galilee, Mr. Lynch immediately repaired with the ship, anxious not to lose the advantage of the season of flood upon the river Jordan. Here, at St. Jean d'Acre, begins the real interest of his narrative; and we shall now endeavour to follow his course from that place by frequent quotation, to afford our readers some idea of the romantic nature of the expedition.

The Lieutenant, on landing, had a conference with the petty Governor of Acre, who, far from assisting him, only endeavoured to seize the opportunity for extortion. Meanwhile, "the 'Supply' had weighed anchor, and stood close in-shore to land the provisions and things sent back in the morning. The boats of the expedition had also arrived, as well as the trucks

(1) Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. By W. F. Lynch, U.S.N. Commander of the Expedition. London. Bentley.

drawn round the beach. The governor and his officers came down to look at them, followed by nearly the whole population of the place. Such a mob!—Such clamour and confusion! I requested the governor to employ the police to clear a place for us to pitch our tents upon the beach. He did so immediately, but it was of no avail; for the crowd, driven off at one moment, returned the next, more clamorous than before; and he confessed that he had not the power to prevent the townspeople from gratifying their laudable desire for information, not to speak of acquisition, for they are notorious thieves . . . . Finding it impossible to land our effects and encamp here, we returned, and pitched our tents on the southern bank of the Balus. But even here the crowd followed us, evincing a curiosity only to be equalled by our own brethren of the Eastern States. Since the authorities could not, or would not, protect us, we determined to take the law into our own hands and protect ourselves, and accordingly posted sentinels with fixed bayonets to keep off the crowd. Jack did it effectually, and the flanks of two or three bore witness to the 'capable impressure' of the pointed steel, after which we were no more molested. We then hauled the boats up to a small green spot beside the river, and a short distance from the sea. Behind us was the great plain of Acre. With conflicting emotions we saw the 'Supply,' under all sail, stand out to sea. Shall any of us live to tread again her clean familiar deck? What matters it? We are in the hand of God, and fall early, or fall late, we fall only with his consent."

Another interview followed with the mercenary Governor of Acre, when Lieutenant Lynch fell in with "a magnificent savage, enveloped in a scarlet cloth pelisse, richly embroidered with gold. He was the handsomest, and I soon thought," says our author, "also the most graceful being I had ever seen. His complexion was of a rich, mellow, indescribable olive tint, with glossy black hair; his teeth were regular, and of the whitest ivory, and the glance of his eye was keen at times, but generally soft and lustrous. With the tarbouch upon his head, which he seemed to wear uneasily, he reclined, rather than sat, upon the opposite side of the divan, while his hand played in unconscious familiarity with the hilt of his yataghan. He looked like one who would be—

> 'Steel, amid the din of arms,
> And wax when with the fair.'"

This fine fellow, named Akil Agha, who was induced to join the party, and was of the greatest service, "had been the year before at the head of several tribes in rebellion against the Turkish government. Unable to subdue him, they had bought him in by a commission, corresponding to that of a colonel, of the irregular Arabs, (very irregular!) and the pelisse of honour, which he wore." Such is the imbecility of the Turkish government! This sheik told Mr. Lynch, that the Bedouins of the Ghor, (Jordan Valley,) would eat them up. Hereupon he was shown an American revolving pistol, which he called the "devil's invention;" and being informed that the expedition numbered fifteen men, who, besides swords and revolvers, had a large blunderbuss, a rifle, fourteen carbines with bayonets, and twelve bowie knife pistols, was asked if he did not think they could descend the Jordan. His reply was, "You will, if anybody can." Another personage who joined the party, and was also a valuable accession to it, was a fine old Arab nobleman, the Sherif Hazza, of Mecca—the thirty-third lineal descendant of the Prophet. Meanwhile, the attempt to get horses to draw the boats having failed, and camels having been found to answer very well, the picturesque cavalcade got underweigh for the Lake of Tiberias. Steering across the most level part of the country without further difficulty than a little bumping and shaking of the boats, the party at length halted upon the high ground which overlooks the consecrated waters of the Lake of Tiberias. "Unable," says Mr. Lynch, "to restrain my impatience, I rode ahead, and soon saw below, far down in the green sloping chasm, the Sea of Galilee basking in the sun-light! Like a mirror, it lay embosomed in its rounded and beautiful, but treeless hills. How dear to the Christian are the memories of that lake!—the lake of the New Testament! Blessed beyond the nature of its element, it has borne the Son of God upon its surface. Its cliffs first echoed the glad tidings of salvation, and from its villages the first of the Apostles was gathered to the ministry. Its placid water, and its shelving beach, the ruined cities once crowded with men, and the everlasting hills, the handiwork of God, all identify and attest the wonderful miracles that were here performed,—miracles, the least of which was a crowning act of mercy of an Incarnate God towards his sinful and erring creatures.

"But how in the world are our boats," he continues, "ever to be got down this rocky and precipitous path, when we are compelled to alight and lead our horses? From Acre to this place we have dragged the boats along a series of valleys and ridges, but from hence is a sheer descent. This difficulty overcome, we shall only have our own familiar element to deal with; we will, therefore, have to brace ourselves to a desperate effort. And overcome it accordingly was. After the needful preparations, all hands were taken up the mountain to bring the boats down. "Many times we thought, that, like the herd of swine, they would rush precipitately into the sea. Every one did his best, and at length success crowned our efforts. With their flags flying, we carried them triumphantly beyond the walls uninjured, and, amid a crowd of spectators, launched them upon the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee, the Arabs singing, clapping their hands to the time, and crying for *backshish*,—but we neither shouted nor cheered. From christian lips it would have sounded like profanation. A look upon that consecrated lake ever brought to the remembrance the words, 'Peace, be still!'—which not only repressed all noisy exhibition, but soothed for a while

all earthly care. Buoyantly floated the two 'Fannies,' bearing the stars and stripe—*the noblest flag of freedom now waving in the world!*" The worthy Lieutenant forgets, in his national enthusiasm, the curse and stigma of slavery that old England has repudiated; but let that pass. "Since the time of Josephus and the Romans," as he truly observes, "no vessel of any size has sailed upon this sea, and for very many years but a solitary keel has furrowed its surface." And well does the writer remember his cruise in that solitary bark! But, not to linger on personal reminiscences, let us hasten on with our explorer. After purchasing and vamping up the old wooden boat on the lake to convey stores and lighten the "Fannies," arrangements were made to descend the Jordan from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea. Its course, as before observed is through a frightful desert; the Arab boatmen declared its rocks and rapids both numerous and perilous; and, moreover, usually selected by the Bedouins, like similar spots on the Rhine by robber knights of old, to pounce upon their victims. It was arranged, that while the boats descended the stream, a caravan with camels should follow its banks bearing supplies. This party was placed under the command of Mr. Dale, and consisted of Dr. Anderson, Mr. Bedlow, Mr. Lynch, Sherif, Akil, Mustafa, and ten Bedouin videttes, who were to keep as near the river as possible, and on hearing two guns fired, hasten to the assistance of their comrades.

Bright was the day when they steered from Tiberias down to the outlet of the Jordan. Gallantly marched the cavalcade on the land; beautiful must have appeared the boats upon the water. "Little did we know what difficulties we might have to encounter. But, placing our trust on high, we hoped and feared not."

Our utmost limits are wholly insufficient to do more than give a sketch of our author's description of his descent of the Jordan, which is accompanied by maps and engravings. Suffice it to say, that in graphic description of scenic peculiarities, nomadic Arabs, and natural productions of the district, it is one of the most interesting narratives we have ever read; and being acquainted with the general locality, and having personally, though temporarily, suffered from the depressing climate, we can testify to its admirable truth of delineation. For some distance they met with no accident; but were rapidly approaching a part of the country perilous from the warlike character of its nomadic tribes. "Every one lay down with his cartridge-belt on, and his arms beside him. It was the dearest wish of my heart," says Mr. Lynch, "to carry through this enterprise without bloodshed or the loss of life; but we had to be prepared for the worst. Average width of river to-day, forty yards; depth, from 2½ to 6 feet; descended nine rapids, three of them terrific ones. With our hands upon our firelocks, we slept soundly; the crackle of the dry wood of the camp fires, and the low sound of the Arabs' song, mingling with our dreams; dreams perchance as pleasant as those of Jacob at Bethel; for, although our pillows were hard and our beds the native earth, we were upon the brink of the sacred Jordan!"

The poor wooden boat, "Uncle Sam," was soon knocked to pieces by bumping against the numerous rocks and shoals; and the Lieutenant had to congratulate himself upon bringing metal ones, but for which precaution the enterprise must have certainly failed. Next day they had a narrow escape.

"At 10. 15. A.M." he says, "we cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate-looking cascade of eleven feet. In the middle of the channel was a shoot at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would, therefore, be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed to pieces. This rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which a cauldron of foam swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them, again, within a mile, were two other rapids, longer, but more shelving, and less difficult.

"Fortunately, a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up, where the crash of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men had carried over the end of a rope, and made it fast around the roots of this bush. The great doubt was whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain; but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the sides of the boats, and guide them, if possible, clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the 'Fanny Mason' up stream, we shot her across, and, gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sailors had now clambered along the banks, and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us if thrown from the boat and swept towards them. One man with me in the boat stood by the line; a number of naked Arabs were upon the rocks and in the foaming water gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the noise of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood; and four on each side, and in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock, if possible.

"The 'Fanny Mason,' in the meanwhile, swayed from side to side of the mad torrent, like a frightened steed, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were brought in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush, a plunge, an upward leap, and the rock was cleared, the pool was passed, and, half full of

water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapid. Such screaming and shouting—the Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only that they were glad; but we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold, and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them. It was exactly twelve o'clock when we cleared the cascade. Mr. Aulick soon followed in the 'Fanny Skinner,' and by his skill and coolness passed down in perfect safety."

During their downward progress Akīl and Sherīf often visited the boating party at their nightly encampment. Of these men we have a capital picture.

"Sherīf was the Nestor, and Akīl the Achilles of our camp. The former was our counsellor, sagacious and prudent; the latter was the bold warrior and admirable scout. On the march it was said that he contrived to get a sight of the boats when no one else could. We were never tired of the company of this graceful savage. Altogether, he was the most perfect specimen of manhood we had seen. Looking at his fine face, almost effeminate in its regularity of feature, who would imagine that he had been the stern leader of revolt, and that his laughing careless eye had ever glanced from his stronghold on the hill upon the Pasha's troops in the plain, meditating slaughter in their ranks, and booty from the routed Turk? or searched the ravines and the hill-sides, the wady and the valley for the lurking peasants and their herds? That arm, which in its easy and graceful position seemed almost nerveless, had wielded the scimitar with fatal strength; and *he*, seemingly so mild, had led a small but desperate band against the authority of the Sultan, and forced the Governor of Acre to treat with him, and purchase the security of the district with a high office and the crimson pelisse of honour. When asked this evening why he did not settle down on some of the fertile lands in his district, his reply was, 'Would you have me disgrace myself, and till the ground like one of the Fellahin?'"

We are compelled to pass over scientific details, that we may treat our readers to a few characteristic pictures. Onward the party swept through the horrible wilderness of the Jordan. "Descending from the camp to the boats, by aid of the gnarled and tangled roots which protruded from the face of the bank, and with 'Push off,' 'Let fall,' and 'Give way,' we shot into the current, and swept away before the eyes of the wandering Ghaurīneh. Their astonishment at beholding our boats, and our strange appearance, had in it something astonishingly ludicrous. On rising at an early hour this morning, (for we were generally up and stirring before the lagging sun,) we found the whole bank lined with these wondering barbarians, who were lying at full length upon the bluff, with their heads projecting over the bank, and looking upon the floating waters beneath; turning, from time to time, to regard the race to whom belonged such rare inventions and famous mechanism as boats and six-barrel revolvers.

The boats had little need of the oars to propel them, for the current carried us along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour, the river, from its eccentric course, scarcely permitting a correct sketch of its topography to be taken. It curved and twisted north, south, east, and west, turning in the short space of half an hour to every quarter of the compass, —seeming as if desirous to prolong its luxuriant meanderings in the calm and silent valley, and reluctant to pour its sweet and sacred waters into the accursed bosom of the bitter sea.

For hours, in their swift descent, the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sung with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own wild will, darting through the arched vistas, shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawns and cymbals."

It should be borne in mind that the valley of the Jordon is very extraordinary; gradually descending deeper and deeper till it reaches the Dead Sea, which is several hundred feet lower than the level of the Mediterranean. The aspect of the desolate valley, with its ranges of yellow crags, its solitary river bordered with green thickets, is truthfully depicted in the following passage—which carries us back to that burning clime, and may transport thither the imaginative reader:—

"Beneath a sky hollowed above us like a brazen buckler, and refracting the shafts of smiling sunlight, we journeyed on, heeding neither light nor heat, hunger nor thirst, danger nor fatigue; but each day looked cheerfully forward to the time when we should be gathered on the margin of the river; the tents all spread, the boats fastened to the shore, the watch fires blazing, and the sound of human voices breaking the tyrannous silence, and giving a home-like aspect to the wilderness.

"The character of the whole scene of this dreary waste was singularly wild and impressive. Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens.

"The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep-rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidical crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach, and yet we were hours away; the laminations of their strata resembling the leaves of some gigantic volume, wherein is written, by the hand of God, the history of the changes he has wrought.

"Towards the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist.

"The plain, that sloped away from the bases of the hills, was broken into ridges and multitudinous cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at 'the meeting of two adverse tides,' and presented a wild and chequered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers, of irreclaimable sterility.

"A low, pale, yellow ridge of conical hills marked the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which swept gently this lower plain, with a similar undulating surface, half redeemed from barrenness by spare verdure and thistle-covered hillocks.

"Still lower was the valley of the Jordan — the sacred river! Its banks fringed with perpetual verdure, winding in a thousand graceful mazes; its pathway cheered with songs of birds and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste. Yet, beautiful as it is, it is only rendered so by contrast with a harsh, dry, calcined earth around—the salt-sown desert!"

After following the almost interminable windings of the river, to which the deep depression of the Dead Sea is attributable—the Jordan—in sixty miles of latitude and four or five of longitude, traversing at least 200 miles; and having escaped alike the perils of its numerous and dangerous rapids, and the bands of predatory Arabs, who were probably overawed by so warlike and well-appointed a party, the adventurers now approached the borders of the Dead Sea. But a short distance before committing themselves to its awful waters, they were fortunate in witnessing the annual pilgrimage from Jerusalem to the Jordan, a most striking and imposing spectacle, in the midst of a wilderness given up, with this brief exception, to utter solitude and silence.

"*Tuesday, April* 18*th*.—At 3 A.M. we were aroused by the intelligence that the pilgrims were coming. Rising in haste, we beheld thousands of torch-lights, with a dark mass beneath, moving rapidly over the hills. Striking our tents with precipitation, we hurriedly removed them and all our effects to a short distance to the left. We had scarce finished, when they were upon us:—men, women, and children, mounted on camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, rushed impetuously by towards the bank. They presented the appearance of fugitives from a routed army.

"Our Bedouin friends here stood us in good stead: sticking their tufted spears before our tents, they mounted their steeds and formed a military cordon around us. But for them we should have been run down, and most of our effects trampled upon, scattered, and lost. Strange that we should have been shielded from a christian throng by the wild children of the desert,—Muslims in name, but Pagans in reality! Nothing but the spears and swarthy faces of the Arabs saved us.

"I had, in the meantime, sent the boats to the opposite shore a little below the bathing-place, as well to be out of the way as to be in readiness to render assistance should any of the crowd be swept down by the current and in danger of drowning.

"While the boats were taking their position one of the earlier bathers cried out that it was a sacred place; but, when the purpose was explained to him, he warmly thanked us. Moored to the opposite shore, with their crews in them, they presented an unusual spectacle. The party which had disturbed us was the advanced guard of the great body of the pilgrims. At five, just at the dawn of day, the last made its appearance, coming over the crest of a high ridge in one tumultuous eager throng.

"In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa, and from far-distant America, on they came; men, women, and children of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume; talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun. Mounted as variously as those who had preceded them, many of the women and children were suspended in baskets, or confined in cages; and, with their eyes strained towards the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste, and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank, and threw themselves into the stream.

"They seemed to be absorbed by one impulsive feeling, and perfectly regardless of the observations of others. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times below the surface, in honour of the Trinity; and then filled a bottle or some other utensil from the river. The bathing-dress of many of the pilgrims was a white gown with a black cross upon it. Most of them, as soon as they were dressed, cut branches of the *agnus castus*, or willow, and, dipping them in the consecrated stream, bore them away as memorials of their visit.

"In an hour they began to disappear; and in less than three hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank reflected no human shadow. The pageant disappeared as rapidly as it had approached, and left to us once more the silence and the solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream. An immense crowd of human beings, said to be eight thousand—but I thought not so many—had passed and repassed before our tents, and left not a vestige behind them."

At a short distance below the bathing-place of the pilgrims, the boats reached the Dead Sea, at its influx into which the Jordan is 180 yards wide and three feet deep. The first taste of its navigation was anything but encouraging. As they rounded the point and swept into the waters,—"a nauseous compound of bitters and salt,"—there was blowing a fresh north-west wind. "We endeavoured," says Mr. Lynch, "to steer a little to the north and west, to make a true west course, and threw the patent log overboard to measure the distance, but the wind rose so rapidly that the boats could not keep head to wind, and we were obliged to haul the log in. The sea

continued to rise with the increasing wind, which gradually freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces, and while it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. The boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first, but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water, it seemed as if their bows were encountering the sledge-hammers of the Titans instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea. At 3.50, passed a piece of drift-wood, and soon after saw three swallows and a gull. At 4.45, the wind blew so fiercely that the boats could make no headway, not even the 'Fanny Skinner,' which was nearer to the weather shore; and we drifted rapidly to leeward,—threw over some of the fresh water, to lighten the 'Fanny Mason,' which laboured very much, and I began to fear that the boats would founder."

Suffering excessively from the salt with which they were incrusted, they bore away for shore. In another hour the wind instantaneously abated, and, from the ponderous quality of the water, the sea sunk as by magic. They landed on an unknown and dreary shore; shouts and signals were made for the land caravan, the boats hauled up on the beach, and the camp established beside a brackish spring. Wet and weary, they threw themselves on the dust beside a fœtid marsh, with the dreary sea and its volcanic mountains before and around them. "At midnight, in the midst of this desolation, the distant convent bell of Mar Saba struck gratefully upon the ear,—for it was the Christian call to prayer, and told of human wants and human sympathies to the wayfarers on the borders of the Sea of Death."

The general dimensions and configuration of the Salt Lake had been previously ascertained, and a tolerably correct map drawn up under Dr. Robinson's direction, founded upon his own observations and those of the travellers who had preceded him. Lieutenant Lynch, however, has made most valuable additions to our information. We must refer to the book itself for the details of his operations, accompanied and explained as they are by an excellent chart. Commencing at the northern extremity, he gradually worked his way to the southern, proceeding from shore to shore on a zigzag course, sounding everywhere as he advanced, and rectifying the delineation of the coast. The general character of the basin of the Dead Sea, which is about forty miles long by twelve in its broadest part, is probably known, in some measure, to most of our readers. It is hemmed in by parallel ranges of abrupt and precipitous mountains; those of the desert of Judea on the western, and of the land of Moab on the eastern side. Through these mountain walls deep and jagged ravines descend to its borders. Here and there is a solitary spring, with a little half-tropical vegetation, such as En-gedi—the Engaddi of the Bible—visited and described by Dr. Robinson, and now again by Lieutenant Lynch. The southern half of the lake is very remarkable. Here, it has generally been supposed, stood the guilty cities of the plain; and here, in shallow water, travellers have even fancied they could trace their submerged foundations; nothing of this sort, however, fell under the notice of the party. But how extraordinary are all the surrounding phenomena will appear from the following extracts:—

"At 8.30 started again, and steered E.S.E., sounding every five minutes, the depth from one to one-and-three-quarter fathoms; white and black slime and mud. A swallow flew by us. At 8.52 stopped to take compass-bearings. Seetzen saw this salt mountain in 1806, and says he never before beheld one so torn and riven; but neither Costigan nor Molyneux, who were in boats, came farther south on the sea than the peninsula. With regard to this part, therefore, which most probably covers the guilty cities,—

'We were the first
That ever burst
Into this silent sea.'

"At 9, the water shoaling, hauled more off shore. Soon after, to our astonishment, we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft slimy mud, encrusted with salt; and a short distance from the water covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidical behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop, or buttress, connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with *débris* of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us, in vague terms, that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements, in all other respects, had proved so unsatisfactory that we could place no reliance on them.

"At 10.10, returned to the boat with large specimens. The shore was soft, and very yielding, for a great distance; the boats could not get within 200 yards of the beach, and our foot-prints, made on landing, were, when we returned, incrusted with salt. A little further on, landing to make observations, the beach was so hot as to blister the feet; it was like running over burning ashes, and it was a delightful sensation when the feet touched the salt slimy water of the sea, although then at the temperature of 88°.

Near this spot, and not far from the southern extremity of the lake, a remarkable peninsula projects into it, the northern extremity of which was named by our explorers "Point Costigan," and the southern

"Point Molyneux," as a tribute to the two gallant Englishmen who lost their lives in attempting to explore this sea! It was indeed a scene of unmitigated desolation. "On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Usdum, with its conspicuous pillar, which reminded us, at least, of the catastrophe of the plain; on the other were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which the fugitive Lot found shelter. To the south was an extensive flat, intersected by sluggish drains, with the high hills of Edom semi-girdling the salt plain where the Israelites repeatedly overthrew their enemies; and, to the north, was the calm and motionless sea, curtained with a purple mist; while many fathoms deep, in the slimy mud beneath it, lay embedded the ruins of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The glare of light was blinding to the eye, and the atmosphere difficult of respiration. No bird fanned with its wings the attenuated air through which the sun poured its scorching rays upon the mysterious element on which we floated, and which alone, of all the works of its Maker, contains no living thing within it."

The oppressive heat of the climate, and the noxious exhalations from the volcanic shores, began, indeed, to tell fearfully upon the whole party. With water all around them, they were often nearly perishing with thirst. A fatal lethargy seemed to be gradually stealing over all their faculties. "The tendency to drowsiness became almost irresistible." The very airs that fanned them were like the breath of a furnace. One day while gliding dreamily along above the buried plain of Siddim, the greater part were overcome by invincible lassitude, and lay stretched out before the watchful leader of the enterprise "in every attitude of a sleep that had more of stupor in it than of repose."

"In the awful aspect," he observes, "which this sea presented, when we first beheld it, I seemed to read the inscription over the gates of Dante's *Inferno*,—'Ye who enter here, leave hope behind.' Since then, habituated to mysterious appearances in a journey so replete with them, and accustomed to scenes of deep and thrilling interest at every step of our progress, those feelings of awe had been insensibly lessened or hushed by deep interest in the investigations we had pursued. But *now*, as I sat alone in my wakefulness, the feeling of awe returned; and as I looked upon the sleepers, I felt 'the hair of my flesh stand up,' as Job's did, when 'a spirit passed before his face;' for to my disturbed imagination there was something fearful in the expression of their inflamed and swollen visages. The fierce angel of disease seemed hovering over them, and I read the forerunner of his presence in their flushed and feverish sleep. Some with their bodies bent, and arms dangling over the abandoned oars, their hands excoriated with the acrid water, slept profoundly; others, with heads thrown back, and lips cracked and sore, with a scarlet flush on either cheek, seemed overpowered by heat and weariness even in sleep; while some, upon whose faces shone the reflected light from the water, looked ghastly, and dozed with a nervous twitching of the limbs, and now and then starting from their sleep, drank deeply from a beaker, and sank back again to lethargy. The solitude, the scene, my own thoughts, were too much; I felt, as I sat thus, steering the drowsily-moving boat, as if I were a Charŏn, ferrying, not the souls, but the bodies of the departed and the damned over some infernal lake, and could endure it no longer; but, breaking from my listlessness, ordered the sails to be furled, and the oars resumed; action seemed better than such unnatural stupor.

"Tormented thus, under the burning sun, with lassitude and thirst, a fresh-water bath in some cool rocky nook was like the bliss of paradise." And such they were sometimes fortunate enough to find in the ravines that bring down their tribute to the lake. The picture of one of these spots, of its "seclusion and freshness, is, indeed, most exquisite."

"In the evening we walked up the ravine to bathe. It was a toilsome walk over the rough *débris* brought down by the winter rains. A short distance up we were surprised to see evidences of former habitations in the rocks. Roughly hewn caverns, and natural excavations we had frequently observed, but none before evincing so much art. Some of the apertures were arched and cased with sills of limestone, resembling an inferior kind of marble. We were at a loss how to obtain an entrance, for they were cut in the perpendicular face of the rock, and the lowest more than fifty feet from the bed of the ravine. We stopped to plan some mode of gaining an entrance to one of them; but the sound of the running stream, and the cool shadow of the gorge were too inviting; and advancing through tamarisk, oleander, and cane, we came upon the very Egeria of fountains. Far in among the cane, embowered, imbedded, hidden deep in the shadow of the purple rocks and the soft green gloom of the luxuriant vegetation, leaping with a gentle murmur from basin to basin, over the rocks, under the rocks, by the rocks, and clasping the rocks with its crystal arms, was this little fountain-wonder. The thorny nŭbk, and the pliant osher, were on the bank above; yet lower, the oleander and the tamarisk; while upon its brink the lofty cane, bent by the weight of its fringe-like tassels, formed bowers over the stream fit for the haunts of Naiads. Diana herself could not have desired a more secluded bath than each of us took in a separate basin.

"This, more probably than the fountain of Ain Jiddy (Engaddi) high up the mountain, may be regarded as the realization of the poet's dream—the genuine 'diamond of the desert;' and in one of the vaulted coves above, the imagination can dwell upon the night procession, Edith Plantagenet, and the flower dropped in hesitation, and picked up with avidity; the pure, disinterested aspirations of the Crusader, the licentious thoughts of the Saracen, and the wild, impracticable visions of the saintly enthusiast. One of those caverns too, since fashioned by the hand of man, may have been the veritable cave of

'Adullam,' for this is the wilderness of Engaddi. Here, too, may have been the dwellings of the Essenes, in the early days of Christianity, and subsequently of hermits, when Palestine was under Christian sway. The Arabs say that these caves have been here from time immemorial, and that many years ago some of the tribe succeeded in entering one of them, and found vast chambers excavated in the rock. They may have been the cells where 'gibbered and moaned' the hermit of Engaddi."

But we must hasten to a conclusion. On reaching the Dead Sea the want of forage had compelled the land party to ascend from the shores, above which they hovered,—sometimes catching sight, and having, at particular points, brief intercourse with their companions on the water. With them Mr. Lynch paid a visit to Kerak, the capital of Moab, where, but for the strength of their party, they would have been attacked by the Arabs. Another, and most interesting excursion, was also made to the extraordinary rock fortress of Masada, which witnessed the last expiring struggles for Jewish independence after the taking of Jerusalem. At length the party reached the southern extremity of the lake—finished their observations—hauled out their battered boats—loaded them in portions upon camels, and prepared for their journey to Jerusalem. "Winding slowly up the steep pass," says Mr. Lynch, "we looked back at every turn upon our last place of encampment, and upon the silent sea. We are ever sad on parting with things for the last time. The feeling that we are never to see them again makes us painfully sensible of our own mortality."

After spending twenty-two nights on the sea, having sounded it, determined its geographical position, noted exactly the topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and atmospheric phenomena, the author passes on to state his general conclusions on the subject.

"From the summit of these cliffs," he observes, "in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is Hebron, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of Lot upon that ridge, it is supposed that Abraham looked 'towards *all* the land of the plain,' and beheld the smoke, 'as the smoke of a furnace.' The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and '*overwhelmed*' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging *thirteen*, the former about thirteen hundred feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el Geil, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

"Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sunken break-down in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarcely be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion; preceded, most probably, by an irruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea. All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual, and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been as deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet; while on both sides of the southern portion, the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too, as reference to the map will show, have a southward inclination near their outlets, that of Zerka Maire, or Callirohoe, especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument which has been based on this would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities without regard to angular inclination. The Yermark flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok at an acute one to its descending course. There are many other things tending to the same conclusion; among them the isolation of the mountain at Usdum, its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

"But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the scriptural account of the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of *would-be* unbelievers."

The sudden change from the sultry climate of the lake to the bracing breezes of the hills of Judea, was at first extremely trying to our travellers. Parting with their staunch associates, Akil and Sherif, to whose fidelity and tact they attribute their freedom from Arab annoyances, they now wended their way to Jerusalem, and thence by sea to Jaffa. We must not forget to mention here, that the party succeeded in carrying a line of levels, with the spirit level, "from the chasm of the Dead Sea, through the Desert of Judea to Jaffa, over precipices and mountain-ridges, a task hitherto considered as impracticable. The

credit of this is principally due to Lieutenant Dale. The result is confirmatory of the extraordinary accuracy of the triangulation of Lieut. Symonds, R.N. The depression of the Dead Sea level below that of the Mediterranean was ascertained to be a little over 1,300 feet. The height of Jerusalem above the former sea is very nearly three times that of this difference of level; while, at the same time, it is almost the exact multiple of the depth of that sea, of the height of its banks, and of the depression of its surface." From Jaffa, they proceeded to Acre, whence they made an overland excursion to the sources of the Jordan, a beautiful spot near Paneas, of which a view is given. Thence their course lay to Damascus, Baalbec, and Beirut. The seeds of disease contracted in the deadly climate of the Jordan began to develop themselves; many were sorely shaken, and Mr. Dale, the commander of the land party fell a victim. A brig was chartered to convey the party to Malta, where the "Supply" soon joined them. They embarked on the 12th of September, and early in December were greeted with the heart-cheering sight of their native land.

We have thus endeavoured to give a popular sketch of this most interesting and important book; passing lightly over its description of well-known scenes, which, indeed, add but little to its intrinsic value. The official report will of course contain the most valuable portion of the scientific information on that part of the Jordan valley explored by the expedition. But, as Professor Von Buch observed to Dr. Robinson, a complete survey of the whole line is requisite to the full solution of its phenomena. Though but a secondary point, we can say but little in favour of the getting up of the volume. Many of the illustrations are useless; and all, though doubtless correct, very indifferent in execution. It is to be hoped that a more cheap and compact edition, with charts and maps on indestructible *cloth*—not flimsy paper—will be published when the present one is exhausted.

(To be continued.)

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

Sheepscote, Nov. 20.—Annoyed by Dick's companions, I prayed father to let me stay awhile with Rose; and gaining his consent, came over here yestermorn, without thinking it needefulle to send notice, which was perhaps inconsiderate. But she received me with kisses and words of tendernesse, though less smiling than usualle, and eargerlie accepted mine offered visitt. Then she ran off to find Roger, and I heard them talking earnestlie in a low voice before they came in. His face was grave, even stern, when he entred, but he held out his hand, and sayd, "Mistress Milton, you are welcome! how is it with you? and how was Mr. Milton when he wrote to you last?" I answered brieflie, he was well: then came a silence, and then Rose took me to my chamber, which was sweet with lavender, and its hangings of yᵉ whitest. It reminded me too much of my first week of marriage, soe I resolved to think not at all lest I shoulde be bad companie, but cheer up and be gay. Soe I askt Rose a thousand questions about her dairie and bees, laught much at dinner, and told Mr. Agnew sundrie of the merrie sayings of Dick and his Oxford friends. And, for my reward, when we were afterwards apart, I heard him tell Rose (by reason of yᵉ walls being thin) that however she might regard me for old affection's sake, he thought he had never knowne soe unpromising a character. This made me dulle enoughe alle yᵉ rest of the evening, and repent having come to Sheepscote: however, he liked me yᵉ better for being quiete: and Rose, being equallie chekt, we sewed in silence while he read to us yᵉ first division of Spencer's Legend of Holinesse, about Una and the Knight, and how they got sundered. This led to much serious, yet not unpleasing, discourse, which lasted till supper. For the first time at Sheepscote, I coulde not eat, which Mr. Agnew observing, prest me to take wine, and Rose woulde start up to fetch some of her preserves; but I chekt her with a motion, not being quite able to speak; for their being soe kind made yᵉ teares readie to starte, I knew not why.

Family prayers, after supper, rather too long; yet though I coulde not keep up my attention, they seemed to spread a calm and a peace alle about, that extended even to me; and though, after I had undressed, I sat a long while in a maze, and bethought me how piteous a creature I was, yet, once layed down, I never sank into deeper, more composing sleep.

Nov. 21.—This morning, Rose exclaimed, "Dear Roger? onlie think! Moll has begun to learn Latin since she returned to Forest Hill, thinking to surprise Mr. Milton when they meet." "She will not onlie surprise but *please* him," returned dear Roger, taking my hand very kindlie; "I can onlie say, I hope they will meet long before she can read his Poemata, unless she learnes much faster than most people." I replyed, I learned very slowly, and wearied Robin's patience; on which Rose, kissing me, cried, "You will never wearie mine; soe, if you please, deare Moll, we will goe to our lessons here everie morning; and it may be that I shall get you through yᵉ grammar faster than Robin can. If we come to anie difficultie we shall refer it to Roger."

Now, Mr. Agnew's looks exprest such pleasure with both, that it were difficult to tell which felt yᵉ most elated; soe calling me deare Moll (he hath hitherto Mistress Miltoned me ever since I sett foot in his house), he sayed he would not interrupt our studdies, though he should be within call, and soe left us. I had not felt soe happy since father's birthday; and, though Rose kept me close to my book for two hours, I found her a far less irksome tutor than deare Robin. Then she went away, singing, to make

(1) Continued from p. 222.

Roger's favourite dish, and afterwards we took a brisk walke, and came home hungrie enoughe to dinner.

There is a daily beauty in Rose's life, that I not onlie admire, but am readie to envy. Oh! if Milton lived but in yᵉ poorest house in the countrie, methinks I coulde be very happy with him.

Bedtime.—Chancing to make the above remark to Rose, she cried, "And why not be happy with him in Aldersgate Street?" I brieflie replied, that he must get the house first, before it were possible to tell whether I coulde be happy there or not. Rose stared, and exclaimed, "Why, where do you suppose him to be now?" "Where but at the taylor's in St. Bride's Churchyard?" I replied. She claspt her hands with a look I shall never forget, and exclaimed in a sort of vehement passion, "Oh, cousin, cousin, how you throw your own happinesse away! How awfulle a pause must have taken place in your intercourse with the man whom you promised to abide by till death, since you know not that he has long since taken possession of his new home; that he strove to have it ready for you at Michaelmasse!"

Doubtlesse I lookt noe less surprised than I felt;—a suddain prick at yᵉ heart prevented speech; but it shot acrosse my heart that I had made out yᵉ words 'Aldersgate' and 'new home,' in yᵉ fragments of the letter my father had torn. Rose, misjudging my silence, burst forthe anew with, "Oh, cousin! cousin! coulde anie home, however dull and noisesome, drive me from Roger Agnew? Onlie think of what you are doing,—of what you are leaving undone!—of what you are preparing against yourself! To put the wickednesse of a selfish course out of yᵉ account, onlie think of its mellancholie, its miserie,—destitute of alle the sweet, bright, fresh well-springs of happinesse;—unblest by God!"

Here Rose wept passionatelie, and claspt her arms about me; but, when I began to speak, and to tell her of much that had made me miserable, she hearkened in motionlesse silence, till I told her that father had torn yᵉ letter and beaten the messenger. Then she cried, "Oh, I see now what may and shall be done! Roger shall be peace-maker," and ran off with joyfulnesse; I not withholding her. But I can never be joyfulle more—he cannot be day's-man betwixt us now—'tis alle too late!

Nov. 28.—Now that I am at Forest Hill agayn, I will essay to continue my journalling.—

Mr. Agnew was out; and though a keene wintry winde was blowing, and Rose was suffering from colde, yet she went out to listen for his horse's feet at yᵉ gate, with onlie her apron cast over her head. Shortlie, he returned; and I heard him say in a troubled voice, "Alle are in arms at Forest Hill." I felt soe greatlie shocked as to neede to sit downe instead of running forthe to learn yᵉ news. I supposed yᵉ parliamentarian soldiers had advanced, unexpectedlie, upon Oxford. His next words were, "Dick is coming for her at noone—poor soul, I know not what she will doe—her father will trust her noe longer with you and me." Then I saw them both passe the window, slowlie pacing together, and hastened forth to joyn them; but they had turned into yᵉ pleached alley, theire backs towards me; and both in such earnest and apparentlie private communication, that I dared not interrupt them till they turned aboute, which was not for some while; for they stood for some time at yᵉ head of yᵉ alley, still with theire backs to me, Rose's hair blowing in yᵉ cold wind; and once or twice she seemed to put her kerchief to her eyes.

Now, while I stood mazed and uncertain, I hearde a distant clatter of horse's feet, on yᵉ hard road a good way off, and could descrie Dick coming towards Sheepscote. Rose saw him too, and commenced running towards me; Mr. Agnew following with long strides. Rose drew me back into yᵉ house, and sayd, kissing me, "Dearest Moll, I am soe sorry; Roger hath seen your father this morn, and he will on no account spare you to us anie longer; and Dick is coming to fetch you even now." I sayd, "Is father ill?" "Oh no," replied Mr. Agnew; then coming up, "He is not ill, but he is perturbed at something which has occurred; and, in truth, soe am I.—But remember, Mistress Milton, remember, dear cousin, that when you married, your father's guardianship of you passed into yᵉ hands of your husband—your husband's house was thenceforthe your home; and, in quitting it you committed a fault you may yet repaire, though this offensive act has made yᵉ difficultie much greater."—"Oh, what has happened?" I impatientlie cried. Just then, Dick comes in with his usual blunt salutations, and then cries, "Well, Moll, are you ready to goe back?" "Why should I be?" I sayd, "when I am soe happy here? unless father is ill, or Mr. Agnew and Rose are tired of me." They both interrupted, there was nothing they soe much desired, at this present, as that I shoulde prolong my stay. And you know, Dick, I added, that Forest Hill is not soe pleasant to me just now as it hath commonlie beene, by reason of your Oxford companions. He brieflie sayd, I neede not mind that, they were coming no more to yᵉ house, father had decreed it. And you know well enough, Moll, that what father decrees, must be, and he hath decreed that you must come home now; soe no more ado, I pray you, but fetch your cloak and hood, and the horses shall come round, for 'twill be late e'er we reach home. "Nay, you must dine here at all events," sayd Rose; "I know, Dick, you love roast pork." Soe Dick relented. Soe Rose, turning to me, prayed me to bid Cicely hasten dinner; the which I did, tho' thinking it strange Rose should not goe herself. But, as I returned, I hearde her say, Not a word of it, dear Dick, at the least, till after dinner, lest you spoil her appetite. Soe Dick sayd he shoulde goe and look after yᵉ horses. I sayd then, brisklie, I see somewhat is the matter—pray tell me what it is. But Rose looked quite dull, and walked to yᵉ window. Then Mr. Agnew sayd, "You seem as dissatisfied to leave us,

cousin, as we are to lose you; and yet you are going back to Forest Hill—to that home in which you will doubtlesse be happy to live all your dayes."—"At Forest Hill?" I sayd, "oh no! I hope not." "And why?" said he quicklie. I hung my head, and muttered, "I hope, some daye, to goe back to Mr. Milton." "And why not at once?" sayd he. I sayd, "Father would not let me." "Nay, that is childish," he answered, "your father could not hinder you if you wanted not yᵉ mind to goe—it was your first seeming soe loth to return, that made him think you unhappie and refuse to part with you." I sayd, "And what if I were unhappie?" He paused; and knew not at yᵉ moment what answer to make, but shortlie replyed by another question, "What cause had you to be soe?" I sayd, "That was more easily askt than answered, even if there were anie neede I shoulde answer it, or he had anie right to ask it." He cried in an accent of tendernesse that still wrings my heart to remember, "Oh, question not the right! I only wish to make you happy. Were you not happy with Mr. Milton during yᵉ week you spent together here at Sheepscote?" Thereat I coulde not refrayn from bursting into tears. Rose now sprang forward; but Mr. Agnew sayd, "Let her weep, let her weep, it will do her good." Then, alle at once it occurred to me that my husband was awaiting me at home, and I cried, "Oh, is Mr. Milton at Forest Hill?" and felt my heart full of gladness. Mr. Agnew answered, "Not soe, not soe, poor Moll:" and, looking up at him, I saw him wiping his brow, though the daye was soe chill. "As well tell her now," sayd he to Rose; and then taking my hand, "Oh, Mrs. Milton, can you wonder that your husband shoulde be angry? How can you wonder at anie evil that may result from yᵉ provocation you have given him? What marvell, that since you cast him off, all yᵉ sweet fountains of his affections would be embittered, and that he should retaliate by seeking a separation, and even a divorce?"—There I stopt him with an outcry of "Divorce?" "Even soe," he most mournfully replyd, "and I seeke not to excuse him, since two wrongs make not a right." "But," I cried, passionately weeping, "I have given him noe cause; my heart has never for a moment strayed to another, nor does he, I am sure, expect it." "Ne'erthelesse," enjoyned Mr. Agnew, "he is soe aggrieved and chafed, that he has followed up what he considers your breach of the marriage contract by writing and publishing a book on divorce; the tenor of which coming to your father's ears, has violently incensed him. And now, dear cousin, having, by your waywardness, kindled this flame, what remains for you but to—nay, hear me, hear me, Moll, for Dick is coming in, and I may not let him hear me urge you to yᵉ onlie course that can regayn your peace—Mr. Milton is still your husband; eache of you have now something to forgive; do you be yᵉ firste; nay, seeke *his* forgivenesse, and you shall be happier than you have beene yet."

—But I was weeping without controule; and Dick coming in, and with Dick yᵉ dinner, I askt to be excused, and soe soughte my chamber, to weep there without restraynt or witnesse. Poor Rose came up, as soone as she coulde leave the table, and told me she had eaten as little as I, and woulde not even presse me to eat. But she carest me and comforted me, and urged in her owne tender way alle that had beene sayd by Mr. Agnew; even protesting that if she were in my place, she would not goe back to Forest Hill, but straight to London, to entreat with Mr. Milton for his mercy. But I told her I could not do that, even had I the means for yᵉ journey; for that my heart was turned against yᵉ man who coulde, for yᵉ venial offence of a young wife, in abiding too long with her old father, not onlie cast her off from his love, but hold her up to yᵉ world's blame and scorn, by making their domestic quarrel the matter for a printed attack. Rose sayd, "I admit he is wrong, but indeed, indeed, Moll, you are wrong too, and you were wrong *first*:" and she sayd this soe often, that at length we came to crosser words; when Dick, calling to me from below, would have me make haste, which I was glad to doe, and left Sheepscote less regrettfullie than I had expected. Rose kist me with her gravest face. Mr. Agnew put me on my horse, and sayd, as he gave me yᵉ rein, "Now think! now think! even yet!" and then, as I silently rode off, "God bless you."

I held down my head; but, at yᵉ turn of yᵉ road, lookt back, and saw him and Rose watching us from yᵉ porch. Dick cried, "I am righte glad we are off at last, for father is downright crazie aboute this businesse, and mistrustfulle of Agnew's influence over you,"—and would have gone on railing, but I bade him for pitie's sake be quiete.

The effects of my owne follie, the losse of home, husband, name, the opinion of yᵉ Agnews, the opinion of yᵉ worlde, rose up agaynst me and almost drove me mad. And, just as I was thinking I had better lived out my dayes and dyed earlie in St. Bride's Churchyarde than that alle this should have come about, the sudden recollection of what Rose had that morning tolde me, which soe manie other thoughts had driven out of my head, viz. that Mr. Milton had, in his desire to please me, while I was onlie bent on pleasing myself, been secretly striving to make readie yᵉ Aldersgate Street house agaynst my return,—soe overcame me, that I wept as I rode along. Nay, at yᵉ corner of a branch road, had a mind to beg Dick to let me goe to London; but a glance at his dogged countenance sufficed to foreshow my answer.

Half dead with fatigue and griefe when I reached home, yᵉ tender embraces of my father and mother completed yᵉ overthrowe of my spiritts. I tooke to my bed; and this is yᵉ first daye I have left it; nor will they let me send for Rose, nor even tell her I am ill.

January 1, 1644.—The new year opens drearilie, on affairs both publick and private. The loaf parted at

breakfast this morning, which, as the saying goes, is a sign of separation; but mother onlie sayd 'twas because it was badly kneaded, and chid Margery. She hath beene telling me, but now, how I mighte have 'scaped all my troubles, and seene as much as I woulde of her and father, and yet have contented Mr. Milton and beene counted a good wife. Noe advice soe ill to bear as that which comes too late.

Jan. 7.—I am sick of this journalling, soe shall onlie put downe ye date of Robin's leaving home. Lord have mercy on him, and keepe him in safetie. This is a shorte prayer; therefore, easier to be often repeated. When he kissed me, he whispered, "Moll, pray for me."

Jan. 27.—Father does not seeme to miss Robin much, tho' he dailie drinks his health after that of ye king. Perhaps he did not miss me anie more when I was in London, though it was true and naturall enough he should like to see me agayn. We should have beene used to our separation by this time; there w^d have beene nothing corroding in it. . .

I pray for Robin everie night. Since he went, the house has lost its sunshine. When I was soe anxious to return to Forest Hill, I never counted on his leaving it.

Feb. 1.—Oh heaven, what would I give to see ye skirts of Mr. Milton's garments agayn! My heart is sick unto death. I have been reading some of my journall, and tearing out much childish nonsense at ye beginning; but coulde not destroy ye painfulle records of the last year. How unhappy a creature am I!—wearie, wearie of my life, yet no ways inclined for death. Lord, have mercy upon me.

March 27.—I spend much of my time, now, in ye book room, and, though I essay not to pursue ye Latin, I read much English, at the least, more than ever I did in my life before; but often I fancy I am reading when I am onlie dreaming. Oxford is far too gay a place for me now ever to goe neare it, but my brothers are much there, and father in his farm, and mother in her kitchen; and the neighbours, when they call, look on me strangelie, so that I have noe love for them. How different is Rose's holy, secluded, yet cheerefulle life at Sheepscote! She hath a nurserie now, soe cannot come to me, and father likes not I should goe to her.

April 5.—They say their Majestyes' parting at Abingdon was very sorrowfulle and tender. The Lord send them better times! The Queen is to my mind a most charming lady, and well worthy of his M^{ty's} affection; yet it seems to me amisse, that thro' her influence, last summer, ye opportunitie of pacification was lost. But she was elated, and naturallie enoughe, at her personall successes from ye time of her landing. To me, there seems nothing soe good as peace. I know indeede, Mr. Milton holds that there may be such things as a holy war and a cursed peace.

April 10.—Father, having a hoarseness, hath deputed me, of late, to read ye morning and evening prayers. How beautifulle is our Liturgie! I grudge at ye Puritans for having abolished it; and though I felt not its comprehensive fullnesse before I married, nor indeed till now, yet I wearied to death in London at ye puritanicall ordinances and conscience-meetings and extempore prayers, wherein it was so oft ye speaker's care to show men how godly he was. Nay, I think Mr. Milton altogether wrong in ye view he takes of praying to God in other men's words; for doth he not doe soe, everie time he followeth the sense of another man's extempore prayer, wherein he is more at his mercy and caprice than when he hath a printed form set down, wherein he sees what is coming?

June. 8—Walking in the home-close this morning, it occurred to me that Mr. Milton intended bringing me to Forest Hill about this time; and that if I had abided patientlie with him through ye winter, we might now have beene both here happily together; untroubled by that sting which now poisons everie enjoyment of mine, and perhaps of his. Lord, be merciful to *me a sinner.*

23*d.*—Just after writing ye above, I was in ye garden, gathering a few coronation flowers and sops-in-wine, and thinking they were of deeper crimson at Sheepscote, and wondering what Rose was just then about, and whether had I beene born in her place, I shoulde have beene as goode and happy as she,—when Harry came up, looking somewhat grave. I sayd, "What is the matter?" He gave answer, "Rose hath lost her child." Oh!——that we should live but a two hours' journey apart, and that she coulde lose a child three months olde *whom I had never seene?*

I ran to father, and never left off praying him to let me goe to her till he consented.

—What, and if I had begged as hard, at ye first, to goe back to Mr. Milton? might he not have consented *then?*

. . . Soe Harry took me; and as we drew neare Sheepscote, I was avised to think how grave, how barelie friendly had beene our last parting; and to ponder, would Rose make me welcome now? The infant, Harry tolde me, had beene dead some dayes; and, as we came in sight of ye little grey old church, we saw a knot of people coming out of ye churchyard, and guessed ye baby had just beene buried. Soe it proved—Mr. Agnew's house-door stood ajar; and when we tapped softlie and Cicely admitted us, we could see him standing by Rose, who was sitting on ye grave and crying as if she would not be comforted. When she hearde my voice, she started up, flung her arms about me, crying more bitterlie than before, and I cried too; and Mr. Agnew went away with Harry.

Then Rose sayd to me, "You must not leave me agayn." . . .

. . . . In yᵉ cool of yᵉ evening, when Harry had left us, she took me into yᵉ churchyarde, and scattered yᵉ little grave with flowers; and then continued sitting beside it on the grasse, quiete, but not comfortlesse. I am avised to think she prayed. Then Mr. Agnew came forthe and sate on a flat tombstone hard by; and without one word of introduction took out his Psalter, and commenced reading the Psalms for that evening's service; to wit, the 41st, the 42d, and 43de; in a low soleınne voice; and methoughte I never in my life hearde aniething to equall it in yᵉ way of consolation. Rose's heavie eyes graduallie lookt up from yᵉ ground into her husband's face, and thence up to heaven. After this, he read, or rather repeated, yᵉ collect at the end of the buriall service, putting this expression,—"As our hope is, this our deare infant doth." Then he went on to say in a soothing tone, "There hath noe misfortune happened to us, but such as is common to the lot of alle men. We are alle sinners, even to yᵉ youngest, fayrest, and seeminglie purest among us; and death entered yᵉ world by sin, and, constituted as we are, we would not, even if we could, dispense with death. For, where doth it convey us? From this burthensome, miserable world, into yᵉ generall assemblie of Christ's first-born, to be united with yᵉ spiritts of yᵉ just made perfect, to partake of everie enjoyment which in this world is unconnected with sin, together with others that are unknowne and unspeakable. And there, we shall agayn have *bodies* as well as soules; eyes to see, but not to shed tears; voices to speak and sing, not to utter lamentations; hands, to doe God's work; feet, and it may be, wings, to carry us on his errands. Such will be yᵉ blessedness of his glorified saints; even of those who, having been servants of Satan till yᵉ eleventh hour, laboured penitentlie and diligentlie for their heavenlie Master one hour before sunset; but as for those who, dying in mere infancie, never committed actuall sin, they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! 'Oh, think of this, dear Rose, and sorrow not as those without hope; for be assured, your child hath more reall reason to be grieved for you, than you for *him*.'"

With this, and like discourse, that distilled like yᵉ dew, or yᵉ small rain on the tender grasse, did Roger Agnew comfort his wife, untill the moon had risen. Likewise he spake to us of those who lay buried arounde, how one had died of a broken heart, another of suddain joy, another had let patience have her perfect work through years of lingering disease. Then we walked slowlie and composedlie home, and ate our supper peacefullie, Rose not refusing to eat, though she took but little.

Since that evening, she hath, at Mr. Agnew's wish, gone much among yᵉ poor, reading to one, working for another, carrying food and medicine to another; and in this I have borne her companie. I like it well. Methinks how pleasant and seemlie are yᵉ duties of a country minister's wife! a God-fearing woman, that is, who considereth the poor and needy, insteade of aiming to be frounced and purfled like her richest neighbours. Mr. Agnew was reading to us, last night, of Bernard Gilpin—he of whom yᵉ Lord Burleigh sayd, "Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric?" How charmed were we with yᵉ description of yᵉ simplicitie and hospitalitie of his method of living at Houghton!—There is another place of nearlie yᵉ same name, in Buckinghamshire—not Houghton, but Horton, ... where one Mr. John Milton spent five of yᵉ best years of his life,—and where methinks his wife could have been happier with him than in St. Bride's Churchyarde.—But it profits not to wish and to will.—What was to be, had need to be, soe there's an end.

DARTMOOR.

—"It is a spot
Almost unknown—untrod; the traveller
Must turn him from the broad and beaten track
Of men to find it."—CARRINGTON'S *Dartmoor*.

AT the present moment, when, owing to the unsettled state of the continent, thousands of our countrymen are turning homewards their unwilling steps, it may be presumed that many interesting spots in our own land, which have hitherto been unheeded or unknown, will be visited by those who are in quest of recreation within the bounds of their own island home.

Among such unfrequented regions, we would fain direct the attention of our readers to a singular tract of country, scarcely known, we imagine, even to the more educated and intelligent portion of the community, except from the fame of its excellent mutton, and the notoriety of its gloomy prison, in which many thousands of our brave foes were wont to linger out a miserable captivity during the last war.

The brevity of our space will not allow of our giving any detailed account of Dartmoor; neither shall we attempt to lure the votary of pleasure or of excitement into a district where his cravings must necessarily remain unsatisfied; but to those whose fresh and simple tastes may enable them to enjoy a different sort of existence from that to which they are habituated, we would offer one or two sketches of the most remarkable spots on Dartmoor, hoping that hereafter they may be induced to explore this singular region for themselves.

Let us first ascend the summit of Athur (or Hey) Tor, whose cloven crown makes it a conspicuous object throughout the lowlands of South Devon.

Leaving Newton, a small market town on the Teign, which has been brought by the South Devon Railway within the distance of five hours' ride from London, we slowly ascended a pleasant although hilly by-road; gradually exchanging the rich soft verdure and wooded hedges of a Devonshire landscape for the open ill-cultivated moor, only partially sheltered by the British oak and holly which grew along the roadside.

At the distance of seven miles from Newton, we found ourselves at the foot of Hey Tor, on the skirts of Dartmoor *Forest*, as it is still called by the primitive inhabitants; although, with the exception of those beautiful ravines through which its mountain streams wind their devious way towards the plains below, it is now-a-days singularly denuded of wood. Here we left our Britska, and clambered up the Tor, resting ever and anon on the softest, downiest moss, which was so thickly overlaid with the trailing tormantil that the flowers looked like wreaths of golden stars, gazing up into as blue and cloudless a sky as was ever looked upon in the sunny south.

In a few minutes we stood between the two tall dark granite peaks which crown the summit of Athur Tor, in other words, the Solar Tor; its name being significant of its dedication, in Druidical times, to the worship of the sun. On the top of the loftiest peak is one of those mysterious basins of hewn stone which are found in many of the granite-crowned tors of Dartmoor, and which are supposed to have been formed for the reception of rain, as no other water but that which fell from heaven was used in the lustrations of Druidical worship. Some of these basins (called lip basins) are thought to have been destined for a more fearful purpose; and that the blood of unhappy victims was wont to flow from out of their indented margin on the soil beneath. There was a painful sort of emotion excited by thus standing on the very spot where so terrible a superstition had once exercised its cruel sway; and the region which now for the first time presented itself to our view, northward of Athur Tor, was quite in unison with the thoughts thus awakened—dark masses of granite, piled on either side of us, and huge blocks of the same, lying scattered on the brow of the hill, their iron hue relieved only by the lichens which clung to their surface, and the whortleberry bushes which grew in every crevice of the rock; long ridges of moor, covered with scanty herbage and marked in some places with hut circles and ancient trackways, of the same dark heavy stone which abounds in many parts of Dartmoor; and beyond rose tor upon tor, each one capped with irregular masses of granite, which sometimes bore the most grotesque forms. Here and there, the grey tower of a parish church rising amid some distant clump of trees would assure us that living and Christian people were to be found within the bounds of this silent region. Otherwise, we might have been tempted to believe that it was tenanted only by the cattle which were reposing peacefully at our side during the heat of the mid-day sun. There was but one symptom of human labour within the range of our nearer vision; *viz.* walls composed of huge stones, or rather rocks, laid over each other without cement, and so loosely, that they formed a sort of cyclopean net-work. This, we afterwards learned, was purposely so contrived in order that the winter blast might sweep through the wall without destroying it.

Turning our backs for a moment upon Dartmoor, how wondrous was the change of prospect which presented itself to our view—a magnificent panorama of the loveliest part of Devon! At our feet lay rich and wooded valleys, undulating plains in which many a noble castle was either seen or guessed at, from its park-like domain; while cottages and villas and tapering spires bespoke a land of homes as well as of beauty. At a little distance beneath us, the Teign was winding its silvery course, while further off the Exe opened out its wide estuary towards the ocean; and beyond all these were seen the blue waters of the channel, with the noble outline of shore from Berry Head to the coast of Dorsetshire, stretching out towards Portland Point. Truly, one could desire no more beauteous or varied prospect; and yet, by a strange sort of fascination, the eye turned away from this splendid panorama to gaze with silent earnestness upon the grave antiquated region which lay beyond Athur Tor. There was an unaccountable pleasure in thus abandoning scenes so rife with images of domestic life and beauty, to contemplate the dim yet rugged remembrances of a mysterious past!

An hour's drive along the ridge of some bare lofty downs brought us into a far different scene in the secluded and romantic vale of Lustleigh. Here we rambled awhile along the banks of the Bovey, which pursued its foaming course between two lofty heights, one of which was clothed to the summit with hollies, oaks, and hawthorn trees; the lower part of the bank being thickly set with graceful fern, the glowing fox-glove, and the dwarf broom with its mass of rich yellow blossoms. It was at this side of the river that our path wound itself pleasantly along. The opposite bank of the stream was far bolder, loftier, and more precipitous; and it requires a firm elastic step, as well as some share of strength, to ascend the summit of the Cleave; for owing to the profusion of loose craggy rocks, whose interstices are filled with tangled roots and ferns, the unwary pedestrian often sinks into a deep cleft, where he thinks to have placed his foot on a soft firm resting place. Yet those of our party who ventured on this weary walk were rewarded by its wild beauty, and by the noble prospect gained from the summit of the Cleave.

We cannot stay to tell of Becky falls, which at a little distance from Lustleigh leap over a wall of rocks in so secluded a spot that one might vainly seek to find them out, but for the deep murmur of the cataract which met our ear during a ramble in the adjoining wood. Neither must we trust ourselves to speak of Manaton, (Maen-y-dun, the enclosure of erect stones,) although it is a spot never to be forgotten; resting, as it does, so lovelily in a lap of verdure amid tors of the rudest and most fanciful forms. On the brink of one of them stands an ancient rock idol, now called Bowerman's Nose—a huge pile of dark moor-stone whose outline resembles the profile of a human face, which bends its mis-shapen countenance over the fertile valley beneath, as if in grim and mocking defiance. Before it rests on the hill-side a flat rock of large dimensions; a fitting altar for such offerings as were doubtless once offered

to the deity of the place. But let us hasten on to a still more characteristic part of the moor.

Leaving the high-road, we wandered a while over a trackless portion of elevated downs in quest of the remains of Grimspound, an ancient British town, and a most curious relic of barbaric times.

Lying on the slope of Hameldown, in the very heart of a bare and hilly region, its broken wall composed of massive blocks of dark moor-stone; its paved entrances, north and south, of the same material; its ruined circular stone huts,—all speak of a forgotten past. One only vestige has preserved its life and freshness—the springing well of water which flows as purely now from its mossy bed as it did for our rude and painted forefathers of old. On a craggy tor, which overhangs Grimspound, are many Druidical remains; and more especially, one of those huge tumuli, beneath which it is believed that their warriors and men of renown were wont to be interred.

It is averred by antiquarians that Grimspound was once a place of considerable traffic, its position having probably been chosen on account of the tin mines in its immediate vicinity, which are still in full activity. At the present moment a drearier or more lonely spot cannot well be imagined;—such long stretches of bare hills and downs, and stony ravines, without a symptom of human habitation or cultivated soil, or even of cattle to animate the scene! The workmen employed in the mines walk about seven miles each morning to their daily toil, from the village of Chagford, a pleasant place on the outskirts of the moor, and whose fertile and wooded environs offer a great contrast to the region of which we have now been speaking. Thither we bent our course, meaning to make it the centre of our excursions for a few days.

Our approach lay through green shady lanes, scented with the perfume of bean-flowers and honeysuckles; and, just before entering the village, we passed by one of those mountain streams, (such as are to be met with even in the wildest parts of Dartmoor,) which go bounding along through some narrow glen, now sparkling in the sunshine, and now fringed and shaded by overhanging foliage.

Chagford was once a place of some note, being one of the four towns which sent representatives to the stannary court at Crockern Tor, for the settlement of matters connected with the tin mines. At present it is merely a long straggling village which lies in an undulating tract of well cultivated land, elevated and yet sheltered by several tors which lie around it at various distances. Two of these, Milldown and Nattern Tors, rise immediately behind it; and some glorious sunsets we enjoyed while reclining on their summits, gazing at the wide prospect beneath us; the quiet village, with its grey-towered church—Whiddon Park, along whose bounds the river Teign pursued its fitful course—and many a furzy common, and village church, and distant tor, filled up the landscape; while the only sounds that met our ears were such as harmonized with the tranquil beauty of the scene—the bleating of the young lambs which frolicked around us; the song of the skylark, as she "soared above her leafless reign," and the village clock whose chimes vibrated softly on our granite-capped tor.

But this may be deemed a tame sort of pleasure. Will the reader then accompany us in a morning ride to Cawson, the loftiest tor on Dartmoor, and several miles distant from Chagford?

Up before the summer sun was risen, and while the landscape was still veiled in soft fleecy clouds,—after a farmhouse breakfast of bread and milk,—we were off at 5 A.M. mounted on moor ponies, fresh caught from the hills. One of the intended *chargers* was not to be found; so our guide, an active moor-woman, sprang up behind one of our party, and away we went, threading at first by-lanes, steep and rugged, and crossing streams in their downward and impetuous course, until we reached Gidley-on-the-Moor, a poor but picturesque hamlet, noted for the ruins of its ancient castle. A few moments later, we found ourselves on the *veritable* moor, with its trackless downs and giant rocks; and we soon began the ascent of the ridge of tors, by which alone we could approach Cawson. With animals less habituated to the inequalities of the soil, our way would have offered insuperable difficulties, so precipitous was it in many parts, and so full of bog and crag were some of the spots on which our horses fearlessly trod. But on they sped their wary course; and our progress being necessarily a slow one, we had leisure to converse with our guide, a good specimen of the Dartmoor women. Her bright black eyes, clear brown complexion, and rounded face, together with her intelligent countenance, in which self-dependance and kindliness were strongly blended together, reminded us of the kindred races in Wales and Brittany. Although now in the middle life, she was still pretty, and had in youth evidently presumed on her power, as most of her sex venture to do now and then. She told us how, before her marriage, she was one day riding over the moor with her future husband, and coming to an intricate part of the hills, she resolved to give him a chase; so, suddenly she galloped off, and being well mounted, was soon out of sight among the lapping tors, nor drew in her rein until after a ride of ten miles, when she was overtaken by her pursuer. By her own account, however, she gave up such pranks on her marriage, and is now sobered down into a good housewife. Passing by her cottage we saw one of her little black-eyed daughters, whose bright roguish face looked as if she in her day would be ready enough to enjoy the same girlish freaks which had enlivened her mother's youth.

Before reaching Cawson, we skirted the summits of a long line of undulating hills, on some part of which the granite rocks rose up like a massive wall, broken at intervals, along the ridge of the tors. The prospect from Cawson was magnificent; and, spite of the cloudless atmosphere and intense heat of the sun, the air was so elastic that it felt almost invigorating. And such delicious water as that with which we slaked our thirst on the side of the hill, had I never before tasted.

The bed of moss from whence it sprang up with gushing softness, was of the brightest and most vivid green; and as we scooped it out from thence its sparkling purity made it as grateful to the sight as was its icy freshness to the palate. Our ride occupied seven or eight hours, and we returned home just as the sultry stillness of the afternoon was succeeded by a thunder-storm, which broke forth with the suddenness and fury so common to mountain regions. Our kind little hostess was ready to greet us with her usual cordial welcome, as we dismounted beneath the broad arched entrance of the Three Crowns; and truly, a bright pleasant face like Mrs. Brock's, which beams with merry-hearted benevolence, is of no small account to the traveller who seeks his home for a few days among strangers. It is the pledge of many little kindnesses and attentions which money can neither purchase nor repay.

This reminds me that I have not yet described our position here. The reader will not expect to find a first-rate hotel at Chagford; but the Three Crowns is a perfect model of a village way-side inn, such as was frequented by our ancestors some hundred and fifty years ago; for so ancient is the date of this dwelling, it having been erected in 1709, by Judge Whiddon, of whom a memorial still exists in the carved cross which yet appears in the kitchen-flagging, just on the spot where he used to administer justice. And a most picturesque building it is that the worthy judge erected, with its mullioned windows and its tall projecting gable in the centre of the house, overhung with ivy, beneath which the broad arch entrance gives access to both wings of the dwelling, one side of which is appropriated to *gentle* visitors; and on the other, may be found a more noisy, and sometimes a jovial company, but by whose merriment we were never disquieted. One evening a jolly old farmer talked rather loudly over his jug of ale, and on Mrs. Brock begging of him "not to *holler*, as it might annoy the ladies;" he replied, that he had *hollered* when he "went a courting, and could not give it up now to please any ladies:" a most cogent reason, with which we were perfectly satisfied. The apartments are very primitive in their inner aspect, and critically clean and neat; neither are they wanting in any of the common comforts which may be required in daily life; and the landlady is so liberal of her white household linen, and of her excellent home-made bread, and rich Devonshire cream and strawberries, and delicate trout, with the addition of other ordinary food, that one must be an epicure to complain of the daily fare with which she supplies her visitors.

Mrs. Brock, in her younger days, was celebrated throughout the country for her excellent punch and beefsteaks as well as for her beauty; nor has her fame in these respects diminished aught, scarcely even in the article of beauty; for she is one of the brightest, prettiest old women ever beheld.

But to return to the *agrémens* of our lodgings. Night and day we were regaled by the soft murmurs of a streamlet, which flowed on most musically in front of the house; and beyond it lay the pleasant churchyard, the place where not only the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," but where is also exhibited village life in all its varieties; for here the children sport upon the soft green hillocks, plucking "golden cups" and daisies, all unheedful of what lies beneath; and here the village youths and maidens gather for their evening converse; and here, too, pass continually the busier portion of the community, with their messages or their burdens, for it is the great thoroughfare of the village; and the grey old church looks down upon the past and present generations, which have alike been gathered within its walls; and beneath the aged elms by which it is shaded, the old man rests upon his weary way, gazing upon the wide stretch of hill and dale which lies spread out before him. Such are the sights and sounds which greet the wayfarer at Chagford; but during a week's sojourn there, one has not much time for waking dreams, for there are so many real objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Near at hand, Holy-street full of picturesque beauty, with its brawling stream, its rude bridge, its furzy banks, and pine-clad hill; further off, Drew's Teignton, whose very name tells its history, for on its site once stood the Druid's town, and its neighbourhood is strewed with Celtic remains, one of the most perfect being a cromlech, ycleped the Three Sisters; and near it is the dark fathomless lake of Bradford Pool; and at a little distance from thence, flows on the Teign, in a narrow glen, winding its way between lofty hills, sometimes fringed to the very summit with oak and holly trees, sometimes dark, bare and stern, frowning on the impetuous stream beneath. In one of the most gloomy of these passes, where the river seems to coil itself within these enfolding hills, stands an enormous logan stone, in the bed of the stream; and if, as is supposed, these vibrating rocks were the instruments of divination, as well as of irreversible judgment among the Druids, one can scarcely imagine a spot more fitting for such mysterious and awful rites, so stern and lonely is the aspect of this spot! Such, however, is by no means the usual character of the scenery of the Teign. Its banks offer a most charming ramble from Whiddon Park to Fingal Bridge, a distance of about two miles, during which the wanderer will often find himself among a tangled maze of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and rocks; so sweet a maze that one scarcely desires to escape from it. Often did we scramble to some rock which stretched midway into the river, and resting ourselves there, watch the rapid stream as it foamed and frothed around us, while a few steps further, perhaps, the waters flow so clearly and tranquilly beneath the shadow of some drooping tree, that we could discern the trout gliding about in peaceful sport. Unfortunately for them, the lovers of the "gentle craft" are wont to frequent this part of the river during the fishing season.

From Fingal Bridge to Dunsford Bridge, six miles further down the river, the walk through the Moreton Woods is very beautiful; and by returning over the

heights on the right bank, the pedestrian can visit Cawson and Wotton Castles, or rather "Camps," being the sites of Roman camps, placed on beautiful and commanding positions; one of them overhanging the river, the other on a lofty down, whose formation reminded us of the Herefordshire Beacon, near Malvern.

Such were some of our rides and walks at Chagford. We left the village with regret, and, after an ascent of two or three miles over a rugged bye-way, found ourselves on the high-road from Moreton Hampstead to Tavistock, (the only tolerable road in the whole district). Here we were in the very heart of the moor, on a high table land, girt about with tors of every imaginable form; and on some of the summits, so fantastically piled were the granite rocks, that it seemed as though a giant hand had flung them there in sport. As far as the eye could reach, appeared an interminable down, on which vast flocks of sheep and herds of small cattle were grazing; and down the hills flowed innumerable streamlets, which waved like silver threads across the dark heathy surface of the soil. One of the larger of these streams, our way-side companion for a while, was spanned by one of the ancient British bridges, peculiar I believe to the region of Dartmoor; and of a most primitive construction it was!—consisting of several piers, composed of massive granite rocks placed one above the other, and each pier connected with the neighbouring one by an enormous slab of moorstone, forming thus a most picturesque and solid pathway, one which has borne for ages past, the rush of winter torrent, and the still more desolating shock of time. After driving several miles through this lonely stretch of hill and moor, during which we saw only one wretched habitation, we skirted Crockern Tor, and wound our way into a valley, or rather a lap of verdure, in whose centre appeared the chimnies of the little inn of Two Bridges. A welcome sight; for at that moment the rain had begun to sweep impetuously across our path, and we were glad to take refuge near the ample peat fire, which blazed upon the landlady's hearth. In this country inn we resolved to pass two or three days. It was a spot replete with interest, although partly of a melancholy sort. Within two miles stands that vast and gloomy pile of buildings, once used as a French prison. Vainly could one attempt to picture a more dreary place. Built on the highest table-land of Dartmoor, on a spot which is utterly destitute of those redeeming accompaniments which lend a picturesque aspect to other parts of the same district, the soil is stony without crags, and swampy without rills of water. And then, those dark high walls, and small closely barred windows, and the deserted village of Princestown close by, with its falling houses, its closed inn, its mean-looking church, (built by the French prisoners,) and the churchyard waving with rank grass and tall nettles, without a single headstone to mark one of the graves! It seemed an unhonoured and unfrequented spot. Never did I behold a scene of more utter desolation! We went into the prison, whose sombre wretchedness need not be depicted here, and saw the naphtha works, which were not then in full activity, but gave an air of life to some portions of the building, and promise to be a source of wealth to the enterprising proprietors. Outside the walls we were shown the spot were the poor prisoners used to be buried in unconsecrated soil. This, we were told, they reckoned the crowning point of their misery, and it is painful to think that their feelings should have been thus needlessly insulted.

But let us turn our backs upon this place of gloomy remembrance, and ramble along the sweet Cowsie, as it comes dancing and sparkling down the hills, amid trees and rocks so picturesquely grouped that one lingers at each new turn of the stream; sometimes looking up to the ivied bridge which crosses its course near Bairdown, just at a point where the fall of the river is rather precipitous; sometimes reaching a fairy islet, so rich in fragrant flowers and drooping foliage that one wonders how so much beauty can be gathered up into a minute fragment of the earth; and then again resting on the jutting rock, or soft meadow bank, to prolong the hour of our enjoyment. But there is harder work before us; for two miles off, rising above the left bank of the West Dart, stands Wistman's Wood, the most singular spot, perhaps, on Dartmoor, as it is believed to be the last remains of a Druidical grove in this island, and its age about a thousand years.

Our way lay along the side of a pathless and rock-strewed hill, which rises boldly above the West Dart; and during our toilsome walk one could scarcely forbear envying the cattle who were reposing so peacefully beneath us, by the side of the quiet stream. The sun seemed to shine pleasantly on them, while we would gladly have beheld its rays veiled in mist. But all tiresome things come to an end at last; and, after crossing interminable fields and climbing loose stone walls, which threatened to fall beneath our feet, we found ourselves, at a sudden turn of the hill, standing just above Wistman's Wood, in modern speech, the Wise Man's Wood. Truly, it was a wondrous spot to gaze upon; for those stunted gnarled oaks, with their clubbed branches laden with mosses and ferns which swell them to an enormous size, looked more like wizard dwarfs than monarchs of the wood. These ancient trees, which are gradually perishing from decay as well as from the influence of parasitic plants upon their trunks and branches, and of which there do not exist at present more than a hundred (or thereabouts), are divided into groups, and entwine their roots with an iron grasp around the blocks of granite from whence they seem to spring. Indeed, these rocks are flung in such masses around the wood, that, while clambering into it, one is obliged to step from pile to pile at the risk of falling into deep chasms, which are but ill concealed by the waving ferns which grow among them. Report says that these hollow crevices are thronged with adders, but we trod each dangerous spot, unscathed by aught of evil; peered into the grotesque branches which

looked as though the lopping knife of the Druid had been exercised on them ages ago; and felt reluctant to quit a scene invested with such strange yet gloomy interest. But the day was wearing on, and we had yet to ascend Crockern Tor, which rises precipitously above Wistman's Wood, and which is not less rich in antiquarian remembrances, for in Celtic times Crockern Tor was the seat of highest justice within the district: in later ages, the Wittenagemote, or Saxon Parliament, were wont to meet on its summit; and until within the last century it remained as the Court of Stannaries, where the chief miners of Devon were obliged to assemble when summoned by the Lord Warden, for the purpose of settling disputes, and enacting laws, "in all matters between tinner and tinner, life and limb excepted." The summit of the tor is still crowned with vast masses of granite, some of the blocks of which formerly served as seats for the Judges; but several of them have been removed, and the stone "table of judgment," once placed within the circle of seats, has been broken up by some barbarous utilitarian and carried off to a neighbouring farm. But the great fact remains unchanged, that on this lonely and elevated tor, age after age, Celt and Saxon and Englishman have successively sat in judgment on their fellow-creatures; and now all here is silent and desolate, and wise men leave nature's courts to give forth their sentences in crowded halls, among the busy haunts of the multitude! We must not, however, stop to moralize on the flight of ages, and the changes they have brought along with them, for our space is nearly filled; and we would just glance at our drive to Tavistock, a most varied and pleasant one of about seven miles, concerning which we can merely say that Merrivale Bridge offers to the antiquarian a tempting field of exploration, as its immediate neighbourhood is literally strewed with Celtic remains, cromlechs, circles, track-ways, and other vestiges of that mighty superstition once so prevalent in Britain. Among all its existing monuments none awaken a more awful feeling than those tall shapeless obelisks which rise dark and lonely in some of the dreariest parts of the moor, imaging forth a stern relentless fate, a power that must be obeyed unquestioning and unresistingly. Through the simple piety of some early missionaries a few of these misshapen deities have been changed into the emblems of a peaceful, holy faith; and the rude crosses thus carved out of their summits, cannot but awaken reverential thought in the most heedless traveller.

Vixen Tor, which we saw during our drive to Tavistock, is one of the most picturesque we had yet beheld; for the tall granite crags which crown its summit singularly resemble a castellated tower which hangs frowning over the valleys beneath. Between Vixen and Mis-Tor a glance is obtained of the broad fertile vale of Walkham, whose corn-fields reach their very base: indeed, the hand of cultivation is at work now in the inmost recesses of the moor; and even within a short distance of Princestown, may be found the thriving plantations and desmesnes of Princess Hall, and of Tor Royal.

But without lingering any longer by the way-side we will hasten to the pleasantly situated and most comfortable hotel of the Bedford Arms, at Tavistock; built on the site of the ancient abbey, and overhanging the banks of the Tavy. Tavistock is a place full of interest as regards both the past and present times; and if we allowed ourselves to speak of Crownsdale,[1] and Fitzford, and Lydford Castle, and Morwell Rocks, and Enslcigh, and Brent Tor, these sketches would swell to a bulky mass. So we will only advise the reader who has kindly accompanied us thus far, to devote a few days to the storied town of Tavistock; and by descending the Tamar in a steamer which plies almost daily to Plymouth, a scene of beauty, different from what we have here described, will open upon him, and in a few hours he will find himself again in contact with the South Devon Railway, which conveys the traveller rapidly into a busier and a greater world.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[2]

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

CHAPTER XVII.

LEWIS RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS COMMUNICATION, AND IS RUN AWAY WITH BY TWO YOUTHFUL BEAUTIES.

The arrival of the post-bag was an interesting event to Lewis, as almost the only pleasure he allowed himself was a rapid interchange of letters with his sister; and to this correspondence was he indebted for an amount of warm sympathy, judicious advice, and affectionate interest in his pursuits, which tended greatly to relieve the monotony and diminish the irksomeness of his situation; but, with the exception of Rose and (occasionally) Frere, his correspondents were exceedingly limited in number, and their epistles few and far between. It was, then, a matter of no small surprise to him, to receive a business-like-looking letter, in an unknown handwriting. To break the seal (which bore the impression of the letters J. and L. united in a flourishing cypher that, at first sight, looked like a bad attempt to delineate a true lover's knot,) was the work of a moment. The contents were as follow:—

"Sir,—My partner and myself, having some connexion with the town of ——, (near which Mrs. Arundel and Rose resided,) were cognizant of the death of your late lamented father, which sad event was reported to have been caused by the sudden discovery of some important information contained in a public journal. It is in our power to impart to you the nature of that information; but as we have every

(1) Mrs. Bray, in her novel of "Fitz of Fitzford," has so vividly depicted scenes and characters connected with some remarkable spots in this neighbourhood, during the sixteenth century, that on visiting them after its perusal, they seemed to be peopled with images of the past. Much information also concerning the history and antiquities of Tavistock and its vicinity, may be found in her work entitled the "Tamar and the Tavy."

(2) Continued from p. 33.

reason to believe its importance has not been overrated, we are only prepared to do so on the following terms—viz. the present receipt of ten guineas, and a bond, pledging yourself to pay to us the sum of £200 should the information prove as valuable as we conceive it to be. Awaiting the favour of a speedy answer, we have the honour to remain, Sir, yours obediently,

"JONES & LEVI, *Attorneys-at-Law.*

"—— *Street, Old Bailey.*"

"What a strange letter!" soliloquised Lewis, after perusing it carefully for the second time. "The writer evidently knows the circumstances of my poor father's death correctly, but there's nothing in that; the newspaper story rests on the evidence of the library-keeper at ——; and he, probably, told it to every one who came into his shop for the next week; and this tale may have been invented to suit the circumstances, with a view to extort money. One has heard of such rogueries; but, in that case, why insist on the £200 bond? That seems as if Messrs. Jones and Levi themselves had faith in the value of their information; or it may only be done in order to give me that impression. I'll send the letter up to Richard Frere, and ask him to ferret out these gents—I dare say they *are* thorough gents. Walter, I will not let you give Faust all your gloves to play with; that is the third pair you've allowed him to gnaw to pieces this week. Faust! drop it, sir! Do you hear me? That's right: good, obedient dog! Now for Master Richard."

So saying, he took a pen, and wrote, in a delicately-formed, yet free and bold hand, the following note:—

"DEAR OLD FRERE,—Certain individuals, signing themselves 'Jones and Levi,' have seen fit to favour me with the enclosed mysterious communication, which, on the face of the thing, looks very like an attempt to swindle. As there is, however, just a remote possibility that something may come of it, (for their account of the circumstances preceding my poor father's death tallies exactly with the recital my sister gave me on my return,) you will, I am sure, add one more to your many kindnesses, by investigating this matter for me. You must bear in mind, that £10 notes are by no means too plentiful with me, and that, under present circumstances, my bond for £200 would scarcely be worth as many pence. My poor charge progresses slowly; he has become much more docile and tractable, and is considerably improved in manners and general amiability, but his mental capacity is lamentably deficient; his reasoning powers, and usual habits of thought, are about on a par with those of a child of six or seven years old; though many intelligent children of that age are greatly his superiors in intellect: still, he makes visible progress, and that is recompence sufficient for any expenditure of time and trouble. He has become much attached to me, and (perhaps for that very reason—perhaps from the necessity to love something, which exists in the nature of every man, worthy of the name,) I have grown so deeply interested in him, that duties which, six months ago, I should have reckoned irksome in the extreme, have now become really pleasant to me. I bore you with these details, because .... because you are so old a friend, that I have acquired a prescriptive right to bore you when I like. As Walter, and Faust (who clearly knows that I am writing to you, and sends you an affectionate wag of the tail), are becoming impatient at the length of my epistle, there being a walk in prospect, dependent on my arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, the sooner I do so the better.

"Yours ever, L. A."

As Lewis folded and sealed this missive, a servant entered, with a note on a silver waiter, saying, as he presented it, "For you, sir. I am desired to wait while you read it."

It was written in a stiff, formal hand, and ran as follows:—

"MISS LIVINGSTONE presents her compliments to Mr. Arundel, and requests the favour of an interview with him."

"What is in the wind now, I wonder?" thought Lewis; but he only said, "Tell Miss Livingstone I will do myself the pleasure of waiting on her immediately;" and the servant retired.

Minerva was enthroned in state in the small drawing-room, the large one being an awful apartment, dedicated to high and solemn social convocations, and by no means lightly to be entered. Care sat upon her wrinkled brow, and looked as uncomfortable as in such a situation might reasonably have been expected. This remarkable woman rose as Lewis entered, and performed as near an approach to a courtesy as her elephantine conformation would permit; then, graciously motioning her visitor to a seat, she growled an inquiry after the well-being of his pupil, promulgated a decidedly scandalous account of the state of the weather, with a disheartening prophecy appended relating to meteorological miseries yet to come; and having thus broken her own ice, dived into the chilly recesses of her cold water system, and fished up from its stony depths the weighty grievance that oppressed her.

It appeared that the same post which had conveyed the mysterious document from Messrs. Jones and Levi, had also brought a letter from General Grant, containing the intelligence that he was about to return home forthwith; that the house was to be prepared for the reception of a large Christmas party, and that Miss Livingstone was to pay a round of visits preparatory to the issue of innumerable notes of invitation, by which the neighbourhood was to be induced to attend sundry festive meetings at Broadhurst; and all this was to be done more thoroughly, and on a larger scale than usual, for some mysterious reason, in regard to which the General was equally urgent and enigmatical. But Minerva shall speak for herself.

"Having thus, Mr. Arundel, made myself acquainted with General Grant's wishes, (fourteen beds to be

ready this day week, and not even the hangings put up on one of them—but men are so inconsiderate now-a-days,) I proceeded to give Reynolds (the housekeeper) full and clear instructions, (to not one of which did she pay proper attention—but servants are so careless and self-conceited now-a-days,) as to all the necessary domestic arrangements. I then desired the coachman might be informed that I should require the carriage to be ready for use at two o'clock to-morrow, (as you are perhaps aware, sir, that since the General's departure for Scotland, I have restricted myself to a simple pony-chaise). Judge of my amazement when I was told there were no horses fit to use! I begged to see the coachman instantly, but learned that he was confined to his bed with influenza; the second coachman is in Scotland with the General, so there was not a creature to whom I could speak about the matter. Under these circumstances, which are equally unexpected and annoying, I considered myself justified in applying to you, Mr. Arundel. Would you oblige me by going through the stables, and ascertaining whether anything can be devised to meet the present emergency. I am aware that the service I require of you is beyond the strict routine of your duties; but you must yourself perceive the impossibility of a lady venturing among stablemen and helpers, without showing a disregard to that strict rule of propriety by which it has been the study of my life to regulate my conduct."

Having reached this climax, Minerva glanced with an air of dignified self-approval towards Lewis, and began a very unnecessary process of refrigeration, with the aid of a fan apparently composed, like its mistress, of equal parts of cast-iron and buckram. Lewis immediately signified his readiness to undertake the commission, and promising to come back to report progress, bowed, and left the room.

On reaching the stables, a groom attended his summons, and, after the fashion of his race, entered into a long explanation of the series of untoward circumstances to which the present state of equine destitution might be attributed; in the course of which harangue he performed, so to speak, a fantasia on the theme—"And then do you see, sir, coachman hob-served,"—to which sentence, after each variation, he constantly returned. The substance of his communication was as follows:—shortly before the General's departure, one of the carriage horses had fallen and broken his knees, and its companion having an unamiable predilection for kicking, the pair were sold, and a couple of young unbroken animals purchased, which, after a summer's run, were destined to replace the delinquents. Shortly after this the General fell in love with, and bought a pair of iron-gray four-year-olds, also unbroken; all these young horses were now taken up from grass, and about to be broken in, but the coachman's illness had interrupted their education.

"Well, but are neither pair of the young stock available?" inquired Lewis.

"I'm afeared not, sir," was the reply; "the bays aint never been in harness, and the iron-grays only three times."

"Oh, the grays *have* been in harness three times, have they?" resumed Lewis. "Let us take them out to-day, to see how they perform."

"If you please, sir, I am only pad groom, and I can't say as I should feel myself disactly compertent to drive them wild young devils."

"Bring out that mail phaeton; put on the break harness, and I'll drive them myself," returned Lewis.

"But, if you please, sir," began the groom, in a tone of remonstrance.

"My good fellow, you waste time in talking; of course, if any thing goes wrong in consequence of your obeying my directions, I alone shall be answerable; but nothing will go wrong if your harness is sound," returned Lewis, quickly.

The man, seeing the young tutor was determined, summoned one of his fellows, and in a short time the phaeton was made ready, and the horses harnessed and led out. They were a splendid pair of dark iron-grays, with silver manes and tails; their heads, small and well set on, their sloping shoulders, and fine graceful legs, spoke well for their descent; but they snorted with fear and impatience as they were led up to their places, and their bright full eyes gazed wildly and restlessly around.

"Be quiet with them!" exclaimed Lewis, as one of the men laid a rude grasp on the rein to back the near-side horse into his place; "you can't be too quiet and steady with a young horse. Soho, boy! what is it then? nobody is going to hurt you," he continued, patting the startled animal, and at the same time backing him gently into the required position.

The operation of putting-to was soon completed; and Lewis saying, "You had better lead them off if there is any difficulty in getting them to start," took the reins in his hand, and sprang up lightly but quietly. Seating himself firmly, he asked, "Now, are you all ready?" and receiving an answer in the affirmative, continued—"Give them their heads, then;" and making a mysterious sound which may be faintly pourtrayed by the letters "tchick," he endeavoured to start his horses. But this was no such easy matter. The near-side horse, the moment he felt the collar, ran back, pulling against his companion, who returned the compliment by rearing and striking with his fore-feet at the groom who attempted to hold him.

"Steady there!" cried Lewis. "Pat his neck; that's right. Quiet, horse! stand, sir! One of you call those men here," he added, pointing to a couple of labourers who were digging in a slip of ground near. "Now, my men," he resumed, as they came up, "take hold of the spokes of the hind wheels, and move the carriage on when I give you the signal;—are you ready? Stand clear; all right,"—as he spoke he again attempted to start the horses, and this time more successfully.

The animal which had reared at the first attempt sprang forward, and finding the weight which he had

probably fancied was immovable, yield to his efforts, appeared anxious to proceed, but the other still hung back, and was partly dragged forward by his yoke-fellow, partly pushed on by the men who were propelling the carriage. Lewis again tried mild-measures, but without effect; and at length, considering that the soothing system had been carried far enough, he drew the point of the whip smartly across the animal's shoulder. In reply to this the recusant flung up his heels as high as the kicking-straps would permit; but on a second and rather sharper application of the thong, he plunged forward, and threw himself into the collar with a bound that tried the strength of the traces; then, pulling like a steam-engine, appeared resolved to revenge himself on his driver by straining every sinew of his arms to the utmost pitch of tension. But rowing, fencing, and other athletic exercises, had rendered those arms as hard as iron; and though the swollen muscles rounded and stood out till his coat-sleeve was stretched almost to bursting, Lewis continued to hold the reins in a vice-like grasp, and the fiery horses, arching their proud necks, and tossing the foam-flakes from their champing jaws, were compelled to proceed at a moderate pace. The grooms ran by their sides for a short distance, then, at a sign from Lewis, one of the men watched his opportunity, and scrambled up, while the phaeton was still going on; the other, having opened a gate leading down a road through the park, remained gazing after them with looks of the deepest interest.

"Well, Sir, you 've managed to start 'em easier than I expected," observed the groom, as, in compliance with Lewis's desire, he seated himself at his side. "Coachman was a good half a hour a getting 'em hout of the yard last time as they was put-to; that near-sider wouldn't take the collar no how."

"And yet he'll turn out the better horse of the two if he's judiciously managed," returned Lewis. "He has higher courage than his companion, though they're both splendid animals; they only require careful driving and working moderately every day to make as good a pair of carriage-horses as a man need wish to sit behind."

"It aint the first time as you've handled the ribbons by a good many, I should say, Sir," continued Bob Richards, (for that was the man's name, dear reader, although I've never had an opportunity of telling you so before;) "I see'd as you know'd what you was about afore ever you got on the box."

"*Before* I got up!" returned Lewis; "how did you manage that, my friend?"

"Why, Sir, the furst thing as you did was to cast your eye over the harness to see as all was right; then, afore ever you put your foot on the step you took the reins into your hands, so that the minute you was up you was ready for a bolt, hif so be it had pleased Providence to start the cattle off suddingly. Now, anybody as wasn't used to the ways of fourfooted quadrupals wouldn't never have thought of that."

"Your powers of observation do you credit," returned Lewis, with difficulty repressing a smile. You are right, I have been accustomed to driving, as you imagine;" and as he spoke, the remembrance of scenes and persons now far away came across him, and he thought with regret of pleasant hours passed with his young associates in Germany, when the mere fact of his being an Englishman, caused him to be regarded as an oracle on all matters connected with horseflesh.

While this conversation was taking place, the iron-grays had proceeded about a mile through the park, dancing, and curvetting, and staring on all sides, as though they would fain shy at every object they discerned.

"They are gradually dropping into a steadier pace, you see," observed Lewis; "they'll be tired of jumping about, and glad to trot without breaking into a canter, when they get a little warm to their work. Quiet, boy, quiet!" he continued, as the horses suddenly pricked up their ears, and stared wildly about them; "gently there, gently! What in the world are they frightened at now?"

The question did not long remain a doubtful one, for in another minute a hollow, rushing sound became audible, and a herd of deer, startled by the rattling of the carriage, broke from a thicket hard by, and bounding over the tall fern and stunted brushwood, darted across the road, their long thin legs and branching antlers indistinctly seen in the gray light of an autumn day, giving them a strange and spectre-like appearance. But Lewis had no time to trace fanciful resemblances, for the horses demanded all his attention. As the sound of pattering feet approached they began to plunge violently; at the sight of the deer they stopped short, snorting and trembling with fright; and when the herd crossed the road before them, perfectly maddened with terror they reared till they almost stood upright; then, turning short round, they dashed off the road at right angles, nearly overturning the phaeton as they did so, and breaking into a mad gallop, despite all their driver's efforts to restrain them, tore away with the speed of lightning. For a few seconds the sound of the wind whistling past his ears, and oppressing his breathing to a painful degree, confused Lewis and deprived him of the power of speech; but the imminence of the danger, and the necessity for calmness and decision, served to restore his self-possession; and turning towards his companion, who, pale with terror, sat convulsively grasping the rail of the seat, he inquired—

"Can you recollect whether there are any ditches across the park in this direction."

"There aint no ditches, as I recollects," was the reply; "but there's something a precious sight worser. If these devils go straight ahead for five minutes longer at this pace, we shall be dashed over the bank of the lake into ten feet water."

"Yes, I remember; I see where we are now; the ground rises to the left, and is clear of trees and ditches, is it not?" asked Lewis.

The groom replied in the affirmative; and Lewis continued: "Then we must endeavour to turn them; do you take the whip, stand up and be ready to

assist me at the right moment. What are you thinking of?" he continued, seeing the man hesitated, and was apparently measuring, with his eye, the distance from the step to the ground; "it would be madness to jump out while we are going at this rate. Be cool, and we shall do very well yet."

"I'm agreeable to do whatever you tells me, only be quick about it, sir," rejoined the groom; "for if it comes to jumping hout, or sitting still to be drownded, hout I goes, that's flat, for I never could abear cold water."

"I suppose the reins are strong, and to be trusted?" inquired Lewis.

"Nearly new, sir," was the reply.

"Then be ready; and when I tell you, exert yourself," continued Lewis.

While these remarks passed between the two occupants of the phaeton, the horses still continued their mad career, resisting all attempts to check the frightful speed at which they were hurrying on towards certain destruction. As they dashed past a clump of shrubs which had hitherto concealed from view the danger to which they were exposed, the full peril of their situation became evident to the eyes of Lewis and his companion. With steep and broken banks, on which American shrubs, mixed with flags and bulrushes, grew in unbounded luxuriance, the lake lay stretched before them; its clear depths reflecting the leaden hue of the wintry sky, and a slight breeze from the north rippling its polished surface. Less than a quarter of a mile of smooth green sward separated them from their dangerous neighbour. An artist would have longed to seize this moment for transferring to canvass or marble the expression of Lewis's features. As he perceived the nearness and reality of the danger that threatened him, his spirit rose with the occasion, and calm self-reliance, dauntless courage, and an energetic determination to subdue the infuriated animals before him, at whatever risk, lent a brilliancy to his flashing eye, and imparted a look of stern resolve to his finely cut mouth, which invested his unusual beauty with a character of superhuman power, such as the sculptors of antiquity sought to immortalize in their statues of heroes and demi-gods. Selecting an open space of turf unencumbered with trees or other obstacles, Lewis once more addressed his companion, saying:—

"Now be ready; I am going to endeavour to turn them to the left, so as to get their heads away from the lake and up hill; but as I shall require both hands and all my strength for the reins, I want you to stand up and touch them smartly with the whip on the off-side of the neck: if you do this at the right moment, it will help to bring them round. Do you understand me?"

Richards replied in the affirmative, and Lewis, leaning forward, and shortening his grasp on the reins, worked the mouths of the horses till he got their heads well up; then assuring himself by a glance that his companion was ready, he checked their speed by a great exertion of strength; and tightening the left rein suddenly, the groom at the same moment applying the whip as he had been desired, the fiery steeds, springing from the lash and yielding to the pressure of the bit, altered their course, and going round so sharply that the phaeton was again within an ace of being overturned, dashed forward in an opposite direction.

"You did that uncommon well, to be sure, sir," exclaimed Richards, drawing a long breath like one relieved from the pressure of a painful weight. "I thought we was over once though; it was a precious near go."

"A miss is as good as a mile," returned Lewis; smiling. "Do you see?" he continued,—"they are slackening their pace; the hill is beginning to tell upon them already. Hand me the whip; I shall give these gentlemen a bit of a lesson before I allow them to stop, just to convince them that running away is not such a pleasant amusement as they appear to imagine."

So saying, he waited till the horses began sensibly to relax their speed; then holding them tightly in hand, he punished them with the whip pretty severely, and gave them a good deal more running than they liked before he permitted them to stop; the nature of the ground (a gentle ascent of perfectly smooth turf) allowing him to inflict this discipline with impunity.

After proceeding two or three miles at the same speed, he perceived another cross-road running through the park. Gradually pulling up as he approached it, he got his horses into a walk, and as soon as they had once again exchanged grass for gravel he stopped them to recover wind. The groom got down, and, gathering a handful of fern, wiped the foam from their mouths and the perspiration from their reeking flanks.

"You've given 'em a pretty tidy warming though, sir," he observed. "If I was you I would not keep 'em standing too long."

"How far are we from the house, do you imagine?" inquired Lewis.

"About three mile, I should say," returned Richards; "it will take you nigh upon half an hour, if you drives 'em easy."

Lewis looked at his watch, muttering, "More than an hour to Walter's dinner time." He then continued, "Get up, Richards; I have not quite done with these horses yet;" adding, in reply to the man's questioning glance, as he reseated himself, "I'm only going to teach them that a herd of deer is not such a frightful object as they seem to imagine it."

"Sure*ly* you're never agoin to take 'em near the deer again, Mr. Arundel; they'll never stand it, sir," expostulated Richards.

"You can get down if you like," observed Lewis, with the slightest possible shade of contempt in his tone; "I will pick you up here as I return."

Richards was a thorough John Bull, and it is a well known fact that to hint to one of that enlightened race that he is afraid to do the most insane deed imaginable, is quite sufficient to determine him to go

through with it at all hazards; accordingly, the individual in question pressed his hat on his brows, to be prepared for the worst, and folding his arms with an air of injured dignity, sat sullenly hoping for an overturn, which might prove him right, even at the risk of a broken neck.

Lewis's quick eye had discerned the herd of deer, against a dark background of trees, which had served to screen them from the less acute perceptions of the servant, and he now contrived, by skirting the aforesaid belt of Scotch firs, to bring the phacton near the place where the deer were stationed, without disturbing them, so that the horses were able clearly to see the creatures which had before so greatly alarmed them. It has been often remarked that horses are greatly terrified by an object seen but indistinctly, at which, when they are able to observe it more closely, they will show no signs of fear. Whether for this reason, or that the discipline they had undergone had cooled their courage, and taught them the necessity for obedience, the iron-grays approached the herd of deer without attempting to repeat the manœuvre, which had been so nearly proving fatal to their driver and his companion. Lewis drove them up and down once or twice, each time decreasing the distance between the horses and the animals, to whose sight he wished to accustom them, without any attempt at rebellion on their part, beyond a slight preference for using their hind legs only in progression, and a very becoming determination to arch their necks and point their ears after the fashion of those high-spirited impossibilities which do duty for horses in Greek friezes, and in the heated imagination of young lady artists, who possess a wonderful (a *very* wonderful) talent for sketching animals. Having continued this amusement till the deer once again conveyed themselves away, Lewis, delighted at having carried his point and overcome the difficulties which had opposed him, drove gently back to Broadhurst; and having committed the reeking horses to the care of a couple of grooms, who began hissing at them like a whole brood of serpents, returned to make his report, and soothe the tribulation of that anxious hyæna in petticoats, Miss Martha Livingstone.

Chapter XVIII.

CHARLEY LEICESTER BEWAILS HIS CRUEL *MIS*FORTUNE.

Frere's answer to Lewis's note made its appearance at Broadhurst on the morning of the second day after that on which the events narrated in the previous chapter took place. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Lewis,—I think I've told you before,—(if it wasn't you it was your sister, which is much the same thing,)—not to write such a pack of nonsense as 'adding to my many kindnesses,' and all that sort of stuff, because it's just so much time and trouble wasted. I see no particular kindness in it, that's the fact. You and she live in the country, and I in town; and if there is anything that either of you want here, why, of course, it's natural to tell me to get, or to do it for you; and as to apologizing, or making pretty speeches every time you require anything, it's sheer folly; besides, I *like* doing the things for you; if I didn't, I wouldn't do them, you may depend upon *that;* so no more of such rubbish 'an you love me.' And now, touching those interesting, or rather interest*ed*, individuals, Messrs. Jones and Levi. I thought when I read their letter they were rascals, or thereabouts, but a personal interview placed the matter beyond doubt; and, if you take my advice, you 'll see them—well, never mind where—but keep your £10 in your pocket, that's all; depend upon it they are more used to making rich men poor than poor ones rich. However, I'll tell you all their sayings and doings, as far as I am acquainted therewith, and then you can judge for yourself. As soon as I received your letter, I trudged off into the city, found the den of thieves—I mean the lawyer's office—of which I was in search; sent in my card by an unclean Israelite with a pen behind each ear, and ink all over him, whom I took to be a clerk; and by the same unsavoury individual was ushered into the presence of Messrs. Jones and Levi. Jones was a long, cadaverous-looking animal, with a clever, bad face, and the eye of a hawk; Levi, a fat Jew, and apparently a German into the bargain, with a cunning expression of countenance and a cringing manner, who gave one the idea of having been fed on oil-cake till he had become something of the sort himself; a kind of man, who, if you had put a wick into him, wouldn't have made a bad candle, only one should have longed so to snuff him out. Well, I soon told these worthies what I was come about, and then waited to hear all they had to say for themselves. The Gentile, being most richly gifted with speech, took upon him to reply:—

"'Let me offer you a chair, Mr. Frere, sir. Delighted to have the honour of making your acquaintance. I speak for my partner and myself—eh, Mr. Levi?'

"'In courshe, shir. Moosh playsure, Misthur Vreer, shur,' muttered Levi, who spoke through his nose, after the manner of modern Israelites, as if that organ were afflicted with a permanent cold.

"When I had seated myself, Jones returned to the attack by observing: 'Our letter contained a certain definite, and specific offer. Does Mr. Arundel agree to that, Mr. Frere, sir?'

"'Mr. Arundel has placed the matter entirely in my hands, Mr. Jones,' replied I; 'and before I can agree to anything, I must understand clearly what benefit my friend is likely to derive from the information hinted at in your letter.'

"'May I inquire, Mr. Frere, sir, whether you are a professional man?' asked Jones.

"'If you mean a lawyer, Mr. Jones,' replied I, 'I am thankful to say I am not.'

"I suppose he did not exactly relish my remark, for he resumed, in a less amicable tone than he had used before:—

"'I believe the letter to which I have already

referred, contained a clear statement of the *only*' (he emphasised the word strongly,) 'terms upon which we should be disposed to communicate the information,' and he glanced towards his partner, who echoed—

"'De *only* turmsh.'

"'Then, gentlemen,' (gentlemen, indeed!) 'I beg most distinctly to inform you, that my friend shall never, with my consent, pay £10 down and become liable for £200 more, dependent on a contingency which will be no doubt provided against, on the mere chance that some information in your possession may refer to the exciting cause of his father's death, and prove valuable to him.'

"'De informationsh ish mosth faluaple,' broke in Levi.

"'I beg pardon, Mr. Levi,' exclaimed Jones, quickly, 'but I believe we agreed this matter was to be left to my management?'

"Levi nodded his large head and looked contrite, while Jones continued: 'In that case, Mr. Frere, sir, I have only to add that if Mr. Arundel refuses to comply with our terms, we shall not part with the information on any others; at the same time I should advise him to reconsider the matter, for I do not hesitate to say that I quite coincide with Mr. Levi in his opinion concerning the importance of the information which is in our possession.'

"As he said this, an idea occurred to me, and I replied:—

"'Suppose, instead of the bond for £200, in the event of some contingency which may never occur, Mr. Arundel were willing to pay £20 down for the information, would you agree to that?'

"'Say vive and dirtysh,' put in the Jew, his dull eyes brightening at the prospect of money. 'Say vive and dirtysh, and it should be von pargainsh.'

"'Would you agree to take that sum, Mr. Jones?' asked I.

"He glanced at his partner with a slight contraction of the brow, and shook his head; but the spirit of avarice aroused in the Jew was not so easily to be put down, and he continued, in a more positive tone than he had yet ventured to use:—

"'Yesh, he dosh agree. Me and my bardner ve vill take the vive and dirtysh poundsh, ready monish, Mr. Vreer.'

"'Not quite so fast, my good sir,' returned I; 'if you are so very ready to give up the bond for £200 to be paid in case the information should prove as valuable as you assert it to be, the natural inference is that you yourself have mighty little faith in the truth of your assertion; and, as I happen to be pretty much of that way of thinking also, I shall wish you both good morning.'

"So saying, I put on my hat and walked out of the room, leaving the Jew and the Gentile to fight it out to their own satisfaction.

"I had not a very strong affection for lawyers before, and I can't say this visit has served to endear the profession to me very particularly. You know the old story of the man who defined the difference between an attorney and a solicitor to be much the same as that between an alligator and a crocodile. Well, Messrs. Jones and Levi realized such a definition to the life, for a more detestable brace of rascals I never encountered; and, depend upon it, the less you have to do with them the better; at least, such is the opinion of your's for ever and a day, (always supposing such an epoch of time may exist,)

RICHARD FRERE."

"So," exclaimed Lewis, refolding the letter, "that chance has failed me. Well, I never expected anything would come of it; and yet—heigho! I certainly was born under an unlucky star. I think Frere was rather precipitate. According to his account of his proceedings, he seems to have felt such an intense conviction that the men were rascals, that he went there rather for the purpose of exposing them than to investigate the matter. He prejudged the question. However, I have no doubt the result would have been the same in any case. What a bore it is that men will be rogues! I shall have out those horses again after Walter has got through his lesson; if they go quietly, I shall take him with me for a drive to-morrow." And, thus communing with himself, he summoned Walter, and commenced the usual morning routine.

Miss Livingstone had, by Lewis's advice, ordered post-horses to the carriage, and was in that way enabled to accomplish her round of visits. Lewis carried out his intention of driving the iron-grays, who conducted themselves with so much propriety that on the following day he took his pupil with him; and finding the drive pleased and amused the poor boy, he repeated it every fine day. Thus a week slipped away, and the time for the General's return arrived. It was late on the afternoon of the day on which he was expected, and Lewis was wearily assisting poor Walter to spell through a page of dissyllables, when that peculiar gravel-grinding sound became audible, which, in a country house, necessarily precedes an arrival. Then there was a great bustle as of excited servants, a Babel-like confusion of tongues, bumps and thumps of heavy luggage, much trampling of feet, ringing of bells and slamming of doors; then the sounds grew fainter, ceased at intervals, and at last became inaudible. The house was no longer masterless—General Grant had returned. Walter's attention, by no means easy to command for five minutes together at the best of times, became so entirely estranged by the commotion above alluded to, that Lewis closed the book in despair, and told Walter to go and play with Faust, who, sitting upright on a rug in front of the fire, was listening with the deepest interest to all that passed in the hall, and was only restrained from barking by a strict sense of propriety operating on a well-disciplined mind. The boy gladly obeyed, and Lewis, resting his aching head on his hand, fell into deep thought—he thought of old times, when head of his class at a public school, alike

leader and idol of the little world in which he moved, his young ambition had shaped out for itself a career in which the bar, the bench, the senate, were to be but stepping-stones to the highest honours which energy and talent might attain, and he contrasted his present position with the ideal future his boyish fancy had depicted. Then he bethought him of the tyrant who commanded that a living man should be chained to a corpse, and considered how the cold and numbing influence of the dead, gradually paralysing the vital energy of the living, was, as it were, typical of his own fate. He could not but be conscious of unusual powers of mind, for he had tested them in the struggle for honours with the deep and subtil thinkers of Germany, and had come off victorious; and to reflect that these talents, which might have ensured him success in the game of life, were condemned to be wasted in the wearying attempt to call forth the faint germs of reason in the mind of an almost childish idiot! The thought was a bitter one! and yet for months past he had felt resigned to his fate; and the deep interest he took in his pupil's improvement, together with the time such a quiet life afforded for reflection and self-knowledge, had rendered him contented, if not what is conventionally termed happy. To what then should he attribute his present frame of mind? At this moment a tap at the study door interrupted his meditations, and he was unable to pursue his self-analysis further. Had he done so, he might possibly have discovered that pride, his besetting sin, lay at the root of the evil. As long as he lived in comparative seclusion, his duties sat easily upon him; but now that he was again about to mix in society, his position as tutor became galling in the extreme to his haughty nature. As he heard the summons above mentioned, he started from his reverie, and sweeping his hair from his forehead by a motion of his hand, exclaimed, "Come in." As he spoke, the door opened, and our old acquaintance, Charley Leicester, lounged into the room.

"Ah! how do ye do, Arundel?" he began, in his usual languid tone. "I know all the ins and outs of this place, and I thought I should find you here—this used to be *my* den, once upon a time; many a holiday's task have I loitered over in this venerable apartment. Is that your incubus?" he continued in a lower tone, glancing towards Walter. "Handsome features, poor fellow!—does he understand what one says?"

"Scarcely, unless you speak to him individually," returned Lewis; "you may talk as you please before him, the chances are he will not attend; but if he does he will only understand a bit here and there, and even that he will forget the next moment, when some trifle occurs to put it out of his head. Walter, come and shake hands with this gentleman!"

Thus spoken to, Walter turned sheepishly away, and stooping down, hid his face behind Faust. Lewis's mouth grew stern. "Faust, come here, sir!" The dog arose, looked wistfully at his play-fellow, licked his hand lovingly, then walking across the room, crouched down at his master's feet.

"Now, Walter, look at me." At this second appeal the boy raised his eyes to Lewis's face. "Go and shake hands with Mr. Leicester."

"Don't worry him on my account, pray, my dear Arundel," interposed Leicester, good-naturedly.

"The General makes a great point of his being introduced to every one; and *I* make a great point of his doing as I bid him," returned Lewis, with marked emphasis.

But it was unnecessary, if meant as a hint to Walter, for his tutor's eye appeared to possess a power of fascination over him; no sooner did he meet his glance than he arose from his kneeling position, and going up to Leicester held out his hand saying, "How do you do?"

Charley shook hands with him kindly, asked him one or two simple questions, to which he replied with tolerable readiness; then, observing that his eyes were fixed on a silver-mounted cane he held in his hand, he inquired whether he thought it pretty, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, added, "Then you may take it to amuse yourself with, if you like."

A smile of childish delight proved that the offer was an acceptable one; and carrying off his treasure with him, and calling Faust, who on a sign from his master gladly obeyed the summons, he betook himself to the farther end of the room, which was a very large one, and began amusing himself with his canine associate. Leicester gazed at him for a minute or two, and then observed—

"What a sad pity! Such a fine-grown, handsome lad, too! Why, in a year or two he will be a man in appearance, with the mind of a child. Does he improve much?"

"Yes, he improves steadily, but very slowly," returned Lewis.

Leicester wandered dreamily up to a chimney-glass, arranged his hair with an air of deep abstraction, pulled up his shirt-collars, caressed his whiskers, then separating the tails of a nondescript garment which gave one the idea of a cut-a-way coat trying to look like a shooting-jacket, he extended his legs so as to form two sides of a triangle, and subjecting his frigid zone to the genial influence of the fire, he enjoyed the mysterious delight afforded to all true-born Englishmen by the peculiar position above indicated, for some minutes in silence. At length he sighed deeply, and muttered, "Heigho! it's no use thinking about it."

"That depends on what it is, and how you set to work to think," returned Lewis.

"That may do as the general rule," continued Leicester; "but it won't apply to the case in point. The thing I was trying to cypher out, as the Yankees call it, is the incomprehensible distribution of property in this sublunary life. Now look at that poor boy—a stick for a play-thing and a dog for a companion make him perfectly happy. Those are his only superfluous requirements, which together with eating, drinking, clothing, and lodging, might be provided for £300 a-year; instead of that, when he is twenty-one

he will come into from 8 to £10,000 per annum, besides no end of savings during his minority. Well, to say nothing of your own case," (Lewis's cheek kindled and his eye flashed, but Leicester, absorbed in his own thoughts, never noticed it, and continued,) "though with your talents, a little loose cash to give you a fair start might be the making of you—just look at my wretched position,—the son and brother of a peer, brought up in all kinds of expensive habits, mixing in the best set at Eton and at Oxford, the chosen associate of men of large property, introduced into the highest society in London—of course, I must do as others do, I can't help myself. There are certain things necessary to a young man about town—just as indispensable as smock-frocks and bacon are to a ploughman. For instance, to live one must dine—to dine one must belong to a club. Then London is a good large place, even if one ignores every thing east of Temple Bar;—one must keep a cab, if but to save boot-leather—that entails a horse and a tiger. Again, for four months in the year, people talk about nothing but the opera—one can't hold one's tongue for four months, you know—that renders a stall indispensable. It's the fashion to wear white kid gloves, and the whole of London comes off black on everything, so there's a fine of 3*s.* 6*d.* a-night, only for having hands at the ends of one's arms. The atmosphere of the metropolis is composed chiefly of smoke—the only kind of smoke one can swallow without being choked is tobacco smoke; besides, life without cigars would be a desert without an oasis—but unfortunately Havannahs don't hang on every hedge. I might multiply instances *ad infinitum*, but the thing is self-evident—to provide all these necessaries a man must possess money or credit, and I unfortunately have more of the latter than the former article. It is, as I have explained to you, utterly impossible for me to exist on less than—say £1,500 a-year; and even with my share of my poor mother's fortune, and the Governor's allowance, my net income doesn't amount to £800; *ergo*, half the London and all the Oxford tradesmen possess little manuscript volumes containing interesting reminiscences of my private life. It's no laughing matter, I can assure you," he continued, seeing Lewis smile; "there's nothing cramps a man's"—here he released a coat-tail, in order to raise his hand to conceal a yawn—"augh! what do you call 'em?—energies—so much as having a load of debt hanging round his neck. If it hadn't been for those confounded Oxford bills checking me at first starting, 'pon my word I don't know that I might not have done something. I had ideas about a parliamentary career at one time, I can assure you, or diplomacy,—any fool's good enough for an *attaché*. Now, if I had that poor boy's fortune, and he had mine, what an advantage it would be to both of us; he'll never know what to do with his money, and I should—rather! Just fancy me with £10,000 a-year, and a coat on my back that was paid for—by Jove, I should not know myself! Ah, well! it's no use talking about it, but I am an unlucky beggar."

"But," interposed Lewis, eagerly, "if you really dislike the life you lead so much, why don't you break through all these trammels of conventionality, and strike out some course for yourself. With £800 a year to ward off poverty, and the interest you might command, what a splendid career lies before you! Were I in your position, instead of desponding, I should deem myself singularly fortunate."

"So you might, my dear fellow," returned Leicester, after pausing for a minute to regard Lewis with a smile of languid wonder. "So you might, with your talents and—and wonderful power of getting up the steam, and keeping it at high pressure—I dare say we should see you a Field Marshal, if you took to the red cloth and pipe-clay trade; or on the woolsack, if you preferred joining the long-robed gentlemen. Now, I haven't got that sort of thing in me; I was born to be a man of property, and nothing else; but the absurdity of the thing is the bringing a man into the world fit only for one purpose, and then placing him in a 'posture in which,' to use the cant of the day, he can't fulfil his mission at any price. It's just as if nature were to make a carnivorous animal and then turn it out to grass."

Having delivered himself of this opinion, with the air of a deeply injured man, the Honourable Charles Leicester consulted a minute Geneva watch with an enamelled back; and replacing it in his waistcoat pocket, continued, "Five o'clock,—I shall just have time to smoke a cigar before it is necessary to dress for dinner. I presume tobacco is a contraband article in the interior of this respectable dwelling-house?"

"A salutary dread of Miss Livingstone's indignation has prevented me from ever trying such an experiment," returned Lewis.

"Well, I won't run the risk of offending the good lady," replied Leicester. "Aunt Martha has a wonderful knack of blighting the whole family for the rest of the day, if one happens to run against one of her pet prejudices. By the way, you must have found her a most interesting companion?"

"We are great friends, I can assure you," rejoined Lewis; "she condescends to patronize me most benignantly; but I have not spoken half-a-dozen times with her in as many months."

"I suppose she has enlightened you as to the events about to come off, during the next three weeks."

"By no means. Beyond the fact of the General's return, and the information that the house was to be filled with people, Miss Livingstone has allowed me to remain in a state of the most lamentable ignorance."

"What! have not you heard that the county is vacant, and the General has been persuaded to allow himself to be nominated as a candidate on the conservative interest?"

"But I thought he was already member for the borough of A——?"

"Yes; he will resign that if he succeeds for the county. Oh, you're quite in the dark, I see; we

mean to stir heaven and earth to get him in. My father gives him all his interest—Bellefield is coming down to stir up the tenantry. You know we (that is, Belle and the Governor) have large estates in the county; Belle can do a little courting in between whiles, and so kill two birds with one stone. And who else do you think is coming?—a very great man, I can assure you; no less a personage, in fact, than—ar—*the* de Grandeville! He has been induced to—ar—" (and here he mimicked de Grandeville's pompous manner inimitably,) "throw his little influence—ar—into the scale, and—ar—shew himself on the hustings, and—ar—arrange one or two matters, which will, in fact—ar—render the thing secure! The plain truth being that he really is a good man of business, and the General has engaged him as an electioneering agent. Well, then, there are a lot of people coming besides; and there will be balls and dinners given to half the county. In short, the General means to do the thing in style, and spend as much money as would keep me out of debt for the next three years. Several parties arrive to-morrow, so the General brought Annie and me down with him, as a sort of advanced guard. There will be some fun, I dare say; but an awful deal of trouble to counterbalance it. I shall lose my cigar though, if I stand gossiping here any longer. Let me see, the nearest way to the stables will be to jump out of that window; deduct the distance saved from the amount of exertion in leaping, and the remainder will be the gain of a minute and a half. Well, time is precious, so off we go. I suppose you appear in the course of the evening? Take care, Walter; that is right."

Thus saying, he flung open the window, sprang out with more agility than from his usual listless movements might have been expected, pulled the sash down again, and having nodded good-naturedly to Walter, disappeared.

(*To be continued.*)

HUNGARY IN 1849.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"A spirit, a noble spirit of advancement, is abroad in Hungary. She begins once more to feel her strength, and to estimate the value of her internal resources. She sees her mountains rife with treasure, and her plains teeming with grain; she measures her hardy population against that of other lands, and there is food for triumph in the comparison. She remembers her past years of glory: *and although there can scarcely be half-a-dozen enthusiasts mad enough, in the present day, to contemplate the expediency, or even the possibility of her again becoming an independent nation, relying upon her own resources, and able singly to make head against her enemies,* still there are high and noble hearts beating in expectation of the hour when she shall be openly proclaimed, what in reality she is—the principal and most important portion of the Austrian empire—the first in extent, in internal riches, and in historical associations and memories; and without whose aid the throne of the Cæsars would never have been restored to its present state of comparative splendour and security."—*The City of the Magyar; or, Hungary and her Institutions in* 1839-40.

I HAVE here quoted a passage from a work which I wrote in the country of the Magyars ten years ago, when an insurrection in the loyal and peace-loving city of Vienna appeared about as probable as the apparition of a negro ambassador at the court of St. James's; and yet both these extraordinary events have since occurred. The opinion which I then formed regarding the political position of Hungary has only been strengthened by recent circumstances; and while it was impossible that the population of a once free and warlike people should remain placidly quiescent beneath the incubus of a foreign yoke, which had bowed their necks almost to the dust, it must not be supposed for an instant that their late movement was merely impulsive, or that they blindly followed the banner of revolt which had been raised by the neighbouring nations. Whosoever thus judges them will do the Hungarians cruel injustice; nor can any one who is conversant with their character as a people, entertain the most remote doubt that had the sway of the Cabinet of Vienna been gentle and generous, neither the emperor nor his ministers would have found firmer or more efficient friends in their hour of need than the high-hearted men whom the selfish and narrow-sighted policy of Metternich has at length driven into rebellion.

The political position of Hungary is peculiar, and universally misunderstood in England. Because the Magyars have contended against the dissolution of their parliament, the extinction of their native language, the annihilation of their commerce, and the misappropriation of their national revenues, they are regarded in this country as "radicals;" while such among them as have seen fit to barter their patriotism against court-favour, and to sell their birthright for a few inches of riband, or a diamond-star, are regarded here as the conservative party! And yet, what is in reality the case? Simply that these very men have helped to lay the axe to the root of all the high and honourable and holy institutions of their country; and have been the cause that those who yet remained true to their traditional dignity have sought, in a moment of general political anarchy, to efface the stain which has been thus affixed to the national name.

It was not in Vienna that the Hungarian character, in its highest and noblest phases, could be studied; not among the jewelled and high-bred hangers-on of the court, who were ignorant even of the dialect of their own country, and knew nothing of its geography beyond the limits of their respective estates and the hunting-grounds of their friends. These were indeed pleasant companions in the saloon or the ball-room, but they were essentially Austrian, essentially Viennese, essentially denizens of the Joseph-Platz; centering all their ambition and all their interest in the routine of court favour and court etiquette; while so little national pride had they retained that more than one

of them to whom I had been furnished with letters of introduction, endeavoured, when I was on my way to visit Hungary, to dissuade me from *venturing into a country which was at once dull and dangerous!*

Surely this exceeds in flagrancy even Irish absenteeism. And God forbid, if such men as these are to be held forth to the people of England as conservatives, that those among *us* to whom our throne, our constitution, and our soil are as a religion, should ever practise the virtue of conservatism in the same way!

However strenuously I may endeavour to uphold the patriotism, and to applaud the loyalty of the brave men who are now struggling, and, alas! I fear, struggling hopelessly, not only against their legitimate adversaries, but also against a colossal enemy who can scarcely fail eventually to overwhelm them by numbers, I do not wish it to be understood that I am blind to the fearful, the irremediable errors of which they have already been guilty. I repeat, that their present demonstration was induced by no crude and unconsidered resolution; the fire had long been heaped up and smouldering; and although the flight of Metternich induced them to seize that precise moment to liberate themselves from an authority which had by degrees assumed the character of a persecution, it is more than probable that the movement was accelerated rather than caused by that event. The Hungarians were aware that their wrongs did not originate with the Imperial family. Of the emperor personally it is, from circumstances, needless to remark that no unjust or coercive measures against them could by any possibility have emanated from him; while as regarded the Archduke Joseph, their palatine, I myself heard Count Stephen Szechényi declare in the Diet that "the country was fully sensible of its great obligations to the Palatine, and that it was a misfortune such a prince was not immortal, as it was impossible that she could ever know a better."

This was strong and worthy praise from the (then) leader of what I must, in justice to the Hungarian nation, (however incongruous it may sound to English ears,) persist in calling the conservative party. Nor did the magnate overrate the feeling of the archduke for his country, as I know from personal experience, having been honoured more than once by private conversations with the emperor's uncle, in which he made no secret of his warm and anxious affection for Hungary and its people.

The interest felt by the Archduke Stephen, his son and successor in the Palatinate, was still more deep; for it had grown with his growth, and was interwoven with all his earliest memories. The greater portion of his boyhood was spent in Hungary; her language, manners, and principles, were alike familiar to him; nor can any native Magyar ever forget that during the inundation of Pesth in 1838, when he was still a mere youth, he risked the passage of the Danube amid formidable masses of floating ice from which even the most stout-hearted of the professional boatmen shrank appalled, in order to convey bread to the houseless and famishing population of the ill-fated city, with only two companions who were incited to the same labour of love by his intrepid example; nor the anxious enthusiasm with which he shouted before he could reach the shore, "My brothers, I bring you bread!"

It was a glorious episode in his existence; and that it was appreciated by those for whom he had thus perilled his safety was fully proved, when on the death of his father the native nobles who were eligible for the vacant dignity refused to proceed to an election, and the Palatinate was unanimously conferred upon the Archduke Stephen by the voice of the whole nation.

It cannot, therefore, be denied that the first vital error committed by the Hungarians during their present struggle for independence, was the ill-judged resentment which they exhibited on the refusal of their young Palatine to take the command of their armies. Their thorough confidence in the affection of the Archduke Stephen led them to forget that whatever might be his feeling towards themselves, he was not the less a prince of the House of Hapsbourg; who in accepting such an office must, instead of a patriot fighting for the liberties of his fatherland, and the recognition of his national privileges, have been a mere renegade, pursuing the promptings of his ambition, and turning his arms against his own kindred and his own land. Thus, then, because he declined to enter into open and active hostility with the Austrian authorities, the Hungarians impetuously and rashly severed the link between them by refusing to retain him as their Palatine, or any longer to recognise his authority. Even under these circumstances the gallant young prince remained true alike to them and to himself. He withdrew from the country without reproach or expostulation; and, incapable of resenting a failure in respect, which he justly attributed rather to their national position than to their individual feeling, he retired altogether from the scene of struggle.

This, as I have already remarked, was their first great error; but the most deplorable of all has undoubtedly been the having permitted a man whose name did not merit to be heard in connexion with those of the Batthianys, the Telekis, the Perczels, the Georgeys, the Klaptas, and *id genus omne*, to assume a supremacy to which he can put forth no claim save that of a certain specious patriotism, which was, as his acts have fully proved, rather displayed in the furtherance of his own fortunes than in the real interests of his country. Had the rising in Hungary been the act only of individuals of the stamp of Ludwig Kossuth, it might then with justice have been regarded as a mere treasonable insurrection, and have excited the indignation of all lovers of order; but it should be remembered that it has included most of the noblest names in the country; names which have been honourably registered in the pages of history, and borne by men of uprightness and honour, who, in aiding the national

movement, risked all their worldly possessions, as well as the high social position which their ancestors had occupied for centuries.

In order to understand the utter impolicy of thus permitting a violent and suspicious partizan like Kossuth to attain to the temporary pre-eminence that he has latterly acquired, the English reader need only be furnished with a short sketch of his career, which will suffice to convince the most sceptical of his entire unfitness, from his want of principle and unscrupulous selfishness, to take his place among gentlemen and men of honour.

Kossuth was an obscure attorney of confined means and slender practice; but whose natural talents, had they been properly directed, might have ultimately secured to him an easy and well-earned independence. His intriguing and restless disposition did not, however, permit him quietly and legitimately to pursue the profession he had selected; and he accordingly established a MS. journal at Pesth, by which, all printed reports of the transactions of the two chambers being forbidden until they had been revised by the Cabinet of Vienna, he endeavoured at once to evade the law, and to promulgate in Hungary, without either restriction or delay, the proceedings of the Diet. An official notice was forwarded to him to the effect that his journal was illegal, an edict having been passed for the prohibition of this class of publications; but to this caution he replied by declaring his ignorance of the existence of any such prohibition, and his determination to continue his journal until a copy of the document in question should be placed in his own hands.

Thus far there can be no doubt that he acted with firmness and consistency. To have yielded at the first summons would have been to admit that he had wilfully offended; and he accordingly continued to circulate his paper until the Prince-palatine, who was aware that it had excited against him the threatened violence of the Austrian cabinet, and who was also cognizant of his narrow circumstances and the ruin which would be entailed upon his family should he persist in braving the displeasure of the Imperial ministers, kindly sent a private messenger to advise him to discontinue the journal, which, he had reason to know, could only involve him in difficulty, and endanger his personal liberty.

Kossuth received the envoy with a smile of affected incredulity, alleging that he was unable to credit for one instant that his Imperial Highness the Archduke could so far condescend as to take any interest in so unimportant a person as himself; nor would he be, or at least appear, convinced to the contrary, although the nobleman who had been entrusted with the mission pledged his word to the correctness with which he had delivered the message; upon which Kossuth assured him that a sense of his own insignificance still forbade him to believe that he could have incurred so deep a debt of gratitude to the Palatine; but that, should he once be happy enough to become convinced that he had been made the object of so signal an act of favour, he should feel it his duty to repay it by instant obedience.

The result of the interview was immediately reported to the archduke; who, eager to preserve the journalist and those dependent upon him from the evil which he knew was impending, was betrayed by his kindness of heart into the snare that had been laid for him; and within eight-and-forty hours, he addressed a note to the unworthy object of his solicitude, entreating him not to endanger the existence of his family by entailing upon himself the displeasure and persecution of the Government.

I am ready to admit that the fault of the legal-journalist had hitherto been venial enough, and that he would only have acted with manly spirit, had he, after acknowledging the generous and gracious interposition of the Prince-palatine, still urged the production of the interdictory edict; a line of conduct which had already attracted towards him the attention and approval of his countrymen; but when in the ensuing number of the journal, the kind and *private* note of the archduke appeared lithographed from the original, as a proof (for such Kossuth professed it to be) of the dread in which he was held by the Imperial court, more than one of his admirers fell from him; and it is only wonderful that after so glaring an exhibition of ingratitude, subjecting, as he was well aware that it must do, the warm-hearted archduke to the displeasure of the Imperial authorities, any Hungarian could afterwards be found bold or reckless enough to trust to one who had been guilty of such an exhibition of thanklessness and bad faith; while it is at least certain that thenceforward those who upheld the politician ceased to feel any confidence in the man; and as his influence increased with the lower classes, the open countenance of the more powerful magnates was withdrawn, even while they secretly lent their aid to his efforts at national emancipation.

The radical fault committed by the unfortunate Hungarians has thus, beyond all question, been the unlimited confidence which the *masses* have placed in an adventurer equally without connexion or principle; and this circumstance amply accounts for the disparition of many of her best and ablest patriots. I use the word disparition advisedly, for I firmly believe that not a tithe of those who appear to have disconnected themselves from the present movement have in point of fact remained neuter; there are other means of assisting in a great work besides those of ostensibly and openly aiding its operations.

To those who have made themselves personally acquainted with the leaders of the two great political parties in Hungary, the sudden absence of Count Stephen Szechényi from the scene will have been less remarkable than to those who took his reputation upon trust. I knew him well; and am as ready as any of his party to give him full credit for all his efforts at moral progression; but it was easy to discern, even through an eloquence which carried the whole chamber along with him for the moment, and which, moreover, induced a large number of his fellow-

magnates to regard him with an eye of hope, as one destined to become the regenerator of his country, that he was rather a man of project than of action; full of impulse, but deficient in solidity; morbidly sensitive to all who flattered his vanity, either as an individual or the leader of a faction; and of too nervous a temperament to assist in carrying out his own schemes.

The event has proved that the view thus taken of his character was a correct one. Count Stephen Szechényi had for years been the scourge and aversion of the Austrian cabinet, a thorn in the flesh of Metternich which had stung until it festered; but that was all. In reality he had *effected* nothing, although he had succeeded in maintaining a sensation. He had talked and written at a period when, if he were careful not to transgress the law, he secured the double advantage of exhibiting himself as a patriot to his countrymen, and of rendering himself conspicuous beyond the frontier; but when the season of struggle came, the stamina of the hero was wanting. He had been far from anticipating that an effort would so soon be made to cast off the yoke on which he had so frequently and so energetically expatiated, and he knew himself to be a marked man at Vienna, to whom no mercy would be shown in the event of defeat; while at home his jeopardy was scarcely less onerous, for his countrymen, so long accustomed to be excited by his eloquence, and strengthened by his avowed aversion to all national oppression, turned as a matter of course, when a hostile demonstration was once determined upon, to their cherished champion.

And yet—says the foreign politician, unacquainted with the real position and feelings of the Hungarian nation—he saw the folly and impropriety of their rising, and refused to countenance what he could not commend. It was not so. The position was too difficult for an intellect already worn by petty struggles and petty successes. Count Stephen Szechényi was not constituted for either a leader or a statesman; and the coruscations of a scintillating but never splendid intellect were quenched at once by the darkening atmosphere which gathered so suddenly around him. He saw no means of escape either on the right hand or on the left; politically hopeless in one direction, and constitutionally powerless in the other, he was unequal to the emergency; and, be it said—not lightly or contemptuously, but with all sympathy and regret—the erewhile hope of the patriots of his country, disappeared from the arena to become the tenant of a lunatic asylum.

Others there are at this moment, however, who although they have not seen fit to stand prominently forward, have nevertheless exerted themselves strenuously in the work of national emancipation. As yet it must have been apparent, even to the most careless thinker, that the patriotic party have never been trammelled either for men or money. Mixed as is the population of Hungary, her banner has never failed in followers; and had she been permitted a free struggle with her legitimate opponent, she might, and doubtlessly would, have attained to a position which must have enabled her to compel honourable and equitable conditions. Not such, however, was destined to be her fate. The very heroism and unity of feeling which she betrayed, assisted to effect her ruin. Austria, at the commencement of the struggle, assumed to treat her warlike demonstration with contempt; and when the news of the rising reached England, the public journals of this country at once espoused the same opinions, and expressed them in the same terms. The descendants of the Rakoczys, the Bathorys, and the Telekis—of the patriots who had successfully resisted oppression in their own day—of the bold spirits who had driven Solyman the Magnificent from their capital; and almost unaided, had compelled him to retire once more beyond the boundaries of Christendom—the descendants of these men, when they rose against the injustice of a corrupt cabinet,—and yet far from seeking to establish themselves once more as an independent kingdom, declared that they were willing still to remain the faithful subjects of the House of Hapsbourg, provided they were recognised as an integral portion of the empire, holding equal political and commercial rights with her other provinces—the descendants of these men were at once stigmatised by the English journalists, *currente calamo*, as "insurgents," "rebels," "democrats," and similar epithets; while they themselves were in reality totally ignorant of the real merits of the case. The natural result has followed. Had England, the land of freedom *par excellence*, instead of helping to heap upon another country the burthen of oppression which she would not for one instant have herself endured—had she, instead of condescending to become the echo of a party, coolly, fairly, and deliberately striven to comprehend the relative position of the two contending powers, there can exist little doubt that all her sympathies would have been enlisted in favour of the oppressed and long-enduring Hungarians; and that the undisguised and generous avowal of those sympathies would have tended to prevent the monstrous cruelty which has overwhelmed their country with a colossal Russian army.

That the Czar should profit by so favourable an opportunity of advancing further into the heart of Europe, and thus not only extending his influence over the Slave population of Hungary, (who even during my own sojourn in Buda-Pesth in 1840, prayed openly in their churches for "our Emperor, the Czar,") but also weaving another mesh of the subtle and complicated web in which he is cautiously but surely enveloping the Turkish empire; that the Czar should volunteer to crush the brave Hungarians with the same iron gauntlet which had previously beaten down Poland,—was natural and comprehensible; but how England—moral, religious, and free England—can stand tamely by, and suffer such an injustice to pass unrebuked, is a problem impossible to solve.

Poor, misunderstood, ill-appreciated, and devoted Hungary! When I remember the courtesy, gallantry, and high-heartedness of her nobility—the frankness,

simplicity, and hospitality of her peasantry—the profusion with which the Creator has showered down his gifts over the whole length and breadth of the land—her majestic rivers, her towering mountains, her hoary ruins, her primeval woods, and above all, the glorious memories which have been her pride and her boast for centuries; and when the recollection is forced upon me that her cities are overthrown, her teeming plains desecrated by the tread of foreign enemies, her crops prostrated, her fortresses battered, her capital a waste, and all the progression of the past century rendered nugatory; as I reflect, moreover, that many whom I knew and loved—knew happy and prosperous—and loved, for the gentleness with which they bore the fulness of their fortunes, are now ruined and heart-broken, without one landmark left upon the wayside of life to guide them back to happiness,—I may be a poor politician, but it is certain that I wish England had been more just and more generous; that Austria, in defence of her own dignity, had refused the unnatural coalition to which she will undoubtedly owe her ultimate triumph over a brave and oppressed nation; and that the noble efforts at intellectual and moral progress which were so apparent throughout the whole country ten years ago, and which must consequently have become still more marked since that time, had induced an enlightened government and a great monarch to pause ere they drove a high-hearted and desperate people to that last and worst argument alike of the tyrant and the tyrannised—THE SWORD!

THE PRIDE OF POVERTY.

"You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance! whether in rags or silk; whether in Kent Street or the Mall; whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles, might I be permitted to advise you as a friend, never *seem* to want the favour which you solicit." "Pride in the great is hateful; in the wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse."—GOLDSMITH.

GLORIOUS OLIVER! Thrice glorious from having matriculated in the rigorous University of Poverty. No matter where he took his other degree of Doctor, he gained one there, to a certainty, for no man in any age acquired more of the various branches of knowledge which it is the peculiar province of that Alma Mater to impart. A terribly stern and ungracious nurse; but, upon the whole, not the worst for a human soul in these days of self-indulgence running to seed. Like experience, she "takes dreadfully high school-wages, but she teaches like no other."

The most beautiful and truthful personification of poverty with which we are acquainted is that by an old painter, who represented her as a majestic woman, with torn and bleeding feet treading a thorny road, but having her head crowned with roses, and her tearful eyes upturned to the stars;—the allegorical meaning of which needs no explanation to an elevated and imaginative mind; upon the essentially vulgar and worldly mind, that can see no beauty or dignity in anything but wealth and its appurtenances, all explanations would be thrown away.

But it is not about poverty in the abstract, nor about the poor, but about the pride which often accompanies poverty, and about *proud* poor people, that I wish to offer a few words now. The pride in question has nothing to do with that low feeling which prompts so many persons in this country to pretend to a station in society above their own, by a foolish and generally futile attempt to vie with their wealthier neighbours in externals merely.

Owen Feltham, a quaint moralist of the seventeenth century, says that "Pride is a vice of little minds, and humility is a virtue of great ones." This is a profound truth which the world has not yet learned to recognise in its actions and words, and scarcely even in its moments of calm abstract thought. It is important that we strive to lay this truth to heart. There is nothing for which the wise and good ought to be proud, although there is much for which they should be grateful. People who have no right to the title of wise, and who therefore think themselves superior to the rest of the world, are very apt to be proud.

Public speakers have stereotyped forms of expression concerning the three kinds of pride, predominant in human nature. They tell us, "There is a pride of birth, which," &c. &c.,—"There is a pride of wealth, which," &c. &c.,—and "There is a pride of intellect, which," &c. &c. I refrain from repeating their general characteristics, because they must be familiar to every one who has been present at a public meeting, no matter on what account it may have been held. Suffice it to say, that the "pride of intellect" is the only sort of pride which the orator on these occasions thinks it becoming to commend openly. Now, of all forms of pride, I am inclined to consider intellectual pride as the *least* excusable. It is ignorance of ourselves and our weakness that causes pride, and we may easily pardon those who are deficient in mental capacity, for being proud; but it is not so easy to pardon those who are gifted with the power to know themselves, and who have yet exercised it to so little purpose as to be proud. "Nothing is so disgusting as to exult in our intellectual powers," says Menage. Truly, it is the most obtrusive and shameless egotism to do so; for, are not our intellectual powers part and parcel of ourselves, of our immortal souls? And this is not true of birth or wealth. The man who is proud of his wealth says within himself, "All this is mine. I acquired it by myself and for myself. I am perfectly independent, and therefore I shall do exactly what I like with my own." And it is pretty nearly the same state of feeling which animates the man who is *proud of* his intellectual acquirements. The two kinds of pride begin and end in self. Now, the pride of birth goes a little beyond these; it is narrow enough, certainly; but it does not spring entirely from self. It is pride in the deeds and virtues of others, a man's own ancestors, indeed; and it may be said that he is only proud of the lustre which they reflect on him. In some cases this may

be true; but I believe it is more common for people of noble birth to be proud of belonging to a time-honoured race, than to be proud because such a race belongs to them. Pride of birth, of wealth, of intellect, are all weaknesses, which those who aim at true wisdom and moral greatness will strive to crush in themselves, while they bear with them in others.

But there is a sort of pride the characteristics of which are not so well understood. It has been spoken of by an eloquent French writer as *Cet orgueil de la pauvreté, qui serait la plus vilaine chose du monde s'il n'y avait pas tant d'insolences protectrices pour le justifier:*—"That pride of poverty, which would be the ugliest thing in this world if there were not so much patronizing insolence to justify it." The pride of poverty is not, like the other kinds of pride specified above, a source of complacent satisfaction to its possessor; it is painful in a high degree. It does not spring up spontaneously in the mind; it is a something foreign to it, which it is compelled to assume and cherish by the rude pressure of external circumstances. Perhaps, strictly speaking, it is not pride at all; it is only wounded delicacy. It is the duty of the rich to be careful how they treat those who, though their inferiors in fortune, may be their equals, nay, even their superiors, in every thing else. It is true that the rich sometimes complain with reason of the morbid sensitiveness of the proud poor man. He is sensitive, perhaps, about trifles, which, if he too were rich, would not cost him a thought; trifles, in which his rich friend did not intend to slight or neglect him. But did he sufficiently intend to mark his consideration and respect? No; he did not think about it. Well, that is just the pith of the matter. If you are with a friend who is in a delicate state of health;—say with weak irritable lungs;—and you throw open a window near him during an east wind in March, he begins to cough, and takes cold. You are very sorry, you did not mean to make him ill; far from it. No, you only forgot altogether the delicate state of your friend's health. The pride of poverty is a delicate, irritable condition of the moral lungs, which people with stout well-filled purses are apt to forget; hence causes of complaint on both sides. The one talks of morbid pride and aptness to take offence; the other of thoughtless, unfeeling prosperity, and the coarseness and hardness of men who succeed in the world. We would suggest that in such cases there can be no true friendship between the parties. If the rich man love his poorer brother *better* than himself, (and any inferior sort of affection is not worthy the name of friendship,) he will think of him *before* himself, and can no more hurt his feelings from want of *thought* than he can do so from want of heart. On the other hand, too, if the poor man really love his rich neighbour as a friend, it would scarcely be possible for him to take offence at anything he might say or do. Friendship is the only state in which there is true liberty, fraternity, and equality. Also, it is a state to which not two persons in a hundred are capable of attaining. And rare indeed is friendship between a poor man and a rich one. The pride of poverty intervenes quite as frequently as the pride of wealth and station;—perhaps more frequently. Hence comes the maxim of civilized life, that we should choose our friends from our own rank in society. When a real friendship is established between a poor man and a rich one, all pride disappears, and the one who happens to have an abundance of the goods of this world may impart them freely to his less fortunate brother. The one will know how to give gracefully, and as a matter of course; the other will know how to receive *generously*, and also as a matter of course. Such a state of things can only exist between persons who have large and refined minds, who are equal in all things but fortune, and to whom this world's wealth is by no means a matter of great importance. These are wise people, in whom pride of any kind would be ridiculous.

But, alas, alas! there are so many fools and so few wise among us. And for this foolish pride of poverty we can make an excuse more easily than for much other folly. It is the shadow of a noble feeling, the contempt for meanness and servility; a feeling which should be sedulously cherished by the poor, because they are the most exposed to the danger of degrading their nature by such vices. The poor man who refuses obligations from others, obligations especially which involve pecuniary advantage, is frequently stigmatised as proud, but such pride is seldom worthy of condemnation. "Every favour a man receives," says Goldsmith, "in some measure sinks him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising, till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility. It is thus with a feeling mind; but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits, an indirect petition for new." Not to be confounded with such people, the poor man, (as no one knew better than Goldsmith,) has no resource but to *be proud*, and to refuse favours from all but *real friends*. He need not decline them churlishly, he may allow it to be seen that he is sensible of the kind feeling of the offerer; he may let it be understood that he is too poor to be able to accept a favour. It is one of the evils of poverty that the poor can seldom indulge themselves, without injury, in the luxury of giving or of receiving great favours.

There is one form of the pride of poverty which is highly reprehensible. That which prompts the possessor to parade his poverty upon all occasions, and to make it, as it were, a subject of boasting and self-laudation. People of this kind teaze and annoy their richer acquaintance, by continually reminding them of the inequality of their fortunes. Nothing is a surer

evidence of ill-breeding and of innate littleness of mind. It comes from bitterness, envy, and a disregard of the feelings of others, and a vulgar overestimate of the *external* advantages of wealth. It is quite as detestable as the coarsest form of the pride of purse. For my own part, I know not which to prefer as a companion, the man who says "Look at me, now! I am a great deal richer than you. I can afford to do this and to do that, which you cannot;" or the man who says, "Nay, but look at me! I am a great deal poorer than you. I cannot afford to do this or that as you can." Why need we constantly have the length of the purse thrust upon our notice? It is discourteous and unmannerly, and prevents the possibility of real social intercourse. It may not be unnecessary to add, that neither of these kinds of pride will ever be found in cultivated and refined society; they are *tabooed* there, if for no other reason than that they are vulgar.

We remember to have met somewhere with an anecdote illustrative of the pride of poverty and intellect united. A certain clever dramatical writer, who lived at the beginning of the present century, or at the end of the last, was reduced to a state of great poverty. Like poor Goldsmith, in Green Arbour Court, his dinners came to be fewer than the days of the week. He struggled long, subsisting upon a few casual earnings. When these had ceased altogether he began to starve. He was a proud gentleman, and could not beg; he was a scholar, and a man of high talent, consequently he could not write the *trash* which an inferior person might have written, and have been well paid for. In this state of things he happened to meet with an old acquaintance, a rich and benevolent manager, or theatrical bookseller, I forget which. However, he was a man, who, though not witty himself, had the grace of admiring wit in others. He had a profound admiration for the genius of our poor proud author. Discovering the state in which he was, he sent him a handsome present in money, and invited him to dinner the next day. The man was starving, and as we all know, "the prompt nature of hunger brooks no delay," he accepted the present gratefully; had food at home that day, and on the next went to dine at the well-appointed table of his benefactor. Here, as is the wont with men of genius, the past sufferings were for the time forgotten, his conversation was as brilliant as formerly, and threw his host into an ecstasy of admiration. After dinner he endeavoured to strike out some literary enterprise for his gifted acquaintance. He went on proposing this and arranging that, when he suddenly discovered that his guest was in tears. With kind sympathy for his grief he endeavoured to console him. "It is all very well," replied the unfortunate man, "but is it not a dreadful thing, a thing to make one weep, that a man of genius, as I am, should be obliged for a dinner to a rich blockhead like you?"

This story would be quite ludicrous if it were not so very painful. How much must pride and poverty have debased the soul of the man before he could have suffered so bitter a sarcasm on the present condition of civilized life to enter it, when it should have been filled with gratitude only. It is true that he showed himself above the meanness of servility, but he did not feel that gratitude which is an attribute only of the highest minds. For—

> "A grateful mind
> By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
> Indebted and discharged. What burden then?"

A great deal more might be said about the pride of poverty when united with considerable intellect. The biographies of most men of genius will afford matter for volumes of speculative essays on the subject. It is a strange and contradictory feeling, and, as we said before, by no means a sweetener of the poor man's lot. It may be that he thinks no one should be proud but himself, if he feel that his fortune is less than his deserts. If he be a thinker, a poet, an artist, he will find his pride clash with the pride of mere "ledger men," as poor Keats calls them. He may ask with him—

> "Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
> Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?
> Why were they proud? Because fair orange mounts
> Were of more soft ascent than lazar-stairs?
> Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
> Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?
> Why were they proud? Again, we ask aloud,
> Why in the name of glory were they proud?

Ah, why indeed! Such pride is but weakness, and vice and folly, a sure impediment to the pursuit of higher things. But again, Oh! ye poor men, rich in knowledge and perhaps in genius, why are ye, too, proud? Is it of so much importance that ye be lodged spaciously, and be entreated graciously by persons whom, if the truth were known, ye value not highly? Did you ever lose the love of a friend or of a woman, the esteem of the wise, or of yourselves for being poor? Never!—I am sure of it. Then, O ye poor men, if ye would be wise,

"Why in the name of glory are ye proud?"

J. M. W.

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &c.

CHAP. XV.—MADELINE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

I HAVE a very confused recollection of that night. I do not wish to make it more distinct; it is with a shudder and a struggle that I remember it all. Yet I do not know why this should be, for certainly the cool and conscious thought which succeeded it was incomparably more painful. I remember sitting down at the foot of a tree and resting awhile, in an exhaustion that was not sleep, but a kind of stupefaction of the senses, and, therefore, welcome. And I have before my eyes even now, more vivid than any

(1) Continued from p. 22.

visible representation, the picture of the sudden dawn—a yellow streak along the far horizon, narrow at first, then rapidly widening, and then the springing up of the glorious sun, filling the earth with beauty, and the heavens with splendour, as it were, in a moment. I can see one solitary bush that stood a little to the left, on a space of smooth green-sward; I can hear the outburst of song from a grove of olives on the other side; I note the form, though neither striking nor lovely in itself, of a particular hillock in the foreground, which broke the line of the distance, and at which I kept looking, steadfastly and vacantly, till my eyeballs seemed to be aching as it engrossed itself upon them. How strange, that these alone of all the sights and sounds which must have passed during those hours, and which I heeded no more than one born blind and deaf, should have associated themselves with the suffering, and become a part of it; framing, so to speak, the everlasting picture of remembrance! I have hated a sunrise ever since; there is to me inexpressible desolateness in it. Earth seems to be dressing herself out like a victim for the sacrifice. I never feel the light upon my eyelids without thinking of the myriad griefs which have, perhaps, been temporarily forgotten, and which are beginning anew. I seem to hear a jarring summons as the day goes forth, "Now begin again to bear life!" Happy those whose fragile natures are crushed at once under the burthen!

As the light came my consciousness returned; that is, returned so far as to enable me once more to pursue and grasp my purpose. In terror lest I should have endangered its success by a pause, the duration of which I was wholly unable to estimate, I once more rose, and hurried onwards. I cannot go through the details of this history. I have already compared the cunning which directed my movements to the craft of insanity, and, I repeat, I believe they were closely akin. I obtained a conveyance to the seaport town to which I have before alluded; secured my passage in a vessel about to sail for England; parted with some of my jewels, having previously taken the precaution of breaking them out of their settings, lest they should by possibility be recognised; procured myself a decent outfit, and took possession of my berth; all this with no longer intermission than was absolutely necessary for taking some nourishment; an act which I performed not because I felt the need of it, but because I feared lest my strength should fail me. When I set my foot on the deck one wild terrible thought of my baby shot into my heart; but I drove it from me as though it had been a serpent; for I felt that if it remained with me, I *could* not wrestle against it. I hurried to my miserable couch, and was soon overcome by welcome palsy of mind and body. There was a storm. I remember well how I hoped that the ship might go down. God, forgive me! I will not dwell on this.

I did not learn till afterwards the circumstances which prevented the discovery of my escape. Of course, my absence was not known till the morning: and then, I suppose, it created some dismay; although I do not believe there was one in the house who would *regret* it in any true sense of the word. I can fancy the scared maid betaking herself to her master after knocking repeatedly at my door in vain; then the assaults renewed; the suggestion that an entrance might be made by the balcony; the open window causing some wonder, and the untenanted bed a good deal more. Then they looked at each other, and were puzzled, and perhaps my father grew a little pale; and they went out into the garden, with no very definite idea of what they expected to find; and they wandered about, vaguely looking for indications of something. And something at last they found—a white laced pocket-handkerchief, gleaming white among the weeds at the river-side, close to the path on which the very side-gate by which I had gone forth, opened. I did not even know that I had dropped it, and little guessed that a deceitful gust of wind had wafted it just there, and made it the unconscious assertor of a lie. I suppose they felt some horror when they saw it. Sudden death is always terrible, if it be only a dog that dies; and perhaps the reflection that the last words we had ever exchanged had been words of anger, may have hung a little coldly and heavily about my husband's heart. But, on the whole, when the shock was over, it must have been a relief to him. It may seem dreadful to write this; many things that men dwell upon in their thoughts seem dreadful when they are written down. And so we dress up our thoughts even to ourselves, as a child dresses up a figure, and afterwards looks at it and almost believes it is alive. But we cannot make the reality less hideous by disguising it; the utmost we can do is to talk cant about it, and to call those men coarse and unfeeling who are brave enough to strip off the tawdry wrappers and encounter it in its true unsightliness. There are not many such men in the world; and, indeed, it is well for the world's self-complacency that they are so few.

Why should I write any more? All the rest of life has been a blank—faint, dreary, unmeaning. There came a time when I retraced the past deliberately, and with cold, cruel gaze examined every step that I had taken in my self-deception. How I disdained myself! I felt that I had fallen too low even for pity. I was a subject for scorn and very ridicule. So poor a counterfeit had I embraced as a reality! I was like one who should build a miserable pagoda at the foot of Mont Blanc, and, sitting within its puny shadow, believe that it overtopped the mountain; and now I had risen and moved but a few steps, and, lo! I discovered how mean and contemptible had been my illusion! Not only was all happiness taken from me for ever, but I had to confess that it had never been mine at all. I was robbed even of the luxury of regret.

There was but one person to whom I could go—the humble friend who had been my companion in happier days. I knew her to be weak and gentle, but scru-

pulously true; and I trusted to her habit of yielding to my stronger will, and was not mistaken in supposing that I could bend her to my purpose. Once having obtained her promise that she would keep my secret, I knew that I was secure; a breach of that promise would have haunted her conscience like a ghost. Yet she condemned herself for giving it, and used all possible argument and persuasion to induce me to return to what she called "my duty," and it was curious to see how very criminal she thought me; and yet how quietly she submitted, without any keen self-reproach, because a few hasty words had bound her before she clearly understood the circumstances,—bound her, as she believed, so closely, that action was simply impossible. There are persons to whom a sin of sharp outline seems so much deadlier than one of great substance—in whose eyes an act is far more awful than a habit; and she was one of these. Then out of her mere gentleness and gratitude, she would have done anything in the world to console and help me. She nursed me through a long, dangerous illness, which followed my arrival in England; and by her means I was finally settled at Croye, to wear out, as best I might, in retirement and daily labour, the wretched years left to me. I suppose it is strange that my escape was never discovered; yet there was only one circumstance which could possibly have led to its detection,—the change of dress, and the abstraction of my most valuable jewels. Singularly enough, this solitary evidence was rendered of no effect. One of the household took advantage of the general confusion to abscond with as many valuables as he could collect. Among other things, he took my jewel-case, which he must have found rather less amply stocked than he expected, and a considerable part of my wardrobe. He was pursued and apprehended, the box being found upon his person; but, of course, no one credited his asseverations that the deficiencies observable in it were not caused by him. And when, some time afterwards, a bracelet (which, in my hurry, I had sold without previously defacing,) was discovered at an obscure jeweller's in ——, this only appeared a fresh proof of the thief's falsehood. It had been offered for sale by a woman, commonly dressed, and apparently somewhat agitated, who brought it to the shop an hour after daybreak on the morning after my supposed death. It was natural enough that the thief should have feared to carry it to the jeweller in person, and fair to conclude that he might be in league with some gang, to a member of which he had intrusted it. The punishment which he suffered, on conviction, was certainly no more than he deserved; and as it cannot be supposed that he was habitually a scrupulous truth-teller, he had no reason to complain if one of his rare truths passed for a lie.

My poor friend! She had only one idea of consolation; and that was to coax or compel the sufferer to eat;—food was her solitary refuge from grief. What did I not endure whilst with her! I still seem to feel the wretched heart-sinking with which, as I lay or sat in dreamy, miserable stupor, I used to see the door softly turn upon its hinges, to admit her kind, hospitable, tormenting face. If I were warned soon enough, I could always feign sleep; and then, after one inquiring look, she would withdraw as noiselessly as she had come. But if a movement or a glance betrayed me, she would enter cautiously, and approach my sofa with some unhappy compound in her hand, expressly devised for my restoration. The sole picture which my memory forms of her is that of a figure carrying a basin of broth!

I have often thought how strangely circumstances combined to favour my concealment. My friend had changed her residence some months before I came to her—not a creature in the neighbourhood had ever seen me. She pressed me to remain with her. I was at that time so feeble both in soul and body, that I might have easily been induced to acquiesce. I was almost passive in her hands;—had her will been strong enough to induce her to take me back to my husband, I believe I should have gone. Every spark of energy was extinguished within me; even the power of feeling pain was so far deadened that the idea of it created no horror. But she had a way of talking to me which I *could* not bear; and this it was which finally goaded me from her. She thought it her duty to remonstrate, though she had not courage to decide. Whenever she considered me strong enough to listen to her persuasions, she began them anew; and the topic chosen was invariably that which she thought would be most effective—my child. Every day I was asked how I could bear to leave him; every day I had to encounter some new form of useless torture. At last I was stung into sufficient resolution to go, and I left her. Good, simple woman! How could I ever dare to despise a life of quiet duty?

I had meant to write more, but I cannot; even this seems more than enough. I wish only to account for my life, and for its end. The details which follow our separation can have no interest for *you*,—perhaps even what I have written will be flung aside. If I have prevented your happiness, you see that I have been miserable myself; if you condemn me, I assure you my self-condemnation is stronger and bitterer. Nay, I do not even blame you for any thing but the last deception. It was my own insane vanity which led me to mistake kindly interest for love. I had no right to watch looks and interpret tones; it was unreasonable—it was unwomanly. Yet are not my loveless childhood and youth some excuse for me? The impulse had been dormant so long, that when it awoke and sprang up, I knew not how to guide it; it bore me away, irresistibly, whither it would. Had I possessed a mother, a sister—nay, even one friend, this could never have befallen me. But I was so solitary, that it was no wonder that I clung to the first outstretched hand. If you had left me, I should have recovered, and that speedily:—pride is strong enough to stifle an unreturned affection, especially in a woman. I should never have remembered you without bitterness and shame; and so soon have learned to wonder

that I could ever have associated brighter thoughts with you. But the wrong which you did me by returning, is ineffable—the cruelty of that false pity has been irreparable. It was dishonourable, too,—the basest of frauds; knowingly and deliberately, you gave me a cold, disguised, tinsel compassion, in exchange for the purest gold of love. Now I am bankrupt indeed!

* * * * *

It seemed that the writer had here paused abruptly in her melancholy narration, and never resumed it. Afterwards, and evidently at a later period, she had written the following words:—

God forgive me for the wrath and bitterness of these pages! I have never dared to read them over. Oh! that I had strength to confess all to those who would guide me to do right! I have now friends, I have now counsellors; I am no longer alone in the world. But for my bitter secret, I might believe that I was learning holiness—I might hope some day to be happy. But if my heart essays to rise only for a moment, that thought straightway falls upon it, and crushes it. I dare not speak it; I dread to be told that I must do that for which I have not strength, and which I will not do, cannot believe that I ought to do. Perhaps before I die I may do it; and surely the struggle cannot last much longer.

Then followed—too solemn for insertion here—a prayer for her unknown child, wrought out of the agony of the mother's self-reproach and sorrow. And then these few words:—

It is possible that my child may be taught to remember me—nay, even to commend my soul to God's keeping, in his innocent prayers. May not such prayers avail when mine are powerless?

This was the last entry. Ida's tears had flowed fast while she read, and when she laid down the book, she hid her fair face upon her hands, and gave them free course for a few minutes. She was bewildered with sorrow and wonder. The radiant veil of life had been pulled aside, and so stern a face looked at her from behind its folds that she drew back in terror. And well might she do so; for in truth she now found herself, for the first time, face to face with evil. She had no thought of *condemning* Madeline, though the feelings which had thus been laid bare before her, and the acts in which they had resulted were such as she could scarcely contemplate without shrinking. A vast and tender pity filled her whole soul. She thought of herself as a helpless and timid child walking by night amid dangerous pitfalls and deadly snares, but so encircled by gentle arms, and led by kind starlight, that it was impossible to stumble or to miss the safe path. Madeline was only another child, equally frail and feeble, and placed in equal danger, but to whom the guardianship and the guidance were wanting, and who could not choose but fall. Ida's thought was therefore instantly and chiefly how she could help her to rise again, and to heal the wounds from which, in natural terror, she averted her eyes. Almost instantly, after the first yielding to grief, she began to hope. Madeline had suffered terribly and long; but now she would do right, and it would surely please God to give her happiness. Ida could not exactly see *how* this was to be; but, nevertheless, her hope was so strong and joyful that it well nigh became a faith. It is so happy to be hopeful; and, thank God! it is so natural! It is so natural to look into the black darkness, and think of the golden fringe of dawn—to gaze upon the pale wasted face, and think of the first tints of returning health—to grieve for the estranged friend, and dream of the joy of forgiveness—to seal up and stifle the unrequited affection, yet all the while to fix the eyes upon an union in the future, deeper and more perfect, because it has been so long in ripening! All these may be disappointments—cold, cruel, desolating; yet the hope has nevertheless been real; it is a possession in and for itself: never let us give it up! If it please God to cover the sky with clouds, let us not, therefore, extinguish our own poor lamps, but rather cherish and tend them the more carefully, because they are all we have. Let us thank Him that he has so formed us that we are buoyant and hopeful, even in the midst of sorrows, never bowing our heads, save when the hurricane prostrates us for the moment, and eagerly raising them again as soon as the pressure is past. And if it is to be only by the destruction of every earthly hope, that the habit and the strength of a divine hope can be fully built up in us, let us remember that gloom is as fatal to the one as to the other;—let us beware how we mistake despondency for resignation, callousness for courage, scorn for patience;—let us labour with all our hearts to love and to fulfil that true, sweet duty—the "duty of delight." Who is there who cannot remember some sudden brightness upon the horizon of life—some secret nest, stirred by the unconscious foot, and sending forth in an instant its gush of heavenward song—some hour of unlooked for joy—some salvation from grief that seemed inevitable,—some treasure of unknown affection which has been our own, though we dreamed not of it, and deserved it not,—to reproach him for the veriest beginning of misanthropy, and chide him back into thankfulness and hope? And surely we ought to take account of the stars, and not look only at the blank spaces of sky between them.

Ida had knelt some time by Madeline's bed-side in silent prayer, when a tap at the door aroused her. She softly opened it, and there stood dear uncle John with a candle in his hand.

"My—my—darling," stammered he, "you'll be ill and tired. Go to bed, please, and let *me* sit up the rest of the night."

Poor uncle John! he had a high-peaked nightcap on his head, with an odd little tuft at the top of it; he was quite tipsy with suppressed sleep, and he held the candle all on one side, and winked and blinked at it, as if he was trying to make it comprehend, by signals, that it ought to stand upright again. He wore a dressing-gown, with a huge flowered pattern,

like a shawl gone mad, and he moved his feet about in his slippers as if there were pivots in them, and he was for ever losing his balance. He looked like an owl that had been drinking punch, and felt cheerful, unreasonable, and impotent, after the unwonted carouse. I don't know what will be thought of Ida, but a sense of the ludicrous is the strongest of all the senses, and the most resolute in its disregard of time and place; and, in spite of her recent emotion and present sorrow, she fairly laughed in his face. It's no use trying to conceal the fact, though it will probably be thought "shockingly inconsistent;" but the misfortune is, that life is shockingly inconsistent too, and *will* mix the comic with the solemn whether we like it or not.

Ida propped up the candle with one hand, and coaxingly stroked the good man's cheek with the other. "You dear, kind uncle!" said she; "you are talking in your sleep, you know; and so we must allow for your talking nonsense. Of course you must go to bed again, for there's nothing else to be done; and I'm not in the least tired."

"Well," exclaimed uncle John, a little more coherently, "I can't let you wear yourself out for all the Mrs. Chesters in the world. If you won't let *me* sit up with her, I shall go and call Melissa."

Ida put up her hands and her eyebrows, and drew him a little further from the door, fearing lest they should disturb the invalid. "Oh, now you are quite mad!" cried she. "There is something very bad indeed the matter with you, I'm afraid. I don't know whether I had not better come and sit up with you, for you are evidently in a most dangerous state."

They were here interrupted by aunt Ellenor, who, with equal kindness and a little more reason, had determined upon sharing Ida's vigil, and now came to take her place. Ida resisted as long as she could, but submitted at last, on the condition that she was to be roused immediately if any change took place in the patient. She was not roused, however, till the broad sunlight awakened her; and she sprang from her bed almost with a sense of guilt. The report was good—Madeline slept; she had roused once, appeared feverish, uneasy, restless, and Mrs. Aytoun had administered the second dose of opium. Ida stole to the bedside, satisfied herself that her friend's slumber was really profound and calm; and then, in obedience to a special summons from Melissa, descended to the breakfast-room, where the party was already assembled. Thrice she stopped on the stairs, and drew her hand across her face with a feeling of bewilderment. So many new, strange, painful thoughts were busy in her heart, that she felt quite overpowered. She said to herself that she felt ten years older for that one night. She felt almost a terror of encountering Madeline when she should awake; and she longed more intensely than ever for the presence of her father, who would, she was sure, set all right, if only he were there.

Little Arthur sprang to meet her as she entered the room, and she could only by a strong effort keep back her tears when she stooped to kiss him. She had not perceived that there was any addition to the party; but when Melissa's sharp voice, softened as it generally was in company into an artificial hoarseness, saluted her with the words—"Ida, my dear, come and speak to Mr. Tyrrell; he is a friend of your father's and particularly wishes to be introduced to you,"—she shrank back, feeling herself change colour, trembling from head to foot, and almost ready to faint.

It was true she had heard that Mr. Tyrrell was expected, but she had forgotten it; and it seemed strange and terrible that he should actually be in the house. Melissa's hasty whisper recalled her to herself:—"My dear Ida, pray don't allow yourself to be shy; there is nothing so unlady-like as shyness." She moved forward with all her natural gracefulness, and if she was pale, and the hand which she put into Mr. Tyrrell's was somewhat cold and shook a little, it passed for the effect of her watching and anxiety, and was not otherwise noticed. Alexander was forward in his expressions of concern and interest—it was shameful that she should have been suffered to tire herself—what would she take? She looked pale, absolutely pale—he would never forgive Mrs. Chester. And yet he could not call the paleness *unbecoming;* only it made *him* feel anxious. He would drive her out after breakfast, and the air would revive her. While he was pouring these protestations into her ear, Godfrey had silently placed before her his own untasted cup of coffee; and the timely stimulant just saved her from the commonplace resource of a young lady in difficulties—a hearty fit of crying. As soon as she dared, she stole a hasty glance at Mr. Tyrrell. He was a tall, fine-looking man, rather older than she expected to see him; his dark hair was touched with grey, and the expression of his face, though very determined, had also great gentleness. The determination was in the mouth, which seemed the very index of a stedfast and inexorable will; the lips, finely cut and firmly closed, with a slight compression at the corners, which there was no mistaking. But the sweetness was in the eyes, which were, at the same time, uncommonly penetrating, and which were fixed upon Ida's face with an expression of interest so strangely deep and earnest, that she looked down almost frightened, and the ready blush mantled in her transparent cheeks.

Perhaps Mr. Tyrrell felt that his gaze had been more fixed than good breeding permitted, for he shook off his reverie, and resumed the conversation which Ida's entrance had interrupted. He was speaking of his little boy. "I suppose I shall be thought rather strange," said he; "but, next to a sense of right and wrong, I confess I am principally anxious to develope in him a sense of beauty and ugliness—in other words, a true love of art. Few things would give me such pleasure as to see him an artist."

"An artist!" remarked Alexander, senior, with a polite bow, thinking in his secret heart, "what a simpleton you must be, to be sure!" but saying aloud, "how very disinterested."

"Disinterested!" exclaimed uncle John. "Well, it's disinterested, to be sure, supposing he should turn out to have no genius for it; otherwise, you know, artists very often make their fortunes, in these days."

Mr. Tyrrell smiled. "Yes," said he, a little absently; "we are learning, I hope, to know a little more than we used to do of the use of art. Revelation, Nature, Art—these are the three lights of life, though the first is, of course, a sun, and the others only stars."

"I am heartily glad," cried Godfrey, with enthusiasm, "that you don't talk like most people, who seem to think that God Almighty never made any thing except the Bible. There seems to me no infidelity so bad or so common as that which fails to perceive the divinity of all creation—the religion, if I may so speak, which exists in everything that God has made, which it is man's business to develope."

"My dear Godfrey!" ejaculated Melissa, closing her eyes, with a slight sigh, "if you knew what pain it gives me to hear you speak so profanely, I am sure you wouldn't do it."

Godfrey looked as if he could have struck her, and Mr. Tyrrell scarcely kept his countenance. The conversation flagged a little, and, when Ida looked up again, the strange new comer was again contemplating her with a wistful, earnest, half-melancholy gaze. She felt very nervous; there was a slight movement in the room above—Madeline's room; she looked first at Mr. Tyrrell, then at the child, then thought of the poor sufferer up stairs, and felt as if she could not bear the mystery, and wonder, and pain, which had thus come upon her. Why did he look at her so? There *must* be some reason for it. She would have run out of the room, but she encountered Melissa's eye, and she knew well that nothing so grievously disturbed that lady's equanimity as an irregularity at meals. So she sat still, though her head ached terribly, and in another minute Mr. Tyrrell addressed her, but certainly not in a manner calculated to restore her composure.

"Is there not a Mrs. Chester who generally lives with you, Miss Lee?" he inquired, gently, but (so it seemed to her) with the air of a man who was suppressing some agitation;—"a friend, to whom you are very deeply attached?"

"Yes;" replied Ida, almost in a whisper, and scarcely conscious what she said.

"I am particularly anxious to be introduced to her. Shall I not see her?" pursued Mr. Tyrrell.

Ida *could* not answer him. Luckily uncle John spoke for her. "Oh, poor thing! she's in bed," replied he. "She's very ill—brain fever, or something of the sort. Ida sat up half the night with her."

There could be no question that Mr. Tyrrell's face now expressed some very painful feeling, though it was immediately suppressed. "I hope she is better—likely to get better," said he, after a moment's pause, speaking hurriedly, and in an under tone to Ida, while the others were beginning to discuss something else. "I hope in a few days——" He stopped abruptly. "I don't know—I hope so." This was Ida's incoherent answer. Mr. Tyrrell said little more during the rest of breakfast. He seemed to be labouring under a depression which he could not shake off. Ida was thankful indeed when the moment arrived at which she might withdraw. Her brain was in a whirl. Was it possible that he suspected—that he had discovered? and if so, what a time, and what a manner of making the inquiry! It was surely impossible. And yet, what else could explain his behaviour? When she entered Madeline's room, her thoughts were scarcely calmer or clearer than those of the poor invalid herself.

(To be continued.)

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

BY MRS. HOARE.

It was after the expatriated party to whom Bernardo, the father of Torquato Tasso, belonged, had planned an unsuccessful attack upon Naples, that the mother and sister of the poet were received into a convent, and Torquato was sent to Rome to join his father; who, an exile on a bed of sickness, and in deep poverty, was solacing himself, amidst his misfortunes, by preparing a volume of poems for the press.

The boy was then in his tenth year, and his heart swelled with intense sorrow at taking, what proved to be, a last leave of his beloved mother. He recorded his feelings in the following sonnet, which some of his biographers assert to have been written at this early age, but to which others, with more probability, assign a later date:—

"Relentless fortune in my early years,
Removes me from a mother's tender breast:
With sighs I call to mind the farewell tears
That bath'd her kisses when my lips she prest;
I hear her prayers with ardour breath'd to Heaven,
Aside now wafted by the devious wind:
No more to her unhappy son 'tis given
Th' endearments of maternal love to find!
No more her fondling arms shall round me spread;
Far from her sight, reluctant, I retire;
Like young Camilla or Ascanius, led
To trace the footsteps of my wand'ring sire!"

At Rome, the young Tasso continued to prosecute his studies with unwearied assiduity, while his presence soothed and consoled his father. Who can paint the anguish of both when, in 1556, the intelligence of the death of a wife and mother so truly beloved as theirs, reached them. She had never seen her husband since his original proscription several years before, and her last illness was so brief and violent that Bernardo doubted whether it were poison, or a broken heart, that cut her off in the prime of her years.

"Torquato," said his father, one day, "I feel we

could yet taste earthly happiness, had we our beloved Cornelia with us; but our hard destiny removes her from us."

"Yes, father," said the boy; "there is no one here like my sister; some girls of her age whom I meet are merry and playful as she was, but their eyes do not glisten and their cheeks glow at the sound of ancient verses, as hers used to do when I walked with her at sunset near our own Naples. Oh! when shall I see her again?"

A few hours after, Bernardo received a letter announcing the determination of those relations who had assumed the guardianship of his daughter to marry her, at the age of fifteen, to a gentleman of Sorrento, of narrow fortune, but honourable birth. The father's ambition revolted from this union, which he yet lacked power to prevent. His fond day-dream had ever been to see her united to a husband worthy of her, according to his somewhat unpoetical estimate of worth, with whom she should live near himself. In a letter to her, written a short time before, he says:—"Sweet and tranquil to me will be old age, when I shall see (as I hope it may be the will of God) myself perpetuated in your little ones, with my very features impictured on their countenances. Death will then appear to me less terrible when, beholding you in honour and in peace, enjoying the love of your husband, and the delights derived from the affections of your children, you shall close with pale hands these eyes of mine. And surely it is due to a dear father to receive the last kisses, the last tears, and every other pious and tender office, from a dutiful and loving daughter."[1]

Now his hopes seemed cast down for ever; and his feeling of bitter disappointment was shared by Torquato. The boy, at his father's dictation, wrote to Signora Vittoria Colonna, complaining bitterly of his uncle's cruelty in forcing this match upon his sister, and imploring her interference to prevent its completion. "It is hard," says the letter, "to lose one's fortune; but the degradation of blood is much harder to bear. My poor old father has only us two; and, since fortune has robbed him of his property, and of a wife whom he loved as his own soul, suffer not rapacity to deprive him of his beloved daughter, in whose bosom he hoped to finish tranquilly the few last years of his old age. We have no friends at Naples; our relations are our enemies, and, on account of the circumstances of my father's situation, every one fears to take us by the hand."

Notwithstanding this remonstrance the marriage took place; and in the end both father and son were reconciled to it; first for Cornelia's sake, and afterwards for her husband's, as he proved a worthy and kind consort, with whom she lived happily, and by whom she had several children.

Time passed on, and fresh commotions in Italy rendered Bernardo and his son once more homeless wanderers. Invited by the Duke of Urbino, they sojourned for a time at Pesaro, when a mutual attachment sprang up between the young heir to the dukedom and the friendless Torquato. At length, in his seventeenth year, he was placed by his father at Padua, to study jurisprudence.

It is somewhat singular that three of Italy's greatest poets, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, had been destined with the same indifferent success to the study and practice of the law. The two former threw up the dry pursuit in disgust, while the latter, though he dutifully and diligently applied himself to it, yet gave in secret his heart and affections to the muse.

The result of his midnight vigils was a romantic poem, in twelve cantos, called Rinaldo. Timidly, yet proudly, the lad presented the first fruits of his genius to his father, who himself was a veteran in the field of song. With a smile and a sigh he looked at his son's performance. "It is well, Torquato," he said, "passing well; but know'st thou not that a lawyer should carefully avoid philosophy and poetry. They will draw thee away from the severe duties of thy profession, and will prevent thee from ever rising to eminence, or acquiring a fortune."

"Father, will they not bring me the wealth of the soul, which thou thyself valuest more than gold?"

Bernardo's anger kindled; and for almost the only time in his life, he addressed harsh and unworthy reproaches to his gifted son. The latter listened with patient respect; and when his parent angrily demanded, "What has your philosophy done for you?" he quietly answered, "It has taught me to bear with meekness the reproofs of a father."

The anger, however, was transient, and Bernardo consented to his son's forsaking his intended profession and dedicating his life to the cultivation of poetry. A hard destiny it proved. As the nightingale ever sings most sweetly when her breast leans against a thorn, so many darts, and sharp ones too, pierced Torquato's gentle loving heart, while he poured forth its deep-toned melody in that old crusading song.

The last years of Bernardo Tasso's life were passed in tranquillity at Astia, of which place the government had been conferred on him by the Duke of Mantua. Thither, in the year 1569, Torquato was summoned. His father was very ill, and would fain see him before he died. The old man still continued to compose and publish poetry, but it was not destined to survive him. The name of Tasso, which he fondly hoped to perpetuate through his "Amadigi" and "Floridante," will live, coupled not with them, but with his son's immortal lay, while ever the lips of Europe continue to utter its musical Italian.

Carefully and fondly did the poet watch by his father's bed; and dark was his feeling of desolation, when, the last pang over, he found himself alone. The duke of Mantua, who had a sincere esteem for Bernardo, caused him to be interred with much pomp, in the church of St. Egidius, at Mantua, with this simple inscription on his tomb:—

"Ossa Bernardi Tassi."

The most illustrious court in Italy was at this time held by a relative of Ippolito d'Este, the patron of

Ariosto. Alfonso the Second, duke of Ferrara, willing to be distinguished as a patron of genius, summoned Tasso to his palace, where he was speedily nominated personal attendant of the Cardinal d'Este, brother to the duke. Here he lived for some time, a solitary unit amid the splendour of the court, observing and treasuring up in his memory all that he saw and heard as materials for celebration, in another form, of the same scenes of luxury and magnificence upon a grander scale, and, though in an ideal field, of more enduring exhibition. While moving among the gay throng he was not of them; yet the dreaming quiet of his soul was soon destined to be disturbed by his hopeless affection for Leonora d'Este, his patron's youngest sister. Whether his passion was returned or not has been a question much disputed: one thing seems certain, that his subsequent misfortunes, and the injustice which he suffered at the hands of the duke, were caused by a brother's haughty and jealous displeasure. During his halcyon days at Ferrara, Torquato was vigorously prosecuting his great work, the "Jerusalem Delivered;" and after some time he was called on to accompany the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, who was sent as legate to the court of France. Here his fame had prepared the way for his reception with peculiar honour, by Charles IX., himself both a lover of verse and a versifier. The king offered the poet some splendid presents, which the latter declined to accept, though he was so scantily provided with a wardrobe that he left the kingdom at the end of twelve months in the same suit of clothes in which he entered it.

During his sojourn in Paris a poet and philosopher of some repute had committed a crime, for which he was condemned to suffer death; and Tasso resolved to obtain, if possible, a mitigation of the sentence. He repaired to the palace, where he learned that the unfortunate man was about to be executed immediately. Undiscouraged, however, he pressed forward; and being admitted to the presence, he thus addressed the king:—"May it please your majesty, I am come to implore you to put to death a wretch who has brought disgrace upon philosophy, by showing that she cannot stand out against human depravity." The king, struck with the turn of the request, spared the criminal.

Being asked one day by Charles, "Whether men most resembled God in happiness, in sovereign power, or in the ability to do good?" Tasso replied, "Men resemble God only by their virtue." At another time, in a conversation held before the king by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion," said Tasso, "the most deplorable condition is that of an impatient old man, borne down by poverty, who has neither fortune to preserve him from want, nor philosophy to support him under suffering."

Through the mediation of Leonora and the duchess of Urbino, Alfonso's eldest sister, Tasso, soon after his return from France, was formally admitted into the service of the duke, with a pension of a hundred and eighty crowns a year. His chain was a golden one, yet it galled the poet's soul, which would fain have been free as the winds of heaven; and, in the year 1574, he was seized with a violent fever, from which he recovered only to be tortured by the most severe and unjust criticisms on his great work. He found himself, on the one hand, charged with heresy against Aristotle and good taste, and, on the other, with having sinned against the church and good morals. Fevers, headaches, strange dreams, waking suspicions, restlessness, disappointment, dissatisfaction with his patron, to whom he had dedicated his poem, and in honour of whom he had created his imaginary hero, Rinaldo,—perhaps, too, the bitterness of desponding passion, suggested to him the idea of leaving Ferrara and taking refuge at Rome, where he purposed to bring out the "Gerusalemme," at his own pleasure, and hoped to reap a considerable pecuniary benefit from the sale. Alfonso, however, was not willing to lose the glory of the dedication to himself, though he seems to have wanted the generosity and the justice to deal with the author, except as an impotent creature in his power, who could do him much honour by flattering his pride, but to whom he showed at best a scant measure of kindness. To secure his selfish object, he made the poet a prisoner near his own person, both at Ferrara, and at his palace at Belriguardo in the country; a prisoner at large, indeed, but under perpetual observation. Of this the sufferer was aware; and the very idea of a human eye for ever upon him, restraining his looks, words, and actions, watching him while he slept, haunting his dreams, and entering into his very thoughts—for so he must have felt as though it did—this alone was enough to madden him.

The restless bard at length fled to Rome; but after spending six weeks there in the luxury of literary intercourse with his friends, he returned to Ferrara. There a circumstance occurred which proved that he could emulate deeds of prowess as well as laud them. Tasso had reason to suspect that one of his acquaintances, named Maddalo, a notary, had been guilty of opening his trunks with false keys, to pry into his secrets among his papers. Meeting the offender in the court of the palace, he gently remonstrated with him.

"You lie in your throat," was the reply.

Torquato, in a sudden transport of anger, gave him a blow upon the face; and the cowardly aggressor walked away, meditating revenge. Accordingly, having enlisted three of his kindred in the quarrel, they sallied forth, armed, to assail the poet; and finding him abroad in the streets, they fell upon him from behind. Tasso promptly turned round, drew his sword, and handled it so bravely that he succeeded in wounding two of the ruffians, and in putting them all to flight. The circumstance gained him no small reputation, and gave rise to a couplet which has often been repeated:—

"Con la penna e con la spada,
Nessun val quanto Torquato."

"With the pen and with the sword,
None can equal Torquato."

This encounter, of a nature very common in Italy, was made a pretext by the Duke for placing Tasso in confinement. Much obscurity hangs over the true reason of this, his first imprisoment; but the general impression seems to be, that Alfonso's resentment at his daring to love Leonora, prompted the punishment, and that the poet's frenzy was the effect of hopeless passion and impotent resentment against oppression. The restraint to which he was subjected was not very strict, yet it sorely chafed his unquiet spirit; and, after about a year's detention at Ferrara, he secretly effected his escape.

* * * * * * * *

It was a lovely summer evening, and the town of Sorrento, was bathed in the golden light of an Italian sunset. In a nook of the shore, apart from other dwellings, stood a neat cottage surrounded by a garden. There, in a vine-covered arbour, was seated a matron, still fair, though nearly forty summers had passed over her head. Her features were beautiful, but a shade of sadness hung on her brow, which was dissipated at times as she watched the merry play and listened to the ringing laughter of her two boys, who were sporting among the vines and flowers, as light and gay and lovely as the butterflies they pursued. Suddenly a man appeared in the garden; he was tall, and enveloped in a large cloak, with his hat drawn over his forehead so as entirely to conceal his face. Advancing towards the bower, and speaking in a hollow voice—"Lady," he said, "I bring you tidings of one you love."

"From whom, and what mean you?"

"From your brother, lady, from Torquato, who is ill in body, and sore pained in spirit, and would fain seek comfort from you, his only sister. I bear a letter from him, which will tell you all."

"My brother! my beloved one! what of him?"

Cornelia, took the letter, but her agitation would not allow her to read it. "Speak!" she said, fixing her eyes on the messenger,—"tell me all."

A broken, hollow voice responded, pouring forth a touching tale of sorrow. "Thy brother, lady, is sick and weak, friendless and oppressed; surrounded by enemies to whom the sound of his death-knell would be as sweet music. He has tried the friendship of princes, and found it unstable as the wave, uncertain as the wind. He has lived to see the eyes that he worshipped look coldly on him—in all this dark and bitter world he can turn to no faithful breast save yours. Do you remember the fond early days, when ye lived but for each other? the thrilling verses breathed at sunset, the soft music sung together in your mother's ears; all the employments which were pleasant to Cornelia, because Torquato shared them."

The deep voice grew faint—the broken tones filled with unutterable tenderness, and the lady, whose earnest gaze was fixed on the speaker, suddenly gave a wild cry, and clasping him in her arms, exclaimed, "Mine own Torquato!" It was indeed he. Sad and spirit-broken, he found rest and peace and refreshment in the tranquil shades of Sorrento; where, enjoying his sister's affection, and the youthful companionship of his nephews, he passed the happiest period of his days. But his was not a mind to content itself with the quiet routine of every-day life. Once more he sighed for Ferrara, prefering the restless excitement of a stormy existence to that repose which he already found monotonous.

He therefore left his sister's pleasant home, and returned to the scene of his former sufferings. At the court he was coldly received—worse than coldly—and unworthily repulsed when he sought an audience. Fiercely did he vent the anguish of his disappointment in bitter invectives against the duke. Alfonso was at this time immersed in wedding festivities, having espoused his third wife, a daughter of the Duke of Mantua. "Away with this madman," was his cry; "put him in safe custody, and let me hear no more of his ravings." Accordingly, in March 1579, Tasso was committed to St. Anne's hospital as a lunatic. Soon afterwards he thus expressed himself, in a letter to his friend, Scipio Gonzaga:—

"Ah me! I had intended to compose two heroic poems of noble argument, and four tragedies, of which I had contrived the plots. Many works in prose also, on the most exalted and useful subjects, I had contemplated; purposing to unite philosophy and eloquence, that I might leave an eternal monument to my memory in the world. Alas! I hoped to close my life with glory and renown, but now, borne down under the load of my misfortunes, I have lost all prospect of fame and distinction. Indeed, I should consider myself abundantly happy, if, without suspicion, I could but quench the thirst with which I am tormented; and if, as one of the multitude, I could lead a life of freedom in some poor cottage, if not in health, which I can no longer be, yet exempt from this anguish. If I were not honoured, it would be enough for me not to be abominated; and if I could not live like men, I might at least quench the thirst that consumes me, like the brutes which drink freely from stream and fountain. Nor do I fear so much the vastness as the duration of this calamity; and the thought of this is horrible to me, especially as in this place I can neither write nor study. The dread, too, of perpetual imprisonment increases my melancholy, and the indignities which I suffer, exasperate it; while the squalor of my beard, my hair, and my dress, the sordidness and the filth of the place, exceedingly annoy me. But, above all, I am afflicted by solitude, my cruel and natural enemy; which, even in my best state, was sometimes so distressing that often, at the most unseasonable hours, I have gone in search of company. Sure I am, that if she who so little has responded to my attachment, if she saw me in such a condition, and in such misery, she would have some compassion upon me."

Dark shadows passed over the troubled mind of Tasso. Every poet loves the free winds of heaven, the blessed sunshine, and the glorious face of nature; but these beamed no more on the thoughtful eye which had erewhile revelled amid the fabled beauties of Armida's garden: and the eloquent lips that had breathed undying music, paled and grew silent in in the dim cold chamber of captivity. The balance of his mighty mind was shaken; myriads of wayward fancies thronged his brain. He believed himself

haunted by a malicious spirit, whose delight it was to vex and harass him; and of the acts of this demon, he gives an account doubly melancholy, as proving both his actual state of suffering, and the lamentable hallucination of his intellect. At length this passed away, his thoughts grew calm, and after more than seven years confinement, he was liberated in 1586, at the special intercession of the Prince of Mantua. This nobleman received him kindly at his court; for Tasso was still under the law of the inexorable Alfonso, whose enmity, indeed, endured to the end of his victim's life, and he therefore dared not return to Ferrara.

Several years of tedious, profitless wandering, succeeded. He visited Bergamo, Florence, Rome, and Naples, being well received by princes whose vanity was flattered by his presence at their courts, but finding nowhere that loving, sympathising friendship, which could alone "minister to a mind diseased." The Della Cruscan Academy wounded him in the the tenderest point by depreciating his poetry, and giving an undue preference to that of Ariosto. His last great poetical attempt was a work on the creation, entitled the "Sette Giornate," (the Seven Days,) which he left unfinished. It is a magnificent fragment, and many portions of it appear to have been imitated by Milton.

In his latter years he became acquainted with Manso, Marquis of Villa, who afterwards wrote his biography. This nobleman received Tasso into his house, and treated him with the tender consideration which his state required.

One of the most remarkable circumstances of the poet's last days, was the imagination that he was occasionally visited by a spirit; not the mischievous imp of his prison, but a being of far higher dignity, with whom, alone, or in company, he could hold sublime and preternatural discourse, though of the two interlocutors none present could see or hear more than the poet himself, rapt into ecstasy, and uttering language and sentiments worthy of one who, with his bodily, yet marvellously enlightened eyes and purged ears, could distinguish the presence and the voice of his mysterious visitant. Manso gives a strange account of such an interview, when he himself stood by, yet perceived nothing but the half-part which the poet acted in the scene.

"One day," says the marquis, "as we were sitting alone by the fire, he turned his eyes towards the window and held them a long time so intensely fixed that when I called him he did not answer. At last, 'Lo!' said he, 'the courteous spirit which has come to talk with me; lift up your eyes and you shall see the truth.' I turned my eyes thither immediately; but, though I looked as keenly as I could, I beheld nothing but the rays of the sun, which streamed through the window-panes into the chamber. Meanwhile Torquato began to hold with this unknown being a most lofty converse. I heard, indeed, and saw nothing but himself; nevertheless, his words, at one time questioning, and at another replying, were such as take place between those who reason closely on some important subject. * * * * * Their discourse was marvellously conducted, both in the sublimity of the topics, and a certain unwonted manner of talking, that exalted myself into an ecstacy, so that I did not dare to interrupt Torquato about the spirit which he had announced to me, but which I could not see. In this way, while I listened between transport and stupefaction, a considerable time elapsed; at length the spirit departed, as I learned from the words of Torquato, who, turning to me, said, "from this day forward, all your doubts will be removed." "Rather," I replied, "they are increased; for though I have heard many wonderful things, I have seen nothing to dispel my doubts." He smiled, and said, "You have seen and heard more of him than perhaps—" Here he broke off; and I, unwilling to trouble him, forbore to ask further questions, as it was more likely that his visions and frenzies would disorder my own mind, than that I should extirpate his true or imaginary opinion."

The habitual restlessness which tormented Tasso, did not permit him long to enjoy the quiet retirement of his friend's residence, at Monte Oliveto. He left it, and returned to Rome, where Sixtus V., but little disposed in general to befriend poets, yet received him with honour and distinction. In return, Tasso, both in prose and verse, celebrated the munificence of that pontiff.

At Rome, he met the Duke of Florence, whom he had formerly known as a cardinal. This prince invited him to settle in Tuscany; and engaged the pope to procure the poet's consent.

Tasso, however, breathed not freely in the atmosphere of courts; and his sojourn at Florence was very brief. He returned to Naples, near to which Manso resided, and once more visited his friend, whose affectionate solicitude did much towards dispelling the dark melancholy that oppressed him. Here he reviewed and corrected his great poem, altering parts of it in conformity to the judgment of his critics. More than this, he completely remodelled its structure and details, giving it to the world under the title of *Gerusalemme Conquistata*. But genius has its own laws, and will not tamely submit to the cold regulations of criticism. For this reason, "Jerusalem Conquered" has never taken the place of "Jerusalem Delivered."

About this period Clement VIII. was raised to the pontificate; and his nephew, Cardinal St. George, a friend to science and literature, summoned around him most of the celebrated men of Italy. He had formerly known Tasso, and now invited him to come to Rome. The poet could not resist, although he felt keen regret at abandoning his peaceful retreat, where he had begun to recover a little from the horrors of his long imprisonment.

On the 10th of November 1594, Tasso (to use his own words,) "oppressed by years and woe," arrived at Rome. The years were not very many, but the woe was great, and had blanched the manly cheek,

dimmed the clear blue eye, and wrinkled the noble forehead, so as to give him the appearance of advanced age. He was introduced to the Pope, who received him with the most gracious courtesy. "Sir," said his holiness, "I would fain confer on you the laurel crown, that it may receive as much honour as, in times past, it has bestowed on others." The poet bowed, and gently intimated his willingness to comply. But his spirit was broken within him; what could earthly honours avail to one on the borders of the grave? The winter proving very tempestuous, the ceremonial was deferred till the succeeding spring. As the time approached, Tasso drooped daily: he removed to the monastery of St. Anuphrius, where he was received with the utmost tenderness. On the 10th of April he was seized with a violent fever, and his life appeared in imminent danger. Renaldini the pope's physician, came to visit him. Tasso asked him of his state:—

"Your earthly troubles, dear friend, will soon be over," was the reply. Tasso, embraced him tenderly, "I thank you," he said, "a thousand times I thank you for such welcome tidings." Then looking up to Heaven, "I acknowledge thy goodness, O God! in bringing me at last safe into port after so long a storm."

On the fourteenth day of his illness, and the eve of that appointed for his triumphal coronation, Cardinal Cynthio came to visit him, bringing the benediction of the Pope. Tasso bowed his head with devout humility, exclaiming—"This is the crown which I came to receive at Rome!" He continued tranquil through the night, and about the middle of the next day he found himself fainting. Feebly embracing his crucifix, he uttered the words, "*Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit,*" and expired with the last syllable on his lips. Thus died Torquato Tasso, on the 25th of April 1595, at the age of fifty-one years; leaving to the world a work which will live in its chivalrous beauty, unscathed by the cold utilitarianism of modern days; and a name which survives as a mournful token, that the gift of song is often but a gift of sorrow.

SONG.

There is a joy in outward things,
That comes not near the heart;
There is a pleasant smile, in which
The spirit takes no part.
Bring not to me that surface joy;
I care not for that brilliant smile;
Thou must not cheat me to be gay,
And thou be sad the while.
Canst thou be sad while love is ours,
And faith points out the way
To regions where all earthly clouds
Are lost in perfect day!

Thou didst not take me for thy love
Through happy days alone.
Are we not wed for weal or woe?
Am I not all thine own?—
Then let me share each new found grief;
Bring all thy pains,—thy sins, to me;
They are my heritage, and come
By right of love for thee.
By right of love I claim from thee
My portion of thy pain;
And love's transmitting power shall turn
Darkness to light again.

THE SETTLERS SETTLED;

OR, PAT CONNOR AND HIS TWO MASTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

Part. I.—The Outset.

Captain Windham had a large family and a small income—common accidents for which the world feels very little pity. The captain was a proud man and a prudent one, and his wife an excellent manager; but it required all the prudence of the one, and the good housewifery of the other to bring up eight children on a limited income, with only the small addition of an estate of fifty acres of land. However, the family were not without a comforter in the person of a wealthy aunt, who, whenever Captain Windham lamented his increasing expenses and the necessity of doing something with his four sons, invariably answered, "You do your part, brother; make your boys gentlemen, and I will provide the means necessary for pushing them forward."

But time passed on, and the boys seemed at a standstill. Aunt Parsons still talked of buying a pair of colours for her godson, Horace; and of sending Marcus to Oxford. By her interest Arthur was to obtain a cadetship in India, and Charles was to study for the bar; but when Captain Windham ventured to hint that Horace was now anxious to commence his military career, his sister hastily replied:—

"My dear brother, I am going fast, as you see; let me enjoy what I have in peace. When I die it will all be yours to dispose of as you think most to the advantage of the dear children. Then Horace can buy a commission, and Marcus a living, and the others be guided by your wishes and their own inclinations. At present my life is your gain—I am a good steward, as you will find;" and so she encouraged them all with hope deferred.

In the meantime Horace quietly gave up his time and thoughts to managing the home farm, till something better should turn up. Marcus pursued his classical studies under the superintendance of his father's most devoted friend, Dr. Horner, till an opportunity for his going to Oxford and taking his degrees should arrive.

Charles and Arthur were the two most impatient of the monotonous life they led. They had no settled object to look forward to; they had completed their education with credit to themselves; but of what avail were academical honours if no opportunity of turning their talents and acquirements to account offered? It was evident nothing could be spared

from their father's income to launch them on the great ocean of life. The family pride, which seemed at present their only inheritance, raised a formidable barrier against any line of life that might be considered derogatory to their dignity. "What is to be done with those boys?" was a question often asked by Captain Windham, but never satisfactorily answered.

While he was debating in his own mind upon the expediency of making a last moving appeal to the generosity of his sister, to advance some portion of that wealth which she had so often told him was one day to be placed at his disposal, a letter from her confidential lawyer in town announced the fact of her demise after an illness of a few days.

Captain Windham hurried to town to be in time to attend his sister's funeral as chief mourner, and to be present at the opening of her will. And how many wills had Mrs. Grace Parsons made? Just sixteen; each one carefully dated, and tied with red tape, and sealed with her husband's great family seal.

"It is quite useless to go through any of these former documents; the last dated paper is the only one of any legal value," was the observation of Mr. Lawson, quietly putting aside the pile of papers that had been produced as the last wills and testaments of the deceased, and proceeding, with legal indifference, to read the important document on which the hopes and fears of so many individuals hung.

After naming a few trifling bequests to old servants and executors, the following remarkable clause occurred:—"Whereas I have great reason to believe that my death has been anxiously looked forward to by my brother, Horatio Windham, and his family, I hereby declare it to be my last will and testament that the said Horatio Windham and his heirs shall not enjoy any part or portion of my property, funded or personal; but I give and bequeath all I possess to my lamented husband's nephew, John Parsons. From a Parsons it came, and to a Parsons it should go."

"If I were you, Captain Windham, I would have the will set aside on the plea of lunacy," was the consoling remark of one of the friends of the family.

"Sir, I shall do no such thing," somewhat haughtily replied the Captain; "I have no desire to fix the reputation of insanity upon my family. Let it pass."

The reverse of fortune, for such it had been for years in perspective, was severely felt by the Windham family; so little had been done for the present, so much had been referred to the future. Something might be done, by a strong effort, for the elder boys with interest; but what was to become of Charles and Arthur? The girls could remain at home quietly; they were not expensive in their habits; they were pretty and, though portionless, might marry—the thing was within the bounds of probability—but these boys? And the more Captain Windham thought of the matter, the more difficult became the solution to his question. At last the boys themselves were taken into consultation.

"I will tell you what I will do, Sir," said Charles, the eldest of the two, coming forward from the deep recess of the old fashioned library-window, where he had been standing looking vacantly upon the gambols of Blucher and Platoff, the two large mastiffs, "if you will give me an outfit of clothes and tools, and a little money to buy a lot of land, I will try my fortune in Canada. I am young and healthy, and anything is better than vegetating one's life away here in idle dullness. What say you, brother, to my scheme?"

"Anything is better than hanging about here to be laughed at," was the reply of his younger brother. "And so, sir, if you will give us the portion of goods that falleth to us, like the prodigal we will take our journey into a far country, though not, I trust, to return as he did."

"Nay, my sons, I look for better things from you. If you go, it will be with a father's fervent prayers and blessing; but we will talk of this matter again."

And talk of it and think of it he did, and still as he pondered it over, new difficulties arose to startle him; but the plan once started took deep root in the minds of the young men; and, with the sanguine hopefulness of seventeen and nineteen, no difficulties seemed to them quite insurmountable, excepting the one great one—means to take them out and to establish them on land when there. But fortune, who had played them false in their castle-building on a former occasion, now seemed disposed to make amends. Just at this juncture a wealthy uncle arrived from the East Indies; and, though a great oddity, was benevolent, and not inclined to be illiberal. He became immediately interested in the scheme; and, taking a fancy to his namesake, Charles, who resembled him, he fancied, in some points of face and character, voluntarily promised to advance money for a good and useful outfit, and a hundred pounds to each of the boys to buy a good lot of land. Adding, moreover, the promise that if they were prudent lads, and did not turn out idle profligate runagates, he would not forget to look to their interest, and befriend them when necessary; but if, on the contrary, they neglected his advice, and wasted their substance in riotous living, or turned out a couple of graceless fellows, then they need expect no countenance from uncle Philipson.

"I have my eye upon you, boys," were the last words the blunt but kind-hearted old man said, as he shook hands with his nephews, while something very like a tear gathered over his bright black eye, as he turned abruptly away from the lawn and shut himself up in the little sanctum at the "Oaks," which he called his cabin, but his dutiful nephews and nieces uncle Philipson's "den," it being almost hung round with trophies of his Indian hunting exploits—the skins of tigers, leopards, lions, and other wild animals, tusks, horns, claws, hoofs, all arranged in a most bellicose manner, grinning and pawing among Indian curiosities, implements of the chase, heathen idols, and cabinets of gems and ores—and there were tales, and histories, and anecdotes, and hair-breadth escapes, connected with these precious relics that would have filled a quarto volume, had uncle Philipson deigned to put them down in black and white. Accustomed to

implicit obedience, his word was law, and sometimes these commands were not easy to comply with; but, though dreadfully positive in laying down the law, he was easily convinced, if the reasons assigned for contradicting him were sufficiently plain and obvious; and, as his sister used to say, he was wild as a tropical storm, but as fine as the calms of the Pacific when the tempest was over. A younger son of an excellent but not wealthy family, he had early known what it was to battle with life's heaviest storms; but he had come off conqueror in the end, and had learned to feel a kindred sympathy with the young in their uphill path. In his younger nephews he took a greater degree of interest than in the elder branches of his sister's family; for uncle Philipson had been a younger son, and he constantly perceived a tendency in all good and ancient families to throw as much weight as possible into the older scale, while the younger ones were left to struggle with poverty, yet brought up with equal notions of family pride, often their only inheritance. Such, in short, was the character of him to whom our heroes had to look up to for support, encouragement, and advice.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the parting of the young men from their home and kindred. They were not insensible to all they were leaving, but they also felt that they were doing their duty by relieving their family from the burthen of their maintenance; and so they went with the prayers and blessings of their friends, and the promise of being punctual correspondents, and writing very frequently to uncle Philipson, or some member of the family, giving a faithful detail of their proceedings.

"*Brookfield, May* 23, 1830.

"You will, my dear uncle, have received by last mail Arthur's long letter, containing an account of our voyage across the Atlantic and the passage up the St. Lawrence, to the day of our arrival at C——; and as I have often heard you express your abhorrence of a twice-told tale, I shall forbear from giving any of my remarks on the subject, and proceed from the point where Arthur left off, namely, our safe arrival at the neat town of Cobourg. You have often heard us mention our eccentric friend, Tom Walker, who emigrated to Canada about a year ago. Well, the very first person we encountered on the wharf was Tom. He started as if he had seen the ghost of his grandmother, and then stood immoveably with his eyes rivetted on the ground, as if suddenly transfixed. We waited, knowing his humour, till he should think fit to look up, which he at length did; and, after gazing at us for near five minutes in stupid wonder, he burst out in a loud and deliberate laugh, which continued till the people began to turn round and stare at us as if we had been newly imported wild beasts or the Siamese twins. Unwilling to prolong so absurd a scene, in which we were among the involuntary actors, I asked him if he was laughing for joy or sorrow at seeing us in Canada?

"'Joy, joy, my friends," he replied, "to think that two fools have come out to fill the place of one who is going to book himself and his travelling companion for London direct.'"

"He then launched out into the most absurd and bitter invectives against the country, and wound it all up with—

"'O bear me from this land of bears,
Where brutes alone can dwell.'"

"'Now, Tom,' said I, 'this may be all very true, but it is very ridiculous. Do try to be a little rational, and shew us the way to some inn—the sign of the bear, if you have such a one in this place—where we may get something in the shape of dinner, and then we can chat as much as you please in private.'

"In deep and solemn silence Tom led the way to an hotel, where we dined at the ordinary, and afterwards enjoyed the comfort of a private room, where we contrived to extract, by fits and starts, our odd friend's Canadian adventures; but these were so mixed up with his wild humour that, with difficulty, we gleaned that he was tired of the country, and was looking about for some one to take his farm off his hands—a lot containing 200 acres of land, a great part of which was cleared—on which he had paid an instalment of fifty pounds, but would gladly transfer his right to any one who would remunerate him for what he had paid on it. The place, he said, was situated some seven or eight miles west of C——.

"The farm he described as chiefly cleared and most of the stumps out, which in itself is an immense advantage, for the unsightly appearance of the fields is enough to disgust any person of taste. There is a small log house, eighteen by twenty, a root-house, a *leetle* out of repair, and a most picturesque creek flowing between the hills, and almost encircling the house and orchard; for there is an orchard of a hundred trees, not many of them grafted, but apple trees produce crops in Canada without horticultural painstaking. What do you think of that, uncle?

"We are going out to-morrow to see the place, as we do not think it wise to buy, even of a friend, without first seeing and judging for ourselves; and, if we approve of it, we shall pay Tom the fifty pounds that he advanced on the lot, which will leave us 150*l*. more to pay, but we have five years given to pay it in; which gives us plenty of time, and will leave money to carry on the farm with, unless you think it best to pay the whole sum and take out the deed at once, when we can sell it, if we see it more to our interest to do so, by-and-by, Tom says.

"You see, dear uncle, we are not forgetting your good advice, not to be hanging about in taverns and such places, losing our respectability and our money at the same time, but throw ourselves on land at once. As to Tom's causes of dislike to the place, they appeared so frivolous that they had little weight with Arthur or myself. He hated Yankees, he said, and there were no less than two families on lots adjoining the land he occupied; and he had his cattle

pounded twice for only throwing down a few rails and helping themselves to a little taste of green corn from one of the neighbour's fields; a line of conduct which Tom thought quite justifiable in the beasts, as he had none of his own for them. Moreover, when he returned the compliment, he got sued on the plea of false imprisonment; his own fences being so bad that, as his own man witnessed, 'a cat might knock them down.' Then, he declared, he had spoiled his best superfine coat in walking through the bush; the burs had entirely destroyed the fabric of the cloth, and he had at last got in such a rage in trying to remove them, that he had torn the cloth to shreds, and from that hour vowed he would stay in no country where a gentleman could not take a walk in the woods without losing a coat every time he went out.

"I am afraid we hardly sympathised as we ought to have done with Tom's complaints, as they seemed very childish to reasonable people. He certainly made a grand mistake in coming out as a settler here, for he is no farmer, and quite resolved not to work himself, and, unfortunately, was not able to afford to hire labour. He soon found out that, and so let the farm on shares; but, knowing nothing of the character of the person he let it to, he got dreadfully cheated, and went to law to get it righted; but the jury all being men of the same class as the defendant, he was cast, and had costs to pay.

"*May* 30.

"I add a few lines, dear uncle, before the mail-bag closes for England, to tell you that the bargain is concluded as, I hope, to the satisfaction of all parties. As to Tom Walker, he reminds me of the German nursery story of 'Hans in Luck,' so delighted did he seem to transfer his bargain to us, and get a cheeque for the money he had paid down; besides, we took his oxen for some few dollars less than he gave for them, and he gave us their yoke into the bargain,[1] and his household furniture he left as a legacy; but these consisted merely of a stool and bench of his own making, a tin pot and a tea-pot; in the latter he boiled his tea in the morning and his coffee at night; a frying-pan, that desideratum in a bush settler's house—the only cooking utensil, saving the aforesaid tin tea-pot, that Tom's kitchen boasted of—in this he cooked his meat and baked his bread, varying his modes of dressing his meat by making it either a frying or stewing-pan fry, adding a plate turned over the top to keep in the steam. His bedstead was one of his own contriving—a frame of cedar supported by two thick wooden pins in the wall, and two rough unhewn legs on the outer side, and on this were battens of split bass-wood and an Indian matting made from the sheathing of the corn cobs. Such was the furniture bequeathed us by this modern Robinson Crusoe.

"The ground is very picturesque. Arthur who possesses, as you know, great taste as an artist, was charmed with the fine, bold outline of the hills, strewn, in many places, with large blocks of red and gray granite, which surprised us to think how they got there, on such high ground.

"The trees have been cleared away rather too much about the house, which, but for the orchard, would look somewhat bare, and exposed both to sun and wind, but we must plant. The creek is very pretty, tumbling down over its rocky bed between the ridges of the hills, and winding round the little green meadow on which the house stands, which is so springy that Tom says it must be drained, as the grass is mossy from the wetness of the soil; but this is a matter of very little labour, one days work with a mole plough would do it; the rest of the land is dry enough. The only wood for the fire is rather far from the house, at the back of the hills; but brother says the tops of them seen against the evening sky have a charming effect; so he is quite reconciled, as the oxen, not ourselves, will feel the distance in drawing the fire-wood home. Tom thinks there is, or should be, a sugar bush; but he hardly knows an oak from a pine, and we had not time to go quite over the lot. The house is an old one, and consists merely of three apartments, divided by unplaned pine boards. There is a cellar, but it fills with water in spring, and the top logs of the root-house have given way; but this is easily remedied. As soon as we see our way clear, we shall build a pretty Swiss cottage, and lay out a charming garden with the creek flowing through it. The interior of the dwelling did certainly look rather desolate; but then Tom is such an odd creature; he would not lay out a farthing to make things decent. With our means, and a little industry, it will soon wear another face. After we had the transfer made, Tom spent the evening with us at the hotel, and went off the next day with his travelling companion, a young bear cub—a present for his uncle in London, he said. I hope his uncle will not greet him as the mother of a young sailor lad did when he came home from Ceylon with a monkey on his shoulder—'There went away one, but there has come back two of them.' We shall cart in to our new place a load of furniture to-morrow. We staid here looking about for a servant-man to help put in our potatoe crop, for it is getting late. There are ten acres of young wheat sown, but, owing to bad fences, it does not look well; the cattle and sheep from the neighbouring farms have eaten it down woefully.

"Tom let out he had the ague for three months, and that had hurried him off, or he might have staid till the fall. I hope, my dear uncle, what we have done will meet with your entire approval. We will write again as soon as we are settled; and, with love to all at home, I am, your dutiful and grateful nephew, "CHARLES WINDHAM."

(*To be continued.*)

(1) Charles was not aware that the yoke always goes with the beasts; so this was a mere nominal advantage.

Reviews.

SKETCHES IN NEW ZEALAND.[1]

The history of the English in New Zealand presents many of those features which have marked our progress in more than one quarter of the world. Headlong, if not unprincipled speculation, folly, and selfishness, have there played their part, in a greater or less degree, since the islands were first brought under the notice of the missionaries from the west. We find the usual beginning, private adventure; the usual accompaniment, a grasping by individuals at the acquisition of land; the usual quarrels with the aborigines; the usual dissensions, and the usual consequence—a harrassing, sanguinary, and unsatisfactory war. All this we have witnessed within a few years; and we have now before us the result which verifies in some measure the saying, that evil is often the parent of good. A definite settlement of the question seems probable; and when this has been effected, peace and prosperity may become the normal condition of New Zealand.

The volume before us describes numerous episodes in that long-protracted struggle in which our author himself took part. Mr. Power saw the scenes which he describes in pleasant and lively language, aided at intervals by a graphic and delicate pencil. His narrative commences in the summer of 1846, seven years after the foundation of the colony, and carries us through a variety of scenes and events of a most interesting nature. It is valuable from the character of the materials themselves, as well as from the quick observations and ability of the writer; but it is easy to perceive that an object is aimed at throughout; that our author has a theory of his own to elucidate, so that while he describes incidents, scenery, and pictures of New Zealand life with much success, he plentifully sprinkles his book with speculations, upon which we shall not touch otherwise than to observe, that they are sometimes pervaded by an intemperate spirit. His zeal occasionally heats his language beyond the degree of moderation, so that, if we may so speak, it burns his own cause, and forces us to accept his conclusions with jealous caution. With these portions of the volume, however, we have at present nothing to do, as we purpose simply to accompany Mr. Power in some of his rambles; to see what he saw, to view the sketches he has laid before us, to participate in his adventures, and occasionally to borrow from his descriptions, that our readers may at once be enabled to appreciate the interest of the narrative, the value of the information, and the ability of the writer.

Our author left Sydney on the morning of the 17th July, 1846, in the "Castor" frigate; and, after a voyage of eleven days, entered the mouth of the river Thames, and dropped anchor opposite Auckland, the capital of New Zealand. This place had then the appearance of little more than a straggling village, composed of beggarly huts and wooden houses, inhabited by a small, idle, and poverty-stricken population. Thence he proceeded to Wellington; which, with its buildings thinly scattered along three miles of shore, presented more evidences of wealth and importance than the capital. It was here that Mr. Power learned that the contest between the English and the insurgent natives was increasing in its fury; that Te Rauperaha, one of the greatest chiefs in the district, had been made prisoner, and that the presence of the frigate was needed at Borirua, whither it at once proceeded, arriving there the same evening. Early, on the next day the men were put under arms, landed, and marched to Waillan Hoohi, where a numerous assemblage of natives was engaged in prayers, or learning their lessons from the native catechists. Some of the pupils were gray-headed old men, to whom the mysteries of the alphabet were being explained. A lengthened conference ensued, numerous speeches were made, and the chiefs promised their assistance to suppress the rebellion.

"In the afternoon we went to the church, a fine large building of native construction, and very creditable to their taste and ingenuity. The service was read with much emphasis by a native teacher, who afterwards gave us a long sermon of which, of course, I did not understand a word; but it had an edifying effect on the audience, if we may judge by the close attention they paid. Almost the whole congregation had prayer-books and bibles in the Maori language, though they appeared to know the Church-Service by heart; even the young children gave the whole of the responses correctly and without hesitation. They repeat the responses simultaneously, and with the greatest attention to the punctuation, so that it produces a rhythmical effect, which, with the musical intonations they give it, is not unlike recitative."

This spectacle, in whatever country it may be displayed, is always one pleasant to witness; but more especially so in a region like New Zealand, so lately reclaimed from the dominion of the savage. The religion, as well as the civilization of Europe, appears to have taken a firm root there, and it will greatly depend on the British government to allow these budding signs of a new and better condition of society to bloom in a rich maturity. At the period indicated, however, our traveller soon left this peaceful scene for another, where preparations for war and the marks of recent conflict, offered more varied if less agreeable, features to his view. This was the camp on the beach, where the soldiers, who had built themselves huts of fern, flax, and reeds, had for several months suffered every species of privation and misery. Cold and wet, and deprived of necessary nourishment, they were not even allowed the excitement of a pitched battle; for Rangihaeta and his followers had strongly fortified themselves in a position about three miles distant from the camp, whence occasionally a skirmishing party sallied out to intercept a roving party of the enemy. In one instance, Rangihaeta took up his position on the hog-backed spur of a mountain, which, almost perpendicular on either side, could only be approached in front along a lofty and narrow

(1) Sketches in New Zealand with Pen and Pencil. By W. Tyrone Power. From a Journal kept in that Country from July 1846 to June 1848. Longman & Co. 1849.

ridge, allowing but two or three persons to advance abreast. Here he threw up a stockade, which was attacked by the English. Success, however, remained on the side of the rebel chief, whose followers shot down their enemies as they approached, and eventually compelled them to seek safety in retreat. The whole country, indeed, was the worst possible for field operations. There was not a road in the district; the forest is so dense as to be all but impenetrable; and a mass of tangled vegetation everywhere covers the ground, which is besides broken up into precipitous hills, gullies, dark, deep, boggy ravines. The native force was disinclined for active operations; their loss and suffering in the mountainous region had already been severe. The soldiers were not in great strength, the weather was unfavourable, and every thing, in a word, combined to make it a matter of necessity rather than of choice, to allow events to develope themselves as they would, whilst our author and his companions in authority remained to watch their course. In this manner the remaining months of the year passed away, until, in December, the prisoner Rauperaha, with two other chiefs, were taken in a vessel to Wellington, and thence to Wanganui, in company with Mr. Tyrone Power, who watched the expression of the old man's countenance as the ship stood in her course, at some distance from the shore. The magnificent vallies, thick dark woods, the rivers which twinkled in the far interior, the deep glens and gorges, and the mountains which bounded the horizon, were all familiar to him, as he, with his fellow chiefs, had for many years ruled, the unchallenged lords of the region; and many a scene of feasting, of plunder, and blood, must have been reflected by the glass of memory as each new landscape opened to view. He was a boy when Cook visited the country, and must, therefore, have been upwards of eighty years old.

Arrived at the picturesque settlement of Wanganni, active preparations for war were entered upon, and news was received that the rebels were hovering in the neighbourhood, intent on the destruction of the place. Wanganni is prettily situated on the banks of a beautiful river, and is inhabited by some two hundred persons, who support themselves by the cultivation of the soil and by a brisk traffic in pigs and potatoes, which they carry on with the Maories. Seven years had elapsed since the first establishment of this settlement, and yet when Mr. Power visited it not one death from disease had hitherto occurred, so magnificent is the climate here, as well as in every other part of New Zealand. Soon after the arrival of our travellers at this place, they were visited by Peki the son of Turoa, who ruled over the largest tribe on the Wanganni river. Peki was "taper" at the time, which meant, among other things, that owing to the ceremonies in which he took part at his father's interment, he could not touch any food with his hands, and was therefore compelled to grovel on the ground, and feed with his mouth, like a pig, or be fed by the hands of one of his wives, who was constantly in attendance for this purpose He once went out on a begging expedition for tobacco, and having dispatched his wives on a similar errand, was compelled to receive between his teeth the gifts of his admirers, which accumulated until his jaws were almost strained to bursting, when, coming to his dwelling, he relieved himself of the load, and returned again and again, looking, as may be inferred, very much like a dog running to and fro with a bone in his mouth. The taper is fast going out of fashion, and is now only adhered to by a few ancient dignitaries, who, like their brethren in these islands, place reliance in the hereditary wisdom of their forefathers, and consent to live by the rules which governed society five hundred years ago, as though, notwithstanding that the condition of society is constantly undergoing change, the rules by which it is governed must be eternally immutable. A few years ago, it was death to break the taper, and an instance of rigour is related as somewhat recent. E. Kurru lost his wife; her body was buried with all possible solemnity, but her head was baked according to custom, and the various cooks and bakers employed were rigorously taper. A pleasant prospect of a month's idleness lay before them; they had nothing to do but to lie on their backs, and be fed like young cows every time they chose to open their mouths and cry for more.

"One day, E. Kurru himself was feeding one of these *fruges consumeri nati* with tit bits of pork and potatoes, when the subject of his delicate attentions was seized with an unholy longing to help himself, probably to a tempting bit of the brown, which he feared might be overlooked by his feeder. The carefully selected bits crammed into his jaws could not satisfy this craving to help himself; and actuated by what, if the case had been brought before a jury, would have been pronounced temporary insanity, he grabbed the tempting morsel and bolted it when he thought E. Kurru's attention diverted from his felonious deed. E. Kurra was too quick for him; *he* saw him fast enough, but went on quietly, giving him the rest of his meal, which was perhaps considerably shortened by the consciousness of the sacrilegious deed. The dinner done, E. Kurru proposed that they should go out and shoot pigeons, to which the unfortunate rascal delightedly consented, believing that such condescension was a proof that he had not been detected. He had little time to discover his error; for, at the distance of a hundred yards from the village, E. Kurru deliberately turned round and shot him dead; then cooly walked back and told the friends of the deceased what he had done and his reasons for doing it. It was looked upon as an act of retributive justice. E. Kurru was quite satisfied with himself, and the rest of the people thought as much of finding fault with him as we should with a judge who justly sentenced a felon to death, with the executioner who hanged him."

The erection of stockades for the better defence of Wanganni against the Guerilla attacks of the rebels occupied three months, during which the settlement and its defenders were left unmolested, although it was plain that the spirit of war was smouldering, not extinct—sleeping, but not dead. In the meanwhile, the money put into circulation by the influx of strangers, produced a revivifying effect in the place. Trade received an impulse; the industrious became

more energetic; and the idle became busy, and pigs swarmed in the neighbourhood. The traffic in these animals is considerable, and an excellent understanding appears to exist between them and their masters; "for," says Mr. Tyrone Power, "very little coercion is used, and a whole cargo is coaxed into a sort of canoe with less uproar and confusion than would be made by a single long-legged refractory Irish porker.

"One rarely or never witnesses those disgraceful exhibitions of obstinate contention between man and beast, so common in English and Irish fairs and markets, where each seems to set out with a fixed determination to thwart the views and inclinations of the other. If a Maori porker objects to go into a canoe, he is not forthwith kicked and punished, and seized by the legs, and tossed on his back, while he appeals, with those ear-piercing shrieks so remarkable in pig-arrangements generally, against the injustice of his treatment; but he is coaxed, and patted, and nudged; and to every grunt of the porker, the Maori appears to grunt again in responsive sympathy, till a perfectly good understanding is established."

The Maories are a pleasant, sociable race, full of the spirit of hospitality and that liveliness and love of fun which so often characterises the savage in the earlier stages of his state of transition from barbarism to civilization. Men, women, and children, are excessively fond of the water, and employ their leisure hours as much in the river as on land. The young girls may be seen at evening amusing themselves with every variety of games, racing along the shore, leaping from high banks, plunging under the waves, floundering, kicking, and splashing with all imaginable glee; and if any unlucky wight disturbs their frolics, he is visited, like the swain of ancient times who caught Diana bathing, with a severe punishment in the shape of a ducking, whilst his boat is upset, or filled with water. The natives, who learn to swim almost before they learn to walk, cannot understand how any one should be without this knowledge; and an incident in illustration thereof, which, though it was amusing enough, might have had a fatal result, occurred at a village on the river's bank.

A party of officers looking for a convenient swimming place, were shown a spot where the water was unusually deep, and prepared to enjoy themselves there. One among them, however, who could not swim, asked the native to point him out a safe spot. They directed him to a hole where the depth was very great, imagining that what was good for them was good for him. So he thought too, and plunged headlong in, sinking in a moment, and rising again to call for assistance. Again he sunk, and again rose, rolling and struggling, whilst the more convulsive became his efforts the more the Maories laughed. They thought him a very funny fellow—looked upon his appealing gestures as excellent sport—and he would doubtless have drowned had not fortune led him out of deep water to a spot where a footing could be obtained. When the Maories learned that he had been in real danger, they felt much concern, but could scarcely credit the fact that a man existed who could not swim.

Our author and his companions occupied themselves during the interval of peace which they passed at Wanganni, in visiting the native communities, entering the Maori huts, and establishing social relations with their inmates. The hospitality of the people was natural and genuine, but was also warmed by the idea which prevailed among them, that the governor of the colony was able to assist each individual in particular; and that for every civility offered to an Englishman, a corresponding benefit would accrue. The young girls of the villages which were visited by our author assembled to welcome him, wrapped in their finest mats and gaudiest calicoes, not altogether uninfluenced, he suspects, by the hope of getting a cigar or a pipeful of tobacco. In the interior of the dwellings, the matrons were found weaving flax mats, cleaning potatoes or fish, or watching the bubbling caldron or huge Maori oven, whence usually a fragrant steam of pork or fish greeted the nostrils.

"A mummy-looking roll of mats and blankets propped up against the sunny side of a hut, is the outward signification of a chief, who on our appearance slightly unrolls himself, allowing to become visible the small heads of two or three children, which the matrons have handed over to his paternal care while engaged in other operations. His hair is a mass of shark oil and red ochre, which also covers his body and limbs; but the old fellow is not ashamed of his *dishabille*, and lustily calls out to us, 'Come here, my white man, give me your fist;' and, after a hearty shake, he adds confidentially, 'Have you got any tobacco for me?' A decisive 'No,' settles the question and destroys all further interest in the conversation; and the old fellow rolls himself and the children once more into the blankets, to dose off again till the dinner is ready, or till there is another chance of getting a gift.

"Groups are scattered about in all directions, engaged in various occupations, carving spears or tomahawk handles, making paddles, fish-hooks and lines, patching up canoes, or busy in the mysteries of gossip."

The dwellings at Wanganni are well built, comfortably arranged, and conveniently situated on the borders of the river. Further up, towards the source of the stream, small hamlets dot its shores on either side, whose inhabitants subsist on the fish which, with the exception of a few birds, are almost the only living creatures besides pigs to be found here. One member of the winged creation causes much amusement, and gives rise to many curious incidents, through the peculiarity of its note, which exactly resembles the English words, "more pork." In one instance, a strong piquet was under arms in the Hutt valley, in anticipation of an attack, when, after they had shivered for some time in the cold morning air, a solemn demand for "more pork" was heard. Like the workhouse master in the song, the officer in command ordered silence;—"more pork" was repeated, and the order of "No talking in the ranks." The obnoxious sentence was again distinctly enunciated, which produced a titter among the men, and roused the anger of the officer, who might, perhaps, have been an Israelite in soul. He repeated his prohibition, adding, that the first man who ventured

to allude to the unclean beast should be put under arrest. "More pork," was the answer, and was followed by a hearty laughter among the soldiers, whose discipline could not subdue their mirth. The wrath of the officer mounted in proportion. Such a flagrant violation of his orders could not be punished too severely; and he went along the line in search of the mutinous offender, who still persisted in calling for an additional supply of the unholy meat. At this moment, a score of the birds in the neighbouring trees struck up a chorus of clamorous demands for "more pork," which explained the whole affair.

The natives in the Bay of Islands, when, under the command of Heki and Kaniti, the two rebel chiefs, they attacked the block-houses and town, gave signals to each other by imitating the cry of this bird, which the sentries were so accustomed to hear before daybreak that it did not attract their notice.

Meanwhile, the struggle between the colonial forces and the insurgents became more bitter, whilst the garrison of Wanganni was so situated as to be unable to make any direct attack upon the enemy. The stockades were completed, and afforded a sure defence for those within them; but the out-settlers were still exposed to danger. One evening our author with his companions was seated at mess, when loud cries were heard from the opposite bank of the river, and Mr. Gilfillan, whose farm lay at some distance beyond, appeared, with a severe tomahawk-wound in his neck.

"He told us that six Maories had come to his house just before dark, and that while in friendly conversation with them, one of them had suddenly wounded him from behind, by the blow of a tomahawk. He immediately rushed into his house and barricaded the door; but having no arms, and seeing that it would be impossible to keep the Maories out, he had, at the entreaty of his wife, escaped at a side window, to make for the town and procure assistance."

The unfortunate man believed that the Maories, finding him gone, would have contented themselves with the plunder of his house, leaving his wife and children uninjured. Few husbands would have trusted to this probability; for it seems to us a most extraordinary action for a man to leave his family, with a fierce enemy at the door, to defend themselves as best they might, or trust to the mercy of the plunderers, whilst he went "to procure assistance." The country was alive, he said, with the Maories—a fact which prevented Mr. Power and the officers from going until morning, for the road was known but to few, and the country was dangerous to traverse even by day. Dawn, however, saw a well-armed party of ten proceeding towards the farm. They were met by two little children, wet with the heavy dew, and shivering with cold, who said, that their mother and all the family, except themselves, had been murdered, and the house burnt. They had, they said, escaped through the window, and hidden themselves in a deep ravine, until daybreak encouraged them to come forth.

"We continued our journey, being anxious to arrive as quickly as possible, and soon reached the brow of a hill commanding the valley of Matamora, in the centre of which was poor Gilfillan's farm, now a heap of smoking ruins.

"A more beautiful spot I never saw in my life, and it was difficult to conceive that it could be the scene of such atrocities. Any doubt, however, was speedily set at rest, when, on entering the enclosure, we came suddenly on a group of mangled corpses, the last, that of the poor mother; her head almost cut to pieces by repeated blows with a heavy wood axe; a couple of yards in advance lay the body of the eldest daughter, her skull split nearly in two, and close to her the body of a young child. All of them, from their attitudes, had evidently been struck down in flight, and the tottering steps of the child appeared to have been retarding the flight of the mother and sister.

"We had but a moment to look at this dreadful sight, when the cries of a young child were heard from a neighbouring cow-shed; on our way to it we passed the body of a boy, about ten years of age, and near to him lying on its face, with outstretched arms, a baby which we supposed to be dead, but which we afterwards found was sleeping and unhurt.

"On entering the cow-shed I was horror-struck by the most dreadful sight my eyes ever beheld. There sat a young girl of about seventeen, a deep tomahawk wound in her forehead, and her fair hair dabbled in blood, which flowed even on the poor babe she held in her arms. I shall never forget the fixed look of mute despair depicted on her countenance, while the poor child smiled and crowed with delight through the mask of blood that covered its face.

"What a long dreadful night of terror it must have been to that poor girl, the flames of her father's house shining on her, the bodies of her mother and family lying about, and not knowing whether each moment might not bring back the savages to complete their work."

This was a spectacle seldom surpassed in horror by any exhibited during the French war in Algeria, or the march of the Neapolitans back to their capital, when they swept over the country dripping with the blood of their countrymen. Considerable suspicion attached to the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, who felt it, and, eager to clear themselves, offered their assistance to pursue and capture the murderers. Their services were accepted, and they started in a boat up the river, declaring that the offenders were young men belonging to a branch of their tribe, dwelling some distance up the stream.

At daybreak the next morning, our author, with some officers, and a party of mounted police, proceeded in a gun-boat to a spot indicated, and there met several canoes, in one of which five prisoners were embarked. The murderers had been seized by a *ruse de guerre*, their pursuers changing boats, and lying down, concealed by baskets of potatoes, whilst the craft was propelled by natives, whom the ruffians did not suspect. Culprits as they were, and well knowing what their fate would be, they were neither abashed nor fearful, but stepped into the gun-boat with smiling faces, offering at the same time to shake hands with their English captors, who drew back in disgust. At this the murderers appeared to be a little insulted. Their punishment was near. They were tried by court martial; and before three days had elapsed, their bodies swung high on a gibbet within sight of the scene of their crimes.

From this moment continual skirmishes took place

with the rebel Maories, who harassed the town with repeated flying attacks, appearing now on one side, and now on another; whilst the Europeans were compelled constantly to keep within the shelter of their stockades. If any one of them ventured to walk a hundred yards from their defences the whistle of a bullet was sure to warn him back. One soldier was murdered whilst absent in search of provisions; and at length, on the eighteenth of May, a general assault was made. The Maories closed round the town in great numbers, firing with great rapidity, imitating the swift but stealthy movements of the Red Indian skirmishers, and taking possession of the bullet-proof houses in the outskirts. From these a constant hail of balls rained upon the stockades, and several well-sustained assaults were made under cover of this fire. Maketu, one of the most powerful of the rebel chiefs, was shot through the head as he led on his men; and, for the first time since our author was personally engaged, the loss upon the insurgent side was greater than that of the colonists. The attack was repulsed, and the Maories driven back. All night they maintained a continual screaming, firing of guns, and yelling, evidently in a fury after their defeat. The loud lamentations for the dead were also heard; and dusky circles of men might be seen running rapidly to and fro, leaping, and brandishing their arms in the dusky light, as they danced their war-dance in honour of Maketu, the great chief who had fallen.

The Europeans were anxious to bring the affair to a pitched battle, but their enemies were too wary, preferring to skirmish, to assault, and to appear and disappear, expecting by this means to weary their enemies without incurring loss themselves. But we cannot attempt to follow Mr. Power through his description of the various shifting scenes which passed before his eye. His narrative is not connected enough to allow this, even did our space permit. He dashes off a few articles of a picturesque description, but before finishing it, enters upon a wide swamp of speculation, which is to be regretted, since it militates against the interest of his books. His principal object seems to be, to expose the inefficacious and clumsy system of government, as he describes it to be, of New Zealand. Without offering an opinion on this subject, we must allow that many instances which he gives, show the necessity of a better policy. An anecdote which he relates, illustrative of the criminal law of the country, is worth noticing.

A man had disappeared at Manawata, under circumstances which brought a suspicion of foul play against one who had been his rival in a suit for the hand of one of the brown beauties of the tribe in which the latter had been unsuccessful. It appeared that they had gone out eel-spearing together, and when only one returned, he told his relatives that his companion had been drowned in crossing the river. This was so unlikely, and the circumstantial evidence was so contradictory and confused, that a party set off to look for the body; and, after some time, found it sunk in a shallow part of the river, with a flat basket full of stones carefully tied round his neck, and two or three cracks on the skull, each one a death-blow.

"The murderer seeing that concealment was useless, confessed to the crime, and owned that he had struck down his companion as he waded in front of him, and had then sunk the body, believing that, with the help of the water and the fishes, all traces of the murder would soon disappear."

Nothing was therefore left but that the murderer should be condemned and punished. Accordingly, by a sentence pronounced by his country, he was doomed to die, when a suggestion was made, that as a party was going to Wellington with a drove of pigs, the culprit should accompany them and be given up to the great white men from the west, and punished with all the formidable severity of English law. The offender was introduced to counsel, instructed to deny his confession of guilt and plead innocence, and to assume all that indignation of insulted virtue with which the foulest criminal can surround his guilt. The case was examined, and it was found that the name of the man, as set forth in the indictment, was not spelt aright, William having been written for Wireum, which, says Mr. Power, converted the prisoner in the dock into another and quite an innocent, unoffending individual. Wireum was discharged, with a caution to sin no more; and on being told that he was acquitted, cooly turned to the court, and said that, as they would not hang him, they must now take care of him, as he would certainly be tomahawked by his tribe.

Mr. Power affords much excellent information with respect to the climate, population, civilization, and resources of New Zealand. He describes it as a noble country, both valuable and beautiful, and concludes some interesting observations on emigration with the following remarks:—

"A new England would spring up in the Southern Ocean, a source of wealth in time of peace, and in war a strong son to assist. The cool breezes, invigorating climate, and the agricultural pursuits of the children of the soil will produce a race more resembling their progenitors than any of our colonies, and who will contrast powerfully with the bilious sugar-planter of the East or West Indies, or the aguish settler in the forests and on the banks of the American rivers. There are no fevers, epidemic or endemic, as in the East and West Indies and the United States; no ague, no long bitter winters, or hot summers, with the myriads of persecuting insects, as in Canada; and none of the hot winds, drought, conflagrations, snakes, and vermin of Australia.

"This is a country teeming with milk and honey; a fertile soil, unequalled climate, plenty of wood, water, copper, stone; everything, in fact, except a population to enjoy the bounteous gifts offered by Providence with so lavish a hand."

With this extract we take leave of Mr. Tyrone Power's volume, which does not call for anything like literary criticism, since its value consists in the interest of the sketches themselves, and the facts conveyed. It will be found a very useful manual of information, and an agreeable companion for the corner. The writing is simple and occasionally

somewhat elegant, and with these recommendations the volume cannot fail to become popular. Nor must we omit to speak of the interesting, and in some instances delicate and beautiful pencil sketches which illustrate and accompany those of the pen.

FANNY HERVEY.[1]

In these days of strong stimulants and over-development of all kinds, when, to use Mr. D'Israeli's forcible expression, the lovers of light literature "*guano* their minds by reading French Novels," it is refreshing to come upon anything like "Fanny Hervey." It is a thoroughly cheerful, healthy, *good* book; and yet not of that insipid, unsatisfactory kind, which pertinaciously ignores the existence of evil in the world, and is, in consequence, *tanto buon che val niente.* It is as removed from that kind of stupid optimism, as it is from the modern "philosophy of desperation;"—its morality is not dyspeptic or discomfortable, but rational and hopeful;—and the firm religious faith of the authoress falls like sunlight over her pages. As we are inclined to believe the Platonic doctrine, that (accidents apart)

> "Mind *is* form, and doth the body make,"

we should have been surprised had such a spirit as the one just described bodied itself forth in any form but such as that contained in the book before us. It is a simple uninvolved tale; and its principal charm is its absolute truth to nature. It is peculiarly English —the women are thoroughly English, and so are the men—the moral atmosphere in which they live and move is English—the earth on which they stand is

> "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England—

and the blue sky bending over all is our own dappled, delicate azure. To characterise it more particularly,—to show the specific character of "Fanny Hervey,"—we should say that Miss Austin might have written it. This will speak more than volumes of criticism in its favour. That there are minor faults in this tale which Miss Austin would not have committed, and that her unrivalled excellence of plot (as shown in "Emma," for instance,) is not even approached by the present authoress, must be admitted by impartial judges; but they must also acknowledge that "Fanny Hervey" can well afford to bear a light portion of blame, in consideration of her manifold good points. The two or three first chapters are good; then, we have four or five chapters which are open to objection on the score of unnecessary details, and are, to our thinking, somewhat tedious. After this the reader's interest in the story begins in good earnest, and is kept up steadily till the end; in one part, indeed, it becomes highly excited; and here we think our authoress has transcended her model. We do not remember any passage in Miss Austin's works which can compare in passionate eloquence with the duel scene and its precursor in "Fanny Hervey."

(1) "Fanny Hervey; or, the Mother's Choice." Two vols. 8vo. Chapman and Hall's Series.

Our readers may be glad to hear a slight sketch of this delightful tale. Marian and Fanny are the only children of Admiral and Mrs. Hervey. They have been brought up in a beautiful cottage residence called Belton, on the Sussex coast. Their immediate neighbours are the Rushbrooks, at the Rectory, and another family at a Hall near. A great intimacy subsists between the young people of these households. "Fanny Hervey" is the person of most mark and likelihood among them. She is beloved by Edmund Rushbrook, who is his father's curate; but she is too young, and, although not discontented with her lot, too full of imagination and curiosity about the great world of intellect and fashion, which she has not yet seen, to "suffer love" for him or any one else. Still she esteems Edmund more than any one she knows, and makes him a sort of confidant of her girlish visions. At the sister's first ball Fanny makes an acquaintance which influences her future life. She is looking at some persons pointed out to her—

"'Yes, yes! I see them both!' cried Fanny, eagerly. 'But do—do tell me, who that very tall, striking-looking woman is standing up by the pillar, in dark green satin, with a diamond band round her head. What a noble-looking creature!—what splendid eyes! and what an interesting melancholy expression!'

"'I have no idea; one of the London party, I presume, but I heard none of their names. She does not look young.'

"Here the Major was of use. 'Oh! that,' said he, 'is a Mrs Vernon; she has long been rather a celebrated London beauty; and that is her husband with Lady Barnett, a fine looking man too, and an officer of the Life Guards—Colonel Vernon.' The name caught the Admiral's ear, and he looked quickly towards the new arrivals.

"'How very strange!' he cried; 'but it is indeed. Fanny, that is my cousin Lucy, of whom you have heard me speak so often. I am delighted to see her, and shall go and introduce myself.'

"Fanny's heart beat very quick, and her eyes grew brighter with admiration and excitement. She had all her days heard of this cousin of her father's, and had always pictured her as a miracle of elegance and refined manners; but as she knew her to be but a few years her father's junior, with children long since grown up, she could scarcely understand the possibility of the very lovely woman before her being the same. She feared it might all turn out to be a mistake, and that the vision would pass away from before her admiring eyes.

"She watched with breathless anxiety her father's advance through the crowd, which was now considerable, to the spot where Mrs. Vernon stood, leaning on Sir Edward Barnett's arm, and looking here and there as he directed, but with a polite rather than an interested air. Now, the Admiral had come quite close to her, and was making himself known. Fanny could see the little start —the instant's hesitation—and then the bright smile of recognition with which she offered him her hand; and now she was relieved from all doubts and more than ever charmed! There was a fascination in the smile, a lighting up of the full melancholy eyes, an expression of interest over the whole fine countenance, which completed the captivation of Fanny's soul.

"Edmund, who had heard and seen all that had passed, remained by her side smiling at her enthusiasm. Fanny had almost forgotten his existence so absorbed was she in watching Mrs. Vernon's reception of her

father. They still talked together. She had introduced him to Sir Edward. Fanny could fancy there were mutual inquiries making, and there was a return of the drooping eyelid and grave melancholy air which had first attracted her. Marian was waltzing with Cecil; and in one of the turns, came near enough to be observed by her father, and Fanny saw, with increased palpitation, that he was pointing her out to Mrs. Vernon. She could see his smile of pride as he must be saying, 'That is my eldest daughter!' and the effect of the intelligence on his cousin was all that even so partial a sister as Fanny could desire. There was a look of surprise, and pleasure, and admiration, not to be mistaken.

"As soon as Marian had stopped, the Admiral went to her, and apologizing to Cecil, led her up and introduced her to her relation. Fanny had never seen Marian look more lovely, or felt such pride in her beauty. In spite of Miss Pemberton's threats of over-redness from waltzing, the quick movement had only increased the brightness of her eyes, and heightened into greater beauty her usually almost too faint colour. She was the picture of animated, youthful gaiety and innocence, and paid her compliments, and received the soft winning address of Mrs. Vernon, with the graceful ease of an unaffected, unconscious nature. Fanny saw it all, and so absorbed was she in interest for Marian, that it was not until Cecil had come up and led her back into the waltzing circle, and she saw her father looking towards herself, that the thought occurred to her that her turn must also come. There was a momentary sinking of the heart, a feeling of discouragement and doubt as to what her reception might be—as to how she should acquit herself in the formidable interview. She envied Marian her ease and unconsciousness, yet wondered she could feel so little impressed as to be again joining the dancers, and waltzing as if nothing out of the way had occurred!

"'Oh, Edmund!' she cried, 'he is coming for me! How awkwardly I shall behave—I shall not be able to say one word. Papa, I am sure, will be quite ashamed of me.'

"'Fanny!' said Edmund, astonished at the real trepidation she showed, 'how very strange you are! Is it possible you can be so ignorant of yourself, of your own power of pleasing?'

"'Come, Fanny,' said the Admiral, 'come, my dear; take hold of my arm—Mrs. Vernon wishes to see you. She has just seen Marian, and been most kind about her. You will like her very much, I know, Fanny—we shall be able to pass through this way—the crowd begins to be rather oppressive.'

"Fanny was half-way across the room before she ventured to cast a glance at her formidable relative; and the look she met, when, at last, she had found courage enough to do so, did not re-assure her. Instead of the cordial smile with which she had seen her receive Marian, she caught her eye fixed upon herself with a sorrowful, earnest gaze, which she felt go to her heart, but could in nowise account for. In her youthful romance she felt inclined to endow the new object of her admiration with the sibyl's power of divination; to suppose that she had at once seen in herself an object of pity and sympathy, a being doomed to undergo all the misfortunes and pains to which human beings are liable. This, however, was only a momentary aberration incident to the excitement she was under; and she had recalled her common-sense and almost smiled at her own folly, long before they had, as politely as possible, pushed their way through the intervening crowd. When they came near enough to be spoken to, Mrs. Vernon let go Sir Edward's arm.

"'And this,' said she, taking both her hands, 'is Fanny. Ah, Admiral, you are very rich indeed, with two such daughters! I do not wonder you have so well contrived to retain your old cheerful look.'"

Mrs. Vernon takes Fanny back with her to London. Her darling object is to make her only son fall in love with Fanny, and thus detach him from a suspected intrigue with Lady Emily Turner, a young married woman to whom he was once engaged, and who loved him. Fanny begins to love Charles Vernon and he to love her, when Lord Delverly, Lady Emily Turner's brother and Vernon's oldest friend, gives clear indication that he, too, loves our charming heroine. In this state of things Vernon, whose conscience reproaches him for the wrong he has done Lord Delverly by his secret intrigue with his sister, which he is now so anxious to break off, determines that he will not stand in his friend's way with Fanny. He does not suspect her growing love for himself. A large party is assembled at a villa at Twickenham; dinner is just over, when the following scene takes place.

"When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room Lord Delverly made his way directly to Fanny. She was standing at the still open window, unwilling to turn from the sweet dewy greyness outside to the blaze of bright light there was now in the room.

"'How fresh and fragrant the out-of-door air feels to-night,' said he, leaning out; 'and soft as eider-down, isn't it? Do step out for a moment. You are not afraid of this summer air? Well, let me put this scarf on your shoulders, and then you cannot scruple. Will you not—can you not trust yourself for a moment with me?' continued he, in a low reproachful tone, as she still held back; his looks even more than his words making her unwilling to comply. 'You will not? Well, well,' as she looked round, 'at least, don't leave this comparatively cool corner which you have chosen for yourself. I shall go away, if I annoy you by sharing it.'

"Fanny felt dreadfully embarrassed; every word and look seemed tending towards what she would have given worlds to avoid coming to—the necessity of telling Lord Delverly his attentions were painful and unwelcome to her.

"'I was looking to see,' she said hurriedly, 'what was delaying the music we were promised. Oh, there now! Lady Anne has at last got all her strings screwed into accord. Now, do let us listen. How I do love the harp!'

"'I like to hear you say you love anything,' he said, in the same low, eager tones. 'How I wish you were only more willing to listen to me! If you would only listen to what I have screwed my courage up to the point of telling you! But, you won't.'

"Poor Fanny's kind heart sank within her. She trembled and could scarcely stand, but there was yet a reprieve. Away went another and another harp-string; and Lady Anne had risen saying she found it would not do for to-night, the strings were certainly bewitched. Lady Mary, anxious for an excuse, instantly made this one for interrupting the *tête à tête* she had been keenly watching; and coming up to the window, begged that Fanny would now take her station at the piano.

"'Mrs. Ormsby Cottin,' said she, 'has turned her imploring looks on me; and I feel that I can neither play nor sing to-night. Do, Miss Hervey, oblige us all by sitting down immediately. Come, Delverly, help me to persuade Miss Hervey to play for us.'

"'You are most generally so chary of your own music, Mary,' answered he, much provoked at the interruption, though not dreaming there was any design in it.

"But Fanny rose quickly. 'I shall be too happy to oblige you, if I can find any music here I know; and there seems to be plenty to choose from, at all events.' And Lord Delverly was obliged to offer her his arm across the room.

"'Ah!' whispered he to her, as he arranged the music chair, 'how ready you are to do what everybody asks you, except myself.'

"'Now let us see what we can do,' she said. 'Ah! here are some charming things; but will nobody accompany me, I wonder?'

"'How I wish *I* could,' said he in the same undertone; 'I never envied Vernon his musical attainments till the other evening when I heard him singing with you. I felt every note you uttered in my heart, too; but it would have been such infinitely greater happiness to have been able to blend my voice with yours in that one harmonious utterance. I assure you I should with pleasure have given up the most precious articles in my possession for the power of changing places with him at that moment.'

"Fanny's cheeks were dyed with blushes, but she still made an effort to keep the conversation more general.

"'It is very well and very agreeable, as long as the harmony you talk so finely of can be perfectly maintained; but I assure you this is not often, or for long at a time; and there is sure to be plenty of ear-splitting in return. The pains of discord are more numerous, I fear, than the pleasures of harmony!' She scarcely knew what she said.

"Fanny had felt for some time past that it would be quite impossible for her to raise a note either alone or accompanied, in her present nervous, agitated state of feeling. Making, therefore, no attempt to sing, she tried, as well as her perturbation would allow her, to strike the notes of a fine old overture she thought herself mistress of; and the conversation passing on all sides was rather an help to her.

"Lady Anne was playing bagatelle with Sir James and the two young guardsmen, Travers and Conyers; Mrs. Vernon quietly talking with the widow, quite at the other end of the room; Colonel Vernon and Mrs. Wynne were sometimes conversing, sometimes listening to Fanny's playing; and Mr. Vernon stood looking out of the window which Fanny and Lord Delverly had so lately left. Lady Mary, who was flitting restlessly from one group to another, with only a flirtation—as she designated what she saw passing between her brother and Fanny—to watch, now sauntered up to Mr. Vernon and said,—

"'Are not you strangely *hors de combat* this evening? I have scarcely heard your voice.'

"'No need to hear any one's voice at present,' he said, with a slight bow towards the piano.

"She laughed. 'As if you had not listened to that ancient affair any time within these dozen years.'

"'Well, I don't know that I *was* listening,' said he, smiling; 'I believe I was only watching that bright star coming up.'

"'Bless me, how sentimental you have grown all of a sudden!' opening her eyes wide.

"He laughed. 'I think I have a little.'

"'It is Venus, of course; I need not ask.'

"'I am not quite sure. Look there, is it?'

"'Oh! don't, for any sake, ask me. I know nothing at all about those things, any more than I care. But, I really wonder what is to come next? I should not be surprised to hear you "babbling of green fields." It is impossible surely that there should be hanging or drowning in your case?'

"'I hope not, indeed!' said he, trying to laugh heartily. 'I hope there will be no need to trouble myself with such thoughts yet. Pray do not doom me all at once, in this wicked way, to "Arthur's bosom."'

"'Well, I don't know. As far as your Venus at the piano is concerned, I should think it were pretty well over with you.'

"'I am sure it is,' he said, as calmly as he could.

"She looked much nettled. 'Your cousin is a clever girl, I do think.'

"He rather enjoyed her discomposure, and said, 'She is a very lovely one at least, as every one must allow.'

"'And is playing her cards admirably, as you must also allow.'

"'No, I really see nothing of that; but I am not so quick-sighted as your ladyship is.'

"'Perhaps not.' Ironically,—'Nor so much interested as my ladyship is, either. Oh no! by no means.'

"'Really your ladyship is so very clever,' he said, laughing at her sharpness, 'and sees so clearly through every body, there is no keeping pace with you in knowingness. Do take pity on my ignorance, and tell me plainly what is my little cousin's game; for upon my honour I do not see it.'

"'Do not pretend to say, you do not see that she is with all her might aiming at a coronet. Yes, you must; and also that she is likely enough to catch one, too.'

"'I think I see the possibility of her having the offer of one,' said he, tormentingly.

"'But you, perhaps,' she quickly retorted, 'have excellent reason to suppose she will refuse it?—that is quite another affair!'

"'No, no, no,' he said, rather caught, but soon rallying. 'You are decidedly overrating my penetration. I only mean that any little skill I do possess, is in discerning symptoms of this delicate nature in my own sex, not in yours; and even this little I have from small personal experiences ages ago, for I have never studied the subject at all. It must, however, be an interesting one, and I should like of all things to be knowing in it. Pray give me a lesson. Now, how do you detect a cunning little snare?'

"'Very easily,' she said, bluntly; 'neither you nor I, for instance, are at all likely to be blinded by the sweet words and looks addressed to another, which may be, however, most captivating to him, by leading him to think himself irresistible; that is one form of the snare-laying, and perhaps the most common. But you understand those things quite as well as I do, if not a great deal better. Your experiences are neither so few, nor so distant, that you can with any face plead such pretty unconscious innocence—even though you had no particular interest in the matter.'

"'Ah! you are far too knowing for me,' cried he, laughing. 'I am no match at all for you in an encounter of wits. I shall go and rest my beaten brains near worthy Mrs. Wynne; she is always a merciful woman.'

Fanny had finished her overture, and had been, much to her relief, joined by Colonel Vernon, who came to look over the music. But she did not enjoy a long exemption.

"'You must not suppose, Mrs. Fan,' said the Colonel, 'that we are to be put off with an overture, though it is a grand piece of music enough, and very nicely played, too. Here,'—putting the opera of 'Lucretia Borgia' before her,—'I want to hear this song again, "*Oh! se sapesse,*"—it quite haunts me. Charles will sing it with you. You managed it admirably together the other evening. Where is he?'

"But Charles was now very particularly engaged elsewhere. He knew that Mrs. Wynne liked a rubber at whist; and, anticipating a call to join Fanny in a song, which he felt perfectly unequal to obey, he had persuaded her to sit down at the card-table, pledging himself to be her partner and to find opponents.

"'I am sorry, Sir,' he said, in answer to his father's request; 'but I am this moment sworn in a member of this board,' pointing to the card-table, 'and what is worse, have pledged myself that you will also take your place there; we cannot do without you; and I must still beat up my fourth hand. My dear Lady Mary, now that you have so signally beaten me *col senno,* are you inclined or not to beat me *con la mano* also?'

"Fanny, who heard all this, was now in despair. It seemed so much as if her cousin had determined she should be left *tête à tête* with Lord Delverly again. The tears came into her eyes. 'It is not then enough,' she thought, 'that he chooses to shun me himself on all

occasions, but he must also convince me how anxious he is that I should listen to another. Would any one have believed all this possible three days ago !'"

In spite of Fanny's efforts to prevent it, Lord Delverly's proposal comes the next day. She convinces him that his suit is hopeless, by letting him know that her affections are engaged. He behaves with great delicacy, and Fanny has no reason to repent her confidence in him. Soon after this Charles Vernon can resist his love for Fanny no longer, but declares it, and is accepted, to the delight of Mrs. Vernon and the Colonel. She has the rare luck of being not only the mother's choice, but the father's—what is more, it is his own best, though not first love. The engagement is kept secret, and Fanny does not know anything of Vernon's intrigue with Lady Emily, though she is acquainted with his early love for her. And now approaches the passionate tragedy which throws down poor Fanny's fair structure of earthly happiness.—The dreaded explanation between Vernon and Lady Emily takes place one evening at the close of a fête at that same Twickenham Villa. They are in an arbour in the garden, and are overheard by Lord Delverly and a friend. Lady Emily flies from the scene, and Lord Delverly insists on fighting Vernon that moment. In vain his friend remonstrates—another mutual friend comes to the spot, and is made to act as Vernon's second. They fight with swords, and Delverly wounds his friend mortally. They try to remove him from the ground.

"'No, no,' said Mr. Vernon, faintly. 'It matters not; do not go, Delverly!'

"He did not see Lord Delverly, as he leant against a tree, deadly pale, and almost fainting. In the fatal thrust he had just made, his passion had entirely exhausted itself, and there had scarcely been an instant of time between the conviction of what he had done and the reaction—the total revulsion of feeling which had followed it. He grew sick and staggered, and could no longer support himself. The evil spirit had gone out of him and left him as weak as a child, and he had eagerly closed his eyelids, with the hope—ah, how vain!—that the pale spectacle of his expiring friend could ever again, even for one moment, be excluded from his heart and brain!

"He started violently at the sound of his name pronounced by Mr. Vernon, and in an instant was on his knees at his side. 'Ay! your hand, Delverly,' said Mr. Vernon, in the same hollow whisper, 'give me your hand once more.' Lord Delverly, unable to utter a word, pressed the cold hand offered to him, again and again, to his heart and lips and forehead. 'Yes, you must say that you forgive me, Delverly—that you can forgive the wrong I have done you—done to your family, your honour!'

"'Vernon!' exclaimed Lord Delverly, in utter agony of feeling, 'do not talk in this way to me, to one who has acted towards you like a wild beast rather than a man—a friend. Oh, God! what can I say? I have been mad, utterly mad. For the moment I had forgotten every thing, your mutual attachment, ill-treatment, temptation; every thing that I ought to have remembered, that ought to have weighed with me; every thing except the insane suggestions of passion, of bloodthirsty passion and revenge.'

"'Hush, Delverly! No, no, listen to me. Whitcombe, Travers, do you hear me? Remember, that you both hear me now solemnly declare, that Delverly was much provoked to this; that his honour required him to challenge me; that all has been fairly done between us; and that with my last breath I forgive him what has happened. Ay, as freely, as fully, as I trust God in his mercy will forgive me the many and deep transgressions I have committed against his laws. You will say this to my father—my mother. O God!'

"Here some sudden and tender recollections seemed to bring on a violent spasm, and he fainted away. Mr. Travers ran down to the river, and brought water with which he sprinkled his face. Lord Delverly continued kneeling beside him, with his eyes fixed on his changing looks, completely stunned and helpless.

"'We must think of what can be done,' said Mr. Whitcombe. 'If we could only get him removed to the house!—let us try.' But when they attempted to raise him from the ground, there was such a convulsion of the body, and the bleeding seemed to increase so much, that they immediately saw that any farther movement would only hurry his death. His consciousness had now fully returned, and with his hand he made signs to them not again to touch him; and as soon as the quivering of the frame was over, said in low breathless accents,

"Do not—do not attempt it, my friends; it would be quite in vain. I have only a few moments to live, and I would fain compose my mind—would fain address myself earnestly and fervently to God; but something weighs heavily on me. I must first entreat from you all the assurance that this unhappy quarrel shall not be made public. I must first hear Delverly say that he will be forbearing towards *her*—that she will not be thrown an outcast on the world; that he will consider her sacrificed affections—her youth—the careless husband—the unhappy home—'

"'Say no more—no more; I understand,' replied Lord Delverly, almost inarticulately. 'Any thing, every-thing—I shall in everything attend to your wishes.'"

Vernon dies, and his mother does not survive him long. Fanny returns to her family with a dreary load of grief for a young heart. Her experience in the great world has been bitter enough. It is long before she recovers; but the book does not end till the faithful Edmund Rushbrook is made happy by the assurance that Fanny Hervey loves him, and will become his wife.

We think enough has been quoted to prove the great talent shown in "Fanny Hervey." There are some pleasant episodes attached to the main story, one of which is positively charming,—we mean the love affair between Uncle George and Jane Rushbrook. Fanny is certainly a fitter person for a heroine, being beautiful and accomplished; but Jane Rushbrook, though less imposing, is quite as successful a delineation. We believe she will take the fancy of other middle-aged men besides uncle George, and we are really sorry for those young ladies who have not Jane's taste, and do not admire Captain George Gordon.

The style of "Fanny Hervey" is excellent. It is lively, correct, and elegant. Few better novels of its kind have appeared for many years.

ADVOCACY AND ADVOCATES.[1]

THE homage which, in this country, is so uniformly paid to professional eminence, is characteristic of our

(1) "Hortensius; or, the Advocate." An Historical Essay. By William Forsyth, Esq. London. 1849.

business-like habits as a nation. The talents most valued are those which are most commonly brought to bear on the practical purposes of life; and it will be observed that the legal profession, of all others, whilst it has proved in so many instances the readiest road to honour and distinction, has furnished the reading public with the largest amount of instructive incident and amusing gossip. We have, indeed, of late been inundated with legal biographies; the early struggles of successful lawyers have been rendered as familiar as many an oft-told tale; professional jokes, and circuit anecdotes, have appeared and re-appeared for our amusement; and, judging from the success of such works, few subjects would appear to be more popular with the reading public.

"Hortensius; or, the Advocate," is unquestionably the production of a lawyer and a scholar. The ordinary reader will perhaps feel that it is too learned and too professional. Mr. Forsyth has not indeed avoided the fault into which professional men are most apt to fall: many of his remarks will appear trite and common-place to the lawyer, and at the same time too technical to the lay reader. The latter will be little edified by the frequent citation of cases, and reference to the Reports; and the former will be induced to smile at the elaborate enunciation of some elementary principle, or the quotation of a familiar passage from "Stephen on Pleading." We think, too, that the title of the work is calculated to convey but little information on the nature of its contents. For ourselves, we fancied that Hortensius might be a story of Roman life and manners, like the "Gallus" of Becker, for instance. But there does not appear to be any conceivable reason why the name of Hortensius should appear on the title-page. He is indeed introduced amongst the other advocates of ancient Rome, and some interesting features of his character are recorded. As the author intended him to be a prominent personage in his work, we will transcribe a few particulars respecting him. It must be premised that Hortensius was the friend and contemporary of Cicero, and second only to him as an advocate and orator.

"His memory was prodigious; so that, without taking a single note, he could recollect everything that was said by an opponent; and he had no necessity to write down even the heads of any speech which he intended to deliver. On one occasion he repeated, off-hand, for a wager, the names of all the articles which had been sold at an auction, the names of the purchasers, and also the prices. He must have found this an immense advantage when practising in the courts. He was distinguished for the skilful manner in which he divided the subjects on which he had to speak, and he was quick and ready in resources. His voice, also, was clear and melodious—one of nature's best gifts to an orator; but his action was studied, and had too much of artificial effect. He seems to have taken great pains with his personal appearance, and to have dressed with all the care of a Roman exquisite, adjusting the folds of his robes in the most graceful manner. . . . Hortensius took such pains with his action and delivery, that Æsop and Roscius used to attend the courts where he spoke, in order that they might gather useful hints for the stage; and this once provoked Torquatus, his opponent in a cause, to call him Dionysia,—a celebrated dancer, the Taglioni of her day at Rome; upon which Hortensius retorted: 'Well, I had rather be Dionysia than a clumsy clownish bumpkin, like you, Torquatus.' While speaking of his foibles, we may mention that he had an extraordinary passion for fish, not as articles of food for the table, but as playthings in his ponds. He had the water sometimes warmed, lest they should suffer from cold; and it was said that he once shed tears on the death of a favourite lamprey. Amongst other pieces of extravagance, he used to *water* his plane-trees with *wine*. But we need not dwell longer on these harmless follies. A grave charge made against him is, that of being privy to the bribery of judges in the courts where he practised. This, if true, is another of the many proofs of the low standard of Roman morals; but it wants authority to support it."

"Hortensius" is, in fact, a history of advocacy from the earliest times. On the oratory of the Athenian courts—for in Greece eloquence of every kind was confined to Athens—and on the administration of justice there, Mr. Forsyth has a very interesting chapter. It will be borne in mind that the functions of jurymen and judges were discharged by the Dicasts, a number of citizens chosen from amongst all ranks, the greater portion of whom regarded their judicial duties as a comfortable source of income. "One of the crying evils of this system," says our author, "was the number of dicasts who sat on every trial."

"They were drawn out of a body of six thousand, who were chosen by lot for the service annually, and were taken indiscriminately from all classes, so that they included a large proportion of the lowest. They were divided into sections of five hundred each, which seems to have been the smallest number of which any tribunal consisted; but frequently several of these sat together, according to the nature of the case to be tried. We may easily imagine the kind of scene that would take place when such a mob was called upon to decide important questions affecting the property and even lives of individuals. . . . . They were swayed by party feelings and private animosities; and suitors were not afraid to tell them that they dreaded lest the operation of unjust motives should influence their verdict. To our notions, it seems that this line of remark must have been dangerous and almost suicidal; for an English jury would resent such an imputation upon their honesty as a grievous affront; and we know that the approved mode of address to them is the following:—'I have the most unbounded confidence, gentlemen, in your integrity and intelligence; I know your reverence for your oaths, and I leave the case of my client in your hands without fear of the result, rejoicing in the thought, that there exists for the protection of us all the palladium of a British jury.'"

To the great comfort of the dicasts, the practitioner in the Athenian courts, in the majority of cases, was restricted as to time. The length of the speeches was regulated by the clepsydra, or water-clock; "a certain quantity of water was measured out to each speaker, which ran something in the manner of sand in modern hour-glasses, and when it was exhausted, he was obliged to stop." A tedious orator was thus properly prevented from inflicting on the court an unusually lengthened harangue; but, on the other hand, a popular speaker was frequently compelled to omit some of the most interesting portions of his speech, to the great detriment of his client, and dis-

appointment of the auditory. "This water-system," observes Mr. Forsyth, "gave rise to a number of curious expressions, which occur in the Attic orators, and it is necessary to be familiar with the usage, in order to understand them. It was a frequent cause of complaint with them, that the time within which they were circumscribed was not sufficient; and the greatest of them more than once laments that he is compelled to omit heavy charges against his opponents, because he is *short of water.*"

Of the Roman law-courts, the author of "Hortensius" gives us a very graphic picture; and on the subject of Roman jurisprudence, he has collected some interesting details. It would appear that the early lawyers of the "Eternal City" were not behind Messrs. Dodson and Fogg in their knowledge of dramatic effect. "The dress and demeanour of the accused were always carefully adjusted to the exigency of the occasion. Seated near his counsel, with uncombed hair and beard, both suffered to grow to an unusual length, and clothed in a mean and miserable garb, the party who was on his trial implored, by tearful looks and mute gestures of despair, the compassion of his judges." One of the most interesting cases in Roman criminal law was that in which Lucius Licinius Crassus is described as having appeared as an advocate.

"At seven-and-twenty he defended Licinia, a vestal, tried on the following charge:—Æmilia, the chief of the vestal virgins, had broken her vows with Betucius Barrus, a Roman knight, and her example had been followed by two frail sisters, Marcia and Licinia, who found lovers in two friends of Barrus. The College of Priests instituted an inquiry, and the result was, that Æmilia was found guilty, but Marcia and Licinia were acquitted. Sextus Peducæus, however, an officious tribune of the commons, would not let the matter drop; and he so bitterly assailed L. Metellus, the Pontifex Maximus, with taunts and reproaches, that the latter, in order to relieve himself and the sacred college from the scandal of having improperly acquitted the fair vestals, demanded an investigation. L. Cassius, whose well-known severity had procured for him the title of *scopulus reorum*, or 'the hanging judge,' was appointed the commissioner to conduct it. We know not whether Marcia was defended; but Licinia had Crassus for her counsel. The proofs, however, were too strong for the eloquence of her advocate, and the hopeless girl was convicted; and both she and Marcia were condemned to the fearful death which the laws of Rome adjudged against a fallen vestal."

This horrible punishment is thus described in detail in a note to this passage:—The vestal, after conviction, "was stripped of her sacred robes, and, having been scourged, was dressed like a corpse, and borne in a close litter to a place called the *Campus Sceleratus*, near the Colline Gate. Here there yawned for her reception a vault containing a couch, a lamp, and a small table with some food. She was then compelled to descend to her living tomb, over which earth was thrown, until it reached the level of the ground, and she was left to perish."

During the decline of Roman greatness, and the long night of feudal barbarism, there is a sad blank in the history of advocacy. Nothing shows more completely the supremacy of the sword during the dark ages than the existence of judicial combats. An appeal to brute force was, on the most solemn and important occasions, substituted for the conflict of reason and eloquence. Thus, in 1038, we are told, that "Alphonso, King of Leon and Castile, meditated the introduction of the Roman law into his dominions; but, being uncertain whether this or the customary law which had hitherto prevailed was the best, he appointed two champions to determine the question with their swords in actual conflict; and the result was, that the chevalier who represented the civil law was beaten." In the same reign, a contest respecting the merits of the Musarabic (or Gothic) and Roman liturgy was submitted to the same strange arbitrement. In England the "wager of battle" continued to be the law of the land till within the last thirty years; though the last occasion of its being actually resorted to occurred in the reign of Elizabeth.

In France the *noblesse de la robe* had acquired at a very early period considerable influence and importance. They had been recognised as an *order*, and enjoyed many of the privileges of nobility.

Mr. Forsyth has introduced a graphic sketch of the French advocate of the sixteenth century from the pen of M. Berryer, from which we are tempted to quote a few sentences.

"We see him," says the eloquent advocate, "dressed in his robes of black satin, set out at an early hour, on a summer morning, from one of the picturesque houses, with peaked turrets and high gable-ends, which rose above the banks of the Seine in old Paris, and hurrying forward to the court, because the clock of the Holy Chapel has just struck six, at which hour the judges are obliged to take their seats under pain of losing their salary for the day. He is busy in thinking over the cause which he has to plead, and taxes his ingenuity to compress his speech into as brief a compass as possible; for he remembers that an ordinance of Charles VIII., issued in 1493, imposes a fine upon long-winded advocates who weary the court with their prolixity. Look at his countenance. The furred hood which covers his head, and the ample grey cloak, the collar of which half hides his face, cannot so far conceal it as to prevent you from seeing an expression of anger there, which no doubt is excited by the recollection of the arguments used by his opponent on the preceding evening."

As a companion picture to the above, our readers perhaps will not be displeased with a sketch of an *English* lawyer of a still earlier period. We extract it from "Smyth's Lives of the Berkeleys," published by Fosbroke, the antiquarian, and author of "British Monachism." Maurice, the fifth Lord Berkeley, was born in 1435, and according to a manuscript authority, followed the profession of the law. "This lord with a milk-white head in this irksome old age of seventy years, in winter termes and frosty seasons, with a buckram bagge, stuffed with law cases, in early mornings and late evenings, walked with his eldest son between the four inns of court and Westminster Hall, following his law suits in his own old person, not for himself, but for his posterity."

Our early English lawyers do not seem to have been very remarkable for eloquence. "Sir Thomas Elyot, in

his Governor," according to Mr. Forsyth, gives the following explanation of the fact. "But forasmuch as the tongue wherein the law is spoken is barbarous, and the stirring of the mind in this nature was never used, therefore there lacketh elocution and pronunciation, two of the principal parts of rhetorick." "Notwithstanding," we think he goes on to say, "some lawyers, if they be *well retained*, will in a mean cause pronounce right vehemently." Our early advocates seem indeed to have been more remarkable for vehemence than good taste; for Ascham, in his "Toxophilus," speaks of "*roaring like a bull*, as some lawyers do, who think they do best when they cry loudest."

We might, however, had we space to prolong this article, produce a goodly array of lawyers, who in more recent times have reflected honour on the Bench and the Bar. From Somers, of whom Horace Walpole beautifully said, that "he was like a chapel in a palace that remained unprofaned while all around was tyranny, corruption, and falsehood," and Holt, the sturdy and intrepid champion of the rights of the subject, to the great living judge to whom Mr. Forsyth has appropriately dedicated this volume,[1] the dignity and character of the profession have been worthily upheld by a succession of eloquent, honourable, and accomplished men, to whom we are deeply indebted for the maintenance of constitutional order and the pure administration of justice.

THE TEMPORAL BENEFITS OF CHRISTIANITY.[2]

Among the correlative evidences of Christianity, the most important branch, perhaps, is that exhibited in the volume before us. The usefulness of an institution, indeed, cannot be advanced as a direct proof of its Divine origin. It may be accidental, ephemeral, or more seeming than real. Supposing even that this be not the case, and that the institution is as valuable as it appears to be; that it is productive of actual and substantial good; and that the advantages of which it is the source are not counterbalanced by some secret tendency to corruption; still its usefulness may have been generated in the course of events, and may have comparatively little connexion with the immediate origin of the institution itself.

All this may be fairly allowed; and yet we may affirm that the value of Christianity to the world, in its social influences and relations, may be urged as an important particular in the great body of evidence employed to establish its truth. If an institution be only accidentally useful, the principle of utility does not exist within itself, and has nothing to do with its essential character. If, again, it be only useful for a time, or under particular circumstances, then, however great the good it may produce, the result may be more owing to the temporary activity of those who employ it than to its innate qualities. In such cases, we must have evidence independent of the usefulness of the institution, or of its adaptation to certain states of society, if we wish to prove its Divine origin. There is no doubt, that means and systems intended only for a temporary purpose, and the beneficial operation of which has depended upon outward circumstances, have had their beginning from above; but it would be dangerous to attribute such an origin to institutions of this character, except by the aid of positive and direct evidence.

Now, when we institute an inquiry as to the usefulness of Christianity, we are struck with the remarkable fact, that it has passed through every conceivable state of society; that it has existed under all forms of government; been planted in the most various climes; and had for its ministers men distinguished from each other by the most striking diversities of temper, habits and condition. If it have proved itself useful under all this variety of circumstances and in the hands of such different agents, its utility can scarcely be ascribed to agents or circumstances; it can be attributed only to some essential quality of its own. So again, there are systems, or institutions, which involve a mixture of good and evil principles, the latter of which in the long course of events may be brought into permanent action. Branches of the old heathen religions; Mahometanism; the church theories and scholasticism of the middle ages; all had a measure of usefulness connected with their development: but the blended error, the corrupt principle common to them all, followed the good like a dark shadow, and by the bad chemistry of the world, men's hearts were so prepared to receive the evil impression that it remained there long after the good had vanished.

But the bitterest enemy of Christianity can detect no mixture of corruption with its sublime morality. Its fundamental law is intrinsically pure. It is stated too distinctly to admit of modification; and it will endure no rival either in principles of a different nature, or in precepts of a lower standard. If it have proved useful, then, to society, it was as capable of being so at the beginning as at any subsequent stage of its progress. It has not been indebted for its beneficial activity to the chance of meeting on its way agents fitted to bring out what is good in it, leaving the bad to be stirred into life by some other kind of attraction; it has never had more than one simple characteristic principle, and this principle it has ever displayed with a species of divine ostentation, saying to the world, See! this is the power, and this only, by which I will do my work, and accomplish the triumph of truth and beneficence!

Suppose, then, that an argument is to be framed in favour of the Divine origin of Christianity from its usefulness to the world, three points, according to our views, ought to be established: first, its usefulness must belong to its intrinsic qualities; secondly, it

(1) The Right Honourable Thomas Lord Denman.

(2) "The Temporal Benefits of Christianity." Exemplified in its influence on the Social, Intellectual, Civil, and Political Condition of Mankind, from its Promulgation to the present Day. By Robert Blakey, Author of the "History of the Philosophy of the Mind." London: Longmans. 1849.

must be chargeable with no counteracting tendency; and thirdly, it must have proved itself capable of beneficial action amid all the revolutions to which the world is subject. Let these points be fairly established, and we shall have an argument in support of Christianity, which, to many minds, will have a force far greater than that which belongs to other branches of evidence of a more profound and spiritual character.

It should be carefully observed, in the conduct of such an argument as this, that, to render it complete, we have not only to prove the entire adaptation of the system to the useful purposes in view, but also to show that it has really effected them. That must, indeed, be a master-mind which can trace out a code of laws, or propose a theory which shall touch at all points the complicated machinery of human life; which shall indicate what ought to be done to secure universal good, and by what methods the work may be most readily accomplished. It is quite conceivable, indeed, that a system may be framed so perfect in itself, and which shall so affect the moral faculties of our minds, that we shall feel ourselves compelled to acknowledge it as divine. A thoroughly accomplished man of science needs not a telescope to tell him how harmonious is the course of heavenly bodies; nor does an architect require to see the edifice erected in order to admire the plan which may have been drawn for it by the highest genius of his profession. In such cases a few diagrams, and the instinctive sense of beauty and fitness, are sufficient to satisfy the mind that there could be but one origin of the objects contemplated. And take a moral system in the same way. Let the attention of a mind, clear, acute, profound and susceptible, be directed to the conceivably perfect and harmonious structure of such a system; let it contemplate it till its several features beam out with a luminous distinctness, like those of an angelic portrait, which, as is the case with all beautiful pictures, awaits the attraction of certain eyes before it will reveal itself; let every point necessary to the perfection of the whole be at length supplied; then will the mind be intensely convinced that the system is of Divine origin; it will require no proof of this to be furnished by experiment, it will be satisfied by the great argument of the moral sense that the pattern of the system was eternal—that it existed from the first in the Divine idea.

But it is only in proportion to the moral acuteness and susceptibility of the mind, that we are capable of appreciating moral excellence. If we ourselves be in a state of pure intellectual activity, we shall be able to estimate the value of certain characteristics of a system as arguments for its Divine origin. A perfect mind would require no experience whatever of the working of a system divinely planned to prove the heavenly authorship. But few intellects ever even approach such a state of purity. Weakness, prejudice, the baleful effects of ignorance, all tend to darken the eyes of the understanding when investigating subjects of this class. In proving its Divine origin, therefore, we must not depend upon the demonstrable fitness of Christianity to be useful to mankind. We must look to what it has really done; we must show that with its theoretic perfection it combines a vital power sufficient to give a real and outward being to all the purposes involved in its establishment.

The history of Christianity may be confidently appealed to for the materials necessary to establish these facts. But here a caution should be given. It is not the general reception of Christianity which would prove its truth; but its general efficiency when received. Millions of professed converts might be made, and still the religion might be false; but a single case of actual conversion, clearly ascertained and understood, would be sufficient to prove its truth. Hence, we may at once meet the objection so likely to be urged,—Why has Christianity, if it have such power in itself, suffered such checks in its advancement, and so often been compelled, as it would seem, to retreat from the inroads of darkness and superstition? The advance of Christianity against outward opposition, or its continuance among declared antagonists, depends upon rules prescribed by the great Providence of the universe. The real question for us to determine is, Whether Christianity have proved itself capable of fulfilling all the objects for which it was established, and, as far as we are made acquainted with those objects, by its own authoritative statements? Again, we say, let its history be consulted. It will then be seen how it has, by its own vigour, revived the dormant energies of human nature, given an upward step and look to whole masses of the race before sunk in hopeless subjection, and supplied to every man, in his own individual state and character, the means of self-improvement, of self-conquest, renewal and elevation, to a degree only limited by absolute perfection. That it has accomplished these things, to a vast extent, by its general influences, the changed character of society abundantly proves; that it is fitted to effect the change in individuals of which we have spoken, any man that will may prove to the satisfaction of his own mind and heart.

We have said thus much on the subject of Christian evidence, as deducible from the salutary operations of the system in the world. It is an important and interesting theme. Care must be taken not to let the mind fall into the error of measuring the utility of a Divine religion by the temporal good which it may accomplish. Utility, in the narrow sense in which the world employs the word, is but a very imperfect test of the real grandeur, or power, of any thing of heavenly origin. But with this caution, the subject may be profitably studied by readers of all classes. It will teach them to trace to its right source many a blessing which they now indefinitely ascribe first to one and then to another principle of civilization, but which, in reality, belongs to Christianity, and to Christianity alone.

With these feelings on the subject, we are happy to find that so able a writer as Mr. Blakey has made it the theme of careful investigation. We could not

enter into an examination of his several arguments without transgressing our prescribed limits. But those who know the value of ingenious remark and learned illustration when applied to topics of this kind, will read his volumes with equal pleasure and profit.

Mr. Blakey has touched on most of the topics connected with the progress of Christianity up to the present time. His historical sketches are generally well adapted to illustrate the point he has in view. In some instances they may be considered too lengthy, and as failing to show with sufficient force the main drift of the argument. We differ from him also as to the expediency of making any part of the proof of the utility of Christianity to depend upon the proof that certain institutions founded in its name were in some degree beneficial to society. Thus the papacy, the monastic system, and other things, of like kind, may indeed be shown to have had their good effects for a time; but would not a stricter view of the subject prove that Christianity, in several of these cases, was only employed as an inferior agent, and that the real origin of the institutions referred to may be found in some modification of worldly policy, or some particular state of mental culture? Christianity, indeed, was there: but how attenuated! how stripped of its spiritual glory, as far as it depended for the exhibition of its best qualities on any of these systems! All that can be said is, that it continued, though often only in secret, to operate with all its divine force in spite of the antagonist principles which prevailed in churches and monasteries. According to the language sometimes employed on this subject, an unwary reader might be led to suppose that the transmission of Christianity, or its enlarging influences, did really depend upon the means often so corruptly employed by its ministers. The best apology advanced for monastic institutions is applicable only to a very small portion of their number. In Germany, they were homes for men who spent their lives in cultivating the lands, or in strictly performing the work of missionaries; in England and Ireland they were literally seminaries of learning. But these were few in comparison with the rest, in which sloth and licentiousness proved a disgrace to the Christian name. Christianity could well have dispensed with such auxiliaries; and sorry we should be to argue with an infidel on the ground of its utility, if we had to give a fair account of the ills which they have inflicted on society. So again with regard to the papacy. A few such men as Gregory the Great make a vast show in the dark line of papal chronology. Their love of peace and justice contrasts strikingly with the fierce spirit of Barbarian kings and warriors. Christianity has a fair claim to the merit of all they did under its influence; but the stricter the account kept as to what temporal benefits Christianity itself has conferred on mankind, and what good the world has derived from the papacy, the better it will be for the credit of the former.

We have a strong conviction, that if Christianity had been allowed to work in its own spiritual way, and by means and methods strictly in accordance with its spiritual nature, the temporal benefits enjoyed by mankind, under its sway, would have been tenfold what they now are. We are also inclined to believe that notwithstanding the confusion introduced into the subject, by our not always distinguishing between Christianity and its supposed agents, we may still, by careful inquiry, determine the real triumphs of our faith over the great enemies of human happiness. However this may be, we hail with pleasure the appearance of a book like Mr. Blakey's. It cannot fail to do good, if read fairly and thoughtfully.

EDITOR'S WRITING-DESK.

The great topic of the ensuing month will doubtless be the visit of her Majesty to Ireland. The troubled state of that beautiful but most unhappy country, has lately deterred travellers from turning their steps thitherward. The impression was natural enough, that some degree of personal risk had to be encountered in doing so; but however certain demagogues may have sought to excite the people of Ireland against the alien "Saxon," it is but justice to them to declare, that in no country is the wayfarer more secure, as all who have gone there agree in testifying. Whatever may have been the fierceness of political excitement, the traveller has ever been regarded as sacred. We might, indeed, relate more than one trait of the spontaneous unbought kindness with which he is welcomed; let the following instance suffice. Crossing, some years ago, from Glengariff to Kenmare, before the construction of the present road had smoothed the ruggedness of the mountain pass, a traveller, wearied with many a long mile over loose bog and jagged rock, halted for a few moments to recover his strength, on an eminence above the town, distant three miles, to which his steps were bound. A farmer of the middling class, on horseback, came up thence from attending market, bound to his home in some recess of these wild mountains. He looked at the way-worn, travel-soiled stranger with an expression that might have beamed in the countenance of the good Samaritan, and instantly leaping from the saddle, exclaimed—

"I see you are tired, sir; now take my horse, sir, do, and ride him to Kenmare;" urging his request the while with a persevering earnestness which would hardly be satisfied with any refusal, however thankfully couched.

But to return. Her Majesty's visit is of peculiar interest at the present moment. The stream of travel will set in more than ever towards the sister island; and its great, and, by the many, unsuspected beauties will be disclosed. The unequalled grandeur of its coast, and surpassing loveliness of its lake scenery, rivalling, in its own style, any upon the face of the earth, will, when known, become objects of increasing attention, especially when so much of the continent is closed to tourists; and thus the money spent abroad will be

circulated through the poverty-stricken districts of Ireland, interest will be created, from personal observation, in her wretched condition; and knowledge will be gained, tending to form a sound public opinion as to those effectual measures of relief which, we verily believe, are now, for the first time, about to be put into vigorous operation.

At such a time it is well to direct our readers to publications of sterling value on the subject of Ireland. And none, by common consent of the press of all shades of opinion, have established such a claim as those of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. It is almost superfluous to speak of the well-known sketches of Irish life by the lady; while her husband's acquirements as a scholar and antiquary have enabled him to contribute a most valuable stock of information to their joint production. This is now being re-issued in two forms, viz the "Ireland," complete in itself in two volumes, and a most agreeable and elegant extract from its pages in the shape of a thin octavo, entitled "A Week at Killarney." As this beautiful spot will perhaps be visited by some of the more fortunate of our subscribers, while others, who are compelled to remain at home, may be anxious to have a lively description of it, we may safely say that for graphic delineation of scenery, antiquarian research, general information, and lively sketches of local manners and traditions, this little book, which is besides profusely and capitally illustrated, is without an equal on the subject of which it treats. The following description of 'Irish Beggars' will give a good sample of its lively and characteristic style:—

"Time out of mind, Killarney has been famous for its beggars; and as this subject is one that will have demanded much of the Tourist's attention from his first stepping upon Irish ground, he will not consider out of place some remarks concerning it.

"Their wit and humour are as proverbial as their rags and wretchedness; and both too frequently excite a laugh, at the cost of serious reflection upon their misery and the means by which it may be lessened. Every town is full of objects who parade their afflictions with ostentation, or exhibit their half-naked children, as so many claims to alms as a right. Age, decrepitude, imbecility, and disease surround the car the moment it stops, or block up the shop-doors, so as for a time effectually to prevent either entrance or exit. In the small town of Macroom, about which we walked one evening, desiring to examine it undisturbed, we had refused in positive terms, to relieve any applicant; promising, however, to bestow the next morning a halfpenny each upon all who might ask it. The news spread, and no beggars intruded themselves on our notice for that night. Next day it cost us exactly three shillings and tenpence to redeem the pledge we had given; no fewer than ninety-two having assembled at the inn gate. We encountered them, nearly in the same proportion, in every town through which we passed. It is vain to plead inability to give relief; if you have no halfpence the answer is ready, 'Ah, but we'll divide a little sixpence between us;' and then comes the squabble as to which of the group shall be made agent for the rest. Every imaginable mode of obtaining a gratuity is resorted to; distorted limbs are exposed, rags are studiously displayed, and, almost invariably, a half-idiot, with his frightful glare and paralysed voice, is foremost among them. The language in which they frame their petitions is always pointed, forcible, and, generally, highly poetic:—'Good luck to yer ladyship's happy face this morning—sure ye'll lave the light heart in my bussom before ye go?'—'Oh, then, look at the poor that can't look at you, my lady; the dark man can't see if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice;'—'Darlin gintleman, the heavens be yer bed, and give us something;'—'Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small childer, that's waiting for yer honour's bounty, 'ill be wid ye on the road;'—'Oh, help the poor craythur that's got no childer to show yer honour—they're down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea;'—'Oh, then, won't your ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers—chape?'—'They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear, because I'm wake in myself and the heart's broke wid the hunger.' Such are a few of the sentences we gathered from the groups; we might fill pages with similar examples of ingenious and eloquent appeals. There is no exaggeration in the striking but melancholy scene the artist has portrayed.

"A beggar, on receiving a refusal from a Poor Law Commissioner, addressed him with—'Ha, then, it's little business you'd have only for the likes of us;' another, vainly soliciting charity from a gentleman with red hair, thrust forward her child, with—'And won't ye give a ha'penny to the little boy?—sure he's foxy like yer honour.' 'You've lost all your teeth,' was said to one of them—'Time for me to lose 'em when I'd nothing for them to do,' was the reply. Some time ago we were travelling in a stage-coach, and at Naas, where it had been said '*the native* beggars double the population of the town,' a person inside told a troublesome and persevering applicant very coarsely to go to — —. The woman turned up her eyes, and said, with inimitable humour, 'Ah, then it's a long journey yer honour's sending us; may be yer honour 'll give us something to pay our expenses.' We saw in Waterford, a gentleman angrily repulse a beggar, with a call to his servant to shut the door; and an odd soliloquy followed: the woman half murmured and half hissed, 'Shut the door! and that's it, is it? Oh, then, that's what I'll be saying to you when ye want to pass through the gate of heaven. It's then I'll be saying to St. Peter, Shut the door, St. Peter, says I, to a dirty nagur, that'ud disgrace the place intirely, says I—and ye'll be axing me to let you in; the never a fut, says I—shut the door, says I; shut the door! Ould-go-by-the-ground (the person who had excited her wrath was of diminutive stature), what'll ye say then?' 'May the spotted fever split ye in four halves!' was a curse uttered by a beggar who had been rejected somewhat roughly. 'Foxy-head, foxy-head,' was called out by one as a reproach to another; 'That ye may never see the Dyer!' was the instant answer. Our purse having been exhausted, we had been deaf to the prayer of one who was covered so meagrely as scarcely to be described as clad: she turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, murmuring, "Well, God be praised, it's fine summer clothing we have, any way." Once,—it was at Macroom, of which we have particularly spoken,—among a group we noted a fair-haired girl. She might have been the study from which Mr. Harvey copied this picture; and let no one think it idealized. We have seen many such, along every road we travelled. Perfect in form as a Grecian statue, and graceful as a young fawn. The hood of her cloak shrouded each side of her face; and the folds draped her slender figure as if the nicest art had been exerted in aid of nature. There was something so sad, so shy, and yet so earnest, in her entreaty for 'charity, for the love of God,' that we should have at once bestowed it, had not a thin, pallid woman, whose manner was evidently superior to those around her, and whose 'tatters' bore a character of 'old decency,' made her way through the crowd, and, struggling with excited feelings, forced the girl from our side. Curious to ascertain the cause of this interference, we followed them, and learned it. 'My name's Mac Sweeny,' said the woman, somewhat roudly, after a few preliminary questions; 'and I am

a lone widow, with five of these craythurs depending on my four bones. God knows 'tis hard I work for the bit and the sup to give them; and 'tis poor we are, and always have been; but none of my family ever took to the road or begged from any Christian—till this bad girleen disgraced them.' The mother was sobbing like a child, and so was her 'girleen.' 'Mother,' said the girl, 'sure little Timsy was hungry, and the gentleman wouldn't miss it.' Our car was waiting; we had far to go that day, and we were compelled to leave the cabin without hearing what, we are sure, must have been a touching story; but we left the widow less heart-broken than when we found her.'

The beggars in the various towns have their distinctive characters, and they differ essentially from those who beg in the country. In the towns it is usually a 'profession;' the same faces are always encountered in the same places; and they are very jealous of interlopers, unless good cause be shown for additions to 'the craft.' In Dublin they are exceedingly insolent and repulsive; in Cork, merry and good-humoured, but most provokingly clamorous; in Waterford, their petitions were preferred more by looks than words, and a refusal was at once taken; in Clonmel—we were there during a season of frightful want—they appeared to be so thoroughly depressed and heart-broken to utter even a sentence of appeal; in Killarney they seemed trusting to their utter wretchedness and filth of apparel, as a contrast to the surpassing grace and beauty of nature all around them, to extort charity from the visitors; and in Wicklow, where we encountered far fewer than we expected (always excepting Glendalough), they laboured to earn money by tendering something like advice as to the route that should be taken by those who were in search of the picturesque. One had followed a friend of ours, to his great annoyance, for upwards of a mile, and on bidding him good-bye, had the modesty to ask for a little sixpence. 'For what?' inquired the gentleman; 'what have you done for me?' 'Ah, then, sure haven't I been keeping yer honour in discoorse!' In the country, where passers-by are not numerous, the aged or bed-ridden beggar is frequently placed in a sort of hand-barrow, and laid at morning by the road-side, to excite compassion and procure alms: not unfrequently their business is conducted on the backs of donkeys; and often they are drawn about by some neighbour's child."

Auerback's "Narrative of Events in Vienna," from the murder of Latour to the siege by Windischgrätz, gives us a lively picture of the state of feeling in the Austrian capital during the recent short-lived insurrection. And a painful spectacle it is of the treacherous intrigues, and reactionary policy of the court on the one hand, giving birth to an ill-organized democratic movement on the other, without definite purpose and without competent leaders, easily crushed and as surely followed by an inevitable military despotism. The writer's estimate of the events passing around him, and of the actors in them, appears strikingly judicious and free from prejudice, in favour of either mobs or kings. As a disinterested and competent witness, his statements and reflections are worthy of every credit. Of the indecision and weakness of the popular leaders, their quarrels and intrigues—of the wordy effervescence of the insurgents, of the panic, terror, and suspicion that prevailed during the siege—a vivid impression is furnished us. The narrative is not, indeed, a continuous history of the Viennese insurrection, but the few gaps in the chain of events are filled up by an introduction and appendix by the able translator. The book is indispensable to those who are interested in studying the momentous movement now going on in Germany.

Every book connected with the Oregon territory and California, is just now sought out and read with avidity;—but Mr. Alexander Ross's narrative of the remarkable expedition to the shores of the Columbia, under the auspices of Mr. Astor, of New York, would at all times be a work full of interest. The same subject had, indeed, been treated many years ago by Washington Irving, with all the fascination of his style; but his work was compiled from various documents, and had not, consequently, that freshness and reality that none but an eye-witness can impart. Moreover, it would appear that there were certain statements, which, tinged by a natural prejudice in favour of Mr. Astor—a personal friend of Mr. Irving's—required to be impartially reviewed. Having attentively perused both works, we must entirely exonerate Mr. Irving from the slightest attempt to pervert the facts of the case; while we think Mr. Ross's narrative conclusively proves the existence of great harshness and tyranny, on the part of the captain of the ship. But to the public, little concerned in this dispute, the principal interest of this work will consist in its pictures of all the hardships of a settlement in a remote wilderness,—of the energy and perseverance of the band of hardy pioneers who struggled with them—and in its descriptions of the native Indian tribes, and their manners and customs. On all these subjects, if we do not find that peculiar charm which the accomplished author of the "Sketch Book" is skilled in throwing over whatever subject he may be engaged in, we have a quality, which in sterling value must, in the case of a book of travels, be admitted to outweigh it—namely, the simple, unaffected, truthful style of one who has mingled in and felt all that he commits to paper. Not that Mr. Ross's work is at all deficient in the graphic power of describing a picturesque scene, or bringing home to the reader's feelings a thrilling situation, as, did our limits permit, might be abundantly proved by many capital quotations. The book is sure to prove lively and amusing to the general reader; while to those peculiarly interested in the subject of which it treats, it has in addition a sterling and documentary value. We can heartily commend it to the notice of our patrons.

"The Albatross; or, Voices from the Ocean." By H. E. J. Kingston, Esq. These three volumes are filled, partly with an account of the adventures of H.M.S. Albatross, employed on the coast of Guinea in the prevention of the slave trade, and partly with stories told by the officers and crew to wile away idle hours on the voyage. These are reproduced for the reader's benefit, by the second lieutenant, Mr. Kingston. The work is very well written, in a clear, straightforward, cheery, sailorlike style, which keeps up the reader's interest from the beginning to the end. The horrors of the slave trade, as they impressed themselves on the mind of an eyewitness, are here

depicted in a strikingly truthful manner. Upon the debatable question of the efficacy of the slave preventive service, we have nothing to say here; as a *moral* protest made by England against slavery, it will generally be looked upon as a highly honourable service.

"Self Dependence." A very long, tough, well-meant, but ill-executed novel.

"The Rectory Guest." By the author of the "Gambler's Wife," &c. One of the most powerfully interesting novels we have met with for a very long time. The author shows great skill in the analysis and exhibition of tragic passion, and no small talent for picturesque and poetic effect. The story is calculated to enthrall the feelings, and by its whole effect to purify the heart. It would be improved by a slight abridgment. Its great fault is its deficiency in literary excellence. The style is often poor, graceless, involved, and without precision or elegance. This is a great pity, for it would not be easy to find a tale with so many high and uncommon materials, for a work of really fine art. We would cordially recommend the author to take more pains in the composition of her (or his) next work.

"The Woodman." A historical romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. James has given the public another historic novel, and in his most agreeable style. Indeed our young lady readers will find much more of love-making than this author is apt to admit into the serious business of his narratives. The present work begins with the battle of Tewkesbury, which gave the crown of England to the house of York, and ends with that of Bosworth Field, which restored it to the Lancasterians. The hero is Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran, who was believed to have perished at Tewkesbury, but who was saved after the battle, and subsequently lived *incognito* as a sort of woodman and small farmer, until an opportunity occurred for renewing his exertions in favour of the White Rose. His wife was the princess Mary, or, as she is sometimes called, Margaret, of Scotland.

BUDA AND PESTH.

(FROM THE BLOCKSBERG.)

The increasing interest of the war in Hungary may well justify the insertion of a few particulars respecting the capital—correctly represented in the annexed engraving—which displays, on the left hand, the ancient stronghold of Buda, and, on the opposite bank, the more modern city of Pesth. Buda is of very ancient foundation, situated on a lofty hill overlooking the Danube, which is here wider than the Thames at London. It is strongly defended, but commanded by the still higher elevation of the Blocksberg, from which the view is taken, and which is also fortified. Pesth, on the contrary, is open. The two cities were formerly connected solely by a bridge of boats, which has, we believe, been removed, and a magnificent suspension bridge erected by Mr. Tierney Clark, the architect of that at Hammersmith.

Buda is celebrated in the history of the Turks, it having been long occupied by them, and many curious traces of them still exist. They were at length expelled by the Austrians. Prominent among the buildings is the palace of the Prince Palatine, crowning the crest of the hill. The foundation of the modern city of Pesth dates from the reign of Maria Theresa and her son, the Emperor Joseph. It is regularly laid out, and contains many fine buildings, especially along the line of the quay, and it was rapidly increasing when the insurrection broke out.

Buda has already been taken and retaken in the present war, the Hungarians having first cannonaded it from the Blocksberg, and afterwards stormed it. At present it is again in the hands of the Austrians, and may, perhaps, change hands before the conclusion of the struggle. The enormous forces brought to bear against the gallant Hungarians may, but too probably, outweigh their national devotion and the talents of their generals; but the calling in of a foreign force has inflamed to the last degree of exasperation the feelings of an outraged and noble people, and rendered all reconciliation difficult, if not impossible. Should they fail in the present heroic struggle, it will probably be to arise some day with renewed vigour, and throw off for ever a yoke which a perfidious violation of their rights, and the invocation of a tyrannical arbitrement, have justly rendered insupportable.

GOD BE WITH THEE.[1]

L. A. K.

God be with thee! thou must wander
Through a world of toil and care;
God be with thee! sin and slander
Soon may cloud thy dawning fair.

God be with thee! friends may fail thee,
Treachery thy bosom rend:
God be with thee! when assail thee
Heartless foe, or faithless friend.

God be with thee! youth and beauty
Pass like dew at early day;
God be with thee! love and duty
Guard thy path, and guide thy way.

God be with thee! vice may snare thee,
Death and sorrow wring thy heart:
God be with thee! pardon, spare thee,
Strength from heaven to thee impart.

God be with thee! guide and bless thee,
Lead thee where sure comforts dwell;
God be with thee! earth caress thee,
Heaven receive thee—fare thee well!

SCRAPS.

"Looking lately over Pasquier's 'Recherches de la France,' a book replete with curious articles relating to ancient manners, customs, and inventions, many of them common to both that and this country, I found the following ingenious conjecture concerning the origin of the numeral letters V. X. C. L. M. D; that is, respecting the reason why they were first put to signify the sums of five, ten, an hundred, fifty, a

(1) The words "good bye," are an abbreviation of "God be with thee."

thousand, and five hundred; and as I do not recollect ever to have met with it in any English author, it may not be unworthy of a place in your collection.

"The first obvious method of reckoning, M. Pasquier supposes to have been upon the fingers, each finger standing for one, and represented by an upright stroke, so that the number four was represented by IIII; but there being no more fingers on one hand, wherewith to continue the account, the number five was considered as formed by the first finger and thumb, which, when the hand is displayed, has something of the V like figure.

"The representation of five being thus fixed on, its double, or ten, was produced by joining together of two V's at their points, which formed a figure so like an X, that that letter is made to stand for it, being compounded of two V's.

"The letter C, anciently written E, being the initial letter of the Latin word *Centum*, was a very obvious and natural abbreviation of that number; and being divided in two horizontally, each half was a kind of L; that letter was therefore adopted to signify fifty. For the like reason the letter M, the initial letter of the Latin word *mille*, signifying a thousand, is made to stand for that sum. It was anciently wrote thus, ⵀ, which, being divided down the middle, split into two letters, each resembling a D, and D accordingly is the numeral letter for five hundred, or half of one thousand. Whether these conjectures are grounded on truth, I will not take on me to determine; it must be allowed they are ingenious and plausible."—*From the Antiquarian Repertory, published* 1775.

The use of forks at table did not prevail in England till the reign of James I., as we learn from a remarkable passage in Coryat. The reader will laugh at the solemn manner in which this important discovery or innovation is related.

"Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before, in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commonly in Italy, doe always at their meals use a little forke when they eat their meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the fork which they hold in the other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company as having trangressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at least browbeaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding, I understood, is generally used in all places of Italy, their forks being for the most part made of yronn, steele, and some of silver, but those are only used by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched by fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and often-times in England since I came home; being once quipped for that frequently using my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, Mr. Lawrence Whitaker; who in his merry humour, doubted not to call me at table, Furcifer, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."—*Coryat's Crudities*. 1611.

Sir,—The following gallant and almost incredible action, and signal victory gained by an English captain, commanding one small privateer, over a large Turkish fleet, is related by Roger E. of Castlemayne, in his account of the War between the Venetians and Turks, drawn up in form of a letter, dated 23d May, 1666, and addressed to King Charles II. As the book is rather scarce, and the fact not much known, I have transcribed it for your work, and if you have a spare corner should be glad if you would insert it.

Your's, &c.

"Among the English that fought bravely, Captain Thomas Middleton, (who had his ship hired in his service,) did a most prodigious action. It happened that the admiral, intending a design against the Dardanelles, put Middleton in so desperate a place that he was in danger from land to be sunk at every shot. He advised the commander of it, and withal told him that the peril of himself and ship did not so much trouble him as to be set where it was impossible for him to offend the enemy. Having no answer, or at best a bad one, and seeing it could not prejudice the fleet, he drew off a little the vessel, (his only livelihood,) from the needless danger it was in. When the business was over they dismissed him, (in a council of war,) with the title of coward; and all the soldiers being taken away, he was left only with some fifty English to return home, or whither else he pleased. He had not parted long from the Armata, but in a stark calm met with twenty-five sail, of which eighteen were the best gallies the great Turk could make in all his fleet. These crying out, in derision, that they would eat English beef for dinner, fell upon him, wanting no assurance, being assisted with the stillness of the air, and their own strength and number. But for all this confidence they missed their aim, for after a long and sharp encounter, the two Bassas that commanded were killed, with 1,500 to accompany them; and, besides the many that were wounded, the whole squadron was so shattered, that they had hardly oars to get off, and were all unfit to serve, at least for that year. The captain had neither wind, sails, nor tackle to follow them; but with much ado, he yet afterwards came safe to Candie, and there presented to the general a whole ton of salted heads of those he had killed, in their own boarding. His excellency was astonished at the thing, and after all the carcsses imaginable, he acquainted the senate with it; who with universal consent, ordered him a chain and medal of gold, as a testimony of their high esteem, and his own commendable valour. Middleton afterwards died on his journey home, leaving a son who commands here a ship, and is very well esteemed by all the nobility for his resolution and conduct."—*From the Antiquarian Repertory, published in* 1775.

GLENDALOUGH.

(FROM A PICTURE BY CRESWICK.)

There is, for the most part, a striking contrast in the situation of monastic edifices in England and Ireland. Both, indeed, study seclusion; but while the builders of the former delighted to shelter themselves in some green dale, overshadowed with woods and animated by a sparkling trout stream, the latter seem to have sought out the remotest and gloomiest recesses of the mountains. Nowhere is this taste more remarkably displayed than at Glendalough, or "The Seven Churches."

If the tourist has rambled about the cheerful and lovely scenery of the county of Wicklow, and comes suddenly upon this seat of monastic seclusion, he is arrested by its extraordinary and almost unearthly sadness. The gayest cannot resist the peculiar influence, but are overshadowed, when within its precincts, with the genius of the place. It is a dark, still nook, among desolate and shapeless mountains, of dun green and purple moss, streaked with dim silver gleams of distant waterfalls and torrents. Clouds and mists generally brood over it, and increase, by their ghostly shadows, the natural melancholy of the place. But even in the brightest day it is cold and corpse-like. Two lakes slumber beneath the shadow of a range of jagged, overhanging precipices. On a gently rising ground above these Lethean waters is a group of monastic buildings, among which repose the ancient Irish kings and priests. No wonder that it is regarded with awe. Black shapeless fragments, crypts and vaults half-buried in spongy moss, prostrate tombstones, dim traces of surrounding walls, are, like some half-withered scroll, full of momentous meaning, to unravel the sense of which defies the power of the antiquary. A small stream creeps sluggishly out of the sullen waters of the lake, through a festering morass, beneath the mouldering ruins. From their centre arises one of those tall and massive round towers, peculiar, so far as is known, to Ireland. There is not a green and living tree to relieve the skeleton-like bareness of the ruins—only a withered yew or two of great antiquity throw forth their weird and whitening branches among the tombs. Such is the valley of Glendalough—a place which, like certain dark sinister countenances we sometimes fall in with, once seen, it is not to be forgotten.

Yet this dismal spot was once an oasis in the desert. St. Coemgar, or Kevin, the patron saint of Glendalough, is one of those remarkable figures that appear in early monastic history surrounded by a legendary halo; who, like Macarius in Egypt, or St. Saba in Palestine, led into the wilderness crowds of devoted disciples in those dreary ages when asceticism was a passion and a refuge. According to the "Monasticon Hibernicum," this holy personage founded the Abbey of Glendalough in the fifth century. Soon after the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, his extraordinary piety and virtue, no less than the numerous miracles wrought by him, drew multitudes from towns and cities, from ease and affluence, from the cares and avocations of civil life, and from the comforts and joys of society, to be spectators of his pious acts and sharers in his merits. This influence extended to Britain, and induced St. Mochuorog to repair thither, and build a cell on the east side of Glendalough, where a city soon sprang up, and a cemetery was founded, from whence were sent forth many saints and exemplary men, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the western world that universal light of letters and religion which, in the earlier ages, shone so resplendently throughout this remote, and at that time tranquil isle, and were almost exclusively confined to it.

Of this monastic city the authentic annals have perished, and marvellous traditions have usurped their place. There are some recesses in our Lady's Church, in which women who desire to become matrons are recommended to turn round three times. Faith is said to work wonders here. Here, too, is a window where, while St. Kevin was praying with outstretched hand, a blackbird descended and deposited her eggs therein. The saint, moved with compassion, remained in the same position till they were hatched. Scattered about are certain stones, which, as affirmed by those apparently above such childishness, were formerly loaves. Such is a sample of the superstitions which yet linger in Ireland, and which are not altogether confined to the vulgar. At a pilgrimage in the west of Connemara, to a holy well and cave, we were surprised to see a beautiful young woman of the rank of the gentry, clad in most unexceptionable style of elegance, but without either shoes or stockings, her fair feet bruised and lacerated, and black with bog-stains, having toiled in this plight up one of the most rugged paths in that rugged country, to fulfil a certain vow. These superstitions, it is but fair to say, are not encouraged by the more enlightened of the Irish priesthood; but, rooted as they are in the popular mind, they subsist in spite of them.

Of the traditions of Glendalough, the most poetically appropriate to its gloomy situation is that connected with St. Kevin's bed. This is a small cave, hollowed in the face of the perpendicular crag overhanging the lake, attainable only by a difficult, and, indeed, somewhat perilous pathway. This tradition has formed the subject of Moore's Irish melody, commencing,—

> "By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never wanders o'er," &c.

St. Kevin, who was, it seems, a very beautiful saint, had captivated the heart of a high-born maiden, named Kathleen.—

> "She had loved him well and long,
> Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong,
> Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
> Still he heard her light foot nigh.
> East or west, where'er he turn'd,
> Still her eyes before him burn'd."

To escape the dangerous importunity of her pursuit, the young anchorite concealed himself in this almost inaccessible cave; but the eager eye of love discovered

his retreat. Awaking from his uneasy slumber on the flinty couch, he beheld the fair, the too seductive Kathleen, bending over him, and bathed in passionate tears. Terrified, perhaps, for his struggling virtue, he averted his eyes, and with instant and desperate resolution, hurled the tempter into the lake below. Remorseful for this cruel, though necessary sacrifice, he preferred a prayer to Heaven that no other mortal might find a grave in those funeral waters—a prayer that the surrounding peasantry firmly believe was granted. We may well say, at least, of this pathetic legend, "*Si non è vero, è ben trovato.*"

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

Aug. 1*st.*—Mr. Agnew sayd to me this morning, somewhat gravelie, "I observe, cousin, you seem to consider yourselfe the victim of circumstances." "And am I not?" I replied. "No," he answered, "circumstance is a false god, unrecognised by the Christian, who contemns him, though a stubborn yet a profitable servant."—"That may be alle very grand for a man to doe," I sayd. Very grand, but very feasible, for a woman as well as a man," rejoined Mr. Agnew, "and we shall be driven to the wall alle our lives, unless we have this victorious struggle with circumstances. I seldom allude, cousin, to yours, which are almoste too delicate for me to meddle with; and yet I hardlie feele justified in letting soe many opportunities escape. Do I offend? or may I go on?—Onlie think, then, how voluntarilie you have placed yourself in your present uncomfortable situation. The tree cannot resist yᵉ graduall growth of yᵉ moss upon it; but you might, anie day, anie hour, have freed yourself from the equallie graduall formation of yᵉ net that has enclosed you at last. You entered too hastilie into your firste—nay, let that pass,—you gave too shorte a triall of your new home before you became disgusted with it. Admit it to have beene dull, even unhealthfulle, were you justified in forsaking it at a month's end? But your husband gave you leave of absence, though obtayned on false pretences.—When you found them to be false, should you not have cleared yourself to him of knowledge of yᵉ deceit? Then your leave, soe obtayned, expired—shoulde you not have returned then?—Your health and spiritts were recruited; your husband wrote to reclaim you—shoulde you not have returned then? He provided an escort, whom your father beat and drove away.—If you had insisted on going to your husband, might you not have gone *then?* Oh, cousin, you dare not look up to heaven and say you have been yᵉ victim of circumstances."

I made no answer; onlie felt much moven, and very angrie. I sayd, "If I wished to goe back, Mr. Milton woulde not receive me now."

(1) Continued from p. 77.

"Will you try?" sayd Roger. "Will you but let me try? Will you let me write to him?"

I had a mind to say "Yes."—Insteade, I answered "No."

"Then there's an end," cried he sharplie. "Had you made but one fayre triall, whether successfulle or noe, I coulde have been satisfied—no, not satisfied, but I woulde have esteemed you, coulde have taken your part. As it is, the less I say just now, perhaps, the better. Forgive me for having spoken at alle."

——Afterwards, I hearde him say to Rose of me, "I verilie believe there is nothing in her on which to make a permanent impression. I verilie think she loves everie one of those long curls of hers more than she loves Mr. Milton."

(Note:—I will cut them two inches shorter to-night. And they will grow all yᵉ faster.)

. . . . Oh, my sad heart, Roger Agnew hath pierced you at last.

I was moved, more than he thought, by what he had sayd in yᵉ morning; and, in writing down yᵉ heads of his speech, to kill time, a kind of resentment at myselfe came over me, unlike to what I had ever felt before; in spite of my folly about my curls. Seeking for some trifle in a bag that had not been shaken out since I brought it from London, out tumbled a key with curious wards—I knew it at once for one that belonged to a certayn algum-wood casket Mr. Milton had recourse to dailie, because he kept small change in it; and I knew not I had brought it away! 'Twas worked in grotesque, the casket, by Benvenuto, for Clement the Seventh, who for some reason woulde not have it; and soe it came somehow to Clementillo, who gave it to Mr. Milton. Thought I, how uncomfortable the loss of this key must have made him! he must have needed it a hundred times! even if he hath bought a new casket, I will for it he habituallie goes agayn and agayn to yᵉ old one, and then he remembers that he lost yᵉ key the same day that he lost his wife. I heartilie wish he had it back. Ah, but he feels not the one loss as he feels the other. Nay, but it is as well that one of them, tho' yᵉ lesser, shoulde be repaired. 'Twill shew signe of grace, my thinking of him, and may open yᵉ way, if God wills, to some interchange of kindnesse, however fleeting.

Soe I soughte out Mr. Agnew, tapping at his studdy doore. He sayd, "Come in," drylie enoughe; and there were he and Rose reading a letter. I sayd, "I want you to write for me to Mr. Milton." He gave a sour look, as much as to say he disliked yᵉ office; which threw me back, as 'twere; he having soe lately proposed it himself. Rose's eyes, however, dilated with sweete pleasure, as she lookt from one to yᵉ other of us.

"Well,—I fear 'tis too late," sayd he at length reluctantlie, I mighte almost say grufflie,—"what am I to write?"

"To tell him I have this kèy," I made answer faltering.

"That key!" cried he.

"Yes, the key of his algum-wood casket, which I knew not I had, and which I think he must miss dailie."

He lookt at me with yᵉ utmost impatience. "And is that alle?" he sayd.

"Yes, alle," I sayd trembling.

"And have you nothing more to tell him?" sayd he.

"No—" after a pause, I replyed. Rose's countenance fell.

"Then you must ask some one else to write for you, Mrs. Milton," burste forthe Roger Agnew, "unless you choose to write for yourself. I have neither part nor lot in it."

I burste forthe into teares.

—"No, Rose, no," repeated Mr. Agnew, putting aside his wife, who woulde have interceded for me,—"her teares have noe effect on me now—they proceed, not from a contrite heart, they are yᵉ tears of a child that cannot brook to be chidden for the waywardnesse in which it persists."

"You doe me wrong everie way," I sayd; "I came to you willing and desirous to doe what you yourselfe woulde, this morning, have had me doe."

"But in how strange a way!" cried he. "At a time when anie renewal of your intercourse requires to be conducted with yᵉ utmost delicacy, and even with more shew of concession on your part than, an hour ago, I should have deemed needfulle,—to propose an abrupt, trivial communication about an old key!"

"It needed not to have beene abrupt," I sayd, "nor yet trivial; for I meant it to have beene exprest kindlie."

"You said not that before," answered he.

"Because you gave me not time.—Because you chid me and frightened me."

He stood silent, some while, upon this; grave, yet softer, and mechanicallie playing with yᵉ key, which he had taken from my hand. Rose looking in his face anxiouslie. At lengthe, to disturbe his reverie, she playfully tooke it from him, saying, in school-girl phrase,

"This is the key of the kingdom!"

"Of the kingdom of heaven, it mighte be!" exclaimed Roger, "if we knew how to use it arighte! If we knew but how to fit it to yᵉ wards of Milton's heart!—there's the difficultie . . . . a greater one, poor Moll, than you know; for hithertoe, alle yᵉ reluctance has been on your part. But now . . . ."

"What now?" I anxiouslie askt.

"We were talking of you but as you rejoyned us," sayd Mr. Agnew, "and I was telling Rose that hithertoe I had considered the onlie obstacle to a reunion arose from a false impression of your own, that Mr. Milton coulde not make you happy. But now I have beene led to yᵉ conclusion that you cannot make *him* soe, which increases the difficultie."

After a pause, I sayd, "What makes you think soe?"

"You and he have made me think soe," he replyed. "First for yourself, dear Moll, putting aside for a time the consideration of your youth, beauty, franknesse, mirthfullenesse, and a certayn girlish drollerie and mischiefe that are all very well in fitting time and place,—what remains in you for a mind like John Milton's to repose upon? what stabilitie? what sympathie? what steadfast principle? You take noe pains to apprehend and relish his favourite pursuits; you care not for his wounded feelings, you consult not his interests, anie more than your owne duty. Now, is such the character to make Milton happy?"

"No one can answer that but himself," I replyed, deeplie mortyfide.

"Well,—he *has* answered it," sayd Mr. Agnew, taking up yᵉ letter he and Rose had beene reading when I interrupted them. . . "You must know, cousin, that his and my close friendship hath beene a good deal interrupted by this matter. 'Twas under my roof you met. Rose had imparted to me much of her earlie interest in you. I fancied you had good dispositions which, under masterlie trayning, would ripen into noble principles; and therefore promoted your marriage as far as my interest with your father had weight. I own I was surprised at his easilie obtayned consent. . . but, that *you*, once domesticated with such a man as John Milton, shoulde find your home uninteresting, your affections free to stray back to your owne family, was what I had never contemplated."

Here I made a show of taking the letter, but he held it back.

"No, Moll, you disappointed us everie way. And, for a time, Rose and I were ashamed, *for* you rather than of you, that we left noe means neglected of trying to preserve your place in your husband's regard. But you did not bear us out; and then he beganne to take it amisse that we upheld you. Soe then, after some warm and cool words, our correspondence languished; and hath but now beene renewed."

"He has written us a most kind condolence," interrupted Rose, "on the death of our baby."

"Yes, most kindlie, most nobly exprest," sayd Mr. Agnew; "but what a conclusion!"

And then, after this long preamble, he offered me the letter, yᵉ beginning of which, tho' doubtlesse well enough, I marked not, being impatient to reach yᵉ latter part; wherein I found myself spoken of soe bitterlie, soe harshlie, as that I too plainly saw Roger Agnew had not beene beside yᵉ mark when he decided I could never make Mr. Milton happy. Payned and wounded feeling made me lay aside yᵉ letter without profferiug another word, and retreat without soe much as a sigh or a sob into mine own chamber; but noe longer could yᵉ restraynt be maintained. I fell to weeping soe passionatelie that Rose prayed to come in, and condoled with me, and advised me, soe as that at length my weeping bated, and I promised to return below when I shoulde have bathed mine eyes and smoothed my hair; but I have not gone down yet.

Bed time.—I think I shall send to father to have me home at y[e] beginning of next week. Rose needes me not, now; and it cannot be pleasant to Mr. Agnew to see my sorrowfulle face about y[e] house. His reproofe and my husband's together have riven my heart; I think I shall never laugh agayn, nor smile but after a piteous sorte; and soe people will cease to love me, for there is nothing in me of a graver kind to draw their affection; and soe I shall lead a moping life unto y[e] end of my dayes.

—Luckilie for me, Rose hath much sewing to doe; for she hath undertaken with great energie her labours for y[e] poore, and consequentlie spends less time in her husband's studdy; and, as I help her to y[e] best of my means, my sewing hides my lack of talking, and Mr. Agnew reads to us such books as he deems entertayning; yet, half y[e] time, I hear not what he reads. Still, I did not deeme so much amusement could have beene found in books; and there are some of his, that, if not soe cumbrous, I woulde fain borrow.

Friday.—I have made up my mind now, that I shall never see Mr. Milton more; and am resolved to submitt to it without another tear.

Rose sayd, this morning, she was glad to see me more composed; and soe am I; but never was more miserable.

Saturday night.—Mr. Agnew's religious services at y[e] end of the week have alwaies more than usuall matter and meaninge in them. They are neither soe drowsy as those I have beene for manie years accustomed to at home, nor soe wearisome as to remind me of y[e] Puritans. Were there manie such as he in our church, soe faithfulle, fervent, and thoughtfulle, methinks there would be fewer schismaticks; but still there woulde be some, because there are alwaies some that like to be y[e] uppermost.

. . . To-nighte, Mr. Agnew's prayers went straight to my heart; and I privilie turned sundrie of his generall petitions into particular ones, for myself and Robin, and also for Mr. Milton. This gave such unwonted relief, that since I entered into my closet, I have repeated the same particularlie; one request seeming to grow out of another, till I remained I know not how long on my knees, and will bend them yet agayn, ere I go to bed.

How sweetlie y[e] moon shines through my casement to-night! I am almoste avised to accede to Rose's request of staying here to y[e]. end of the month:—everie thing here is soe peacefulle; and Forest Hill is dull, now Robin is away.

Sunday evening.—How blessed a sabbath!—Can it be, that I thought, onlie two days back, I shoulde never know peace agayn? Joy I may not, but peace I can and doe. And yet nought hath amended y[e] unfortunate condition of mine affairs; but a different colouring is caste upon them—the Lord grant that it may last! How hath it come soe, and how may it be preserved? This morn, when I awoke, 'twas with a sense of relief such as we have when we miss some wearying bodilie payn; a feeling as though I had beene forgiven, yet not by Mr. Milton, for I knew he had not forgiven me. Then, it must be, I was forgiven by God; and why? I had done nothing to get his forgivenesse, only presumed on his mercy to ask manie things I had noe right to expect. And yet I felt I *was* forgiven. Why then mighte not Mr. Milton some day forgive me? Should y[e] debt of ten thousand talents be cancelled, and not y[e] debt of a hundred pence? Then I thought on that same word, talents; and considered, had I ten, or even one? Decided to consider it at leisure, more closelie, and to make over to God henceforthe, be they ten, or be it one. Then, dressed with much composure, and went down to breakfast.

Having marked that Mr. Agnew and Rose affected not companie on this day, spent it chieflie by myself, except at church and meal-times; partlie in my chamber, partlie in y[e] garden bowre by the bee-hives. Made manie resolutions, which, in church, I converted into prayers and promises. Hence, my holy peace.

Monday.—Rose proposed, this morning, we shoulde resume our studdies. Felt loath to comply, but did soe neverthelesse, and afterwards we walked manie miles, to visit some poor folk. This evening, Mr. Agnew read us y[e] prologue to the Canterbury Tales. How lifelike are y[e] portraitures! I mind me that Mr. Milton shewed me y[e] Talbot Inn, that day we crost the river with Mr. Marvell.

Tuesday.—How heartilie do I wish I had never read that same letter!—or rather, that it had never beene written. Thus it is, even with our wishes. We think ourselves reasonable in wishing some small thing were otherwise, which it were quite as impossible to alter as some great thing. Neverthelesse I cannot help fretting over y[e] remembrance of that part wherein he spake such bitter things of my "most ungoverned passion for revellings and junketings." Sure, he would not call my life too merrie now, could he see me lying wakefulle on my bed, could he see me preventing y[e] morning watch, could he see me at my prayers, at my books, at my needle. . . . . He shall find he hath judged too hardlie of poor Moll, even yet.

Wednesday.—Took a cold dinner in a basket with us to-day, and ate our rusticall repast on y[e] skirt of a wood, where we could see y[e] squirrels at theire gambols. Mr. Agnew lay on y[e] grass, and Rose took out her knitting, whereat he laught, and sayd she was like y[e] Dutch women, that must knit, whether mourning or feasting, and even on y[e] Sabbath. Having laught her out of her work, he drew forth Mr. George Herbert's poems, and read us a strayn which pleased Rose and me soe much, that I shall copy it herein, to have always by me.

"How fresh, oh Lord; how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as y[e] flowers in spring,
To which, beside theire owne demesne,
The late pent frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away like snow in May,
As if there were noe such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Woulde have recovered greenness? it was gone
Quite underground, as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,
Where they together, alle y[e] hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house alone.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven, in an hour,
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss 'this or that is;'
Thy word is alle, if we could spell.

Oh that I once past changing were!
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flowers can wither;
Manie a spring I shoot up faire,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither,
Nor doth my flower want a spring shower,
My sins and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were my own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline.—
What frost to that? What pole is not y[e] zone
Where alle things burn, when thou dost turn,
And y[e] least frown of thine is shewn?

And now, in age, I bud agayn,
After soe manie deaths, I bud and write,
I once more smell the dew and rain
And relish versing! Oh my onlie light!
It cannot be that I am he
On whom thy tempests fell alle night?

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which, when we once can feel and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more, swelling their store,
Forfeit their Paradise by theire pride."

Thursday.—Father sent over Diggory with a letter for me from deare Robin: alsoe, to ask when I was minded to return home, as mother wants to goe to Sandford. Fixed the week after next; but Rose says I must be here agayn at y[e] apple-gathering. Answered Robin's letter. He looketh not for choyce of fine words; nor noteth an error here and there in y[e] spelling.

A FEW NOTES ON LORD BACON'S ESSAYS.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

It may happen to any reader of this magazine, as it has happened to the writer of this article, to be left alone some fine day with an old-fashioned book, in a genuine old-fashioned garb—an unpromising looking volume, picked up possibly at some old book-stall many years before. Let us imagine, for instance, that he has taken up—not in the shape of a modern reprint, but in their original form and antique dress—"The Essays or Councils, Civil and Moral, of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam," &c., wherein are embodied the practical information and experience of one of England's wisest men, and which, says their illustrious author, in the dedication to the Duke of Buckingham, "of all my other works, have been the most current, for that, as it seems, they come home to men's business and bosoms."

From the attentive perusal of such a work, in a place and period favourable to contemplation and reflection, there are few persons who would not manage to bring away something—some useful maxim, some genial thought, some wholesome truth, or expressive metaphor. We must also remember that these Essays are the personal discourses of a man who "sounded all the depths and shoals of honour;" and whose life was often strangely at variance with much that he taught and thought.

It appears impossible to identify the author of the "Novum Organon, or, the Advancement of Learning," with the bribed and perjured chancellor, the false friend and unprincipled courtier, whom a great poet has not unhappily characterised as

"The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind."

In the estimation of the world, and in the scale of moral desert, few men have ever risen so high or sunk so low. He had been endowed by nature with a mind of the highest intellectual compass. It united, in rare perfection, the subtilty of the lawyer with the excursiveness of the poet; it could grasp at the broadest principles and grapple with the minutest details. His remarkable sagacity was recognised by his contemporaries; his ready eloquence surprised them into admiration. "No man," says rare Ben Jonson, "ever spake more neatly, more prestly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke." From no tongue or pen, indeed, has the English language ever flowed more fluently or musically. Even the strains of courtly adulation that occasionally fell from his lips were dignified by singular grace and beauty. Opening at random a volume of the State Trials, and lighting on what is called "The great case of Impositions," in the fourth year of the reign of James I. we meet with the following graceful sentences in a speech attributed to Bacon when presenting the petition of the Commons against certain grievances. "Only this, excellent sovereign, let not the sound of grievances, though it be sad, seem harsh to your princely ears. It is but *gemitus columbæ*, the mourning of a dove, with that patience and humility of heart which appertaineth to loving and loyal subjects. And far be it from us but that in the midst of the scene of our grievances we should remember and acknowledge the infinite benefits which by your majesty, next under God, we do enjoy; which bind us to wish unto your life fulness of days, and unto your line royal a succession and continuance even unto the world's end." The political evils and social condition of Ireland were, on another occasion, delineated by Bacon in language so dignified, so eloquent, and in some respects so

applicable to present circumstances, that we make no apology for quoting it. "Your majesty accepted my poor *field fruits* touching the Union; but let me assure you that England, Scotland, and Ireland, well united, will be a trefoil worthy to be worn in your crown. She is blessed with all the dowries of nature, and with a race of generous and noble people; but the hand of man doth not unite with the hand of nature. The harp of Ireland is not strung to concord. It is not attuned with the harp of David in casting out the evil spirit of dissension, nor with the harp of Orpheus in casting out desolation and barbarism."

But this is not the place to dwell upon Lord Bacon's political and forensic eloquence. It will be remarked of him that he was one of those men who, whilst engaged in the pursuits of an arduous profession, and by common consent one of its most distinguished members, found time for *everything*. In our own day we have had an instance of a chancellor, distinguished by some eccentricities, but no less distinguished by his varied acquirements, who has given another singular example of how much may be done by a single individual in the most opposite pursuits and at the busiest seasons. To quote a saying, trite but true, "it is generally the idle man that complains of want of time;" and worse than foolish is the popular fallacy that the law, or any other profession or pursuit, must so far absorb the individual's whole attention as to preclude the possibility of excellences in any other walk. But to return. Bacon's intellect was too capacious to be bound by pedantic rules. In nearly every department of human knowledge, he was not merely an assiduous student but an acute discoverer. In his twofold character of lawyer and philosopher many admirable eulogiums have been passed upon him. One of the most curious is from the pen of Abraham Cowley. In a copy of verses addressed by that poet to the Royal Society, we find Lord Bacon thus described. It furnishes us with a curious specimen of the elaborate conceits for which Cowley was so famous.

> "Bacon at last, a mighty man arose,
> Whom a wise king and nature chose
> Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
> And boldly undertook the injured pupil's cause.
> From the long errors of the way
> In which our wand'ring predecessors went,
> And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
> In deserts but of small extent,
> Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
> The barren wilderness he past,
> Did on the very border stand
> Of the blest promised land,
> And from the mountain-top of his exalted wit,
> Saw it himself and show'd us it."

Bacon's philosophy may, perhaps, be said to savour more of utilitarianism than the world generally allows to be good. He would make men virtuous by showing that it is their *interest* to be so: he constantly appeals to the selfish side of human nature. We do not attribute this peculiarity to any defect in moral or intellectual vision. We believe on the whole he adopted the wisest course, and took the directest means to render his lessons permanently and practically useful. Experience has shown the expediency of setting the interests of mankind on the side of virtue.

There is no aphorism, for instance, of more general use, or that has exercised a more salutary influence on human concerns than the homely adage, that "honesty is the best *policy*." When it has become understood that there is something mean and despicable in duplicity and dishonesty, and that they are in the long run unprofitable, the wavering and weak-hearted are often forced into the paths of probity from motives of personal convenience. Dumont has related of Mirabeau, that, irritated one day at the bad faith of Madame Jay, he exclaimed, "Madame, if probity did not exist we ought to invent it, as the best means of getting rich." And Bacon in his "Essay on Truth," (the first in the volume,) has admirably said, "To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those who practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver coin, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely on the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that does so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious." Those who wish to take a lesson on politic dealing will do well to study the sixth Essay, "On Simulation and Dissimulation;" wherein it is truly affirmed "that it is the weaker sort of politics that are the great dissemblers;" and that "the ablest men that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity." The student of history, and the close observer of human life in all its varied phases, might call to mind a hundred instances that would serve to illustrate these pithy texts. But let us pass to another subject. One of the most eloquent and interesting of these Essays is that on friendship. "The communicating of a man's self to a friend," says Bacon, "works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his grief to his friend but he grieveth the less." And how beautifully has he enumerated some of the more delicate offices of friendship! "How many things are there which a man cannot with any face or comeliness say or do himself? a man can scarcely allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them. A man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations, which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms. Whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it suiteth with the person." There are few men to whom the idea of solitude—of being cut off from the sympathy and society of others—is not beyond

measure appalling. It is said, by Zimmerman, that "those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody." And what is solitude? "But little do men perceive," says Bacon, in the commencement of the Essay above cited, "what solitude is and how far it extends; for a crowd is not company, and *faces are but a gallery of pictures*, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a letter, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo;* because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly, that is a mere and miserable solitude to want friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity."

It would be easy to produce instances in which the thoughts of Bacon have been appropriated and reproduced by others without acknowledgment. Southey, in his "Omniana," has quoted with approbation an epigram by Richard Flecknoe, the unhappy object of Dryden's piercing satire. It is addressed to a miser, and runs thus:—

"Money's like muck, that profiteth the while
It serves for manuring of some fruitful soil;
But on a barren one like thee, methinks,
'Tis like a dunghill that lies still and stinks."

In Bacon's Essay on "Seditions and Troubles," this idea occurs in illustration of a profound and sagacious observation:—"Above all things good policy is to be used, that the treasure and moneys in a state be not gathered into few hands. For otherwise a state may have great stock and yet starve. *And money is like muck, not good except it be spread.*"

In Mr. J. P. Bayley's remarkable dramatic poem of Festus, we remember to have met with three lines, which we cannot refrain from quoting as a beautiful paraphrase of the first sentence in Bacon's Essay on "Youth and Age:"—"A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely."

"We should count time by heart-throbs. He lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest."

Like Shakspeare, Bacon was an acute observer of the commonest circumstances of life, and he often surprises us with an original illustration of transcendent force and beauty. Thus in his Essay, "Of Adversity," he has this striking simile:—"Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtues."

In the Essay, "Of Marriage and Single Life," are many shrewd sentences which have been rendered familiar by frequent citation. "He that hath wife and children," it begins, "hath given hostages to Fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief." We know that it has been said of Michael Angelo that he eschewed matrimony on the ground that he "had married his art;" and that immersed in the toils of office, at the most perilous crisis in modern history, the younger Pitt is reported to have made a similar avowal, by stating that "he had taken his country to wife." These two memorable instances in some degree confirm the observation that follows:—"Certainly the best works, and of the greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public." The following remarks, if not altogether just, are curious and highly characteristic of the author's style of thought and expression:—"Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen; *for Charity will hardly water the ground when it must first fill a pool.* . . . Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question, When a man should marry? A young man not yet, an elder man not at all."

In most of Lord Bacon's maxims there is that happy union of shrewd common sense and elegance of diction which recommends them at once to the attention of the politician and man of business, and insures their insertion in the common-place book of the student. We are constantly surprised at finding so much good sense packed into so small a compass. To the man of large possessions, for example, he finely says—"I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, *impedimenta;* for, as the baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared, or left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory." "Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. . . And defer not charities till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than of his own." Those in authority he has reminded that, "It is the solecism of power to think to command the *end*, yet not to endure the *means.*" Wordy senators and egotistical statesmen would do well to remember that he has said, that "Long and curious speeches are as fit for dispatch [of business] as a robe or mantle with a long train is for a race;" and that "Prefaces, and passages, and excusations, and other speeches of reference to the person are great wasters of time, and though they seem to proceed of modesty, they are bravery. . . To chuse

time is to save time, and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air." In these days, when emigration on an extended scale is so generally looked to as the most efficacious means of relieving the distress and extending the resources of the mother country, we think it peculiarly appropriate to refer to the enlarged and noble notions of colonization entertained by Lord Bacon. "Plantations," says he, "are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. . . Planting of countries is like planting of woods; for you must make account to lose almost twenty years profit, and expect your recompense in the end. For the principal thing that has been the destruction of most plantations, has been the base and hasty drawing of profit in the first years. It is true, speedy profit is not to be neglected, as far as may stand with the good of the plantation, but no further. It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of the people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary; and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation. The people with whom you plant ought to be gardeners, ploughmen, labourers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks, and bakers."

At the time that Bacon wrote, the English language may be said to have attained its greatest force and purity. In Shakspeare's latest dramas, in the authorized version of the Scriptures, and in Lord Bacon's prose writings, we shall find its richness, nervousness, and elegance displayed in their highest perfection. We might give numerous examples of vivid word-painting, of forcible and appropriate rhetoric, from the volume on which we have been commenting. In the Essay on "Death," we have this noble passage: "It is worth the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but that it *mates and masters* the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death, Love slights it, Honour aspireth to it, Grief flieth to it, Fear preoccupieth it." In the Essay on "Goodness, and Goodness of Nature," we have another fine example of Bacon's rich and pointed rhetoric:—"The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash."

There is another pleasing feature in this volume to which we must briefly refer; and it is this, that in the midst of the gravest speculations and instructions, the personal predilections and domestic tastes of the man occasionally peep out, and evidence his keen and wholesome relish for the simplest and purest pleasures. The following remarks on the "Garden" must, we think, have been written in one of those periods of rural retirement which the busy lawyer knows so well how to appreciate:—

"God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks. . . I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season. . . And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (*where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music*), than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are flowers tenacious of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell as they grow; rosemary little, nor sweet-marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide." We must not, however, proceed with the catalogue; we have quoted enough to illustrate our remarks, and we cannot help thinking it a happy coincidence that the greatest poet and the greatest prose-writer of the nation should have displayed the same sensitive appreciation of floral beauty. When we first read this beautiful Essay, we were more than once reminded of that charming description of spring-flowers in the "Winter's Tale:"

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold ox-lips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

We must here take leave of these admirable "Counsels." We have felt a sincere pleasure in paying homage to the lofty genius which has rendered such practical service to mankind—to the poet-philosopher who has earned so distinguished a place among those *true* patriots and benefactors of their country, whose mission and whose privileges it has been—

"To shed great thoughts,
As easily as the oak looseneth its golden leaves
In liberal largess to the soil it grew on."—*Festus.*

THE SETTLERS SETTLED;
OR, PAT CONNOR AND HIS TWO MASTERS.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

PART. II.—THE PURCHASE.

AFTER having purchased some plain but respectable furniture, Charles and Arthur thought it was necessary to think about organizing their household, and very prudently commenced inquiring for a steady English widow or maiden, not too young nor too comely, to take the management of the indoor work, and a stout, honest, industrious labouring man, English also; for uncle Philipson was very positive on this head, as he had a strong prejudice against Irish or American servants, if one of his own countrymen could be procured; but, after much delay and disappointment, Charles was obliged to content himself with two Irish servants, neither English nor Scotch offering. The female was a tall, thin, erect figure, of grave and starch aspect and reserved manners,—a widow, the mother of a grown-up son. Her age she stated to be five-and-thirty; had she added fifteen to the sum, Charles thought she might have come within the mark; but her age was a decided point, he considered, in her favour. Mrs. Gibbons could make Johnny cake and other cakes; was a famous compounder of "suppome" (a sort of porridge made from Indian meal, somewhat resembling the Italian polenta); no one could surpass her in the concocting of oatmeal porridge, or oaten cake; she understood the manufacture of every kind of barm, or rising, under the sun; she could make hop yeast and salt rising, milk rising, and bran empings (*i.e.* barm made from bran, salt, and water). She could make vinegar out of anything, and pickles out of everything, without the least fear of any one suspecting, from their verdure, that they had been boiled in brass or copper to improve their greenness. She was an adept in making hard soap as well as soft—maple sugar and molasses; in short, her accomplishments in the culinary department were endless, and only equalled by her skill in spinning, knitting, and quilting. Charles and Arthur looked upon her as a second Dorcas, and blessed themselves for their good fortune in having secured the services, at the low rate of four dollars per month, of so worthy a housekeeper—a very mirror of matronly discretion and prudence—a very widow, indeed, that promised to be a perfect economical treasure to these youthful bachelors. Even uncle Philipson applauded the wise choice they had made in selecting so worthy and useful a person, albeit she was an Irishwoman.

In hiring a man-servant the Windhams had to consider the expediency of taking a person into their service who knew something of the work of a Canadian settler's farm; and though they did hear of one or two Englishmen, yet they were as new to the country as themselves, and totally unfit to enter at once upon the management of a bush-farm, having no more experience in the ways of the country than they had themselves. Besides, they seemed to have imbibed very extravagant notions of their own importance, which not a little disgusted the two aristocratical young gentlemen. While they were deliberating about the expediency of advertising their wants in a local paper, they were accosted in Mr. ———'s store by a good-humoured young Irishman, who offered his services with so much address, and apparent honesty of purpose, that, in spite of his being a Catholic and speaking in a strong Cork brogue, Charles made a bargain with this son of green Erin, at ten dollars per month and his board; and, having heard a good character of him from the storekeeper, the matter was settled, and Pat Connor was installed that very day as servant-of-all-work in the house of his masters.

Pat Connor had the honour, as he termed it, of driving out that worthy lady, Mrs. Gibbons, and a goodly load of household stores, with the new furniture, bedding, and cooking utensils. Many ceremonious compliments passed between these two originals, who "Sir'd" and "Ma'am'd" each other in the most comical manner; so absurd, indeed, were the terms of respect they made use of in speaking to one another, that Charles and Arthur imagined Pat was making game of the widow, and reproved him somewhat sternly for annoying her.

"Throth and sure, and is it the likes of her you would be spaking wid, and not saying, Ma'am dear, to her?" was Pat's reply. "And isn't it the dacent widder lady that she is?"

And when the Windhams saw how graciously all Pat's blarney was received and responded to, they began to be convinced that it was all in sober seriousness, and quite according to Irish ideas of etiquette in Canada.

Pat and Mrs. Gibbons soon made the interior of the old log-house look quite comfortable—though it had to undergo a thorough whitewashing and plastering outside and in, as much of the old clay had fallen from between the logs; but Pat made no difficulties—he made plaster with clay and lime beaten together, first burning some blocks of limestone below a log-heap till it was calcined. The house began to assume a different aspect under Pat and his partner's superintendence, only Charles was sometimes a little annoyed by the way in which his man ordered about him—sometimes assuming the tone of a master to even himself and Arthur; however, Pat was certainly very useful—there was no denying it.

Charles and his brother began to fancy, though the price of the land was low for its neighbourhood to a town and market, yet the soil was not quite such as a good practical farmer would have chosen, and had been cropped and cropped till it required to be renewed by manure and long fallowing before it would yield any suitable return, and the fences were old and worthless. The log barn was in a bad condition, the logs having shifted, and the roof was in danger of falling in with any weight of snow that might fall in the ensuing winter. The root-house was in so ruinous

[1] Continued from p. 110.

a state that when Pat removed the broken logs all the rest fell in, and he had a narrow escape of his life. The cellar had to be drained, and finally filled in with earth and stones, as the water rose after heavy rains. A mole plough being a machine which there was no call for among the farmers, was an article not to be procured, and all the Windhams could do was to cut drains across the meadow, to carry off the surface water;—the potatoes, however, were the most pressing thing to plant, and everything had to wait till they were put in, after once the house was "fixed."

Mrs. Gibbons was a real comfort; she was very active for her years, and always doing something—made capital bread and cakes, and was very polite, only too fond of complimenting her young masters on their personal attractions and liberality; and, in spite of her starched aspect, would actually carry on a regular flirtation with Pat, to the surprise of Charles and Arthur, who began to suspect the widow had some matrimonial design against Pat Connor; but Pat seemed to insinuate he had other views for himself. One thing did annoy Charles Windham, which was the rapid friendship that Mrs. Gibbons contrived to contract in a short space of time with one of their Yankee neighbours, Mrs. Lee, and her two lack-a-daisical daughters, Miss Corinthia and Miss Celestia. These young ladies were always walking over without their bonnets to borrow some household utensil from Mr. Charles Windham's housekeeper; the washing-board was a fertile excuse—a tin of soft soap, or a little rising for the bread—or just for a walk, or a little bit of a change—or to inquire after Mrs. Gibbons' rheumatism, or Mr. Pat's cold; but they always contrived to loiter till they caught sight of one of the gentlemen of the house, when they gave their heads a little toss, and simpered, and walked off. Borrowing seemed certainly the order of the day; and as by no chance any one in Canada ever thinks of returning the article they borrow, much time was spent in going after it. The wheelbarrow, for one thing, was never at home; it seemed to make its regular rounds.

"Throth, Master Charles, and isn't it the last tooth out of yer honour's head they'd be borrowin', the crayters, if they thought as how it would be av use to them?" said Pat, with a grin, when Charles Windham expressed his indignation at what he thought such an unprincipled breach of faith.

"But they never have the grace to send anything home that they borrow, even when it is lent with strict charge for them to return it."

"Why, Master Charles, you see, they are glad to oblige a neighbour between times; and them sort of folks thinks as how it is all right to make use of your things when they gets the chance."

"Well, then, Pat, I insist upon it that you never lend to those that do not return what they borrow."

"Didn't I say that same, yer honour, to Silas Harris, the ould Yankee,—bad cess to him!—beyant the clearance. And didn't the ould heretic (no offence to your honour!) say it wasn't worth his while to be stepping backwards and forwards all the time,—we could come for the things when we wanted them; they were just as well at his place as ours when we worn't using them?"

Charles laughed disdainfully at Mr. Silas Harris's cool impudence, and told Pat never to lend him any thing at any time, since such were his principles.

One day Charles met his brother looking very much puzzled, and seemingly pondering something over in his mind that he could not fairly make out.

"What are you thinking about, Arthur?" said he. "I hope Miss Celestia or Miss Corinthia have not waylaid you in your walk to-day?"

"Nonsense, Charles! You put one out of humour. Pray, can you tell what a rack is?"

"A rack? To be sure—a sort of manger to put hay or straw in. Why, Arthur, what a question to ask!"

"Well, then, my dear brother, you are quite mistaken, for it cannot be anything of the kind. I met Master Zaccheus Lee running at full speed, and when he saw me, he said, 'Mother has sent me to ask you to lend her a rack, to rack out Jemima Jane's hair with, for 'Lestia, and 'Rinthia, have gone out to tea with father, and have taken the rack with them.'

"I said I never heard of such a machine being used for a young lady's hair, and desired him to tell his mother I had nothing of the kind, excepting what was fixed up in the stable. At this Master Zach. burst into a shout of laughing, and I left him to enjoy his joke, whatever it might be."

Charles was as ignorant as his brother; but Mrs. Gibbons, who was just returning with her pail from milking the cow "Damsel," was not a little astonished that two such nice, clever young gentlemen should not know that a rack was both Irish and Yankee for a large-toothed comb, or "redding comb, as we calls it more properly," she added, "for it's only them low Irish and Yankee folks that calls it a rack"

This solution of the mystery amused the brothers; but as they found there was no end to the trouble and loss of time imposed on them by the borrowing system, they did not make a point of sending Pat or Mrs. Gibbons over with the aforesaid article for the benefit of Miss Jemima Jane, the propriety of which proceeding the obliging widow rather hinted at in the plenitude of her neighbourly friendship for the family.

Not many days after this, Charles Windham was greatly disturbed by finding a bundle containing one of his best fine linen shirts, a dress waistcoat, and some other articles of wearing-apparel, on one of the shelves in the kitchen; and, on inquiring how they happened to be transferred from his drawers to the kitchen, he elicited from Pat Connor that they were to be lent for the evening to young Mr. Asa Lee, who was to be married next day to a neighbouring farmer's daughter, and, having no dress quite grand enough for such an occasion, Mrs. Gibbons—the accommodating, tender-hearted Mrs. Gibbons—had volunteered to procure some of Mr. Arthur or Mr. Charles Windham's

clothes, suitable for the wedding array. Of course, she was to be one of the guests.

This discovery annoyed Charles exceedingly, as he had entertained rather an exalted opinion of the lady's principles of honesty, it being a theme on which she was very eloquent, and great praises had been bestowed on this useful, honest person in the letters written home. When Charles reproached Mrs. Gibbons for the unwarrantable liberty she had taken, she almost laughed in his face, and wondered that he should make so much *work* about so trifling a matter. "Sure, had not both he and Mr. Arthur plenty of dress waistcoats and fine shirts forbye those? and they would not get worn out in one night. Who would be so ill-natured as to refuse anything to a nice, dacent boy, like Asa Lee, and he going to be married and all?"

Charles reminded his conscientious housekeeper that his leave had never been asked in the matter; and added, in a very decided tone, that he would discharge any one of his household who dared to lend his clothes without his permission. Mrs. Gibbons ventured to remonstrate against so unkind a decision, but finding her young master peremptory, went off to her work in no very gracious mood. Not many weeks after this affair, Charles and Arthur were compelled to discharge their paragon of a housekeeper, having detected a quantity of table linen, towels, sheets, and shirts, preparing to walk off, not as a loan, but *a lift*, (Irish for perpetual loan,) to Master Gibbons, the widow's son. They were now left to the tender mercies of Pat Connor and their own resources, as no young woman would venture to engage in the service of two such very young gentlemen. And, for the present, we will leave them to keep house for themselves while we give our readers uncle Philipson's first letter in reply to that of his elder nephew:—

"My dear Nephew,—There is an old saying, and, I think, a wise one—'Fools and their money are soon parted.' What, in the name of common sense, could induce you to buy that mad fellow Tom Walker's farm, before you had even delivered the letters I gave you to the land agent at ——? Now, nephew Charles, I did not take you to be so very dull a fellow as you have proved yourself. Here, by your own account, you have brought 200 acres of land, for which you are to give 200*l.*, it bearing interest, of course. Well, I do not say much of the price; but, by your own description, the land is hilly, and covered with rocks—very picturesque to the eye, but will wheat, or barley, or corn, grow on boulder stones? I trow not, my wise nephew. And then the wear and tear to your plough and cattle in turning the furrows among these stones on these *bold* hills, you do not seem to have calculated upon. The land is evidently poor stony soil, worn out. The creek, of course, is an advantage, but it would have been twice the value if the ground had been level. Then, a word about neighbours:—you have just fixed your dwelling among a set of low fellows that will be only too proud of cheating you; and you were such a fool, begging your pardon, as to buy a pair of breachy oxen, knowing them to be such!—to be an annoyance to your neighbours and a vexation to yourselves. The first loss is the least; for my part I think you had better shoot them both for beef, and buy a pair, as you call it, of horses instead—those horned brutes are only good for beef. I warned you about choosing a healthy spot, and here you have chosen one where the former possessor was driven out of it by three months of ague.

"I dare say that dock has something to do with it; drainage water in the cellar, from the hills, no doubt. Have it looked to at once—health is the first of all blessings. Do not neglect calomel and quinine—vigorously attack the first symptoms of disease.

"As to living in that abominable manner, like an Esquimaux, as Tom did, I will not hear of it. Remember, though misfortune has driven you out to this wild country, you are not compelled to forget that you are civilized beings, the sons of a gentleman and descendants from an old and worthy family, whom you are bound to honour. Let me hear that you have had the house decently furnished, and let me know the cost; but be prudent, and do not throw uncle Philipson's money away too fast. Get a decent man-servant to work the farm—none of your snivelling Yankees. Tom Willis was right, they are all cheats. Query, could you not advertise for an industrious middle-aged negro and his wife—there must be swarms of them so near the States—and let them put you in the way of cultivating tobacco? It would be sure to pay—all the Canadians smoke.

"I have had a severe fit of the gout since you left the Oaks, which has made me a little crusty and out of humour at times. Thank Arthur for his letter—by the by, it was a double sheet, and I think it might all have been put into one foolscap. I did not see anything very new in the description of the St. Lawrence. I have several books on Canada, and they all seem pretty much alike in that respect. However, it was meant well, to amuse me, no doubt. Write soon, for I want to know what you are doing, and how you get on with those breachy oxen and your Yankee neighbours. The best thing you can do will be to have those stones all rolled down the hill or made into fences.[1] By the by, your friend Tom owned the fencing was good for nothing!

"Have your wits about you, boys. All well at home when I was last at the lodge. Yours,

"Charles Philipson.

"P.S. Get a decent English man-servant and his wife, if you cannot meet with the blackees. None of your low Irish. Scotch are next best, but they are sharp fellows after their own interest—do you look to yours. Please make a bonfire of those stools and other trumpery that that mad fellow left you, and get a good cooking-stove, and do not spoil good food by

(1) This advice was part of the written instructions given by a gentleman to his son on coming out to settle in the Backwoods. The plan was not found feasible.

frying, or stewing in a frying-pan. As to that bearish fellow, I think the country well rid of him. Depend on it he knew what he was about in getting a bad bargain off his own hands so easily; he soon found out that he had a pair of greenhorns to deal with; however, there is nothing like experience of one's own earning. I had to pay dearly for it when I was a younker. I am glad Tom got cheated, it served him right. I have not time to write any more, only I wish you would get some long thin India paper, if you can, and say all you have to say on one sheet; I hate double letters, and *crossed* ones I never read.

"Love to Arthur, and tell him the best prospect he could see would be a good crop of stout wheat or oats, instead of his picturesque rocks and tree tops. I could point out fifty follies you have committed in this purchase, but do not wish to put you out of heart. Only remember 'a man may pay too dear for his whistle,' as Franklin says."

Charles and Arthur looked a little blank when they had finished reading uncle Philipson's rather sarcastic epistle, and Arthur somewhat pettishly remarked—"Uncle Philipson is a good and a kind-hearted man, but there is a great deal of the crab mixed up with that apple."

Perhaps the young men were the more annoyed, because they could not but confess they had been rather too much in a hurry in closing the bargain with Tom Walker, and there were many disadvantages they had not foreseen in the land, buildings, and neighbourhood; but, after all, as uncle Philipson said, "There's nothing like experience of one's own buying." As to the negro and tobacco scheme, that they soon found was not feasible; and when they consulted Pat Connor on the stone-fence plan, he vowed that he "wished he could see the ould gentleman with a hand-spike, rowling the big stones down the hills—it would be fine exercise for his worship; but it would take half-a-year's hard work to clear one field, and there was already too much to do;" besides, Pat added the consoling assurance, that if cleared, the land would still produce no crop, as it was little better than a gravel hill. Stones seemed the only crop it was capable of producing. His advice was just to make good the fencing of the best part of the cleared land, manure and work it well, and let alone the worthless rocky hills till better times. After all, there seemed some sense in this, and the Windhams began to perceive that to carry on improvements on an extensive scale required more funds than they could command, or than uncle Philipson would be willing to advance. Money seemed to make to itself wings and fly away. They had cut pretty deeply into what remained of the 200*l.* after paying down the 50*l.* to Tom Walker for the land, eighty dollars for the [illegible]n, twenty for a cow; and then there was furnishing the house, and wages, and provisions, and fifty other things that they had not even calculated upon. As to the wheat crop, it was very little worth; nevertheless, they harvested it in good order, and felt very proud of the achievement.

Charles showed far more industry and energy than Arthur in working on the farm. Arthur's tastes and habits were rather too refined and fastidious for enjoying the mere labour of a Canadian settler's life. The principal work he did was gardening, for which he had great taste; his fondness for shooting, angling, and boating often led him from home, and his pencil and books occupied his leisure—though, as Pat once was heard to remark, "It was a real pity that Master Arthur was so much of a gentleman; it was not the thrade to make money by in Canada, sure it wasn't."

Yet Charles was too fondly attached to his brother to interfere with his favourite pursuits, and oblige him to do hard work, for which his less robust frame seemed unfitted, and Charles was the more indulgent to Arthur, for he feared to disgust him with a settler's life, and make him home-sick, which might have the effect of leaving him without a companion,—a state of things that he did not like to contemplate.

"The summer has passed away very busily, my dear Uncle," wrote Charles. "The wheat is all in the barn, what there is of it; but Pat says there will be less than ten bushels to the acre, when threshed, as the crop had been greatly injured by the inroads of breachy cattle before we could get time to put the fences in order. The grass lands are in a very poor condition, not worth the expense and labour of mowing; indeed the ground is overrun with thistles, dandelions, and hard moss. Pat says, whoever cleared the farm, just cropped it as long as grain could be got off it, and then let it run wild; for it has never been sown down with Timothy and clover, as it should have been, and the grass is good for nothing for hay, so we let the cattle and cow have the run of it. Considering how late they were planted, the potatoes—of which we have an acre—look and yield pretty well; but they were put upon the best bit of land we had.

"Pat is really a smart, good-humoured, industrious fellow, though he has some odd ways and queer sayings; but he is very easily contented, and rather smooths difficulties than makes them. I am sorry our fine housekeeper turned out what you would term a regular humbug,—a cheating old hypocrite, robbed us by wholesale, and then abused us, as if we had been the thieves, and not herself; she had a mighty notion of making a match for one of us, with one of our fair Yankee neighbours, who besieged us continually with their company, and we were obliged to refuse several most pressing invitations from their mother to sundry parties and pic-nics, which I verily believe were got up for our edification. It was evident the good lady was ambitious of choosing one of your nephews for a son-in-law; but I think they had most hopes of Arthur, as his gentle and polite manners encouraged hopes that the charms of Miss Celestia or Miss Corinthia had softened his English pride. Arthur was however proof against all the encouragement he received, and the flattery conveyed to his ears through the medium of Mrs. Gibbons; for which insensibility I really give him great credit, considering that he is somewhat susceptible, and Miss

Celestia is rather a pretty damsel, and affected the interesting. After our housekeeper's departure, we had a friendly offer of assistance in the household department, from the mother of the young ladies, to bake our bread, wash and clean the house; but we declined her services as politely as we could, for we were rather afraid of laying ourselves open to the remarks of the neighbourhood, if we encouraged too frequent visits from the young ladies; since which time, the two girls have looked at us with great disdain, and Mr. Asa, their brother, glares at us very ferociously. They are decent quiet folks in their way, but not at all society for us; we have in fact no society here, and if it were not that at present we have little leisure for visiting, we should find our time hang heavily upon our hands. We have to buy a plough and harrow and some other things, this fall; and as we have neither stock nor anything but the wheat, I fear we shall be obliged to ask your further assistance to get through the winter without running in debt; but as our money has really only been spent in actual necessaries, I am sure, dear uncle, you will not be displeased at our asking for a further remittance, till the farm begins to pay a little.

"We are obliged to do much of the work of the house ourselves, since Mrs. Gibbons went away. Arthur is really a first-rate cook, and Pat Connor helps us a bit; but we cannot employ his valuable time in household drudgery, excepting at odd times.

"We are very anxious for home letters. Pray tell one of my sisters to write, or Horace, or Marcus.

"Yours very truly, dear Uncle,

"*Brookfield.*" "CHARLES WINDHAM.

Uncle Philipson's reply to this epistle was brief and characteristic; full of impracticable advice as regarded the management of the farm, which, if followed, would have involved his nephews in heavy expenses, which their limited supplies would have rendered it difficult to meet. At first, Charles and Arthur used to be greatly perplexed and scarcely dare to disobey commands so positively given; but a very little observation on the country showed them that plans that would answer very well at home would not be expedient on a Canadian farm, where the price of labour was so high, and that of produce so low as to be in no proportion to it; and another thing which he did not take into consideration, was the shortness of the working season, and the length of the winter, which caused a great hurry always for the indispensable part of the work to be done in a given time. So with all due deference to their good uncle, his nephews were often compelled to act quite contrary to his opinions; but, like good politicians, they generally took no notice of those matters, and left him to suppose they had adopted, or meant to adopt his plans; as downright opposition put the choleric old gentleman into a towering passion for the time. So wrote Horace, who was anxious that his brothers should give as little offence as possible to their rich relative. But we will give uncle Philipson's letter:—

"*The Oaks.*

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I duly received your last letter, which was not a double one. I am glad you paid attention to that hint, though you seem to have overlooked some others that I gave in my last. I guessed (as your Yankee neighbours would say) how your fine farm would turn out. You have been taken in, there is no doubt, as Tom Walker was before you, but I see no good in your shifting about till you have gained more knowledge of a farmer's life. A rolling stone gathers no moss, though, according to your account of your meadow land, you may gather plenty of it and thistles to boot. Have an old blade of a knife sharpened, and set into a long staff; or if you have not an old knife, get the blacksmith to make you an instrument about three inches broad, which will do as well; let it be sharpened like the edge of a broad chisel, and fix it firmly in the end of a stick, as I said before. Set Pat Connor to go over the fields with this in his hand, and cut out all the thistles at the root. Arthur and you could do it yourselves. I use such a one for cutting weeds out of the lawn, at the Oaks; I call it my walking stick. The longer they remain, the worse it will be for yourselves and your neighbours—thistle seeds have wings.

"Let the bush harrow be put upon the grass, with some of those fine cockspur hawthorns that I hear there are plenty of in Canada, and tear up all the moss. Let the ground have a good top-dressing of manure; plough it and let it lie fallow, plough it again before the fall, and let the stones be picked and piled, and you will have a crop next year. You see uncle Philipson knows something of farming. He is one that has his ears and eyes open, I can tell you.

"I told you about those fences before; get the farm surrounded by a good ring fence, stake and rider it, (you see I know how these things should be done,) and then pound away as fast as any breachy cattle annoy you; only remember to look well to your own beasts—those that have windows of their own, should not throw stones. By the by, why could not you start a good thorn fence with those same Canadian bushes? Why, the thorns would be impervious, and defy cattle of all kinds. I will send you a treatise on live fences, the first box that leaves the Lodge for you, and drawings of corn-stands, and five-barred gates, and some other useful things of the same kind. I had congratulated myself on your prudent choice of a housekeeper; however, I must not blame you because she turned out a hypocrite: women are dreadful. Better a housekeeper than a wife. You can get rid of the first, the last may be a bad bargain for life. Pray steer clear of those Celestials! Tell Arthur, my sister has not had an hour's peace since she heard of the siege that had been laid to his heart; it would break her's if her darling made a match with a Yankee or Canadian girl. You were quite right to decline the invitations to the pic-nics and parties. Never forget that you are sons (though younger sons, what of that?) to an English gentleman and nephews of a Philipson. Do not let that boy Arthur be running

about the country by himself, or he will get into some scrape, and be marrying imprudently. You have too much of your uncle in you, I trust, nephew Charles, to play the fool after such a fashion.

"You may draw upon me for another instalment on your land, to meet the next payment, but draw no bills without my sanction. I have my own payments to make, and do not choose that my tradesmen should wait for their money. It is right to be just before you are generous. I have just advanced a hundred pounds to fit Marcus for college, and the girls have to get something to turn them out for the winter, and I promised Horace a Manton, so you see I shall have my hands full—uncle Philipson is not as rich as Crœsus. As to the Swiss cottage, you must wait awhile for that! I know a little of what building is. You know the lodge I had built at the entrance gate of the 'Oaks;' it cost a pretty round sum, I can tell you, and I have not done with it yet. I believe they are all well at home, but the winter is not my time for travelling. I like travelling from the study to the dining-room and back again best by the comfort of a good blazing fire—uncle Philipson loves a warm climate: none of your Russian winters for him.

"Write soon, for though your letters are never quite s[illegible]factory, they give one a little notion of what is [illegible]g on with you. A happy new year to you both; so wishes "Your affectionate uncle,

"CHARLES PHILIPSON."

A CONTRAST IN BIOGRAPHY.

CAGLIOSTRO THE CHARLATAN—JOHN POUNDS THE COBBLER.

CAGLIOSTRO.

"Each lie lives out its day,
But truth abides for aye."

THE eighteenth century was ripe with impostures and delusions. Many were the adventurers and enthusiasts who by their pretensions drew after them multitudes of disciples, more endued with credulity than common sense. John Law, with his South Sea bubbles and Mississippi schemes, to entrap the worshippers of Mammon; Swedenborg, with his angelic visitants and spiritual colloquies, so attractive to minds of a more ideal cast; the Count de St. Germain, with his elixir of youth and philosopher's stone; Mesmer, with his marvellous magnetic influence; the Abbé de Paris, with his miraculous cures and self-crucifying disciples;—such were a few of the remarkable persons who gathered around them followers in all countries, and among all classes of people. But chiefly in France did these wonder-workers congregate together. There did irreligion and immorality most widely prevail, and there, consequently, did credulity and superstition find the readiest reception; for the human mind is so constituted that it cannot rest satisfied with an utter rejection of all supernatural belief;—and thus it came to pass, that at the time when philosophers and men of letters refused to worship the Creator, they yielded a sentimental homage to the moon; and while denying the supremacy of Almighty God, they believed in Cagliostro's power over the spirits of the air. Nor is this to be marvelled at, for in the moral as in the natural world, it is from the focus of corruption that some ignis fatuus springs forth, which by its deluding brilliancy perplexes and beguiles the unwary.

It was amid this whirl of deceivers and deceived, that the arch-quack Cagliostro appeared in Paris, about the year 1784, and by his plausible knavery drew within his magic circle multitudes of men and women who professed themselves philosophers, after the fashion of philosophy in those days. It may, perhaps, be neither uninteresting nor uninstructive to trace out rapidly the course of this remarkable man, and to watch awhile the waxing and waning of his fortunes. Some lessons it will teach, which are so obvious that they need not be noted down here.

About the year 1740, the hearth of Marco Balsamo, a decayed man of law, in Messina, was gladdened by the birth of a son, named Giuseppe, of whose early years little is known, save that from the good wives of the vicinity his troublesome doings won for him the nickname of "*Maledetto*." At the age of fifteen, he was devoted by his parents to the ecclesiastical profession, and they consigned him for his noviciate to the neighbouring monastery of Cartigione, where his services were allotted chiefly to the convent apothecary, within whose laboratory he gained his first insight into the principles of chemistry and medicine. It is probable that here also were sown the early seeds of his future destiny, for in those days alchemy still formed a very favourite part of conventual study. Not long, however, was his tarrying among the worthy monks of Cartigione, for so it happened that they having commanded him one day to read aloud a portion of the "Martyrology," as was their wont, during the hours of repast, Giuseppe, despising the accredited saints of the Roman church, using his wit somewhat unadvisedly, read aloud from the pages of his own vivid imagination a story which savoured much of lightness and profanity. This gross impropriety caused his immediate expulsion from the convent, and for some while after he seems to have divided his time between brawls and painting. But swindling was far more congenial to his taste than the fine arts; and having defrauded a certain Sicilian jeweller, named Maran, of his money by promising in recompense to obtain for him a hidden treasure, the adventure ended in Balsamo's detection and flight from his native country. So, as his Biographer of the Inquisition expresses it, "he fled from Palermo, and overran the whole earth." And truly this description seems scarcely hyperbolical; for during the following few years of his life, we hear of him in Arabia, where he studied alchemy and chemistry, under a Greek, named Althotas; in Egypt and Turkey, where he sold drugs and amulets; in Malta, where he was favourably received by the Grand

Master, Pinto, and attempted to transmute copper into gold; in Spain and the Netherlands; in Germany, whither he went on a philosophical pilgrimage to the Count de St. Germain; and at the shrines of St. Iago di Compostella, and our Lady of Loretto, whither he professed to be guided by a spirit of devotion. Finally he re-appeared at Rome, where he married a beautiful girl, named Lorenza Feliciani, who became afterwards, not only the partner of his fortunes, but also of his impostures. It was at this period of his life, that, after having changed his name repeatedly, he assumed the title of Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, and gave himself out as a restorer of the Rosicrusian philosophy, professing to have the faculty of rendering himself invisible, as well as of evoking spirits and restoring youth to old age, by means of his elixir of life. With such marvellous pretensions, and an extraordinary share of effrontery, he soon acquired ascendency over the minds of the multitude, and his reputation shortly spread itself throughout Europe.

Our "sea-girt isle" was *favoured* more than once by his presence: his first visit being under the simple name of Joseph Balsamo, as a house-painter, and dealer in drugs; the second time, under his assumed title of Count Cagliostro; when he contrived to reap from some wealthy dupes a rich harvest of gold and jewels; but being betrayed and accused by an accomplice, named Scot, he was consigned to prison, from whence, with much difficulty, he obtained his liberation and fled to the continent.

Here we lose sight of him for awhile, until he emerges out of obscurity in the year 1780, at St. Petersburgh, where the court is dazzled by his pretensions to supernatural powers, and Prince Potemkin is reckoned among his believers and disciples. The day of detection, however, soon comes, and being charged with the crimes of forgery and fraud, he flies for his life, accompanied by the Countess Seraphina; for so is the humble Lorenza designated in these halcyon days of their prosperity. The arch-quack is next heard of in Germany, where he travels about in uncommon splendour, with a numerous suite, "followed," as the penman of the Inquisition writes, "by couriers, lacqueys, domestic servants of all sorts, sumptuously dressed, which gave an air of reality to the high birth he vaunted. Apartments furnished in the height of the mode; a magnificent table open to numerous guests; rich dresses for himself and wife, corresponded to this luxuriant way of life. His feigned generosity also made a great noise. Often, he gratuitously doctored the poor, and even gave them alms."

Cagliostro's portrait, which was taken at this time, was quickly engraved, and the copies being scattered throughout Europe, were eagerly purchased. One of these engravings, which still exists, presents to our view a full and somewhat ignoble countenance, with a "forehead of brass," while the soft studied glance of his uplifted eyes, rendered still more repelling the low expression of his features.

Such was Joseph Balsamo in his outer man, and yet, through his imposing arts, and his seeming benevolence, he deceived for a while the learned, the great, the noble of the earth. Even the excellent Lavater, perplexed by his professions and fair words, avows his opinion that "Cagliostro is a man such as few are; in whom, however," continues the good man, "I am not a believer. Oh, that he were simple of heart, and humble like a child! Cagliostro often tells what is not true, and promises what he does not perform. Yet do I nowise hold his operations as altogether deceptive, though they are not what he calls them."

It must be remembered that this celebrated physiognomist was of the mystic school, and therefore more accessible to the claims of any spiritual pretender. Moreover, he was so true and earnest a person himself, that he would fain think the best of others; being, perhaps, of the opinion of a recent writer, who says that "life is too short to be suspicious." The time was hastening on when Cagliostro's knavery should be thoroughly unmasked. Meanwhile, a new element of power had been added to his resources, for he had been admitted into the fraternity of Freemasons, which procured him a ready welcome among the brethren, wherever he went; and on this basis he reared the edifice of his Egyptian masonry, by whose mystic agency he promised not only to restore youth to the aged, but also to confer perfection on the guilty. Of this order, whose original founders were, he averred, Enoch and Elias, he declared himself the Grand Cophta or high-priest, and constituted Seraphina the high-priestess, as masons of both sexes were to be admitted into it. By the aid of a pupil, or "Colomb," (for so was named the child selected as their interpreter,) he pretended to unfold futurity to his dupes: and perhaps we need scarcely be surprised at the multitude of inquirers who beset his doors; for in every human breast there dwells a lingering desire to anticipate the designs of fate, and penetrate the darkness of futurity; therefore, on no other subject is it so easy to deceive the world as this.

The most prosperous moment of Cagliostro's life was in 1783, at Strasbourg, where he reckoned among his victims Louis de Rohan, Prince and Bishop of Strasbourg, whose wealth and favour were lavishly bestowed on the adventurer. At this time he played the *rôle* of a lofty benefactor of the human race. The Prince de Rohan having desired to see him: "If Monseigneur the Cardinal is sick, let him come, and I will cure him," was the reply; "if he is well, he has no need of me, I none of him." The cardinal was subdued by such highminded independence. He visited the quack, who affected to be captivated by his noble visitor, saying: "Your soul is worthy of mine; you deserve to be made a participator of all my secrets." From that moment, the prince, who was an earnest investigator of alchemy, became his willing slave, and placed his palace, his wealth, his credit at Cagliostro's disposal. On being informed one day, that the Grand Cophta and his high-priestess were

revelling so disgracefully in his palace, that the "Tokay wine ran like water," his answer was, "Let it be so; I have authorized him even to commit abuses, if he think fit to do so." So strong are the bonds forged by an opportune flattery on a vain speculative mind!

Other French gentlemen of credit (M.M. de Ségur, de Vergennes, and de la Borde) write in the following terms concerning this impostor to the Prætor of Strasbourg:—"We have seen the Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, whose countenance bespeaks genius, and whose eloquence convinces and captivates the hearer. We have beheld him going round a vast hall, from one afflicted being to another, dressing their wounds, softening their miseries, imparting hope to all; and in these acts of humanity he is aided by his countess, a modest and beautiful person, who is worthy of her admirable husband."

Let us hear a very different opinion expressed by a solid professor from Göttingen, Meiners by name:—"My conviction is that Count Cagliostro from of old has been more of a cheat than an enthusiast, and also, that he continues a cheat to this day. As to his country, I have ascertained nothing. Some make him a Jew, some an Arab, who having persuaded a certain Asiatic prince to send his son to travel in Europe, murdered the youth and took possession of his treasures. He himself pretends to claim the Cherif of Mecca for his father. As the self-styled count speaks badly all the languages one hears from him, and has spent the greater part of his life under feigned names, it is probable that no sure trace of his origin may ever be discovered. On his first appearance in Strasbourg, he connected himself with the Freemasons, but only till he felt strong enough to stand on his own feet. He soon gained the favour of the prætor and cardinal, and through these, the favour of the court, to such a degree that his adversaries cannot so much as think of overthrowing him. With the prætor and cardinal he demeans himself as with persons who are under boundless obligations to him, and uses the cardinal's equipage as freely as if it were his own. He pretends to recognise atheists and blasphemers by the smell, and that the vapour from such throws him into epileptic fits; into which sacred disorder he, like a true juggler, has the art of falling when he pleases. He pretends to evoke spirits and to bear rule over them. He takes nothing from his patients, and even lodges many of them at his house without recompense. With all this conspicuous disinterestedness, he lives in an expensive way, plays deep, and loses almost continually to ladies; so that he must require at least 20,000 livres a-year. The darkness which Cagliostro has spread over the sources of his income and outlay, contributes even more than his cures and his munificence to the notion that he is a divine sort of man, who has watched nature in her deepest operations, and, among other secrets, stolen that of gold-making from her. With a mixture of sorrow and indignation over our age, I have to record that not only the great, who from of old have been the easiest bewitched by such pretenders, but also with many of the learned, and even physicians and naturalists, he has received a cordial reception."

So speaks the sober German professor, more largely gifted with common sense and less endued with the organ of wonder than the superficial gentlemen already quoted.

We have yet one more witness to cite before our readers as to the real character of this *Charlatan*: one of a different stamp from any of those whose testimony we have already given. It is a French lady of the highest rank and talents,—a shrewd, sensible, and witty woman, cousin to the aforenamed dupe of Cagliostro's, the Cardinal de Rohan. But before recording the Marquise de Créqui's opinion of Cagliostro, we must premise that it was a part of his plan never to make too long a stay at any place, but as soon as the first flow of popularity was past, and distrust became awakened, he would try some new ground. Accordingly, after a while we no longer hear of him at Strasbourg, but find him at Bordeaux, where his magnificent hotel was crowded night and day to such an excess by applicants from far and near, that the municipal authorities granted him a military guard to keep order.

The fair countess played her part by opening her *salon* to the affluent and noble, who were enchanted by her grace and loveliness; nor were the ladies of this southern city slow in purchasing the costly elixir, which was supposed to have preserved the countess's charms in such unimpaired perfection; for although in fact a young woman, she professed to have already attained a very advanced age. This bewilderment did not, however, last long, and being deserted by the rich and hooted by the populace, who nicknamed him "the wandering Jew," and threatened him with personal violence, Cagliostro and his wife escaped from Bordeaux, and bent their steps towards Paris. Here, as usual, he appeared in the complex character of magician and Grand Cophta, and the volatile Parisians, always eager in their pursuit of novelty, were enchanted to have among them a being who professed to be endued with such marvellous powers. Through the friendly zeal of his patron the Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro gained immediate access into the highest Parisian circles, and among the *grandes dames* to whom he bore a particular introduction was one to whom we have already alluded, the Marquise de Créqui, from whose memoirs we extract the following particulars:—"About this time there came to Paris Joseph Balsamo, who after having called himself at different times Count Tischio, Count de Melissa, Commander of Belmonte, Chevalier Pellegrini, Count Fenice, was now definitely known as Count de Cagliostro. He was a man of clumsy figure, and his dress was in singularly bad taste. It was composed of blue taffetas slashed with a profusion of silver lace, and his hair was drest after the strangest fashion, with long powdered plaits confined in pig tails. He wore openwork stockings with gold clocks, and velvet shoes whose buckles were sparkling with jewels. As many diamonds were displayed about his

person as he possibly could find room for. His costume was completed by a hat with waving white plumes, which he invariably drew over his brow whenever he wished to speak with peculiar emphasis and energy. During eight months of the year, all that was covered with a large pelisse of blue *renard;* and when I say *all that,* I use the word advisedly, for attached to this loose upper garment was a large fur hood with three long points depending from it, which he pulled over his hat in cold weather, and whenever our children saw him approach with this horned head-gear of renard-skin, they always strove who should get the most quickly out of his way.

"His features were regular, his skin fresh-coloured, and his teeth white and perfect. I will not attempt to describe his physiognomy, because he had at least a dozen at his command. Never have I seen two eyes like his! He had a quick perception of what was graceful or in good taste either in the manners or external aspect of those with whom he had to do. Indeed he was gifted with extraordinary *finesse* in detecting any shade of vulgarity in the thoughts, habits, or conversation of others, and with this delicate appreciation of what was refined, I could not but suspect that he disguised himself in this grotesque costume, merely to gain a more decided influence over the multitude by assuming an air of originality. The moral physiognomy of this *charlatan* was as changing as his physical one, and it was partly through this contemptible instability of profession that he contrived for awhile to deceive such opposite classes of persons. With our philosophers and *beaux-esprits* he professed himself an infidel, and during his incantations, profanely parodied the most sacred rites of religion. On such occasions, he would with the profoundest expressions of reverence evoke Satan to the presence of his guests, for the purpose of unfolding the dread secrets of futurity, and I lament to say that not only our giddy courtiers, but also some of our princes of the blood, countenanced these orgies by their presence.

"On the other hand, Cagliostro compounded with the scruples of Catholics, when he found that their religious convictions were not to be shaken; and so artful was his hypocrisy, that among his most ardent proselytes were to be found some of the *convulsionnaire* Jansenists, mystics of the cross, and illuminati. The most notable of these was a visionary Spaniard, named Don Luis de Lima-Vasconcellos, grand-prior of Lima, and brother to the Spanish ambassador, a man of ardent and enthusiastic mind, concerning whom Cagliostro has left a curious history as related by himself.

"To give you some idea of the enthusiasm which this man contrived to inspire, I will transcribe a letter of Prince Louis, Cardinal de Rohan, who recommended him to me in these terms:—'You have doubtless heard, madame and dear cousin, of the Count de Cagliostro; of the excellent qualities by which he is distinguished, of his admirable science and virtue, which have won for him the esteem and respect of all the most distinguished persons in Strasbourg, and *my* unbounded attachment and veneration. He is now in Paris, and I earnestly commend him to your good offices, feeling assured that through your kindness he will meet with a cordial reception in the most distinguished circles there. I pray you not to give heed to the calumnies uttered by his enemies against this admirable man. It is with a feeling of reverence that I have observed his unfailing tendency towards all that is great and good, and I feel assured that he will obtain your confidence and esteem, so that you may become his true friend and protector. Adieu, madame and dear cousin. You know how respectful and tender is my attachment to you.

+'Louis, Bishop and Prince of Strasbourg.'

"My answer was as follows:—'My cousin,—I have seen M. de Cagliostro, and have even received him several times at my house, in order that I might be the better able to form a correct opinion concerning him. All that I can say in favour of M. Cagliostro is, that he has much versatility of talent, and is a very clever man. God grant that you may never have cause to rue your confidence in him. You must not expect, my good cousin, that I shall introduce or recommend him to any one, and as it is most probable he has perceived that I suspect him of *charlatanism*, it is not very likely that I shall often be favoured with his company.'"

Very soon after this period, began the perplexities of the cardinal concerning the issue of his negotiations with La Motte, the treacherous and worthless agent whom he had employed in the affair of the diamond necklace; an episode in history to which we can but briefly allude here. On this occasion, he consulted his oracle as to the event of this affair, and received for answer that his favour with royalty was secured, as well as his complete triumph over all political enemies. It need scarcely be told that Cagliostro's prediction proved utterly false; and in his patron's fall was likewise involved *his* ruin and disgrace. He was accused of being La Motte's accomplice, and after several months' imprisonment in the Bastille, and the loss of much ill-gotten wealth, he was permitted to leave the kingdom. Accordingly, he fled to England, where Lord George Gordon, from political motives, espoused his cause and wrote a pamphlet in his behalf against the French government. But the blaze of Cagliostro's deceptive fame was now burnt out. Being detected in some fraudulent attempt, he absconded to Turin,—was banished thence by an order of the King of Sardinia,—met a like fate at Trent, when he ventured again into the dominions of the emperor of Germany,—and being thus driven from one country to another, his bold-facedness tempted him into the lion's den, and on a May-day of the year 1789 he entered Rome, whither his evil genius had beguiled him, for within the walls of the Eternal City that doom awaited him which had so long been his due. Towards the close of the same year he was detected forming an Egyptian lodge, was seized by the Inquisition, and safely lodged in the castle of St. Angelo.

Here is the wand of the magician broken. In vain does he plead that Egyptian masonry is a divine system accommodated to the spirit of the age, and the holy father's approbation and patronage. In vain does he offer to become the pope's spy. No favour is shown him, and on learning that the fair Seraphina (prisoner in a neighbouring cell) has begun to confess, he too opens his lips, and tells out a marvellous story, in which, doubtless, truth and falsehood are singularly blended together, all of which is noted down carefully by one of the brethren of the Inquisition. After a delay of eighteen months, the holy father gives sentence that all Joseph Balsamo's works on Egyptian masonry, magic, and other forbidden subjects are to be burnt by the common hangman, and his life forfeited as a heretic and sorcerer, but the sentence to be commuted into one of perpetual imprisonment.

This was in April 1791. In vain did the wretched man appeal to the French Constituent Assembly. They troubled not themselves about him. In vain did he complain and struggle against his fate. That spirit which had feasted itself on lies and fraud was now left in lonely captivity, to brood over past crimes and present misery. After a lingering imprisonment, he pined away, and was found dead within the walls of St. Angelo towards the conclusion of the year 1795.

Thus perished one who had abilities for great and good things, but unhappily, through perversion of will, misapplied and corrupted those faculties which had been given for a far other and higher purpose. As for the Countess Seraphina, alias Lorenza Balsamo, she too was convicted of magic, sacrilege, &c. but was allowed to escape a severer punishment by immuring herself within the convent of St. Appoline, where she died early in 1794.

Cagliostro was the last pretender of any note in Europe to the science of alchemy. The pursuit of gold is not less eager in the nineteenth century than it was in preceding ages, but men are now less credulous as to the mode of its acquisition. Happy those who seek for it by honest and persevering industry, and with a higher aim in view than the mere indulgence of an avaricious temper, or the vain ambition of outshining their neighbours in wealth and luxury.

L. H.

JOHN POUNDS.

BY J. L.

It is admitted that worth, in every degree, is deserving of honourable recognition among men. The heroes and philanthropists, therefore, whose sphere of activity has been circumscribed by narrow and humble opportunities, ought not to be neglected or overlooked; but are justly entitled to a measure of the world's admiration. It is always well to remember that a man's intrinsic worthiness is not to be estimated by the extent or magnificence of his field of action, but rather by the qualities of persistency, disinterestedness, genuine ability, and depth of purpose, which his personal career exhibited. Here, for instance, is a man of no inconsiderable meritoriousness, of whom probably few persons out of his immediate locality have ever heard, and with the spirit of whose endeavour the world cannot be the worse for being acquainted.

John Pounds was one of those good Samaritans of whom every generation apparently produces some examples. Seen in his week-day, or Sunday costume, or under any of the circumstantial appearances of his life, there was little or nothing about him to strike a casual observer with astonishment. A painstaking mender of shoes in the borough of Portsmouth, seeking by dint of industry to maintain a visible existence there—that is the outward figure of him. By combination of accident and forethought, he had there become stationed to repair the dilapidations incident to the wear and tear of leather. Sedentary occupations such as his, however, are known to promote activity of thought. George Fox, the most notable cordwainer upon record, took his earliest lessons in quietistic meditation whilst silently fabricating boots for the community; whereby straight-collared coats came to be perpetuated, and the respectable Society of Friends was visibly originated. Under the influence of similar conditions, John Pounds, feeling the need of some mental occupation, and inwardly moved by kindly dispositions, was induced to take charge of such human waifs and strays, as he here and there encountered in the streets, giving them house-room and shelter from day to day, and imparting to them such useful knowledge and serviceable advice as their capacities were adapted to take in, and he himself qualified to communicate. The number of children thus instructed, and who would not otherwise have received any manner of education, amounted in the course of years to several hundreds; some of whom, in all likelihood, turned out badly, as will happen under the best kinds of training; but by far the greater part grew up creditable and industrious men and women, reflecting much honour upon their teacher, and uniformly entertaining for him the profoundest respect.

Pounds was born on the 17th of July, in the year 1766. His father followed the trade of a sawyer, in the Portsmouth dock-yards, and when the boy had grown to be a strong athletic lad of twelve years of age, he was regularly apprenticed to a shipwright. He served three years of his term with satisfaction to his master, when a serious accident befel him, which altered his subsequent course of life. Falling one day from a considerable height into one of the dry docks, he dislocated his thigh, and was in other respects very grievously injured. Time and surgical ingenuity sufficed to restore him to a tolerable state of health, but he was so completely crippled, as to be thenceforth unfitted to resume his trade. It accordingly became necessary for him to try some other calling; and, after a little consideration, he was led to place himself under the instruction of an old shoemaker, in the High Street of Portsmouth, to learn as

much of the mystery of his art, as he might be competent to acquire.

A respectable proverb, which affirms that by aiming at a silk-gown, one may chance to get a sleeve of it, appears to have been verified in the case of John Pounds. His apprenticeship to shoemaking was so far successful as to qualify him for mending shoes. Whether his insufficiency in this respect was owing to the imperfections of his teacher, want of adequate practice, or to personal inaptitude, is not distinctly ascertainable, and is indeed of little consequence. As soon as he was able to provide for his own wants, by means of his new employment, he hired a room in the house of one of his relations, and there set up an authentic cobbler's stall. Work gradually flowed towards him; slowly at first, but, after a time, in sufficient abundance to keep him busy. When a few years had elapsed, he was so far established as to feel justified in entering upon a house on his own account, a small weather-beaten tenement in St. Mary's Street, where he ever afterwards resided.

He lived a lonely kind of life. Like the Pope, who is known to be a bachelor on compulsion, he had no married cares or consolations;—on him, a poor distorted cripple, what woman would be likely to look with loving eyes? A meek, contented nature, he resigned himself to perpetual celibacy, without the encumbrance of taking vows for its observance. Having no household society, and being little disposed to go abroad in quest of entertainment, he relieved his involuntary solitude by rearing and domesticating all kinds of singing birds and harmless animals; teaching some of them a variety of amusing tricks, and accustoming those of opposite propensities to live together in unanimity and peacefulness. He would sit with a cat upon one shoulder, and a canary bird upon the other, dividing his attentions, and dispensing suitable benefactions between the two; charming away fear in the one case, and curbing destructive inclinations in another, and thus instituting a sort of "happy family," consisting, like that in Trafalgar Square, of the most incongruous and naturally discordant members. Such birds as could be inspired with any gift of speech, as starlings and the like, he trained to a skilful articulation, and held dialogues with them in the south of England dialect. The last of this stock, a very intelligent starling, he presented in the latter years of his life to the lady of Port-admiral Sir Philip Durham, in consideration for certain kindnesses which her ladyship and the admiral had rendered him, in the way of providing for several of the unfriended boys whom he instructed.

The notion of undertaking the gratuitous education of poor children, seems to have been first suggested to him accidentally. A brother of his, who was a seafaring man, with a large family, had amongst the rest a feeble little boy, with deformed feet; and, with a view to effect some partial cure of the imperfection, John benevolently took charge of him at his own house, and, in all respects, carefully attended to him. Having succeeded, by ingenious contrivances with the soles of old shoes, in making a tolerable imitation of a pair of pattens, suitable to the child's infirmity, an effectual cure was in time completed. The boy, however, continued with his uncle, and thenceforth became the chief object of his attachment. When he was about five years old the worthy shoemender began to teach him to read, and in other ways to perform towards him the office of a schoolmaster. After a time, he conceived that he would probably learn better if he had a companion, and he accordingly obtained one, and taught them both together. By and by, he added another, and went on gradually increasing his numbers until it became at length an understood thing amongst the youngsters of his neighbourhood, that all were at liberty to go to him who felt disposed to benefit by the opportunity. Homeless and neglected children went to him on cold-weather days for the sake of a little warmth and shelter; mothers, whose duties called them frequently from home, would solicit him to take care of their little ones in their absence; some he enticed by trifling presents; others went out of childish curiosity, and even a considerable number from a pure desire to learn what he could teach them. Thus he became, finally, a sort of Ragged Schoolmaster-general to all the poorer pupulation; and, in a spirit of noble disinterestedness, performed a most serviceable work in his generation.

His workshop was his school-room—a mean apartment, about six feet wide, and eighteen in length; where he day by day pursued the apparently incongruous employments of cobbling and pedagogy. Seated near the window, with last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements of cordwainery by his side, he steadily proceeded with his work, superintending meanwhile by rapid and frequent glances the several occupations of the assemblage. Some would be reading at his side, or writing in classes from his dictation; a few preparing sums for his inspection; others seated on forms or boxes, or in groups upon the floor; others perched, as in a gallery, upon the steps of the staircase; but all more or less busily engaged in doing something. In this way he had often as many as forty children about him at a time, several of whom were girls, and, in that case, were usually kept a little apart from the rest.

On account of the limited extent of his room, and its deficiency of accommodations as a school, he was often reduced to the necessity of excluding some of his applicants for admission, or had to make a selection from such as were candidates for that distinction. In such cases he did not usually make choice of the best behaved characters; but, as a rule, uniformly preferred the most untameable and refractory, deeming them the most in need of his reforming discipline. He had a decided predilection for "the little blackguards," and was frequently at great pains to attract such within his door. It is related that he was once seen following a young vagabond of this stamp to the town-quay, and endeavouring to entice him to come to school with the bribe of a baked potatoe! He was a thorough-going proselytizer, and suffered no

opportunities to escape him which offered a chance of converting any little heathen whom he had discovered from the error of his ways, and bringing him into a lively acquaintance with useful knowledge. He was at all times zealous in the performance of good works patient and considerate towards infirmity; and, for reward, he had the gratification of turning many into honest and worthy courses, who, but for him, might have gone utterly astray.

His methods of tuition were somewhat singular and original. He collected all sorts of hand-bills and scraps of printed and written paper, which he found lying anywhere uselessly about, and with these he contrived to teach reading, spelling, the special uses of capital letters, and the distinctive differences between the characters of printing and penmanship. With the younger children his manner of teaching was particularly pleasant, and even frequently facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and signify their uses. For instance, taking hold of a child's hand, he would say, "What do you call this?" and having received his answer, direct him to spell the word. Then, giving it a playful slap, he would ask, "What do I do?" and teach him next to spell the word expressive of the act. So with the ear, and the hair, and in like manner with many other particulars.

Should this remind any one of Mr. Squeers's analogous method of teaching a boy to spell "horse," and then, by way of emphatic illustration, sending him to rub such an animal down that he might the better remember his lesson, it will be proper to recollect the different pretensions of the parties, and not to confound an ignorant charlatan with an honest and benevolent person, who performs his work with conscientious considerations, and according to the extent of his ability and means.

Writing and arithmetic were taught to the elder pupils after the manner which is common in the humbler sort of schools; and, though slates and pencils were the only implements in use, it is said that a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and that, particularly in ciphering, the expertness of several was especially commendable, questions in the Rule-of-three and Practice being performed with the strictest accuracy and promptitude. A variety of miscellaneous information was also imparted by means of oral communication, and a constant habit of interrogation which the master practised, partly from an impression of the utility of such a method, and in part out of the sheer necessities of his situation. Many of the boys, moreover, were taught to mend their shoes, to cook their food, and to perform a variety of useful services for themselves and for each other, calculated to prepare them for fulfilling many of the requirements of future life. Not only were their minds and personal habits cultivated and directed, but the generous and considerate teacher likewise exerted himself in curing their bodily ailments, such as chilblains, and coughs, and the manifold cuts and bruises to which the children of the poor are continually exposed. In cases where his own skill was insufficient, he would even beg or purchase for them the assistance of more experienced persons, and often nurse them assiduously until recovery. Their sports and amusements he would also frequently overlook, and many of the younger ones were now and then rendered happy beyond expression, by the ingenious toys and playthings which he made for them.

One cannot sufficiently admire the heartiness and generosity of this poor man's labours. Patiently from year to year he went on quietly performing these daily acts of charity and mercy, without needing or expecting any body's approbation, or even conceiving that he was doing anything remarkable. A good man and a true one, he flung the benefits of his sympathy, and of such talents as he possessed, over all that seemed to need them; finding a joyful satisfaction in being useful to such as had no helper; and leaving, with an assured heart, the results of his endeavours to that universal providence, which nurtures and perfects whatsoever seeds of goodness are sown anywhere in the world. Noting what he did, and the poor means with which he did it, the humblest need not despair of his own usefulness, seeing how the grain of wholesome salt invariably preserves whatever it comes in contact with; no slightest service to humanity can be lost, but successfully proclaims itself, or works silently to some benefit.

The sort of education which John Pounds was enabled to give to the incipient vagabonds of Portsmouth was doubtless very imperfect; but it must be admitted to have been infinitely preferable to none at all, and its consequences, as far as they went, were satisfactory. It was a manly commendable foray into the dark domains of Ignorance, and though the conquest accomplished was not great, it was, nevertheless, right worthy of the making. He had the amplest assurance, too, that his steadfast labours had not been fruitless. Coming home from foreign service or a distant voyage, often would some tall soldier, or rough jovial sailor, now grown up out of all remembrance, call to shake hands with him and confess the benefits he had formerly received through his instructions. These were always proud occasions; the poor and modest cobbler could then feel that even he had done good service to the State, and that there were sound English hearts in the world ever willing to acknowledge it.

Other recompense than this he had scarcely any. So quietly and unintrusively had he all along pursued his purpose, that comparatively few persons, of the respectable sort, knew anything of his proceedings. In the later years of his life, however, his praiseworthy exertions became pretty generally known in his neighbourhood, and the fashionable benevolence of Portsmouth even somewhat liberally patronised his school. A better supply of books, slates, and other articles essential to his work, was thus procured; and several times his scholars were invited to a public examination, and afterwards bounteously regaled with

plum-cake and tea. At the public dinner given in the town on the day of the coronation of her present Majesty, John Pounds and his pupils formed a conspicuous group of the assemblage. A picture of his school was executed by Mr. Sheaf, wherein his favourite cat figured to satisfactory advantage; and, with this he was very considerably delighted. Many ladies and gentlemen who had become acquainted with his pursuits, rendered him occasional assistance in the way of promoting the greater efficiency of his exertions, or furthering the interests of such of his scholars as needed to become employed; but for himself he accepted nothing, nor ever throughout his life entertained the slightest expectation of reward. Often, indeed, he shared his own scanty and homely provisions with destitute and forsaken children, well nigh bordering on starvation. He acknowledged universal kinship with all that were neglected or unhappy, and spread out his humble table for them with an ungrudging hospitality. A rich bountiful nature was this of his, such as one might consider worthy of the largest rent-roll in Christendom—to spend benevolently.

A most cheerfully disposed man, and largely sympathising with cheerfulness,—a fellow with an infinite relish for all rational enjoyment, was this same illustrious and painstaking cobbler. Every Christmas eve, he carried to some worthy woman, skilful in culinary preparations, abundant materials for an enormous plum-pudding, that so the hearts and countenances of his "little blackguards" might be rendered glad by Christmas cheer! We reckon that a notable proceeding. How well calculated was it to link these little outcasts in some conscious thread of communion with the respectable and recognised world of civilization. Could they not thus, as it were, remotely sympathize with the entire human kindred who periodically partake of Christmas dinners—each one saying or thinking to himself, "I, too, understand the benignity of the season, and wherefore, in spite of the cold weather, all faces look about them with gaiety and smiles?" The glorious amenities of Christmas were things to be remembered, and contemplated prospectively, whilst their recurrence was yet afar off, in the dim distance of weary months of coarse and insufficient fare. It was one of the kindliest of all the kindly things he did, this of substantially and orthodoxically celebrating Christmas.

The last he so celebrated was ten years ago. Threescore-and-twelve of these genial festivals had returned upon the world and left it, within his lifetime, and his head had now become venerable with age. On the reviewing his past course, and contemplating the aspects of his present activity, while seated among his friends, he declared himself amply satisfied with his existence, having no earthly wish, that he was aware of, which was not or might not be sufficiently supplied. One thing alone he desired for the future, and would even, if he could, stipulate with providence to have granted him—an abrupt and unexpected death, that so his labours and his life might terminate together. The thought of lingering out any portion of his days uselessly and helplessly was a painful one to entertain, and it was his sincere wish to go off suddenly, in the way, as he said, "in which a bird drops from his perch." In this so earnest and busy world he would have felt it a calamity to remain, when he had ceased to be actively and usefully engaged in its pursuits.

And the desire of his soul was even granted him. A few days afterwards, on the first of January, 1839, he expired suddenly, from a rupture of one of the larger vessels of the heart, at the house of a gentleman whom he had called upon to thank for certain acts of kindness recently rendered to his establishment. A little boy, who was with him at the time, carried the intelligence to his assembled schoolfellows, who were all instantly overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. Some of the younger ones returned to the house for several successive days, looking painfully about the room, and apparently unable to comprehend the reality of the loss they had sustained. Old and young, in a numerous and motley assemblage, followed his body to the grave, and they saw him to his rest with tears and blessings.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. V.

INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

The monkish legends tell us that St. Francis Xavier, walking one day in a garden, and seeing an insect of the *Mantis* genus moving along in its solemn way, holding up its two fore-legs as if in the act of devotion, desired it to sing the praises of God. Of course the insect could refuse nothing to so distinguished a personage, and, consequently, the legend goes on to tell us that the saint immediately heard it carol a fine canticle with a loud emphasis. But when we regard the wondrous mode in which insects construct their habitations, we need no miraculous voice to record the wonders of the Almighty hand. When we behold them pursuing their work with the nicest mathematical precision, using no artificial instruments to form their ovals and their circles—making their dwellings of equal strength throughout, by the most rational adjustment of each distinct part—we feel that something more than mere wonder is demanded from us: for such an exercise of instructive ingenuity at once directs our admiration to the great Contriver, who has so admirably proportioned their knowledge to their necessities.

We might easily fill a large volume with an account of the various styles of Insect Architecture, but our limits will not permit us to do more than give a brief account of the proceedings of wasps, hive-bees, and white-ants. We trust, however, that this will be enough to stimulate our readers to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with this most interesting subject. Having premised thus much, we will proceed to consider the architecture of

WASPS.

The nest of the common wasp attracts, more or less, the attention of everybody; but its interior conformation is not so well known as it deserves to be for its singular ingenuity, in which it rivals even that of the hive-bee. In their general economy the social-wasps closely resemble the humble-bee, since every colony is founded by the exertions of a single female, who has survived the winter, to the rigours of which all her associates uniformly fall victims. It may be interesting to follow one of these mother-wasps through her several occupations; in the performance of which she is more entitled to the praise of industry than the queen-bee, who does nothing herself, but always has about her a numerous train of obedient retainers, always ready to execute her commands, while the mother-wasp is at first alone, and obliged to perform every species of drudgery.

Her first care, after being roused to activity by the returning warmth of the season, is to discover a place suitable for her intended colony. For this purpose she frequently appropriates the deserted nest of a field-mouse, in the interior chamber of which she lays the foundations of her city, beginning with the walls. Having prepared her material, she begins to line with it the roof of her chamber; for wasps always build downwards. But as one sheet would form but a fragile ceiling, she is not satisfied with her work until she has spread fifteen or sixteen layers one above the other, rendering the roof altogether nearly two inches thick. The several layers are not placed close together, but with small intervals or open spaces between. This is probably caused by the insect working in a curvilineal manner.

Having finished the ceiling, she next begins to build the first terrace of her city, which she suspends horizontally. This terrace is, in fact, a hanging floor, immoveably secured by rods of similar materials with the roof, but rather stronger. From twelve to thirty of these rods, about an inch in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, are constructed by her: they are elegant in form, being made gradually narrower towards the middle, and widening at each end, in order to make their hold the stronger. The terrace itself is circular, and composed of an immense number of cells, of almost the same size and form as those of a honeycomb. These cells are wholly appropriated to the rearing of her young, which are placed in them with their heads downwards; the openings of the cells are also downwards, while their united bottoms form a nearly uniform level upon which the inhabitants of the nest may walk.

When the mother-wasp has completed a certain number of cells, and deposited eggs in them, she soon intermits her building operations in order to procure food for the young grubs, which now require all her care. In a few weeks, these become perfect wasps, and lend their assistance in the extension of the edifice; enlarging the original coping by side walls, and forming another platform of cells, suspended from the first by columns, as that had been suspended from the ceiling. In this manner several platforms are constructed, the outer walls being extended at the same time; and, by the end of summer, there are generally from twelve to fifteen of them. Each contains about 1,060 cells—making the enormous number of about 16,000 cells in one colony. Réaumur, upon these data, calculates that one vespiary may produce every year 30,000 wasps, reckoning only 10,000 cells, each of which serves for the cradle of three generations. But, although the whole structure is built at the expense of so much labour and ingenuity, it has scarcely been finished before the winter sets in, when it becomes nearly useless, serving only for the abode of a few benumbed females, who abandon it on the approach of spring, and never return: for wasps do not ever make use of the same nest for more than one season.

A few observations may here be properly bestowed upon the *material* with which wasps construct the interior of their nests. This was long a matter of conjecture to scientific inquirers, and the great Réaumur tells us that for twenty years he endeavoured, without success, to find out the secret. At length his perseverance was rewarded. He remarked a female wasp alight on the sash of his window, and begin to gnaw the wood with her mandibles; and it immediately occurred to him that she was procuring materials for building. He was confirmed in this belief when he saw her detach from the wood a number of fibres about a tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair, and gather them into a mass with her feet. She then, as he afterwards discovered, moistened these ligneous fibres with a glutinous liquid, which caused them to adhere together, and kneaded them into a sort of paste, or *papier maché*. When she is going to line her roof, she forms this paste into a leaf, walking backwards, and spreading it out with her mandibles, her tongue, and her feet, till it is almost as thin as tissue paper.

HIVE-BEES.

Although the hive-bee has been an object of study by the curious from the earliest ages, recent discoveries prove that we are yet only beginning to arrive at a correct knowledge of its wonderful proceedings. It was not till the year 1712, when glass hives were invented by Maraldi, a mathematician of Nice, that what we may call the in-door proceedings of bees could be observed. This important invention was soon afterwards taken advantage of by Réaumur, who thus laid the foundation of the subsequent discoveries of John Hunter and the Hubers. These naturalists have investigated with great care and accuracy the admirable architecture which bees exhibit in their miniatures; and we shall now endeavour to lay before our readers, as briefly as possible, the result of these researches.

When bees begin to build the hive, they divide themselves into bands, one of which produces materials for the structure; another works upon these, and forms them into cells; while a third brings pro-

visions to the labourers who cannot leave their work. Before they commence building, however, they collect a quantity of gummy resin, called *propolis*, with which they carefully stop up every chink and cranny. They then wait until some individual has selected a site, and laid the foundation of the first comb. This serves as a directing mark for all that are to follow, and the building of cells now commences in earnest. When some rows have been completed in the first comb, two other foundations are commenced, one on each side of it, at the exact distance of one-third of an inch, which is sufficient for bees employed on opposite cells to pass each other without jostling. These new walls are also parallel to the first; and two more are afterwards begun exterior to the second, and at the same distance. The combs are uniformly enlarged and lengthened in a progression proportioned to the priority of their origin; the middle comb being always advanced by several rows of cells beyond the two adjoining ones, and these again beyond those exterior to them.

While the cells are building they appear to be of a dull white colour, soft, even though not smooth, and translucent; but in a few days they become tinged with yellow, particularly on the interior surface; and their edges, from being thin, uniform, and yielding, become thicker, less regular, more heavy, and so firm that they will bend rather than break. There is also a glutinous substance observable around the orifices of the yellow cells, of a reddish colour, unctuous, and odoriferous. Threads of the same substance are also applied all around the interior of the cells, and at the summit of their angles, as if it were for the purpose of binding and strengthening the walls. These resinous threads have been ascertained by Huber to be propolis: but naturalists are by no means certain what the yellow colour is imparted by. Perhaps it may be ascribed to the bees rubbing their teeth, feet, and other parts of their body on the surfaces where they seem to rest: or to their tongue sweeping from right to left like a fine pliant pencil, and leaving some sprinkling of a transparent liquid.

It is remarked by the lively Abbé de la Pluché,[1] that the foundations of our houses sink with the earth on which they are built, the walls begin to stoop by degrees, to nod with age, to bend from their perpendicular:—lodgers damage everything, and time is continually introducing some new decay. The mansions of bees, on the contrary, grow stronger the oftener they change inhabitants. Every bee-grub, before it metamorphoses into a nymph, fastens its skin to the partitions of its cell, but in such a manner as to make it correspond with the lines of the angles, and without in the least disturbing the regularity of the figure. During summer, accordingly, the same lodging may serve for three or four grubs in succession; and in the ensuing season it may accommodate an equal number. Each grub never fails to fortify the panels of its chamber by arraying them with its spoils, and the contiguous cells receive a similar augmentation from its brethren. It is obvious, however, that by a repetition of this process the cells might be rendered too contracted; but in such a case the bees know well how to proceed, by turning them to other uses, such as magazines for bee-bread and honey.

(1) Spectacle de la Nature.

In the construction of their cells, bees have to solve this difficult geometrical problem:—a quantity of wax being given, to form of it similar and equal cells of a determinate capacity, but of the largest size in proportion to the quantity of matter employed, and disposed in such a manner as to occupy the least possible space. Bees accomplish this by building hexagonal cells. The cylindrical form would seem to be best adapted to the shape of the insect; but then there would have been a vacant and superfluous space between every three contiguous cells. Had they, on the other hand, been square or triangular, they might have been constructed without any unnecessary vacancies; but these forms would have both required more material, and been very unsuitable to the shape of a bee's body. The six-sided form of the cells obviate every objection; and while it fulfils all the conditions of the problem, it is equally well adapted with a cylinder to the shape of the bee.

WHITE ANTS.

When we look back upon the details we have given of the industry and ingenuity of wasps and bees, we are induced to think it almost impossible that they could be surpassed; but when we consider the buildings erected by the white-ants of tropical climates, all that we have been surveying dwindles into insignificance. The elevation of their edifices is more than five hundred times the height of the builders. Were our houses built according to the same proportions, they would be twelve or fifteen times higher than the London Monument, and four or five times as high as the Pyramids of Egypt, with corresponding dimensions in the basements of the edifices.

Termites, or white-ants, do not stand above a quarter of an inch high, while their nests are frequently twelve feet; and the traveller, Jobson, mentions some which he had seen as high as twenty feet. Bishop Heber saw a number of these ant-hills in India, near the principal entrance of the Moorshedabad river. "Many of them," he says, "were five or six feet high, and probably seven or eight feet in circumference at the base, partially overgrown with grass and ivy, and looking at a distance like the stumps of decayed trees."[2]

Though, like our ants and wasps, they are almost omnivorous, yet wood, especially when felled and dry, seems their favourite article of food; but they have an utter aversion to feeding in the light, and always eat their way with all expedition into the interior. It thence would seem necessary for them either to leave the bark of a tree, or the outer portion of the beam, or door of a house, undevoured, or else to eat in open day. They do neither; but are at the trouble of constructing galleries of clay in which they can conceal themselves and feed in security. They prefer the

(2) Heber's Indian Journal, i. 248.

softer woods, such as pine and fir, which they hollow out with such nicety, that they leave the surface whole after having eaten away the inside. A plank, attacked in this manner, looks solid to the eye, but, if weighed, it will not outbalance two sheets of pasteboard of the same dimensions. It is an extraordinary fact, that when these creatures have formed pipes in the roof of a house, instinct teaches them to prevent its fall, which would inevitably ensue from their having hollowed the posts on which it rests, by filling up the interstices with clay, tempered to a surprising degree of hardness; so that, when the house is pulled down, these posts are transformed from wood to stone!

We will now give some description of their principal building, which may with some propriety be called a city. We must, however, premise that though they are called white *ants* they do not belong to the same order of insects with our ants. Smeathinail, to whom we owe our chief knowledge of the genus, describes them as consisting of kings, queens, soldiers, and workers; and is of opinion that the workers are larvæ, the soldiers nymphæ, and the kings and queens perfect insects.[1] The latter are very few in number, since the greater part of them become the prey of birds, and even of the natives, who fry them as delicacies! The few pairs that are so fortunate as to survive all casualties, are usually found by workers, which are continually on the watch for them. As soon as they discover them, they begin to protect them from their enemies by enclosing them in a small chamber of clay, where they become the parents of a new community, and are distinguished by the title of king and queen. The labourers then begin to construct nurseries for the reception of the eggs. These are small irregularly-shaped chambers, placed at first round the apartment of the king and queen and not exceeding the size of a hazel-nut; but in nests of long standing they are of great comparative magnitude, and distributed at a greater distance. They are composed of wooden materials, apparently formed together with gum, and, by way of defence, cased with clay. The chamber that contains the king and queen is nearly on a level with the surface of the ground, and as the other apartments are formed about it, it is generally situated at an equal distance from the sides of the nest, and directly beneath its conical point. Those apartments, which consist of nurseries and magazines of provisions, form an intricate labyrinth, being separated by small empty chambers and galleries which surrounded them, or afford a communication from one to another. This labyrinth extends on all sides to the outward shell, and reaches up within it to two-thirds or more of its height, leaving an open area above, in the middle, under the dome, which reminds the spectator [illegible] nave of an old cathedral.

The following account of the dimensions, siege, and bombardment of one of these ant-cities in South America, is given by a distinguished French traveller, M. Malouet. He observed at a great distance what seemed a lofty structure, and was informed by his guide that it consisted of an ant-hill. Its height was from fifteen to twenty feet, and its base thirty or forty feet square. Its sides inclined like the lower part of a pyramid, the point being cut off. He was told that when it became necessary to destroy these nests, it could only be done by raising a sufficient force to dig a trench all round and fill it with fagots, which were afterwards set on fire, and then battering with cannon from a distance, to drive the insects out and make them run into the flames. Q. Q.

(1) Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxxi.

THE ITALIAN ORGAN BOY.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

All the long weary day,
'Neath the chill drear English sky,
Is heard in the busy crowded streets
My pleasant melody.

Weary, hungry, and cold,
Yet playing some cheerful lay,
That makes glad thoughts in the passers by,
When mine are far away.

Away in mine own land,
With its sky of cloudless blue,
And broad roads arch'd by clust'ring vines,
With sunbeams glancing through.

I smile as from some hand
The welcome penny I take;
I smile, but, oh! how oft the while
My heart is fit to break.

Still playing gaily on,
In the midst of the drenching rain;
But I only hear those voices dear,
Calling me back again.

Oh! I shall ne'er return
To the loved land of my birth;
The damp chill air to my heart has struck,
And short my time on earth.

Ah! why for love of gold
Was I tempted thus to roam?
My mother will watch and pine for the boy,
She ne'er will welcome home.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JAMES V.

THE MESSENGER.

It was in the afternoon of a bright and sunny day in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, that a gallant cavalcade was seen to issue from the gates of Perth. There were noble cavaliers and gentle dames, *preux chevaliers* who seemed created to worship at the feet of beauty, and bright-eyed sylphs who seemed in no wise inclined to remit their claims to especial devotion. Others there were in somewhat more warlike guise, yet was the general aspect peaceful and festal, and the very attendants, though they bore arms, (for who in those days durst venture abroad

without?) carried them more as a ceremonious observance, than from any idea of their being called into use.

Low bowed the venerable warder as the glittering train passed by him through the magnificent south port, and long looked he after them, shading his eyes from the light, till the *cortége* swept away from his sight, and then, and not till then, did he stoop to pick up the coins which had been flung to him, invoking, as he stored them up, "a blessing on the open hand" that showered them. Many a time and oft did such blessings follow on the path of the gracious James V. "the people's king."

The party had not proceeded far when the king halted, and, at a slight intimation, a youthful cavalier of very attractive appearance spurred onward towards him.

"We will no longer detain you, Sir Norman; you will use all diligence in conveying our greetings to the Lord Cardinal, who will probably see fit to request your attendance when he joins our court."

Colouring high at this gracious intimation, the youth bowed even to the saddle bow, and remained stationary and uncovered until the whole train had passed him, and then, turning his horse's head and followed by two men-at-arms, he crossed the magnificent bridge leading from the High-street, and took the road to Dundee.

He soon attained the rugged steep of Kinnoul, and paused for a few moments to survey the magnificent scene around, on which, however, we have not time to dwell. Proceeding eastward along the brow of the hill, he soon reached Kinfauns, and thence descended into a fertile valley flanked by hills gradually sloping upwards, and covered with rich woods of oak and beech, ash, elm and fir, amid which, here and there, a dim abbey was seen to rise. On the other hand the river Tay wound its sinuous course, now opening into a lake with perhaps a tufted island in its centre, fit abode for some pious anchorite,—now narrowing and dashing merrily amongst some jutting crags, or round the hoary trunk of some ancient tree with which the banks were thickly sprinkled; and ever and anon a skiff was seen glancing along the rapid stream which thus took its gladsome way along a track glowing in fertility and beauty.

At length the horseman crossed into Fifeshire at Parton Craig Ferry, and passing rapidly the flat sandy moor called Shenghy Dike, said to have been originally peopled by the crews of a Danish fleet wrecked on the coast, passing Leuchars and skirting the bay of the Eden, he entered the links or lines of St. Andrew's.

Evening was now approaching; the streets were still and quiet. Occasionally he met a grey or white-frocked monk moving on an errand of mercy or of business, who, replying to his respectful greeting with a "Benedicite, my son," passed on his way. The city was quiet, and the streets were almost deserted, and all business was hushed, by the time he reached the south entrance of the castle, where his announcement of "the Master of Rothes, with despatches from the court," obtained him quickly admittance to its lofty master.

Leslie was ushered into a retired apartment, at the upper end of which, seated near a table covered with papers and writing implements, sate the celebrated Cardinal Beaton. He had apparently been engaged in the perusal of some manuscript which lay before him, one loose folio of which was still in his hand. But other thoughts had intervened and superseded the interest of the paper itself, for the hand which yet retained it hung listlessly by his side, whilst the other, the elbow of which rested on the table, supported his head as he reclined in deep meditation. The youth remained reverently waiting within the entrance of the apartment until its noble inmate should condescend to acknowledge his presence; but this he seemed in no haste to do. He had fallen into a train of deep thought, and his careless and unstudied attitude displayed a form the magnificent contour of which struck even the accustomed eye of the young soldier. He was simply habited in a close-fitting dress buttoned down the front, and a sort of mantle or upper garment, which, having fallen from one shoulder, exhibited to greater advantage his noble and commanding figure.

On his head he wore the usual small silk calotte, and his dark hair, somewhat long, clustered profusely over his ears. His forehead was lofty, his nose very long and rather aquiline; his eyebrows were so elevated as to make a casual observer suppose that something at the moment was exciting feelings of astonishment or surprise; but such was not the case, it was their usual expression: his lips were beautiful, his chin finely formed. Thus, though far from classically correct in the detail of the features, his face was noble in its aspect and most attractive on a superficial view. This beguiling countenance, united to a noble and commanding figure, distinguished David Bethune or Beaton, Cardinal-Archbishop of St. Andrew's.

"Welcome home, Sir Norman: what news?"

"I have the honour to be the bearer of a letter from his grace, the king."

"A letter from the king; ha! I understood not that," said the cardinal, and his manner brightened instantly into earnest animation, which no way abated as, having cut the silk which folded the letter, he read in the king's hand his own appointment to the great seal, and his majesty's gracious commands to repair forthwith to Stirling.

He repressed, however, the exultation which glowed within him at the way being thus smoothed before him for the accomplishment of his own heart-cherished designs, and conversed a few minutes cordially with his favourite follower, Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, who, as was usual then with scions of the noblest families, was a retainer in his household.

At length, dismissing his young friend, the cardinal desired the attendance of the priest Balfour, a member of his household, and, it is said, a cherished confidant in all his designs. Balfour was a man of no principle, a disgrace to the church to which he belonged: but,

if Master Knox be believed, a most unscrupulous and devoted tool of the ambitious cardinal.

Beaton opened the conversation with him by stating that he had just received, with new honours and powers, the gracious commands of his majesty to repair to Stirling, to assist at a council to be holden for considering of the best means of putting down the converts to the new religion and impressing them with wholesome reverence for the decrees and doctrines of Holy Church. He pressed upon his follower the importance of this mission as connected with views and projects to which the follower was no stranger.

"The queen," said he, "is with us, and through her we have the influence of the princes of Lorraine; Francis of France has promised me all furtherance; his holiness the pope will support me, and I have a hold also on the emperor. Such foreign support, combined with the phalanx here, will surely fix James's wavering determinations, despite the lures and wiles of the arch-heretic of England.

"Balfour," said he, turning suddenly to the priest, "I hasten to the court, where I seek to weave no trifling web. In the mean time, be thou, as heretofore, my better angel here. Be as heretofore 'all things to all men;' so shalt thou worm the secrets out of their very hearts. The end justifies the means. Be wary."

THE KING AND COURT.

Dost thou not know by that eye's kingly rays,
And by the arch of that celestial brow,
And by the grace his every step displays,
And by the crowds that round him duck and bow,
That that is good King James, the merriest monarch
That ever sceptre sway'd since Noah steer'd his own ark.
Anster Fair.

James V. king of Scotland, was bountifully gifted by nature. His aspect was very comely; his mild and intelligent countenance was animated by a grey eye of unusual quickness and penetration; he had the "yellow hair" of his nation, and his figure was well formed and manly. He was a proficient in the lighter accomplishments and manly exercises of the day. He rode well, danced well, sang well, was of heroic temperament, brave as a lion; affectionate and generous though hasty in temper; easy of access, and conciliating and polished in manners. His character was marked by nature with some of the highest qualities which can adorn a prince—by a strict love of justice, and an unwearied energy in promoting it; by an utter contempt of toil, of trouble, or personal fatigue; by sober and temperate habits, by generosity of temper, and by that readiness of approach by the lowest as well as the highest of his people which gained for him the thrice honourable title of "the king of the poor."

But this beguiling picture had a reverse side,—though it may be fairly said that James's faults were much, very much, the effect of erroneous education, and were increased, if not generated, by the influence of the turbulent times in which his lot was cast, and by the harassing circumstances and aggravating discomfitures through which he was compelled to plough his rugged way. Under the ungenerous, nay, the wicked training of the Douglasses, who formed the diabolical scheme of repressing his rising intellect in order to perpetuate their own supremacy, the tone of his mind was weakened, not elevated; and no gratification of a depraving kind, how unsuited soever to his years, was withheld from him.

The evils against which he had to contend on his assumption of regal power, were not few nor light. The results of a long minority were glaringly visible in the insubordination of the whole country, in the turbulence and degrading venality of the nobles, in the diminished power and curtailed rights of the crown. All these evils he was resolute to subdue, and in this unequal contest had recourse to the superior clergy, who indeed occupied the chief places in the government, but were vitally opposed to those reformed doctrines which were now gaining ground amongst the powerful and turbulent secular nobles. These doctrines James opposed with all his might, as a point of conscience.

A most disastrous consequence of his newly cemented coalition with the Roman Catholic magnates of his realm was the certainty of a war with England, to which *their* whole policy tended, but which was harassing to the country, distasteful to the nobles, unsought by the English king until irritated by his nephew's vacillation, and certainly not originally wished by James himself. Such, however, was the policy of a powerful and wealthy hierarchy, resolved to crush every germ of reformation in Scotland.

Another powerful bond of alliance with the Roman Catholic clergy of the land was Marie of Guise, the king's second wife, a woman of so high an intellect, so magnificent an appearance, such captivating manners, that it is by no means surprising that she should have exercised a most powerful spell over the actions of the king, more especially when he saw her the mother of two noble and healthy sons. Her influence was entirely directed to support the policy of the clergy, whose present head, Cardinal Beaton, was her especial friend and favourite. These powerful influences, the queen and Beaton, had for some time been breathing in the king's ear an opinion that the only way in which he could obtain the mastery over his rebellious nobles was to extirpate the heretics of whose doctrines the very life and soul was that "freedom of will" of which the king had so much cause to complain; and that a necessary step towards this extirpation was war with England, whose king, by secretly encouraging and supporting these recusants, was in fact fomenting rebellion against the Scottish monarch in the very heart of his dominions. To these insinuations James at first turned a deaf ear, but gradually he listened to, was influenced, and in the end entirely governed by them.

Few tokens were there of the "relentless tyrant" (as some termed him) in the gallant and noble gentleman who entered the council chamber at Stirling

castle, and who, moving his bonnet as he took his place at the head of the table, made his recognisances with grace and winning courtesy to each individual there. At this council were first definitely promulgated those measures for the suppression of heresy which led in their attempted execution to the distraction of the kingdom and the death of the king. An Inquisitorial court was established, before which all persons suspected of heresy were to be cited, and of which, by the influence of Beaton, the cruel and relentless Sir James Hamilton was appointed president.

The deliberations of the day at an end, James seemed instantaneously to throw off all thought of care or business. He had a gay remark, a kind greeting, or a winning smile for every one.

"Well, my Lord Fleming, how fares our royal sister to day?"

"Well, I thank your grace. I left her bouning herself for the palace, which doubtless she hath reached by this time."

To Beaton the king was more than usually gracious.

"You will grace our revel, my lord cardinal?"

"I shall be most proud to attend on your highness."

"And the young springald who hath lately entered your service; he looks a towardly and spirited youth."

"Norman Leslie your grace refers to; he has lately returned from France: the son of the Earl of Rothes."

"Is he so? a promising scion of a noble stock. We shall be glad to see him in your train."

Mirth and song echoed through the halls of Stirling; harp and lute resounded amongst its lofty corridors; brightness and beauty graced its princely bowers on this evening when the accomplished king and his magnificent queen did the honours of their royal residence to a large asemblage of the magnates of the land. The presence-chamber had been but lately completed, under the superintendence of James himself, and was in truth a magnificent apartment. The roof was divided into square compartments, which contained representations of the kings and queens of Scotland or of her noblest sons, richly chiselled in oak. The likenesses of the present king and queen were very conspicuous, that of the king displaying, like the portrait of him still extant at Hardwicke, that somewhat dreamy and melancholy tinge in the expression of the features which has been remarked as usually appertaining to those who are fated to die young or unfortunately.

Never met a royal pair more richly gifted in those social accomplishments which, engaging in every rank, become doubly fascinating when appertaining to royalty. James was a noble gentleman, and his elegant person, his high accomplishments, united with a winningness of manner of which the foundation was that goodness of heart which sought the happiness of all around, formed a combination of attraction which needed not the gilding of royalty to enhance it. Marie, a majestic-looking woman, united to good intellect and great beauty that exquisite polish of manner which her nurture in the courtly circles of France had tended to perfect, though she derived from nature a fascination which no art or study can bestow. The lip, the smile, which have been celebrated throughout Europe as appertaining to the unhappy Mary Stewart, had their perfect prototype this evening in the beaming countenance of her mother.

In addition to the usual excitement of a gay scene, a trifling occurrence of a purely domestic nature had raised the enthusiasm of the visitors towards their queen to the highest pitch, and had called forth corresponding feelings of pride and joy on her part.

King James, from a sudden impulse, and with that utter recklessness of state etiquette which often marked his conduct, had desired that the two young princes might be brought into the saloon; and there seeming to be some delay in obeying his orders, he proceeded towards their apartments, and himself carried down Arthur, the youngest, (an infant,) in his arms, an attendant following with Prince James, the elder one. And thus the babes were paraded round the apartment to receive those tributes of admiration which would always be freely lavished on two beautiful children, even if they were not princes of the blood royal. It is not in a mother to be insensible to such occurrences, and, mingled with strong maternal affection, Marie looked proudly conscious that she was the mother not merely of two noble boys, but of two princely heirs to an ancient and noble kingdom. The king seemed to forget every thing but that they were his "twa bonnie bairns" as the children nestled in his arms, seemingly averse to leave him.

This little episode in the usual routine of courtly proceedings was soon however concluded, and the guests resumed the conversation and amusements which had been broken in upon by this baby irruption.

Gaily chatting with the king and one or two others, somewhat apart from the company in general, was the Knight of the Mount, Sir David Lindsay, who had just published "The Complaynt," and was listening to the strictures of the king on it, and rebutting them with a degree of freedom which testified the happy and familiar terms on which he stood with his sovereign. As the argument became animated, some of the prelates and nobles took part in it. The former, of course, were almost entirely unfavourable to the poet, and it might have seemed at first that Sir David was rather at fault under the weight of their united censure. Not so, however. He looked upon them with a flashing eye, but with a countenance and manner of ineffable good humour and playful mischief, then turning to the king, he begged to prefer a humble petition.

"Say on," replied James, gaily; for he saw that some frolic was in the wind.

"I have served your grace long, and look to be rewarded as others are; and now your master tailor, at the pleasure of God, is departed; wherefore I would humbly and earnestly desire of your grace to bestow this little benefit on me."

"Why, Davie, man, ye can neither shape nor sew," said the king.

"Sir, that makes no difference; for you have given

bishoprics and benefices to many standing here about you, and yet they can neither teach nor preach: and why not I as well be your tailor, though I can neither shape nor sew; seeing teaching and preaching are no less requisite to their vocation than shaping and sewing to a tailor?"

The king laughed heartily, and those who were hinted at, or thought they were, were fain to take the satire in good part.

Music, vocal and instrumental, added to the enjoyments of the evening: for those were the palmy days of what we now call romance, but when in reality gallant knights and lovely dames did touch lute and harp and did *improvise* with a facility which would excite wonder in these days. We have more science displayed in our musical entertainments, but probably less enjoyment. In *reunions* now in private life many deeply fond of music are deterred from adding to the general fund of amusement by misgivings as to their own extent of qualification. In older times the taste for music, though not so highly cultivated, was more generally diffused, and every one, almost without exception, could add a trifle to the general quota of enjoyment.

And thus the time passed until the banquet was announced, after which the exotic lute gave place entirely to the national harp, and a merry "brawl" closed the evening.

As the king retired from the festal saloon, he stopped almost involuntarily on a balcony to gaze on the peaceful and beautiful scene which lay around this arena of festivity, noise, and mirth.

From below arose the jocund sounds of revelry, the murmur of many voices, and the flashing of torches gleamed on the walls and windows as retainers and menials passed hastily through the court-yards and offices.

From afar stole on the ear the gentle ripple of the river Forth, as, winding through a rich and fertile vale in such wide angles as to make almost a series of peninsulas, it found its way to the ocean; the tinkle of the sheep-bells of the numerous flocks which fed in the rich pastures; or, borne fitfully at intervals upon the evening breeze, he almost fancied that he distinguished the faint and subdued tones of the vesper hymn as it was being chanted in the abbey of Dunfermline.

This ancient resting place of so many kings is seen almost surrounded by beautiful woods in the plain to which we have referred. In front was the river down which flowed a line of wavering sparkling light as the water rippled in the moonbeams. On the opposite side the Strath of Monteith looked almost equally beautiful; and behind and around was a boundary of mountains which loomed dim and gigantic through the mists of evening.

What was it that, as James gazed on this peaceful and holy scene, caused his cheek to pale and his eye to sadden, until he who for many hours had been the admired of all beholders, the most gay and most joyous of the mirthful brilliant throng, looked grave, and pale, and worn, as if the weight and anxiety of coming years had been in one instant hurled on his devoted head? What presentiment was it which caused

"Coming events [to] cast their shadows before"

thus gloomily?

Ere we resume our narrative, the Romanist hierarchy had obtained the fullest authority in the councils of the state; hard penal statutes against reformers were not only made, but enforced with the most relentless cruelty; the whole country was in a tumult; Henry of England was venting anathemas against it, which were but too fatally responded to by the disaffected in the realm, and the bloody and ruthless tyrant Sir James Hamilton had expiated his crimes by a violent death.

TO ISABELLA,

WITH SOME WILD FLOWERS.

I SEND thee but the simple flowers that blossom'd in the wild,
The flowers I used to gather and delight in when a child;
I would not send the gaudy blossoms from the garden bed,
More mildly sweet the wild earth's flowers which smile beneath our tread.

They teach a mood of gentleness and love to all the earth;
Unto the simple heart and true they tell their quiet worth:
And say to those who tread in peace the humble walks of life,
Their path is strew'd with many flowers to soothe the pains of strife.

They blossom in the gay fields where our sorrows are forgot;
Where the guilty and the stern step of the proud man cometh not:
And though we think their "perfumes wasted on the desert air,"
Yet who shall tell what angel spirits sport amidst them there.

And now they bear my message unto thee, and, silent still,
Speak all the heart's true love and lore, and kindness and goodwill:
To all men lowly silent blessings, messengers of Heaven,
To deck her bosom—cursed for sin—unto the wild earth given.

C. R.

TRUTH AND POETRY.—No. III.

BY F. B.

It is many a long year now since one asked, "What is truth?" He dared not look into his own soul, or listen to the voice that spake within him, or, heathen as he was, he would have found the answer there. "What is truth?" has been the great question through all time, even from the first. One

philosopher after another has framed his own theory, and crowds have listened to him with wonder; and yet one after another they have passed away, and their systems have for the most part perished with them; some few excepted, which, by laying their foundations in a careful examination of the parts of which man's mind consists, came somewhat nearer to the truth. They took the mind of man for the book in which they should find the great mystery of Truth; and such glimpses as their unassisted eye could get, were the reward which they deemed rich, and worthy of their toil.

But, after all, they fell very far short of that which they were seeking, and so contradictions and difficulty met them at every turn. They sought the true, but they had not the great source of truth to be their guide. They were to be content with that which was only an image and reflex upon earth of what is real and eternal in heaven; and even upon this they had to look with an eye feeble in itself, and diseased withal. They wanted the glass of Revelation, to bring things more clearly into view, showing them, with more certainty, the image that was before them, and bringing to sight that which was far out of their range before. Yet in all these systems there was more or less of truth. Not only those which we, even now, with our fuller light, admire and respect, but even such as we should almost throw aside as trivial and absurd speculations—dreamy fancies of a wild and unreal philosophy—contain in them something that is true. We believe we may safely say that not one of them all, false though it may be in its conclusions, unsound in its premises, childish even, to our minds, is utterly wanting in the great principle of truth.

The *Vox populi, vox Dei*, is an old saying, much misused in our day, and much misunderstood, yet one which will be found in great measure to stand the test of inquiry. We mean not to take it in that loose and dangerous sense which would make every man a judge in his own cause, obeying none, and therefore the servant of all; and which, whatever its theory may be, in practice sets up the "vox populi" instead of the "vox Dei;" but we do say that there is in man a sense of truth and right implanted by God himself, and as it were His voice, and that when all, or the greater part of mankind—not the mere mob led away by the specious words of every one who chooses to make himself heard among them—but such as are capable of thinking and judging fairly, have agreed upon any point, great deference is to be given to their decision; and he is a bold man who will on slight grounds challenge it. That the majority may, and often do, hold an unsound opinion, while truth is found with the few, is indeed not to be denied; but it must be remembered, that they have, perhaps, been overpersuaded by the arguments of some one of plausible tongue, and winning speech; and represent, not the united opinion of many, but the multiplied thought of one; not many minds giving one true judgment, but the image and copy, many times repeated, of one that has decided falsely. And we doubt whether, with all these, the voice of their hearts within would not contradict the utterance of their lips, if they were willing, or, perhaps, able to give it a fair hearing.

That the opinion of the many contains truth has been held by philosophers in all ages; and, however much it has been abused in its application, it is not for that cause to be denied. There is no great principle but may safely appeal to it. Religion, and that on which all religion is founded—the being of God—is borne witness to by it. It approves faith and love, and all the finer feelings of our nature, even though there may be such a cloud of evil hanging about us, such a web of passion all around, that its plain teaching can hardly be seen, and more hardly brought into action. And if great principles are attested to, why not those also which are less? But what is all this to the present subject? We answer, that in it lies much of the proof of what we would advance, if only we succeed in drawing it forth, and setting it out with plainness.

Truth, then, we repeat, is planted, deeply planted, in the mind of man, and bound up with all his affections; and whatever opposes it is but a part of the poison of that foul principle which was instilled at the first by the evil one; and the first act of homage paid to him by man, was a doubting of the word of truth, and the belief rendered to a lie. All the struggles of men to recover the true, are but a striving to throw off his power, and go back again to their first state, when their intellects were not yet clouded, nor their eyes blinded and dim. And if truth be a part of the nature of man, and poetry also, they cannot be opposed.

Truth is a holy thing, and in reverent mood, therefore, must we ask what it is. Let us look into our own hearts, and we shall find it there; into the world around us, and it meets us on every side; into the heaven above, and it waits our coming; into the dark world beneath, and there its fulfilment is, but its own bright presence is wanting. Truth and love are dwellers together, and belong, both of them, to the nature of man; but the beings there have lost man's proper nature. There is no poetry there, for there hope is at an end, and love is lost.

Truth is a blessed thing, and one of the fairest portions of our heritage. Go to the sage with his locks of grey, and it may happen that he knows it not; but leave him for the child who plays on yonder green, and though he cannot in words tell you what it is, he has it, and feels it, and can show it; and well were it to watch and learn of him. One hour of childhood's laughter is worth all the merriment of an empire, because it is truth; no forced smile to gloss over the unquiet workings of the soul within, but the outpourings of a spirit that knows no guile, a heart yet fresh in the waters of its baptism. His is the truth and the poetry of nature. As years grow over him, and he mixes with the world around him,—not the world of nature, and men's hearts, but the fallen one, where men's heads hold chief place, and their

hearts and souls play the servant to cold calculations—where beauty, and all true greatness, is too often made to bow, and hide its head before a power that would measure mountains only by the riches that are buried in them, and see in the waving forests, on their sides, only so many feet of useful wood, to fill up a hoard that is ever open to receive, but never gives out again to the wants of the world around—as he mixes in such a world as this the child becomes more practical, it may be, but nature and truth pay the forfeit.

The spirit of poetry and truth runs through all the world; poetry and truth, hand in hand,—and all men may see it, if they will—and yet they turn and say, "it is poetical, but not true." Not true! is there no truth in his feelings, who has learned to recognise in himself his oneness with the spirit around him, and to love all things as the common work and care of his Father, seeing His hand on every side, and the manifestation of His presence? And if the feeling be true, is not the expression of the feeling true with it; and what is this but poetry?—ay, the very heart of it, and its soul. Not true, indeed! Is there no truth in all those holiest affections, those purest joys, those highest earthly bonds of family love and union, that tie that binds the man of many years to the wife of his youth; that bids the young man, strong and upright, support his aged sire, as he goes with bowed frame and feeble step on the long way of life; that knits many hearts into one, giving a warmer glow to the common fireside, making the dark hours of winter bright and happy, tending fresh joys to the summer time, with its soft sun-settings, and its balmy airs, sweet as the breath of love in life's decline, when man goes down into the short night of the grave? Are not all these true? Then is there no truth on earth, but it is a cold and cheerless wilderness,—a desert with no water for the parched lip, but many a mirage to mock the disappointed weary wanderer. All these things are true, however much man may mar and blight their sweet flowers; and all these are the subject matter, the dearest theme of poetry. And yet, poetry is not truth, but they must stand in opposite array! Blind reckoning of the world!—loving hearts, and trustful, made slaves to calculating heads that will worship reason, but have no faith in that which more than all things else has reason on its side! Is there no truth in that teaching, which bids us smile when others smile, laying open the rich fountain of sympathy, joying in their joying, and sorrowing even as they are sad? And this is what the poet does, this he teaches, this teaching he himself loves well to follow. He likes not the haughty brow, and the eye that was never wet with the tear of another's grief. Humble must his spirit be,—humble, yet ever asserting its own dignity and right, knowing whence it came at the first, and what mission it has upon the earth. And his look, if it be not turned upwards to his home, or inwards to his own spirit, will ever be cast round to find objects for love and sympathy, separating the true which he delights in from the false in which he has no part; putting asunder the good and the evil; and, from the world's darkest scenes of crime and sorrow, which the first great falsehood entailed upon it, culling out some sweet flower of our first nature, some kindly passion which lurked beneath all the ill, scarcely seen or felt—some mark of truth's finger there, some touch of poetry which the world would deny, because it had not the eye to see or the heart to feel its presence.

To love, is the poet's privilege, and love is truth. He who has once felt his heart warm with love, even in its feeblest degree, is not dead to poetry, and is a witness of truth. He who has watched the sunlight dancing amid the green leaves, and listened to the voices that make glad music there; he who has gazed on the clouds, as they pass over the blue sky, and looked into the depth beyond them—infinite, and ever calm—and then upon the flowery fields, over which they throw a changing shadow as they go, making one while sunshine, and anon shade; a true picture of life, for the flowers are there, even though the shadow upon them be deeper than is common; he who has done this, and felt one moment's gladness, or has had one faint dream of beauty, has felt the spirit of poetry, though it may be he is not what the world calls a poet, and cannot tell out the thoughts that burn within him. Yet all these things are realities. How, then, can the spirit that belongs to and tells of them, be opposed in any way to truth? All these things are bound up with the nature of man, and among these poetry holds her rule.

But we said at the beginning, that truth was natural to man and deeply implanted in him. Both, then, are of nature, and nature never opposes herself or contradicts her own work. There are contradictions in the world, but they were brought in by the principle of evil, and are not natural. But surely, no one will say that poetry is evil, when he looks at its fruits, and listens to its teachings. We say, then, that truth was a principle set in the mind of man before the fall, inasmuch as his soul is the image of Him who is truth. At the fall we lost that certainty of truth which was ours before; and poetry is, as it were, a recalling of our former innocent and happy state, and a glimpse of those joys which were once the possession of our souls, and are still their heritage. Despite his evil and corrupted nature, man has still within him some vestige of what he once was, and we would say that poetry is the agreement of his inner nature, with its first conditions, the dawning forth of what is true in the world around him, and bringing it into closer fellowship with the truth within.

The highest poetry is that which expresses the highest feelings of our nature in their truest colours; but that which decks out trivial and paltry notions in gaudy vestments, so to speak, is no poetry. As has been said before, it is not the jingle of words, and the measure of feet which makes poetry; this is but the art which lends grace to that which the poet utters. The simplest thing expressed in the simplest language of truth, and appealing to the fancy, is poetry. Fancy,

indeed, must be present, for though we maintain that all poetry is truth, we by no means intend to assert the converse, that all truth is poetry. It is fancy which takes us off from the things around us and lifts us above the cold and calculating world, calling back our souls to the garden of delights, the Eden of our birth, a once blessed world; and that to which it recalls us is true.

Poetry is fancy bounded by truth. When any state of our minds, our passions, love or hate, joy or sorrow, or the events of our life are described, not in every day language, but in that way which the relic of our former nature would most easily accept, utterance has been given to poetry. But it may be that some one answers, and asks, If poetry be all this, what can it have to do with hate or sorrow? In love, we will grant that all this may hold, but what place was there in that first nature for hate, and what echo will sorrow find in that paradise where all is bliss? But, let us ask in return, when the poet is setting a picture of evil before you, do you feel pleasure in the evil? When he tells you of hate, and revenge, do these passions please you at all? We trust not; but there is within you a feeling opposite to these, and it is the contrast which delights you, if you read your heart aright; the picture he sets before you only recalls you to the earlier time when such things as hate did not exist. And of sorrow the same may be said, and so of like things; but that sorrow of sympathy, in which love rejoices sadly—for such rejoicing there surely is—were no unworthy guest, even in a paradise of joy. But, besides these, there is another answer founded on the very position we maintain. These pictures of evil are a faithful copy of what is passing around us, as the world now is; and the mind loves to dwell upon them, not because they are evil or sad, but because they are true, and so please the principle of truth within. But the best and purest poetry is that which has reference to the better parts of life, and those which belong most of all to our state of innocence, those holy affections of which we have spoken alone. And these are around us at all times, and present with us; and, as the poet has said of flowers, those emblems of poetry, we may say of these, the springs, and subject of it:—

"Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife?
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

* * * * * * *

The stars of heaven a course are taught,
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet;
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow."[1]

But besides this recalling to the past, and the contrast that is drawn between the good that is gone by and the evil that now is, there is another feature which is very characteristic of the poet, and without which he can scarcely be called poet at all; and this is the great principle of hope. Our religion consists of faith, hope, and love, and these are implanted in the truth of our nature. Love the poet has, and he must not be wanting in the others. And these he cannot lose till the great change has passed over the earth, and evil is no more; when the gladness and joy which he looks back upon with longing shall be his once more; when the happiness of the past shall be blended with the bliss of the future; when faith shall be lost in sight, and hope in full enjoyment. But till that day come he must live on amid the ill, with a heart at all times full of faith and hope. Hope, then, is his constant companion; but that which a reasonable man hopes for is not false. Though hope may be disappointed, the subject of hope is true. He tells of that which will be when the last knell of the years has been rung; and the song of his hope is sweet, because his hope shall not be vain:—

"The nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay;
For he sings of what the world will be,
When the years have died away.'"[2]

We have hitherto spoken only of the spirit of poetry; but, if we must consider this as embodied in written poems, the same still holds good. Whatever form the work may take the spirit of agreement with our first nature must be there, or it is no poetry. We grant that poems may be what are called works of fiction; and that hence fiction and poetry have, in the common mind, become too much identified; but let us remember how many more are not fiction, even in form; but are a true picture of the soul and feelings of man, or the beauty and perfection of nature, and, above all else, the honouring of Him, on whom all nature depends. But we have a word to say on these so-called works of fiction, and let no one smile, if we ask, "Are not these true?" In form, indeed, and detail of facts, they are not; but in essence they are. The passions of which they tell,—the tried love, faithful and enduring; whether it be that highest one that knits souls together, entwining itself among all life's deeds and putting forth its white flowers of purity to refresh all who come near with its heavenly sweetness, or that form and manly affection of a father; or, the fond and gentle spell of a mother's endearments—all these are real and true, and the characters by which they are shown are the only fiction—a device to bring more clearly before our mind's eye what we all believe in and feel. Let an attempt be made to depict anything impossible, and

(1) Christian Year, 15th Sunday after Trinity.
(2) Tennyson.

contrary to what the mind can conceive as true, and then the line of poetry has been passed. We do not say contrary to what the mind can *understand*, for it can conceive the truth of many things which are very far above its comprehension, and among these are some of the highest themes of poetry; but the sweetest ones are those which it can enter into, and feel within itself. And that love of the supernatural, which prevails among all mankind, makes for our argument, if that hold good which we have said about the truth of what all men believe. All have a longing after the supernatural, even to a degree which leaves reason far behind, and shows that there is something beyond the mere calculations of this world.

True poetry will always be in accordance with the truth of our nature, and bring that nature into view, either by awakening the feelings of it themselves, or by putting something in strong contrast to them. All with which the poet deals has existed from the first; with him, invention is not to make new things, but to clothe old things in a new guise. And because the soul of man is ever opening and capable of fresh powers, poetry can never grow old, for the mind will ever be viewing things from different points, or expressing them in some new way. Poetry is always the same, though men may be in very different degrees susceptible of it. The love of a man for his fatherland is poetry; but the highest poetry is the love of the soul, and its longing after its own fatherland, its native Heaven.

But ere we make an end, we have something for the poet also. We have spoken of their error who look upon all as useless which does not carry with it its evident reward. Let him not err on the other side; let him not, while he looks at the truth of the past, and hopes for that of the future, forget that the present is to be used for the realizing of all these. Let him not pass away his life in dreamy speculations, but remember that poetry must not only be of thought, but of action. In thought, it must agree with the laws of our nature; in action, it must lead us to realize that nature. While it points out the good and the evil of the world, it must incite us to choose the one and to flee from the other; while it rejoices in love, or mourns over hate, it must teach us to make all our fellows sharers in the former, and to avoid all inducements to the latter. It must not only tell us of grief, but must show us how to wipe away the tear from the eye of grief. Let us end in the words of a poet, and hear what witness he bears:—

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

And then he tells us how—

"Like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew,
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of hope and youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Though one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And through the wreaths of floating dark upcurled,
Rare sunrise flow'd."[1]

THE BACHELOR'S DOG.

This variety of the canine species, though it has not been honoured with the particular notice of writers on natural history, nevertheless may be considered to embrace a very large and influential class among the dogs of our native island. Though Buffon has not thought proper to devote a separate chapter to its history and habits—though even the writer of "Bingley's Anecdotes" does not inform us in how many instances the wonderful instinct he describes has belonged to this highly favoured tribe—yet this seeming omission may be ascribed to the important fact that the authors themselves—whatever partiality they might display for dogs in general—were, from their social condition, actually precluded from possessing or cultivating that most sagacious of all animals—the bachelor's dog.

It is from a sense of the general blindness of the literary world to the source of that sagacity, and the circumstances most favourable to its growth and improvement, that the author of this present treatise is induced to vindicate the claims to public notice which this animal deserves. And here, by way of invocation to the divinity whose power appears most likely to assist our lucubrations, after the fashion of all poetical and too many prose writers, we would summon to our aid a presiding genius in the shape of a certain long-backed, woolly-haired, sprightly little quadruped, whose cold nose is at one moment applied to our cheek, and then again brought into dangerous vicinity with the paper before us. Speak, O native of the Scottish isles, for thy face proclaims thy northern origin, whose ancestors may, for all we know to the contrary, have reposed on the hearth of Fingal, or guarded the slumbers of the ancient sea kings. Thy race, O faithful Rose, unsung by Ossian, shall nevertheless derive a more certain fame from these lines traced in the indelible pages of Sharpe, and be handed down to an admiring posterity as the prototype of the bachelor's dog.

The bachelor's dog occupies very nearly the same place in his domestic establishment as an eldest or only child does in that of a Benedict. It is at first the plaything of the household—an object of indulgence, whose whims and fancies are often more consulted and attended to than those of any one else. Its little misdemeanours are tolerated—its mischievous achieve-

(1) Tennyson.

ments are looked upon with delight and astonishment. If the young hopeful of three years old pull out his papa's watch and break the glass, who is to blame? Why papa, of course, for leaving the watch within his reach. And if, on returning to our solitary rooms, we find Rose outstretched upon the sofa in the act of discussing the component parts of a nosegay, which on our departure had adorned the table—the expiring fragrance of a dissected hyacinth still hanging about her sacrilegious lips—do we stand aghast at the atrocity of the deed and drive her from her luxurious position with a storm of reproach? No, indeed; we might pursue such a course if the culprit were the kitten from the second floor, or even perchance the son and heir of our youthful landlady, but for Rose there is an excuse ready made—she shares our taste for flowers, and has taken the best mode to gratify it. And are we not repaid for our loss by witnessing the delight with which the dog tosses about the shattered fragments which might once have done honour to a lady's toilet, or a plate-glass window-front in Covent Garden? See how those geraniums, which are still unbroken, catch her attention. The string will not come asunder, but we will engage that those teeth are a match for the most artful of knots. A sight which would break the heart of the "marchand des bouquets" whom we honour with our custom, seems to us rather amusing than otherwise. It is useless to scold—we should compromise our dignity by smiling at the same time—and, young as it is, the dog would have less respect for us in future. "Maxima debetur pueris reverentia," says Juvenal. For the sake of the moral we would substitute "canibus" for "pueris;" and, by way of upholding the importance of our dog's education, we think it right to be angry with her but seldom, lest the genius of the puppy should discern the lightness of the storm which it has raised.

But, pardon the digression, gentle reader, and think me not too bold if I next venture upon the proposition, that the bachelor's dog is usually looked upon with an eye of favour by the fair sex. If it be true, as some malignant theorists assert, that a man, when married, ceases to be an object of interest with the feminine creation, and subsides at once into the obscure crowd of family men, unnoticed and uncared for, surely the animal which holds the chief place among the household gods of one as yet innocent of matrimony, must share in the interest which attaches to his master.

In our humble opinion it contributes not a little to the brisk pertness which characterizes the species we are describing, that so often it falls to their lot to bask in the smiles—not to say in the laps—of the ladies whom they honour with an occasional visit. Our thoughts recur to Rose. Too often, when scarce the semblance of an invitation has been given, we have been appalled at seeing her bound into the chair, and even venture to make some advances towards the lips of a fair lady whom we ourselves only presume to admire at a respectful distance. But fortune, which rewards the daring,[1] generally smiles upon these rash displays of canine gallantry; and, when comfortably ensconced in a position thus taken by storm, we are amused to see the meek affability with which Rose bears the honours heaped upon her head—the aristocratic nonchalance with which she affects to be unconscious of the caresses to which she is submitting. We sometimes feel inclined to envy our favourite.

There are some animals which seem more prone to associate with those of their own species than others; or, to adopt the language of the present day, the principles of equality and fraternity appear to be inherent in their disposition. No one who has enjoyed a prospect over the tiles on a moonlight night will dispute the gregarious nature of cats. A group of curs in the street is by no means an uncommon sight; but to the more aristocratic of the canine race this attribute does not belong. It may be called a defect with which their education has imbued them; but certain it is that our bachelor's dog is not on terms of intimacy with a new acquaintance until he or she has received a sort of introduction to the stranger, by the recognition of their respective masters. We have heard of a tea party of cats, given by a dowager countess, at Bath, in former times; but, though a feline soirée might be practicable, we doubt very much whether any ambitious bachelor could establish a peaceful reunion of the same description among the dogs of his associates. The danger of collision would be imminent—the prospect of enjoyment to the parties concerned very small. We must flatter the fair sex by supposing that, on the occasion alluded to, the cats in question had derived from their mistresses more delicate sentiments than could be instilled into our rougher favourites.

The wandering and unsettled mode of life which falls to the lot of most men during the period of celibacy is usually shared by these faithful attendants upon their persons; and hence arises in both a facility of adapting themselves to circumstances, which contributes not a little to the pleasure of their existence. On this feature, as exhibited in the biped, we do not mean to dilate, that duty having been already performed to the fullest extent by more writers than we should like to name. But the quadruped has this advantage over the rest of his species, that by seeing life in such a variety of forms a superior degree of intelligence is acquired, and the companionship that exists between him and his master becomes thereby more closely secured. According to the changes in their pursuits, we find them at one time immured in the dusty chambers of the metropolis, or frequenting the more fashionable resort of the parks; at another, perhaps, making the tour of our island in a yacht, or lying together on the greensward in some picturesque country spot. There are some men whom we should as soon expect to meet travelling without any luggage as separated from their dogs; indeed, they might reprove us for so feeble a comparison, since such ordinary articles of commerce as a carpet bag and its

(1) Audentes fortuna juvat.—*Virg.*

contents could soon be got together when required but they flatter themselves no one would suggest the idea of a second Flora or Carlo. Such a combination of canine intelligence and affection does not, in their belief, exist elsewhere; in the present instance it has only been produced by their own efforts in the way of instruction. Hence it is that the bachelor's dog learns to look upon a railway trip as an ordinary event, and a voyage at sea as only a slight change of situation. We believe the North Pole would not be cold enough to endanger his comfort, and we happen to know of one who has approached the other extreme by a visit to the Pyramids, from which he returned without even having, like his master, to lament the loss of complexion.

The career of the bachelor's dog too often comes to an end at the same time as the liberty of his master. The same event is fatal to both; it may be briefly described in the word—"matrimony." We are apt to soliloquise on the slender thread upon which depends the luxurious position of these favourites of the "unblessed single," and we rejoice at the anxiety which our Rose is spared from her ignorance of the meditations with which we are occupied. She little thinks of the influences which are at work to subvert her domestic comfort. A week's visit at a country house might make it no longer a matter of conjecture; a walk in the Park might settle her fate and our own. We deem it possible that a peep at our baptismal register, or a confidential inquiry at our banker's, might for the present relieve her mind from such fears, if any such exist; but we are warned by the fate of too many of Rose's contemporaries as well as our own. The popular adage of "love me, love my dog," is borne in mind by the fair sex, while the meshes are being drawn round the infatuated bachelor; but the sequel dispels the pleasing illusion, so far at least as the humble favourite is concerned. The hymeneal rites are the commencement of a new era in the life of both. Some of our friends would have us assert that the change in the condition of the superior being is the more pitiable of the two; but we will not commit ourselves so far as to acquiesce in this sentiment. At any rate our duty as a faithful historian will only lead us to contemplate the prospect of the canine sufferer. The bachelor's dog loses his title and his honours simultaneously. Consigned during the honeymoon to the care, probably, of some indifferent domestic, or superannuated relative, he is either fed into a state of premature apoplexy, or left, neglected, to shift for himself—demoralized by unbounded indulgence, or soured by blows and hard usage, according to the disposition of his protector. His powers of intelligence are no longer called forth by encouragement, hence they soon disappear; and, finally, if he ever return to the ex-bachelor's abode, a protest is entered against his intrusion amongst the members of the family—his privileges are abridged—and the remainder of his days is probably spent in a state of dreamy indolence at the kitchen fire, or on a rug in the housekeeper's room. Happy are those individuals of the species whose masters longest resist the attractions of the other sex—who look forward to the government of their household by any other than the dynasty at present reigning, in the shape of a veteran housekeeper, as a contingency to be avoided by every possible means.

But the decrees of fate are inexorable, and the influence of the "genus varium et mutabile semper" seems for ever destined to make the biography of the bachelor's dog a history of the past or of the future. Those of the species, from which we have drawn our observations, will probably ere long have ceased to exist in the interesting character which they now bear—even Rose herself may some day be excluded from their number. She will be at least fortunate, if the inspiration caused by her merits should have produced a faithful picture of the sagacity and affection of the class to which she belongs; and if our contemporaries should thereby be led more fully to appreciate the good qualities which they are enabled to witness for themselves in every true specimen of the bachelor's dog.

H. C. N.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[1]

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

Chapter XIX.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS FALL OUT, AND OTHERS FALL IN.

General Grant felt, and expressed himself, greatly delighted at the marked improvement which had taken place in his ward's manner and appearance, and attributing it with justice to Lewis's judicious management, that young gentleman rose many degrees in his employer's favour. The General was essentially a practical man—he was endowed with a clear head and a sound judgment, and being happily devoid of that inconvenient organ, a heart, (whence proceed, amongst other reprehensible emigrants, the whole host of amiable weaknesses which only gain for their proprietor that most useless, because unsaleable, article—affection,) he looked upon his fellow-creatures as machines, and weighing them in the balance, patronised those only who were not found wanting. Lewis had proved himself a good teaching machine, and the General valued him accordingly.

"The great point now, Mr. Arundel," he said, "is to endeavour to expand your pupil's mind: you have developed in him (and I give you great credit for the degree of success you have attained) powers of acquiring knowledge,—those powers must be cultivated; he must have opportunities afforded him of seeing and judging for himself; and to this end it is my wish that he should mix as much as possible in society. I am about to entertain a large party at Broadhurst, and I conceive that it will be a desirable opportunity to accustom Walter to the presence of

(1) Continued from p. 91.

strangers, and to enable him, by the force of example acting on his imitative powers, to acquire the manners and habits of those of his own rank. I should therefore propose, that after two o'clock on each day your pupil and yourself should join the family circle, and enter into any schemes for amusement or exercise which may be proposed. I consider myself most fortunate," continued the General, with a little patronising inclination of the head towards Lewis, "to have secured the services of a gentleman whom I can with such entire satisfaction present to my friends."

In compliance with this injunction Lewis was forced, much against his will, to withdraw from the retirement under the shadow of which he had hitherto contrived to screen himself from those annoyances to which his dependent situation exposed him, and which his sensitive nature led him especially to dread. On the following day arrivals succeeded one another with great rapidity, and when Lewis joined the party after luncheon there were several faces with which he was unacquainted. One, however, immediately arrested his attention, and turning to Leicester, he inquired the name of the person in question.

"Eh! the man with moustaches? What! don't you know him?" exclaimed Leicester—if, indeed, the slow languid manner in which that young gentleman was accustomed to promulgate his sentiments can be properly so termed. "How very odd! I thought every body knew *him*; that's my *frère aîné*, Bellefield; come with me and I'll introduce you."

"Excuse me," returned Lewis, drawing back with a flushed cheek, as the recollection of the scene on the banks of the Serpentine came vividly before him; "I had no idea it was your brother; I never imagined for a moment——"

"My dear Arundel, don't agitate yourself; as a general rule, there's nothing in this life worth getting up the steam about," returned Leicester, drawing on a kid glove; "Bellefield will be extremely happy to make your acquaintance,—in fact, he is always extremely happy;—if you were to cut your throat before his very eyes he would be extremely happy, and, if he thought you did it well, probably fold his arms, and ask what you would take for the razor, and be extremely happy to buy it of you. But as he'll be constantly here, there exists a positive necessity for you to know him,—so come along."

Thus saying, Charley Leicester linked his arm in that of Lewis, and carried him off, *nolens volens*, to be introduced to his brother.

Lord Bellefield having seen Lewis only once before, and under very peculiar circumstances, did not immediately recognise him; and having made up his mind that for electioneering purposes it was necessary to bear all species of social martyrdom amiably, underwent his introduction to Lewis with great resignation, curling up his moustaches and showing his white teeth in a ready-made smile—of which article he had always a stock on hand—most condescendingly.

Lewis's was, however, a face that once seen it was not easy to forget; moreover, there was at that moment an expression gleaming in his dark eyes not altogether consistent with the conventional indifference befitting a mere social introduction, and Lord Bellefield was too close an observer not to notice it.

"I've a strange idea I've seen you somewhere before, Mr. Arundel," he remarked.

"If I am not much mistaken," returned Lewis, "your lordship once did me the honour"—and he laid a slightly sarcastic emphasis on the words—"to offer me a sum of money for a favourite dog."

There was something in Lewis's manner as he uttered these words which showed that he had neither forgotten nor forgiven the insult that had been offered him. Lord Bellefield perceived it, and replied, with a half sneer,—

"Ay, I recollect now—you jumped into the water to fish him out; and I naturally imagined that, as you appeared to set such store by him, you must expect to make money of him. Have you got him still?"

Lewis replied in the affirmative, and his lordship continued:—

"Well, I'll give you your own price for him any day you like to name the sum."

Without waiting for an answer he turned away, and began conversing in an under tone with his cousin Annie.

"So! you're old acquaintance, it seems?" asked Leicester. "Frere told me about the dog business, but I never knew till now that it had been Bellefield who offered you money for him. I can see you were annoyed about it. Bell fancies money can buy everything, (which is pretty true in the long run,) and a dog is a dog to him and nothing more; he'd never dream of making a friend of one; in fact, he votes friendship a bore altogether; so you must not think any more of his insult to Herr Faust. What are people going to do this afternoon? I wish somebody would settle something. Annie, just attend to me a minute, will you—what are we going to do?"

"Papa talked of a skating party on the lake," returned Annie, "but I've had no definite orders. Where can papa be?—do go and look for him, Charles."

"Is he in the house, think you?" inquired Charles, rising languidly, and gazing round with a look of dreamy helplessness.

"I saw General Grant cross the lawn with a gentleman—Mr. De Grandeville, I believe—not five minutes since," observed Lewis.

"Exactly; then as you know where to find him, Arundel, I dare say you'll be kind enough to tell him that—what was it, Annie?" said Leicester, reseating himself in an easy chair, with an expression of intense relief.

"Charley, how idle you are! I am quite ashamed of you," exclaimed Annie, vehemently; then, turning to Lewis, she continued,—"If you would be so kind, Mr. Arundel, as to ask papa whether the lake scheme holds good, and if we are to walk or drive there, I should be so much obliged to you."

Lewis signified his willingness to execute her wishes, and, calling to Walter to accompany him, left the room.

"Well, Annie, how do you like Lewis Arundel by this time?" inquired her cousin. "Wasn't I right in telling you he was quite a catch?"

"Yes, indeed," returned Annie, warmly; "and he is so kind and clever about that poor Walter; I don't know what we should do without him. I think it is quite delightful to see his manner towards him, poor boy! it combines all the tenderness of a woman with the firmness of a man, he is so patient and forbearing with him; but it must in some degree repay him for his trouble, to see the improvement he has effected, and the strong affection he has inspired. Walter absolutely seems to dote upon him."

"A most desirable acquisition, certainly, the affection of an idiot," observed Lord Bellefield, with a satirical curl of the lip.

"I never despise real affection of any kind," returned Annie, quickly.

"I am delighted to hear you say so, *belle cousine*," replied Lord Bellefield, fixing his bold roving eyes on her, with an expression intended to be fascinating, but which was simply disagreeable.

Annie looked annoyed, and saying she must warn Miss Livingstone of the intended expedition, rose and quitted the apartment.

When the brothers were left together, Charles, after a minute's pause, began—"I say, Bellefield, I wish you'd try and be a little more civil to young Arundel; you annoyed him by the way in which you offered money for his dog, just after he had risked his life to save it, and I don't think you mended matters by what you added to-day; recollect he's a gentleman by birth, and has the feelings of one."

"Curse his feelings!" was the unamiable rejoinder; "he's a proud, insolent young puppy; if he's a gentleman by birth, he's a beggar by position, and requires pulling down to his proper level; I've no notion of dependents giving themselves such airs, and shall let him know my opinion some of these days."

Charley Leicester regarded his elder brother with a half sleepy look of serio-comic disgust, then slightly shrugging his shoulders, he drew on his other glove, placed his hat on his head, arranged his curls to his satisfaction at a mirror, and lounged gracefully out of the room.

Scarcely had he done so, when the late subject of their conversation entered by another door which opened into the conservatory, and glanced round the apartment as if in quest of some one; apparently the object of his search was not to be discerned, for turning to Lord Bellefield, he inquired, "whether he could direct him where to find Miss Grant?"

The person addressed, favoured him for some seconds with a supercilious stare, ere he answered, "And what might you want with that young lady, pray?"

Lewis paused for a moment ere he dared trust himself to reply, for the tone in which the question had been asked was most insolent. At length he said, "I can have no objection to gratify your lordship's curiosity. The General wished me to inform Miss Grant, that he had arranged a skating party on the lake for this afternoon, and that carriages would be at the door in ten minutes, to transport those of the company thither who might prefer driving to walking."

"Really, you must have a wonderful memory, Mr. Arundel; I dare swear those were the General's very words; as, however, I can scarcely imagine it consistent with your onerous duties, to play the part of squire to dames, I'll save you the trouble for once, by delivering your message myself." And with an irritating smile, as he remarked the anger his words had produced, Lord Bellefield turned, and quitted the apartment.

Lewis stood for a moment gazing after the retreating figure, his nostrils expanded, and his chest heaving like some hunted animal; then pacing the room (his invariable custom when labouring under strong excitement), he gave vent to the following broken sentences: "He meant to insult me—his words, his look, everything proves it—and I did not resent it—perhaps he thinks I fear him; if I believed so, I'd follow him, and before them all, fix on him the blow of shame that he must avenge, or own himself a coward." As he spoke, he took two or three hasty strides towards the door; checking himself, however, as his eye accidentally fell upon Walter, who had entered with him, and who stood regarding him with looks of stupid amazement, he continued: "But I must not think only of myself; the interests of others are at stake—that poor boy—Rose—my mother—I dare not sacrifice them." He flung himself into a chair, and pressing his hand against his burning brow, resumed,—"Oh, why am I called upon to bear this? how have I sinned, that this torture should be forced upon me?—the coward! he knows I am bound hand and foot, or he dare not thus insult me; it is like striking a fettered man—" he paused, then added, "Well, a time may come when I may meet him more as an equal; at all events, now, it is my duty to bear as much as human nature may, and I'll do it." He remained silent for a few minutes, with his hand over his eyes, waiting till the excitement should pass away. From this state he was roused by feeling something touch him, and looking up, he perceived the idiot, half kneeling, half sitting by his side, gazing up into his face with looks of wonder and sympathy. This mute evidence of affection acted as a balm to his wounded spirit, and laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, he said,—"Walter, my poor fellow, have I frightened you? I was not angry with *you*, you know; come, we will walk down to the lake, and see the skating. What has become of Faust, I wonder? we must take him with us, of course."

"Who was that who went away just now?" returned Walter; "he with the hair over his mouth, I mean?"

"That was Lord Bellefield, your friend Mr. Leicester's brother."

"He 's a bad man, isn't he?"

"Why should you think so, Walter?"

The boy paused for a few moments in reflection, then answered,—"His eyes look wicked, and frighten me; besides, he made you angry—I hate him."

"You should not say that, Walter; you know it is not right to hate any one," returned Lewis, feeling dreadfully hypocritical; then linking his arm in that of his pupil, they passed out through the conservatory.

As the sound of their retreating footsteps died away, a figure peeped timidly into the apartment, and seeing it was untenanted, entered, and gazed after them long and fixedly. It was Annie Grant, who, returning to learn the result of Lewis's embassy to her father, had involuntarily overheard both the insult, and the burst of wounded feeling which it had called forth.

In that short five minutes were sown seeds that, as they grew to maturity, bore sleepless nights and weary days, and the tearless sorrow of a breaking heart, as a portion of their bitter fruit.

The lake in Broadhurst Park presented a gay scene on the afternoon in question. Anxious to propitiate the good-will of the voters, by the General's order the park was thrown open to all who might choose to witness, or join in, the amusement of skating. A sharp frost, which had continued, without intermission, for several days, had covered the water with a firm coating of ice, which afforded a surface as smooth as glass for the operations of the skaters. The sun was shining brightly, bringing out beautiful effects of light and shade on the steep and rugged banks, and causing the hoar-frost on the feathery branches of a young birch plantation to glitter like sprays of diamonds. On the side approached by the drive from the house, a tent had been pitched, in such a direction that any of the party who feared to expose themselves to the cold, might witness the evolutions of the skaters, and yet be sheltered from the troublesome intrusion of the north wind.

As Lewis and Walter came in sight of the spot (on which several groups of well-dressed people, together with a considerable number of a lower class, were already assembled) the latter uttered an exclamation of delight, and, roused out of his usual state of apathy by the novel excitement, bounded gaily forward, till he reached the side of Charles Leicester, to whom he had taken an extreme fancy.

"Mr. Arundel is going to teach me how to skate, Mr. Leicester, and you are to help," he exclaimed, as soon as he had recovered breath after his run.

"Am I?" returned Leicester, with a good-natured smile; "how do you know that I will help you?"

"Because Mr. Arundel said so; and every body minds him—Faust and all."

"Is that true, Arundel? Am I to do just as you tell me?" inquired Leicester, as the individual alluded to joined them.

"It is quite right that Walter should think so, at all events," returned Lewis; "but I told him to ask you, as a favour, whether you would lend us your assistance. Walter is anxious to learn to skate, and to save his cranium from getting a few artificial bumps suddenly developed upon it, I propose that you and I should each take one of his arms, and keep him from falling, till he learns to stand safely upon his skates without assistance."

Leicester gave vent to a deep sigh of resignation, then muttered, "Well, I should certainly never have dreamed of undergoing such an amount of exertion on my own account; but I suppose Walter fancies it will be very charming; and he has not a great many pleasures, poor fellow!" he continued, aside; and so, like a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow as, despite his affectation, he really was, he performed the service required of him, and actually exerted himself till his complexion became, as he expressed it, "redder than that of some awful ploughboy." After a time Walter grew tired with the unaccustomed exercise, and, taking off his skates, the trio proceeded to join the party at the tent. As they approached, Annie tripped up to Leicester, and, seizing his arm, said, "Where have you been all this time? I wanted you particularly." She then added something in a low voice which had the effect of heightening her cousin's unromantic complexion to a still greater degree, and elicited from him the incredulous ejaculation, "Nonsense!"

"I knew you'd be surprised," returned Annie, laughing. "She is going to remain here till the party breaks up, so you 'll have plenty of time to make yourself agreeable, if it's not 'too much trouble,' or 'such a bore,'" she continued, mimicing Charles's languid drawl.

"How was this matter brought about, pray?" inquired her cousin; "and why on earth do you fancy it concerns me in any way?"

"It was all my doing," returned Annie. "I was not blind when we were in Scotland; and after you left us I made a point of cultivating the young lady; and—fortunately for you—approving of her, I asked papa to let me invite her to Broadhurst."

"Of course, with that discretion which is such a striking characteristic of your amiable sex, imparting to him all your views in doing so."

"Now, Charley, you are very cross and unkind and disagreeable. I asked her merely because I thought it would give you pleasure; and though I like sometimes to teaze you a little myself, of course I never dreamed of saying anything to my father which could annoy you."

"Well, you are a dear, good little cousin, I know, so I won't scold you," was the reply; and they entered the tent together.

A few minutes afterwards Lewis was engaged in pointing out to Walter one of the skaters who was performing some very intricate figure with great success, when he heard a female voice exclaim, "Surely I am not mistaken,—that is Mr. Arundel!" and, turning at the sound, beheld, leaning on the arm of Charles Leicester, Miss Laura Peyton, the young lady who had penetrated his disguise at Lady Lombard's party. Not to return her bow was impossible; but at

the recollection of all that had passed on that evening, his cheek flushed, and his face assumed a cold, distant expression, the result of mingled pride and vexation, under which he strove to conceal his annoyance. Annie, who was not aware that Lewis and her friend had ever met before, glanced from one to the other with looks of the greatest astonishment, which was by no means diminished when Miss Peyton continued, "Now let me inquire after the Prince of Persia. I hope you left his highness in the enjoyment of good health."

While Lewis was striving to frame a suitable reply, Annie, who could restrain herself no longer, exclaimed, in a tone of the utmost bewilderment, "The Prince of Persia! My dear Laura, are you out of your senses?"

The only reply her friend was able for some minutes to return, was rendered inaudible by a fit of laughing, in which Leicester, and at last, even Lewis himself, could not resist joining.

"Now I call that abominable," continued Annie; "you are all enjoying some excellent joke, and I am left to pine in ignorance. Laura, what *are* you laughing at?"

"Ask Mr. Leicester," returned Miss Peyton, breathless with laughter.

"Charles, what is it all about?"

"Ask Arundel," was the reply, "he is the proper person to explain."

"Mr. Arundel, you *must* tell me!"

"Really, I must beg you to excuse me," began Lewis; "Miss Peyton—that is—Mr. Leicester—in fact, it is impossible for me to tell you. Come, Walter, you've rested quite long enough, you'll catch cold sitting still, after making yourself so hot;" and as he spoke, he took his pupil's arm, and hastily quitted the tent.

Of course as soon as he was out of earshot, Annie reiterated her demand that the mystery should be explained, and of course Laura begged Charles to relate the affair, and then, woman like, interrupted him before he had uttered half-a-dozen words, and being once fairly off, did not stop till she had told the whole history, from beginning to end, which she did with much spirit and drollery; then, in her turn, she had to be informed of the position Lewis held in the General's family; how wonderfully Walter had improved under his care, and how much everybody liked him. When they had fully discussed these matters, they were joined by Lord Bellefield, who escorted them across the ice, to witness more closely the proceedings of the skaters.

Later in the afternoon, a party of young men had undertaken to skate a quadrille; this being something new, people hurried from all sides to view it, and a crowd speedily collected. Walter had expressed a wish to see it, and Lewis, delighted at the unusual interest he took in all that was going forward, which he rightly regarded as a proof of the decided progress his intellect was making, willingly complied.

The crowd still continued to thicken, as the quadrille proceeded, and it had just occurred to Lewis that the weight of so many people collected in one spot would try the strength of the ice pretty severely, when a slight cracking sound confirmed his suspicions, and induced him to withdraw Walter from the group. It was fortunate that he did so, for scarcely were they clear of the crowd, when a sharp crack, like the report of a pistol, rang in his ears, followed by one or two others in rapid succession. There was a rush of many feet, accompanied by the shrill screaming of women, and on looking round, Lewis perceived that a portion of the ice had given way, and that several persons were struggling in the water.

Chapter XX.

FAUST GETS ON SWIMMINGLY, AND THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO A DIVING BELLE, WRINGING WET.

The shrieks alluded to in the last chapter still continued, and Lewis, consigning Walter to the care of a servant, hastened to the spot to render any assistance which it might be in his power to afford. As he reached the scene of action, the panic and confusion were so great, that it was no easy matter to ascertain the extent of the mischief, or to know how to set about remedying it. Lord Bellefield, who seemed the only person at all collected, was issuing directions in a loud authoritative voice, to which the majority of the bystanders appeared too much alarmed and excited to pay much attention. The number of persons who were actually immersed had been increased by the injudicious attempts of those who had first endeavoured to assist them, by rushing to the edge of the broken ice, which, giving way under their weight, had plunged them also into the water. As Lewis came up, a rope was flung across the opening, and held tightly by men on either side; grasping this firmly with one hand, Lewis assisted to extricate several persons who were clinging to the edges of the ice. He was just springing back, as the ice on which he was standing broke away beneath his feet, when a cry was raised, "There's a lady in the water!" and immediately some one added, "It's the General's daughter—it's Miss Grant." Before the words were well spoken, Lewis had flung off his great coat, and was about to plunge into the water, when his eye suddenly caught that of Lord Bellefield, who, having in the confusion accidentally stationed himself by his side, was pointing with vehement gestures to the spot, where, partly sustained by her flowing dress, partly supported by a mass of floating ice, the form of Annie Grant was to be discerned. At the sight of the eager face of the man who had insulted him, some evil spirit seemed to take possession of Lewis's breast; checking himself suddenly, he stepped back a pace, and fixing his eyes with a piercing glance on Lord Bellefield's features, said coldly, "I beg pardon, your lordship will, of course, rescue Miss Grant."

For a moment anger and surprise deprived Lord Bellefield of the power of speaking, but as soon as he could find words, he replied, "Go on, sir; as you

could risk your life for a dog, you will surely take a cold bath to save your master's daughter."

The speech was an ill-chosen one, for it excited a degree of irritation which outweighed all other considerations, and folding his arms across his chest, Lewis replied in a tone of the bitterest irony, "Your lordship must excuse me. *I am no squire of dames.*"

Lord Bellefield's only rejoinder was an oath, and, flinging off his wrapper, he appeared about to spring into the water. Suddenly changing his intention, he turned to Lewis, and exclaimed, his face livid with rage and vexation, "Ten thousand curses on you! you know I cannot swim."

It is at such moments as these, when by our own wilful act we have laid ourselves open to his attacks, that the tempter urges us on to crimes which in our calmer moments we shudder to contemplate. A glance of triumph shot from Lewis's dark eyes, and the fearful thought flashed across him,—"She is to be his bride—her fortune is to repair his extravagance—perhaps he loves her;" and the fiend prompted the idea, worthy of its originator, that he might revenge himself on Lord Bellefield, by leaving Annie to perish. But, like many other clever people, for once the demon outwitted himself; the very magnitude of the crime served to awaken Lewis to the sinfulness of the line of conduct he had meditated. In an instant a mist seemed to clear itself away from his mental vision, and he perceived the abyss of guilt on the brink of which he was standing. And now the agonizing doubt suggested itself to him, whether his repentance might not have come too late—that Annie might sink before he could reach her; and, as Lord Bellefield ran off impetuously to hasten the movements of a party who were bringing a small flat-bottomed boat towards the spot, Lewis sprang into the water, clearing a quarter of the distance in his leap, and swam with vigorous strokes in the direction of the still floating figure.

His fears were not unfounded. Annie's dress, which had hitherto served in great measure to sustain her, was rapidly becoming saturated with water; every instant she sank lower, and while he was still some yards from the spot, to his horror, he perceived the fragment of ice on which she rested, roll round and slip from her grasp. The effect was instantaneous. Uttering a piercing shriek, which rang through his ears like a death-knell, she threw out her arms in a vain attempt to save herself, and disappeared beneath the water. At the same moment, there was a rush, a bound, a plunge,—some large animal dashed past Lewis, and ere the last fragment of Annie's dress disappeared, Faust had seized it in his mouth, and prevented its wearer from sinking. The bystanders now drew the rope which had been flung across the opening in the ice, in such a direction that Lewis could grasp it, and, thus supported, he contrived to raise Annie's head above the water, and, with some assistance from Faust, to keep both her and himself afloat till such time as the punt should arrive. This, fortunately, was not long. The instant it was launched, Lord Bellefield and one or two others jumped into it, and in another moment Annie Grant was rescued from her perilous situation, to the horrors of which she was however by this time happily insensible. As they were lifting her into the boat, poor Faust, who probably did not understand that his services were no longer needed, still retained his hold on her dress, and Lord Bellefield struck him so fiercely with the handle of a boat-hook that he fell back, stunned, and would have sunk, had not Lewis, who was still in the water, thrown his arm round him and prevented him.

"The punt can hold no more," exclaimed Lord Bellefield; "Miss Grant's safety must not be endangered for *any* consideration;" and as he spoke he pushed the boat from the spot, leaving Lewis still clinging to the rope and supporting the weight of the dog, which did not as yet begin to show any signs of life.

"We will bring the boat back for you, sir, directly," cried one of the men who were assisting Lord Bellefield in punting.

"You must be quick about it, if you care to be of any use," returned Lewis in a faint voice, "for I can't hold on much longer; my limbs are becoming numbed with the cold."

"Better let go the dog if you're in any difficulty," suggested Lord Bellefield, with a malicious laugh, as the boat moved rapidly away.

"That is the way they would repay your faithful service, eh! my poor Faust," murmured Lewis; "never fear, we'll sink or swim together, my dog. If any one deserves to drown for this day's work, 'tis I, not you." At the sound of his master's voice the poor animal opened his eyes, and began to show signs of returning animation. Fortunate was it for them both, that Lewis had contrived to place the rope under his arms in such a position as almost entirely to support not only his own weight but that of the dog also; for long before the boat returned, his strength was entirely exhausted—and his limbs, from the length of time he had been immersed in the icy water, had completely lost all sensation, and were powerless as those of a child.

Lord Bellefield contrived to detain the boat, on various pretexts, till at last the man who had promised to return, lost all patience, and pushed off without waiting for permission; in another moment they were by Lewis's side.

"Take the dog first," exclaimed Lewis, in a voice scarcely audible from exhaustion. "Now you must lift me in, for I can't help myself."

With some difficulty (for even with the assistance of the rope Lewis had been barely able to keep his own head and that of Faust above water), the men in the boat complied with his directions; the dog had by this time nearly recovered from the effects of the blow, and was able to stand up and lick his master's face and hands, as he lay at the bottom of the punt. Lewis, however, by no means appeared in such good case—his cheeks and even lips were deadly pale, his breathing was hard and laborious, and he lay with his

eyes closed, and his limbs stretched out with unnatural stiffness and rigidity. As the boat approached the spot where a landing was practicable, Charles Leicester, who had assisted his brother in conveying Annie to the carriage, which was fortunately in waiting, came running back, and as his eye fell upon the prostrate form of Lewis, he exclaimed—

"Why, Arundel! good heavens, I believe he's insensible."

Nor was he wrong. The instant the necessity for exertion was over, the reaction had been too much for Lewis, and he had fainted. He was instantly lifted from the boat, and carried to the tent, where such restoratives as could be at the moment procured, were applied, at first without success, but after a short time the colour began to return to his lips, and in a few minutes more he was restored to consciousness.

"Bravo, that's all right," began Charley Leicester, as Lewis, with a faint smile, sat upright and returned his hearty shake of the hand with a feeble pressure; "you begin to look a little less like a candidate for a coffin than you did five minutes ago. I declare, when I saw you in the boat, I thought it was a case of 'found drowned.' Faust! good dog; what a bump he's got on the top of his head, just where the organ of combativeness—no, veneration, isn't it? ought to be. How did that happen? In fact, I'm quite in the dark as to the whole affair, for I had gone to fetch shawls for some of the ladies, and when I reached the scene of action, Bellefield was fishing his intended, half-drowned, out of a moist punt, and enlisted me to assist in conveying the dripping damsel to the carriage. Did you fall in together?"

"You will hear enough about it soon, I dare say," returned Lewis, speaking feebly and with apparent difficulty; "I am afraid I have scarcely sufficient life left in me just now to tell you."

"Don't attempt it," returned Leicester, good-naturedly. "And the sooner you get those soaked clothes off, the better. Of course they will send back the trap for you."

"My carriage is on the spot," interrupted a tall, aristocratic looking man, who had assisted in conveying Lewis to the tent. "My carriage is on the spot, and is very much at this gentleman's service; we must all feel anxious to prevent his suffering from the effects of his gallant conduct. The preserver of Miss Grant's life must be considered as a public benefactor."

At this praise a slight colour rose to Lewis's pale cheeks, and a look of pain passed across his features. *He* to be styled Annie's preserver!—*he* who had all but sacrificed her life to his feelings of revenge!—and as the recollection occurred to him, a slight shudder ran through his frame.

"There, you are actually shivering," exclaimed Leicester. "I shall not let you stay here any longer. Since Sir Ralph Strickland is so kind as to offer his carriage, there is nothing to delay us. Can you walk? Take my arm."

Lewis, with an inclination of the head to Sir Ralph, took Leicester's proffered arm, and having with difficulty risen from his seat, attempted to walk, but at the first step he stumbled, and would have fallen, had not his friend supported him.

"Steady, there," continued Leicester; "you're hardly in marching order yet. Would you like to wait another minute or two?"

"I think I had better try to proceed," replied Lewis; "exercise may serve to restore the circulation."

"Allow me to take your other arm," said Sir Ralph Strickland, kindly; "then I think you will be able to reach the carriage—it is close at hand. The length of time you were in the water has cramped your limbs. I saw the whole affair, and never witnessed anything more interesting than the conduct of your noble dog."

And as he spoke, he stooped and patted Faust, then forcing Lewis to accept his offer of assistance, they left the tent together. As his blood began once more to circulate, the cramp and stiffness gradually disappeared, and ere the trio reached the carriage, Lewis scarcely required assistance. On reaching Broadhurst, he found the General waiting to receive him, and the instant he alighted, he had to undergo a long, prosy, and pompous harangue, embodying that noble commander's gratitude, during the delivery of which oration the subject of it was kept standing in his wet clothes—a compulsory act of homage to the cold-water-system, by no means congenial to his feelings, mental or bodily. However, it came to an end at last, and Lewis was permitted to retire to his own room. Moreover, Charles Leicester (instigated thereunto by a hint from Miss Peyton) waylaid the apothecary, who had been summoned on Annie's account, and caused him to inspect Lewis's condition, which measure resulted in a command to have his bed warmed, and instantly to deposit himself therein; with which medical ordinance Lewis was fain to comply.

There he lay until, from being much too cold, he became a great deal too hot, for before night he was in a high state of feverish excitement, accompanied by violent pains in the head and limbs. His medical adviser was, however, fortunately really skilful, and by vigorous and timely measures, he contrived to avert the rheumatic fever with which his patient was threatened; and after spending three days in bed, Lewis arose, feeling indeed singularly weak, but otherwise little the worse in body for his aquatic exploit. We say in body, for mentally he had suffered, and was still suffering bitterly. As he lay on the couch of sickness in the silent hours of the night, face to face with conscience, the recollection of the sin he had committed (for a sin it was, and he was too honest-hearted in his self-scrutiny not to recognise it as such), haunted him. The fact that he had been unable by his own act, to repair the consequences of the evil he had meditated, impressed him deeply—but for Faust, Annie would have sunk ere he could have reached the spot, probably to rise no more. It appeared a special interference of Providence to convince him of the folly of self-reliance, and to

impress upon his mind a sense of the mercy of God, in saving him from the consequences of his revengeful feelings. True, he had repented of his fault, almost in the moment of committal; true, he had risked his life in proof of the sincerity of his repentance; true, the provocation he had received might, in the eyes of men, serve in great measure to justify him; still the knowledge that but for the interposition of Providence, he might now have felt himself a murderer, filled him with emotions of the deepest penitence, and at the same time of the liveliest gratitude.

In this frame of mind the encomiums passed upon his gallant conduct were most distressing to him, and a short note from Annie, thanking him in a few simple words for having saved her life, added fuel to the fire of his self-condemnation. Amongst other good resolutions for the future he determined to bear any insults Lord Bellefield might offer, with as much patient endurance as could by any possibility be deemed consistent with self-respect in one in his dependent situation; and the reader may judge of the sincerity of his repentance, if he reflects what such a resolution must have cost his haughty nature. He also determined to seek an opportunity of confessing to Annie, how little he deserved her gratitude, and to implore her forgiveness for the wrong he had intended her. The dipping that young lady had undergone, did not appear to have affected either her health or her spirits. By the doctor's orders she also had been sent to bed immediately on her return home, where, falling asleep, she escaped a lecture from Minerva, and all other evil consequences of her immersion, and woke the next morning none the worse for the accident.

It was about a week after the day on which these events had taken place, when the afternoon being fine, Lewis and Walter proposed to take a ride together. Walter had mounted his pony, and Lewis was strapping a great-coat in front of his horse's saddle, when Richards, the groom, who had been elevated to the rank of second coachman, (as the illness of the head coachman had rendered his resignation an act of necessity, and the next in command had succeeded to his vacant box,) came forward, and touching his hat, asked if he could speak to Lewis a minute?

"Certainly; what is it?" returned Lewis, stepping aside a few paces.

"Why, sir, p'raps you know as the General's gone out a-driving?"

"I was not aware of the fact," returned Lewis; "but what then?"

"He's a-driving of hisself, sir,—*our* iron-greys, Mr. Arundel. Master aint so young as he used to was, and it's my belief if anythink startles 'em, he won't be able to hold 'em—they go sweetly now, but they do pull most amazing. I drove 'em yesterday, and afore I got home my arms ached proper*ly*."

"Did you mention this to General Grant?" inquired Lewis.

"Well, I told him I was afeard he'd find 'em pull rather stiff; but he only give me one of his black looks; as much as to say, 'Keep your advice to yourself, and mind your own business.' Master 's rather a hard gentleman to talk to, you see; he 's always been used to shooting and flogging men, out in the Ingies, till it's kind a-become natural to him; and *as* he can't act the same here, why it puts him out like."

"I do not see that anything can be done now," observed Lewis, after a moment's reflection: "if I had been here when the General started, I would have told him the trick the iron-greys played us, and advised him not to drive them just yet; but I dare say it would have done no good; for as you say your master is not over-fond of advice gratis. I suppose he has one of the grooms with him?"

"Only a mere boy, sir, and Miss Annie," was the reply.

"What!" exclaimed Lewis, in a quick, excited tone of voice; "is Miss Grant with him? Why did you not say so before? Which road have they taken? —How long have they been gone?"

"About twenty minutes, or p'raps not so long," returned Richards. "I think they 're gone to Camfield—least ways, I heard master tell Miss Annie to bring her card-case, 'cos he was going to call on Colonel Norton."

"That must be eight miles by the road, but not much above five across the fields by Churton Wood," rejoined Lewis.

"That *is* right, Mr. Arundel," was the reply; "and the gates is unlocked, for I rode that way with a note for Colonel Norton the day afore yesterday."

Ere Richards had finished speaking, Lewis was on horseback; and as soon as they reached the park, he turned to his pupil, saying, "Now, Walter, sit firmly, guide the pony on to the turf, tighten your reins, and then for a good canter;—touch him with the whip—not too hard—that's it." Putting his own horse in motion at the same time, they rode forward at a brisk canter, which, as the horses grew excited by the rapid motion, became almost a gallop. Crossing the park at this pace, they turned down a bridle path which led through a wood, and across several grass fields, beyond the last of which lay a wide common. As they approached this, Lewis took out his watch. "Above four miles in twenty minutes,—I call that good work for a pony. You rode very well, Walter,—you've a capital seat on horseback now."

"I can leap too," rejoined Walter; "Richards taught me, the days when you were ill in bed."

"I'm glad to hear it," returned Lewis—who, while his pupil was speaking, had been endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to open a gate—"for they have fastened this gate with a padlock, and we must find our way over the hedge."

"Oh! but I can't," began Walter.

"Yes, you can," interposed Lewis, "when I have cleared the road for you, and shown you how to do it. Sit still, and watch me." So saying, he selected a place where the hedge was thin, and the ditch and bank practicable, and, putting his horse into an easy canter, rode at it. Being particularly anxious that

nothing should go wrong, and that Walter should be convinced of the feasibility of the attempt, Lewis was not best pleased when his horse, instead of rising to the leap, refused it, and replied to a tolerably sharp application of the spur by plunging violently, and turning short round. His rider, however, sat as firmly as if he were part of the animal, and cantering round two sides of the field, he got him well in hand and again rode him at the hedge, working his mouth with the bit, and giving him the spur. This discipline produced the desired effect; for, instead of refusing the leap this time, the horse sprang forward with a bound which would have cleared an obstacle of twice the size, and alighted on the other side several feet beyond the ditch. Lewis rode on a few yards, and then turning, leaped back into the field, and rejoined his pupil. "Now, Walter, you must do as I have done;—canter up to that gap, give the pony his head, touch him on the flank as he approaches the hedge, sit firmly, and press in your knees, and you'll go over as nicely as possible."

But poor Walter's courage failed him; the conflict between Lewis and his horse had destroyed his confidence, and he was afraid to make the attempt; his tutor read it in his blanched cheek and quailing glance, and being as kind and judicious as he was firm, forbore to press the point, and dismounting, led the pony through the gap, and assisted Walter to scramble over on foot; then remounting his steed, he tested his obedience by once more leaping him over; and having thus achieved the adventure of the locked gate, tutor and pupil cantered off across the common. But this little episode had caused some loss of time, and when Lewis reached the lane leading to the village, near which Colonel Norton's house was situated, he learned from a man who was mending the road, that a phaeton, answering the description of General Grant's equipage, had passed a few minutes before.

"My friend Richards' fears were needlessly excited then, it seems, and the old gentleman is a better whip than he gave him credit for being," thought Lewis; "it would not do for him to break his daughter's neck, before she has forgiven me for resolving to allow her to be drowned. Poor girl, she has always shown me so much kindness and consideration;—and I to determine to visit the insolence of her future husband on *her* devoted head. If I had heard of any one else purposing such a thing, I should have set him down as a monster of iniquity. Oh! if I could but learn to control my wretched temper! "Come, Walter," he added aloud, "we will go back by the road. Don't trot just yet; the horses are warm, we must let them get a little cool."

After proceeding about half-a-mile along the lane, which was only just wide enough to allow vehicles to pass each other, they overtook an elderly woman in a red cloak most picturesquely perched between two panniers on a donkey's back. Such an arrangement being a novelty to Walter, he was proceeding to inquire of what use the panniers were, when Lewis's quick sense of hearing caught a sound which caused him to rein in his horse, and, enjoining silence, pause to listen. His ears had not deceived him. Owing to the frosty weather the road was particularly hard, the ruts also had been lately mended with coarse gravel, and as he stood still the sound of horses' feet galloping, and the rattle of a carriage proceeding at unusual speed, became distinctly audible in the lane behind them. The vehicle was evidently rapidly approaching. The lane being in this part extremely narrow, Lewis's first thought was for Walter's safety, and seizing the pony's rein, he set spurs to his horse, and they cantered on a short distance till they reached a gateway leading into a field. The gate was fortunately open, and desiring Walter to ride into the field, and wait till he joined him, he turned his horse's head and began to retrace his steps. As soon as he had passed an old oak-tree which stood at a corner of the road and prevented any one from seeing beyond it, he perceived the cause of the sounds which had reached him, and which he had already but too correctly divined.

At about a hundred yards from the spot where he was stationed, appeared a phaeton drawn by a pair of magnificent iron-greys, which Lewis had no difficulty in recognising; and, from the furious pace at which they were advancing, it was evident that their driver had lost all control over them; while about half way between Lewis and the equipage in question, were the donkey and panniers, with the old woman in the red cloak before alluded to. The gentleman driving the phaeton shouted to her to get out of the way, and Lewis made signs to her as to which side of the road she had better take; but she appeared either paralysed with fear, or unable to guide her donkey; and ere she could comply with, or probably comprehend these directions, the infuriated horses had overtaken her, and dashing against her, flung her, donkey, panniers and all, to the ground with a shock like that of a battering ram. At the same instant Lewis, availing himself of the temporary check, rode forward, and, springing from his saddle, seized the heads of the phaeton horses, and with much difficulty, and no inconsiderable personal risk, succeeded in stopping them.

(To be continued.)

ROME.

The glorious struggle of the Romans, in defence of their civil and moral liberty and their social rights, may be considered, for the present, at an end. It have terminated, as Italian struggles for independence have been doomed to terminate for the last three hundred years. "Might overcomes right;" but might cannot destroy the principle of right, or the power of distinguishing between right and wrong; and, in the eyes of the dispassionate, the liberal, and the just, the Romans, even subjugated as they are once more under an odious and degrading yoke, have more claim to respect for the brave though unsuccessful efforts

they have made to free themselves from it, than have Oudinot and his myrmidons, strutting about in classic Rome, as they are at this moment, in the decorations lavished upon them by the degraded French Government, for their unjustifiable attack upon a people who had neither injured nor offended them, and who, at any rate, were only acting upon the principles of which they had themselves given the example.

We are not going to enter into the question as to the right which a people, like an individual family, have to regulate their own affairs, according to their own views, so long as their internal arrangements do not interfere with the comfort or safety of their neighbours; we wish to confine ourselves solely to the consideration how far the Romans have deported themselves well or ill, under the circumstances in which they have recently been placed.

Burke, speaking of revolutions, says truly, "The speculative line of demarcation, where obedience ought to end, and resistance must begin, is faint, obscure, and not easily definable. It is not a single act, or a single event which determines it. Governments must be abused and deranged indeed before it can be thought of; and the prospect of the future must be as bad as the experience of the past."

This dismal experience of the past, this hopeless prospect of the future, it was, that roused the Romans to their late attempt to establish their social system upon a just and liberal basis. It has been asked by passing tourists and idle visitors in the "Eternal City," what its inhabitants had to complain of? Solely occupied themselves in search of pleasure and amusement, they fancied that so long as the Romans were sauntering about the Corso, or ogling the ladies in the churches, the "pomps" of which his holiness seems, in his letter to General Oudinot, to think it so incumbent upon him to maintain, they must perforce be contented; and so they might be, if with them, as with too many of those who have called their conduct into question, mere passive, sensual existence were enough to satisfy an intellectual and responsible being. But the Romans, cramped as they were in their education, limited in their pursuits, fettered by their priests, and encircled by their spies, yet both saw and felt the evils they laboured under. All posts and places, appointments and employments, that could possibly be held by the clergy, and among them many little fitted for their profession, were inexorably grasped at by them. The articles of consumption that were most important to the comfort and well-doing of the poor were monopolised by the rich; trade and commerce were fettered by the most disproportionate imposts, and the most absurd restrictions; among others, the importation of agricultural implements upon any new or improved principle was absolutely forbidden.

Courts of law—for justice they could not be called—though shut to public inquiry, were open to the most infamous bribery, and could practise the most harassing delays. Seventy-two means of evading a just process could be put in practice; a person could be seized in his own house, on a simple mandate of authority, without the assignment of any reason for the procedure, and immured for years in a prison without his friends knowing the place of his incarceration, or whether he were alive or dead. The press was so limited in its privileges, that it was little more than a diary of *festas* and processions, and any endeavour after mental improvement, was regarded by the authorities with a suspicious eye, whilst even the most sacred precincts of domestic life were exposed to the intrusions of priestly interference, or the malignant misrepresentations of hired reporters, often in the guise of imaginary friends.

For the last ten years the impatience of the Romans under these burdens, which degraded them equally in their own eyes and in those of other nations, had been increasing; but their unwillingness to disturb the last days of the aged Pontiff, Gregory XVI. gave them patience to wait for that release from his distasteful sway, which, by the common course of nature, could not be long withheld from them. At length he died, and how? Not surrounded by his cardinals, who, having shared the splendours of his office might be supposed to have given their attendance to soothe his bed of death; not by his family ties, or confidential friends—a pope has none; not by his faithful servants, for the servants of a pope, even if they have had the semblance of fidelity beforehand, are straight converted into thieves, in his last moments, in virtue of the privilege granted them, by custom, of pillaging—in imitation, we presume, of their betters—every thing they can lay their hands upon, under the name of perquisites, in the apartment of their master, whilst breath enough remains in his body to still authorize them to call him such. So Gregory died, literally alone; without even his confessor, or any other ghostly comforter by him; an omission the more remarkable, as in all humbler cases, the priests invariably take their stand by a death-bed, even to the exclusion of the nearest relatives: but then Gregory had already made his will and testament, so there was nothing more to be done in that quarter.

Few popes ever mounted the papal chair more unexpectedly to himself, as well as to everybody else, than Pio Nono; not one was ever more joyfully received. His benevolent countenance, the sweetness of which, however, the slightest exaggeration might turn into an expression bordering upon fatuity; his fine voice, equally sonorous and harmonious, and the gracious and noble sentiments of which it was the vehicle, all contributed to make him the idol of the people, who looked up to him, for the realization of their hopes—the augmentation of their prosperity and happiness. It was a true and pure delight to be in Rome in the early reign of Pio Nono. Every day brought forth some fresh courtesy on his part, some new proof of the admiration and gratitude of his children, as he then had as much reason to style them as they had to regard him as their benefactor and father in God.

The act of amnesty for political offences with which Pio Nono commenced his reign, and which has been lauded throughout Europe as a proof of his liberality, was one that he could not, in fact, refuse; for as we have already said, the Romans had only waited the death of Gregory to demand it; but the manner in which it was granted gave it additional value, as affording the most gratifying evidence of the kindness and consideration of his disposition. At the moment that it was promulgated in Rome, the delighted people were informed that it was, at that same instant, made known throughout the provinces; in order, that the joy of those who were pardoned might have no drawback in the thought that those whom they loved, and who had wept for them in their incarcerations and banishments, were as yet ignorant of their emancipation.

Yes, they were happy days! and heart-delighting were the scenes that they brought forth. Space would be wanting to me were I to attempt describing half of them, and, alas! it would be painful to recall them, contrasting as they now do with others of late date. But never shall I forget the evening, when the civic guard, in all the freshness of its organization, went to the Quirinal Palace, to thank the Pope for the constitution, which the Romans fondly hoped was to enable them to take their place among the free and enlightened nations of Europe. Bands of music and blazing torches preceded them, as they joyously marched up the Corso, and wound round the ascent to the Quirinal Mount, amid thousands of their fellow citizens, who rent the air with cries of *Viva Pio Nono!* Arrived opposite the palace, they marshalled themselves in front of it, whilst the delegates were admitted into its interior, to convey the grateful acknowledgments of the people to the beloved Pontiff. And how beautiful at that moment was the scene! all was so still that the trickling of the fountain that flows at the foot of the mighty obelisk, between the gigantic horses with their attendants, formed by the hands of Phidias and Praxiteles, were distinctly heard; whilst the red light of the torches gleamed upon its waters, as if in playful rivalry with the silver beams that fell on them from the moon, which was tranquilly sailing above through a pure vault of such blue as only Italy can show. At length the Pontiff himself appeared; his voice rang through the evening breeze like a silver trumpet, and, like the sound of that inspiring instrument, animated the hearts of those who listened to it. The moment after the troops had received his benediction, they fell back into the order of their march, and the accompanying crowd dispersed with that decency and good humour, which on all occasions characterise Roman crowds, and impart a feeling of security among them that completes the enjoyment of any public spectacle in that city.

And then these same civic guards, how joyfully they assumed their uniforms, the livery of freedom, if the anomaly may be permitted. How proud the young men were of their military garb; it was to them the real ancient toga—it marked their escape from female dictation into the prouder fields of manly action. How pleased the mammas and papas, too, were to see their little sons running before them, miniature copies of the same!—tiny military caps and belts, rapiers fifteen inches long, with which they menaced the dogs of smaller size that crossed their path; how well will they remember, even in their old age, their first assumption of this, to them, every way manly and military garb. But let it not be imagined that all this was mere temporary exhilaration and outward show. No. The young men inspired by their garb, like Achilles at the sight of the sword displayed to him by Ulysses, scarcely felt themselves at ease in their new attire ere they begged permission of their sovereign priest, or priestly sovereign, to join their brethren in the cause of freedom, and to march to the aid of Venice and Ferrara. Oh, how great was the enthusiasm of Rome at that moment! and under the encouragement then, and sanction of its spiritual head! True, the young warriors marched out of the city, out of the gates of the Piazza del Popolo, as yet ignorant of the hardships and horror of warfare; the carrying of their muskets more resembling a *chevaux de frise* than the regular bearing of disciplined troops; the ladies weeping at the thought that their *cavaliere serventi* would lose sight of their *domestic duties*, in the

"Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

But the Romans then felt themselves men, and true Romans, and hundreds of gallant youths, who left the Corso, the opera, and "my lady's chamber," at the inspiration of the moment, met death ten days after on the plains of Cornuda, as bravely as

"The noblest Roman of them all."

At this moment how lovingly appear before me their sweet countenances, radiant in youthful hope, animated with expectation, but yet with a deeper perception of a possible something, solemn, dismaying, and requiring all their energies to meet. Those who had but a few months before wrapped themselves effeminately in their cloaks at the threat of a change in the wind, or a passing shower, were now ready to take their mother earth for their resting-place, the blue vault of the heavens above them for their canopy.

Nor was the change in their *morale* less remarkable than their *physique*. From never looking into a book—an abstinence devoutly encouraged by their ghostly confessors—not even into the *Diari di Roma*, which, sooth to say, held out no more tempting bill of fare than a list of the *festas* and religious processions, and of the individuals who had had the honour of kissing the Pope's toe, they eagerly began to peruse the various daily, weekly, and more pretentious works that issued from the press under its newly-gained freedom. From reading they began to think, to discuss with each other, to open wider sources of reflection and information, even to the Bible itself. Horror of horrors to the priests, who on the principle that "the children of this world are wiser than the children of

light, studiously keep its soul-purifying, and self-invigorating streams from the lips of the unqualified, that is to say, of the laity. But, alas! scarcely had this freedom of the press seen the light, ere it was destined to be overshadowed with a cloud. Some of the *oscurantiste*, the advocates of despotism and popular ignorance, may say that it drew this cloud upon its own head by the abuse of its new-born rays: but it was not the sportive satire of the *Pallade*, the *Pasquino*, the *Cassandrio*, and a hundred others, which, hatched in the warmth of the new atmosphere, issued forth and jostled each other like motes in the sun; it was not that communities and individuals, superstitions and socialities, were playfully pointed out and ridiculed; but that one of those productions of the day dared to arraign the majesty of Austria, to laugh at its pompous despotism, to question alike its justice and its power, that the liberty of the press was in fact revoked and nullified by the forcible suppression of the offending journal. Shortly after, a sense of the injustice of this act of power, the first that generated in the minds of the people a suspicion that all was not so fair and above board as they were willing to believe, found an opportunity of manifesting itself in the tearing down of the Austrian arms, upon the news arriving in Rome of the military forces of that country having entered Ferrara. The double-headed eagle was prostrated in the dust, amid the shouts of thousands of Romans who doomed it to the flames, to which the advocates of despotism and superstition would gladly have condemned the perpetrators of the act; but from that moment confidence between the people and the Pope was at an end. The people distrusted the sincerity of their prince and pastor; the Pope felt that he could no longer rely upon the affection of his people, because he was conscious he was not deserving of it. Still his person was beloved and would always have been respected, but his cardinals witnessed with joy the breach, and used every artifice to widen it. Under pretence of fears for their own personal safety they obtained a temporary asylum in the Quirinal Palace, and from that time the union between the Pope and the people was broken. The first endeavour of the red-hatted dignities was to poison the mind of his holiness with an idea that there existed a plot against his life; he manfully ordered out his private carriage at the suggestion, and sallied forth unattended and without guards, to show himself among his subjects, whom his cardinals had thus falsely represented as his personal enemies. He was received, as for his own sake he always would have been, with acclamations of regard wherever he showed himself, and when he returned to the palace he declared that he would for the future see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. Happy would it have been for him and for his people had he persevered in this wise and honest resolution; but it was not for the interest of the "purple wolves," as they have been aptly styled by a popular Roman preacher, who surrounded him, that he should do so. But Pio Nono had, with the graces of a sweet and generous disposition, the drawback that too often accompanies it He wanted firmness, and he who wants that quality, so indispensable to truth and moral courage, will invariably, under trying circumstances, be found wanting also in sincerity and consistency. Thus it was with Pio Nono. Beset on all sides, anxious to please all parties, his conduct became every day more and more contradictory. He could not revoke the constitution he had granted, but he refused, continually refused, to authorize its acts, and the Romans began to suspect that they were in a situation similar to that of the daughters of the Vicar of Wakefield, who were allowed to have a guinea in their pockets, on the express condition that they should never change it.

The refusal of the Pope to sanction the war with Austria, after he had witnessed and allowed every preparation for it, was a grievous blow to the patriotism of the people. The ministry resigned in consequence; another was hastily formed; the ins and the outs rapidly succeeded each other; the office of minister of war changed hands nine times in eleven months. The Pope seemed to change his own opinions with something of the same celerity. He received Gioberti, at that time one of the strongest advocates for popular freedom, with a warmth that bordered on inconsistency, and strove to calm the vexations of his people by the most loving and flattering proclamations; and then allowed Rossi, his most unpopular minister, to fill the streets with armed men, with the intention of overawing the people and their representatives, whilst the chief government journal was permitted to throw the most bitter sarcasms upon the chamber of deputies, and the Italian character in general.

It was then that the event took place which filled the lovers of order, the respecters of laws divine and human, with grief. Rossi was stabbed in ascending the staircase of the chamber. He was already an object of distrust to the people, as well from the insolence of his manners as the despotic nature of his doctrines, of which he left behind him sufficient proof in a list of 2,400 individuals, of whom he was meditating the arrest in Rome and different parts of the Papal States; he added to their ill-will by the indecent haste with which his carriage dashed through the assembled crowd, to the peril of their lives, and contrary to the courtesy which the Romans invariably practise among each other on all public occasions. Groans and hisses from all around testified their disapprobation alike of his person and of his principles. He replied to them as he alighted, by a contemptuous smile, an insulting gesture; that instant a dagger was raised against him, and in a few minutes he had breathed his last! It was the deed of a moment; whether premeditated or not, he who struck the blow alone can know or say. Dispassionate persons believed that the people in general had not the slightest knowledge of such a transaction being meditated, or the slightest participation in it; but certain it is that when done its perpetration did not appear to cause either horror or regret. A grave and solemn tran-

quillity reigned throughout the city all that day, but the next still more agitating events occurred. The people demanded from the Pope the formation of a new ministry with certain conditions, foremost among which stood the convoking an Italian Diet in Rome, and the prosecution of the war with Austria.

The Pope, with the vacillation of his character, hesitated; the people became impatient, and endeavoured to force their way into the court of the palace. The Swiss guard closed the gates against them; the people set fire to the gates; the Swiss fired upon the people; and the civic guard and military, who had peaceably come to the scene of action unarmed, flew back to their respective stations for their muskets. His Holiness, hearing what was going on and fearful of bloodshed, sent to entreat that a stop should be put to all violent proceedings, and promised that there should be no farther difficulty as to the conditions required. Half an hour was granted him to ratify this promise; meanwhile the musket of one of the civic guards went off by accident, and the report of it unfortunately gave rise to the idea that the Swiss were making a *sortie* from the palace; the platoons in the rear instantly fired a volley, by which several of their companions in front were wounded —the motion was so sudden that the persons around, ignorant of the mistake, and seeing no combatants, thought the volley was a *feu de joie*. Such was the origin of an affair which was magnified by the alarmists, and misrepresented accordingly by the English journals, into a desperate and bloodthirsty attempt on the part of the people to massacre the Pope in his own palace.

Order, however, was soon restored. The minister, Galletti, issued from the palace with the promise of the Pope to dismiss his Swiss guards, and his approval of the new ministry, and the populace quietly dispersed.

This was on Thursday, the 16th of November, 1848. Nine days after, Saturday, November the 25th, the Pope fled from his capital and his people in the disguise of a menial, with moustaches to boot! What would St. Peter have said had he met his representative thus travestied, flying away from the possible honour of martyrdom? The first sentiment that sincerely pervaded all ranks of the people on hearing of his flight was regret for his departure; a regret mingled with astonishment, as it was only the very day before that he had solemnly declared his firm resolution never to abandon the people, under any circumstances whatsoever. They, however, at first forgave him this double act of duplicity and cowardice, for they persuaded themselves that he had acted under the false impressions made upon his too ductile mind, by the evil and self-interested advisers, with whom, to his own misfortune and that of Rome, he had been for some time but too closely in contact.

And now we come to the point from which, down to the last trying moment when they were compelled by superior forces to admit an unworthy and ungenerous enemy within their walls, we will maintain the conduct of the Romans, as far as we could judge of it, not more from the evidence of our own senses than from daily information most carefully and impartially collected by us, to have been, in every respect, admirable and just, and as such, entitled to the approbation and sympathy of every free and generous people.

From the first day of the ignominious flight of the Pope, the Romans found themselves placed in difficulties only to be conceived by those who shared or witnessed them. The eyes of all Europe were fixed upon them; most

——"with looks askance."

The representatives of its respective powers left the capital one after another. France, ostensibly because it objected to a national Italian Diet; Spain, because it desired the presence of the head of the church in Madrid, to influence the elections then pending in that country; Holland and Bavaria, because they had always advocated the pre-existent state of things; Portugal the same; Russia, as the type itself of despotism in every shape. Austria had withdrawn before, and England had no ambassador to withdraw; or, to judge from her subsequent conduct, she would have done so. The exchequer, regularly pillaged under the old *regime*, was in the most deplorable state, and the commerce of the city, as well as the pecuniary aid it received from the annual influx of foreigners, greatly suffered from the diminution in number of those birds of passage who were scared at the turbulent aspect of the moral atmosphere. Nevertheless the government was unappalled. It immediately set on foot employment for the people, in the form of railroads, repairs, excavations, &c. It gave commissions to the artists most in necessity, and provided for private distresses, whilst the greatest simplicity and economy were preserved in its own expenses, and many of the ministers gave up the half of their very moderate salaries in order to burden the state as little as possible. Meanwhile, the Pope had given a deep wound to the lingering affections of his people by throwing himself into the arms of the bombarding king, whose cruelties and reiterated breaches of his most solemn engagements were at that time rendering him the scorn of all feeling or honourable minds, whatever their creed or their country might be; and thus, by one of his majesty's myrmidons, was the arrival of the holy guest proclaimed:—

"Rejoice, O Neapolitans! Pius IX. is already in safety! the hand of the Omnipotent has released him from their infamous clutches; the visible representative of Jesus Christ is in the kingdom; in a few hours he will be in the midst of us! Heaven ordains that a superhuman consolation should succeed to the bitterness with which an iniquitous ingratitude has afflicted the heart of our beloved sovereign.

"Ferdinand II. the progeny of St. Louis, becomes the host of the most holy Pius. The august head of Christianity implores his hospitality, and he is already flown to afford it.

"God is with us, O Neapolitans! Our misfortunes

will be followed up by days of serenity. Pius IX. that object of admiration and wonder to the whole universe, is miraculously saved, and is entrusted by God, as a sacred heavenly pledge, to our prince and to our country," &c.

Still deputation after deputation was sent from the Chamber of Deputies to invite, in the most respectful and dutiful terms, his Holiness to return. The only apology that can be offered for his neglect of them is, that possibly they never reached his ears. Soon, however, the effects of the pretence afforded by his absence from his capital for foreign interference began to manifest itself in the fitting out of a French fleet for Civita Vecchia, with the avowed purpose of reestablishing the Pope in his spiritual and temporal power, at the same time that, with the inconsistency that has marked the French republic from the very first day of its proclamation down to the present moment, it added in its instructions to that most veracious personage, M. de Courcelles—who yet denies that a single shell had ever been *intentionally* thrown into Rome—"You will take care to give every assurance that the Republic does not wish to interfere in affairs of the Pope and his people!"

The French residents in Rome, struck with the injustice of their country in thus commencing hostilities against the Romans, immediately addressed to them the expression of their sympathy in the following terms:—

"Romans! the noble and dignified attitude which you have taken ever since your first aspirations towards liberty, and which is not weakened even by the critical circumstances which surround you, has excited the admiration, the esteem, and the sympathy of all free nations, who have, like you, ensured their independence. * * * * * *

"The French inhabitants of your illustrious city, *eyewitnesses of the marks of respect which you have never ceased to pay to Religion, to morality, and to the general safety both of person and property*, cannot avoid applauding your virtuous and generous efforts, and protesting loudly against all those who have represented you in an unfavourable aspect. And how could they not accompany with their most ardent vows a people, who, by their exemplary moderation, prove that they are worthy of those benefits of liberty which they so well understand?"

Notwithstanding the conflicting cares of government at this juncture, as well as to the most desirable mode to be appointed for its permanent formation, as to the best mode of sustaining the courage of the timid and repressing the turbulence of the bold, the year closed in peace and harmony, after a day of resplendent sunshine, cheered by martial music and processions, and consecrated by religious worship and the solemn strains of the *Te Deum*, which burst at the same moment from thousands of lips in the magnificent Church of the Jesu. But very differently was the new year opened by the excommunitory admonition of the Pope; who, whilst he was blessing away, right and left, at Naples, could find nothing for his own children but threats of eternal damnation. It would not become any thing bordering upon the gravity of history to state exactly the manner in which the printed copies of this mandate were received; the most moderate way in which the people showed their contempt of it, was by their seizing, wherever they could find them, the insignia of the hats of the cardinals, by whose counsels they thought it had been promulgated, and throwing them into the Tiber, after a mock funeral procession.

But we must be brief. After the organisation of the National Assembly everything went on tranquilly and cheerfully within Rome itself. The police reports testify to the truth that there was less crime from the time of the pope, the cardinals, the princes, and the priests taking their flight from the "Eternal City," than had been known for many years before. The inquisition and the tribunal of the vicar-general were abolished, as well as several other secondary and arbitrary tribunals; sundry grievous taxes were modified, the tariff revised, the abuses of charities corrected, and the military forces augmented, in order to provide for the defence of the people against those outward enemies whose approach became every day more and more probable. To raise funds for the exigencies of the state, the government were compelled to issue repeated supplies of paper-money; but the people seconded their efforts to the utmost of their means. Many families made large sacrifices of plate for this purpose; silver forks and spoons were poured into the treasury, and the ladies cheerfully parted with their jewels and ornaments. The French advanced — the Romans were not behind-hand in making arrangements for their reception: the walls were fortified, and barricades raised with wonderful celerity. Every one lent a willing hand save a few priests and *oscurantiste*, who regarded the preparations for defence with an evil eye. The regulations made by the government for the comfort and welfare of the inhabitants were of the wisest and most parental kind. Stores of grain and wine, flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle were brought within the walls; an account was required of their stock-in-trade from all shopkeepers who dealt in articles of daily consumption; increase of prices was strictly forbidden, and no family was allowed to lay in stores larger than usual; in other words, the rich were not allowed any advantage over the poor. The troops were kept on the alert and continually reviewed; the city was illuminated at night, and large parties of both sexes and all ranks paraded the streets with equal cheerfulness and order, whilst patriotic songs echoed through every quarter. Nor was the duty of prayer for the blessing and protection of the Almighty in the time of danger neglected; indeed, Rome never presented a more truly religious and orderly aspect than when it was represented in some of the English journals as the seat of anarchy, impiety, and bloodshed.

It was on the 30th of April that the French presented themselves under the walls of the Porta San Angelica, and hostilities immediately commenced.

Strange, indeed, did the roar of adverse cannon sound at first in Rome; itself for centuries one of the quietest and most undisturbed cities in Europe. The courage of many of the weaker sex gave way for a moment, they trembled and wept, and prayed with true Italian vivacity; hundreds of persons rushed to Mount Pincio, whence the movements of the enemy could be distinctly seen, at intervals, when the clear breeze dispersed the clouds of smoke that rose from the artillery. How strangely did the tranquil beauty of the surrounding country from this eminence contrast with the threatened horrors of war! Rome, with all its lofty domes, its obelisks and columns, stretched out like a map below; the undulating hills with "high Soracte" in the distance; the glittering villas, the lofty cypresses and umbrageous pines, all wore the aspect of beauty and repose. But to Rome it was a day of intense anxiety. Long before evening, however, victory decided for the Romans. The French were repulsed with considerable loss, and four hundred prisoners brought into the city amid the exultation and delight of the citizens. Then was shown the kind and generous disposition of the Romans, which it would be equally base and ungrateful for any one who has lived for years happily among them to deny being their most striking characteristic. In the first moment of popular fury the prisoners might have run some risk of ill-usage from the lower classes, who only saw in them the insolent invaders of their public liberties and private rights; at the critical moment one of the military, throwing his arms around the Frenchman nearest to him, exclaimed, "No, we are all brothers; one Republic must not make war upon or ill-use another." Instantly the tide of feeling turned towards the unfortunates; the wounded among them were conducted to the hospitals, where the first thing was to refresh them in their exhausted and indeed famished state; for General Oudinot had sent them into the field with only a biscuit, making sure himself of dining that day in Rome, having sent an intimation of his intention to the director of the French Academy, whilst he directed his officers to take their *dress girdles* with them, perhaps under the idea that his *entreé* into the "Eternal City" would be complimented by the inhabitants with a ball. He relied, however, sufficiently upon the generosity of the people he was unjustifiably attacking, to solicit medical aid from them, having most improvidentially, or presumptuously, come into the field without that most necessary adjunct, generally considered indispensable in all civilized warfare. The Romans complied with his request by immediately sending him eight surgeons, with lint, bandages, and other requisites. The prisoners also were treated with the utmost kindness and humanity; nay, with a courtesy which I should imagine unexampled in the annals of war; for they were not only restored to liberty, with well-replenished wallets, but told they must not leave Rome without seeing St. Peter's. An amicable procession was formed for the purpose of showing it to them; each Frenchman walked arm-in-arm with a Roman; and when they had surveyed the wonders of that magnificent edifice, they all knelt down side by side in solemn religious worship, presenting a more truly affecting scene than was ever afforded by the pompous spectacle of the Pope carried on men's shoulders and fanned with peacock's feathers. They were then conducted, with bands of music and an immense concourse of people, outside the same gate by which they had been brought in; a general fraternal embrace passed around, and they set off, with tears of gratitude, which I myself witnessed, to join their regiments. But their favourable reports of the treatment they had received, and of the determination and unanimity prevalent among the Romans, speedily procured them the honour of being draughted off to Corsica, by General Oudinot, who already found it difficult enough to keep his soldiers in good humour with a cause of which they were beginning to grow thoroughly ashamed, and in which they had been defeated in their very onset. Yet the same general had actually a sort of vision, which he reported as an official fact, that he had entered the city in triumph after his first attack upon it!

If I were writing a narrative of the siege of Rome, I should only have to recall the occurrences of every day, during the months it lasted, to produce abundance of the most interesting facts and traits of character highly honourable to the Romans, whilst I should have no lack of others, of an exactly opposite character, as afforded by the French commanders; I say commanders, because the common soldiers ought not to be censured for actions over which they have no control: but the theme would be too fruitful. I only wish to raise my humble voice in honest testimony of what I have seen as to the disinterestedness, the courage, and I may add, the unanimity of the Romans under the trying, and, latterly, appalling circumstances in which they were placed; nor should I withhold the just tribute of praise to the conduct of the troops, who, under the name of foreigners, have been branded as if they were a pack of lawless freebooters. Never men conducted themselves in a more orderly manner within the walls of Rome than Garibaldi's; the Lombards were equally well behaved; they were mostly very young men, and reminded me forcibly, in their countenances and the steadiness of their deportment, of the Scotch regiments that during our long war with the French everywhere commanded respect, not less by their good conduct than their bravery. As to the Triumvirate and the Chamber of Deputies, I think it would be impossible for any candid mind, setting aside all difference of politics, to refuse the meed of respect to the wonderful energy and untiring activity they displayed, during the period when the safety of the people who had chosen them as their law-givers and guardians depended so greatly upon their prudence and foresight. Night and day were they in deliberation and in action. Some of them for one fortnight took no other repose than what they casually snatched upon a couch; and never did I look upon their intellectual countenances, pale as they were with fatigue and watching, without feeling

the profoundest respect equally for their abilities and the patriotic use to which they were applying them, at the risk of their own lives, the too probable chance of exile and poverty, even should their lives be spared. And this has come to pass. They have to seek a home, and where are they to look for one but among the brave and the free? This would be subject enough for another discussion; but I wish to avoid politics and personalities, and only to plead the cause of the unfortunate, in the name of Humanity and Truth.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA. 1847.

HAVING explored Catania and its immediate neighbourhood, we prepared to ascend the volcano; and besides our own mules, we engaged three to carry our cloaks and provisions, appendages by no means useless.

The ascent of Vesuvius is a walk; that of Stromboli, a fatiguing excursion; that of Ætna a journey, short, but always laborious, and, it may be, dangerous. Upon its elevated declivities, where the ice never wholly melts, violent tempests, storms of hail and snow, often suddenly assail the traveller who had set forth under an unclouded sky. The variations of temperature, and of atmospheric pressure also, are great; the thermometer stands at 40° on the plane in the day-time in the shade, and nearly 60° higher in the sun, but it often falls below zero during the night, which must be passed at the foot of the cone; and the traveller must undergo this change of temperature twice in forty-eight hours, the general time taken for accomplishing the ascent and descent.

We started from Catania at day-break, and traversed the cultivated region through peaceful villages surrounded by orange and olive-grounds, vineyards and fruitful orchards, all reposing upon volcanic cinders, and growing out of lava which the slow action of ages has scarcely reduced to powder. These villages and country houses are built of lava, and are often situated in the very mouth of an ancient crater; while across the smiling fields lies a dark band, which marks a more recent stream of destruction. The evidence of what has been, destroys the beauty of the present by inspiring fear for the future; and we felt this more strongly on remarking above the houses of Nicolosi, the double peak of Monte Rosso, whence, in 1669, that shower of ashes issued which buried all the neighbouring country, and threatened Catania, though nearly four leagues distant, with destruction. A band of gigantic scoria stretches southward from the foot of this mountain; in some parts it is a league in width, and the blocks and ridges are as sharp and black as if just thrown from the crater; the lapse of two centuries not having produced even a single blade of grass upon them.

Nicolosi marks the limit of the cultivated region, and its houses touch upon a hill of black sand, where tall shrubs of broom with their golden blossoms only are to be seen here and there; next a plain of bare lava must be crossed, and here commenced our difficulties. The sirocco was blowing, and at Nicolosi the thermometer stood at 40° in the shade. Scorched by the vertical sun and its reflection on the ground, we hastened our mules in order to reach the "woody region," which from a distance seemed to promise us shade and relief; but what was our disappointment at finding there only a bed of ferns, with occasionally some naked trunks of old oak trees. The centre belt of Ætna exhibits everywhere this scene;* for in all this extent, formerly covered with forests, there does not now remain a single tree uninjured either by age or by fire. In consequence of a lawsuit fifteen years since, between the Prince of Paterno and the Proprietary Communes, the district is left unguarded, and the mountaineers have barked or burned the trees, that they may carry them away for themselves as dead wood.

We continued our ascent under the burning rays of the sun, along a path of decomposed lava, sometimes winding round ancient craters now clothed in verdure; and on all sides was displayed the rich flora of Mount Ætna. Some shepherds, followed by numerous flocks, enlivened this part of the landscape and gazed upon us with careless curiosity. After two hours' travel we reached a small hut on the skirt of the wood. It was past mid-day and the heat was less insupportable, besides which we were 5,000 feet above the point whence we started. We had but 3,000 feet to climb to reach the house built by Dr. Gemellaro, with the aid of the English; but this was the roughest part of the journey, and we were obliged to rest in order to recruit our strength. We unpacked our provision basket, and, seated upon the fine short turf, both travellers and muleteers made an excellent repast, after which we fell asleep at the foot of an aged oak.

Refreshed by our short slumber we resumed our journey, and entered the "desert region." Here vegetation almost disappears; and the 477 species of plants which ornament the woody region are suddenly reduced to eighty-four, of which more than thirty are lichens. Not a tree, not a shrub, lifts its head amid these wilds, and nothing can be more desolate than this portion of the mountain,. where ridges covered with old lava or grey cinders everywhere fatigue the eye. Our mules stumbled at every step of the faintly marked path of our steep ascent, and the temperature was perceptibly diminished. At the foot of the Montagnuola, one of the largest secondary cones of Ætna, the guide pointed out the glaciers of Catania, vast masses of level ice lying under a bed of fine sand; a little above which the naked snow was visible. Coats and cloaks were now necessary, and even these were soon insufficient; therefore, in order to retain some degree of warmth, we dismounted and proceeded to climb on foot the last steeps to the house. At the moment of our arrival there, the sun, sinking behind the western side of the island, threw the shadow of Ætna upon the Ionian Sea, and illumined the country around Catania with his parting rays. For an instant only we stood to admire this magnificent panorama, interrupted to the north by the cone of the great crater, rising in the centre of the

plain Del Lago, more than 1,000 feet above our heads; but the extreme cold did not permit us to wait till the scene closed in darkness. The thermometer had fallen below zero, and we entered the house grateful for the shelter it afforded. Less happy than ourselves, the muleteers were obliged to descend the Montagnuola, in order to find some cave free from ice and snow where they might place their beasts; and only the guide remained with us. In the twinkling of an eye he lighted a charcoal fire, around which we joyfully drew; the lamps were lighted, the provisions placed upon a rude but clean table; and while we were eating our supper, our attendant swept the camp-bed and spread a thin mattress upon the rough boards. Then having replenished the fire and taken every precaution against cold, we went to our couch, lying closely together covered with our cloaks, and were soon asleep in spite of the currents of cold air which arose from the frozen ground through the crevices of our bed.

At two o'clock the guide awoke us, gave us each a stout pole, and we took the path to the crater, the moon shining brightly. We had some difficulty in crossing the stream of lava, which in 1838 flowed round the foot of the little hill on which our resting place is built; we then crossed a bank of snow, which cracked under our feet; and lastly, a gentle slope covered with scoria, when we found ourselves at the foot of the cone, and commenced an ascent as difficult at first as that of Stromboli. Stones and sand gave way under each step, but with the guide's help, we reached a lava stream flowing westward, and the ascent became less fatiguing. At length we gained the summit, and stood in motionless astonishment at the scene spread out before us. At our feet yawned the great crater; this was not merely a reversed cone, or funnel-shaped opening like what we had seen on the parasitic volcanos of Ætna, and, like that of Vesuvius; nor did it resemble Stromboli, with its black cinders and rocks, and its regularity of form; the crater of Ætna, disturbed by the eruption of the preceding year, was a deep, hollow, curved valley, its bays and capes formed of steep irregular declivities, bristling with enormous masses of scoria and blocks of lava, heaped up, scattered, twisted, in a thousand ways by the internal agency of the volcano or by the accidents of their fall. All around was white, blue, green, with here and there large black stains or spots of red, which threw into relief the more general livid tint of the scene. A silence like death hovered over this chaos. Thousands of crevices noiselessly sent forth long wreaths of white vapour, which, creeping slowly up the walls of the crater, brought their suffocating streams of sulphuric acid to where we stood. Soon the growing dawn came to aid the wan beams of the moon, in enlightening this wild scene, the sublime—nay infernal—character of which no human tongue can describe.

The soil upon which we stood, composed wholly of cinders and scoria, was damp, hot, and apparently covered with white frost, but this dampness was the acid, which would speedily have corroded our boots; this silvery bed shining with crystals, was of sulphur and salts, formed by the unceasing chemical action of this formidable laboratory. Following the narrow ridge which bounds the crater to the south, we reached the highest point, lying at the eastern end, and a magnificent spectacle presented itself to our view. The sky was wholly cloudless, the air perfectly transparent, and, thanks to the short duration of twilight, the horizon, already glowing, seemed to have no other limit than that of the globe itself. From the point on which we were standing, we looked down on the highest peaks of the inferior mountains, four or five thousand feet beneath us. All Sicily lay extended like a map before us; to the westward only the eye was bewildered by the peaks of Corleone, half hidden by the mist which concealed Mount Eryx from us. Except at this point the sea appeared all around like the frame of the picture, and we could trace the voyage we had made round the island four months since. To the north we perceived the mountains of Palermo, and clearly distinguished Milazzo, the Vulcano isles, and the black pyramid of Stromboli. Even the distinctive features of the country at the straits of Messina, and on the coast of Calabria, might be discerned; and nearer still Ætna itself exhibited to us its three zones perfectly delineated, its sixty-five towns and villages, with their rich fields furrowed by lava streams diverging from a centre like so many black rays. To the south, the eye with one glance embraced Augusta, Syracuse, and Cape Passaro, where the coast seemed to retire, and be lost in mist on the Girgenti side. Mute with admiration, we stood gazing on this sublime panorama, when suddenly the guide exclaimed—"Ecco lo!" It was he indeed—it was the sun, which in fiery redness appeared in front of us, bathing with his purple beams the land, sea, and sky; and throwing across the whole island, even to the edge of the horizon, the gigantic shadow of Ætna, which we watched becoming more and more distinct as the glorious orb arose slowly from the Ionian Sea.

The warmth of the rising sun now began to draw light vapours from the earth, and as they increased in density, our horizon contracted. We cast a farewell look upon the valley of the crater, and leaving our observatory, descended the cone. Presently the guide halted by a narrow and steep slope, ending in a sharp precipice about a hundred feet below. Rolling up the sleeve of his jacket and holding it to his mouth he desired us to do the same; he then darted across, crying out, "Do it quickly!" We imitated him without hesitation, and arrived at the edge of the opening, which in 1842 had poured its lava into the Val del Bove, and which, re-opened in 1843, seemed still to threaten the surrounding country. We had observed the smoke from this crater when at Giardini, and had heard at intervals the roar of its subterranean thunders. Here description is impossible. A vast irregular wall enclosed the gulf, at the bottom of which, on our left, opened a large mouth, whence

arose clouds of smoke red with fire. In the centre, to the right, on all sides, lay enormous blocks of shining lava, split, torn, some black, others of a dull red; and even through their smallest cracks might be seen the more brilliant colour of the lava on which they were borne. A thousand jets of white or grey smoke mingled their curling waves with a deafening noise, and a hissing like that of steam from an engine. Unfortunately we could not bestow more than one hasty glance upon this singular and frightful scene, for we were almost suffocated by the vapour; quickly, and with the feeling of intoxication, we sought again the protecting declivity, where we once more breathed freely; and here leaning on our poles, we threw ourselves forward down the slope composed of loose debris, and in five minutes found ourselves at the base of the cone which it had required above an hour to climb.

We found the mules awaiting us; they were speedily laden, and while they descended straightforward, we inclined to the left, to take a look at the Val del Bove. This was perhaps the most troublesome portion of our journey. The north-east wind had risen, and in a few minutes it blew a hurricane; its icy blast raising clouds of sand and gravel, which pierced the face and hands like needles. We had considerable difficulty in reaching the Torre del Philosopho, a small antique building now in ruins, which Sicilian legends have fixed upon as the residence of Empedocles, but which is probably a tomb of the Roman period. The Torre is close to the precipice of the Serre del Salfegio, which bounds the Val del Bove on the side next the volcano. Standing upon these peaked rocks, we admired the immense circus, measuring two leagues and a quarter by one and a quarter, the perpendicular walls of which, formed of masses of lava, more ancient than the race of man, rise in many places a thousand feet above the hollow, which is entirely covered with lava and blocks piled upon one another, deposited there in modern times; but the hurricane with redoubled violence drove us from the spot, and flying before it, as it were, we reached almost without halting the Cisterna, an immense opening in the centre of the plain Del Lago. Behind the Montagnuola we at last found shelter, and our mules waiting for us there. Three hours after we arrived at Nicolosi, and with many thanks to Dr. Gemellaro, we wrote our names in his register under those of L. de Buch, Elie de Beaumont, Constant Prevost, and A. de Jussieu. We slept that night at the house of Abate; and at the best served table to be met with in Sicily we forgot our fatigue and difficulties, in thinking upon the sublime spectacles by which they had been recompensed.—*From Notes of a French Naturalist.*

SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.[1]

THE late poet-laureate has left behind him a name which will be long affectionately cherished in the world of letters. His earnest devotion to literary pursuits—his profound and curious learning—his exquisite taste—his vivid and varied powers as a writer—his genial and generous disposition—the ardent and impulsive temperament, which rendered him at once a warm friend and an earnest partisan—have justified his admirers not only in placing him in the first rank of intellectual eminence, but in numbering him also among the elect of literature—the select and favourite few who have been distinguished no less by their strength and stretch of understanding than by their endearing qualities of heart. In acquired information he was, perhaps, superior to any man of his time; and it is a question whether his poetical genius was not crippled, and his fancy encumbered, by the immense amount of book-learning with which every corner of his mind was filled. For many years of his life he passed the greater portion of his time in his well-stored library; living in daily intercourse and communion with the noblest minds of other days, and rarely permitting himself to be drawn from his retirement. The lines which his son-in-law, Mr. Warter, the editor of this volume, has prefixed to it as a motto, taken from a funeral poem on the death of the Earl of Devonshire, by "well-languaged Daniel," (one of Southey's favourite poets,) are so strikingly applicable to the life and character of the gifted collector, that we transfer them with no small pleasure to our pages.

> "Though thou hadst made a general survey
> Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
> And knew so much as ever learning knew;
> Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
> And less presume: and yet when being moved
> In private talk to speak, thou didst bewray
> How fully fraught thou wert within; and proved
> That thou didst know whatever wit could say,
> *Which show'd thou hadst not books as many have*
> *For ostentation, but for use; and that*
> *Thy bounteous memory was such as gave*
> *A large revenue of the good it gat.*
> Witness so many volumes whereto thou
> Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand,
> And mark'd them with that print, as will show how
> The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand;
> That none would think, if all thy life had been
> Turn'd into leisure, thou couldst have attain'd
> So much of time, to have perused and seen
> So many volumes that so much contain'd."

The selections which Southey made from time to time during his varied readings—the choice passages which he had noted down from favourite authors—particularly from old English travellers, historians, and divines—have been reprinted in this handsome volume; and whilst they bear testimony to the learning and good taste of the collector, will be found to comprise much that is intrinsically valuable, and much that is curious and entertaining. He had been, indeed, from childhood a voracious reader of everything that fell in his way. In the preface to the collected edition of his poems he has related that, when quite a boy, he entered a circulating library at Bath, to ask for the loan of Spenser's "Faery Queen." The bookseller, somewhat astonished by the inquiry, replied,

(1) Southey's Common-Place Book. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D. London: 1849.

that he certainly had the book, but it was in very old and obsolete language, *and the young gentleman would not understand it.*

"But," said Southey, "I who had learnt history from Shakespere, and was on intimate terms with Beaumont and Fletcher, found no difficulty in Spenser's English." The young enthusiast had already drunk deep of the "Pierian spring," and was already familiar with the most difficult relics of early English literature. The taste for desultory reading pursued him through life. He fell with avidity upon uncommon and out-of-the-way books, patiently studied the most voluminous and neglected writers, and acquired a fund of practical information upon every conceivable subject. It seems to have been his maxim, that chance-reading never came amiss—that every fact imprinted on the memory was so much gained, and might be turned to account on some future opportunity. In the volume before us we find the following admirable defence of this practice, in an extract from Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography."

"Dr. Hammond's method was (which likewise he recommended to his friends) after every sermon, to resolve upon the ensuing subject; that being done, to pursue the course of study which he was then in hand with, reserving the close of the week for the provision for the next Lord's-day. Whereby not only a constant progress was made in science, but materials unawares were gained unto the immediate future work; for he said, *Be the subject treated of never so distant, somewhat will infallibly fall in conducible unto the present purpose.*"

To this passage (in copying which we have preserved the editor's italics) we find the following note appended:—

"This I have long since found in my own experience. Upon whatever subject I was brooding, my chance-reading never came amiss to it. R. S."

To this we may add, that there seems to have been no subject which did not possess some interest or attraction to the amiable recluse of Keswick. The early traditions of Western Europe, and the fantastic creations of Hindoo mythology; the quaint superstitions of the Romish communion, and the eccentric tenets of rival separatists; the curious subtleties of scholastic divinity, and the fervent outpourings of religious enthusiasm; the nervous strength and luxuriant beauties of our elder poets, and the dignified eloquence of our Church divines—engaged by turns his unwearied attention, and furnished him with copious facts and illustrations for every subject on which he employed his facile and practised pen. It remains for us to give a few examples of the interesting contents of the volume under review; which we apprehend will be more acceptable to our readers than any remarks of our own. But the value of a book of extracts depends so much on the taste and experience of the collector that we thought it right to preface our selections with these few observations.

We commence with a passage from Bishop Jeremy Taylor,—one of the most eloquent and poetical writers of English prose:—

MAN'S FREE-WILL CIRCUMSCRIBED BY GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

"For a man is circumscribed in all his ways by the providence of God, just as he is in a ship; for although the man may walk freely upon the decks, or pass up and down in the little continent, yet he must be carried whither the ship bears him. A man hath nothing free but his will, and that, indeed, is guided by laws and reasons; but although by this he walks freely, yet the Divine Providence is the ship, and God is the pilot, and the contingencies of the world are sometimes like fierce winds, which carry the whole event of things whither God pleases."

The following quaint "Division of the Forenoon in Elizabeth's reign" may perhaps provoke a smile:—

"We wake at six, and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg-hour; at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose, that's nose-hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven, lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour."—*Middleton and Rowley's Changeling.*

Under the title of "Law *versus* Justice," we find a startling instance of legal infallibility:—

"The best case which I have seen of Law *versus* Justice and Common Sense, is one which Montaigne relates as having happened in his own days. Some men were condemned to death for murder; the judges were then informed by the officers of an inferior court, that certain persons in their custody had confessed themselves guilty of the murder in question; and had told so circumstantial a tale, that the fact was placed beyond all doubt. Nevertheless, it was deemed so bad a precedent to revoke a sentence, and show that the law could err, that the innocent men were delivered over to execution."

From honest old Tusser, the author of some of the earliest rustic rhymes in the English language, we have the following excellent couplets, quoted under the title of "Tusser's Advice."

"Make Money thy drudge, for to follow thy work;
Make Wisdom comptroller, and Order thy clerk.

Make Hunger thy sauce, as med'cine for health,
Make Thirst to be butler, as physic for wealth;
Make Eye to be usher, good usage to have,
Make Bolt to be porter, to keep out a knave.

Make Husbandry bailiff, abroad to provide;
Make Huswifery daily, at home for to guide;
Make Coffer, fast locked, thy treasure to keep;
Make House to be suër, the safer to sleep.

Make Bandog thy scoutwatch, to bark at a thief;
Make Courage for life, to be captain chief;
Make Trap-door thy bulwark, make Bell to begin,
Make Gunstone and Arrows shew who is within."

An odd account of the origin of *wedding rings*, extracted from an old divine:—

"We see many times even the godly couples to jar when they are married, because there is some unfitness between them, which makes odds. What is odds, but the contrary to even? 'Therefore make them even,' saith one, 'and there will be no odds.' From hence came the first use of the ring in weddings, to represent this evenness: for if it be straiter than the finger, it will pinch; and if it be wider than the finger, it will fall off; but if it be fit, it neither pincheth nor slippeth."—*Smith's Sermons*, p. 19.

Apropos of matrimony. The following extract from "Sterne's Sermons" appears to us so strikingly

eloquent, and so full of practical truth, that we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it:—

DISAPPOINTMENT IN MARRIAGE.

"Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage; collect all their complaints; hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn? They were mistaken in the person—some disguise, either of body or mind, is seen through in the first domestic scuffle; some fair ornament—perhaps, the very one which won the heart—*the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit* falls off. *It is not the Rachael for whom I have served. Why hast thou then beguiled me?* Be open, be honest; give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing—varnish nothing—and if these fair weapons will not do, better not conquer at all, than conquer for a day; when the night is passed 'twill ever be the same story. *And it came to pass, behold, it was Leah!*"

The following anecdote is perhaps familiar to many of our readers, but it is worth repeating:—

AN INDICTMENT QUASHED.

"Lord Chief Justice Wilmot gave to a party of us, one evening, a curious account of an innkeeper at Warwick, whom he had tried for having poisoned some of his customers with his Port wine; and that the indictment was quashed, by the impudence of the fellow, who absolutely proved that there had never been a drop of real Port wine in the hogshead."—*Cradock's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 93.

Here is an instance of a clergyman in a strange dilemma, taken from the same source:—

"I recollect," says Mr. Cradock, in his memors, (vol. i. p. 138,) "a very worthy rector, possessed of a great living in one of the midland counties, who informed me that on his induction to it, he had met with a particular difficulty; for an enclosure had just taken place, and half of his parish petitioned that he would pray for rain, that their quicksets might grow; and the other half that he would intercede for fair weather, as they were in the midst of their hay-harvest."

The following character of the far-famed biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson—the illustrious "Bozzy"—is characterised, we think, by more than ordinary *piquancy* and spirit, and was certainly worth preserving:—

A CHARACTER OF BOSWELL IN HIS YOUTH.

"Some Mr. D. worthy to have had his name written at full-length, wrote to Andrew Erskine a letter filled with encomiums upon Boswell, then in the flower of his youth; which encomiums the said Andrew repeated to the said Boswell, thus:—'He says there is a great deal of humility in your vanity, a great deal of tallness in your shortness, and a great deal of whiteness in your black complexion. He says, there's a great deal of poetry in your prose, and a great deal of prose in your poetry. He says, that as to your last publication, there is a great deal of ode in your dedication, and a great deal of dedication in your ode. He says there is a great deal of coat in your waistcoat, and a great deal of waistcoat in your coat; that there is a great deal of liveliness in your stupidity, and a great deal of stupidity in your liveliness. But to write upon all, he says, would require rather more fire in my grate than there is at present; and my fingers would undoubtedly be numbed, for there is a great deal of snow in this frost, and a great deal of frost in this snow.'"—*Letters between the Hon. Andrew Erskine and James Boswell*, p. 68.

An anecdote of the poet, Prior, is inserted, which was new to us, and may prove so to our readers. No authority is cited:—

PRIOR'S CLOE.

"I heard my eldest brother say, her name was Miss Taylor, that he knew her well; and that she once came to him (in Dean's Yard, Westminster) purposely to ask his advice. She told him, 'Sir, I know not what to do. Mr. Prior makes large professions of his love; but he never offers me marriage.' My brother advised her to bring the matter to a point at once. She went directly to Mr. Prior, and asked him plainly, 'Do you intend to marry me or not?' He said many soft and pretty things; on which she said, 'Sir, in refusing to answer, you do answer. I will see you no more.' And she did see him no more to the day of his death. But afterwards she spent many hours standing and weeping at his tomb in Westminster Abbey."

This anecdote is followed by an incident from Mr. Hobhouse's "Journey through Albania:"—

"Among the most remarkable things at the modern Orchomenos, Mr. Hobhouse mentions a living curiosity, which is seen by most visitants. This is a shepherd, named Demetrius, the fattest man I ever saw, who, in the summer, passes the hottest hours of the day up to the neck in the neighbouring river. This practice not only does not injure him, but has become by habit so necessary to him, that he declares he should not without it be able to support the rage of the summer sun."—*Journey through Albania, &c.* p. 271.

The business of Parliament, in Elizabeth's days, did not progress much faster than at present, if the following anecdote is to be relied on:—

"Mr. Popham, when he was Speaker, and the House had sat long, and done, in effect, nothing, coming one day, to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, 'Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons House?' He answered, 'If it please your majesty, *seven weeks*.'"—Bacon (?)

Among the many schemes and projections of the last century, a plan was propounded by a certain Doctor Free, in 1766, "for founding in England, at the expense of a great empress, a Free University, &c." The details of this scheme, quoted from the "Monthly Review," afford us, at any rate, a tolerable idea of the admirable self-sufficiency of the worthy projector:—

"Dr. Free, having learnt that her Majesty of Russia hath several times sent some of her subjects for education to the University of Oxford, where they can never be admitted as regular scholars, proposes that the said Empress shall, with the assistance of him, the said Doctor Free, found a Free University at *Newington Butts*, which he thinks the most proper situation, and gives his reasons for so thinking; and certainly no place can be more convenient for the doctor, because he is already settled there; and the Dover coach passes through the village, and sets down passengers at the sign of the Elephant and Castle. The plan of the proposed seminary is here particularly set down: and then comes the proposed liturgy, in three languages, for the use of the royal college; in which, all Jesw, Turks, Heretics, and Infidels may join, without the least scruple of conscience, as there is not a word of Christianity in it. We heartily wish the learned and ingenious doctor all the success which is due to the extraordinary merit of so extraordinary a project."—*Monthly Review*, vol. xxxv. p. 472.

From the quotations we have given, it will be seen

that the contents of the "Common-Place Book" are of a truly miscellaneous character, and no attempt has of course been made, by the editor, to methodise or arrange them. But the volume concludes with a series of extracts, which may be regarded as the material for a work of much interest and importance, on which Southey had been, at intervals, for many years engaged. The work in question was to have been entitled, "A History of Manners and Literature in England."

"For more than twenty years," he says, in a private letter, dated June 21st, 1835, "I have marked every passage in my reading which related to the history of manners in this country, with a distant view of composing a work on this subject, and doubting whether it had better be blended with, or distinct from a History of English Literature. The notes which I have made for this purpose are very numerous."

We regret that the design was never carried out. Such a work, from the pen of Robert Southey, would have been a valuable acquisition to the stores of modern English literature. Few men were better capable of illustrating the most interesting department of history; but which, strange to say, until lately, has been the department most neglected—the history of the *people*, and of their actual condition, of the state of society, feeling, and opinion at different epochs—the history, in fact, of the nation, not of its rulers only; or of the "battles, sieges, fortunes," through which it has passed.

The collections made for this purpose are arranged in chronological order, and extend from the days of the ancient Britons to the reign of George III. We have culled at random a few extracts, which we present to our readers as a fair sample of the whole. No further remarks are necessary.

"Dunstan would not begin mass on Whitsunday, until three coiners had been executed; and this zeal for justice was so acceptable that a white dove descended and alighted on his head!" Given as a good example by *J. Marco de Guadalajura: Expulsion de los Moriscos*, p. 155.

"When the crusade was first preached, Malmesbury says, 'the Welchman left his hunting; the Scot his fellowship with vermin; the Dane his drinking party; the Norwegian his raw fish.'"

"The use of oaten ale, which is said to be a wretched liquor very general in ancient times. The monks of Salley (Yorkshire) annually brewed 258 quarters of malted oats and 104 of barley. Their establishment was about seventy persons; there was, therefore, large allowance for hospitality."—*Whitaker: Hist. of Craven*, p. 59.

"Dr. Philan says of Magna Charta, that 'it gives to the clergy enormous power, to the barons and knights a monopoly of those privileges which the modesty of the church declined, and to the mass of the people nothing. The only article of the Great Charter which notices the serfs, or villains of the soil, at that time the most numerous body of men in England, has an obvious reference to the interests of their masters. A serf could not forfeit his plough, cart, or other implements of husbandry, because, if deprived of these, he could no longer minister to the barbarous plenty of the lord to whose estate he belonged.'"—*History of the Church of Rome in Ireland.*

"1554. I cannot here omit old father Latimer's habit at this his appearing before the commissioners, which was also his habit while he remained a prisoner at Oxford. He held his hat in his hand; he had a kerchief on his head, and upon it a night-cap or two, and a great cap such as townsmen used, with two broad flaps to button under his chin; an old thread-bare Bristow frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leathern girdle, at which hanged by a long string of leather, his testament, and his spectacles, without case, hanging about his neck upon his breast." — *Strype's Memoirs of Cranmer.*

"An act of 1 Edward VI. c. 12, provides that a lord of parliament shall have the benefit of clergy, though he cannot read. 'Yet one can hardly believe,' says Hullam, 'that this provision was necessary at so late an era.' Vol. i. p. 39. If not necessary it would not have been made."

"1572, [temp. Elizabeth.] The state of the church and religion at this time was but low, and sadly neglected, occasioned in a great measure by the unhappy controversies about the church's government, and other external matters in religion; which so employed the thoughts and zeal of both clergy and laity, that the better and more substantial parts of it were little regarded. The churchmen heaped up many benefices upon themselves, and resided upon none, neglecting their cures; many of them alienated their lands, made unreasonable leases and wastes of their woods, granted reversions and advowsons to their wives and children, or to others for their use. Churches ran greatly into dilapidations and decays, and were kept nasty and filthy and indecent for God's worship. Among the laity there was little devotion. The Lord's day greatly profaned and little observed. The common prayers not frequented. Some lived without any service of God at all. Many were mere heathens and atheists. The Queen's own court an arbour for epicures and atheists, and a kind of lawless place, because it stood in no parish."—*Strype's Parker*, p. 395.

"In the year 1564, 'one William Booner a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Booner was Queen Elizabeth's coachman,—for indeed a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement. Some said it was a great crab shell brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil.'"—*Tayler: The World runs on Wheels.*

"The nickname of lobsters now *mis*applied to soldiers, seems to have been first applied to Sir A. Hazelrigg's regiment of cavalry, completely armed with corslets.... and were so called by the other side, because of their bright iron shells, with which they were covered," &c.

"1645. The plague in a few months swept away above 1,300 souls in Leeds, and so infected the air that the birds fell down dead in their flight over the town." *Thoresby*, p. 104.

"When the right of the saints to govern the earth was 'once upon an occasion earnestly pressed in Cromwell's little parliament, it was answered by the president of his council, that the saints deserved all things; but that public employment was such a drudgery that it would be unjust to condemn the saints to it, and that the securest way to make the commonwealth happy was to leave them in a pious retirement, interceding for the nation at the throne of grace.'"—*Sir George Mackenzie's Essay*, p. 431.

"1646. At Henly-upon-Thames, a woman speaking against the taxation imposed by parliament, was by the committee then ordered 'to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the highway side on a market-day; which was accordingly done, and a paper in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her fault, fixed to her back.'—*Clarendon's Papers*, vol. ii. This is hardly to be believed."

"It hath been a custom, and yet is elsewhere, to whip up the children upon Innocent's day morning, that the memory of the murder of the innocents might stick the

closer; and in a moderate proportion to act over the cruelty again in kind."—*John Gregory*, p. 113.

"Dryden says, 'I have observed that in all our tragedies the audience cannot forbear laughing when the actors are to die: 'tis the most comic part of the whole play.'—*Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, p. lviii. He imputes this to bad acting; but I suspect it must have been in such tragedies as his own."

"1783. When Johnson was told that Shebbeare had received six guineas a sheet for reviewing, he replied, 'Sir, he might get six guineas for a particular sheet, but not *communibus sheetibus*.'"

But we have already extended our selections beyond our usual limits. The volume before us has excited many pleasing and many mournful reminiscences. It has reminded us of one whose literary career has proved that the highest intellectual excellence may be united with the most exemplary prudence, integrity, and worth; but whose life was not unmarked in its course, nor unclouded at its close, by the saddest afflictions to which humanity is subject.

"Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanish'd like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vow'd
Through a long life, and calm'd by Christian faith,
In his pure soul the fear of change and death."[1]

A SECOND JOURNEY TO THE UNITED STATES.[2]

It was, of course, impossible that the struggle between England and her North American Colonies, which terminated in the independence of the latter, should have passed away without leaving deep traces of mutual animosity and suspicion;—many of our earlier travellers in the United States dwelling almost exclusively upon such traits of character or manners as afforded scope for their malicious satire, or matter for invidious comparison with the mother-country. Nor were our transatlantic visitors at all slow in returning the compliment, and thus an unavoidable prejudice which time and increasing intercourse would have greatly dissipated, has been kept alive and even studiously inflamed. Of late, indeed, the case has greatly altered. The astonishing progress of the United States, our increasing commerce with them, the establishment of steam navigation and the consequent influx of travellers, the many bright names they have added to the ranks of literature and science, have tended to heal up old sores, to lead us to desire a closer union with, and to obtain more impartial information respecting our American brethren, and a more philosophic insight into their institutions. Writers of higher character and greater intellectual attainments have ministered to this growing demand; and their generous and impartial reports have, in most instances, corrected the shortsighted or malevolent misrepresentations of their predecessors. The character of the press has altered, and the very journals which were formerly intent on depreciating America, are now content to study, and not unfrequently prepared to admire her.

Among the authoritative witnesses who have contributed to bring about this desirable change is the distinguished President of the Geological Society of London. His primary object in visiting the North American continent was, as may be supposed, the investigation of its physical structure; with the results of which a large portion of his volumes is filled up. With these, however, important as they are to the student of geology, it is neither our province nor purpose to deal; but to turn to those sketches of the present state of the country which may at once amuse and inform the general reader.

Before we begin, however, let us correct a common misconception, and, at the same time, point out what renders a good book of American travel so peculiarly interesting. We are apt to think and speak of the American people, or as we term them Yankees, (a name peculiar to the citizens of New England,) as being in the main alike, forgetting the characteristic differences between the inhabitants of different regions of a country some *three thousand miles* in length and breadth; greatly varying, of course, in climate; peopled by widely different classes of the same Anglo-Saxon stock, as well as settlers from different European nations, in different stages of material and moral civilization, from the highly-cultivated citizen of the New England States, where law is reverenced and education universal, to the rude denizen of the Western States, of yesterday's originating, where Judge Lynch is arbiter and every man's bowie knife his own defence. Nothing can be more curious than such a spectacle, or more astonishing than the manner in which these apparently incongruous elements seem rapidly to subside under the broad and simple institutions of the country into a state of harmonious unity, whilst, at the same time, the influences of race, of climate, and of circumstances are yet distinctly perceptible.

A correct appreciation of the different manner in which society has grown up in England and America, is the first thing necessary to correct the prejudices of both countries against each other's institutions. Justly attached as we are to our own stable and time-honoured fabric of government, accustomed to the working of our venerated religious establishment, we are apt to forget how unsuitable, nay, how impossible, would be such a system under circumstances so essentially different as those of a country which forms an asylum for the outcasts of every country, and for the professors of every creed. And thus too with the Americans—ignorant of the peculiar framework of our society and its gradual growth, monarchical institutions, with an aristocracy and church, have seemed to them to involve a state of political and religious despotism. In both instances the prejudice is best corrected by increasing intercourse; and thus it is no uncommon thing to find American and English travellers, after seeing with their own eyes

(1) Inscription on a Tablet to the Memory of Southey. By William Wordsworth.

(2) "A Second Journey to the United States." By Sir Charles Lyell, President of the Geological Society of London. Murray.

the working of each other's institutions, which they had misjudged at a distance, admit that they are in the main the most suitable under the circumstances of the respective countries.

Having premised these few general observations, which are fully borne out, we think, by the volume before us, we proceed at once to embark with Sir Charles Lyell, at Liverpool, on board one of those magnificent mail-steamers which keep up a weekly postal communication with the States. What a marvellous change has even a few years produced! The celebrated Dr. Lardner, an authority upon all matters connected with steam, declared that it would be as easy to sail to the moon as to cross the Atlantic by steam. At that very moment the *Great Western* was nearly ready to belie his assertion, the success of the experiment being complete; and by the continual improvements in machinery, the passage is continually shortening, some of the new vessels having run the three thousand miles to New York in thirteen days; while further diminution may confidently be expected. Repairing on board in a small steamer, which looked like a toy by the side of the larger ship of 1,200 tons, a friend observed, that this small craft was more than three times as large as one of the open caravels of Columbus, in his first voyage, which was only fifteen tons burden and without a deck. "It is, indeed," he observes, "marvellous to reflect on the daring of the early adventurers; for Frobisher, in 1576, made his way from the Thames to the shores of Labrador, with two small boats of twenty and twenty-five tons respectively, not much surpassing in size the barge of a man-of-war, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert crossed to Newfoundland, in 1583, in a bark of ten tons only, which was lost in a tempest on the return voyage."

After the usual variety of weather, our traveller landed at Boston, the capital, as it may be called, of New England. It was at Boston that the revolution broke out, and here, at Bunker's Hill, the Americans first made a stand against the British troops. The battle is commemorated by the erection of an obelisk. Singularly enough, however, the Bostonians have more appreciation of and affection for England than any other people in the States. Their city is not the largest in the Union, but may be considered as the head-quarters of literature, science, and philanthropy, —the salt with which the whole Republic is seasoned. Sir Charles found the place largely increased since his first visit. Scarcely had he emerged from the Custom-house—where the promptitude of the agents somewhat unpleasantly contrasts with the proceedings of ours on this side the water—than his carriage was assailed by a host of vociferous boys, calling out, "Fifteen days later from Europe,"—"The *Times* and *Punch* just received by the Britannia." Finding most of his friends absent at different watering places he determined on a visit to the White Mountains. On his way he notices certain characteristic differences in the arrangements of the railway carriages—the first, second, and third class thrown into one, and the charge being half what was paid for a first-class fare in the London and North Western. Of course there is somewhat less luxury; but "when we come," he observes, "to the British second and third-class vehicles, cushionless, dark, &c. and contrast them with the cars of Massachusetts, and still more the average *appearance, dress, and manners* of the inmates, the wide difference is indeed remarkable; at the same time, the price, which the humblest class here can afford to pay, proves how much higher must be the standard of wages than with us." On the occasion of his introduction to some legal gentlemen, he observes, that "the profession of the law is, of all others in the United States, that which attracts to it the greatest number of able and highly educated men, not only for its own sake, but because it is a great school for the training up of politicians. There are here no two grades corresponding to barrister and attorney. Every lawyer in the United States may plead in Court and address a jury, and if successful, may be raised to the Bench; and we may well question the policy of creating an artificial line of demarcation between them and the advocates, marked enough to depress their social rank, and to deter many young men of good families from entering the most profitable, and, in reality, the most important part of the profession."

He corrects a general impression here as to the supposed equal subdivision of property in America, being assured by persons on whose authority he could depend, that it is very common to leave the sons twice as much as the daughters, and frequently to give the eldest son the land, requiring him to pay small legacies to the others. On another occasion, during his stay in the White Mountains, he was sitting at the ordinary of the Franconia Hotel, when a lawyer from Massachusetts pointed out to him "a lady" sitting opposite whom he recognised as the chambermaid of an inn in the State of Maine, and he supposed that her companion was probably of the same station. "I asked," he continues, "if the waiters, who were as respectful to these guests as to us, were aware of their true position in society. 'Probably they are so,' was the reply; 'and, moreover, as the season is now almost over in these mountains, I presume that these gentlemen, who must have saved money here, will very soon indulge in an excursion themselves.'" He then entered into conversation with the two "ladies" on various topics, treating them quite as equals, and soon convinced Sir Charles that they had been well taught at school, had read good books, and could enjoy a tour and admire scenery as much as their betters. It is no small gratification to them to sit on terms of equality with the "silver-fork gentry, dressed in their best clothes, as if they were in an orthodox meeting-house." That, with so much practical equality, there is a vulgar jealousy of superior riches, he was satisfied from many indications—it often prevents a gifted but wealthy candidate from obtaining the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, and this leads him to observe that "the great evil of universal suffrage is the irresistible temptation it affords to a set of needy adventurers to make politics a trade, and to flatter

the passions of the multitude, and which leads the most eminent men to shrink from a debasing strife, and to leave the field to their inferiors." This same complaint was made by Channing. Yet the system, notwithstanding these necessary drawbacks, on the whole appears to work well in a state of society where a more general intelligence and greater practical equality than in England prevails, if the general happiness, contentment, and progress is to be taken as a test of its success.

One of the most interesting excursions in the Northern States was to Plymouth, the landing-place, but two centuries ago, of the "Pilgrim Fathers," the progenitors of the great and flourishing republic, and now become quite an old-world place for America.

"We admired the fine avenues of drooping elms in the streets of Plymouth as we entered, and went to a small old-fashioned inn, called the Pilgrim House, where I hired a carriage, in which the landlord drove us at once to see the bay and visit Plymouth beach.

"The wind was bitterly cold, and we learnt that on the evening before, the sea had been frozen over near the shore; yet it was two months later, when on the 22d of December, 1620, now called Forefathers' Day, the pilgrims, consisting of 101 souls, landed here from the *Mayflower*. No wonder that half of them perished from the severity of the first winter. They who escaped seem, as if in compensation, to have been rewarded with unusual longevity. We saw in the grave-yard the tombs of not a few whose ages ranged from seventy-nine to ninety-nine years. The names inscribed on their monuments are very characteristic of Puritan times, with a somewhat grotesque mixture of other very familiar ones, as Jerusha, Sally, Adoniram, Consider, Seth, Experience, Dorcas, Polly, Eunice, Eliphalet, Mercy, &c. The New Englanders laugh at the people of the "Old Colony" for remaining in a primitive state, and are hoping that the railroad from Boston, now nearly complete, may soon teach them how to go a-head. But they who visit the town for the sake of old associations, will not complain of the antique style of many of the buildings, and the low rooms, with panelled walls, and huge wooden beams projecting from the ceilings, such as I never saw elsewhere in America. Some houses, built of brick brought from Holland, notwithstanding the abundance of brick-earth in the neighbourhood, were pointed out to us in Leyden-street, so called from the last town in Europe where the pilgrims sojourned after they had been driven out of their native country by religious persecution. In some private houses we were interested in many venerated heir-looms, kept as relics of the first settlers, and among others an antique chair of carved wood, which came over in the *Mayflower*, and still retains the marks of the staples which fixed it to the floor of the cabin. This, together with a seal of Governor Winslow, was shown me by an elderly lady, Mrs. Hanwood, daughter of a Winslow and a White, and who received them from her grandmother. In a public building, called Pilgrim Hall, we saw other memorials of the same kind, as, for example, a chest or cabinet, which had belonged to Peregrine White, the first child born in the colony, and which came to him from his mother, and had been preserved to the fifth generation in the same family, when it was presented by them to the Museum. By the side of it was a pewter dish, also given by the White family. In the same collection they have a chair brought over in the *Mayflower*, and the helmet of King Philip, the Indian chief, with whom the first settlers had made a desperate fight.

"A huge fragment of granite, a boulder which lay sunk in the beach, has also been traditionally declared to have been the first spot which the feet of the pilgrims first trod when they landed here; and part of this same rock still remains on the wharf, while another portion has been removed to the centre of the town, and enclosed within an iron railing, on which the names of forty-two of the Pilgrim Fathers have been inscribed. They who cannot sympathize warmly with the New Englanders for cherishing these precious relics, are not to be envied, and it is a praiseworthy custom to celebrate an annual festival, not only here, but in places several thousand miles distant. Often in New Orleans, and other remote parts of the Union, we hear of settlers from the North meeting on the 22d of December to commemorate the birth-day of New England; and when they speak fondly of their native hills and valleys, and recall their early recollections, they are drawing closer the ties which bind together a variety of independent States into one great confederation.

"Colonel Perkins, of Boston, well known for his munificence, especially for founding the Asylum for the Blind, informed me in 1846, that there was but one link wanting in the chain of personal communication between him and Peregrine White, the first white child born in Massachusetts, a few days after the pilgrims landed. White lived to an advanced age, and was known to a man of the name of Cobb, whom Colonel Perkins visited in 1807, with some friends who yet survive. Cobb died in 1808, the year after Colonel Perkins saw him. He was then blind, but his memory fresh for every thing which had happened in his manhood. He had served as a soldier at the taking of Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, in 1745, and remembered when there were many Indians near Plymouth. The inhabitants occasionally fired a cannon near the town to frighten them, and to this cannon the Indians gave the name of 'Old Speakum.'

"When we consider the grandeur of the results which have been realized in the interval of 225 years, since the *Mayflower* sailed into Plymouth Harbour,—how in that period a nation of twenty millions of souls has sprung into existence, and peopled a vast continent, and covered it with cities, and churches, schools, colleges, and railroads, and filled its rivers and ports with steam-boats and shipping; we regard the pilgrim relics with that kind of veneration which trivial objects usually derive from high antiquity alone."

On returning to Boston, where he intended to pass some time, and disliking the publicity of the boarding-houses, Sir Charles at length with difficulty obtained private rooms in one of the hotels. The landlord, after showing the apartments and stating the terms, ended with the additional recommendation:—

"'Ours is a temperance house—prayers orthodox.' I presume that my countenance betrayed the amusement which this last piece of intelligence afforded, for he instantly added in an under tone, 'But if you and your lady should not attend prayers, it will not be noticed.'"

Settled awhile in the capital of New England, the author had time to observe the state of society in what may be called this model city of the Union. His opinion is on the whole decidedly favourable. There is one fact which is well worthy of attention, and nothing could be better proof of the general cultivation of the community:—

"There is a general feeling of self-respect pervading all classes in the New England States, which enables those who rise in the world, whether in political life, or by making large fortunes in trade, if they have true gentility of feeling, to take their place in good society easily and naturally. Their power of accommodating themselves to their new position is greatly facilitated by the instruction imparted in the free schools *to all*,

however humble in station, so that they are rarely in danger of betraying their low origin, by ungrammatical phrases and faulty pronunciation. The universality of education is a necessary adjunct to social and political equality."

The following distinction is very acutely drawn:—

"The Americans in general have more self-possession and self-confidence than Englishmen; although this characteristic belongs perhaps less to the Bostonians than to the citizens of most of the other parts of the Union. On the other hand, the members of the great Republic are sensitive and touchy about their country, a point on which the English are imperturbably indifferent; being proud of every thing British, even to a fault. It might be better if each of the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family would borrow something of the qualities of the other—if John Bull had less *mauvaise honte*, so as to care less for what others were thinking of *himself individually*, and if Jonathan cared less for what others are thinking of *his country*."

Boston is well known to be the centre of the literature and science of America. Accordingly:—

"In the literary circles here, we meet with several writers who are keeping up an active correspondence with distinguished men in all parts of Europe, but especially with English authors. We were often amused to observe how much the conversation turns on what is going on in London. One day I was asked whether it were true, that the committee for deciding on the statues to be set up in the new House of Lords had voted in favour of Richardson, before they could make up their minds whether they should honour Pope, Dryden, Swift, and Fielding, and whether Milton was at first blackballed, and how they could possibly be disputing about the rival claims of Hume and Robertson, as historians, while a greater than either of them, Gibbon, was left out of the question. 'Do your countrymen,' said one of my friends to me, 'mean to imitate the spirit of the King of Bavaria, who excluded Luther from his Walhalla because he was a Protestant, and instead of Shakspeare and Newton, could endure no representatives of British genius, save the orthodox King Alfred and Roger Bacon?' I was curious, when I got home, to learn how much of this gossip about things in the old country was founded on correct information, and was relieved to find, that the six poets ultimately selected were Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, a result which, considering that a single blackball excluded, did credit to the umpires, and would I am sure be approved of by a literary jury in Massachusetts. I was also glad to hear that in Bavaria, as soon as political parties changed, a royal order was issued to admit the bust of Luther into the Walhalla."

There is something very beautiful, and which strongly argues a high tone of moral and religious feeling, in the proclamation of the Governor of Massachusetts, read in all the churches on Thanksgiving-day. He called on the people of the State, now that the harvest was gathered in, to praise the God of heaven for his bounties, and in their cheerful family circles to render to Him a tribute of thanksgiving for his goodness.

"'Let us praise Him, that under His protecting providence the institutions of state, of religion, of learning and education, established by the prudence and wisdom of our fathers, under which their children have been prosperous and happy, have come down to us unimpaired and in full vigour.

"'That the various classes of our citizens, under the mild and equal government of laws made by themselves, pursue unmolested, upon the land and upon the sea, their peaceful occupations.

"'That although we have heard the distant rumour, and seen the preparations for war, our common country is yet at peace with all the world.'"

Peace principles, it should be remarked, are making great progress in the Northern States, where the annexation of Texas, and the war with Mexico, leading, as these measures did, both to an immediate extension of slavery and the growth of a spirit of military aggression, were regarded with almost universal disapprobation. It is cheering to regard such a state of things as that here described.

"The general intelligence, fostered by education and the diffusion of cheap literature, is such that crowded audiences are drawn, night after night, through the whole winter, in spite of frost and snow, *from the class of labourers and mechanics*, mingled with those of higher station, to listen with deep interest to lectures on natural theology, zoology, geology, the writings of Shakspeare, the beauties of Paradise Lost, the peculiar excellencies of Comus and Lycidas, treated in an elevated style, by men who would be heard with pleasure by the most refined audiences in London. Among the signs of the times, and of the increasing taste for reading, the great number of lending libraries in every district must not be forgotten. Towards the purchase of these, the State grants a certain sum, if an equal amount be subscribed by the inhabitants. They are left to their own choice in the purchase of books, and the best English poets and novelists are almost always to be met with in each collection, and works of biography, history, travels, natural history, and science. The selection is carefully made with reference *to what the people will read*, and not what men of higher education or station think they *ought* to read."

Nor are the higher interests of science forgotten in the earnest work of cultivating the intelligence of the masses.

"Since my first visit to Cambridge," says Sir Charles, "professorships of botany, comparative anatomy, and chemistry, have been founded. There was previously a considerable staff for the teaching of literature, law, and medicine, and lately an entire new department for engineering, natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and natural history, in their application to the arts, has been instituted. One individual, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a gentleman still in the prime of life, has contributed no less a sum than 20,000 guineas towards the support of this department. One of the new chairs is now filled by a zoologist of the highest European reputation, Professor Agassiz. A splendid bequest also, of equal amount, has recently been made to the Cambridge observatory, near Boston; for which the country had already obtained, at a great cost, a large telescope, which has resolved the great nebula in Orion, and has enabled the astronomer, Mr. Bond, simultaneously with an English observer, Mr. Lessell, to discover a new satellite of Saturn."

And should any be disposed to apprehend, that if men of the humblest condition be taught to enjoy the poems of Milton and Gray, the romances of Scott, or lectures in literature, astronomy, and botany, or if they read a newspaper, and often indulge in the stirring excitement of party politics, they will be not contented with their situation in life, nor submit to hard labour, such fears are dispelled by the acknowledgment of the rich, that *where the free schools have*

been improved, the people are least addicted to intemperance, are more provident, have more respect for property and the laws, are more conservative, and less led away by socialist or other revolutionary doctrines. May we not confidently assert, that in proportion as education has been diffused in our own side the Atlantic, the same results have followed; and that if they are not so decided as in the New England States, it is because neither the government nor the people are sufficiently in earnest about the moral and intellectual improvement of the community at large?

Our limits forbid us to linger with our author on his journey southward, by way of New York and Philadelphia, to the seat of Government at Washington. Here, besides enjoying the eloquence of Daniel Webster, he was no less amused by some specimens of a different description from the Western States.

"It would be impossible to burlesque or caricature the ambitious style of certain members of Congress, especially some who have risen from humble stations, and whose schooling has been among the backwoods. A grave report, drawn up in the present session by the member for Illinois, as chairman of a Post-office Committee, may serve as an example. After speaking of the American republic as 'the infant Hercules,' and the extension of their imperial dominion over the 'northern continent and oriental seas,' he exclaims, 'The destiny of our nation has now become revealed, and great events, quickening in the womb of time, reflect their clearly defined shadows into our very eye-balls. Oh! why does a cold generation frigidly repel ambrosial gifts like these, or sacrilegiously hesitate to embrace their glowing and resplendent fate? Must this backward pull of the government never cease? and the nation tug for ever beneath a dead weight, which trips its heels at every stride?'"

Sir Charles had now entered the Slave States, as they are called, the moral and physical characteristics of which are so strikingly different from those of the north, that many have apprehended an eventual separation. Upon the general subject of slavery in America, and the capabilities and condition of the negroes, no writer on this confessedly difficult subject is more candid or valuable. After much observation, he comes to the conclusion, that, "*if the coloured men had fair play, and were carefully educated, they might soon be safely entrusted with equality of civil and political rights.* Whatever be their present inferiority as a race, some of them have already shown superior abilities to a great many of the dominant whites." Whether the blacks might eventually attain a perfect and general equality with the white race, is another and a doubtful question.

"Already, however, their task-masters have taught them to speak with more or less accuracy one of the noblest of languages, to shake off many old superstitions, to acquire higher ideas of morality and habits of neatness and cleanliness, and have converted thousands of them to Christianity. Many they have emancipated, and the rest are gradually approaching to the condition of the ancient serfs of Europe, half a century or more before their bondage died out."

So rapid has been, indeed, their improvement in the mechanic arts, that laws have been passed, with a singular refinement of injustice, against their being allowed to make contracts for buildings, lest they should interfere with the interests of the whites; thus retarding the progress, and curtailing the rights of those who are kept in a state of slavery, on the plea of their essential inferiority to their whiter brethren.

At Savannah Sir C. Lyell visited a Baptist church where he found himself the only white man, the congregation consisting of about 600 negroes, of various shades, most of them very dark. They joined harmoniously in a hymn. The preacher was a negro of pure African blood, a grey-headed, venerable-looking man. "To see thus," he observes, "a body of African origin, who had built a church for themselves, elected a pastor of their own race, and secured him an annual salary, to hear the whole service respectably conducted, and the singing admirably performed, surely marks an astonishing step in civilization. The pews were well fitted up, and the church well ventilated, and there was no disagreeable odour. The late Mr. Sidney Smith, when he had endeavoured in vain to obtain from an American of liberal views some explanation of his strong objection to confer political and social equality on the blacks, drew from him at length the reluctant confession, that the idea of any approach to future amalgamation was insufferable to any man of refinement, unless he had lost the use of his olfactory nerves. On hearing which, Mr. Smith exclaimed—

'Et si non alium late jactaret odorem
Civis erat!'[1]

And such, then, are the qualifications by which the rights of suffrage and citizenship are to be determined!"

Sir Charles himself saw no instances of cruelty to slaves, though he does not doubt their occasional occurrence. Much attachment often subsists on the part of the slaves to their masters and mistresses, who have no small responsibility in looking after their wants. The wife of a planter, like that of a parson, has no little to superintend; she must have an eye to every contingency. While cutting out dresses for the negroes, a lad will come running in, with "Missis, Daddy Ajax say he ben broke de ax, and ax me for ax you for lend him de new ax." "If she pays a visit to the nearest town, she is overwhelmed with commissions for the slaves, especially articles of dress, of which they are passionately fond. The stuff must be of the finest quality, and many instructions are given as to the precise colour or fashionable shade. White muslin, with figured patterns, is the rage just now."

In what way emancipation will ultimately be brought about, it is difficult, if not impossible, to foresee; but in Virginia the black race are already felt as an encumbrance that it is desirable to get rid of.

"Had some legislative provision been made with this view, before the annexation of Texas, a *period being fixed, after which all the children in Virginia should be free*, that new State would have afforded a useful outlet for the black population, and whites would have sup-

(1) Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 133.

plied the vacancies now filled by the breeding of negroes. [The same plan was, we believe, suggested by Jefferson in a letter recently made public in the newspapers.] Yet, that the condition of slaves is steadily improving, all seem agreed."

Proceeding still further southward into Alabama, our traveller encounters a softer climate, tropical vegetation, and a ruder state of society. He meets with emigrants or slave-dealers moving on to Texas with their human capital, to turn them to greater account.

"The different stages of civilization to which families have attained who live here on terms of the strictest equality, is often amusing to a stranger, but must be intolerable to some of those settlers who have been driven by their losses from the more advanced districts of Virginia and South Carolina, having to begin the world anew. Sometimes in the morning my host would be of the humblest class of 'crackers,' or some low itinerant German or Irish emigrant, the wife sitting with a pipe in her mouth, doing no work, and reading no books. In the evening I came to a neighbour whose library was well stored with works of French and English authors, and whose first question to me was, 'Pray tell me, who do you really think is the author of the "Vestiges of Creation."' Paying, with Mrs. Lyell, a visit to the Governor's wife, the landlady of the inn made one of the party, just as if we were visitors at her house. She was very much amused at my wife's muff; and among other inquiries, said to her, 'Do tell me how you make your soap in England;' that useful article being here entirely manufactured at home. On one occasion, when I visited a lawyer at his country house, in Alabama; one accustomed to the best society of a large city, and the ladies of whose family were refined and cultivated; he felt it incumbent on him, to my great surprise, to invite the driver of my gig, a half-caste Indian, who travelled without any change of clothes, to sit down with us at table. He was of a dark shade, but the blood was *Indian*, not *African*, and he was, therefore, one of the Southern aristocracy."

Such a state of things as this is of course peculiar to a newly settled and thinly peopled part of the country.

In regard to the reputed inquisitiveness of the Americans, Sir Charles declares that he was as little teazed with questions about his private affairs as he would have been in France or Scotland. A curious story was related to him of a New Englander who was seated by a reserved companion in a railway car, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said, "Are you a bachelor?" To which the other replied, drily, "No, I'm not." "You are a married man?" continued he. "No, I'm not." "Then you must be a widower?" "No, I'm not." Here there was a short pause; but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing, "If you are neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor a widower, what in the world can you be?" "If you must know," said the other, "*I'm a divorced man!*"

If there is too great a facility of divorce in America, on the other hand, it must be confessed that the difficulty is too great in England; and, owing to the additional obscurity of the law relating to marriages abroad, but lately altered, we happened to know one who was neither bachelor, married, widower, *nor* yet divorced—who did not, in short, know what he was himself, nor could the legal courts decide the question for him.

At length Sir Charles reached New Orleans,—the great emporium of the valley of the Mississippi. The carnival had nearly finished. How different such a scene from the staidness and intellectuality of Boston! It should be borne in mind, that the State of Louisiana, named after the Grand Monarque, was originally settled by his lively subjects. Disembarking at Lake Pontchartrain, our traveller entered the car of a railway built on piles, which conveyed him, in less than an hour, to the great city, passing over swamps in which the tall cypress, hung with Spanish moss, was flourishing, and below it numerous shrubs just bursting into leaf. Every thing wore a tropical aspect.

"In many gardens of the suburbs the almond and peach trees were in full blossom. [This was in February.] In some places, the blue-leaved palmetto, and the leaves of a species of iris, were very abundant. We saw a tavern, called the Elysian Fields Coffee-house, and some others with French inscriptions. We might, indeed, have supposed that we were approaching the environs of Paris, but for the negroes and mulattos, and the large verandahs reminding us that the windows required protection from the sun's heat. It was the last day of the Carnival. From the time we landed in New England to this hour, we seemed to have been in a country where all, whether rich or poor, were labouring from morning till night, without ever indulging in a holiday. I had sometimes thought that the national motto should be, 'All work and no play.' It was quite a novel and refreshing sight to see a whole population giving up their minds for a short season to amusement. There was a grand procession parading the streets, almost every one dressed in the most grotesque attire, troops of them on horseback, some in open carriages, with bands of music, and in a variety of costumes—some as Indians, with feathers in their heads, and one, a jolly fat man, as Mardi Gras himself. All wore masks, and here and there in the crowd, or stationed in a balcony above, we saw persons, armed with bags of flour, which they showered down copiously on any one who seemed particularly proud of his attire. The strangeness of the scene was not a little heightened by the blending of negroes, quadroons, and mulattos in the crowd; and we were amused by observing the ludicrous surprise, mixed with contempt, of several unmasked, stiff, grave Anglo-Americans from the North, who were witnessing, for the first time, what seemed to them so much mummery and tom-foolery. One wagoner, coming out of a cross street, in his working-day dress, drove his team of horses and vehicle, heavily laden with cotton bales, right through the procession, causing a long interruption. The crowd seemed determined to allow nothing to disturb their good humour; but although many of the wealthy Protestant citizens take part in the ceremony, this rude intrusion struck me as a kind of foreshadowing of coming events, emblematic of the violent shock which the invasion of the Anglo-Americans is about to give to the old *régime* of Louisiana."

We regret that our limits unavoidably compel us to pass over Sir Charles's ascent of the Mississippi, as well as the remainder of his work. Our object is simply to glean a few extracts for the benefit of our readers, or we might, perhaps, have hinted objections to some of the author's views and statements. Enough, however, has been quoted to show that the work is both valuable and entertaining. We need not say how important it is to the lover of science, and to the student of geology in particular.

After casting a rapid glance over the state of this

vast commonwealth, and finding that, although menaced with perils peculiar to itself, it has gone on flourishing, in spite of the sinister prognostications of its enemies, and then looking at the unsettled state of republican France, we are naturally led to inquire into the cause of the amazing contrast. This we cannot but attribute, in some measure at least, to difference of national character. We remember to have met a Frenchman who, while he professed himself theoretically a republican, avowed his conviction, that his countrymen—to use his own words—"must be ruled with a rod of iron." "France," says Dr. Channing, speaking of the first Revolution, "failed through the want of that *moral preparation for liberty, without which the blessing cannot be secured.* She was not ripe for the good she sought—she was too corrupt for freedom." An able, though perhaps prejudiced contemporary, has expressed his belief that France, after all her recent convulsions, will subside a second time into a military despotism. We heartily trust not; but there is too much to justify the apprehension. On the other hand, the success of the American people must be looked for precisely in their possession of what was wanting to the French—a fitness to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of rational liberty. "Its seeds were sown plentifully in the minds of the whole people. It was rooted in the conscience and reason of the nation. It was the growth of deliberate convictions and generous principles liberally diffused. There was no Paris, no metropolis, which a few leaders swayed, and which sent forth its influences like a mighty heart, through dependent and subservient provinces. The country was all heart. A country that does not possess an earnest and pledge of freedom in its own heart, is not yet ready to be free."

VALERIE.[1]

THOUGH of a slighter texture than most of his previous productions, this lively and well-told story of a maiden life, and of the beautiful and almost heroic struggles to which a consciousness of innocence, a sense of unmerited wrong, and a high standard of principle, can arouse the female mind, is not unworthy the distinguished fame of its author. The novels of Captain Marryatt assumed at once that rank in the public estimation to which they were so pre-eminently entitled. They are highly original, stamped with individuality, and, in point of force and of vivacity of character, *sui generis*, without falling into extravagance or eccentricities on the one hand—into more wretched affectation, mannerism, self-repetition, and morbid sentiments, on the other. They are free from the vices of most of his great contemporaries: they are sound at the core, of a right spirit, and of an elevated morality,—that best morality for old and young, founded upon respect, duty, docility, and love of obedience in order to merit command. Nor are his writings at all of a conventional character. Indebted for their celebrity to extensive knowledge and experience, to a faithful delineation of seafaring characters, or to merely a keen sense of what is ludicrous in the situations and incidents of the admirable and often inimitable scenes which he depicts with more than the vigour and the fine touches of truth and pathos, he has none of that mawkish sentiment, that continual straining after effect, that *unpasto*, as the Italians call it, or laying on of colours, to effect that which a first-rate artist can produce at a single stroke, which we detect in the works of Dickens, Bulwer, and even Thackeray and Jerrold, though in a less degree. He is, in other words, most free from that besetting sin—literary cant; that perpetual idea—the presence of the author; the conceit, the fancy, the ever-egotistic style and spirit; in short, the proud exhibition of the showman instead of the show. From other and more serious vices of style, no less than from affected sentiment and a very doubtful character and tendency of moral inspiration, he is equally exempt. He is uniformly simple, straightforward, and earnest in all he says; and so easy, flowing, and connected in his style, that, as in the characters of our great bard, we lose sight of all adjuncts—fiction and author alike—in the apparently unstudied nature, the easy power, the perfect form and truthfulness of the scenes and characters brought before us. Nearly all first-rate writers possess a twofold power, which seems to glory in happy contrast. Where there exists the deepest pathos there, too, the most true vein of humour will be found running the richest; and this is, *par excellence*, one of the most characteristic traits, as we propose to show, in this happily-depicted novel; as such it really is, of this rarely-gifted, delightful writer.

In its whole spirit, as in its lofty and pure moral, its beautiful illustration of heart discipline, and self-reliance on sound religious principle, the simple tale before us, like that of Mrs. Opie, will live, and become fully appreciated, and produce as much good fruit as some of Miss Edgeworth's herself.

Valerie is the daughter of a French gentleman and a soldier, sprung from the old nobility; but depending, for the most part, on his sword for success in life. She is born under the imperial *régime*,—one which valued woman only as the mother of soldiers; a *régime* in too full and fatal activity half the world over up to this very hour. So Napoleon promoted marriage as the last *matériel* for conscription; the nursery to him was a nursery of future soldiers—the military plantations of the Czar; and the father who boasted the most boys was the surest to meet with promotion. Upon this amiable theory the fortunes of our heroine are made to turn, and she pays the penalty of having been born of the gentler sex. Her first step in life was to meet a stepmother in her own parent; a violent-tempered, handsome lady, who ruled her husband, and conceived an inveterate dislike to her, because she had falsified her own prediction, and was a girl. Her father, also, was disappointed in a brigade; the emperor looked cold upon them; and, unless a kind grandmother had come timely to her rescue, she

(1) "Valerie. An Autobiography." By Captain Marryatt, R.N. Author of "Peter Simple," "Frank Mildmay," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

must infallibly have fallen a martyr to thwarted ambition and maternal cruelty, amounting almost to an insane passion. However terrible, this is by no means an isolated instance of the effects of disappointed vanity upon an ill-regulated imagination and an undisciplined heart.

Thus, amid scenes of mingled pathos and humour, the story of "Valerie" is made subservient throughout to the illustration of those moral truths the knowledge of which is most essential to young females under circumstances of conflicting duties, and calling for energy and decision of character, as well as right principle, combined with a sense of religious responsibility and love of truth.

"My grandmother was religious, but not a devotee. The great object was to instil into me a love of truth, and in this she was indefatigable. It was not the fault I had committed which caused her concern, it was the fear lest I should deny it, which worried and alarmed her. To prevent this, the old lady had a curious method —she dreamed for my benefit. If I had done wrong, she would not accuse me until she had made such inquiries as convinced her that I was the guilty person; and then, perhaps she would say, as I stood by her side, 'Valerie, I had a dream last night, I can't get it out of my head; I dreamt that my little girl had forgotten her promise to me, and when she went to the store room, had eaten a large piece of cake.' She would fix her eyes upon me as she narrated the event of her dream, my face would be covered with blushes, and my eyes cast down in confusion. I dared not look at her; and by the time that she had finished, I was down on my knees with my face buried in her lap."

This assumption of secret knowledge—another version of the little bird—was employed to good purposes, as for instance:—

"'I have had a dream; a most dreadful dream—it was about a little girl who crept into her grandfather's room.'

"I could bear no more. I threw myself on the floor, and in an agony, screamed out, 'Yes, grandmamma, and stole two *sous*.'"

The exposure which took place left an indelible impression, which led to so great a reverence for truth and the right of property as never afterwards to be eradicated. But Valerie was recalled home, and the ill-usage she experienced at the hands of her mother almost drove her to despair.

In hateful contrast with this antipathy is the favouritism, so naturally described, shown towards the second brother, Nicholas, because he had *not* been educated by his grandmother, and was an excellent musician; a talent which endeared him to his mother, herself a first-rate pianist. In vain her father and good brother interfered to protect her; and the consequence of such treatment was to render the victim of it artful, and, like her tyrant, almost cruel. She was condemned to household labour and to nurse the youngest child.

Poor Valerie fled, and sought refuge with her good old grandmother. To conciliate the dreaded parent, she placed her young charge at the best *pension* in Lunéville, and paid all the expenses. The wicked mother claimed her child; the old lady threatened to appeal to the authorities; and the messenger returned empty-handed. Valerie enjoyed the respite of a year-and-a-half, and was improving very fast, she tells us, in her education and in her personal appearance. But, alas! her happiness was of brief duration. The artful mother expressed regret for the past, and played her part so well that even the poor girl was deceived, and induced to return home. We are told of

"An accumulated debt of revenge, which had been heaped up in consequence of the slights she had received from other people on account of her treatment of me. . . . . My mother burst out with a virulence which exceeded all her former cruelty. But I was no longer the frightened victim, ... I complained to my father; but that was useless; my brother Auguste now took my part in defiance of his father, and it was one scene of continual family discord."

Valerie a second time took to flight; was again received and cherished by her revered relative, to whom she owed all that survived such treatment, of beautiful and truthful in her character. With this honoured and generous being she remained till she had very nearly completed her education. Then her evil destiny, or good angel, as it may be, again placed her in the power of her mother.

"It was my grandmother's birth-day; I had worked for her a beautiful *sachel* in lace and embroidery, which with a large *bouquet*, I brought to her as a present. The old lady folded me in her arms, and burst into tears. She then told me that we must part, and that I must return to my father's. Had a dagger been thrust to my heart, I could not have received more anguish. . . . .

"I now gave a new cause of offence; one that a woman proud of her beauty and jealous of its decay does not easily forgive. I was admired and paid great attention to by the officers; much more attention than she received herself."

The last half clause of this sentence, simple as it may appear to some, is really the touch of a master, and a refined one. It proves that the author knows how to pourtray the female mind and disposition with as much truth and accuracy as in any of his best portraits of men. At length a young officer makes a proposal to the father for the beautiful Valerie; and the lady-mother, full of secret spite and rage, sounds her upon the subject. He was a dark-complexioned man, and the *naïve* reply, "No, ma'am, I will have nothing to say to him; he is too black!"

"To my astonishment, my mother flew at me, and I received such an avalanche of boxes on the ears for this reply, that I was glad to make my escape as fast as I could, and locked myself up in my own room."

A second beating was for refusing to perform some menial office.

"It was the last certainly, but it was the most severe. My mother caught up a hearth-brush, and struck me for several minutes such a succession of blows, that my face was so disfigured I was hardly to be recognised; my head cut open in several places, and the blood pouring down me in every direction. At last she left me for dead upon the floor."

Upon returning to a state of consciousness, our unhappy heroine ran, streaming with blood, across the barrack-yard, to the colonel's house, and threw herself at the feet of her sister. All was terror and confusion; the surgeon of the regiment was instantly

sent for; her wounds were dressed; but the excitement of the unhappy girl was pitiable to behold.

"Never, madam, will I again enter my father's house—if you do not protect me—if nobody will—if you send me back, I will throw myself into the Seine, I swear it as I kneel."

Madame d'Albret suggests that she should accompany her to her house in the country, and it would be concluded that she had drowned herself in the Seine. Poor Valerie is delighted beyond measure, and she exults with something of that fiendish spirit of revenge, with which her mother was fast inspiring her, when she learnt from the surgeon that that mother had not succeeded in inflicting irreparable damage upon her beauty. But even now, when escaping from the demon grasp of her unnatural parent, and the world appears all *couleur de rose*, her joyous hopes are of short continuance. An adventurer, who imposes on her protectress, pays his addresses to Valerie, and is refused. He vows to himself a deadly revenge, and poisons the mind of Madame d'Albret against her poor *protégée*. She is accordingly consigned, like a bale of goods, to a female correspondent of her patroness, a Madame Bathurst, who, with her niece, Caroline, proceeds in a short time, accompanied by our heroine, to England.

From this stage of the story the scene is transferred to London and the vicinity, and new characters and rapid and startling incidents pass in swift succession, as in a well-arranged series of pictures before the spectator's eye.

"Monsieur de G—— had had his revenge, and gained his point at the same time. He had obtained the wealth of Madame d'Albret to squander at the gaming table, and had contrived, by some means or other, to ruin me in her good opinion; I perceived at once that all was lost, and when I considered the awkwardness of my position, I was almost in despair."

The evil spirit of the mother's hate and of the lover's treachery seemed to follow, like the furies, the steps of our heroine, and to scatter the brands of discord and persecution of innocence into whatever family, or among whatever society she appeared. Yet self-sustained, and rising indignantly over all her accumulated slights, injuries, and oppressions, she bore up nobly, and vindicated the spirit and independence of a pure conscience and an unsullied truth.

And if it were for nothing more than the vindication of their self-respect, their rights, and the real dignity and importance of their position, that young persons so circumstanced *can* achieve, if true to themselves, Captain Marryatt has done admirable service here to the almost destitute cause of those depending for their bread *only* upon the accomplishments of mind, upon superior knowledge, sense of honour, virtue, and truth. But these we know, especially in England, just now, are not such powerful wooers of the smiles of mammon as other modes of proceeding,—the artifices, trickeries, and the delusions practised by licensed knaves, great and small, upon the honest, the honourable, and the poor. In this respect, also, we must do justice to the author's powers. He is an honest writer, and evidently thinks, with Pope, that an honest, independent character is indeed the noblest work of the Deity. How truthful and how important to hundreds of young novel-readers, if only to obviate the false and pernicious doctrines held out in more high-sounding and specious works of fiction!

"I returned to my own room, and was glad to be once more alone; for though I bore up well, under the circumstances, still the compressed excitement, was wearying to the frame. I had resolved to accept the offer of Madame Bathurst at the time she made it, but I did not choose to appear to jump at it, as she probably expected that I would. I felt no confidence in any one but my own self after the treatment of Madame d'Albret, and I considered that Madame Bathurst would probably dismiss me, as soon as my services were no longer required, with as little ceremony. That I was capable of taking charge of, and instructing Caroline, I knew well, and that Madame Bathurst would not easily procure a governess so finished in singing and music as myself. There would be consequently no obligation, and I resolved that I would reject her terms if they were not favourable."

Our heroine is next engaged by Lady R——, a true blue, an eccentric, and a poetess. A variety of comic scenes and adventures are given in a lively a vein. A young and witty page in her service, who takes on him great airs, and turns out to be her own nephew and a gentleman born, amuses Valerie exceedingly. Master Lionel had ordered a pair of boots without orders, and his mistress called upon him to pay for them.

"At this moment, Lady R. stooped from her chair to pick up her handkerchief. There were some sovereigns lying in the desk, and the lad took one up, and as Lady R. rose up, held it out to her in silence.

"'That's right, Lionel,' said Lady R. 'of all things, I like honesty.'

"'Yes, madame,' replied the impudent rogue, 'like most people who tell their own stories—I was born of honest but poor parents.'

"'I believe your parents were honest; and now, Lionel, to reward you, I shall pay for your boots, and you may keep your sovereign.'

"'Thank your ladyship; I forgot to say that the cook is outside for orders'

"Lady R. rose and went out of the room, and Mr. Lionel, laughing at me, put the sovereign down with the others.

"'Now I call that real honesty; you saw me borrow it, and now you see me pay it.'

"'Yes, but suppose that her ladyship had not given you the sovereign, then?'

"'I should have paid her very honestly,' replied he. 'If I wished to cheat her I might do so all day long. She leaves her money about everywhere, and never knows what she has. If I wanted to steal, I should not do so with those bright eyes of yours looking at me all the time.'

"'You are a very saucy boy,' replied I, more amused than angry.

"'It's all from reading; and it's not my fault, for her ladyship makes me read, and I never yet read any book about old times, in which the pages were not saucy. But I've no time to talk, my spoons are not clean yet.'"

The episode of Lionel's history—a perfect little novel in itself—gives a fresh charm to this self-told narrative. He also mainly assists in the *dénouement*, the boarding-school, and the love scenes; and, of course, the final happy marriage and destination of our spirited and persevering heroine.

One thing, however, we must not pass over without due rebuke—the degree of interest she took in the elopement of one or two of her pretty friends and pupils. Our author here has stretched a point for the sake of creating some very pleasant scenes and laughable situations, which tell exceedingly. A blue-stocking party is thus briefly hit off:—

"' No music, no dancing, nothing but buz, buz, buz; Won't you feel it stupid?'"

Valerie was to sit for her ladyship's model of a beautiful heroine; Lionel for a page.

"' Here, Lionel; I want you to play the page.'

"' I've no time for play,' my lady; ' I am page in earnest. There's all the knives to clean.'

" But there was no help for it; they sat.

"' Now, Miss Valerie,' he said, ' we'll see who performs best; I think you will be sooner tired of sitting than I shall be of looking at you.'"

The following, on matrimonial scheming for daughters, is well put:—

"' I believe that most mothers wish that.'

"' I grant it, and perhaps manœuvre as much, but with more skill than she does, for every one sees the game; and the consequence is that the young men shy off, which they probably would not if she were quiet, for they are really clever, unaffected, and natural girls.'"

Accordingly, Lady R.'s daughters, with the help of Valerie's taste and accomplishments, go off in a twinkling, even to their wary and skilful mother's astonishment.

Lionel's real birth is made known; and, with a large fortune, he assumes the manners and position of a gentleman. His dexterity in obtaining and pursuing the clues, is extremely amusing. He surprises the old man in the secret into a confession by appearing as his own grandson.

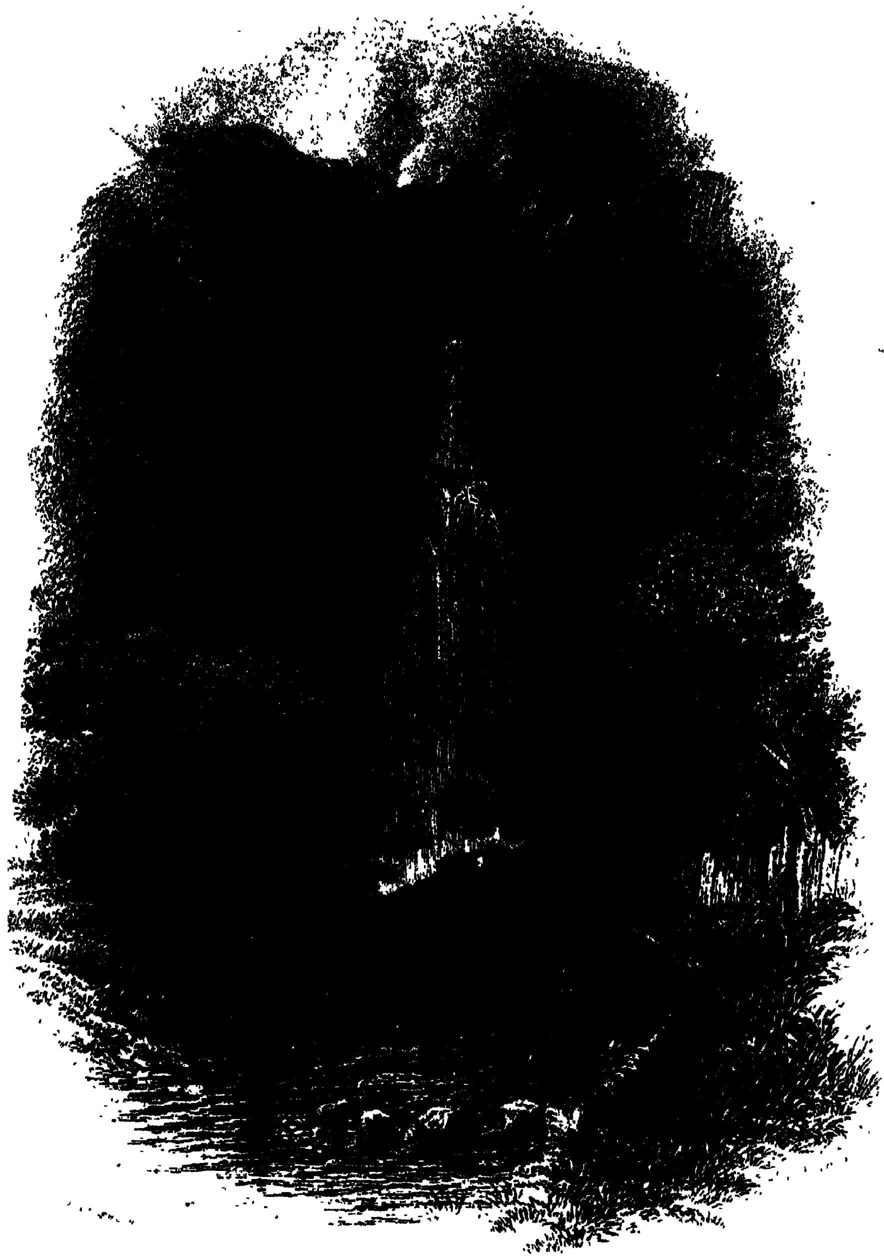
To our surprise, the heroine does not marry this new-made rich—whose admiration of her amounted to reverence—but one still handsomer, more accomplished, and wealthy, Count de Chabannes, of a noble and ancient family. She has the satisfaction of seeing her old calumniator, Mon. G——, well horsewhipped by him; and there are some rich scenes arising out of a young lady having given the card of a friend for her own. She is wooed and won as the rich heiress accordingly, the gentleman refusing to believe her own protestations that she is any one else, even when she signs her name in the registry. The *dénouement* with the lady's parents is full of true humour.

EDITOR'S WRITING DESK.

"Prisons and Prisoners."—Every work tending to raise the condition of the neglected masses demands our earnest sympathy, even when unable in every respect to agree with its author; and, having given currency in this journal to Mr. Pearson's scheme for the reformation of prison-discipline, in which the separate system is condemned, it is but fair to listen to the other side of the question. The advocates of contending theories too commonly lose sight of some peculiar advantage in each other's plan; and thus, while justly desirous of making our prisons at once a terror to evil-doers, and by their *associated* labour saving the enormous expense at present incurred, Mr. Pearson has hardly appreciated, perhaps, the great desirableness, nay, the absolute necessity of the separation of prisoners before their trial, at least. This point was, however, we remember, urged with great force at the discussion which took place in the City on Mr. Pearson's plan; and the evidence brought forward by Mr. Kingsmill, the Chaplain of the Government Model Prison at Islington, in his recent work, called "Prisons and Prisoners," is conclusive in settling it. The separate system, too, offers great facilities for acting favourably upon the minds, by moral and religious suasion, of the prisoners; and that the effect produced by these means is often very great, abundant evidence has, we think, been afforded. Perhaps a system which should retain these advantages, and yet combine with them, so far as possible, the punitive discipline and self-supporting labour for which Mr. Pearson justly contends, would be the best that could be adopted. In addition to his defence of the Pentonville system, Mr. Kingsmill adds a review of the different plans for convict discipline and for the prevention of crime. There is much here that is very important and interesting upon the best means of checking the progress of juvenile depravity; and more especially upon the desirableness of *avoiding imprisonment for boys*. As this subject has lately been brought before our readers, the following quotation will not be without interest in connexion with it:—

"I am not reconciled to summary convictions, but I highly approve of *frequent courts* to try petty offenders of all ages promptly on the spot, and I would make *restitution* of the thing stolen, or of its money value, a part of the sentence. I may observe, by the way, that, in my opinion, this principle might be usefully adopted in all cases of losses by theft or fraud.

"I think the administration of the law as to juvenile offenders requires much amendment. We want prisons appropriated to them, in which they should be subjected to a *paternal but severe discipline*, and that not for short, but for long periods, subject, however, to remission on amendment. I do not think it would be in accordance with the spirit of our institutions to have such terms of imprisonment indefinite, as some have suggested, or dependent upon a system like a debtor and creditor account, in which the prisoner has appeal if the account be unfairly kept. There are institutions abroad, such as that near Hamburgh, and the 'Colonie Agricole' in France, and some also in England, which I should be glad to see adopted wholly, or in part, as models for *juvenile reformatory prisons. As long, however, as juvenile offenders are mixed up in our gaols with adults, no effectual improvement can take place.* I have known an instance in which a regular plan for a robbery, which took effect and was tried before me, was laid in one of what is called our best-regulated gaols, and on the tread-mill. The instrument there was a boy, and the principals were adult thieves. I may add that I am fully persuaded that a *judicious plan of reform for juvenile offenders* would be the *most economical*, as well as the most merciful arrangement which could be made. The expenses now incurred by their repeated re-committals and trials greatly exceed the probable cost of an attempt at an effectual reformation, and to cure this class of offenders would be to cut off one most prolific source of adult crime."



THE POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.

(With an Illustration.)

The vicinity of Dublin abounds in magnificent scenery. In our last number we displayed one of its most gloomy phases,—the monastic valley of Glendalough. This month we present another altogether as "*riant*," the well-known fall in Powerscourt park, depicted by the inimitable Creswick. It is perhaps the most graceful in Britain, seen as it is over a beautiful amphitheatre of wooded mountains. It is formed by a very inconsiderable stream, and when unaugmented by heavy rains, the quantity of water is so small, that the ferruginous basalt rock is seen through the thin veil of its delicate transparency. But when the mountain torrents are swollen by the winter rains, it assumes an expression of great grandeur.

The whole neighbourhood abounds in striking scenes, of which the finest is, perhaps, the celebrated "Dargle," a deep glen overhung with ancient woods, with a stream brawling under their covert, and forming in its passage many a nook that Diana and her nymphs might have coveted for their secluded bath.

A week may be most profitably spent in exploring the scenery of the county of Wicklow. There is the well-known Vale of Avoca, the scene of Moore's poem of the "Meeting of the Waters;" the wild and dreary solitudes of Glenmalure; the romantic Lake of Luggela; the Devil's Glen, and the Glen of the Downs; with Glendalough and its ruins, and the magnificent shores of Killiney Bay, Powerscourt, and the Dargle. It would indeed be difficult to cite the neighbourhood of any great capital which abounds with scenes more inimitably varied, within a shorter compass.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

Tuesday.—Life flows away here in such unmarked tranquilitie, that one hath nothing whereof to write, or to remember what distinguished one day from another. I am sad, yet not dulle; methinks I have grown some yeares older since I came here. I can fancy elder women feeling much as I doe now. I have nothing to desire, nothing to hope, that is likelie to come to pass—nothing to regret, except I begin soe far back, that my whole life hath neede, as 'twere, to begin over agayn. . . . .

Mr. Agnew translates to us portions of Thuanus his historie, and yᵉ letters of Theodore Beza, concerning yᵉ French reformed church; oft prolix, yet interesting, especially with Mr. Agnew's comments, and allusions to our own time. On yᵉ other hand, Rose reads Davila, yᵉ sworne apologiste of Catherine de' Medicis, whose charming Italian even I can comprehende; but alle is false and plausible. How sad, that yᵉ wrong partie shoulde be victorious! Soe it may befall in this land; though, indeede, I have hearde soe much bitter rayling on bothe sides, that I know not which is right. The line of demarcation is not soe distinctly drawn, methinks, as 'twas in France. Yet it cannot be right to take up arms agaynst constituted authorities?—Yet, and if those same authorities abuse their trust? Nay, women cannot understand these matters, and I thank Heaven they need not. Onlie, they cannot help siding with those they love; and sometimes those they love are on opposite sides.

Mr. Agnew sayth, the secular arm shoulde never be employed in spirituall matters, and that yᵉ Hugenots committed a grave mistake in choosing princes and admirals for their leaders, insteade of simple preachers with Bible in their hands; and he askt, "Did Luther or Peter the Hermit most manifestlie labour with the blessing of God?"

. . . I have noted yᵉ heads of Mr. Agnew's readings, after a fashion of Rose's, in order to have a shorte, comprehensive account of yᵉ whole; and this hath abridged my journalling. It is the more profitable to me of yᵉ two, changes the sad current of thought, and, though an unaccustomed task, I like it well.

Saturday.—On Monday I return to Forest Hill. I am well pleased to have yet another Sheepscote sabbath. To-day we had yᵉ rare event of a dinner-guest; soe full of what yᵉ rebels are doing, and alle yᵉ horrors of strife, that he seemed to us quiete folks like yᵉ denizen of another world.

Forest Hill, August 3.—Home agayn, and mother hath gone on her long intended visitt to uncle John, taking with her yᵉ two youngest. Father much preoccupide, by reason of yᵉ supplies needed for his Mᵃʸ'ˢ· service; soe that, sweet Robin being away, I find myselfe lonely. Harry rides with me in yᵉ evening, but yᵉ mornings I have alle to myself; and when I have fulfilled mother's behests in yᵉ kitchen and still-room, I have nought but to read in our somewhat scant collection of books, the moste part whereof are religious. And (not on that account, but by reason I have read yᵉ most of them before), methinks I will write to borrow some of Rose; for change of reading hath now become a want. I am minded also, to seek out and minister unto some poore folk after her fashion. Now that I am queen of the larder, there is manie a wholesome scrap at my disposal, and there are likewise sundrie physiques in my mother's closet, which she addeth to year by year, and never wants, we are soe seldom ill.

Aug. 5.—Dear father sayd this evening, as we came in from a walk on yᵉ terrace, "My sweet Moll, you were ever the light of yᵉ house.; but now, though you are more staid than of former time, I find you a

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[1] Continued from p. 133.

better companion than ever. This last visitt to Sheepscote hath evened your spiritts."

Poor father! he knew not how I lay awake and wept last night, for one I shall never see agayn, nor how the terrace walk minded me of him. My spiritts may seem even, and I exert myself to please; but, within, all is dark shade, or at best, grey twilight; and my spiritts are, in fact, worse here than they were at Sheepscote, because, here, I am continuallie thinking of one whose name is never uttered; whereas, there, it was mentioned naturallie and tenderlie, though sadly. . . .

I will forthe to see some of yᵉ poor folk.

Same night.—Resolved to make yᵉ circuit of the cottages, but onlie reached yᵉ first, wherein I found poor Nell in such grief of body and mind, that I was avised to wait with her a long time. Askt why she had not sent to us for relief; was answered she had thought of doing soe, but was feared of making too free. After a lengthened visitt, which seemed to relieve her mind, and certaynlie relieved mine, I bade her farewell, and at yᵉ wicket met my father coming up with a playn-favoured but scholarlike looking reverend man. He sayd, "Moll, I could not think what had become of you." I answered, I hoped I had not kept him waiting for dinner—poor Nell had entertayned me longer than I wisht, with yᵉ catalogue of her troubles. The stranger looking attentively at me, observed that may be the poor woman had entertayned an angel unawares; and added, "Doubt not, madam, we woulde rather await our dinner than that you should have curtayled your message of charity." Hithertoe, my father had not named this gentleman to me; but now he sayd, "Child, this is the reverend Doctor Jeremy Taylor, chaplain in ordinarie to his Mʸ· and whom you know I have heard more than once preach before the King since he abode in Oxford." Thereon I made a lowly reverence, and we walked homewards together. At first, he discoursed chiefly with my father on yᵉ troubles of the times, and then he drew me into yᵉ dialogue, in the course of which I let fall a saying of Mr. Agnew's which drew from the reverend gentleman a respectfulle look I felt I no way deserved. Soe then I had to explain that the saying was none of mine, and felt ashamed he shoulde suppose me wiser than I was, especiallie as he commended my modesty. But we progressed well, and he soon had the discourse all to himself, for Squire Paice came up, and detained father, while the doctor and I walked on. I could not help reflecting how odd it was, that I, whom nature had endowed with such a very ordinarie capacitie, and scarce anie taste for letters, shoulde continuallie be thrown into the company of yᵉ cleverest of men,—first, Mr. Milton; then Mr. Agnew; and now, this Doctor Jeremy Taylor. But, like yᵉ other two, he is not merely clever, he is Christian and good. How much I learnt in this short interview! for short it seemed, though it must have extended over a good half hour. He sayd, "Perhaps, young lady, the time may come when you shall find safer solace in yᵉ exercise of the charities than of yᵉ affections. Safer: for, not to consider how a successfulle or unsuccessfulle passion for a human being of like infirmities with ourselves, oft stains and darkens and shortens the current of life, even the chastened love of a mother for her child, as of Octavia who swooned at 'Tu, Marcellus, eris,'—or of wives for their husbands, as Artemisia and Laodamia, sometimes amounting to idolatry—nay, the love of friend for friend, while alle is sweet influences and animating transports, yet exceeding yᵉ reasonableness of that of David for Jonathan, or of our blessed Lord for St. John and the family of Lazarus, may procure far more torment than profit: even if the attachment is reciprocal, and well grounded, and equallie matcht, which often it is not. Then interpose human tempers, and chills, and heates, and slyghtes fancied or intended, which make the vext soul readie to wish it had never existed. How smalle a thing is a human heart! you might grasp it in your little hand; and yet its strifes and agonies are enough to distend a skin that should cover the whole world! But, in the charities, what peace! yea, they distill sweetnesse even from yᵉ unthankfulle, blessing him that gives more than him that receives; while, in the main, they are laid out at better interest than our warmest affections, and bring in a far richer harvest of love and gratitude. Yet, let our affections have their fitting exercise too, staying ourselves with yᵉ reflection, that there is greater happinesse, after alle things sayd, in loving than in being loved, save by the God of love who first loved us, and that they who dwell in love dwell in *Him.*"

Then he went on to speak of yᵉ manifold acts and divisions of Charity; as much, methought, in yᵉ vein of a poet as a preacher; and he minded me much of that scene in yᵉ tenth book of yᵉ Fairie Queene, soe lately read to us by Mr. Agnew, wherein the Red Cross Knight and Una were shown Mercy at her work.

Aug. 10.—A pack-horse from Sheepscote just reported, laden with a goodlie store of books, besides sundrie smaller tokens of Rose's thoughtfulle kindnesse. I have now methodicallie divided my time into stated hours, of prayer, exercise, studdy, housewiferie, and acts of mercy, on however humble a scale; and find mine owne peace of mind thereby increased notwithstanding yᵉ darknesse of publick and dullnesse of private affairs.

Made out yᵉ meaning of "cynosure" and "Cimmerian darknesse." . .

Aug. 15.—Full sad am I to learn that Mr. Milton hath published another book in advocacy of divorce. Alas, why will he chafe against yᵉ chain, and widen the cruel division between us? My father is outrageous on yᵉ matter, and speaks soe passionatelie of him, that it is worse than not speaking of him at alle, which latelie I was avised to complain of.

Aug. 30.—Dick beginneth to fancie himself in love with Audrey Paice—an attachment that will doe him noe good: his tastes alreadie want raising, and she will onlie lower them, I feare,—a comely, romping, noisie girl, that, were she but a farmer's daughter, woulde be the life and soul of alle the Whitsun-ales, harvest-homes, and hay-makings in the country: in short, as fond of idling and merrymaking as I once was myself: onlie I never was soe riotous.

I beginne to see faults in Dick and Harry I never saw before. Is my taste bettering, or my temper worsenning? At alle events, we have noe cross words, for I expect them not to alter, knowing how hard it is to doe soe by myself.

I look forward with pleasure to my Sheepscote visitt. Dear mother returneth to-morrow. Good Dr. Taylor hath twice taken yᵉ trouble to walk over from Oxford to see me, but he hath now left, and we may never meet agayn. His visitts have beene very precious to me: I think he hath some glimmering of my sad case: indeed, who knows it not? At parting he sayd, smiling, he hoped he should yet hear of my making offerings to Viriplaca on Mount Palatine; then added, gravelie, "You know where reall offerings may be made and alwaies accepted—offerings of spare half-hours and five-minutes, when we shut the closet door and commune with our own hearts and are still." Alsoe he sayd, "There are sacrifices to make which sometimes wring our very hearts to offer; but our gracious God accepts them neverthelesse, if our feet be really in yᵉ right path, even though, like Chryseis, we look back, weeping."

He sayd . . . . . But how manie things as beautifulle and true did I hear my husband say, which passed by me like yᵉ idle wind that I regarded not!

Sep. 8.—Harry hath just broughte in yᵉ news of his Mr's. success in the west. Lord Essex's army hath beene completely surrounded by the royal troops; himself forct to escape in a boat to Plymouth, and all the arms, artillerie, baggage, &c., of Skippon's men have fallen into yᵉ hands of the king. Father is soe pleased that he hath mounted the flag, and given double allowance of ale to his men.

I wearie to hear from Robin.

Sheepscote, Oct. 10.—How sweete a picture of rurall life did Sheepscote present, when I arrived here this afternoon! The water being now much out, the face of the countrie presented a new aspect: there were men threshing the walnut trees, children and women putting yᵉ nuts into osier baskets, a bailiff on a white horse overlooking them, and now and then galloping to another party, and splashing through the water. Then we found Mr. Agnew equallie busie with his apples, mounted half way up one of the trees, and throwing cherry pippins down into Rose's apron, and now and then making as though he would pelt her: onlie she dared him, and woulde not be frightened. Her donkey, chewing apples in yᵉ corner, with the cider running out of his mouth, presented a ludicrous image of enjoyment, and 'twas evidently enchanted by Giles' brushing his rough coat with a birch besom, instead of minding his owne businesse of sweeping the walk. The sun, shining with mellow light on the mown grass and fresh clipt hornbeam hedges, made even yᵉ commonest objects distinct and cheerfulle; and yᵉ air was soe cleare, we coulde hear yᵉ village children afar off at theire play.

Rose had abundance of delicious new honey in yᵉ comb, and bread hot from the oven, for our earlie supper. Dick was tempted to stay too late; however, he is oft as late, now, returning from Audrey Paice, though my mother likes it not.

15th.—Rose is quite in good spiritts now, and we goe on most harmoniouslie and happilie. Alle our tastes are now in common; and I never more enjoyed this union of seclusion and society. Besides, Mr. Agnew is more than commonlie kind, and never speaks sternlie or sharplie to me now. Indeed, this morning, looking thoughtfullie at me, he sayd "I know not, cousin, what change has come over you, but you are now alle that a wise man coulde love and approve." I sayd, It must be owing then to Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who had done me more goode, it woulde seeme, in three lessons, than he or Mr. Milton coulde imparte in thirty or three hundred. He sayd he was inclined to attribute it to a higher source than that; and yet, there was doubtlesse a great knack in teaching, and there was a good deal in liking the teacher. He had alwaies hearde yᵉ doctor spoken of as a good, pious, and clever man, though rather too high a prelatist. I sayd, "There were good men of alle sorts: there was Mr. Milton, who woulde pull yᵉ church down; there was Mr. Agnew, who woulde onlie have it mended; and there was Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who was content with it as it stoode." Then Rose askt me of yᵉ Puritanicall preachers. Then I showed her how they preached, and made her laugh. But Mr. Agnew woulde not laugh. But I made him laugh at last. Then he was angrie with himself and with me; only not very angry; and sayd, I had a right to a name which he knew had beene given me, of "cleaving mischief." I knew not he knew of it, and was checked, though I laught it off.

16th.—Walking together, this morning, Rose was avised to say, "Did Mr. Milton ever tell you the adventures of yᵉ Italian lady?" "Rely on it he never did," sayd Mr. Agnew.—"Milton is as modest a man as ever breathed—alle men of first class genius are soe." "What was yᵉ adventure?" I askt, curiouslie. "Why, I neede not tell you, Moll, that John Milton, as a youth, was extremelie handsome, even beautifull. His colour came and went soe like a girl's, that we of Christ's college used to call him 'the lady,' and thereby annoy him noe little. One summer afternoone he and I and young King (Lycidas, you know) had started on a country walk, (the countrie is not pretty, round Cambridge) when we met in with an acquaintance whom Mr. Milton affected not, soe he sayd ne

would walk on to yᵉ first rising ground and wait us there. On this rising ground stood a tree, beneath which our impatient young gentleman presentlie cast himself, and, having walked fast, and the weather being warm, soon falls asleep as sounde as a top. Meantime, King and I quit our friend and saunter forward pretty easilie. Anon comes up with us a caroche, with something I know not what of outlandish in its build; and within it, two ladies, one of them having the fayrest face I ever set eyes on, present companie duly excepted. The caroche having passed us, King and I mutuallie express our admiration, and thereupon, preferring turf to dust, got on the other side the hedge, which was not soe thick but that we could make out the caroche, and see the ladies descend from it, to walk up the hill. Having reached the tree, they paused in surprise at seeing Milton asleep beneath it; and in prettie dumb shew, which we watcht sharplie, exprest their admiration of his appearance and posture, which woulde have suited an Arcadian well enough. The younger lady, hastilie taking out a pencil and paper, wrote something which she laughinglie shewed her companion, and then put into yᵉ sleeper's hand. Thereupon, they got into their caroche, and drove off. King and I, dying with curiositie to know what she had writ, soon roused our friend and possest ourselves of yᵉ secret. The verses ran thus. . .

> 'Occhi, stelle mortali,
> Ministre de miei mali,
> Se, chiusi, m' uccidete,
> Aperti, che farete?'

"Milton coloured, crumpled them up, and yet put them in his pocket; then askt us what the lady was like. And herein lay the pleasantry of yᵉ affair; for I truly told him she had a pear-shaped face, lustrous black eyes, and a skin that shewed 'il bruno il bel non toglie;' whereas, King, in his mischief, drew a fancy portrait, much liker you, Moll, than the incognita, which hit Milton's taste soe much better, that he was believed for his payns; and then he declared that I had beene describing the duenna! . . . Some time after, when Milton beganne to talk of visiting Italy, we bantered him; and sayd he was going to look for yᵉ incognita. He stoode it well, and sayd, 'Laugh on! do you think I mind you? Not a bit.' I think he did."

Just at this turn, Mr. Agnew stumbled at something in the long grass. It proved to be an old, rustie horse-pistol. His countenance changed at once from gay to grave. "I thought we had noe such things hereabouts yet," cried he, viewing it askance.—"I suppose I mighte as well think I had found a corner of yᵉ land where there was noe originall sin." And soe, flung it over yᵉ hedge.

——First class geniuses are alwaies modest, are they?—Then I should say that young Italian lady's genius was not of yᵉ first class.

(To be continued.)

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S SOLDIERS—(*continued*).

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

THE play of Troilus and Cressida abounds in soldierly portraiture. Here are full-length figures of warriors brought together in artistic array, like a picture of a military banquet; but how individually has the poet set them forth! How highly relieved are their distinctive marks! How admirably contrasted are their several attributes! How distinguished are their characteristics! What mark and likelihood in each of the men! And how strikingly in every one do we recognise the reflected light of their author's intellect.

With what befitting pomp the prologue ushers in this warlike group! We behold the marshalling of those Grecian "princes orgulous" on the "Dardan plains;" a kingly train, "sixty and nine, that wore their crownets regal" are here pledged to do battle; "their vow is made to ransack Troy;" while on the other side—

> "Priam's six-gated city,
> Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
> And Antenorides, with massy staples,
> And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
> Sperr up the sons of Troy."

This heaping up of proper names in rich poetic sequence reminds us of Milton, who is fond of investing a swelling theme with the like harmonious grandeur of enumeration.

The finest among this very fine assemblage of soldierly characters is Hector. Not that he is more admirably drawn than any of the others, for Shakspeare seems to have bestowed equal care on the finishing of *all* his characters, from the veriest underling to the royal Lear himself, each in their due perfectioning; but that the nature of the Trojan commander himself is the finest and noblest among them.

Hector is purely magnanimous, and he possesses the unaffected modesty which belongs to true greatness. He is calm, without being cold; dignified, without pride; forbearing, without weakness; his bravery is unimpeachable, yet his courtesy is extreme; his firmness is equalled by his gentleness; and his command of temper abates not the warmth of his feelings.

His very first scene shows him to us respected and consulted by his royal father, Priam; and calm, wise, and just in his own particular. His first speech is completely characteristic, rational, and manly. Like a man of proved valour, he can afford to say—

> "The wound of peace is surety,
> Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
> The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
> To the bottom of the worst."

His reply to his brother Troilus's hasty demand, "What is aught but as 'tis valued?" is worthy of Ulysses himself for its temperate manner, and for its wise insight into the core of a question:—

"But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the God;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit."

And one of the next things he utters is an axiom strictly in consonance with his just as well as courageous character. Had more generals in the history of the world, beside "the valiant Hector," been guided by such a principle of action, almost as much good might have been effected by their means, as the amount of evil attributable to their achievements. He says:—

"Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy."

This scene is in Act II. He does not appear again until Act IV; and yet, though Hector *personally* appears so little on the scene, he is ever present to our imagination during the play as the bright exemplar of honour, renown, and virtue. And when he does appear, with what a lustre of glory he shines forth! It is when he comes among the Grecian host as the opponent in the lists against their selected champion, Ajax. The whole scene is in the highest spirit of chivalry and heroic encounter. The announcement of the "Trojan's trumpet;" the entrance of the armed combatant with Æneas, who acts as his military sponsor; the alarum, and the fight, with the short quick shouts and eager comments of the lookers-on; the cease of trumpets upon the bidding of Æneas and Diomed, who are entrusted with the arrangements of the field as seconds to the respective champions; the excitement of Ajax, who exclaims, "I am not warm yet; let us fight again," and when Diomed rejoins, "As Hector pleases," there is an unaffected consciousness of a right to wave further contention, in the calm simple reply of Hector, "Why then, I will no more." It is all conducted in the truest taste of chivalrous romance. And after the combat, Hector's deportment continues the strain of heroic proceeding. He follows up his declining to fight further with Ajax, by a declaration of the relationship between them, and ends with a compliment to the thews and lusty strength of his antagonist, with a frank cordial admittance that fails not to win the good-will even of his late adversary himself. His greetings of the several generals; his good-humoured inquiries of their respective identities, as each presents himself in turn; his courteous acknowledgments of their merits and renown; his free, hearty, ease of manner to all; his courtesy to Agamemnon; his gay raillery with Menelaus; his affectionate respect to old Nestor; his graver intelligence of speech with Ulysses; and, as a climax, his admirable meeting and parrying the insolence of Achilles, all prove him to be the accomplished knight, the well-graced gentleman, the intelligent man, as well as the valiant soldier, the renowned warrior.

Nothing can be in happier contrast than the manner of the two men in the scene just alluded to, where the calm dignity and lofty ease of Hector is opposed to the overbearing arrogance of Achilles. The contempt of the well-bred man falls with far more telling scorn than the rude insolence of the discourteous one, who begins with—

"Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Ach. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.
Ach. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Ach. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Ach. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Great Hector's spirit flew; answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the blessed gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Ach. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth, guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words."

Hector's modesty is also apparent in the gentleness with which he abides reproof, even from his younger brother, in the scene where he is arming for his last fight; and it is likewise displayed in his allowing that he wishes he had been "a fresher man," when he encounters Achilles in the heat of battle, in which he has already sustained an active part.

His finding leisure in the midst of the tumult to praise and rejoice in the valour of Troilus, "O, well fought, my youngest brother;" and his noted clemency to his vanquished enemies, are all so many marked indications of the generous magnanimity that distinguishes Hector's character.

Ulysses, in one of his pithy lines, says of him,

"Hector in his blaze of wrath, subscribes to tender objects."

Elsewhere, the ardent Troilus reproaches him with this "vice of mercy." And old Nestor bears tribute to his merciful as well as martial bearing, in that fine address:—

"I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

By the mode in which Shakspeare has drawn Achilles in this play, he has produced an effective contrast between the two characters—each looked up to as the chief dependence of their several parties.

The high-minded Hector shows greatly indeed in opposition with the mere strong animal, the physical mass of man, that is depicted in Achilles. Even when he is mentioned in the most approving terms by his own party, he is spoken of in such a manner as to convey something of this merely *bodily* kind of qualification. Ulysses says of him, "The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns the *sinew* and the *forehand* of our host;" and most generally the epithets with which his name is coupled throughout the play, carry with them still more forcible impressions of this merely *personal* power and magnitude. For instance, the very first thing we hear of him is where Cressida says, "There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus." And her uncle answers, "Achilles, a drayman, a porter, a very camel."

Ulysses also gives this picture of heavy hugeness in two lines:—

"The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;"

and afterwards, this other one of gross, coarse overgrowth:—

"The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up,
In *rank* Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all."

Old Nestor calls him "broad Achilles," and sneers at his dulness of wit:—

"Achilles, were his brain
As barren as banks of Lybia,—though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough."

And the youthful Troilus calls him "the great bulk, Achilles."

The rampant overbearing insolence that characterises this massive giant, this ponderous man, who thinks himself *great*, but who is only *big*, is drawn in broad unmistakeable strokes, and painted in the most glaring colours.

The saucy contempt with which Achilles encourages his parasite, Patroclus, to mimic the peculiarities of his brother generals, upon whose better brain, and graver knowledge he revenges his own sense of mental inferiority by allowing himself to ridicule their weaker thews, and more aged limbs; the impertinent and affected negligence with which he alludes to Hector's challenge, breaking off abruptly in the midst, as if it were not worth while attempting to remember it, "One, that dare maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; farewell;" the arrogance of sulkily keeping his tent in pretended illness, and sending out Patroclus to answer his fellow commanders, instead of coming to them himself; the fantasy of pride which bids him wish to see Hector *unarmed*, his vanity peeping out at the same time, that he himself shall then also be seen by Hector, unarmed; the indulging his disdain with "the pageant of Ajax," enacted by the buffoon Thersites, which is in keeping, by-the-by, with the entertainment he derives from seeing Patroclus mock the generals; the scoffing style in which he speaks of Agamemnon in the same scene; and the haughty rudeness of his encounter with Hector, which we have already noted; together with the absurdity of taxing Hector with pride in the terms of his challenge, all combine to form one of the most complete pictures of insolence that ever was executed. That last touch, the proud man's discovering the pride that lurks in Hector's summons to the lists, is exquisitely subtile and true to nature, no man being more sensitively alive to a defect in others than he who discovers one akin to the ruling blemish of his own disposition.

There is one testimony borne to the merits of Achilles' warriorship to set against all that has been brought forward to his discredit; it is where Ulysses tells him of his

"Glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction."

But then we all know "that same dog-fox Ulysses'" tact at a compliment when he had an end in view and a point to gain. Besides, it weighs but lightly in the balance against Achilles' sneakingly plying Hector with "Greekish wine," and his treacherous mode of compassing the Trojan's death by the aid of his myrmidons. We cannot help fancying Hector's amazement when he finds that assassination is the object of his rival; and imagining how differently (had the cases been reversed), his magnanimity would have replied to the appeal, "I am unarmed; forego this vantage."

Troilus, of course, always presents himself to our thought as a lover, rather than a soldier; but there are some fine touches indicative of youthful ardour—martial, as well as amorous. His testy reply to his brother Hector, who treats him with a beautifully affectionate patience, is something in Hotspur's mood:—

"Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject."

His generous manner of pleading for Helen is quite that of a soldier as well as a lover, anxious for the honour of the cause, of which she is the beauteous motive and pledge.

And what Ulysses reports of him bears high evidence of military promise. These are the first four lines:—

"The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calm'd."

Ulysses, in like manner, comes before us in another form than that of a soldier; he is essentially the man of intellect, the acute in judgment, the able casuist, the deep-seeing philosopher, the wise politician.

Two extreme cases, of the amplest complement of brains, and the smallest modicum of brains that may suffice the capacity of a human skull, are, in this play, allowed to meet in the several persons of Ulysses and Ajax.

We hear of him emphatically as "brainless Ajax;" again as "blockish Ajax;" and at length as "the lubber Ajax." These complimentary epithets are confirmed by all the reports we hear from those who know him. The first we learn about him is from the mouth of Alexander, Cressida's servant, who gives his mistress a ludicrous description of the man and his dull peculiarities. Then we find that he apes Achilles in his derision of the elder generals; playing off gibes and mockeries of them and their wiser counsel, with the scurrilous Thersites, as Thetis' son does with Patroclus. This instinctive and mutual dislike between the intellectually powerful and the physically strong men,—between those whose heads direct their arms, and those whose mere brawn and muscle are at work in the fight,—between the brains and the non-brains, in short, is truly conceived and forcibly displayed throughout this drama. On the one side, there is the contempt of the inferior power, yet with the prudent determination to make it subservient to the advancement of their own views; and on the other, there is the attempt to degrade that which they involuntarily feel to be a superiority and a restraint.

The first time we behold Ajax on the scene, we find him fittingly employed; railing at Thersites, striking him, and brawling with the very buffoon whom he encourages on other occasions to entertain him with his ribaldry and scurril jests.

Shakspeare has completely exemplified the gist of the old proverb, "Tell me your company, and I'll tell you who you are," by the manner in which he has severally consorted and associated the divers characters here. The arrogant Achilles revels in the seasoned flatteries and ministering adulation of Patroclus; Ulysses and old Nestor linger together in the tents, gravely animadverting; Pandarus loiters in halls and ante-rooms, gossiping and chattering with lackeys and servants; while Ajax solaces his vainglory, his bullying propensities, and his loutish incapacity, by low companionship with the deformed railer Thersites, whose nature is as perverted as his shape.

The poet has well portrayed the vulgar soul of the man Ajax in making him so tenacious of his dignity, and so ready to quarrel upon every occasion to support its dues, or what he conceives to be such. His rude abrupt speech, his inaptness, his rough brutality, his ungain conceit, are all admirably hit off. How laughably does the egoism of his and Achilles' respective thought start to light at the news of Hector's challenge. It is like a double spark struck from tinder—soft, dark, and inert as their brains.

Ajax says, "Who shall answer him?" "I know not," replies Achilles, "it is put to lottery; otherwise, *he knew his man.*" We absolutely see the drop of the jaw, and the foolish stare, with which Ajax answers, "O, meaning *you;* I'll go learn more of it."

And again, what can be more bald and stupid than his rejoinder, when he, with the rest of the Grecian leaders, pass by Achilles, and mortify him by their slight notice.

"*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha!
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too."
[*Exit.*]

The unready blockhead is beautifully depicted in the "ha!" to gain time, and then nothing better suggesting itself than the witless and rude reply, "Good *next day!*"

But the triumphant scene of Ajax's obtuseness and braggadocio fatuity, is where the Grecian generals, taking the hint from Ulysses, ply him with the most gross and open adulation, flattering him like a tickled trout, playing him like a hooked one, palpably hoaxing and befooling him to his very face. It is supremely humorous, but, alas! too long for quotation.

The style in which he bids the trumpeter summon his antagonist to the list is just fit for such a vapouring bully. It is quite the "Ercles' vein," or a flourish after the fashion of "ancient Pistol."

"*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood."

The character of Æneas is but a sketch in this play, but it is a masterly one, as far as it goes. He is smooth-tongued, polished in manner, and accomplished in arms. He is *so* courteous in speech, that the plain straightforward Agamemnon thinks he is mocking. He says, "This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy are ceremonious courtiers."

He is a very pink of grace and politeness; he is employed in every office of delicate importance and nice charge. We fancy him the model of all the court-gallants at Ilium, "the observed of all observers."

The court-gossip, Pandarus, says of him to his niece, "That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you."

Some one else calls him "fair lord Æneas;" and he himself uses such dainty oaths as "by Venus' hand, I swear;" and he talks of bidding his

"Cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus."

In short, he is precisely the smooth, plausible, courtly gentleman, who, in after times, beguiled the poor Carthage queen of her heart with his oily tongue; leaving

"Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks,"

to wave to him sadly and in vain.

Agamemnon is vigorously drawn. He is as plain-spoken as Æneas is flowery; he is practical, sensible, and firm. He fills his position well, as commander-in-chief of the Greek army; and like an able general

and a man of sense, he is anxious to obtain the counsel of his brother officers, rather than sedulous to assert his own supremacy of dictation.

His first speech is energetic, cheering, and so far remedial as to consult how he and his party shall best meet the difficulties of which he frankly admits the existence. He uses a beautiful figure at the conclusion of this speech; but it is as sound and just as it is beautiful:—

> "In the wind and tempest of her frown,
> Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
> Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
> And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
> Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled."

Alcibiades, in the play of "Timon of Athens," is a soldier every inch of him.

At the banquet, Lord Timon says to him:—

> "Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.
> *Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.
> *Timon.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.
> *Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast."

His casuistry, in the fifth scene of the third act, in behalf of a brother-soldier, whose crime of manslaughter has brought him within danger of the law, is consistent with military principles; it justifies the resentment of injuries, and goes to extenuate bloodshed with reasoning, and a sense of the right of might, that befit no other profession. In his mouth, the impudent assumption and sophistry of the line with which he concludes this scene, is not out of place; it is a suitable sentiment for the lips of a heathen soldier. He says, "Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods."

Othello has far other claims upon our imagination than those which belong to him in his military capacity; and yet he stands forth most proudly and magnificently as a warrior, potent in arms, and renowned in generalship. The senate of Venice look to him as their chief strength; "for their souls, another of his fathom they have not, to lead their business;" and he has the favourable voice of "opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects," in his maintenance of the honour of the Venetian arms. He has been a soldier all his life:—

> "Since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
> Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
> Their dearest action in the tented field."

To him "the flinty and steel couch of war" has become "a thrice-driven bed of down;" and we have repeated instances of the competition which his love for his profession holds in his breast even with his love for Desdemona.

> "When light-wing'd toys
> Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
> My speculative and active instruments,
> That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
> Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
> And all indign and base adversities
> Make head against my estimation."

His temperate calm words in answer to Iago's pretended indignation, in the first scene where he appears—his unboastful and dignified consciousness of rank and merit—his declining to conceal himself, on the approach of the "raised father and his friends," "Not I; I must be found; my parts, my title, and my perfect soul, shall manifest me rightly." His rebuke to those who rashly draw their weapons, "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them;" and afterwards, "Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter;"—are all true to the character of the brave man, the illustrious warrior, the Patrician military.

Montano, his predecessor in the governorship of Cyprus, bears testimony to his professional excellence. He says, "I have served him, and the man commands like a full soldier;" and by several minor touches, such as Shakspeare well knows how skilfully to throw in from time to time, we find him to be the vigilant general, the able commander, the assiduous fulfiller of his military duties. When he first arrives in Cyprus he desires that the master of the vessel in which he has just come from Venice, shall be brought to him at the citadel, adding, "He is a good one, and his worthiness does challenge much respect." And, on the very morning after his arrival, we find him "walking on the works" the first thing, visiting and inspecting the "fortifications." The same day he invites the islanders to dinner with him; and on the next, he appoints to dine from home, "to meet the captains at the citadel."

It is by such apparently insignificant touches as these, as well as by his sublimer efforts, that Shakspeare consummates the consistency and perfection of his characters. By an occasional word, a line, a slight casual hint, he contrives to give such appropriate aggregation of circumstances and characteristics, as to invest with an absolute identity, a vital reality, a distinct individuality, each of his creations.

And thus, among other intensely true impersonations, (whom we can scarcely persuade ourselves are less actual beings than the people we see every day in the street—nay, they are far better known to us than many of our nearest neighbours,) we have passed in review Hector, the magnanimous; Achilles, the arrogant; Troilus, the ardent; Ulysses, the politic; Ajax, the bully; Æneas, the smooth; Agamemnon, the practical; Alcibiades, the anti-pacific; Othello, the noble warrior.

A goodly range of commanders! Next, we shall have to speak of military in the ranks—of Shakspeare's common soldiers; for even there, the poet has contrived to trace individuality.

CASTLE ASTREY.

Many years have gone by since I first spent a summer holiday at Castle Astrey. I was then almost a child, yet passing into womanhood, with the ardent love of nature, the vague and passionate yearnings for the good and beautiful, which form at once the trial and the highest enjoyment of the spring-tide of

our life. I was but half awake to the realities of the world around me, and had seldom ventured to unfold to others any portion of the inner world in which I more truly lived, lest I should be laughed at as an idle dreamer by those whose eyes had long been disenchanted. Whether my father intended to deliver me from the magic circle which reading and fancy had drawn around me, by sending me for a time into the heart of the country, to reside with a lady whose character he highly honoured, I scarcely know; but Mrs. Margaret Astrey had been my mother's friend, and this was reason enough to make me feel warmly towards her; besides, I had spent nearly all my life in London, and knew nothing of woods and fields, excepting from occasional glimpses of them, and the descriptions which books had given me of their charms. It was still early in a long July evening when I was awakened from a reverie into which I had fallen in the corner of the carriage, by the announcement of the servant who accompanied me that we had almost reached our journey's end. In a few minutes more I saw the castle, with its high roofs and square castellated tower, rising from a wooded eminence which overlooked the wide and fertile valley through which we were passing; at the foot of this hill wound a narrow river, whose course I had already traced. I had been trying for the hundredth time to conjure up the precise form and manner of the mistress of that picturesque abode; but I had still only a dim recollection of a slight figure in mourning, with piercing gray eyes and a low clear voice, and the interest with which I watched her residence as we drove rapidly—far too rapidly, I thought—towards it, was not sufficient to conquer the shyness I felt at the idea of entering her presence, kind and cordial as her oft-repeated invitation had been. When at length we passed from the rural village, with its fine old church, into the short wide avenue that led to the castle, I wondered at its having received so dignified a name. I did not perceive that we had crossed the ancient limits of the moat, which were now, on one side at least, filled up with greensward and underwood. We entered by gates of carved iron, surmounted with the family crest, into a quadrangular court-yard, shaded by trees of stately growth, amidst whose spreading branches were grouped the various out-buildings which, with their high peaked roofs and tall narrow windows, looked like the hamlet of a past century. In a moment the sound of the hammer and anvil ceased in the forge, the carpenter's shop gave up two or three sturdy workmen, some white caps were seen at the door of the laundry, and an old gray-headed servant stood ready to hand me from the carriage at the entrance of a long narrow passage through which I was to enter this singular mansion. It was overhung by the carved balustrades of an open gallery; and, passing several small odd shaped rooms to the right and left, I came into the great hall, which rose to the full height of the house, and was lighted by five tall windows opening on the south terrace of the luxuriant garden. All around were family portraits; but of these I had no time to think, though I felt their silent presence, as I followed the butler to his lady's sitting-room. I heard my own steps with painful distinctness on the polished oaken floor, and I would gladly have paused to recover some greater degree of self-possession; but exhorting myself to remember the advanced age of fifteen, to which I had attained, I steadily walked on across two rooms more, and then a door opened and the dreaded moment was come, and all my fears vanished. The slight figure in mourning was before me, but, oh, how far from stiff or ungraceful! The dark gray eyes were full of tenderness, and the clear voice sounded like music in my ears, as Mrs. Margaret Astrey drew me towards her with a motherly embrace, saying:

"Dear child! and have you travelled so far alone? I hoped your father might have brought you to me himself; it would not have been his first visit here."

I answered, as I had been directed, that my father's numerous engagements, and the delicate state of Lady Murray's health, had prevented their having the pleasure of accepting the invitation which had so kindly been tendered to them both, as well as to myself; but before I had concluded my speech, I saw in Mrs. Astrey's eye that she understood more than I had expected, as well of my complimentary message, as of the formal little being, with a beating heart, who was delivering it.

Our conversation did not last long, for at this moment an aged handmaiden made her appearance, whom her mistress addressed as Abigail, and introduced to me as her kind old friend. She was thin and very tall, although her height was taken off by the bending attitude of age; she had something dignified in her appearance, as though she felt her consequence in the establishment, but her manner was particularly quiet and respectful; she had, indeed, from constant admiration of her mistress, caught somewhat of her own turn of expression, and gentleness of tone: she took me to a delightful room, which she showed me was close to her's, and where I found my maid unpacking my wardrobe, with the assistance of two rosy housemaids, who, simple as it was, regarded each article with great interest. At last I gladly found myself for a few minutes alone, in such an apartment as I had never seen before: the high and carved bedstead, hung with chintz and lined with silk—the tall slender shape of the tables, and of the mirror with its numerous odd shaped boxes—the ponderous wardrobe, and the Indian matting, covering only the centre of the polished floor—gave it such an air of antiquity in my eyes, that I wondered whether anything younger than Mrs. Abigail had ever yet inhabited it. On further examination I was delighted to discover that the books which lay on the broad window seat were precisely those I had long wished to read, having heard of them as forbidden treasure. Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," "The Masque of Comus," a volume of Shakspeare, and a work which I knew had just come down from London, Sir Walter Scott's new novel.

At this last sight I clapped my hands; I began to think myself in a palace of fairy land. Nothing, however, could be more truly English than the scene upon which I looked out. First, there was the terraced garden, shaded to the right by a group of stately cedars; it was rich in flowers and in climbing shrubs, and descended with broad flights of steps, and many a winding walk, to the river, whose deep and rapid stream might still be seen far away in the distance passing through meadows waving with flowery grass, and beside farm houses and glancing spires. Here it half enclosed some spot of the richest verdure; there it expanded almost into a lake as it glided near the gray walls of an ancient hall embosomed in trees. I lost it amongst the hills which closed in the valley; and then my eye rested on bolder and more distant heights, which in the faint colouring of the fading sunset assumed almost mountainous forms. A knock at the door recalled me to the duty of attending to a summons I had already received to the tea-table, and when I opened it, my hostess herself was standing there. I blushed crimson, and, pointing to the window, I said,—

"I had no idea that there was anything in England so beautiful as the view I have been looking at; I forgot everything I ought to have remembered while I sat there."

"I have often done the same myself," she replied, smiling, "and so I cannot be very angry with you; it takes a long time to become familiar with each separate subject we see from this place, and I only hope, Isabel, that you will stay with me till you know them as well as I do."

"I fear I shall not stay here very long," I answered, with a sigh; and, as I spoke, we reached, by a winding staircase, the door of the apartment in which I had first found her. I will not stay to describe it farther, than to say that it communicated through a tapestried ante-room with her own chamber, and that that again opened into a corridor by which you passed upon the terrace. The furniture of all these rooms was of the same antique character, I have already noticed, none other would have harmonised with the building; but there were stores of modern books, works fresh from the easels of our modern painters, a piano from Broadwood's, and a harp of Erard's, on which Mrs. Astrey told me she longed to hear me play when I had slept off the fatigues of my journey.

Nothing of all I saw at Castle Astrey, however, attracted my attention so much as the only picture which hung in my hostess's bed-room, in a carved oval frame over the mantel-piece. Others there were in the hall more full of this world's sparkling beauty; but this, which was the portrait of her mother, was like a vision of the world unseen. There was a mysterious light in those dark blue eyes; an intelligence in the soft and child-like features which seemed to question the inmost thought; and an expression round the parted lips as though they had only uttered sounds of music and of love. The lady's dress was a white wrapping robe, with some crimson drapery thrown back from her head and round her shoulders; her long golden hair hung uncurled, as if it was heavy with damp; and the fingers of her taper hands were lightly crossed in a peculiar manner; over all her face was shed a glow of happiness which made me think no sadness could belong to her history. A story I was sure she had; but as Mrs. Astrey had not spoken to me of her, I feared in our first acquaintance to ask questions which it might have been painful for her to answer; and I contented myself for a few days with stealing now and then into the room to gaze upon her.

It might have been a week after my arrival that I went one evening into Mrs. Abigail's own sitting-room, with a hope of drawing her into conversation on the subject just then uppermost in my thoughts, and about which I delighted in weaving a web of romance, which I almost feared some rough breath of truth might blow away. I found the stately handmaiden employed in crimping certain delicate cambric frills by the light of the setting sun, for which purpose she had established herself close to the window; and I was soon taking a lesson in that useful art, and glancing from it to the golden glow behind the group of cedars which stand near the west end of the building. The sunlight streamed also through the opposite windows of the tapestried ante-room, in which I could distinguish some of the furniture; for, as I have said, the house was built round three sides of a quadrangle, and Mrs. Abigail's room was in its centre.

"Ah, Miss Isabel!" she said, "you are looking out now, as I once did many and many a long year ago, a little while after I first came here, watching—not the sunset, but the red harvest moon—and thinking of them I had left at home, and what a strange place I had come to. Well-a-day! I was not quite so young as you are then, but two or three years make little difference when one looks back to such a distance."

I was almost on the point of saying, "And were you ever of my age?" She looked so stiff and so angular, I might more easily have imagined the castle itself in all the gloss of newness than Mrs. Abigail a girl; but I caught my opportunity, and eagerly replied:

"Then you must have known Mrs. Astrey's mother,—was she really like the picture?"

"So you have been thinking of it a great deal," replied my venerable friend, smiling; "going now and then to look at it alone?"

"Yes, yes, dear Mrs. Abigail!" I answered, with a sudden childish blush: "who would not be struck by such a face, and long to hear what feelings gave it such peculiar interest?"

"She was deaf and dumb," answered Mrs. Abigail.

"What!" I cried, "that lovely lady never heard her husband's voice, never spoke to the child upon her knee!—lived all her life in solitude surrounded by her own! Oh, how terrible a lot!"

"Her life had joys and sorrows," she replied, "with which a stranger intermeddleth not. I came here a year after she was married, just when my dear Miss

Margaret was born, on purpose to wait upon her. Her mother occupied the same chamber Mrs. Astrey has now, and it was there I saw her first; she was lying on a couch near the window, partly supported by cushions, and partly leaning on her elbow, looking at her baby as it lay in its rich cradle by her side; and surely so beautiful a creature, pale and silent as she was, never had been seen. Her eye and her attention were so quick, that at first one could scarcely have believed her infirmity; she raised her face as I stood at the door, and looked steadily at me, then she smiled and beckoned me to come forward, and showed me her child; all the stories I had ever heard of weird women rushed at once into my mind, and I believe she knew it, for if ever a human being read thoughts that were not spoken she did. I knocked against the cradle as I stooped over it, and then, ashamed of my own awkwardness, for I feared the slight noise might wake the baby, I glanced towards my mistress, and caught a look of intense anxiety fading away into such touching sadness that I felt I never again could be afraid of her. In another minute, she sunk back upon her pillows, and closed her eyes, and I thought, by the expression on her brow, and the pressure of her clasped fingers, that she was praying.

"The child slept on; not a breath had come quicker from its rosy mouth, not a finger had moved of the tiny hands thrown over its head with the inimitable grace of infancy, and I was glad I had not disturbed it. Just then the door softly opened and my master came in; Mrs. Astrey, as it were, heard his step, and the trouble passed slowly from her face as he drew near her, and oh! what a look of confiding love met his! I left them together, but not before I had observed how rapidly he addressed her, and she answered, both speaking with their fingers. He was a man in the prime of life, of noble presence, and reserved yet gentle manners. His own estate bordered upon this; you can see the gray walls of Bernard Hall from your window, with the river winding round the woods. He had been her father's friend, and young as he was for the task, he was left her guardian with her own mother. He watched over her faithfully and tenderly, he gained access to a mind which was closed to all the world beside, and valued its beauty perhaps the more, because it was revealed to him only; but how long he loved her, how long he held back from asking the hand of the richly dowered heiress, whose affliction had made her so sacred in his eyes, it is not for me to tell. To her he supplied the want which she in her great retirement, surrounded from her birth with affection, scarcely knew, excepting as he taught her to overcome it; she read constantly the books he pointed out to her, and wrote her strange poetic thoughts of them in language peculiarly her own; she wrote and sketched with singular rapidity, and worked most beautifully. At last, when she was about two-and-twenty, her mother was taken with her last illness. She had thought, poor lady, what it would be to leave her to the care of strangers, but her daughter clung to Mr. Bernard with undoubting confidence, as though she had never dreamed that they too should be parted; and before Lady Mary died, she saw them married here in the church, and I have heard those who were present say, that so marvellously beautiful a wedding never yet had been known. Mr. Bernard took his wife's name, according to her father's will."

"But the moonlight night, Mrs. Abigail?" said I, growing rather impatient, and coming closer to her. "What happened? What did you see as you looked out?"

"Ah, indeed! I have wandered a good way from the thread of my story; old people like me are apt to do it. I was speaking of the night that followed the day I have been telling you of. There were men at work at the farther end of the second terrace, close to the cedars, that afternoon; they were repairing the stone balustrade and widening the steps, I believe, that led from the upper terrace; at any rate, many large pieces of stone were lying about in different directions, and Mrs. Astrey, as no noise disturbed her, had been amusing herself with watching their progress. All had long been perfectly quiet in and around the house; Mr. Astrey had retired to his own apartment; the old nurse and the baby were settled for the night, and I ought to have been asleep too, but, as I said, I could not sleep for thinking; and so I got up and stood at the window to see if daylight was near. But there were no signs of morning; the moon was shining in her full splendour all alone, and I could have seen to read my Bible it was so light. I saw the glimmer of the lamp in my mistress's room, I heard the ripple of the water, and I watched the dark shadows of the cedars upon the silvery walls, nothing else was stirring, and they scarcely seemed to move. I was not used to be alone, and a strange, uncomfortable feeling was creeping over me, when suddenly yonder door, leading from my mistress's room, unclosed; down the steps, out upon the terrace came a figure all in white, excepting for a crimson shawl, or mantle, thrown over her head.

I had never seen Mrs. Astrey standing up, and she was the last person one would have imagined tempted to take a moonlight ramble, but I felt sure it was her, and instantly the thought struck me that she was gone out of her senses. My first idea was to run to her husband, but I did not even know where I should find his room; my next, to go quickly and see whether the nurse was watching. Meanwhile the figure had glided on towards the cedars; and the river—the river!—seemed sounding in my ears. Without pausing another moment, I went out into the passage, found my way with some difficulty to the ante-room, the door of which was open into her chamber, and, with beating heart and eyes strained to see through the gloom, for the curtains were all nearly drawn and only the lamp burned there still, I looked towards the bed—it was empty. The nurse was sound asleep on her sofa at some distance from it; the infant slumbered in its cradle. I was darting forward, when

the doors from the garden opened, and, paler than ever, tottering under the burden, yet resolutely bearing it, came my mistress with her red shawl thrown back over her shoulders, her long hair hanging down, and carrying a heavy stone with both her hands. I believe I uttered a smothered cry, but terror for a moment fixed me where I stood, for the idea of her madness had taken possession of my mind, and I thought she was going to do some mischief to her child. She reached the cradle, and for a second as she held the stone raised over it, there was something of wildness in her dilated eye; but as I sprang forward she let fall the heavy load by its side with a sound loud enough to wake the household. A sharp cry from the child succeeded it, and up rose the nurse bewildered from sleep; but the mother had fallen upon her knees with up-lifted hands, and eyes now streaming with tears: she heeded nothing round her—her child had heard the noise, was no inheritor of her own calamity, would hear and speak like her husband, and the success of her trial had left her nothing more on earth to desire. I need scarcely describe the scene that followed; how Mr. Astrey, wrapped in his dressing-gown came rushing into the room and lifted his wife upon the bed, looking round for the cause of the strange disturbance; how the nurse vowed nothing at all had happened, because she had seen nothing; how the baby screamed and could scarcely be pacified even in its own sweet resting-place; and how, while the servants gathered to search together for some imaginary foe, I related what I had witnessed, and Mrs. Astrey explained her singular proceeding to her husband. It was vain for him to tell her what an unnecessary risk she had run; her poor heart was at rest, and she could only feel her thankful happiness, and press her baby closer to her breast.

"And did she live," I asked, "to see her daughter grow up?"

"No," replied Mrs. Abigail, sorrowfully; "she saw her a lovely child, able to remember her, and to be a companion to her father, and then she slowly faded away herself and died. Some thought the chill of that night had fastened on her lungs, but she looked more like an angel than ever after it; her husband had her picture painted in the wrapping-gown she had worn, with the crimson shawl, and her hair heavy with dew; but the look the painter gave her was that she used to have when she saw her Margaret talking to him upon her knee."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Abigail! I have so much more to ask!"

"Then I must answer at some other time" she replied; "for there is the bell for tea; and Mrs. Margaret Astrey must be waiting for you."

Our pleasant evening meal was unusually silent. When it was over my hostess asked me to play, and I wandered on from one air to another of the music of La Sonnambula, thinking all the time of the fair deaf and dumb lady with the stone in her hands, walking like a spirit in the flood of moonlight. My visit to Castle Astrey had not as yet made me less fond of the poetry of nature.

E. O.

ON DREAMS.

There is, perhaps, no subject on which men have written so much, with such an unsatisfactory result, as that of dreams.

The vulgar have always regarded them with a certain degree of awe, and a half-belief in their supernatural origin; the wise, in every age, have speculated upon them without giving any clearer insight into their real nature. It has been found impossible to establish any principles under which the varied phenomena of dreams can be brought; and in the nineteenth century we are scarcely able to give a more probable account of them than Aristotle gave to the world in his Tract on Dreams some two thousand years ago.

How often have we been amused, on assembling round the breakfast table, by the account some one of the party has given us of his dream during the past night. How many a laugh have we had at the confused medley of ideas, scenes and characters, which are then presented to the mind. The fancy seems to delight in conceiving the most improbable combinations of events—in giving the various parts in these mental dramas to the most incongruous personages. Our dearest friends are transformed into the bitterest enemies—the faces and scenes which we are familiar with in our daily life are suddenly clothed with the majesty and splendour of a court. We seem at once freed from the laws of space and time. The mere wish is sufficient to transport us to the most distant quarters of the globe, and in the course of a few minutes we go through adventures which it would require weeks and years of common life to realize.

Though the great majority of our dreams are thus confused and unmeaning, and are merely the conjoint impression of the bodily tone and the ideas which, previously to our waking, had engaged our attention, there are some which occasionally stand out from the rest by their extreme clearness and connectedness, in which the mind seems to discover some deep significance, or which, at least, as remarkable combinations of images, have no ordinary interest for the fancy.

What then is it which constitutes the real difference between the manifestations of the mind in sleep and in our waking moments, and which produces that fantastic confusion of ideas which is usually observable in dreams? The opinion of Aristotle is worthy of remark. Like many of the ancients, he attributes a sort of material nature to human thought. He says that the impressions which the mind receives are never transitory, as they appear to us, but are treasured up by the memory; he seems to consider them as so much furniture which become the permanent property of the mind. As new ideas are introduced, the old ones are overlaid and appear to us to be effaced; but in sleep, when there is a cessation of fresh ideas through the senses, the impressions which have affected us most vividly present themselves again to the mind without order and arrangement, and thus, being recognised by the perceptive faculty, give rise to the varied succession of images which make up our dreams.

If the bodily frame is unusually excited, or sleep ensues after excessive eating, the flow of blood to the brain, and the heat which rises to the head, causes the images to be distorted, and to assume horrible shapes; if the bodily tone is healthy they are more clear and connected.

Aristotle seems to agree with most modern writers in asserting that the will is altogether suspended in sleep; this, however, does not appear to be strictly true. The mere fact of the mind attending to the series of ideas presented to it, not to mention the actions which men are often known to do in their sleep, would seem to require some degree of volition. Yet it is evident that the will is much less actively exerted, and that it does not maintain the same authority over our whole nature which it does when we are awake. In our waking life the reason is constantly reminding us of the actual circumstances around us; through the will it acts upon all the faculties as a controlling power, and directs them to some exterior purpose or aim. But in dreaming it is not so; those faculties of the mind, which are not dependant on the will, are still busy, but are exerted in and for themselves, without any relation to external circumstances; the mind receives unhesitatingly all the ideas presented to it without any examination of the facts, or regard to the analogy of its past impressions.

The succession of our thoughts during our dreams is regulated by the same general laws by which it is governed when we are awake; the process by which we associate our ideas (inexplicable as it is) is still carried on by the agency of the same unknown causes. The inventive faculties, by which we evoke and combine images, are still active, and being freed from the control of the will seem to be more fertile than ever. Men who are not remarkable for wit or eloquence in ordinary life have been conscious of being most facetious, and making long speeches in their dreams. Sir Thomas Browne says, "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. I am in no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and *gaillardise* of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof."—*Religio Medici*, p. 193. Ed. 1845.

On the other hand, the reflective powers which require some exercise of the will for their exertion, seem to be generally in a passive state; this at least is true of that faculty, whatever it be called, by which we combine the impressions received through the senses. This power, which in our waking moments is employed in correcting the reports of the various senses by comparing them with one another, in examining the evidence of all the impressions made on the mind, and testing them by the analogy of its past experience, appears in sleep to be in most cases totally suspended. If, for instance, an impression is made on any one of the senses, the fancy immediately connects it with some cause which has produced the same sensation before, or has been considered likely to do so. This is the philosophy of the ghost which is said to attend on pork suppers; the weight of undigested food in the stomach is readily attributed to some external cause; fancy combines all her ideas of the horrible, and represents a monster seated on our chest, or ready to crush us with some great weight; the power of associating ideas, which at this time is most active, quickly suggests other circumstances and fills up the scene of terror. The reflective power being in repose and not ready to examine and correct these impressions, they are communicated to the perceptive organs, and the same consciousness of form, colour, and size results as if these organs had been actually affected and the impressions received through the senses. The dream appears to us real. That this want of co-operation in the faculties is the cause of some of the most curious phenomena of dreams, is evident from many well-authenticated facts. Dr. Beattie speaks of a man who could be made to dream anything by whispering in his ear. Dr. Gregory relates of himself, that having once had occasion to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he retired to bed, he dreamed that he was ascending the side of Mount Ætna, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insufferable. Persons who have had a blister applied to their heads have been known to dream of being scalped by a party of North American Indians. Sleeping in a smoky room, we may dream of a house or city being in flames; and, in the same way, almost any succession of ideas may be suggested through the senses.—*Vide Cyclopædia of Bib. Literature*, vol. i. p. 575, from whence these instances are taken.

We will not now discuss the question how far dreams may be believed to have conveyed intimations of future events, or to have been the channel of supernatural communications; we may safely allow, perhaps, as a general rule, that they are not significant of the future, unless the future has occupied our waking thoughts; yet we know from Scripture that the Divine will was formerly revealed to men by this means; and there have been many dreams, in ancient as well as modern times, which seem hard to be accounted for without supposing some such interposition.

Upon the nature of dreams, as on most other subjects which admit of two opinions, people seem to have taken two extreme views. To the ignorant and superstitious they have often been a source of much trouble and perplexity, while the better informed have been disposed to think them only matter for amusement and unworthy of any serious attention or remark.

Before concluding this paper, we will endeavour to point out a few reflections which the phenomena of dreams seem to suggest, and which may make their consideration appear not altogether unprofitable, though we may not hope by this means to predict or control the future.

A writer in the Spectator (No. 586), recommends that we should examine every morning the subjects of our thoughts during the past night. He asserts that dreams may thus discover to us most certainly our

real dispositions and inclinations, and be of much service to him who wishes to gain an insight into his heart and character. On thinking of all the extravagancies which we commit in our sleep this may appear absurd enough, but on maturer reflection there seems to be some truth in the remark. Of course, it is not meant that when awake we should do all the actions which we fancy ourselves doing in sleep. In the former state, the sense of moral responsibility, as well as a feeling of propriety and a regard for the opinion of others, prevent a man committing many crimes which in sleep he does not shrink from. But it seems most probable that our dreams may represent to us the existing state of our will according as it has been modified by exercise and discipline during our lives. Although the active exercise of this faculty is suspended in sleep, yet no series of ideas can be entertained by the mind, whether asleep or awake, without the concurrence of the will in some degree. If we have always been accustomed to reject certain images from the mind when awake, they will not present themselves during sleep; we still think, judge, and act according to the moral principles which influence us in ordinary life. Thus dreams may be said to be, as it were, allegories of our past life, which represent to us indirectly the sentiments and habits by which we are governed under various forms and quaint disguises; which reveal to us the habitual state of the will, undisguised by the hypocrisies of waking life, and unchecked by those moral influences which generally control its manifestations.

The same quaint old writer we have already quoted has well expressed this idea:—"Men act in sleep with some comformity unto their awakened senses; and consolations and discouragements may be drawn from dreams which intimately tell us of ourselves. Persons of radical integrity will not easily be perverted in their dreams, nor noble persons do pitiful things in sleep. Crassus would hardly have been bountiful in a dream whose fist was so close when awake; but a man might have lived all his life upon the sleeping hand of Antonius."—*Sir Thomas Browne's Tract on Dreams.*

In dreams there are many things which to the religious mind seem indications of the exalted and unperishing nature of the soul. There is good reason to believe that the mind is always actively employed during sleep, though the ideas which then pass through it can seldom be recalled. We seldom are conscious of our dreams unless the bodily frame is in some measure disordered, and it is probable that our dreams are then much more confused and disconnected than in a state of perfect health.

Mr. Coleridge relates a remarkable instance of the power of connected thought retained by the mind during sleep, in his preface to the beautiful fragment called Kubla Khan. It appears that the author had fallen asleep in his chair while reading the following sentence in Purchas's Pilgrimage:—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto." The author continued for about three hours in the most profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he had the most vivid consciousness that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort." On awaking, he eagerly wrote down about fifty lines, which are preserved; but being at this point called away by a person on business, he found on his return that the charm was broken, and that he had forgotten all except a few scattered lines and images.

If, then, sleep be, as has often been remarked, an apt image of death designed to remind us constantly of it, our dreams are surely intimations that we shall not all die. While the body so soon refuses to perform its functions, and requires rest to repair the constant waste of its parts, the unceasing activity of the mind seems to indicate that the soul is indeed distinct in its nature and independent of it. At such times, when the soul is temporarily disjoined from the body, we get, as it were, a glimpse, of its inherent nature and capacities, which will be developed when it shall finally be separated from its earthly companions. In our waking moments the mind is conscious of the limited nature of our bodily faculties, and acts in conformity with the circumstances around it; but in sleep it refuses to acknowledge the laws to which our physical nature is subject. The disregard which the mind evinces for the laws of space and time seems to confirm the notion of the philosophers, that these are mere semblances, which owe their existence to the imperfect nature of our faculties; that they are but conditions under which we are obliged to regard all things in the material world, but which in a higher and more purely spiritual state will not be known. Our notion of time, for instance, appears to be produced by reflection on the relative duration of the material changes around us. Thus in sleep, when we are no longer using material substances, and the mind is working apart from the machinery of the senses, we are unconscious of it: the history of years is condensed into a moment; a purpose is no sooner imagined than it is fulfilled. The words in which the poet has described this property of the mind seem hardly an hyperbole:—

"A moment is eternity to thought."

Are there not many things here which seem to indicate that our souls are akin to Him in whose sight "a thousand years are as one day"—that our spirits are constituted in correspondence to another world which they will enter upon as soon as they are released from that bodily nature which now limits and confines their energies?

LAMENT

The world looks gay before me,
And Pleasure smiles around,
Casting her soft chains o'er me,
Whisp'ring, in trancing sound,
'Forget! Forget!'
But, ah! not yet
Can I enjoy,
Can I forget.

I've seen the bright flow'rs blasted
That hope flung on my way;
Ere joy's sweet draughts I'd tasted,
Fate dash'd the cup away.
Forget! Forget!
Alas! not yet
Can I rejoice,
Can I forget.

The friends who loved me fondly,
The hearts that beat with mine,
The lost, the dead, the lovely,
Like spirits round me shine.
Forget! Forget!
And, ah! ere yet
I can be gay,
I *must* forget.

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—MADELINE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"GODFREY, will you walk with me this morning?"

Godfrey was sitting in a posture which seemed the very expression of gloom; his forehead bent upon his hands and a book resting on his knees, which, as for a full half-hour he had not turned one of the pages, might be supposed to be rather employed as a screen for idleness than as a subject of study. The face which he raised when the tones of Frederick's gentle voice fell on his ear did not, most assuredly, belie his attitude—it expressed profound, even sullen, despondency. He agreed to the proposal, however, without an instant's hesitation, and the brothers were soon on the lawn together, the one guiding the other's steps as tenderly as was his wont. They walked on in silence till they reached the shadow of a group of plane trees, beneath which the soft turf formed a natural seat, edging an abrupt fall to the stream which murmured and fretted among the pebbles below. Frederick sat down and drew Godfrey to his side.

"I want to speak to you about Ida," said he, suddenly.

Godfrey started and turned away his face, as though the sightless eyes of his brother could have detected the emotion which he was unable to repress.

"You think she is ill," he replied, hurriedly: "I have thought so myself; but I don't believe there is any cause for alarm. She is anxious about Mrs. Chester, and tired with several nights' broken rest—that is all."

Frederick smiled. "No," said he, "it was not about her health that I meant to speak to you. Come, Godfrey, can't you guess what I was thinking of?"

Godfrey became very pale, but answered, with not more than a minute's pause—

"Yes, I believe I can. Ida loves you, and she is worthy of you. Tell me—is it all settled?"

It was now Frederick's turn to betray a little emotion—the words had evidently taken him by surprise, and his deep blush showed that he was not altogether untouched by them. He rejoined, however, playfully, and flinging his arm round his brother's neck—

"You foolish fellow, I do believe you are jealous! What should such a confirmed old bachelor as I am do with a wife? Poor Ida! it is lucky that her destiny doesn't depend on your words. No, no, Godfrey, I want her for a sister, and I want you to tell me whether I shall be disappointed?"

Godfrey shrank away and buried his face in his hands; Frederick continued, still speaking half-sportively, yet with evident seriousness of meaning:—

"Do you suppose, my dear Godfrey, that I have been unconscious all this while? You don't know how expressive tones and half-tones, unlooked for silences and fragmentary words are to me. Ida and I love each other dearly already, and I long almost childishly to call her sister. What a coward you are! With your feelings, and with half the encouragement you have received, I would have spoken weeks ago. Why, I have detected a hundred symptoms."

Godfrey stopped him by seizing both his hands.

"Frederick, Frederick!" he cried, "it is impossible—you know it is impossible. Can you believe me for a moment to be so unnatural, so ungrateful? Frederick, you are unjust! Do you think, indeed, that I *could* have tried to win her affection? I swear to you, in the sight of heaven, that I have never done so, directly or indirectly, by word, look, or tone. Not even in thought have I ever wished to become your rival. *Your* rival—am I capable of it? It is little to say *now* that your happiness—*such* happiness!—is my first and only wish; but you know it is true. That is," he added, his voice becoming strangely bitter, "if you don't think I am mocking you when I speak to you of happiness."

"But suppose," rejoined Frederick, still speaking lightly, as if aware of the violent agitation of his companion, and seeking to relieve it, "suppose my happiness has nothing to do with the matter? Of course, it is highly lover-like in you to think that nobody can know Ida without wishing to call her wife; but suppose I am cold enough—or insensible enough—or rational enough to entertain no such wish? You may despise me as much as you like, Godfrey, but indeed it is the case."

Godfrey looked earnestly and incredulously in his brother's face; its smiling serenity might have deceived a less impassioned observer. "You will never marry," said he, abruptly.

"Is that so very terrible?" rejoined Frederick, laughing.

"Yes, yes!" continued Godfrey, with increasing gloom, "I see—I feel—I understand. Everywhere, always, it is the same. Your whole life is the sacrifice—I can do nothing—even a word of affection from me to you seems the basest hypocrisy. The work is mine and it is irrevocable. I can well believe that evil spirits may possess a man, first urging him to crime, and then for ever avenging the acts which they

[1] Continued from p. 102.

themselves wrought in him. Don't talk to me—it is useless. Let me bear it silently. Never let her name be mentioned between us again—from my lips it is profaneness even to utter it."

"Listen to me, my dearest brother," answered Frederick, now quite seriously, and assuming a tone of some authority; "and first let me beseech you never to speak or think lightly of your affection for me—it is the greatest injury you can do me. Your love and my mother's have hitherto made my life so happy—don't take away your hand—it is true, and you *must* believe it. I am not afraid of mentioning in downright words that which it costs you so dearly to think of—my blindness. In spite of it, I believe that there is scarcely a human being in the whole world whose life is so uninterruptedly, so peacefully happy as mine. I seldom speak of this—indeed it is painful to describe one's own feelings—but often, very often, I have a sense, a possession, an enjoyment of beauty in my thoughts, which does, I am sure, so far exceed the actual vision, that, were my sight restored, the first emotion would be one of disappointment. Besides, I am naturally very weak and unstable in character—this privation has been to me an angel, holding me with a stern but most gentle grasp, and *compelling* me to remain in the only safe path. What has it taken from me? A power certainly, but also a temptation, and one which I was peculiarly unfit to resist. I feel the strongest conviction that, had I possessed my eyesight, I should have grown up a mere idler, a dangler about art, a lover of trifles, a man whose existence was bound up and centred in elegances. Now, my eyes are in my soul only, and—I say it humbly—the Divine Image is ever before them. The lot to which I look forward is one so joyful that I only fear lest I should be unworthy to receive it. I must describe it to you a little in detail. You know I am a good musician—thanks to your indefatigable patience in helping me—as good in theory as in practice. There is an institution lately established, worthy of the pure first days of christianity, where students are trained who are hereafter to become servants of the church in foreign lands; their lives are made to be a course of saintly discipline—they are under the wisest teaching—and their daily worship is such as no man can join without so *feeling* the privilege of his membership that he must needs carry it away with him, an abiding witness to the truth of that Unity which shall hereafter be made perfect. I hope to obtain the direction of the musical part of these services. I cannot express to you how happy such a life would make me. Just fancy it, dear Godfrey—a little cottage, with its fragrant flower-garden, not far from the college gates, where my mother and I should live in pleasant retirement—then, in the early fresh morning, my walk to the chapel—the delight of actually *assisting* in the service—access to the organ at all times—the quiet cool cloister in which I may walk and meditate—the studious, prayerful men with whom I shall be associated, and among whom I may perhaps find friends, though never, *never* a friend so dear as yourself. Even I shall be helping forward the great work—even I may dedicate a not useless offering of a life to God."

He paused, his face full of calm, pure, spiritual enthusiasm. Godfrey had bowed his head upon his brother's shoulder, and was weeping like a woman. After a minute's silence, Frederick continued.

"And now, one word more on the subject which you have forbidden, but which will, I hope, often, very often, be named between us. Don't suppose that I think so poorly of Ida as to believe that, if she could have loved me for myself, my blindness would have done aught but clasp and strengthen the link between us. But it is not so. I have neither sought nor won her love; and you have all this while been winning it—unconsciously, I grant, but not the less effectually. My mother thinks and wishes as I do. Indeed, this is the only thing wanting to complete my happiness."

Again a silence.

"Won't you answer me, Godfrey?" resumed Frederick, almost timidly.

"I am so unworthy——" began Godfrey, in a low, troubled voice.

"Say that to Ida," interrupted Frederick, checking him; "it is what all lovers say, though I don't suppose they think it, any more than their ladies do. Dear, dear brother! I forgot to thank you for the sacrifice which you were so ready to make to me. You would have given me your whole happiness."

"Hush, hush!" cried Godfrey; "I would give you my life, and that would be far too little. Oh, what a wretch you make me! But, Frederick," (wringing his hand vehemently,) "remember, you must now release me from my promise: Ida must know all."

"Impossible!" replied Frederick. "You would not give me that pain—your word is pledged!"

"But you will release me!" said Godfrey, passionately. "What! Do you think me so despicable that even the poor virtue of honesty is out of my reach? Would you force me to such meanness? No, no, Frederick, surely you love my conscience as well as myself? Self-approval I have long lost, but would you have me sink so low as self-contempt? No, no; if I must not say all, I will say nothing."

"Well, I release you," answered Frederick, a little sorrowfully. "Ida must be of a very harsh nature, if she does not think that a penitence so long, so deep, so disproportionate——"

"Hitherto," exclaimed Godfrey, folding the speaker closely in his arms, "it has been a bitter, gloomy, cold, proud penitence, but it shall be so no longer. Only on my knees, only before God, can I pour out all that is in my heart. But you have conquered, and I must tell you so. Pray for me; never did I feel the need of prayer so deeply as now. And—and—ask my mother to forgive me. I have not been blameless towards her—but you know what I have felt."

The sound of approaching steps disturbed the brothers, and they were speedily joined by Alexander, Mr. Tyrrell, and uncle John. There was an awkward

look upon the faces of two of the three, as though they had come together unintentionally, and had not found the surprise a pleasant one. But the third looked perfectly contented, and was keeping up the conversation at a great rate, all by himself.

"Oh, yes," he was saying, as they came up—by the bye, dear uncle John was a thorough anti-protestant; he never said "No," if he could help it, except to himself; his life was one vast assent to a series of imaginary propositions, to most of which he agreed without so much as a hope of ever understanding them—"Oh, yes, Ida is a sweet creature—a darling little girl! I don't think she has a fault in the world. You needn't look so glum, Master Alexander, for though she isn't very fond of you, I'm quite sure she would sooner lose her little finger than do you an unkindness."

It cannot be denied that this was an unpleasant speech for Alexander, who was intending to become Ida's husband some time in the course of the next twelve months. He assumed an artificial smile, and, addressing his cousins with an air of the utmost sweetness, said, "I think, Frederick, Mr. Tyrrell and I will leave my uncle with you; we are going for a walk."

"A walk!" cried uncle John, "the very thing for me! I can show you such a view; there's nothing like it in the three kingdoms! I know every foot of the country for miles!" and, as he spoke, he passed his arm familiarly through Alexander's, with a warm gripe from which there was no hope of escaping.

A scarcely perceptible smile of amusement curled Mr. Tyrrell's lip as he turned away from the ill-assorted pair, and seated himself on the grass beside Frederick.

"Are not you coming with us, Tyrrell?" cried uncle John, as he dragged his reluctant nephew away.

"No, thank you. I have sprained my ancle," replied he, unhesitatingly telling a falsehood.

Alexander was fairly caught. The presence of a stranger, with whom for some unexplained reason it was evidently his object to stand well, prevented him from shaking off his unwelcome companion at once, though there can be little doubt that he did so as soon as they were out of sight.

As soon as Mr. Tyrrell was left alone with the brothers, he said, "I want you to do me a favour with your cousin Ida. I have particular, very particular reasons for wishing to speak privately with her friend Mrs. Chester, as soon as she is able to receive me. Now I understand that the fever has left her, that she sat up yesterday for two or three hours, and is to do so again to-day. Surely, I might be admitted. But Miss Lee, I suppose out of anxiety for her friend's health, evidently has the greatest possible repugnance to the idea of my seeing her, and I have been unable to induce her even to promise that she will ask Dr. Edgecumbe's permission for the interview. Will you persuade her? I am so completely a stranger to her, that I can scarcely press the point with the urgency which it demands; but I do assure you that it is of the first importance that I should see this lady soon, and alone."

"We will endeavour," replied Frederick; "Ida is nervous, she is unused to illness, and perhaps over-anxious. You can see the doctor yourself this evening; and if you obtain his authority, we will reason Ida out of her terrors. Do you go to her, Godfrey. I know she is walking in the grounds," he added, anxious to give his brother an excuse for getting away, of which the latter was not slow to take advantage.

Godfrey walked slowly along, his heart burning with unwonted and overpowering thoughts. He was afraid of Hope, even to cowardice; for he knew that having once received it, parting from it would touch his life. He felt as though his whole nature were changing; but the process was too tumultuous and too bewildering to be the subject of contemplation, scarcely, even, of consciousness. It was the dawn of a new creation, but the twilight was too profound for him even to guess what the day might bring forth. This, however, he felt—that his spirit had lost its bitterness, being full of that true and only humility the outward vesture of which is perfect charity. A bitter spirit, a cold, dark view of life and man, is a disease which, though it seems to be the work of outward mishaps, losses, and disappointments, is nevertheless more the work of an evil tendency within us. It may be caught, like the plague; but it is only the predisposed subject who catches it.

He found Ida in a glade of the shrubbery; her lovely, childlike face was full of a new and almost sorrowful gravity, but she smiled when she saw him, and came eagerly to meet him. He took her hands in his; he felt that the hour was come, and that delay would be worse than failure. "Ida," said he, with that persuasive energy of voice and manner which subdues the will at once, and leaves it no time for surprise, "listen to me; I want to tell you a history; don't wonder at me, but give me all your thoughts, and listen with your whole heart."

"I will," she replied, seating herself on the roots of an overhanging sycamore, while he stood before her, still holding her hands, and looking fixedly into her face.

"There were two brothers—" he began. She looked up wonderingly, and was about to speak, but he checked her almost passionately—"Don't ask me any questions; wait, and you will understand what may seem strange. I ask it of you as a kindness, Ida."

She felt how vehemently he was in earnest, and bent her head again, the colour rising in her transparent cheeks as she said softly, "Don't be angry with me; I am listening."

He went on. "There were two brothers; one was all gentleness and goodness, without a single passion to be conquered, or bad tendency to be resisted; born with all that is or ought to be the labour of a lifetime to men in general, achieved, finished, completed in him, without an effort;—the other was violent, impetuous, uncontrollable. Their mother was

a gentle, feeble, tender-hearted woman; she loved both with all her strength, and never opposed or thwarted either. This boundless indulgence could not harm the elder, but the younger grew up without one attempt to curb his furious passions. He was not altogether bad; when his fits of anger were over, he would be sorry for what he had said or done, and it was no hard penance to ask a forgiveness which he knew to be his own before he begged for it. But he was utterly unrestrained—such as he was in childhood, such was he suffered to remain; no single effort, either from himself or from another, e'er checked in him one outburst of passion. One day—he was about sixteen—he quarrelled with this good, gentle, unoffending brother; mad with anger, he mistook calmness for contempt, remonstrance for sarcasm, and——"

Godfrey stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and drew in his breath.

"What?" said Ida, eagerly. "Go on,—what happened?"

"He struck him," answered Godfrey, suppressing his voice to a whisper, and then forcibly resuming his former tone, and finishing his story in a hurried, almost indifferent manner,—"he struck him—a furious blow —in the face, from the effects of which he never recovered. He was long ill, and when his health returned, he was blind for life!"

The pale horror in Ida's face spoke more expressively than words. She shuddered and was silent, then turned away her face, unable to endure the burning gaze that was riveted upon it. Godfrey dropped her hands. "Farewell, Ida!" said he.

"Oh! what is this?" exclaimed Ida, weeping and wringing her hands. "Oh, why do you make me so miserable? is every body's life dark and sorrowful? Godfrey—you frighten me—you have been deceiving me. Do not go—speak to me, Godfrey!" Then, suddenly pausing, she put back the long, bright hair from her forehead, and ran to him, looking up into his face with an eager smile, while the tears still coursed down her cheeks. "Dear Godfrey, this was an unkind trick. I understand now;—you were trying whether you could make me believe it; but I *don't* believe it—I did not, even at first,—I was only bewildered and distressed because it was such a dreadful history. Are you angry? Pray forgive me—indeed, *indeed* I do not believe it of you."

She had laid her hand upon his arm, and was detaining him almost forcibly. Gently he undid the grasp, and put her from him, while a groan of unspeakable agony broke from the depths of his heart. Not one look did he give her, not one word did he utter, but darted away, leaving her still standing there, pale, bewildered, incredulous, with her hands outstretched in the attitude in which he had left them, and her beautiful face all bathed in tears—like a child who, having sprung eagerly to the arms of one whom it had mistaken for its mother, starts back affrighted and distressed on encountering the stern, repulsive face of a stranger.

(To be continued.)

THE BARNACLE.

A TWO-FOLD interest attaches to the natural history of the barnacle, arising out of the singular organization of the animal, and the degree of credulity with which it was regarded during several centuries—credulity shared alike by the learned and the ignorant. The latter has long been exploded by the accuracy of modern investigation, which, by divesting the subject of its absurd and marvellous trappings, has shown the beautiful simplicity of nature to be not less wonderful.

Before the practice was adopted of sheathing the bottoms of ships with copper, vessels returning from a cruise in the warm latitudes were found greatly impeded in their sailing by an abundant growth of sea-weed to that portion of the hull beneath the surface of the water. Among this sea-weed a remarkable kind of shell-fish was found, attached also to the planking of the ship by a long fleshy appendage—these were barnacles. They were met with also on pieces of old floating timber which had been for some time in the sea, and on the sides of docks, or other wooden structures exposed to the waves. They are now classed under the head of *cirrhopoda*, or *fringe-feet*, and form a connecting link between the *mollusca* and *articulata*. The shell, which forms the residence of these animals, consists of five distinct pieces, two on each side; the fifth forming a sort of narrow valve or door along the edge. From the opposite edge the tough lining membrane is projected for several inches, constituting the fleshy pedicle, or stalk, above noticed; by means of which they retain a slight degree of locomotion round the place of their attachment. The respiratory apparatus is similar in appearance to a small star-fish, and is placed just below the creature's mouth. Their mode of seizing food is perhaps the most curious part of their economy. Opening the narrow strip of shell along the edge the animal projects at will six pairs of jointed arms, covered with long stiff hairs, giving the whole a general resemblance to a feathery fringe, or *cirrus*, whence the name of the class. These arms, when thrown out, form a complicated net-work of great delicacy, admirably contrived to entrap small floating particles of animal or vegetable matter, on which the barnacle feeds.

"Any one," says a scientific writer,[1] "who watches the movements of a living cirrhopod, will perceive that its arms, with their appended cirrhi, are in perpetual movement, being alternately thrown out and retracted with great rapidity; and that, when fully expanded, the plumose and flexible stems form an exquisitely beautiful apparatus, admirably adapted to entangle any nutritious molecules, or minute living creatures, that may happen to be present in the circumscribed space over which this singular casting net is thrown, and drag them down into the vicinity of the mouth, where, being seized by the jaws, they are crushed, and prepared for digestion.

The barnacle is one of that extraordinary class of animals, uniting the two sexes in one body: as far as hitherto observed, they all produce eggs; they belong

(1) T. Rymer Jones. General Outline of the Animal Kingdom.

also, to the metamorphic tribes. A kind of spawn, found on the sea-shore, long supposed to be minute muscles, is now known to consist of young barnacles. "After keeping several of the above for some days in sea-water," writes Mr. Thompson, of Cork, "they threw off their exuvia, and, becoming firmly adherent to the bottom of the vessel, were changed into young barnacles; and the peculiarly formed shells, with their opercula, were soon distinctly visible. As the shell becomes more complete, the eyes gradually disappear, the arms become perfectly ciliated, and an animal, originally natatory and locomotive, and provided with a distinct organ of sight, becomes permanently and immovably fixed, and its optic apparatus obliterated."

With this outline of the structure and economy of the barnacle, we proceed to notice the other interesting circumstances connected with it. And although in so doing it will be necessary to revive much that is erroneous and absurd, yet the result may be instructive, as illustrating the propensity in human nature to distort and perplex what is simple and harmonious. The cirrhopod we have described, is sometimes called the duck-barnacle, and was long supposed to be the germ of the barnacle, or barnacle-goose; probably from its feathery or fringe-like appearance, when the tentacula are extended. A long list of learned names might be given whose owners believed and contended for the truth of this supposition. Among them are Scaliger, Munster, Saxo Grammaticus, Bishop Olaus Magnus, and a cardinal. These writers affirmed that the barnacles attached themselves to trees, resembling willows, growing on the edge of the sea; and that, after a time, they grew so large that they burst open, and the young goose fell out fully fledged, and swam about. In the Cosmographie of M. de Belleforest, published at Paris, in 1625, there is a drawing of the tree, overhanging a little bay, with pumpkin-like fruit, from some of which the heads of geese protrude, while others have fallen, and their feathered tenants are seen swimming and flying on the surface of the water. According to the authorities quoted, the place where these trees grew was one of the Orkneys, called in consequence, Pomona.

M. de Belleforest gives a description of the phenomenon. "In Scotland," he says, "are found the trees which produce a fruit enveloped in leaves, and when it falls into the water at a suitable time, it quickens, and turns itself into a living bird, which is called a tree-goose. This tree grows in the Island of Pomona, which is not far from Scotland, towards the north."

The ancient cosmographers, and principally Saxo Grammaticus, make mention of this tree. Think not, therefore, that it is a thing invented by new writers. Æneas Sylvius describes the tree in this manner:—"We have formerly heard that in Scotland was a tree which, growing on the shore of a river, produces fruits which have the shape of ducks; and which, when nearly ripe, fall off of themselves, some on the earth, the others in the water; those which fall on the earth rot, but those which drop into the water swim and live, and fly away into the air with wings and feathers. Concerning which thing, when we were in Scotland, we inquired of King James, a man broad-shouldered and fat, who told us that marvels always retreat, and that this tree, so much renowned, is not found in Scotland but in the Orkney Islands."

"Neither will I keep silent," continues the French cosmographer, "what Hector Boethius says of these birds in his description of Scotland:—'Now it remains to speak of these geese, which the Scots commonly call *clakis*, and which are falsely esteemed and believed to be hatched in these islands from leaves of certain trees; and I shall relate what I have examined for a long time, being very curious and desiring to know the truth of this thing. I dare to attribute the source of this production to the sea rather than to any other thing whatsoever: also have we seen the effect often in the sea and in divers manners. For if you cast into the sea a piece of wood, you will see in course of time, first, worms generating there and eating the wood; afterwards are formed gradually the head, feet, and wings; at last the feathers grow, and come to the just proportions and bigness of a goose, and then they take flight into the air as do other birds.'" Boethius asserts that he had seen the fact several times with his own eyes, and considers the creative power of the sea as the cause.

It thus appears that opinions differed as to the origin of the geese, some writers declared for fruit, others for worms. Vincent de Beauvais makes them grow from the stem of the tree, tail foremost, so that their heads remaining inside the bark, they sucked the sap and juice, and dropped off only when able to fly. Meyer, a German, wrote a special treatise on the subject, published at Frankfort in 1629, entitled, "Tractatus de voluci arboreâ, absque patre et matre, in insulis Orcadum, formâ anserculorum proveniente," in which he attempts to prove the possibility of such fatherless and motherless generations by the existence of lycanthropes, or weird wolves, and sorcerers. They happen, he contends, by the immediate influence of the stars; and as the divine and human nature were united in the person of Christ, so might animal and vegetable be combined in the barnacle.

A Spanish writer, Alonzo Barba, in his work on metals, showing them to be the product of an unctuous sweat of the earth, supports his views by other extraordinary phenomena then firmly credited. "By art," he says, "wasps and beetles are made of the dung of animals; and of the plant alvaca, rightly placed and ordered, scorpions are produced. Also, it is notoriously known, that in Scotland pieces of old ships, and of fruit that falls into the sea, turn into living ducks."

Butler has availed himself of the popular notion of this extraordinary metamorphosis for one of the quaint similes with which his poem of Hudibras abounds. He tells us that

> "—from the most refin'd of saints,
> As naturally grow miscreants,

> As barnacles turn Solan geese
> In th' Islands of the Orcades."

But perhaps painstaking old Gerard, in his Herbal, is the most explicit; and as he claims to have had ocular demonstration, we may listen to him:—

"What our eyes have seen," he writes, "and hands have touched, we shall declare. There is a small island in Lancashire, called the Pile of Foulders, wherein are found the broken pieces of old and bruised ships, some whereof have been cast thither by shipwracke, and also the trunkes and bodies with the branches of old and rotten trees, cast up there likewise; whereon is found a certain spume, or froth, that in time breedeth unto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour; wherein is contained a thing in form like a lace of silke, finely woven, as it were, together, of a whitish colour; one end whereof is fastened unto the inside of the shell, even as the fish of oisters and muskles are; the other end is made fast unto the belly of a rude masse, or lumpe, which in time cometh to the shape and form of a bird: when it is perfectly formed, the shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth, is the aforesaid lace, or string; next come the legs of the bird hanging out; and as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth and hangeth only by the bill: in short space after it commeth to full maturitie, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowle, bigger than a mallard, and lesser than a goose, having blacke legs and bill, or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such manner as is our mag-pie, called in some places a pie-annet, which the people in Lancashire call by no other name than a tree-goose; which place aforesaid, and all those parts adjoining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three-pence. For the truth hereof, if any doubt, may it please them to repair to me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses."

We find further evidence of the extraordinary belief in this metamorphosis in Drayton's "Polyolbion," where he writes:—

> "Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally partake
> The fatness of the soil, (in many a slimy lake
> Their roots so deeply soak'd,) send from their stocky bough
> A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-geese grow
> Call'd Barnacles by us; which like a jelly first
> To the beholder seem; then, by the fluxure nurst,
> Still great and greater thrive, until you well may see
> Them turn'd to perfect fowls; when dropping from the tree
> Into the merey pond, which under them doth lie,
> Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
> Which well our ancients did among our wonders place."

Even gentlemen learned in the law were not exempt from a tinge of credulity with respect to barnacles. Sir Robert Moray, king's counsel, being at Aist, in 1678, says, he saw a stem of a fir-tree on the shore covered with shells, "having within them little birds perfectly shaped, supposed to be barnacles." Every shell that he opened contained the same "curiously and compleatly formed." He, however, goes on to say, "I never did see any of the little birds alive, nor met with any body that did. Only some credible persons have assured me they have seen some as big as their fist."

The celebrated philosopher, Father Hircher, who always had a reason for everything, attempted to account for the existence of tree-geese. Dr. Southwell, in a letter to Boyle, written from Rome, explains the Father's theory. He had heard Dutch navigators speak of the immense quantities of eggs laid on the ice by marine birds in high northern latitudes; when the ice melted, the eggs left floating on the surface of the sea were broken by the action of the waves; and then the "eggified waves" dashing over the trees growing near the water, the vital portions of the yolks, quickened by the heat of the sun, increased in size, until at last they became full-fledged geese.

It seems hardly possible that such absurd notions could ever have been seriously entertained. We, however, find them repeated, with some modification, in Camden's Britannia:—"It is hardly worth while," says the author, in his description of Buchan, "to mention the clayks, a sort of geese, which are believed by some (with great admiration,) to grow upon trees on this coast, and in other places, and, when they are ripe, to fall down into the sea; because neither their nests nor eggs can any where be found. But they who saw the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, when it was laid up in the river Thames, could testify that little birds breed in the old rotten keels of ships; since a great number of such, without life and feathers, stuck close to the outside of the keel of the ship; yet I should think, that the generations of these birds was not from the logs of wood, but from the sea, termed by the poets, 'the parent of all things.'"

Honest old Izaak Walton, if we may credit his scientific gossip, among other fanciful conceits, held that of spontaneous generation:—"barnacles and young goslings," he tells us, "are bred by the sun's heat, and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees;" and in support of the notion he quotes these lines from Du Bartas:—

> "So slow Boötes underneath him sees,
> In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees;
> Whose fruitful leaves falling into the water,
> Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls after.
>
> So rotten planks of broken ships do change
> To barnacles. Oh, transformation strange!
> 'Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,
> Lately a mushroom, now a flying gull."

It would be wearisome to wade through any further repetitions of this absurdity, for whose existence we have been unable to find any explanation. It is the more extraordinary, when we find grave writers, men of fair reputation, assuring us that they have seen the thing with their own eyes. It is easy to imagine that

a careless or credulous observer, on seeing a goose or gull fly up from a piece of floating timber on which it had alighted in search of food, may have been willing to declare himself convinced that the log was the parent of the bird. The sticklers for "wisdom of ancestors," may, at all events, learn to doubt the infallibility of their forefathers, from these resuscitated instances of its fallible foundation.

It was only towards the end of the 17th century that an approach was made to a truer knowledge of the subject. We read, in Ray's Natural History, that all the tales are false. "For in the whole germs of birds, (excepting the Phœnix, whose reputed original is, without doubt, fabulous,) there is not any one example of equivocal or spontaneous generation." The author quoted asserted the barnacle to be an animal of independent existence, which he had seen "growing in great abundance on the keel of an old ship."

Ignorance is always credulous. The animal, once the subject of so much delusion, is now, as we have shown at the commencement of this article, not less an object of wonder and admiration, from its peculiarities of habit and organization. We may observe in conclusion, that the barnacle-goose (*anser bernicla*) is rare in England, but abundant in the north of Europe, of which region it is a native. According to travellers, the flesh is good eating. Probably, however, from its fishy flavour, the barnacle-goose is one of those which may be eaten during Lent, in Catholic countries.

LETTER WRITING.

> "To all you Ladies, now on land,
> We men at sea indite;
> But first I'd have you understand
> How hard it is to write."
>
> LORD DORSET.

HARD enough! In many cases, besides the peculiar one adverted to by the witty nobleman above quoted, it is very hard indeed to write letters. The "men at sea," before or after a sea-fight, are not the only people who are made to feel the difficulty. I question whether my Lord Dorset himself, witty and ready as he was, would find it easy, if he lived in these days, to furnish his friends and acquaintances with as many letters as they (backed by the penny-post) would have the conscience to require of him, in all times and seasons, and on both elements traversable by mankind. For instance, it is very hard to be forced to write many letters when you go on a visit into the country. You go there because you are worn out with the turmoil and incessant excitement of a London life. You want to refresh yourself, body and spirit, with pure air, beautiful scenery, rural quiet, and the *dolce far niente*. Your great glory and crowning delight is to have nothing to do, and then, precisely because "you *have* nothing to do," one or two acquaintances hope you will give them "a line occasionally;" and a few near relations always expect to have full, true, and particular accounts of all you see, hear, feel and understand in the new circumstances in which you are placed. In this way, though you have no regular and important business to occupy your mind, you are never free from the tiresome feeling that there is something for you to do. There is always this or that person who will be expecting to hear from you; and who will think you neglectful if you do not write. This is one of the penalties you must pay for going into the country, and for having troops of friends. People of an affectionate, soft-hearted turn of character may not object to paying it. I have nothing to oppose to so potent a proverb as "*chacun à son goût*." All I know is, that when I am staying in the country, it seems to me to be a great blessing to have no interest in the post, and a great bore to have a numerous correspondence. Suppose the kind friends you are staying with plan a delightful excursion to see a ruin, to explore a wood, to climb a mountain, to sail on a lake or river, some sixteen miles off, which will take up the time

> "From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day;"

or, perhaps,—better still,—will oblige you to stay away all night, at some remote inn or (to you) hitherto unknown hall, or manor, or farm-house, where you are sure of a hospitable welcome on your friend's account. You like the idea of the affair;—the freedom, the novelty, the want of responsibility on your part is charming; you know nothing of the places or the people you are going to see; you only know that the places are beautiful, and that the people are sure to be glad to see you. But suppose you are beset with a number of correspondents; how is this excursion to be managed with comfort? You ought not to go till the post comes in. Again, you can't go anywhere before the post goes out. And, be it said *en passant*, the post, in remote, quiet, and altogether desirable country places, always does come in at the most inconvenient time of the day, except that at which it goes out again. Now, what is to be done in these circumstances? Are your letters to be waited for, and is the excursion to be spoiled? Take my advice, dear reader, and throw over your letters. Depend upon it, they are not so much worth having as an hour's drive, or ride, or walk. Better still,—when you go into the country to enjoy yourself, let it be distinctly understood by your acquaintances that you wish to receive no letters and intend to answer none during your absence—that you wish to cut off all communication between your working and your holiday life. Of course, you make a silent reservation in favour of some one person, or perhaps (if you are more than ordinarily blessed) of two persons who are part and parcel of your very existence, and without whose sympathy work would be meaningless, and a holiday would be joyless to you. Think what an annoyance it is to the people you are visiting to find that you have always "letters to write," whenever they want to talk to you or to take you somewhere! It is nearly approaching to an insult to them. Could you not rely on their powers of amusing, but you must

needs bring a whole army of letters down after you? You are displeased; and so are they. Oh! the position of a visitor in the country who is obliged to write to half-a-dozen intimate acquaintances every day, when he would much rather be able to forget them, and nearly everything else but the sights and sounds of nature, is truly tantalizing. Ye luckless wights who have been in this position—ye alone can tell "how hard it is to write." Lord Dorset's still more witty contemporary, the Duke of Buckingham, is said to have vented his ill-temper against a dog that had bitten him, in this vindictive exclamation,—"I wish you were *married and lived in the country!*" Marriage and living in the country were doubtless two unmitigated evils in the opinion of his good-for-nothing grace. I do not set up for superiority over my fellow-creatures on the score of humanity, but I could not find it in my heart to wish the worst dog of my acquaintance anything so unpleasant as a visit of pleasure to the country with a host of letters to write. No, not even if the dog had bitten me, and marriage had spoiled my temper previously.

Of letter-writing in the abstract, a great deal may be said. It is a much more general affair in these days than it was formerly. Cicero and Seneca and Pliny had no Rowland Hill to facilitate a rivalry of their elegant, moral and learned epistolary labours. There *was* such a thing as epistolary *labour* in those days: and very few people were capable of undertaking it. Matters are very different now; when it really seems as if the sapient Dogberry's words were plain truth, and that "to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to read and write comes by nature." The wig-maker, cosmetic maker, dentist, tailor and stay-maker, go far to prove the first part of the assertion, and the Phonetic system of orthography goes quite as far in proof of the last.

But though letter-writing has, necessarily, become much more general than it was formerly, its favour has not kept pace with its recognised usefulness; and not one person in fifty will honestly assert that he or she is fond of letter-writing. It is a thing which most people say they do not like; from the village maid or swain, who with strenuous effort of brain and hand pens a laborious love-letter, *à la* Sam Weller, and hesitates between the words "*circumwention*" and "*circumlocution,*" to the fine lady or gentleman, who sits at an elegant Davenport, strewed with rose-tinted and scented letters, all requiring speedy answers, and exclaims, "What a bore it is to have letters to write!" Most people say they like to receive letters, but very few say they like to answer them. I strongly suspect that all the world does not tell truth in the latter case. Some people, who really like letter writing, get into a habit of echoing the popular cry, and speak of it as a disagreeable task, or unpleasant duty; whereas, if they told the truth, they would confess that there was no time so agreeably spent by them, as that passed in writing letters. Of course, I do not mean mere letters of business. Nearly all persons who write good letters, are fond of letter-writing; for we all love to do that in which we excel. Perhaps it is the general recognition of this truth which makes them averse to acknowledging that they would rather write a letter than do most things. Such an acknowledgment seems to imply a conscious excellence; an implication which the falsely modest and the truly modest would both avoid.

But let us see what is meant by *good* letters, before we decide that it would be presumptuous or conceited in any one to admit indirectly that he wrote such. A letter should always be, in some sort, a reflex of the writer's character. A child's letter should always be child-like; and should no more be altered and dressed up to suit the grown-up standard of epistolary propriety, than its writer's young form should be clothed in garments fashioned after those of its parents. Give me the genuine child's letter to some one it loves. Look at its irregular lines, sprawling letters, its exquisite bad spelling, and intelligent errors;—its paucity of words, its aversion to unnecessary parts of speech;—its abrupt beginnings and endings of a subject. It is elliptical, laconic, incoherent, egotistic. It is composed mainly of the pronoun *I*, without any attempt at disguising the fact. *I—I*, that is for the most part the alpha and omega of the infant's interest. One of the most important aims of a right education is to draw out the latent higher feelings, so as to keep this lower, and very early developed one, in abeyance. But we are not now to deliver a lecture on the proper ends of education.

A child's letter, such as we describe it, is, in every sense of the word, a *good* letter; a thousand times better than any piece of absurd emptiness, which it might be made to copy out of an elegant Letter-Writer. Now, any letter, written by any one, in the same unconscious, expressive, eager, spontaneous way—written because there was something to say, and the right person to say it to; any such letter, I maintain, must be *good* in a certain sense. It does the work it was intended to do. It bears within it the mind, great or small, wise or foolish, cultivated or uncultivated, of the person who wrote it. And the person to whom it is addressed gets some good out of it. Letters which have nothing in them but silly excuses, tremendous polysyllables, and empty formulas of expression, ought to be returned to their writers in a blank envelope, the postage unpaid. There is no earthly good to be got out of them by either party; and they ought not to be tolerated.

There is no department of literature which is a greater favourite with the cultivated reader than "Letters." The letters of Voiture, Madame de Sévigné, Lady Montague, Pope, Gray, Horace Walpole, and many other celebrated letter writers, are read and admired quite as much for the intrinsic excellence, the stamp of individual mind seen in them, as for the light they throw upon the manners and customs, the domestic and public history of the times in which they were written. Take any one of Lady Mary's best letters, and you shall see, in it, my Lady Mary herself. It is brilliant, hard, and cutting

as a diamond—brilliant as her wit, hard and clear as her intellect, and cutting as her sarcasm. She has been pronounced "the hardest headed woman that ever lived;" and her letters are perfectly in accordance with such a character. They are matchless in her own sex for sound sense, genuine wit, decision, exact and definite descriptions, and a power of broad generalisation. Her very gossip is the gossip of a clever man. There are no women's letters to be compared with them in these qualities, and few men's. Lady Mary Montague's letters are among the very best reading for a wet afternoon in the country. Some portion of the sun-like intellect of the writer must fall upon the reader. Yet Lady Mary will never win your heart; you feel that she is a handsome woman, brilliant, strong, courageous, witty, sensible, and—yes,—*kind*, sometimes. You cannot love her, for all that. Do you not more than suspect that she is intensely vain, selfish, and proud? Alas, alas! my Lady, you have gained your desire—you are famous. These letters of yours, the world will not willingly let die; but no one loves you on that account; people even forget to pity your griefs as a mother; scarcely remembering that you were one. That is sad, Lady Mary.

Madame de Sévigné's letters are quite of a different nature. She studied effect, certainly; and she was eminently successful in her study. Her wit is delicate and playful; her feelings seem to flow so artlessly that you wonder how they could ever have been put upon paper in such elegant pointed language. Her maternal tenderness for that cold, proud, unsympathetic, Madame de Grignan reminds one of the continuous yet ever varying play of sunny waves against a block of stone. What an infinite variety of curve and heave and murmur in the one, what an endless multiplicity of forms in the other, for expressing the same simple meaning, "I love you!" I wonder whether any lover, since the world began, ever rivalled Madame de Sévigné in ingenious variations upon that theme. One never tires of reading them, because the feeling is evidently genuine. Madame de Sévigné's wit is the perfection of the true French "esprit." It plays over every thing, and hurts nobody. She never says a commonplace in a commonplace or uninteresting manner; and whether she retails the tittle-tattle of a country neighbourhood or the gossip of the court, the reader is sure to find something charming in it. Her letters may contain a great deal of art; but the reader does not perceive it.

Voiture, Pope, Walpole, &c. wrote clever letters;—very elegant and very clever letters, it is true; but as the writers' intention to make them superlatively elegant and clever is one of the first things which strikes the reader, it is not surprising that with his admiration of the cleverness, there should be mixed a smile at the vanity of the writers. In every page it is clear that to *l'eloquence de billet* they are ready to sacrifice any thing and any body. Besides, the incessant effort to say pointed things, and to make pretty turns of phrase, is wearying and monotonous.

Gray's letters are like his poetry; refined, carefully finished, and excellent of their kind. A little artificial, perhaps; but not strained or affected. That he liked letter-writing is very evident; and that he bestowed considerable pains on his epistles is also evident. But it seems to me that he did not take pains, to show what clever letters he could write; but that he took pains, because it was the nature of his mind to spare no effort to render any thing he did, as good as he could make it. He was a scrupulously conscientious reviser and corrector; and never liked to turn out any piece of work carelessly or indifferently. I have a notion that Gray's washing-bills or letters to his tailor would be elegant specimens of that kind of composition. This is to be attributed not to pride or vanity, so much as to a keen sense of the importance of aiming at perfection. Such a feeling is among the highest which can animate the human mind, and must never be confounded with a vulgar spirit of rivalry, which leads a man to do his very best in order to outdo somebody else.

The published letters of many recent celebrities give a tolerably correct idea of their writers' character—those of Byron, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Madame D'Arblay, Lamb, Coleridge, &c. None of these are what can be called *model* letters, although, perhaps, Madame D'Arblay intended that hers should be so, and Scott's are very nearly so, without his intention, being manly, sensible, humorous and without an *arrière pensée*. Byron, probably, had an eye to the public in his letters; as he had, unfortunately, in every thing else which he did. They are, nevertheless, amusing; being clever, often witty, and almost always dashed with a boyish spirit of headlong precipitation which gives one an idea of their being the natural effusion of the moment. This is one of the greatest charms of letter-writing.

Spontaneous, unconscious *abandon* is the great essential in making one human mind act sympathetically upon another,—whether in a letter or in personal intercourse. Upon the whole, it seems true that the best talkers are generally the best letter-writers; and it was so in the case of almost every one of the above-mentioned celebrated individuals. As far as I have had opportunities of judging, all persons who are in any way *good* in conversation, are, in that same way, good at letter-writing. Except in literary circles, the women in this country seem to be better talkers and better letter-writers than the men. This may be because they talk and write more. Let no one smile or sneer at this supposition, under the idea that it is meant as an echo of the vulgar notion that all women talk too much. Silly and ill-natured women talk too much; for they talk nonsense and scandal; and so do silly and ill-natured men; and it would be much to the benefit of society if they could be kept silent; but, *que voulez-vous?* It is clear enough that this world was not intended for wise and good people only; and, therefore, the others must be borne with if they can't be mended. Among the minor means of elevating society, we think that conversation and letter-writing

are of the greatest importance, and should be cultivated and encouraged as social arts. Letter-writing, owing to the improved postal arrangements in our own day, bids fair to have its influence felt throughout all ranks, as a means of improvement, and as a bond of union between all parts of the world. It may, therefore, be expected that "clever letters," "sensible letters," &c. which are now considered rarities, will become more common every year; and that, in consequence, very long letters will go out of fashion. A great letter, like a great book, will come to be looked upon as a great evil. Even Madame de Staël, who abounded in words, for she was eminently eloquent and oratorical, was well aware that "brevity is the soul of wit;" therefore, (being also impressed with the French idea that letters should be *witty* to be worth anything,) she thus apologizes to her friend Benjamin Constant for sending him an extraordinary long letter:—"*Adieu, mon ami. Cette lettre est beaucoup trop longue, mais je n'ai pas le temps de la faire plus courte.*" "This letter is too long, but I have not time to make it shorter."

It may seem somewhat paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that it takes a much longer time to express our meaning completely in a few words, than it does to express them in many. It takes longer to arrange, sift, and concentrate thought, than to utter ill-digested thoughts in fluent sentences.

There are two trifles which it may be as well to mention now we are on this subject. It has been remarked frequently, that clever men and thorough-bred gentlemen always write bad hands. This is a popular fallacy; it is one of those cases in which one or two remarkable exceptions have been made to stand for the rule. Like most popular errors, it has proved fatally attractive. Look at the hand-writing of most aspiring young men of the present day. Would you suppose they had ever learned to write? Would you believe that such feeble, illegible characters were produced by people who had any character themselves? Still less could you believe they hoped by such miserable, helpless scratching "to give the world assurance of a man" of superior character. I do not pretend to tell any one's disposition or fortune by a specimen of his hand-writing, and if I did I should require a great deal more than a shilling to do anything so troublesome and so useless. But I think I can detect a *snob* or a *simpleton* when I hear a young man say, "I would not write a good hand on any account! it's so ungentlemanly! it's just like a clerk or a shopman!" or, "Oh! you think my hand illegible, do you? they say that all celebrated men write so that nobody can read what is written. None but schoolboys write distinctly, now-a-days."

There are few things about which there can be less controversy than the qualities most desirable in hand-writing. The object of writing is to convey to the reader's mind, most readily, the writer's meaning; therefore, *legibility* is the one thing needful. Gracefulness of form may be an adjunct, and should always be aimed at, but never allowed to be predominant over the more necessary, the indispensable quality. Perhaps, the nearer a hand-writing approaches to printed characters the more sure it is of being easily read. Ladies have not this affectation, and do not try to render their writing slovenly and illegible on the plea that it looks clever and ladylike. They have the peculiarity, noticed so well by Tennyson, of making their written pages look like a field of corn all bowed down in one direction by the wind. This peculiarity is harmless; and some people think it pretty. There is a fashion in hand-writing, as in dress; and, perhaps, another ten years will produce a quite different style of feminine penmanship. We may see fashionable ladies forming their letters like their grandmother's backs, *i.e.* as upright as a dart,—the very *ne plus ultra* of uncompromising rigidity and implacable stiffness. We have no objection to such a change, provided the writing be legible.

The other trifle which I wished to mention concerns female writers chiefly, and they offend most in this particular,—the crossing of letters. It is a vile habit, an unconscionable tax on the eyesight and patience of your correspondent. It might be necessary in days when postage was dear, and the receiver of the letter had to pay for it; but there is no excuse for it in these days. If you have filled the legitimate amount of paper that will be carried for a penny, and have more to write, take another sheet to write it on, and pay twopence. Never put your correspondent to the expense of time and patience necessary for deciphering a dreadful-looking chequered sheet, which makes the eyes water to glance over. In a foreign correspondence *crossing* may be sometimes necessary; but there are few cases in which it is pardonable in the *Home* Department.

Some persons find letter-writing a great source of pleasure. They have a sort of separate existence in their correspondence. Invalids, and quiet, reserved, or any very sensitive persons, often *live* more in their letters, written and received, than in the daily routine of existence. Such persons are almost always of cultivated and refined mind, and know how to turn this pleasure to the best account. Those to whom they write most openly—to whom they can express their feelings with the least reserve, are not, perhaps, those to whom they could *speak* in the same way. They may, however, be the very safest confidants. Persons who write confidential letters are not often given to confidential talking. Perhaps they are frightened at the sound of their own voice; but timid people are often cautious. How is it that such persons neglect the prudent warning contained in the proverb, "*The written word remains?*" This consideration will carry us away from letter-writing into an inquisition concerning certain idiosyncracies; and, as we have already detained our readers long enough for the present, we will bid them Good-bye, and proceed to our own private letter-writing, which waits the close of this article.

J. M. W.

EGYPT:

A GLANCE AT HER PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION.

The recent death of Mehemet Ali has called public attention to Egypt and her destinies—a subject of no small interest and importance, but of which few of our readers, we will venture to say, have other than a very vague idea. Most people have heard of the Nile, and the Pyramids, and that the empire of the Pharaohs, once so powerful, is now reduced, to use the language of Scripture prophecy concerning it, to "the basest of kingdoms," no more to rule over the nations; but with this their knowledge usually terminates. It may not, therefore, be unprofitable to attempt such a sketch of the past and present condition of Egypt, and of the life of its deceased ruler, as can be given within the compass of a brief article.

Among the empires of antiquity, the Egyptian claims the greatest interest, for the remote origin and wonderful extent of its civilization. "When Abraham," says the learned historian of Egypt, Mr. Sharpe, "led his herds from the wild pasturages of Canaan to the banks of the Nile, he found himself in the midst of a people already old and acquainted with the arts and sciences." Memphis, the first great seat of Egyptian civilization, was then a splendid city, and the pyramids, the tombs of its monarchs, then in all the freshness of their original perfection. Here, it is generally believed, is the scene of the beautiful story of Joseph, and hence Moses may have led the Israelites into the wilderness. Thebes, the second great centre of arts and empire, is five hundred miles higher up the river. Its origin was, perhaps, as early as that of Memphis, but it did not attain its highest state of perfection till the reigns of the great Ramessean princes, a few centuries before the time of David and Solomon. Egypt was then the most powerful and most highly civilized empire in the world. Its conquests extended southward over Ethiopia, far towards the sources of the Nile, and northwards over great part of Asia. The pyramids of Memphis, and the temples and tombs of Thebes, are monuments of these periods; they still stand to attract the wonder and admiration of the world, and will probably outlive all other existing edifices.

This was the palmy age of Egypt's supremacy; but in the course of time and change, the nations over whom she had triumphed prevailed in turn against her. The Ethiopians and Persians conquered her soil, Cambyses plundered Thebes and Memphis, and overthrew the colossal statues of the Egyptian conquerors, which we now see prostrate on the sand. Egypt was long compelled to submit to the Persian yoke, which, however, she at length threw off. But her primitive life and energy were no more. Meanwhile, another power had been growing up, which was to overcome the Egyptian and Persian. Greece had partly been colonized from Lower Egypt, and derived much of her mythology and science from that wisdom of the Egyptians which Solon, and Pythagoras, and Plato afterwards went there to study among them. Alexander, after the reduction of Tyre, advanced upon Egypt, which submitted without a struggle. In arts and arms she had been declining as Greece advanced; and the foundation of Alexandria, by the Macedonian conqueror, while it tended to increase the commercial importance of Egypt, gave to it a Grecian government. Under the government of the Ptolemies, the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians was supplanted by the schools of Alexandria. That city became the greatest commercial one in the Mediterranean, and almost rivalled Rome herself in extent and magnificence.

When at length the world became subject to Rome, Egypt became the most important of the eastern provinces. Upper Egypt had gone greatly to decay, and Thebes had fallen into ruin. Memphis, however, was still a great city. The commerce of Alexandria knew no diminution. During these many ages and revolutions, Egypt had still subsisted in a flourishing state. Enormous wealth was drawn from her resources into the Roman treasury, though the population was fast declining from its maximum of eight millions.

With the establishment of Christianity fell the old worship of the ancient Egyptians, and the Polytheism of their Grecian and Roman masters. Alexandria became the seat of the Athanasian controversy. The monastic system first took root in Egypt. With the decline of the Byzantine empire, the country fell gradually into decay, till the Arabs, issuing from the eastern deserts, animated with all the fervour of a new religion, overthrew all before them, pushing their victorious arms within a few hundred miles of the English Channel. Egypt became a province of the Arabian caliphate of Bagdad. Memphis, the oldest of cities, at last fell, and was used to build the Arabian city of Cairo; the crescent replaced the cross. Henceforth, decay was more and more rapid, owing to internal dissension; and the selfish sway of the Turkish conquerors and Mameluke dynasties who successively obtained possession of the soil.

Another and momentous series of influences was also arising. The West was now awaking from the barbarism into which it had been thrown by the fall of the Roman empire. Arts and commerce revived in Italy. The Moors were expelled from Spain. The discovery of the passage round the Cape gradually withdrew what was remaining of the Indian trade of Alexandria. Egypt sunk lower and lower. Commerce and science had seen their best days in the East, and their seat was henceforth transferred to the western world. In proportion to the rapid advance of European supremacy, was the decay and disorganization of the Turkish empire; till, when Buonaparte invaded Egypt, he found the country groaning under the sway of a handful of Mameluke Beys,—a dynasty of foreign slaves, who had risen and overpowered their masters, and who, tributary to the Porte only in name, were occupied solely in restless intrigues for supremacy, and in outvieing with each other in extortion, while they totally neglected to improve the resources of the sinking country.

Yet at that period, although politically speaking the

Turkish empire was in a very unsettled state, Egypt and other provinces being rather nominally than really dependant upon the Sultan, there existed a strong bond of union between them in their common bigoted profession of Mahommedanism, and hatred of all European innovation, which has since been greatly weakened, and become a passive rather than an active feeling.

The Janissaries in Constantinople, and the Mamelukes in Egypt, formidable under the old system of warfare, despised the tactics with which they were as yet unacquainted. When the Mamelukes first heard of the invasion by Buonaparte, they exclaimed, "What! the French come to invade us? they are the people of whom we buy our cloth; we had better send our seis (grooms) to drive them away. By Allah! if they come near us, we will cut them up like cucumbers!" The battle of the Pyramids, however, opened their eyes, and disclosed the weakness of their only arm of defence. Egypt fell an easy prey to the invaders, who first accustomed the conquered inhabitants to European arts and arms. The revulsion of feeling occasioned by defeat was great. Despondency succeeded to previous confidence, and though the country was wrested from the French, the inhabitants knew that this had not been effected by their own power, but by that of England. The prestige of Mussulman invincibility was destroyed for ever.

Having briefly sketched the different changes that have taken place in Egypt, spoken of her ancient supremacy, her wealth and populousness, and commerce, and traced the changes in her religion from Polytheism to Christianity, and from that to Mahommedanism, as well as her gradual decline from the pinnacle of power to the utmost depth of abasement, we shall now proceed to trace as briefly as possible the changes that have taken place under the régime of Mehemet Ali.

We ought first, however, to notice the remarkable circumstance, that while he was bent upon the regeneration of Egypt, the late sultan Mahmoud should have formed the same intention with regard to the Turkish empire in general, and that thus the energies and resources of these two men, whose co-operation would have so greatly forwarded the common design, should have been wasted in mutual hostility. In one respect they followed, however, precisely the same policy; that, namely, of humbling the military oligarchy identified with their former triumphs, and substituting European tactics for their ancient mode of warfare.

Mehemet Ali was born at Cavala in Roumelia in 1769, the same year that gave birth to Napoleon and Wellington. Dissatisfied with the occupation of his father, a small farmer and trader, he entered the military service under the chief of the guard, whose widow he afterwards married, adopting her son, the late Ibrahim Pasha. Anxious to find a wider scope for his enterprising disposition, he sought employ at Constantinople, but in vain, until a contingent being wanted to act against the French in Egypt, he was sent thither, where he soon distinguished himself by his conduct and valour, warmly endeared himself to his troops, and, by steps which it is unnecessary to detail, gradually acquired an influence which compelled the Porte to appoint him Pasha of Egypt, upon payment of an enormous tribute. Installed at length in this desired post, his position was still extremely insecure. The Mameluke aristocracy, anxious to regain exclusive power, engaged England in their quarrel, and a small body of troops was accordingly sent into Egypt, which, for want of co-operation, was, however, compelled to withdraw. The Mamelukes were now reduced to watch for some opportunity of compassing the destruction of Mehemet Ali, and this, they flattered themselves, would occur on the departure of the army for the campaign against the heretical Wahabees of Arabia. But the Pasha had been secretly informed, and had determined to be beforehand with his enemies. A splendid ceremony, on the occasion of his son's investiture with the command, was appointed to be held in the citadel. The Mamelukes fell into the snare, and repaired thither for the last time, in all their splendour. The remainder is but too well known. They were artfully enclosed within the citadel of Cairo, and remorselessly exterminated. Whatever may be thought of this deed, it cannot but be admitted in extenuation, that it was perpetrated in self-defence. Delivered from his more urgent apprehensions, the Pasha was now free to pursue his war with the Wahabees, over whom he ultimately obtained a complete triumph, and sent the keys of Medina to the Porte. Sultan Mahmoud had long been jealous of the growing power of his nominal vassal, and he now ungenerously seized the moment of his absence to appoint the Pasha who bore the despatches to the government of Egypt; but on arriving there, his head was immediately struck off by the faithful lieutenant left behind him by Mehemet Ali. The latter, if he had not already decided upon his ambitious plans, would no doubt have been stimulated to do so by this conspicuous proof of the faithlessness of the Porte. As yet, however, his means for revolt were not ripe. Assured of the necessity of adopting European tactics for his army, he determined to make the attempt. A body of troops were drilled by European officers near Cairo; but, as a revolt had nearly taken place, he determined to remove the scene of the experiment to a distance. Colonel Sève, now Suleiman Pasha, a skilful officer of Buonaparte's, was the chief agent in this regeneration of the army. A corps of blacks from Sennaar were first collected, but perished from sickness. The ordinary Arabs were next forced into the ranks, and were at length disciplined. A formidable army was thus collected, and numerous ships of war built for him by European agency; the next thing wanted was a scene upon which to turn these preparations to account. This occurred not long after in the revolt of the Greeks. Mehemet Ali seized the opportunity of offering his services to subjugate them for the Porte. Unable himself to reduce

the insurgents, the Sultan was compelled to accept the dangerous offer of the Egyptian Viceroy. An army and fleet were sent into Greece. Ibrahim carried on the war in the Morea, where he committed those horrible atrocities which led to the well-known battle of Navarino, where the Turco-Egyptian fleet was destroyed by the English and their allies. Ibrahim was obliged to return to Egypt; and thus the ambitious designs of his step-father were for a while checked, there being little doubt that the Greeks once subdued, he would then, with his victorious army, have dictated his own terms to the Sultan, perhaps at the gates of Constantinople.

Syria now became the object of Mehemet Ali's schemes; and having in vain solicited its government, he resolved to find some pretext for its invasion. Certain of his troops having deserted and fled into Syria, he contrived to pick a quarrel with Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, and forthwith sent a force by land and sea to reduce that fortress. After a six months' siege, it fell; and, leaving a garrison behind, Ibrahim rapidly advanced to the conquest of Syria. Damascus was forced to open its gates. The troops of the Sultan were routed at Homs, Aleppo was occupied, and a second Turkish army destroyed in the passes of Beilan. Ibrahim now entered Asia Minor, defeated a third force sent against him, and rapidly advanced upon Constantinople, when the interference of Russia put a check to his victorious career. A treaty was entered into with Mehemet Ali, who was allowed to retain Syria as well as Egypt upon payment of further tribute. And thus, by one fortunate campaign, the virtual dominions of the Pasha extended from Dongola, which had been subdued in the interim, northward to the passes of Mount Taurus, and eastward over Syria and Arabia, over the largest and fairest portion, in short, of the territory of the Porte.

The yoke of the Pasha at length becoming insupportable to the Syrians, the Porte gladly embraced the opportunity of interesting his European allies in his cause. It was determined to dispossess Mehemet Ali of Syria. Acre had been entirely repaired by him, and garrisoned with great strength. The English fleet, with that of the Austrians and Turks, however, bombarded and took it in a few hours. The Egyptian army retreated upon Egypt. Twice within a few years has the writer of these notices witnessed the fearful traces of destruction upon the memorable ramparts of this key of Syria. No sooner was that country wrested from the gripe of the Pasha than it was restored to the possession of the Porte. The change was as magical as it was unfortunate. Society returned to its old state of convulsion; robbers reappeared on the roads; bloody feuds arose between contending sects and parties; and, to crown all, the English, the prime agents in producing this change, were insulted by the very Turks whose battles they had been fighting, pelted, like the writer, with stones from the battlements of Jerusalem; and where formerly able to traverse the wildest parts of the country alone, now afraid to stir outside the walls of a fortified city without an escort. The peasantry, who felt the exactions of the Pasha, complained still more bitterly of those of the Sultan and his agents, who pillaged them without restraint, while all security of life and property was at an end.

Henceforth the career of Mehemet Ali presents no incidents of marked importance. It is to his credit, that although the English had been the agents in abridging his power, he offered no opposition to the passage of the overland mail to India, which had now become established, and which is of such incalculable importance to our empire. A railroad had even been projected, and the rails brought out; but the scheme was, perhaps wisely, abandoned. A steamer now conveys the passenger to Alexandria in a fortnight. A barge and steam-tug takes him on by the canal from that city to the Nile, up which he goes by steamer to Cairo, and is thence conveyed over the level seventy miles of desert by vans and omnibuses to Suez, where another steamer takes him on to Bombay. The mails are sent across on the backs of camels, and the wild Bedouin is the mail-guard of all our East India correspondence. Large hotels have sprung up at Alexandria and Cairo; and travellers have proportionably increased. It is singular, too, that it is precisely during the life of Mehemet Ali that Egyptian archæology has made such rapid strides, and thrown such vast and growing light upon the history and manners of the ancient world. We approach the end of our biographical notice. All who were acquainted with the dissolute habits and broken constitution of Ibrahim Pasha, the step-son and hereditary successor of Mehemet Ali, prophesied that his death would precede that of his father; and so, indeed, it happened. Meanwhile, the old man was gradually sinking, till, from sheer mental and physical exhaustion, he expired at his palace at Alexandria, leaving the hereditary succession of Egypt to his grandson, Abbas Pasha.

Though driven by political necessity into deeds of blood, and forced by his false position in regard to the Sultan to keep up an enormous establishment, which could only be maintained by a system of extortion, Mehemet Ali personally displayed very great and amiable qualities. He was naturally just and humane, opposed to bigotry, desirous of acquiring knowledge, and sincerely anxious to improve the condition of Egypt. We must give him credit for great designs, if not for wisdom in carrying them out. We must not forget that he was bred up under a system of oriental despotism, and was surrounded by unscrupulous advisers. He possessed the great faculty of organization, and of overcoming difficulties by decision and energy. He was beloved in private life, active and temperate in his habits, and intellectual in his tastes. He was fearless of danger, and patient of fatigue. He had all the qualities of a great man; and if his policy was erroneous, and his means of carrying it out indefensible, he is to be judged according to the circumstances in which he was placed, and by the acknowledged difficulty of giving to a corrupt and effete system a new organic life.

It is now time to speak a little more of the good and the evil of the system pursued by this extraordinary person. In order to appreciate the former aright, it is necessary to cast a glance over the state of the Turkish empire in general. Of this, disorganization was the prominent characteristic. The different provinces groaned under the sway of the different pashas, who, having bought their places, were interested in extorting the utmost from the unhappy people. The country fell more and more into decay; agriculture languished; the country was unsafe; neighbouring districts, and even villages, at deadly feud; the Christian population exposed to the outrages of the Mahommedan. As soon as the sway of Mehemet Ali was established, an improved system followed in its wake. The roads became secure, feuds were suspended, the Christians enfranchised, and useful works projected or commenced. It was at this period that the writer visited Syria; and with a single attendant travelled unharmed, and, indeed, without apprehension, through the length and breadth of the land. Every where he met with traces of the omnipresent energy of order, and had a merciful as well as a firm system of administration been followed out, doubtless Mehemet Ali's rule would have become, both in Egypt and Syria, so dear to the people at large, that he would have retained possession of both provinces to the present hour.

But his means were too small to realize the numerous improvements he had planned, and the military and naval force he was necessitated to keep up. He thus became grasping and cruel, almost from compulsion. An army of European adventurers was attracted to Egypt, who eagerly flattered his desire for improvement, whether possible or visionary. Among his well-meant, but unfortunate projects, was the introduction of the European system of manufactures,—set going at a vast expense, and, from the inaptitude of the native agents and other causes, costing far more than they produced. Had he contented himself with the simple growth and export of cotton, it would have been altogether as great a gain. His enormous armaments, however, have doubtless been the great drain both of men and money. The Egyptian and Syrian peasantry had a peculiar horror of the conscription, and it was found necessary to seize them by force and fraud, and send them, in chains, to Cairo. This spread a general feeling of hatred against his rule. His expedients for raising revenue reached, at length, the acme of extortionate cruelty. It has been estimated that four millions annually were required to meet his expenses, and the tribute he was obliged to pay to the Porte,—a sum utterly disproportionate to the resources of the country; and accordingly, after various unjust confiscations of property, including that of mosques and charitable foundations, he at length, by a sweeping measure, dispossessed the landed proprietary of Egypt, whom he pensioned off, and became himself the great farmer and monopolist of the land. The oppression of his agents, in carrying out this iniquitous scheme, completed the misery of the unhappy people. The population, amounting at his accession to about three millions, has sunk as low as 1,700,000.

To speak, however, of some of the improvements which in some measure atone for, as they have too often been allowed to keep out of the sight, the suffering by which they have been purchased. Besides the establishment of general order and security, and the enfranchisement of the Christians, much has been done for the sanatory improvement of the capital —a new mad-house substituted for the old one, (and those who, like the writer, have seen *both*, will appreciate the substitution); schools of medicine, of trade and agriculture, besides others of engineering and military tactics, established; a canal cut from Alexandria to the Nile (attended, however, with much reckless loss of life), which has restored the old channel of commerce; the port of Alexandria improved—a new light-house erected—other important improvements at least commenced—agriculture encouraged, so far as is possible under so arbitrary a system, which deprives the labourer of all interest in his labours. But the most momentous result produced by the general policy of Mehemet Ali, is the gradual breaking down of the barrier between the Eastern and Western religious habits and manners, and the general dissolution of the old Mussulman elements of society. The toleration, and even laxity of the pasha, together with his seizure of the funds of the mosques, alienated the minds, and at the same time weakened the influence, of the Mahommedan priesthood. The army, formed of unwilling conscripts, has been disciplined by French officers. Every improvement has been the work of European agents, who go far to monopolise the offices of government, and are insinuated into every department of the public service. A taste for European luxuries and vices has thus come to pervade the higher ranks of the natives, who are losing confidence in the dogmas and contracting dislike to the precepts of the Koran. Tyranny has produced its usual result in the general demoralisation of the people. The old Moslems shake their heads, and say that the last days of Islam are at hand. The Syrian peasantry, especially the Christians, invoke, as we have often heard them, the coming of the Europeans. In Egypt if it is not even desired, there is a passive indifference which would lead the population to bow to it as the decree of fate.

We must boldly confess that a European occupation of Egypt seems to be ultimately as inevitable as it would be desirable. If the process of re-organization commenced by Mehemet Ali is to be kept up, it can only be by a great and benevolent power seizing and directing the reins of government, which feebler or more ignorant hands are incapable of doing. There are two courses open for the government of Egypt, *i. e.* either a reactionary, or a progressive policy. The first, by the confusion it must occasion, would inevitably compel European interference. The second can only be wisely carried on by European hands. But our limits, as well as our avowed abstinence

from more than a general glance at political questions, forbid us to enlarge upon this important topic.

We should be loath to conclude this brief sketch of the past and present state of Egypt, without recommending our readers not to lose the opportunity of visiting Bonomi's Panorama of the Nile. With all that has been written upon Egypt, the subject is still not sufficiently *popularised*, and every thing that tends to familiarize us with the extraordinary physical features of the country, its botany and zoology, and its stupendous antiquities, deserves the highest encouragement. Here, while enjoying an hour's agreeable amusement, the visitor will carry away a more lively and distinct impression of Egypt than could be obtained by the perusal of many a volume of description. The incidents of manners and customs are all most admirably truthful. We heartily wish it success.

THE VILLAGE NOTARY:

A HUNGARIAN TALE, BY BARON EÖTVÖS.

It is not our custom, as our readers know, to touch upon subjects bearing even remotely upon politics. We would wish our pages to afford a refuge from the tumult and the din of those vexed questions, or that, at most, they should only be heard faintly and afar off, like the hum of a distant city, listened to amidst green fields. Still, there are scenes and events that must perforce withdraw our attention from our accustomed pleasant paths to that hot and dusty arena. We neither are, nor would affect to be, indifferent to the great movements going on around us, and are incapable of imitating the lofty composure of the gentleman who, when told that his house was on fire, replied, that he never troubled himself with domestic affairs.

We have, therefore, much satisfaction in introducing to English readers a work which, besides its merits as a fiction, has what at present we may regard as the greater one of affording a striking picture of the political, social, and domestic life of a country whose name has been lately in every mouth—on which the eyes of Europe have been fixed, yet whose internal condition is very imperfectly known.

The "Village Notary" is the production of a Magyar nobleman, who has held for some years a prominent place in public life, as well as in the world of literature, and whose position, as author and statesman, seem to afford guarantees for the fidelity of his representations, corroborative of that presented by their internal evidence. The scene is laid some twenty years back, and exhibits forcibly the anomalous relations of the nobles and peasants of Hungary before the recent changes. It may be, perhaps, superfluous to remind our readers, that the former class, though a few years ago the exclusive possessors of all civil rights, were frequently in station, education, and habits of life, in no way distinguishable from the lowest of the people, whose birthright was servitude, and on whom the whole burdens of the state were imposed. The chief incident on which the story turns enables the author to display very strikingly the relative positions of the privileged and unprivileged classes; but as a mere outline of the plot would in a great measure destroy its interest, we shall prefer giving our readers the means of following it themselves, by presenting them with a condensation of some of its most striking scenes, so connected as to convey a distinct view of the whole. The opening places us at once in the midst of the region that has been the theatre of some of the most remarkable events of the late war.

Whoever has journeyed for a short distance along the plains of the lower Theiss, or stayed but for a few days in one of the little towns or villages of the district, may boldly assert that he knows the whole of that part of Hungary. As in the faces of certain families it is only after long and intimate acquaintance we can discover any characteristic features by which we may distinguish one from the other, so the traveller who has fallen asleep on one of our sandy roads, will, if he awake some hours afterwards, discover only by the altered position of the sun and the weariness of the horses that he has been making any progress.

The general character of the landscape, as well as its particular features, will furnish just as little to remind him of the distance he has traversed as the ocean does to the mariner far out at sea, who, at whatever rate he is moving, sees still around him the same boundless waste of water. Far-stretching pasture lands, whose uniformity is only broken here and there by the occurrence of a draw-well, without a bucket, or a few storks promenading in the marshes, —badly cultivated fields of wheat and maize without enclosures, which are only defended from theft by their presenting nothing worth the trouble of stealing, —here and there a few lonely huts, where some shaggy sheep-dogs keep in remembrance the sacred rights of property, and stacks of hay and straw from the preceding year, which show that the proprietor must either have very much fodder, or very little cattle; all these things the traveller saw when he closed his eyes, and all these things he sees again when he opens them. Even the steeples which were visible on the edge of the horizon the last time he looked round, rising like pillars out of the level plain, seem to have travelled with him; at all events, there is as little difference between those he then saw and those he now sees, as between the village he was then approaching, and that which now lies before him; although, as his driver assures him, he has gone a distance of no less than *five miles*, during a nap that has merely lasted from noon to six P.M.

As nothing so powerfully influences our conduct as the characters of those around us, the river Theiss, in this part of its course, forgetting or repenting of the wild tricks of its youth in the Marmaros, accommodates its behaviour to the landscape through which it winds its tortuous way, and, with the exception of a

few falls, where it seems to have lost all patience at this slow work, or where it has been turned out of its own bed by some tributary intruder, it moves along with such calm and leisurely dignity, that nothing in the world that moves at all (except perhaps a Hungarian law-suit) can possibly move more slowly. Even its inundations may from year to year be predicted almost to a day, and their limits pointed out upon a map, so that they can just as little be regarded as extravagances or excesses on the part of the river, as when on solemn occasions, weddings, Installations, Restorations,[1] and the like, our magistrates and official dignitaries meet together, and get formally and majestically drunk. As soon as the flood-time of water, or wine, is past, things go on again as smoothly as before, and the fair Theiss retires within its accustomed limits, proving itself the best citizen of the country (for of which other of our Magnates can we say that he spends all his wealth on his fatherland), and also the happiest—for who else can boast that his freedom is fettered by no restrictions? Amongst all the great rivers of Europe, perhaps the Theiss is the only one that can proudly declare that man has done nothing at all for it, but that it is now precisely in the state in which it came from the hands of the Creator.

Somewhere in this region of the lower Theiss—for I must come to my story, at last—there lies close to the banks of the river, at a part where it wriggles itself into the form of a large S, a certain county of Hungary, which we shall call Taksony; and within this county, near a little hill, full twelve feet high, and crowned by three poplars, (the reader will please to take notice of this, for no such hill, far less with three trees upon it, is to be found in all the country far and wide,) there lies the village of Tiszaret, the property of the family of Rety, who have held it since the time of the first migration of the Magyars—as that worthy gentleman, Jonas Macskahazy, the Fiscal[2] of the Rety family, is willing to prove, from the most authentic records, to any one who may be inclined to doubt it. The family of Rety is one of the oldest in Hungary; all its children are born Tablabiros,[3] and, as the present head of the family has been heard to declare with pride, not one among them has died without the county having mourned a Vice-Gespann[4] (after the death, we will hope); so we cannot wonder if, of the splendour surrounding the lords of Tiszaret, some beams should fall on the neighbouring village. Indeed, the county engineer, who, with the exception of the above-mentioned hill, did not find, when he surveyed it, an inch of inequality in the whole surface, declared it was a perfect paradise.

The extensive gardens in the English style, whose trees, planted thirty years ago, have grown in the sandy soil to an incredible height; the large pond, which some people think too small, but which, large or small, is as beautiful and green as the meadows themselves; and in rainy weather, on the other hand, rather more sandy than the road; that road, which, though constantly renewed, strangers, to our indignation, will persist in calling muddy; the grand castle, with its peaked roof and gilt ornaments; the hall of the Doric order of architecture, where the Vice-Gespann smokes his afternoon pipe, and before whose Gothic gateway a crowd of suppliants may generally be seen losing their time; the court-yard, with its vast stables and hen-roosts; and the mighty dunghill, which almost hides the stables themselves;—all this bears at once the stamp of comfort and magnificence, especially when, on leaving the house, you find yourself on a pavement leading straight from the mansion of the Retys to the county house (nobody else in Tiszaret would presume to expect such a convenience); then, indeed, you may feel that you are in the domain of a Hungarian Vice-Gespann. The family mansion itself may, perhaps, be regarded as a public building, for nobody doubts any more than they do of the nobility of the race, that it has been erected at the expense of the county.

Since, however, I shall have, in the course of my narrative, ample opportunities of making the reader acquainted with the beauties and conveniences of both the village and castle of Tiszaret, he will, perhaps, permit me just now to accompany him in a walk through the long street, and across the meadow to the before-mentioned hill, called the Turk's Hill, which, to say nothing of the three trees, deserves a visit from the fact of our being able on very clear days to obtain from it a glimpse of the summit of the Tokay Hill, looking in the distance like a great blue hay-rick.

The warm beams of a fine October afternoon were pouring their radiance over the wide plains of Tiszaret, no cloud chequered the deep blue of the sky; as far as the eye could reach no cart or carriage raised a cloud of dust to obscure the bright green of the grass, and nothing but the thousand-voiced song of the lark, the tinkling of the distant sheep-bell, or the murmuring song of the labourer as he loitered homeward with his scythe upon his shoulder, broke the stillness of the time when the sun, too, was hastening to his rest.

Upon the Turk's Hill, whence you can perceive the woods of St. Vilmos, and the eye, wandering over the houses of Tiszaret, with their acacias, can follow for miles the windings of the river, two men were seated, who appeared sunk in contemplation of the scene before them, or in those reveries concerning days gone by, that steal over the heart at such moments. There is a feeling, much resembling what is called home sickness, with which, when we have passed the early the stages of human life, and are advancing towards its close, we look back on the days of our childhood; and the narrower has been the sphere in which our lot has been cast, the less of what is really worth remembering the past presents to us, so much the more pleasant to us is it to look back into the time when

(1) County-meetings, in which the election of the public officers for the county takes place.—Tr.

(2) The legal adviser, considered, on account of the perplexities of the law in Hungary, as a still more indispensable appendage than a family physician.—Tr.

(3) A Tablabiro is a judge, or member of the High Court, described by a Hungarian writer as "a small piece of omnipotence and omniscience in human and mustachioed form."

(4) Deputy-Lieutenant of the County.

we at least intended to do something, and felt ourselves to be among the "called," though we have not since found that we were of the "chosen." (A conversation follows, which affords us some insight into the character of the two friends. Tengelyi, the village Notary, and Vandory the pastor. It is, however, interrupted by the appearance of a hunt in the distance, which chances to take the direction of the hill where they are seated.)

"That is a savage pleasure, unworthy of a man," said Vandory, breaking silence; "I cannot conceive how an educated man can take any pleasure in it."

"And yet it attracts your attention in spite of yourself," said Tengelyi; "we seldom understand the griefs of others, and their joys still seldomer. What is there more irrational in this pleasure than in many others. Whoever sees his object before him, and feels that he is every moment approaching nearer to it, is happy whether that object be a hare or the conquest of the world; the feeling is much the same, the difference is more for the spectator than for the actor."

"And the cruelty?" said Vandory, "do you count for nothing the sufferings of the animal, the inequality of the struggle? So many dogs and horses against a hare! It is revolting!"

"The inequality I grant," replied Tengelyi, "but where in the world do we find equality of contending forces? The English manufacturer and his workman, the American planter and his slave, and the rich and poor in all countries, does it seem to you that the struggle between them is much more equal than that we are now looking on. Believe me, friend, hare-hunting is not the cruellest sport in which these gentlemen indulge, and their game has not always been fed upon the land of its persecutor, nor has it like the hare a chance of escape."

Vandory answered only with a deep sigh to these bitter words, and if, as an optimist, he thought Tengelyi in the wrong, he did not express his opinion.

The chase, which had advanced close to the Turk's Hill, was now over, the hare was caught, the hunters had dismounted, and were caressing their panting dogs, while they advanced to meet our friends, whom they distinguished afar off. If our fair readers could have seen the two young men Akos Rety and Kalman Kislaky, who now joined the aged pastor and the notary, they would certainly have thought them not unworthy of a glance as they stood, glowing with exercise, their fine hair blown about in disorder, and their tall slender figures set off by the short blue hunting frocks.

But we know our duty as Magyar writers,—we know that in Hungary no one should take precedence of the Upper *Stuhlrichter* in his own district, and we will therefore hasten to pay our respects to the great personage who has accompanied the Retys to the chase, and is now following them to the Turk's Hill.

If I were writing for foreigners I might here indulge in a long note concerning the office of Stuhlrichter, and even my countrywomen who have, doubtless, known many a Stuhlrichter in their time, may perhaps, have had little idea of what a weight of official duties lies often on the shoulders of their best dancers—duties which have been described in two thick volumes; but my story is far removed from all political purposes, and it may be sufficient for the ignorant to be informed that the Stuhlrichter's duties are heavier, and connected with more toil and trouble than those of any one in the whole world. He it is who upholds public order; he is the bulwark and defence of rich and poor—the judge and father of his district. Without the Stuhlrichter no one can obtain justice—through the Stuhlrichter's hands come all complaints from below, and all commands from above. He regulates the course of our rivers, he builds bridges and makes roads, he is the chief overseer of the poor, the Superintendent of schools, a justice of peace, the chief Huntsman, whenever a wolf thinks proper to show himself, the chief Physician whenever there is an epidemic disease, the head of the police, the Governor of hospitals, the judge of the criminal court, the head of the commissariat, &c.; in short, everything by which we live and move and have our being. If now, among the five or six hundred men who fill this office in Hungary one neglects his duty, the consequence is suffering to thousands; if one is a partial or a corrupt judge, justice expires in a circuit of several square miles. If, therefore, the kind reader will compare the duties required of the Stuhlrichter with the salary allowed him by law, which is from 100 to 150 gulden (12*l.* 10*s.*) per annum, with the certainty that in two or three years' time, if he administer his office impartially, he will be superseded by some powerful rival, he will be willing to admit that under these circumstances there will commonly be found in our country either five or six hundred suffering saints, or as many hundred thousand suffering citizens.

Every one will see that the Stuhlrichter's office has two faults; *viz.* too much work and too little pay. The individuals who fill it can therefore but endeavour to remedy these by letting the work be, and taking a little more remuneration than the law has reckoned on. If they did not in this way come to the assistance of our defective institutions, I do not see for my part how this Paul Nyuzo, this Stuhlrichter of Taksony, could bring up his four sons to be like himself pillars of the state; or how, as often as he blesses with his presence the happy fields of Tiszarét, the people should be thrown into a state of reverential trembling; of course, I mean only the baser sort, who are unreasonable enough to expect to obtain for nothing that justice which is the most costly jewel of civil freedom.

It was by no means necessary to know all this in order to be seized with a sort of shivering, a salutary awe that is most beneficial to the maintenance of order, at the very sight of this Paul Nyuzo. His dry bony figure—his wrinkled face and long pendant moustaches, and the savage expression of his green eyes, which seemed to have been given him not merely

to see with, but as offensive weapons—the short pipe, without which, (unless perhaps at a Congregation,) no one ever saw him, so that it may be considered as a part of himself—and, in addition to all this, a tone of voice that pierces the ear, when we consider these things we need not be surprised that the Ober Stuhlrichter is the terror of the whole country, the rogues only excepted.

Should you meet him driving along in his carriage you will acknowledge that justice has never appeared under a more terrible aspect. The four horses going at a pace which shows that whatever folks may say, justice does sometimes proceed very rapidly in Hungary; behind the coachman the county hussar, with his high plumes, (*post equitem sedet atra cura,*) behind the hussar a bundle of sticks, which remind the antiquary of the Roman lictors; behind the sticks the smoking and commonly cursing Stuhlrichter—is not this a picture at which the boldest might shake in his shoes?

But, after all, what is a Stuhlrichter without his sworn man? As nature has brought some creatures into the world in pairs, so the Hungarian constitution which, as is well known, proceeds strictly on natural principles, brings justice into the world by the co-operation of two beings, namely, a Stuhlrichter and a Sworn man. Andreas Kenihazy was the right hand of this Ober Stuhlrichter, and not, like some sworn men, a right hand that did not, as Scripture says, know what the left hand was doing, and therefore very often did precisely the contrary; he was perfectly well acquainted with all the doings of his principal, and did all he could for the prosperity of the firm in which he was a partner. That Kenihazy was a good Christian is evident from the fact, that he never forgot the precept, "when one cheek is smitten turn the other;" that is to say, that when any one offered him a bribe, which we know is the greatest possible insult to a judicial person, he never failed meekly to expose himself to a repetition of the offence. He has been known indeed to explode into terrible anger against the suitor, who could not but offer his gift with trembling to such an upright judge, but it has been observed that, probably, because he strove to guard against these emotions, his decision has commonly been favourable to the party in proportion to the extremity of his virtuous indignation, unless, indeed, in cases where the opposite party had offered him still greater insults.

As we shall often have occasion to mention Kenihazy again, I might here enter on a description of his appearance—of the blue spencer to which, once upon a time, no button was wanting—of the waistcoat which thanks the sun alone for the colour it has at present—of the cravat, rolled by time into something like a cord, and by which, though it now hangs round the neck of its master, the master himself might conveniently hang—of the mouse-coloured trowsers, shoved up in riding above the knee—of the boots, and the spurs, and the round hat, which gave him a certain air of nobility—but I will not dwell on these things, but only observe, *en passant*, on that prejudice which exists in theory (though heaven be praised it has little influence on practice) concerning what is called the corruptibility of judges, and which I am convinced originates in mere envy.

Without dwelling on the fact that the law of our country (a law which no one will venture to declare obsolete) permits judges to receive presents, I would ask, is not gratitude the very foundation of morals? Is it not a virtue indispensable to a good man? And shall we require of a judge that he shall show himself ungrateful only to those from whom he receives benefits? Again, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you;"—is this not one of the first of religious precepts? Now let us suppose a judge in the place of him from whom he receives a present, and that he has a suit of whose justice he is not quite convinced. Would he not wish that the judge should give him a favourable decision? And is it not therefore his duty to do for his fellow creatures what, in similar circumstances, he would wish to have done for himself?

But we will leave this question for the present, for my duty now is not to discuss our judicial system, but to tell the story of a village Notary. I return, therefore, to the Turk's Hill and the company assembled upon it. We find then Kalman disputing eagerly with Vandory on the cruelty of hare-hunting, but Tengelyi and Akos are taking little share in the dispute, the former because he maintains that the subject is one on which we must all, after due consideration, be of the same opinion, though we all in practice act in precise contradiction to it; the latter because he is occupied with quite other thoughts, and whoever had observed the flush that passed over his face as he inquired of Tengelyi after his daughter, Vilma, might have guessed, perhaps, that there were things in the world more interesting to him than hare-hunting.

Tengelyi has answered his inquiries briefly, and with obvious displeasure, and immediately turned the conversation to another subject. Nyuzo and his sworn-man are standing at a little distance discussing the approaching Restoration, and the means of gaining the public confidence; but we can only hear the names of certain villages, and the words "barrels," "dollars," and so forth, and then Kenihazy mutters, "So then we shall be in again!" and clatters his spurs as if he could dance for joy, blowing at the same time such clouds of smoke from his pipe, that I should liken him to a steam-engine, if I did not know better than to compare a thing like that, which is always working, to a Hungarian nobleman.

The party was just about to break up when an unlooked-for spectacle attracted all their attention. From the Turk's Hill where they were standing, two horsemen and a pedestrian had been for some time visible; the latter ran sometimes by the side of, and sometimes before the riders, and there had been some discussion as to whether they were Pandours,[1] or

(1) Attendants of the police in Hungary.

robbers, for in some points of view it is really not easy to see the difference between a servant of Hungarian justice and a thief.

As they came nearer, however, the blows and kicks with which the riders encouraged the man on foot to proceed, decided the question, and the party perceived that the latter was a prisoner whom the satellites of the most noble Comitat were escorting in the customary mode.

"Tell some one to ride over to the Pandours, and say they shall bring the delinquent here," said the Ober Stuhlrichter to the Swornman; "most likely he belongs to Viola's band. It is a capital case, a case of statarium;[1] it would be a pity to take him to the village. Didn't I say we should catch them?" he continued, turning to Akos Rety, who was observing the new comers. "If I should never be elected again, I swear I will justify the past confidence of the county, by hanging three of the rascals upon this very hill!"

"That is to say, if you catch them," said Akos, laughing, "which you must permit me to think doubtful. Our friend Tengelyi here maintains that it is a hard thing to find an honest man, but you are determined to prove the contrary, for hitherto you have caught nothing else. If I do not mistake," he continued, "this comrade of Viola—this terrible robber, with whose hanging you meant to prepare an agreeable little surprise for the county—is no other than our old acquaintance, Peti the gipsy."

Kislaky, who had recognised the prisoner at the same moment, now also began to laugh; and indeed the only serious face in the company was that of Vandory the pastor, whose heart bled for the ill-treatment of the prisoner.

"Poor Peti!" exclaimed Akos; "why, our country has no more useful citizen! If a house is to be built, Peti will make the bricks; if a lock is spoilt, he will mend it; if a horse wants a shoe, or the rider a spur, Peti is ready to furnish either. At a wedding he is always at hand with his fiddle; or if any body wants a grave dug, Peti will accommodate him. The wicked world even says that in his youth he served the state in the capacity of executioner; but the world is always ungrateful, and even more to its useful than to its great men!"

"I don't know what you mean by joking about it," said Nyuzo, drawing his forehead into more wrinkles than usual; "but I tell you it's a hanging matter. I, for my part, don't believe the fellow the Pandours are bringing is your old gipsy at all."

"And if he should not be," said Akos, "and that he owns a white skin instead of a brown one, of course there can be no difficulty about your hanging him?"

"Who said it was your gipsy?" muttered the Ober Stuhlrichter, growling some words which, though of pure Magyar origin, are not, we fear, to be found in any dictionary published by our learned societies; "but who can tell whether the old rogue you take for an innocent fiddler——"

"Has not been all his life masquerading as a gipsy," interrupted Akos, laughing aloud; for he was much amused by the wrath of the worthy magistrate; "and now the truth will come out. You'll have nothing to do but to pull off his brown skin, and show the world that the notorious Viola, at whose name the whole country trembles, is in fact no other than old gipsy Peti."

"Let them laugh who win," growled the Stuhlrichter; "Paul Nyuzo is not exactly the man to crack jokes upon. Who knows with what besides brick-making this honest gipsy employs himself; and if he once played executioner, he'll be the more ready for another part in the scene of the gallows. The old rogue would look well enough strung up." And the magistrate laughed at his exquisite joke, and poured forth a volley of curses on his pipe, which had gone out, on the Pandours for not making more haste to bring the gipsy, and on the gipsy for not being brought.

Poor Peti, who was now nearing the Turk's Hill, and already at a distance of five hundred yards, had begun to make reverential bows, dreamed not of the storm that in the meantime was gathering over his head.

Akos, however, was well aware of it, and endeavoured in various ways to obviate the effect of his jest, but in vain. Nyuzo's wrath was still rising; he longed for some one on whom to pour it out; and the first words that Peti heard from his judge made him aware that it was in an evil hour he had appeared before the worthy gentleman.

"So, you precious villain!" he exclaimed, clearing the way with some tremendous oaths; "so, you're caught at last! Don't be afraid, my man, you shall get your deserts!"

"Oh, pray, gracious sir!" sighed the unfortunate gipsy, in the softest tone he could bring out of his hoarse throat.

"Silence!" thundered the Stuhlrichter. "I know all, and I don't doubt I shall be able to make you remember all, too, if you should attempt to deny it."

"I deny nothing, sweet sir; I'm a poor old harmless man," said Peti, "I——"

"Don't bark, you dog!" bellowed Nyuzo, "or I'll give you a box on the ears that you shall remember on the day of judgment. Would you attempt to deny it, villain?"

"I deny nothing, noble, gracious sir," said the poor gipsy, in a still more plaintive tone.

"No, you'd better not—I advise you not," said Nyuzo, interrupting him again; "we know all about you. And now," he continued, turning to the Pandour, "tell us what you have brought him here for, Janos."

"Please your lordship, only because you said we were to take up everybody we thought suspicious."

Akos, who was evidently much interested by the scene, now cried aloud, "And so this is all the reason

(1) Capital punishment, which, at all events before the late changes, half of the Hungarian county magistrates had the *privilege* of inflicting.

you had for arresting the poor old fiddler. Upon my word, you deserve a gold medal!"

"We shall see that, by and by," replied Nyuzo, casting a savage glance at the young man; and then, turning to the Pandour, "go on; what has the old rascal been doing?"

The Pandour, who had been somewhat abashed by the tone of Akos, now recovered his courage from the unusually friendly manner of the Stuhlrichter, and answered:—

"It happened just so. It might be about three o'clock,—wasn't it, Pista? (his companion nodded assent,) and we'd been resting and eating a bit, and were just riding over to St. Vilmos Wood; we'd been about all day, and were afraid we shouldn't be able to do as his worship had told us, that is to be sure and bring in somebody—when all of a sudden, Pista—he has better eyes than me—he sees over the way against the wood, a bit more than a mile off, a man on horseback and another talking to him, and says I to Pista, suppose it should be Viola! Ah! says he, suppose it should, and as I looked again I saw—"

"Viola!" cried Nyuzo in a voice that made every one present, and especially the Pandour, aware of what answer was desired.

"Yes, the very man, please your worship, at least I would make any bet it was he," replied the servant of justice.

"He with his bad sight recognised Viola a mile off!" exclaimed Akos, "what may not Pista have seen?"

"We shall soon know that," growled Nyuzo; "but if robbers and highwaymen are to be protected in this way, the devil may be magistrate for me. Didn't you get a nearer view of the criminal?"

"How could we?" said the Pandour; "we spurred our horses, but the poor beasts were so tired that they could hardly move, and when we came up, we found nobody but the old gipsy, who was making off to St. Vilmos, as fast as he could."

"Humph!" said the Ober Stuhlrichter, for he found himself a little disappointed in his expectations.

"Of course then you put the hand-cuffs on him for that," cried Akos; "for who knows what dreadful thing he might have done if he had got there. If such clever fellows as you are always sent out after highwaymen you'll certainly spoil their trade, for no honest man will venture out of his own door."

(Just as the old gipsy is about to be hauled to prison, it appears by the discovery of a letter on his person, that he has been employed as a secret messenger on electioneering business, by no less a person than the Vice-Gespann. This puts his case into an entirely new light.)

"Perhaps, never did a piece of paper produce a more sudden and complete change in any one's position, than did the appearance of this letter in that of Peti; and when Akos, after glancing hastily over its contents, handed it to Nyuzo, the perplexity and consternation manifested in his face are indescribable.

"You have managed this matter cleverly, it must be confessed," said Akos, "and if at the Restoration,[1] you should not be re-elected, you can at least console yourself with thinking that you have done what you could to assist our adversaries. If the 300 votes of St. Vilmos go against us we shall all be turned out, rest assured of that, and most likely this will now happen."

"But why didn't he say a word," cried Nyuzo, in the utmost distress, "why didn't he give a hint that he was the bearer of an important message. You accursed old villain," he continued in a voice of thunder, (for he was one of those amiable beings who are always the most violently abusive when they ought to beg for pardon, so that you are in rather more danger if they tread upon your toes, than if you tread upon theirs,) "why in the devil's name didn't you say you were under orders from the Vice-Gespann? I've the greatest mind to give you such a five-and-twenty—"

The gipsy, who now knew that he could count upon support, replied that the harsh treatment of the Pandours had put it all out of his head, and added, "And my lady told me to be sure and not show my papers to any one, especially to any one belonging to the honourable Comitat. I hoped too that it must be found out that I was innocent."

"You innocent!" exclaimed Nyuzo, clasping his hands; "he has a letter of the Vice-Gespann's in his pocket and trusts to his innocence! Here, take your letters, and woe to you if you don't reach St. Vilmos to-night."

Although the sun was already near the horizon, the gipsy bowed his head in token of assent, and as soon as he found himself at liberty, set off at a rapid pace in the required direction.

"Was I not right?" said Tengelyi, as the hunting party dispersed, and the two friends were again left alone; "hare hunting is not always the most cruel sport in which these gentlemen indulge. But look," he continued, pointing to the rapidly retreating figure of the gipsy, "it appears to me that our friend Peti is not taking the road to St. Vilmos, after all."

"I think so too," replied Vandory; "I have been watching him for some time. He will hardly do the Vice-Gespann's errand to-night, in the way he is going. He seems to be making a circuit!"

"Perhaps, Nyuzo is right after all," said Tengelyi, "and the gipsy is in league with Viola. I'm convinced he is not running at that rate for nothing. But it is no business of ours, let's go home."

And they descended from the hill, and walked slowly back to the village, from which the soft tones of the evening bell were heard in the still air.

(To be continued.)

(1) The triennial election of the public officers of the Hungarian counties.

A FEW WORDS ON JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

The dictionary of the English language, by Samuel Johnson, considered as the work of one unassisted intellect, is not merely a literary marvel, but a performance of national interest and importance. We have always looked upon Johnson as a type of the English character. It has become usual to represent him as a kind of embodiment of the virtues, peculiarities, and prejudices, which most prominently distinguish us as a nation. His virtues, indeed, were of the order that will always command the reverence of the thinking portion of mankind; he was a true son of genius,—laborious, frugal, independent, self-trusting, self-helping, self-relying, self-respecting in all the incidents and circumstances of life. From the path of duty, as that path lay revealed to him, no considerations could induce him to swerve; he was obstinately right, sometimes as obstinately wrong, but he possessed the strength of mind which will not give way, whatever may be the obstacle opposed, and which, as has been more than once the case where Englishmen are concerned, is often victorious over apparent impossibilities. The feeling of energetic self-reliance and resolute courage, which enabled him single-handed to accomplish a task which no learned body seemed inclined to undertake, and which appeared far beyond the unassisted efforts of any ordinary intellect, may be well described as something akin to the obstinate intrepidity that has distinguished our brave soldiers on many a desperate field, which has impelled them to the breach and the battery, where success was all but hopeless, and, under the most appalling mischances, prevented them from perceiving a reverse, or understanding when they were beaten. It will be remarked that Johnson had a full appreciation of the difficulties of his position, and that he felt a species of *national* pride in surmounting them. He had made up his mind to support the credit of his country. What forty Frenchmen had done in forty years, it was his maxim one Englishman might do in three. A characteristic colloquy on this subject has been preserved in Boswell, which we venture to cite:—

"Dr. Adams found him, one day, busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Adams.—This is a great work, sir. How are you to get all the etymologies?

Johnson.—Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman, who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh.

Adams.—But, sir, how can you do this in three years?

Johnson.—Sir, I have no doubt I can do it in three years.

Adams.—But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary.

Johnson.—Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see: forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

With every discouragement from without, it was well that he was thus firmly supported from within. The difficulties with which he had to contend have never been sufficiently estimated: he was working for his daily bread; he had but the booksellers to look to for subsistence, and he was often engaged in extraneous composition. No wealthy patrons smiled upon his labours, and furnished him with necessary funds; no learned dignitaries[1] tendered their assistance, or facilitated his researches; in solitude and neglect he prosecuted his lonely labours, and with some bitterness of spirit, and real sadness of heart, presented their result to the world. We may well imagine that before a work of such magnitude was fairly completed, author, transcribers, printer, and bookseller had alike some excuse for weariness. The bookseller who conducted the publication was Mr. Andrew Millar, and when the messenger who carried the last sheet to him, returned, Johnson impatiently asked what he said on the occasion. "Sir," answered the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God! I've done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, with a smile, "that he thanks God for any thing."[2]

In the preface to the Dictionary—certainly one of the finest specimens of Johnson's prose style—he could not, of course, refrain from adverting to the circumstances under which the work had been composed; and the concluding paragraph is at once so valuable as a model of lofty and pathetic eloquence, and so interesting a picture of the author's mind and character, that we venture to give it insertion.

"In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here so fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form,—

(1) With the honourable exception of Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, who forwarded him a paper containing about twenty etymologies.

(2) Boswell's Johnson, vol. i.

I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

This noble passage should not be quoted without referring to the concluding paragraphs of his famous letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, who, it will be recollected, had made Johnson an indirect offer of his distinguished patronage, (at a period when such patronage had become superfluous,) by the publication of two letters in the periodical publication called "The World," replete with courtly panegyric and fulsome compliment. It was to Chesterfield, in the first instance, that Johnson had addressed the "plan" of his Dictionary; but till the work was on the eve of publication, and had been actually announced, the careless, and, we may perhaps add, heartless courtier had not bestowed a thought upon the toiling author, or tendered him the slightest assistance. His honied compliments were now estimated at their real value, and provoked a bitter, but not undeserved retort.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time, I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is now useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. . . . . Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

In the advertisement to the fourth edition, we find the following highly characteristic *Johnsoniasms*, and we cite them principally to show the independent tone which the great lexicographer assumed upon minor matters, and the dignified and magisterial character of his ordinary communications. "Many faults I have corrected, some superfluities I have taken away, and some deficiencies I have supplied. I have methodized some parts that were disordered, and illuminated some that were obscure. Yet the changes and additions bear a very small proportion to the whole. The critic will now have less to object, but the student who has bought any of the former copies need not repent; he will not, without nice collation, perceive how they differ, and usefulness seldom depends upon little things. For negligence or deficience I have, perhaps, not need of more apology than the nature of the work will furnish: I have left that inaccurate which was never made exact, and that imperfect which never was completed."

It must be admitted that this unnecessary pomp of language, this monotonous loftiness of style, and the too apparent effort at point and antithesis, afforded his contemporaries a fair subject for ridicule and animadversion. His more enthusiastic admirers, it is true, thought otherwise. Boswell has selected, for his especial commendation, a sentence in the preface to the Dictionary, which is certainly enough to frighten the unlearned reader, and which can scarcely be matched by any sentence in the *hardest* scientific text-book. "When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their nature collateral?"[1] His definition of the word *Network* is, however, usually considered his masterpiece in this particular style. He has thus defined it:—"Any thing reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections!"

But the most remarkable class of definitions in the Dictionary, are unquestionably those in which Johnson has openly suffered his prejudices to interfere, and in which, at the caprice of the moment, or from settled design, he has given expression to personal or political passions and predilections. There was no half-heartedness in Johnson. He was what he was pleased to term "a good hater;" what he disliked, he disliked with all his heart and soul and strength, and on every available opportunity he showed his aversion by word or deed. But violent political passion frequently hurries us into strange inconsistencies. There is scarcely any very rabid politician who has not at one time said or written something, which at some other time may be used as a weapon against himself. When Johnson was writing his definitions of *Pension* and *Pensioners*, could he have reflected on the possibility of himself receiving (as in a few years he actually did receive), a similar acknowledgment of merit from the royal bounty?

"*Pension*. [*Pension*, French.]—An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

"*Pensioner*. [From *pension*.]—1. One who is supported by an allowance paid at the will of another; a dependant. 2. A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master."

One of the first acts of George III. on his accession to the throne, was to settle a pension of 300*l*. a-year on the author of the Dictionary, and although Johnson

(1) In one of his minor works, the "Memoirs of Frederick III. King of Prussia," written in the year 1756, the following sentence is said to occur. He is speaking of the pride which Frederick's father took in having the tallest regiment in Europe, and continues, "To review this towering regiment was his daily pleasure, and to perpetuate it was so much his care, that when he met a tall woman, he immediately commanded one of his Titanian retinue to marry her, that they might *propagate procerity*."

felt, it appears, at first, (after his wholesale condemnation of pensioners,) some little qualm of conscience in accepting it, his misgivings were soon dispelled, and we find him acknowledging his gratitude for the royal favour in the following terms. "The English language," he said to Mr. Sheridan, who communicated the welcome intelligence, "does not afford me terms adequate to my feelings on this occasion. I must have recourse to the French. I am *pénétré* with his Majesty's goodness." Certainly no man ever better deserved a pension, but his Dictionary might have been quoted to show that accepting one, according to the mildest definition there, reduced him to the humiliating position of a "dependant."

His political antipathies found full scope when he came to the word regarded by him as the most obnoxious in the language, that of *Excise*, which he defines to be—"a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." Partly from the mode in which it was collected, and partly from traditional prejudice, the excise was, up to the end of the last century, a most unpopular impost. When Sir Robert Walpole, in the height of his power, introduced his project for an excise, he was met with such a storm of popular indignation, that he was compelled to bend before it, and when thirty years later the Earl of Bute proposed a similar impost upon cider, his unpopularity was such, that he dared not appear in the streets; his carriage was on one occasion demolished, though surrounded by a guard of prize-fighters, and his life only saved by the interference of the civil power.[1] Johnson therefore in this instance only gave expression to the popular feeling on this exciting topic. But it is said that the Commissioners of Excise were so offended at the freedom of the comment, that they consulted the Attorney-General, (Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield,) with a view to legal proceedings. The learned gentleman, it further appears, gave his opinion that the matter was libellous, but no prosecution was instituted, and not long afterwards, in a number of the "Idler," Johnson, nothing daunted, classed together as "the two lowest of all human beings, a scribbler for a party, and a Commissioner of Excise."

In finding a definition for the word *Patriot*, he has introduced a sneer at popular politicians worthy of Sir Robert Walpole himself.[2] We believe that on one occasion, in private conversation, he spoke of patriotism generally as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." In the Dictionary, after giving the recognised meaning of the term *Patriot*, he tells us that it is a word "sometimes used for a factious disturber of the government." We have thus a rare instance of agreement between the famous Whig statesman and the soundest Tory of modern times. In the definition, by the way, of these two great party names, he took care to proclaim his political bans. Whilst a *Tory* is defined to be "one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England," the word *Whig* is contemptuously dismissed as "the name of a faction." We believe, in one of his carefully recorded conversations, he is represented as speaking of a friend as a man after his own heart; "For, sir," said he, "he hates a fool, he hates a scoundrel, and he hates a Whig."

Nor did he neglect the opportunity of giving vent to his *national* prejudices, and especially to his prejudice against Scotland and Scotchmen. We all know how poor Boswell was confounded, when on his first and long-hoped-for interview with the literary giant, having confessed his country in the apologetic phrase, "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it," he was met with the stern repartée, "That, sir, I find is what a great many of your countrymen *cannot help*." And when an unlucky Scotchman was sounding the praises of his native country, and observed that "Scotland had a great many wild noble prospects," we may remind our readers of Johnson's clever, but unfair retort:—"I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." To return to the Dictionary, we find a sneer at Scotch poverty in the definition of the word *Oats*, viz.—"A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." Boswell tells us, that in the manuscript of his work Johnson had originally inserted a still more characteristic specimen of his personal antipathies, and he gives us the Doctor's confession in these words:—"You know, sir, Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to the word *Renegado*, after telling that it meant 'one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter,' I added, 'Sometimes we say, *a Gower*.' Thus it went to the press, but the printer had more wit than I, and struck it out."[3]

When, again, he contemptuously (for we cannot think he could have meant it otherwise) defines *Poetess* to mean "a she poet," we are reminded of another prejudice which appears to have possessed him in an inordinate degree, namely, his unjust depreciation of the intellectual qualities of the opposite sex. We could not select a more amusing instance of this prejudice than is to be found in one of his colloquies with Boswell, who told him one Sunday that he had been to a meeting of the people called Quakers, and had heard a woman preach. "Sir," replied Johnson, "a woman's preaching is *like a dog*

(1) Cooke's "History of Party," vol. iii.

(2) "A patriot, sir! Why, patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within the twenty-four hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and despise all their efforts. Their pretended virtue proceeds from personal malice, or from disappointed ambition. There is not a man among them whose particular aim I am not able to ascertain, and from what motive he has entered into the lists of Opposition."—*Speech of Sir Robert Walpole, on the motion for his impeachment*, 1741.

(3) Boswell's Johnson, vol. i.

walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." What would the great lexicographer have said had he lived in the days of Mrs. Fry?

There is another class of definitions, perhaps equally eccentric, to which we must refer before concluding our paper. We allude to the occasional glimpses of jocularity with which the laborious compiler enlivened his labours. The jokes are none the worse for being sometimes good-naturedly directed against himself. Thus we find the LEXICOGRAPHER defined to be "a writer of dictionaries; a *harmless drudge*, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of words." GRUB-STREET is said to be, "Originally the name of a street, near Moorfields, in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, *dictionaries*, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called *Grub-street!*" His convivial associations induced him to give to the word *Club* a truly jovial signification, for he styles it, "An assembly of *good fellows*, meeting under certain conditions." In one place, also, he has seized the opportunity of paying a passing tribute of respect to his native city, and the allusion is both graceful and appropriate. We find it under the word LICH [*Saxon*] "a dead carcase—whence *Lichfield*, the field of the dead, a city of Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens.*"

The multitude of citations with which the Dictionary is enriched, while proving in an eminent degree the industry and varied reading of the great compiler, may be at the same time referred to as illustrative of his superior taste and high qualification for the execution of his great work. The quotations which in most cases accompany the words were originally intended to form a useful and instructive compendium of moral precepts and poetical descriptions, arranged in their proper order. And although this design was found to be partially impracticable, and though many of the longer extracts in the process of transcription were either abridged or rejected, many passages were spared which, in the words of the author, "may relieve the labour of verbal researches, and intersperse with verdure and flowers the dusty deserts of barren philology."

Even were we qualified to do so, we have no disposition to criticise further this gigantic production. We have always regarded the work, as we have regarded the character of its author, with a feeling of respect akin to reverence; and if we have ventured to smile at the eccentricities, and to amuse ourselves with the foibles of either, we have not done so in a scoffing or depreciatory spirit. With all its contradictions, its obstinate prejudices and blind nationality, it wilfulness and its waywardness—the character of Samuel Johnson stands marked in the history of mankind as a *great fact*. His unflinching spirit of independence, his heroic struggles under the pressure of difficulties and misfortunes, his resolute rejection of degrading patronage, as long as manliness and sincerity are honoured in the world, will never be forgotten. His career was what an Englishman's should be — one of straightforward, honest toil, persevering industry, strict integrity, intrepid courage.

"Such was Johnson's life," says Thomas Carlyle, in one of his most eloquent essays, to which in closing this paper we with pleasure refer our readers, "the victorious battle of a free, true man. Finally he died the death of the free and of the true. A dark cloud of death, solemn and not untinged with the halos of immortal hope 'took him away,' and our eyes could no longer behold him; but can still behold the trace and impress of his courageous, honest spirit, deep, legible in the world's business wheresoever he walked and was."

[In Grose's *Olio*, (which we need not, perhaps, remind our readers is a collection of scraps and oddities by that facetious antiquarian Francis Grose,) are the following curious anecdotes; for the insertion of which, as everything connected with the compilation of the great work that forms the subject of this article may have some degree of interest, we make no apology. We reprint them as they appear in the volume. "Doctor Johnson's Dictionary was not entirely written by himself; one Steward, a porter-drinking man, was employed with him: Steward's business was to collect the authorities for the different words. Whilst the dictionary was in hand, Dr. Johnson was in debt to a milk-man, who attempted to arrest him. The doctor then lived in Gough Square. Once, on an alarm of this kind, he brought down his bed and barricadoed the door, and from the window harangued the milk-man and bailiff in these words: 'Depend upon it, I will defend this my little citadel to the utmost.' About this time the doctor exhibited a great proof that the most ingenious mind may be so debased by distress, as to commit mean actions. In order to raise a present supply, Johnson delivered to Mr. Strahan the printer, as new copy, several sheets of the dictionary, already printed and paid for; for which he thus obtained a second payment. The doctor's credit with his bookseller not being then sterling, and the occasion for money very pressing, ways and means to raise the supply wanted were necessary to prevent a refusal. These circumstances the author mentions that he received from a person who was concerned in printing the dictionary.]

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[1]

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRAIN ARRIVES AT AN IMPORTANT STATION.

THE catastrophe related at the end of the last chapter, attracted the attention of a couple of labourers, who had been engaged in mending the road, and they immediately hastened to the spot, to render any assistance which might be required. By their aid, the poor woman was extricated from her perilous situation, but, unfortunately, not in time to prevent her from being considerably injured; her right arm hung powerless by her side, in a manner which proved that the bone must be broken, and she complained of severe pain in one side, where the horses' hoofs had struck her. Committing the phaeton and horses to the

(1) Continued from p. 170.

care of one of the working men, Lewis and the other labourer carried the poor woman to a cottage by the road-side, and deposited her on a bed, till such time as the surgeon (for whom General Grant had, by his daughter's suggestion, despatched the groom on the horse which Lewis had ridden) should arrive. Luckily, they had not long to wait, as the boy met the person he was in search of, returning from his round of professional visits. The arm was soon set, the pain in the side pronounced to be the consequence of a broken rib, which was also bandaged up, and the sight of Annie's well-filled purse rendered easy an arrangement with the tenants of the cottage, to allow the invalid to continue their inmate till she could be removed without detriment.

In the meantime, the General had drawn Lewis on one side, and was expatiating to him upon the cause of the accident. "You perceive, Mr. Arundel, that my wrist is slightly swollen? Well, sir, that is from an old strain received in the little affair at Pokcumbc-hint; I was only a captain then,—the company to which I belonged got separated from the regiment in crossing a jungle, and a party of the Rajah's irregular horse tried to cut us off; they were upon us so suddenly, we hadn't time to form a hollow square, and for a minute, our fate seemed sealed;—they rode the men down like sheep;—in the *melée*, a gigantic trooper cut down the colour-sergeant, and was about to possess himself of the flag, when I seized the staff with my left hand, and struck at him with my sword, but, unfortunately, it broke on his cuirass—his sword had also snapped with the blow which had caused the poor sergeant's death, and a struggle ensued between us, for the possession of the colours. His strength was in proportion to his height, but, although I felt as if every muscle in my arms was about to snap, I held on, till one of my men shot him through the head. At the same moment, a troop of the 14th Lancers rode up, and rescued us—but my wrists have never recovered that strain. However, I found little difficulty in holding in these horses, till just now, when we had turned to come home, some boys overthrew a barrow full of stones by the road-side, which startled the animals; they broke into a gallop, and, despite all my efforts to prevent it, the accident to which you were witness, occurred."

"Had I known of your intention, sir, I should have cautioned you not to trust them too implicitly," replied Lewis. "Before your return,—by Miss Livingstone's wish,—I went over the stables to ascertain whether there were any carriage horses she could use. I drove these greys the second or third time they had ever been in harness, and they ran away with me in Broadhurst Park; but I have taken them out several times since, when Walter wished for an airing, and I believed they had become quiet."

"Indeed," returned the General, more graciously than was his wont, "I was not aware you were so good a whip; that relieves me from a great difficulty; you will be so obliging as to drive the phaeton home, and I can ride your horse. With my wrists in their present condition, it would be a great risk for me to attempt to hold in those animals, and the groom is a mere boy. Annie, my dear," he continued, as his daughter approached them from the cottage; "our difficulties are at an end; Mr. Arundel, it appears, has been in the habit of driving these horses lately, and will be so good as to take my place, and see you safely home."

"But, papa——" began Annie, in a tone of remonstrance, while a slight accession of colour replaced the roses, which fear had banished from her cheeks.

"My dear, the arrangement is the only one which appears feasible, under present circumstances. I shall ride Mr. Arundel's horse, and will keep near, so you need be under no alarm," returned her father, majestically.

Annie by no means approved of the plan—in the first place, she was a good deal afraid of the horses, and having no experience of Lewis's skill as a driver, was naturally alarmed at trusting herself again behind them. In the second place, she had a vague idea that it was scarcely etiquette to take a tête-à-tête drive with the handsome young tutor. But she saw that her father was quite determined, so, like a sensible girl, she refrained from offering opposition which she foresaw would be useless.

Lewis, however, reading in that "book of beauty," her expressive face, the secret of her fears, took an opportunity, while the General was shortening the stirrups to suit himself, to re-assure her, by saying, "You need not be in the least afraid, Miss Grant; believe me, I would not undertake so great a trust as that of your safety, did I not feel perfectly sure that I could drive you home without the slightest danger."

As Lewis spoke, Annie raised her eyes, and glanced at him for a moment. It has been already remarked, in the course of this veracious history, that when Lewis smiled, the nameless charm which in Rose Arundel's face won the love of all who knew her, shed its lustre over his handsome features—to analyse such an expression of countenance is scarcely possible, but perhaps the nearest approach to a correct description of it will be to say that it was a bright sunshiny look, which inspired others with a conviction of its wearer's kindness of heart, and honest truthfulness of purpose. Such was its effect in the present instance, and when her father handed her to her seat in the phaeton, the uneasiness which had arisen from a want of confidence in her driver, had in great measure disappeared. Lewis waited, with the reins in his hand, till the General had mounted and ridden off with Walter, who acquiesced silently in the change of companion, then springing lightly to his place, he desired the man at the horses' heads to stand aside, and drove off. The iron-greys soon found out the difference between their late conductor and their present one, and after one or two slight attempts to gain their own way, gave up the point, and settled down into a quiet steady trot. Annie, whose alarm had quickened her perceptions on the subject, was not long in remarking the change,

and turning to her companion observed, "How do you contrive to make the horses go so quietly, Mr. Arundel? When papa was driving them, they did nothing but dance and caper the whole way, and at last, as you are aware, ran away with us."

Lewis, who considered that the present was a favourable opportunity which might never occur again, to unburden his mind in regard to the skating affair, and was debating with himself how he might best introduce the subject, heard her question mechanically, as it were, without its reaching the ears of his understanding, and it was not until he observed her look of surprise at receiving no answer to her query, that he hastened to reply, "I beg your pardon, Miss Grant, I was thinking on quite a different subject. I have lived such a hermit's life of late with poor Walter, that I have become dreadfully absent."

"I merely asked by what charm you had contrived to tame these fiery steeds," returned Annie, smiling at his evident bewilderment.

"The charm of a steady hand and a strong arm," replied Lewis. "But these horses and I are old acquaintances; we had a struggle once for the mastery, and I conquered, which they have not forgotten." He then gave her a short account of the run-away scene in Broadhurst Park, to which she listened with much interest. When he had concluded, Annie remarked, "How dreadful it must have been when they were rushing towards the lake, and you felt uncertain whether you might be able to check their wild career! That lake seems destined to become the scene of dangerous adventures. I must take this opportunity," she continued, with a faint blush, "of thanking you for saving my life: in the few hurried lines I wrote you, I am afraid I scarcely made you understand how much I—in fact, that I am not ungrateful."

It was now Lewis's turn to feel embarrassed. The moment he had sought for was arrived; he must confess that which would turn his companion's gratitude into aversion; he must forfeit her good opinion irretrievably, and probably for this very reason, (so perverse is human nature,) he, for the first time, discovered that he valued it highly. Annie was the only member of the family (with the exception, perhaps, of Charles Leicester,) who had never caused him to feel painfully his dependent situation, and it had not escaped his notice, how, on several occasions, she had interfered to save him from some trifling annoyance, which her woman's tact led her to feel would be doubly mortifying to his proud and sensitive nature. Still he had resolved to make the confession, and with him to resolve, and to do, were one and the same thing. Another difficulty which rendered his task more embarrassing was, that, in order to make his explanation intelligible, he must revert to Lord Bellefield's insult, and though, at that moment, nothing would have given him greater satisfaction than to bestow on that unworthy scion of nobility a sound horse-whipping, he shrank from the idea of being supposed capable of the littleness of seeking to revenge himself by injuring his enemy in the affections of his betrothed. Thinking, however, was useless; the more he reflected, the more embarrassed did he become, so he plunged at once *in medias res*, by exclaiming, "You cannot be aware, Miss Grant, of the pain your words give me; far from deserving your gratitude, I must implore your pardon for having nearly sacrificed your life to my unfortunately warm temper, and revengeful feelings; nor shall I again enjoy peace of mind till I have obtained your forgiveness, should I indeed be fortunate enough to succeed in doing so."

At this singular address, Annie opened her large eyes and regarded her companion with unmixed astonishment, feeling by no means satisfied that he had not suddenly taken leave of his senses—not heeding her surprise, however, Lewis continued, "In order to make my tale intelligible, I must revert to an occurrence which I would rather, for many reasons, have left unmentioned; but you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe that I am actuated by no unworthy motive in alluding to it. About a year ago, my favourite dog became entangled, whilst swimming in the Serpentine river, and would have been drowned if I had not jumped in and saved him."

"I know, I saw it all, we were driving in the park at the time," interrupted Annie, eagerly.

"As I regained the bank," resumed Lewis, "a gentleman, whom I have since learned to be your cousin, Lord Bellefield, came up and offered me a sum of money for the dog. I had not accomplished Faust's rescue without some risk, for though I am a good swimmer, my wet clothes kept dragging me down, and I confess the offer of money for an animal I had just imperilled my life to save, irritated me, and I returned Lord Bellefield an answer which, perhaps, he was justified in considering impertinent. When Mr. Leicester introduced me to his brother, on the day of the skating party, it was evident he had not forgotten this transaction, and he soon found an opportunity to address me in a style which could only have been applied to a dependant with safety."

As he spoke these words in a tone of bitter contempt, his eyes flashing and his cheeks burning, his companion murmured as though she were thinking aloud, "It was ungenerous of him, in the extreme." Lewis remained silent for a moment, and then continued in a calmer voice, "I am by nature of a lamentably hasty temper, and my impulse would have led me to resent Lord Bellefield's insult on the spot; but many considerations withheld me, and still possessed by angry feeling, I joined the party on the lake. After the ice had given way, while I was assisting those who clung to the edges to scramble out, I first became aware that you were in the water, and I was about to jump in and swim to your assistance when, by some ill luck, your cousin approached in a state of great excitement, and ordered me authoritatively to "save my master's daughter."

"Oh! how could he say such a thing?" exclaimed Annie indignantly.

"As he spoke," resumed Lewis, "some evil spirit seemed to take possession of me, and, to annoy him, I

bowed and drew back, saying 'Your Lordship must excuse me,—I am no squire of dames;' adding, that of course he would rescue you himself. From the irritation produced by my reply, I discovered that his Lordship was unable to swim, and having reason to suppose your safety was especially important to him, the fiendish idea crossed my mind, that by leaving you to perish, I could revenge myself on him more effectually than by any other means."

"How could you be so unjust, so cruel, even in idea?" interrupted Annie reproachfully; "I who have never injured you in thought, word, or deed;—but you were maddened at the time, and knew not what you did."

"I must indeed have been mad," exclaimed Lewis, completely overcome by the kindness of these last words, "when I could even for a moment forget the gentle courtesy with which you have always treated me—the consideration—the—" He paused abruptly and pressed his hand to his forehead as if to shut out some hateful vision; a relaxation of vigilance of which the near-side horse took advantage to shy at his own shadow and break into a canter, which manœuvre restored Lewis's self-possession in an instant, the rein was again tightened, and the culprit admonished, by a sharp stroke of the whip, that he was not to indulge in such caprices for the future, ere his driver resumed—"I had scarcely formed the idea you so justly stigmatize as cruel, when the atrocity of the act flashed across me, and as Lord Bellefield ran off to procure a boat, I sprang into the water and swam towards you, when, imagine the agony of mind with which I perceived that you would sink before I could reach you! At that moment I felt what it was to be a murderer! The rest of the tale you have no doubt heard from others—how it pleased the Almighty to permit the instinct of my noble dog to become the instrument by which you were saved from death, and I from a life of remorse, to which death itself would have been preferable. Of this you are already aware; it only remains for me to add, that if the deepest self-abhorrence, the most sincere repentance for the past may weigh with you, you will forgive me the wrong I meditated." At this moment the sound of horses' feet cantering, gave notice that General Grant was about to effect a junction with the main body, and Annie replied hastily, "As far as I have anything to forgive, Mr. Arundel, I do so most heartily. If for a moment you thought of allowing my life to be sacrificed, you risked your own to save it immediately afterwards, so that I remain your debtor, even putting to-day's adventure out of the account, —for I fully believe papa and I were in a fair way to break our necks, though he would not allow it."

"Well, Annie," remarked the General, riding up to his daughter's side, "you don't appear to be frightened now."

"No, papa," was the reply, "there is nothing to be alarmed at; the horses go as quietly as possible."

"Ah! I thought I had pretty well tamed them," returned the General, triumphantly; "you scarcely find them at all difficult to restrain now, Mr. Arundel, I presume."

"They do pull a little strongly, even yet, sir," returned Lewis quietly; "that glove was whole when I took the reins." As he spoke, he held up his left hand, and disclosed two large rents, caused by the friction.

"Hum!" replied the General, slightly disconcerted, "well, you've driven them very steadily; don't hurry them, take them in cool; Walter and I will precede you, and explain how this adventure came about." So saying, he gave his horse the rein, and he and Walter cantered on.

"Lord Bellefield has behaved abominably," observed Annie, abruptly, after they had proceeded for some distance in silence; "he ought to apologize to you, and I have a great mind to make him do so."

"Do not think of such a thing," returned Lewis, hastily. "If I can read his character, Lord Bellefield is a very proud man, and to one whom he considers his inferior, he could not bring himself to apologize; nor, on calmly reviewing my own conduct, can I entirely acquit myself of having given him cause of offence; in my manner towards him I have shown too plainly my forgetfulness of our difference of station. Feeling that one who is by birth the son of a soldier, a man of old family, and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, is any man's equal, I overlooked the distinction between the heir to a peerage, and a poor tutor, and I treated Lord Bellefield as I would any other man whose manner displeased me, cavalierly, without considering, or indeed caring, in what light my conduct might appear to him. This error I am resolved to avoid for the future, and if he will, on his part, forbear farther insult, it is all I desire. Believe me," added Lewis, in a tone which carried conviction with it, "I do not undervalue your kindness in advocating my cause, but I would not have you suffer farther annoyance on my account; so if you have really forgiven me, you will best show it by forgetting the whole matter as speedily as possible."

Annie shook her head as though she considered such a termination to the affair highly improbable, merely replying, "Perhaps you are right in thinking I should do more harm than good by my interference; at all events, I will be guided in the matter by your wishes. And now, Mr. Arundel," she continued, "let me say what I have often wished but have never been able to find an opportunity to tell you before, and that is, that as long as you are with us,—not that I mean to limit it only to that time,—I hope you will regard me as a friend. I have heard from my cousin Charles an outline of the circumstances through which my father was fortunate enough to secure your valuable assistance for poor Walter, and I can well conceive how greatly you must feel the loss of the society of your mother and sister."

"I know not how to thank you for such unexampled kindness,—you are indeed returning good for evil," replied Lewis, warmly; he paused for a moment, as if he were considering how best he might express him-

self, then added, "As far as may be, I shall most gladly avail myself of the privilege of your friendship. I cannot tell you the weight you have taken off my mind by this convincing proof of your forgiveness. You may imagine how exquisitely painful, knowing how little I deserved them, were all the civil speeches people considered it necessary to make me on my 'gallant conduct,' as they termed it; as if there were anything wonderful in swimming a few yards to save a life!—the wonder would be for any man who could swim *not* to do so."

"And yet, thinking thus lightly of the peril, you tell me you were so carried away by your angry feeling as to hesitate whether or not to leave me to perish," returned Annie, reflectively; "how strange that the mind can be engrossed by passion so completely as to banish all its natural impulses."

"You will laugh at me, and think my German education has filled my brain with strange, wild fancies," replied Lewis, "but I believe that we are under a species of demoniacal possession at such moments—that by indulging our evil feelings instead of resisting them, we have given Satan additional power over us. You know the legend of the Wild Huntsman; I cannot but look upon the description of the spirit-riders who accompany the baron, one on a white, the other on a black steed, and alternately ply him with good and evil counsel, less as a metaphor than a reality."

"You believe, then, that we are constantly surrounded by spiritual beings imperceptible to our bodily senses?" asked Annie. "It is rather a fearful idea."

"Believe," returned Lewis, "is perhaps too strong a term to apply to any theory not distinctly borne out by Holy Writ, but as far as I have studied the subject, I think the existence of spiritual beings of opposite natures, some good, some evil, is clearly indicated by Scripture; and there are many passages which would lead one to suppose that they are permitted, under certain restrictions, to interest themselves in mundane affairs, and influence the thoughts which are the springs of human actions—immaterial agents, in fact, for working out the will of God. Nor do I see anything fearful in the idea; on the contrary, as we cannot doubt that it is our own fault if the evil spirits ever prevail against us, and that good angels witness our struggles to do right, and are at hand to assist us, I consider the theory a most consolatory one."

"I never looked at the subject in this light before," observed Annie, thoughtfully; "of course, like most other people, I had a vague, visionary kind of belief in the existence of good angels, and evil spirits, but I never applied the belief practically, never imagined they had anything to do with *me*; and yet it seems reasonable that what you have suggested should be the case. Oh! if we could but have our spiritual eyes open, so that we could see them, we then should love the good angels so much, and hate and fear the evil ones to such a degree, that it would be quite easy to act rightly, and impossible to do wrong."

"I suppose, if our faith were as strong as it should be," returned Lewis, "we ought so to realize the truths of Christianity, that we should feel as you describe."

His companion made no reply, but sat for some minutes apparently pursuing the train of thought to which his words had given rise. At length rousing herself, she turned to Lewis, saying, with a *naïve* smile, "We shall be capital friends, I see; I did not know you could talk so nicely about things of this kind; I delight in people who give me new ideas—you must teach me German too, when all this bustle is over. I shall ask papa to let you do so,—I do want to learn German above every thing, and to read Schiller, and Goethe, and La Motte Fouqué, and all sorts of people. Will you take compassion on my ignorance, and accept me as a pupil? I shall not be quite as dull as poor Walter, I hope."

"I shall be delighted to play Master of the Ceremonies to introduce you to those of the German authors who are best worth knowing, always provided that the General approves of my so doing," returned Lewis.

"Oh! papa will approve," replied Annie, "he can care nothing about it one way or another, and whenever that is the case, he always lets me do as I like; and as to Aunt Martha——well, there may be some difficulty with her, I confess, but the most ferocious animals are tamed by kindness, and it's hard if I can't coax her into submission to my will and pleasure."

"I flatter myself I have become rather a favourite with Miss Livingstone since the affair of the horses," observed Lewis; "I have heard her describe me as 'a young man of unusual abilities and irreproachable moral character' to three distinct sets of visitors during the last week."

"You've caught her tone exactly," returned Annie laughing; "but it's very abominable of you to deride my venerable aunt."

And so they chatted on, Lewis forgetting alike his proud reserve and his dependent position, in his pleasure in once again meeting with the kindness and sympathy to which he had been so long a stranger, and Annie engrossed by the joy with which she perceived the ice that care and sorrow had frozen round the heart of her young companion, melt before the fascination of her look and manner; and when the phaeton drew up before the ample portals of Broadhurst, it would have been hard to decide which of the two felt most sorry that that pleasant drive had come so quickly to an end.

Our train still runs along the RAILROAD OF LIFE, but a most important station has been passed when Lewis first arrived at the conclusion that he had ceased to dislike Annie Grant.

CHAPTER XXII.

DE GRANDEVILLE MAKES A CONFIDENCE AND ELICITS CHARLEY LEICESTER'S IDEAS ON MATRIMONY.

IT was the morning of Twelfth-day, and in Broadhurst's ancient mansion confusion reigned supreme; for

Twelfth-night was to be celebrated with high festivities; a grand ball was about to be given to the county, and legions of upholsterers' men had taken the house by storm, and were zealously employed in turning it out of the windows. Minerva was great upon the occasion; starched to the *enth*, she rustled through the apartments like an austere whirlwind, striking an icy terror to the hearts of the stoutest workmen, and leading the chief upholsterer himself the life of a convicted felon on the treadmill—solitary confinement, implying separation from Minerva, would have been a boon to that harassed tradesman. Whatever he put up she instantly had taken down; all his suggestions she violently opposed; he never gave an order that she did not contradict; when he was down stairs she required him at the top of the house; if he appeared without his hat, she took him out of doors. Foxe's Martyrs would seem a mere book of sports beside a faithful chronicle of all that upholsterer suffered on the occasion at the hands of Minerva Livingstone. Had he not been endowed with remarkable tenacity of life, ere he had set that house in order he would have died.

Amongst others of the dispossessed, Charley Leicester, having retreated from room to room before the invaders, at last, fairly driven out, was fain to seek refuge in the garden. In this extremity he betook himself to a certain terrace-walk, where he trusted to find sunshine and quiet. Having, as he fondly imagined, secured these necessary ingredients to his happiness, he was proceeding to recruit exhausted nature with a mild cigar, when a footstep was heard approaching, and immediately afterwards the erect and portly form of *the* De Grandeville hove in sight, and bore down upon him. Now it must be known that these two gentlemen regarded each other with very different feelings,—Leicester, albeit by no means given to discovering faults of character in his acquaintances, could not but perceive the absurd self-consequence and pompous pride which were so palpably displayed in De Grandeville's every look and action, and while this revolted his good taste, and produced in him a passive feeling of dislike, the style of conversation usually adopted by the redoubtable Marmaduke, which, however it might begin, invariably ended in some form of self-glorification, actively bored him. Accordingly, it was with anything but a feeling of satisfaction that he now witnessed his approach. De Grandeville, on the other hand, looked up to Leicester on account of his connexion with the peerage, and, knowing his popularity among the best set of men about town, regarded him as an oracle on all points of *etiquette* and *bienséance*. Being, therefore, at that moment in the act of revolving in his anxious mind a most weighty matter on which he required good advice, Charley was the man of all others he most wished to meet with. Marching vigorously onward, he soon reached the spot where, half-sitting, half-lying, on the broad top of a low stone balustrade, Leicester was ruminating over his cigar. Having halted immediately in front of his victim, De Grandeville raised his hand to his forehead, in a military salute, which manœuvre, acquired partly in jest, partly in earnest, had now become habitual to him.

"Ar—enjoying a weed, eh! Mr. Leicester?" he began; "'pon my word, you've selected a most picturesque spot for your bivouac; if it's not against the standing orders to smoke here, I'll join you in a cigar, for—ar—to tell you the truth, I rather want five minutes' conversation with you."

"I'm in for it," thought Leicester; "well, what must be, must; the sun will be off here in about half an hour, and I suppose I can endure him for that space of time." He only said, however, holding out his cigar-case languidly, "Can I offer you one?"

"Ar—many thanks, you're one of the few men whose taste I can rely on; but—ar—really, the things they sell now, and pretend to call genuine, are such trash, that—ar—I am forced to import my own. I sent out an agent to Cuba express—ar—at least, Robinson, who supplies my club—ar—the Caryatides, you know—sent him on a hint from me, and I can't match the cigars he brought me anywhere; I've never met with anything like them. Ask your brother; he knows them—ar—I let him have half a box, as the greatest favour."

"Bell lives on cigars and gin-and-water when he's in his native state," returned Leicester, slightly altering his position so that he could rest his back more conveniently against a statue; "if he's been going too fast, and got out of condition, he takes a course of that sort of thing, and it always brings him right again; it's like turning a screwy horse out to grass."

De Grandeville, who had appeared somewhat abstracted during this interesting record of the domestic habits of Lord Bellefield, changed the conversation by observing, "Ar—you see, when a man of a certain—ar—position in society, gets—ar—towards middle life—ar—say, three or four-and-thirty, it appears to me that it adds very much to his weight to—ar—to——"

"To drink brown-stout instead of pale ale," exclaimed Leicester, more eagerly than his wont; "I observed you did so at ———, when we were treating the incorruptible electors, and it struck me as a decided mistake."

"Ar—yes, I believe,—that is, of course,—you are right; but that was not exactly what I was going to observe," returned De Grandeville, slightly embarrassed; "in fact, I was going to say that it adds to a man's weight in society, increases his influence, and improves his general position, to be—ar—well married!"

"About that I scarcely know, it's not a matter to decide on hastily," returned Leicester, coolly lighting a fresh cigar, which, being of an obstinate disposition, required much scientific management and considerable hard puffing to induce it to perform properly; "in regard to (puff) marriage, Mr. De Grandeville, looking at it philosophically—and I can assure you it's a subject on which I've expended much (puff, puff,) serious

thought,—looking at it in a reasonable business-like point of view, it becomes a mere (puff) affair of debtor and creditor,—a question of what you lose, and what you gain. Let us try the matter by various tests, and see how the account stands. We'll begin with the watchwords of the day, for instance; 'Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.' Liberty,—a single man can do as he likes without consulting anybody; a married man can do as he likes only when his wife shares the inclination, which, as no two people ever look at any thing in exactly the same point of view, appears a somewhat stringent restriction:—Fraternity,—a single man may choose his friends where he feels inclined, male or female, as it may have pleased Providence to create them; a married man dare not, unless he has a taste for domestic misery, and possesses eyes which are nail-proof, cultivate a female friend, and somehow one feels if one were married, one should not exactly wish to have a set of men always dangling about one's house:—Equality,—a single man, if he has received a gentleman's education, wears a good coat, and has wit enough to keep himself warm, is anybody's equal; a married man must bear all his wife's burdens as well as his own, and doesn't get asked by the Browns, because the Smiths have told them her great-grandfather was transported for stealing a pewter pot. Now let us look at the per contra side—A single man soon gets tired of his unlimited liberty; there's no fun in having your own way if you've no one to contradict you; a little opposition becomes a positive luxury, and this you're sure to obtain by matrimony: then, as to fraternity, friends are better than acquaintances, certainly, just as a mule is preferable to a jackass, but they're not much comfort to one, after all; my most intimate friend lives in Ceylon, and writes to me once in five years about hunting elephants: now your wife is part of your goods and chattels, belongs to you as completely as your boot-jack, and when in hours of indolence you wish to sit with your soul in slippers, she, if she is worth her salt, is ready to pull off the psychological boots that are pinching your mind, and prevent the *dolce far niente* from becoming meaningless and insipid. Lastly, there's no such equality in the world as between husband and wife, when they are really suited to each other, appreciate their relative positions justly, and endeavour to make practice and principle coincide. These are my ideas regarding the marriage state, Mr. De Grandeville; but 'tis no use discussing the matter; society has long since decided the question in favour of wedlock, and there are only enough exceptions to prove the rule. Byron enunciated a great truth when he declared,—

"Man was not formed to live alone;"

the animal's gregarious, sir, and the solitary system is totally opposed to all its tastes and habits."

"Ar—really—'pon my word, you seem to have studied the subject deeply, Mr. Leicester," returned De Grandeville, who was somewhat astonished at Charley's volubility, and too completely blinded by self-importance to perceive that the other was more or less laughing at him; "however, the drift of your argument appears in favour of matrimony, and—ar—in fact—ar—I quite think as you do on the matter. Now, in my position I consider such an arrangement would be most desirable, always supposing one can meet with—ar—a suitable partner."

"Ay, there's the rub," rejoined Leicester, leisurely flipping the ashes from the end of his cigar.

"I consider that I have a right to look—ar—high," continued De Grandeville, folding his arms with dignity; "our family dates from the Conquest; our immediate ancestor came over as equerry to William of Normandy. I suppose you are aware how the name arose from an incident in that invasion?"

Leicester professed his ignorance of the anecdote, and De Grandeville proceeded—"My ancestor was riding near the person of his liege lord some few days after the victory of Hastings, when at the extreme verge of the horizon he descried the city of Canterbury, and in the excitement of the moment he exclaimed, pointing with his mailed hand, 'Voila! une grande ville.' William overheard the remark, and fixing his piercing glance upon him, observed sarcastically, 'Ha! sayest thou so? he who hath been the first to discern yon great city, should be the first to enter it.' 'By the grace of God, and with your permission, Sire, so I will,' exclaimed my ancestor; William nodded assent, my ancestor clapped spurs to his horse, and never drew bridle till the standard of Normandy floated on the highest tower of Canterbury. For this gallant exploit he was made governor of the city, and received the name and titles of De Grandeville. It's—ar—a creditable story."

"Extremely," returned Leicester, yawning; "I've a vague idea the man we all came from was hanged for horse-stealing."

"Ar—yes—very good," rejoined De Grandeville, recognising an excellent jest in his companion's assertion; "but, as I was about to observe, in my position a man owes as it were a duty to his family, he ought not to marry a nobody."

"Decidedly, such a connexion should be avoided," returned Charley, sententiously, presenting the hot end of his cigar to an inquisitive snail which appeared inclined to join the party.

"Ar—the De Grandevilles have been from time immemorial large landed proprietors," resumed their grandiloquent descendant; "half the county of —— belongs to them; the estates held by my branch of the family are immense, and though—ar—just at present, they are not exactly in my possession, yet if anything were to happen to my cousin Hildebrand and his seven boys, I might be placed in—ar—a very different position; therefore, in looking out for a wife, I hold it incumbent on me to select a lady who would not disgrace a prominent situation, were she called upon to fill one."

Leicester, (whose attention had been thoroughly engrossed by the snail, which after having made

sundry futile attempts to avoid the cigar and continue its onward course, had at length yielded the point, and, having turned round, was now crawling off in an opposite direction,) somewhat astonished his companion by quoting with great *empressement* the words of the old nursery ballad—

"Off he set
With his opera hat;"

as, however, he immediately afterwards assumed a look of the deepest attention, De Grandeville set it down as an instance of the eccentricity of genius, and continued—"Ar—this, as you must perceive, renders certain qualifications essential in the object of my choice. I could select no one who by birth and position was not perfectly unexceptionable. I should also require her to possess, in an eminent degree, the manners of society; another great point would be—ar—"

"Plenty of tin," suggested Charley, making a face at the retreating snail.

"Ar—yes—in my position it would of course be a matter of prudence, before bringing upon myself the expenses of a family, to ascertain that I can command an income sufficient to enable me to mix in the set to which—ar—in point of fact, I belong."

"Nothing under 3,000*l.* a-year would suit my book," replied Leicester—"3,000*l.* per annum and perfection, I might put up with, but 4,000*l.* would be better without an actual angel, and beyond that mark I'd bate an attaching quality in the damsel for every additional 500*l.* in the funds."

"Ar—I have reason to believe that the income of the lady in regard to whom I am about to ask your advice, exceeds the sum you first mentioned," replied De Grandeville.

"Oh, there is then a real *bona fide* lady in the case—you've positively marked down your bird?" exclaimed Leicester; "pray, have I the honour of her acquaintance?"

"Ar—yes—I have often met her in your society—in fact, she forms one of the party now domesticated at Broadhurst."

"Staying in the house, eh?" returned Charley, feeling slightly curious—"by Jove! who can it be? you're not going to try and cut out Bellefield by proposing for my cousin Annie, are you? I wish you would, it would sell Bell so beautifully."

"Of course—ar—you are joking," returned De Grandeville proudly; "I would not do such a shabby thing by his lordship, upon any consideration."

Leicester was amused at the cool way in which his companion seemed to take it for granted that he had only to enter the field against his brother, in order to secure the prize; he kept his entertainment to himself, however, merely replying—"Well, if it isn't Annie, who is it? I can scarcely imagine you have set your affections on Miss Livingstone."

"The Livingstones are a good old family," returned De Grandeville, "but the representative of the name to whom you allude, would have been a more suitable match for my late excellent father, than for myself—no, sir, the lady to whom I may probably afford the opportunity of allying herself to the house of De Grandeville, is as suitable in age as in all other qualifications—Miss Peyton is in her two-and-twentieth year."

"Miss how much!" exclaimed Leicester, impetuously, sitting bolt upright, and flinging the remnant of his cigar after the snail, which was yet striving to make good its retreat.

"Miss Laura Peyton," returned De Grandeville; "I don't wonder you are surprised. I am aware, as well as yourself, that her grandfather was in trade; I can assure you that stood in my way for a long time, and it was not till I had gone through the pedigree carefully, with a friend in the Herald's College, and clearly traced back the family to the time of Edward the Third, that I ever thought seriously of the thing."

"And how do you mean to carry on the campaign?" asked Leicester, who had by this time recovered his composure; "do you intend to lay regular siege to the young lady's affections, or is it to be a look-and-die, '*veni, vidi, vici*' affair?"

"Ar—really—I am scarcely sanguine enough to hope to carry the citadel by a *coup-de-main*," returned De Grandeville; "but my tactics will be very much regulated by those of my fair enemy at present; if I might judge by one or two slight skirmishes we have had together, the garrison will not hold out to extremity when once the breastworks are taken, and the place properly invested." At this moment a servant approached De Grandeville, with a message from General Grant requesting his presence. "Ar—yes—say I'll attend the General immediately," was the reply; then, as the servant departed, De Grandeville continued, "Ar—the course of true love never did run smooth, you see, Mr. Leicester; ar—I shall have an opportunity of speaking to you again on this matter, and hearing your opinion more in full; at present I must wish you good morning." So saying, he slightly raised his hat in salutation, and marched off, in a great state of dignified self-complacency.

Leicester watched him till he was out of sight; then, springing from his seat, he began pacing up and down the terrace with hasty strides, muttering from time to time such uncomplimentary remarks as, "Insufferable puppy!" "Conceited ass!" all of which evidently bore reference to his late companion. Having let off a little of his extra steam by this means, he gave vent to the following soliloquy: "Well, I'm nicely in for it this time! Because a love affair, with the chance of possible consequences, wasn't trouble enough, I must have a rival step in—and such a rival—why, the very sight of that man disagrees with me;—and then to hear him talk, it's positively sickening!—I'll be off to London to-morrow morning;—and yet I do like the girl,—I know I do, because it occurred to me only yesterday that I wasn't half good enough for her. I suppose she looks upon me as a mere fortune-hunter—thinks I only care about her for the sake of her money. I wish she hadn't a farthing! I wish——eh! what am I talking about? Heigho! that's another curse of

poverty: a poor devil like me can't even afford the luxury of a disinterested attachment. Then that man —that De Grandeville—to hear an animal like that debating whether she was good enough for him! I declare, he's made me feel quite feverish! I'd no idea it was possible for *anything* to excite me to such a degree;—if the notion were not too preposterous, I should really begin to fancy I must be falling in love! She never can have the bad taste to like him—in fact, there's nothing to like in him—and yet the fellow seemed confident; but that is the nature of the brute;—though I don't know, women are such fools sometimes, she might take him at his own price—that military swagger of his might go down with some of the sex;—once let a woman fancy a man to be a hero, or a martyr, or a patriot, or any other uncomfortable celebrity of a like nature, and she will be ready to throw herself at his head;—just as if those fellows were not the very last men in the world to want wives! I suppose it's the additional odds in favour of widowhood that constitute the great attraction—females are naturally capricious. Well, I shall try and take the matter easily, at all events; I dare say it won't break my heart, whichever way it goes; I shall make observations, and if she really has the bad taste to prefer this man,—he's welcome to her—a woman who could love *him*, would never do for my wife; that one fact would argue an amount of incompatibility of temper which would be furnishing work for Doctors' Commons before the first year's connubial felicity was over. I wonder whether there's any luncheon going on; it's astonishing how thirsty anything of this kind makes me! Pale ale I must have,—or *ruit cœlum!*" And, having arrived at this conclusion, he thrust his hands—of whose delicate appearance he was especially careful—into his pockets, to preserve them from the cold, and strolled off to put his resolution into practice.

In the meantime, Marmaduke De Grandeville, while listening with his outward ears to General Grant's dull electioneering details, was inwardly congratulating himself on the favourable impression he had made on that very sensible young man, the Honourable Charles Leicester, and thinking what a useful ally he had secured to assist him in carrying out his matrimonial project.

Verily, there are as many comedies performed off the stage as upon it!

(*To be continued.*)

ROME IN 1849.

We have seen what was the social bearing and internal deportment of Rome, from the time of the abdication of the Pope to that of the entry of the French into the city. We must now give a glance at what its situation has been since, is at this present moment, and may be some short time hence; if *the powers* are permitted to grind it down, into that utter ruin and degradation, compared to which the battering of its walls and the destruction of its palaces would be a mere temporary evil, not worthy to be put in comparison, for a single instant, with the threatened mental bondage and spiritual slavery of its ill-used inhabitants.

To the courage and unanimity, the devotedness and disinterestedness of the Romans, during the late cruel and most unjustifiable attack of the French upon their city, the impartial voice of history will do ample justice; whilst the moralist and delineator of manners will not find less subject of eulogium in the patience, cheerfulness and good humour with which they supported their various trials; the sacrifice of property, suspension of employment, daily increasing scarcity of provisions and of means; continued loss of dear friends and relatives; and the constant menace of personal danger, by the missiles of the enemy, from the first moment that the sound of French artillery burst upon their ears, at the gate of Santa Angelica, to the last fatal one, when, all farther resistance being unavailing, and only tending to the useless shedding of blood, they were compelled to admit within their venerable walls their *brother republicans*, who entered sword in hand,—in token, we presume, of the *peace* to secure which, to them, was the pretended excuse of the French for ever having landed on their shores!

It was on the evening of the 3d of July that the French troops entered Rome, amidst the execrations and insults of its not yet subdued inhabitants; for even at that moment they seized the tri-coloured Italian flag, which was still waving from the balcony of the Café Ruspoli, and bore it aloft, with deafening cheers and shouts of "*Viva l'Italia! Viva la Republica!*" immediately in the rear of their besiegers; defending it at the imminent peril of their lives, against the bayonets of Oudinot's men, who vainly sought to wrest it out of their hands. The next day, however, the Government, with the true dignity and good sense which had marked all its previous proceedings, put forth a proclamation in due form, announcing the arrival of the French in the city, and calling upon the inhabitants to refrain from all personal aggression towards them, as unworthy the decorum of Roman citizens.

But two days had scarcely elapsed before the city began to experience the tyranny of its new commanders. The most despotic proclamations were issued. The printing of newspapers, manifestos, or any kind of public document, on the part of the Romans, was prohibited; as well as all clubs and assemblies, even to a group of half a dozen persons standing together conversing in the streets; and all the inhabitants were required to be in their houses by half-past nine at night, and not to leave them after that hour, without a military escort. This revival of the Curfew-law of William the Norman, which was so distasteful even to the phlegm of our Saxon ancestors, was a thousand times more so to the susceptible and imaginative Romans, whose great delight it is, in common with the rest of the Italians, to stroll gaily up and down the Corso, in parties, during their delicious summer nights, filling the balmy air with their

songs, or the favourite airs of some admired opera, to which they will listen for a whole season, without satiety. In place of this innocent amusement, they were forced to content themselves with looking down from their windows, upon the patrols of French cavalry and infantry that paraded the streets, with their muskets cocked, and their fingers on the triggers, to enforce the strict observance of the law; saluting each, as it passed, with loud imitations of the crowings of the bird whose boasting and braggadocio strut so well expresses the character of the nation that have chosen it for their crest.

Harsher measures, however, led to more sanguinary modes of revenge, and assassinations and incendiarism, unknown in the time of the Triumvirate, were resorted to in manifestation of the general discontent. Oudinot drove out of the city, at a few hours' notice, hundreds of young Lombards and Bolognese, on the pretence that they were not Romans, and, therefore, did not come within the tender mercies of the French—drove them out to die upon the road, of fever, hunger, and despair; for how could those unfortunates, utterly devoid as they were of resources, hope ever to reach their homes, if, indeed, the cruel chances of war had left them homes to reach? And they were seen thus dying, by English eyes, that turned away in grief and shame at such a sight!

Garibaldi, meanwhile, the heroic Garibaldi, had called his faithful followers around him, and told them to consider well, that in continuing to share his fortunes they must make up their minds to share more than the usual hardships of a soldier's life—to make the earth their bed, the heavens their canopy—to endure privations of every kind, and to be exposed to perpetual danger, equally from open contest and secret machinations. He concluded by saying, "Let those, and those only, who for the sake of glory and a good cause, do not fear these and all other perils, follow me." One long unanimous shout of "*Viva Garibaldi! Viva l'Italia!*" burst from the troop, and of them not one remained behind, when he sallied forth out of the gates of Rome, and bent his course towards the mountains. One word more of Garibaldi ere we lose sight of him. Stern and cool in the field, and inflexible in discipline, he was yet gentle in his private life, and remarkably simple in his manners. By his soldiers he was absolutely adored. When he appeared in the streets, he was hailed by the men as the bravest of the brave, by the women, as their *protettore*, their protector and hope. He was highly prepossessing in his appearance, fair complexioned, with a beard inclining to auburn, and a profusion of hair of the same colour, that flowed low down upon his neck; his stature was above the middle height, his chest expansive, his limbs vigorous, his countenance calm and thoughtful. He wore a hat looped up at the side with a plume of feathers; a scarlet blouse, girt round the waist by a broad black leathern belt, with a fitting accompaniment of dagger and pistols, and rode a white horse, which was always to be seen in the front of the battle. He was generally accompanied by a gigantic and most devoted Moor, whose appearance brought back to the imagination the tales of the Arabian Nights. This Moor had twice saved his master's life, and was killed at his side, in the defence of the Janiculum, by a musket-ball, which he received full in the forehead. The loss of officers in Garibaldi's legion was great, owing to their indomitable courage, amounting even to rashness, not only in rushing forward, at all times, to the points of greatest danger, but inviting individual attack, by their bright scarlet uniforms, which rendered them far more conspicuous than the privates, who were clothed in dark green. Among these officers two will long be remembered by those who had ever seen them—one, Colonel Daverio, a model of manly beauty in form and bearing; the other, Colonel Masini, who fell, after having had three horses killed under him. Many of these officers were rich, and nobly paid the men under their command out of their own private resources; among them were Visconti of Milan, Mancli of Genoa; Scarzera, aide-de-camp to Garibaldi, who died of his wounds in the hospital of San Spirito, leaving behind him twelve millions of Austrian *lire;* two millions of which he bequeathed to the city of Vicenza, towards the losses it had sustained from the spoliations of the Austrians; and lastly, in this list, though not in that of fame, Colonel Manara, who, young, brave, and rich, nobly fell in the front of the battle, in the cause of Italian freedom; and whose memory will be immortalized scarcely more from his own merits than from the discourse delivered over his remains, by the excellent, the lamented, Hugo Bassi, (since basely shot by the Austrians,) who concluded it by the too truly prophetic words, that he doubted not it would be his own fate to end his days upon a scaffold; adding, that he should mount it cheerfully, conscious of the purity of his motives in the cause he had embraced, and that his last words would be *Viva l'Italia.* Yet have such men been held up in some of the leading London journals, as a set of marauding beggars, intent only on pillage and extortion! Garibaldi himself refused the most tempting offers from Oudinot, of safe conduct and conveyance for himself and his followers, with a liberal provision for their expenses; but the noble chieftain declined even to see him, save at the head of his troops; which Garibaldi told him he deemed the most fitting place for a general, and where he had continually looked for General Oudinot, but in vain. Madame Garibaldi was a woman every way fitted to be the wife of a hero; her beauty was of a noble and commanding character; her manners particularly attractive, from their frankness, blended with dignity. Her courage had hitherto enabled her to support the anxieties inseparable from her position, and to share her husband's dangers, with his fortunes. To her he confided, in his forced and hazardous marches towards Venice, the command of the cavalry; but, alas! she sunk under the fatigues, (which her peculiar situation at that time rendered her unable to bear up against, with her wonted energy,) and the grief she felt at seeing the faithful adherents to her husband falling, day after

day, in his cause. She died at Primaro, in the neighbourhood of Ravenna, in a lonely hut, sheltered there by the humanity of the lowly occupants, who were thrown into prison at Ravenna, when their deed of mercy was discovered. Garibaldi received her last sigh, and in it lost the being whose smile had shed a halo over his brightest victories, and whose voice had imparted consolation to him under his darkest reverses!

One of the first steps of the re-established pontifical government was to open again two of the most iniquitous and odious institutions that ever disfigured society calling itself civilized and enlightened,—the INQUISITION, or *Holy Office*, as it has of late years more insidiously been termed, and the Tribunal of the Vicar General. Six months have not yet elapsed, since, by order of the Triumvirate, the Inquisition was thrown open to the inspection of the public, previously to its courts being converted into cavalry barracks, and its chambers into dwellings for the industrious poor. It was on Sunday, the first of April, that this most unlooked-for exhibition took place; scarcely was there man, woman, or child in Rome and the vicinity, that did not run to behold it. From St. Angelo's to St. Peter's a dense mass was seen hurrying to the spot—the secret cells, the trapdoors, the mysterious niches were all eagerly explored. With impatient curiosity, mingled with horror, were the gloomy staircases, that led to the subterranean dungeons, descended—among the dust and scattered bones of the victims that had perished there, were found rings, and fragments of female ornaments. The walls were covered with inscriptions, in various languages; most of them protesting the innocence of the unfortunates by whom they were written, of the crimes imputed to them. Among these inscriptions, the simplicity of one, in English, "*Is this the Christian Faith?*" was peculiarly touching to those who recognised their native language, in the appeal of some lonely countryman, incarcerated there, perhaps, for years; thinking of his own England, the sea-girt isle, proud and free, from which he was, too probably, separated for ever; possibly only for some unguarded expression, or, haply, for a noble adherence to the religion which he believed to be "pure and undefiled before God."

The officials of the Inquisition, having had their misgivings that their proceedings, past and present, might be subjected to the visits of a more enlightened government than they had been before in the habit of treating with, had taken the precaution to destroy great part of the records and reports of the *Holy Office*; but enough remained to show how extended a system of bribery and *espionage* had emanated from its sacred functions. Many were the respectable individuals who found themselves, to their equal astonishment and indignation, denounced merely for the opinions they had expressed within their own walls, by the very persons who had been in the habit of frequenting their houses, as intimate and congenial associates. Well might they exclaim, "If it had been mine enemy, I could have borne it; but it was my friend, yea, mine own familiar friend, that did it." And surely it is not too much to say, that of all the misfortunes to which Rome has been subjected for centuries by its clerical government, the extensive system of spies and informers, encouraged and *practised* by the priests, may be regarded as that which has had the most debasing effect upon the character of the Romans; generating in them habits of lying, evasion, and distrust, and entirely destroying the security of their domestic and social enjoyment.

It was singular enough that the *modern* records of the Inquisition related chiefly to political offences; that is to say, to persons who were suspected of advocating any freedom of inquiry, into matters of religion or government. Still there was one religious victim, who had been incarcerated two-and-twenty years within the walls; but his was, after all, a civil offence, which would have called down censure and punishment equally in any country, Catholic or Protestant. He had come from America, with forged letters, in order to get himself inducted into a bishopric. The crime was a serious one, the error in the punishment of it was the secrecy of the proceeding—for, all these years, the unhappy relatives of the man knew not where he was, nor, in fact, whether he was alive or dead. But it is a maxim in the Roman church, never to let the crimes or misdemeanours of the priesthood transpire, if there be any possibility of hiding them.

The first prisoner that the Inquisition, thus reopened with a haste as indecent as it was impolitic, received within its walls, under the direction of Oudinot, was the excellent and exemplary Dr. Achilli, with no other grounds of accusation against him than that he had caused four thousand copies of the New Testament to be printed in Italian, after Diodati's edition, called the Protestant, during the brief period of mental illumination which prevailed under the Republican government. These copies were all eagerly bought up by the Romans. Was that a proof that their religious sentiments were lost? No; was it not rather an evidence that they desired to base them upon a pure and sincere conviction, and a knowledge of the doctrines they were expected to profess, from, as nearly as they could attain it, the original source? And many were the remarks a perusal of those sacred records of eternal life elicited from persons who had before no idea of them, but from such garbled expositions as the priests thought proper from time to time to give. Many were the quotations of them, from young men, who, only a few months before, seemed neither to know nor care for anything connected with religion, beyond such an observance of the formulæ of their church, as might screen them from the censure of their spiritual directors; and among their quotations those which alluded to the distinction made by our blessed Lord, between things temporal and things eternal, the "things due to Cæsar," and the "things due to God,"

and the humility he constantly inculcated among his disciples, with the so oft repeated declaration, that his kingdom was "not of this world," were ever foremost upon their lips. Has England, Protestant England, happy above all other nations, in the liberty of its constitution, and the justice of its rulers, no sympathy with these endeavours of our fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians to obtain for themselves that freedom of inquiry and right of choice, which, at any rate, in things connected with his eternal welfare, is the dearest and most sacred right of man?

The next step odious to the Romans was the replacing in the offices they had already too much abused, men every way unworthy of public confidence, many of them notoriously infamous. Among these were several in the department of the police, who had been dismissed by Pio Nono himself, as unworthy of the places they had held under his predecessor, Gregory XVI. To them, with Savelli, who had been formerly Governor of Rome, and universally detested in that office, at their head, was now intrusted the charge of the arrests, which were so numerous—often solely under the influence of private piques and long-nursed resentments—that the prisons were soon filled, as well as the Inquisition, to which fifty priests were sent at once, for having continued their spiritual functions during the time of the Republic; insomuch that a representation was made to Cardinal Antonelli on the subject, which, it is said, drew from him the *pithy* reply, well worthy of a Cæsar Borgia, "If there be a scarcity of dungeons, are there not plenty of graves?" How far such an inuendo may be acted upon, a very short time will unfold.

The Republic had concentrated the two offices of director and inspector-general of the post into one, at a salary of 3,000 scudi; the new government separated them again, in order to extend its patronage to two *Princes*, at a salary of 2,000 scudi each, which they had the meanness to accept; thus in the ruined state of the people laying upon them a burthen of an additional thousand scudi per annum

In regard, indeed, to the financial arrangements altogether, nothing could be more unjust and cruel than the decrees of the French, or the Camarilla at Naples, from whichever party they may be supposed to have emanated; the most oppressive taxes were renewed, in all their rigour, and the decision respecting the paper money, of which between seven and eight million of scudi were in circulation, the enormous depreciation of its value, and the obstacles thrown in the way of its circulation, even at that depreciated value, bore heavily upon all classes, particularly the middle ones, already too sadly impoverished by the expenses of the war. This might have been avoided, by calling in the paper, and replacing it with silver, from the sale of a comparatively very small portion of the ecclesiastical estates; but *noli me tangere* is the darling motto of the church, and instead of doing so, Oudinot lost no time in taking steps for the reinstating of the order of St. Ignatius, of which he is so worthy a member, in its possessions; beginning by ordering all the administrators named by the late government, to make over their charge to the Jesuitical commissaries. Then came all the religious ceremonies, which were to celebrate and sanctify the return of the priestly sway. The yellow and white banner, with the keys of St. Peter, was once more mounted before the castle of St. Angelo, and the Vicar-general's Vicegerent informed the people that the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, had supplicated for them at the throne of God, "who looking upon *their mortal remains*, of which *we* are the *devout* and *enviable keepers*, has inclined to pity," &c. &c. The idea that the same Almighty Father might look with equal pity upon the mortal remains of his children then lying unburied in the Campagna, would no doubt have been repelled by these worthies, as most impious and sacrilegious. Be that as it may, whilst the French were celebrating a grand *Te Deum* in St. Peter's for their victory, making its walls resound with the clangour of martial instruments, and receiving the benediction from the Cardinal-vicar, who had the modesty to compare himself, on the occasion, to Judas Maccabeus, restoring the temple of Jerusalem, hundreds of young Romans repaired to the church of St. Pancrazio, and other repositories of the [illegible] to chaunt a *miserere* over their departed friends and brothers in arms, lodged therein; the roads were likewise thronged with carriages of families leaving Rome for the day, in order to avoid being present at a ceremony so contrary to their feelings, as that of solemnly offering up thanks to heaven for the destruction of all their hopes and wishes; and better it was indeed for them that they staid away, as they would only have heard themselves described, in the apostolic language of Cardinal Tosti, in his address to General Oudinot, as "monsters, who dishonour the human race," "impious wretches, and tyrants swayed by a malefic genius."

Never indeed was there seen a more solemnly impudent farce than the religious one performed on this occasion at St. Peter's, between Cardinal Tosti and General Oudinot. After an interchange of salutations and reverences between them that would have done honour to a couple of Chinese mandarins, the Cardinal thus began his oration: "General! you will transmit to posterity the title of Liberator of Rome; permit, meanwhile, a *Roman Cardinal*," ("mark the humility of Shepherd Norval!") "though in a voice weakened by suffering," (the suffering of a luxurious retreat in his splendid villa near Albano,) "to testify to you, in his own name and that of his colleagues," (the seventy purple wolves poor Bassi warned the people against, in the last harangue he ever made them,) "sentiments of *eternal gratitude* to yourself, your army, and *the most Christian nation*, France." After half a dozen sentences to the same effect, he proceeded to thank the General and "the excellent governor of Rome," a man generally despised, for having restored him to the government of the apostolic hospital of St. Michael, and enabled him to purge

it from the "vile corruptors and infamous wretches that had got into it." He then added, "I hope that some day you will *deign* to visit it," and concluded with three *vivas* for Religion, the Pope, and France, in a voice that did not betray any of the weakness of which he had just before complained. To this harangue of the Cardinal's, the General replied at still more length; modestly, however, disclaiming the merit of having re-established the Pope's temporal authority solely by his own valour and that of the army under his command; saying that, on the contrary, it was the work of *all France;* a compliment which, nevertheless, we believe the greater part of France would very gladly disclaim. "I exaggerate nothing," he proceeded, "by stating that everywhere and always, the officers, subalterns, and soldiers, presented a type of military virtues;" adding, "perhaps it will never be known," and we can easily believe it never will, "how much we suffered on reflecting that the necessities of war might bring about the destruction of the monuments of ages; but God has rendered us *justice* for our long suffering." He then shouted out, *Vive la Religion! Vive le Saint Père!* in return for the Cardinal's *Viva la Francia!* which so touched that tender-hearted dignitary, that he exclaimed, "Your words, O General, are dictated by the spirit of God; He will continually shower down his blessings more and more upon you and upon France." And all these hollow and worldly compliments and mummeries took place in the most splendid edifice in the world, solemnly consecrated to the worship of the Almighty!

But now, before we proceed farther in our retrospect, we must explain the true nature of the sufferings of Cardinal Tosti, and the circumstances that led to his removal from office.

There is not a city in the world that can show more charitable institutions than Rome; and if the funds to which they have lawful claim were honestly applied, there could not be one single case of destitution or distress throughout the whole population. But this is far indeed from being the case: if it be difficult to guard against peculation in public trusts, even in a country like our own, where it can be actively inquired into, fearlessly exposed, and openly punished, what must it have been in Rome, where, under the priestly government to which it is promised the *felicity* of returning, the administration of the finances was not subject to any control! Incredible as it may seem, the treasurer was not obliged to render up any official accounts. The post was always occupied by a Prelate, who could not be removed from it on any ground whatsoever, excepting that of promotion to the honour of a place among the Cardinals. The sacredness of his functions was supposed to be guarantee sufficient for the purity of his conduct; but from some cause or other, which the treasurer, no doubt, would have thought it very much below his dignity to explain, there had been for many years an annual deficit of a million scudi between the expenditure of the state and its receipts; consequently, Rome was beginning to contract a national debt, which, increasing, as it must inevitably have done, with the interest accruing thereon, might in the course of time have had the honour of vying even with that of England, save in the difference of the resources wherewith to meet it.

But it is not with the Exchequer we presume to meddle. It is only with the charities. Among these the Hospital of St. Michael is the largest, the most richly endowed, and the most important in Rome. It extends like a magnificent street along the banks of the Tiber, from the Port of the Ripa Grande towards the foot of the Janiculum, and contains more than a thousand inmates of both sexes, old and young, sick and orphans; the sciences, arts, and trades are taught therein; all its regulations are liberal and beneficent, and its funds were, or ought to have been, ample for all its necessities; but Cardinal Tosti, who was the governor of this noble establishment, acting upon the principle that charity begins at home, actually appropriated to himself (as it is confidently asserted,) out of these funds, during the years that he remained in office, no less a sum than five millions of scudi, that is to say, one million sterling. This was going rather too fast, even for a Cardinal and a governor of a Charity; and Gregory XVI. sent to require of him a statement of the monies that had passed through his hands. He replied in an indignant tone, his voice not being then "weakened by suffering," that Cardinals did not keep accounts; "but," said he, with a blander air, after a moment's pause, "I think I might be able to find a memorandum of the money I have let his Holiness have, from time to time, for his own private expenses, if he would like to see it." The hint was enough; Gregory waved farther inquiry into the matter, and was perhaps better pleased that Cardinals did not keep accounts. And this is the man replaced with so much expedition by General Oudinot, and whose first step was to drive out, at the point of the bayonet, some hundreds of the young men from the college of the hospital, who had dared to indulge in opinions of their own.

It is a great pity that the Cardinal's honesty and liberality do not keep pace with his prepossessing appearance and the courtesy of his manners. He used to do the honours of his magnificent suite of apartments in St. Michael's with the greatest urbanity and grace, on the public occasions when he received mixed assemblies, and his conversation showed a highly cultivated mind, and a familiar acquaintance with the fine arts.

All these restorations were not very edifying to the unfortunate Romans, who certainly saw in them any thing but an illustration of the respectable old adages, "Honesty is the best policy, "Virtue is its own reward," &c. &c. Every way indeed, in the tenderest points, they were insulted by the magnates who were to reconcile them to the forced renunciation of the tenets for which they had seen the blood of their relatives and friends flow in torrents. To the French the Pope granted plenary indulgence in *articulo*

mortis, to the Romans absolution after confession was often denied, and even the rites of sepulture. Throughout Italy every city and every town has its Confraternities among its inhabitants, in proportion to the population, for pious and charitable offices. Among the number of those that exist in Rome, is one for the burial of shepherds, or travellers who may have fallen victims of fever, accidents, or inclemencies of weather, in the unfrequented parts of the Campagna, or whose bodies may have floated down the river, after the inundations that occasionally desolate the banks. One day, whilst the light strains of the French military bands on Mount Janiculum were floating in the air, the fierce and shaggy dogs of the Campagna were seen prowling round the walls of Rome, in quest of the bones of the Romans who had fallen in defence of them. The Marquis del Bufalo, a man of unbounded benevolence and unwearying exertions in its cause, who is at the head of this Confraternity *dei morti*, requested permission of the Vicar-general, Cardinal Patrizzi, to repair with a party of his brethren to the environs of St. Pancrazio, to gather together the remains of their countrymen, too thickly scattered among the neighbouring vineyards, in order to give them Christian burial. But the pious ecclesiastic flew into a rage at the very idea of such an act of charity, and declared that if any other than the Marquis himself had dared to make a similar suggestion in favour of such iniquitous wretches, he would have sent him to the galleys at once.

Thus it is that priestly vengeance urges relentless war even with the dead! yea, even to the eternal misery, according to the Catholic belief, of their souls. Surely the Pope himself cannot know of all the harshnesses that are sent forth in his name! We are told that our Heavenly Father hath pity upon us, "even as a father pitieth his children;" that He is "merciful and gracious, full of compassion and long-suffering," and that "His anger endureth but a moment." But his Vicegerent on earth, as he assumes to be, the Father of the Roman Catholic Church, has had no pity upon *his* children; he has not endeavoured to win them back by one word of kindness, or to set them a single example of Christian forgiveness. On the contrary, he has pained and irritated their feelings in every instance; he has lavished blessings and honours upon their bitterest and most contemptible enemies, even the Neapolitans; whilst for them he has reserved only denunciations and opprobrious epithets; and he has given a lasting wound to them, (more disgraceful however to himself than to those on whom it was inflicted,) by making Oudinot Duke of San Pancrazio, and himself and his descendants citizens of Rome! thus perpetuating for ever to the Romans the remembrance of a defeat, which, though a thousand times more honourable to them than the victory was to their assailants, cost them their own hearts' blood, in the streams that flowed from the veins of those dearest to them, and in the wreck of all the noble hopes that had till then sustained them in the unequal contest.

We will leave the new-made Duke, however, to the secret enjoyment of his title, which no doubt sounds with strange delight in his ears, after the renunciation of the epithet of your Grace, which he was compelled to make to the Republic, if so it may be called, of France; we will leave him to the undisturbed possession of the annexed income of six thousand scudi, that is to say two hundred a-year! a sum paltry enough in itself, as an appanage to a Dukedom, but too large as one to be wrung out of the exhausted finances of a people already suffering to the utmost. Of the conduct of the French troops and of the subaltern officers we wish not to say anything of reprehension or disparagement. That they evinced on all occasions equal bravery with those whom they so unjustifiably attacked, must be, and is willingly admitted; by none more so than by those whom their superior forces overcame. Their behaviour since their entry into the city, save for a few ebullitions at first, more consonant to their national vanity and display than to their good taste, has been exemplary and conciliating; and where the Romans have not responded to their advances towards better fellowship, they have had *bonhommie* enough to attribute it more to the yet rankling feelings inseparable from so recent a recollection of the past, than to anything repulsive in themselves; and doubtless their good humour and vivacity will in time win over the good-natured Romans so far that they will not throw away their cigars, as soon as they have granted the requested courtesy of lending the light of them to a Frenchman, or continue to "change sides and back again," or quit the scene entirely, when their self-installed *protectors* enter the *Café* or theatre where they may have been accustomed to hold undisputed possession. Nay, it is possible, even yet, that the French may make common cause with the Italians, against the advocates of despotism, temporal and spiritual; they are every day becoming more and more ashamed of the part they have so far taken, in the most eventful drama of modern times, and more and more convinced of its inefficiency, in bringing about the ends they professed to have had in view. What the closing scene may be, it is difficult to foresee. The presumption of the Cardinals, and the obstinacy of the Pope, in continually refusing to admit or listen to any of the deputations sent to him with the most conciliatory messages, may wear out the patience of the mediators, and do more to procure the people their just rights than their own inefficient efforts could do at present. Meanwhile it behoves all nations who are happy themselves in the enjoyment of peace and well organized liberty, to look upon the Romans and their adherents with equal respect and sympathy—particularly England, whose watchword ought ever to be—"A Free Constitution and Social Order;" and the English gentry and artists, who have for centuries sought health and pleasure, and refinement of taste, in the balmy climate and the interesting associations and varied attractions of Rome, may now return the debt, in the form of welcome and shelter to the heroic spirits who may be compelled to seek temporary refuge on their

shores. Rome itself has been sarcastically termed the Hospital for Decayed Royalties; let England boast the more glorious title of the asylum for persecuted patriots; and above all, let it not be thought that those who advocate the Italian Cause are therefore friends to anarchy and misrule; or that they advocate any impossible or undesirable equality of ranks, or unjust spoliation of property justly acquired or lawfully inherited. On the contrary, it is a full and grateful sense of the blessings we enjoy in this our most favoured land, that will lead every generous mind to wish one of the finest countries in the world to acquire the same advantages, under whatever form of government may best suit the genius and individual characteristics of the divers states of which it is composed. Till then we may exclaim in the language of the poet who has so finely set forth the heroic character of the early Romans, in his tragedy of Cato,

> "How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
> And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
> But what avail her unexhausted stores,
> Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
> With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
> The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
> While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
> And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?"

RUSTIC CIVILITY.

FROM A PICTURE BY COLLINS.

Few of our readers, whether connoisseurs in art or not, will fail to be delighted with the charming specimen of the works of the late William Collins. The fine ruddy lad opening the gate, with one little sister crouching timidly behind him, and the other peeping curiously through the bars, form a group that cannot be surpassed for natural and beautiful expression. The landscape is worthy of the figures—the sequestered lane in soft shadow, with its few chequered lights, sets off the sunny figures in the foreground. The group of farm buildings is well introduced. Altogether, few scenes can be more thoroughly English; but we need not descant more fully on beauties that will recommend themselves, and that will be the better appreciated as they are the more repeatedly examined. We hope to be enabled to present our subscribers with some other choice specimens of the works of this inimitable artist.

Reviews.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.[1]

Some of our readers are doubtless well acquainted with the first volume of "Friends in Council;"—they will assuredly welcome the appearance of this second book, and need little or no criticism from us on the subject, since it is tolerably certain, that having read the first, they will not take the second upon hearsay, but will be anxious to read it for themselves. Good books are scarce articles, and should be made much of, when they do appear among us.

But as some of our readers may not have met with the former volume of "Friends in Council," it may be well to explain, that it is a book of essays on various subjects, interspersed with imaginary conversations on these and collateral subjects, the interlocutors being the author of the essays and one or two of his friends.

These two volumes are not the only works for which the public is indebted to their author. The "Essays in the Intervals of Business;" "Claims of Labour," one or two plays, and, recently, "The Conquerors of the New World," have established his claims to the title of a thinker, as well as to that of a cultivated and graceful writer.

Upon the whole, we prefer this second book of "Friends in Council" to the first; not that there is any decided superiority in the execution of the work, but because the subjects treated of are, for the most part, more to our taste—less hackneyed, and more capable of having something definite and practical said about them. The conversations, too, in this second volume are more easy and flowing, and contain "more matter with less art" than those in the first; at least, such is our impression without having the first volume at hand to reperuse and compare with the new one. The titles of the essays in the present book are "Reading," "On giving and taking criticism," "On the Art of Living," "Improvement of the Condition of the Rural Poor," "Government," and "Slavery." The last-named subject is not confined to one essay, but is discussed in several which follow each other in a natural sequence; and which form the last half of the volume.

In the conversational portions much ground is gone over, having little or no direct reference to the subject of the essays, but which is always interesting, because new ideas are suggested, or old ones put forward in a new form to the reader's mind. Milverton, Ellesmere, and Dunsford are the three talkers; but Dunsford's niece, Lucy Daylmer, is introduced into these intellectual parties, and puts in a word or two in season, and when she is altogether silent during any one of these collisions of wit, her presence and sympathy are always felt. It is to be inferred from this, that the author of "Friends in Council" does not disdain the companionship of a woman in the capacity of *friend* and *counsellor*. Let our female readers appreciate the compliment, for he is one of the very few wise men who know what they say, and dare to say what they know. Miss Lucy is a sweet girl of eighteen or twenty, but she reads Latin and Greek, and is in other respects so well informed, as to give and receive pleasure in the society of such men as her uncle and his friends. There is a sort of intellectual skirmishing between her and Ellesmere, which seems to us to portend matrimony, but anything so commonplace is not hinted at in the book.

Let us now give some specimens of the style of thought and manner of treatment in the essays. In the one upon "reading" there is much matter which

(1) "Friends in Council. A Series of Readings, and Discourses thereon." Book the Second. William Pickering.

should interest every one who ever opens a book. The following remarks we earnestly recommend to the notice of our readers.

"Before entering upon the mode of managing study, or, perhaps, I ought to use the word *reading* instead of study (for it would be quite wrong to suppose that the fol lowing remarks apply to professed students only,) it would be well to see what does really happen in life, as regards the intellectual cultivation of most grown-up people. I ask them, is it not mainly dependent upon chance?—The professional man, wearied with the cares and labours of his office or employment, when he comes home, takes up whatever book may happen to be the reading of his wife, or mother, or daughters; and they—for women are often educated in a way to avoid method and intellectual strength of any kind—are probably contented with what the circulating library affords, and read according to the merest rumour and fashion of the present hour. Again, what is called light literature, (how it has obtained or maintained that name is surprising,) criticisms, scraps, tales, and the like, is nearly the sole intellectual food of many intelligent persons. Now, without undervaluing this kind of literature, which if improved, as it would be if addressed to a class of persons who were wont to read with wisdom and method, would be very serviceable to those persons; we cannot say but that to make such literature the staple of the mind is unworthy and frivolous in the extreme.

"I believe, however, that many persons are aware how indifferently they are spending their time in the way they read at present; and I shall not labour any more at this part of the subject, but come at once to what appears to me the remedy for the evil: which is, that every man and woman who can read at all, should adopt some definite purpose in their reading—should take something for the main stem and trunk of their culture, whence branches might grow out in all directions, seeking light and air for the parent tree; which, it is hoped, might end in becoming something useful and ornamental, and, which, at any rate, all along, will have had life and growth in it.

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"If we consider what are the objects men pursue, when conscious of any object at all, in reading, they are these:—amusement, instruction, a wish to appear well in society, and a desire to pass away time. Now, even the lowest of these objects is facilitated by reading with method. The keenness of pursuit thus engendered enriches the most trifling gain, takes away the sense of dulness in details, and gives an interest to what would, otherwise, be most repugnant. No one who has never known the eager joy of some intellectual pursuit, can understand the full pleasure of reading.

"Again, by reccommending some choice of subject and method in the pursuit of it, I do not wish to be held to a narrow interpretation of the word "*subject.*" For example, I can imagine a man saying, I do not care particularly to investigate this or that question in history; I am not going to pursue any branch of science; but I have a desire to know what the most renowned men have written; I will see what the twenty or thirty great poets have said; what, in various ages has appeared the best expression of the things nearest to the heart and fancy of man. A person of more adventure and more time, might seek to include the greatest writers in morals or history. There are not so many of them. If a man were to read a hundred great authors, he would, I suspect, have heard what mankind has yet had to say upon most things. I am aware of the culture that would be required for such an enterprise; but I merely give it as an instance of what may justly come under the head of the pursuit of one subject, as I mean it, and which certainly would not be called a narrow purpose.

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"There is a very refined use which reading might be put to; viz. to counteract the particular evils and temptations of our callings, the original imperfections of our characters, the tendencies of our age or of our own time of life. Those for instance who are versed in dull crabbed work all day, of a kind which is always exercising the logical faculty, and demanding minute, not to say vexatious criticism, would, during their leisure, do wisely to expatiate in writings of a large and imaginative kind. These, however, are often the persons who particularly avoid poetry and works of imagination, whereas, they ought, perhaps, to cultivate them most. For it should be one of the frequent objects of every man who cares for the culture of his whole being, to give some exercise to those faculties which are not demanded by his daily occupations, and not encouraged by his disposition.

"Hitherto the inducements I have brought forward for more fixedness of pursuit and soundness of method in reading, have been, many of them, comparatively speaking, worldly and slight ones. But there are others, which, if well considered, might alone suffice to change, at once, any habit of thoughtless and purposeless reading. We suppose that we carry our moral nature into another world; why not our intellectual nature?—further, why not our acquirements? Is it probable that a man who has scorned here all advantages for commune with the works of God, is at once to be enlightened as if he had done his duty to the intelligence within him or about him? It may be noticed that, as far as we can discern, the same physical laws govern the most distant parts of creation, as those which prevail here. Moreover, what we call nature or providence, is thrifty as well as liberal, has apparently given to man no more faculty than he fully needs. May not a similar divine frugality—perhaps, an essential element for the furtherance of life, and the developement of energy—pervade creation? These, however, are very serious topics; and I am afraid of being presumptuous in talking about them. But we must remember that there may be presumption in making too little, as well as in making too much of knowledge. Added to which,—and here I am in much less fear of what I say,—I have no doubt that sound intellectual culture is in brotherhood with the best moral culture."

This last fact should be better known than it is. It is a great, but, we fear, a very prevalent error to believe that "ignorance is bliss;" and there is another darling vulgar error, or rather another form of the same error, viz. the belief that *ignorance is virtue*. In this complicated system of things, all qualities, good and evil, have a strange power of subsisting together, nay, of permeating each other in the same individual, so that you shall not be able to say of any one of them, "This is pure, this is entire, intact, in such and such a man." Hence the impossibility of laying down any rules concerning moral nature, to which there will not be found an alarming number of exceptions, arising from unknown and incalculable accidents. But it is not from accidents, but from essential psychological elements, that moral rules are made; and there are few moral rules to which we ourselves cling with more tenacity than to this, "that sound intellectual culture is in brotherhood with the best moral culture;" in other words, that an ignorant or foolish man can never be a *good* man. "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?" "Understanding shall keep thee, to deliver thee from the way of the evil man, that thou mayest walk in the way of good men."

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." Solomon would scarcely understand the mental perversion of our times, which makes people set up the intellectual faculties as the natural foes of the moral instincts, and believe that wisdom and understanding and knowledge are the allies of the evil spirit.

The essay on "the Art of Living" will be generally considered the best in the book. It is well digested, moderate, but firm in the principles which it lays down, and full of thoughts and suggestions which touch the daily well-being of every one of us, and are capable of being brought out in practice.

"But, as it is, how poor a thing is social intercourse. How often in society a man goes out from interested or vain motives, at most unreasonable hours, in very uncomfortable clothes, to sit or stand in a constrained position, inhaling tainted air, suffering from great heat, and his sole occupation or amusement being to talk—only to talk. I do not mean to say there are not delightful meetings in society, which all who were present at remember afterwards, where the party has been well chosen, the host and hostess genial, (a matter of the first necessity,) where wit has been kind as well as playful, where information has known how to be silent as well as how to speak, where good humour to the absent as well as to the present has assured the company that they were among good people, where ostentation has gone away to some more gilded rooms, and where a certain feeling of regard and confidence has spread throughout the company, so that each man has spoken out from his heart. But these are sadly rare; they are days, as the Romans would say, to be marked with chalk; and it would not fatigue any man to mark those which he himself has experienced. The main current of society is very dreary and dull, and not the less so for its restlessness. The chief hindrances to its improvement are of a moral nature, and may be placed under the following heads. These hindrances to the pleasure and profit of society, (and by society I do not mean the society of the great world, as we call it, but the humblest and smallest reunions, down to the domestic circle) these hindrances may be thus enumerated:—want of truth, vanity, shyness, imitation, foolish concern about trifles, want of faithfulness to society, (which leads to repetition and publicity,) habits of ridicule, and puritanical notions."

After showing how all social intercourse is vitiated by falsehood and vanity among men and women, he proceeds to the following point in the education of the young, which we recommend to parents and guardians, as food for profitable meditation, and still more profitable practice.

"I believe, if most young persons were to tell us what they had suffered from shyness upon their entrance into society, it would well deserve to be placed next to want of truth as a hindrance to the enjoyment of society. Now, admitting that there is a certain degree of graceful modesty mixed up with this shyness, very becoming in the young, there is at the same time a great deal of needless care about what others think and say. In fact, it proceeds from a painful egotism, sharpened by needless self-examinations and foolish imaginations, in which the shy youth or maiden is tormented by his or her personality, and is haunted by imagining that he or she is the centre of the circle—the observed of all observers. The great cause of this shyness is not sufficiently accustoming children to society, or making them suppose that their conduct in it is a matter of extreme importance; and, especially, in urging them from their earliest youth by this most injurious of all sayings,—If you do this or that, what will be said, what will be thought of you? thus referring the child not to religion, not to wisdom, not to virtue, not even to the opinion of those whose opinion ought to have weight, but to the opinion of whatever society he may chance to come into. I often think that the parent, guardian, or teacher, who has happily omitted to instil this vile prudential consideration, or enabled the child to resist it, even if he, the teacher, has omitted much good advice and guidance, has still done better than that teacher or parent who has filled the child to the brim with good moral considerations, and yet has allowed this one piece of arrant worldliness to creep in."

In the "Essays in the Intervals of Business," there was a chapter on "Secresy," which pleased most intelligent readers much, because it put into words a feeling which must have been experienced by all delicate minds, exposed to the wordy incontinence which is so frequent a vice of modern society. It is here spoken of again as "unfaithfulness to society." The passage is well worth quotation:—

"The next hindrance I shall mention is one rarely commented upon, but which I maintain to be very important—want of faithfulness to society. A man should consider that in whatever company he is thrown, there are certain duties incident upon him in respect of that association. The first of these is reticence about what he hears in that society. We see this as regards the intercourse of intimate friends. If your friend in a quiet walk with you were to tell you of some of his inner troubles and vexations, you would not consider yourself at liberty to mention these things in general society the next day. So, in all social intercourse, there is an implied faithfulness of the members of the society, one to another; and if this faithfulness were well maintained, not only would a great deal of pain and mischief be prevented, but men, knowing they were surrounded by people with a nice sense of honour in this respect, would be more frank and explicit in all they said and did. As it is, a thoughtful and kind-hearted man is often obliged to make his discourse very barren lest it should be repeated to a circle for whom it was not intended, by whom it could not be understood, and who can rarely have before them the circumstances which lead to its being uttered. The fault of indiscreet publication is very prevalent at the present day; and has, I have no doubt, thrown a general constraint over all communications, personal or by letter, amongst those very persons with whom unconstrained communication would be most valuable."

How often are we made to feel the general want of reticence, the want of faith in society! How often do others say to us, or we to them, "Do not mention this again," "I should not wish this to be repeated," &c., when, if a proper feeling of delicate reticence, a habit of discretion in regard to things not to be bandied about, prevailed among us, such words of caution would be considered reproachful, if not quite insulting.

The following is excellent:—

"Lastly, there is the want of something to do besides talking, which must be put down as one of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasantness, as well as usefulness, of social intercourse. Puritanical notions have gone some way in occasioning this want, by forbidding many innocent or indifferent amusements. But I suspect that any body who should study human nature much, would find that it was one of the most dangerous amusements

to bring people together to talk who have but little to say. The more variety men have in their amusements, the better; and I confess that I am one of those who think that games are often very good instructors of mankind and as little mischievous as anything else they do.

"But this consideration of the want of something to do besides talking, leads naturally to that branch of the Art of Living which is connected with accomplishments. In this we have been, hitherto, singularly neglectful; and our poor and arid education has often made time hang heavy on our hands, given opportunity for scandal, occasioned domestic dissension, and prevented the just enjoyment we should have had of the gifts of nature. More large and general cultivation of music, of the fine arts, of manly and graceful exercises, of various minor branches of science and natural philosophy, will, I am persuaded, enhance greatly the pleasure of society,' and mainly in this, that it will fill up that want of something to do besides talking, which is so grievously felt at present. A group of children with their nursery chairs as playthings, are often able to make a better and pleasanter evening of it than an assembly of fine people in London, where nobody has anything to do, where nothing is going on but vapid conversation, where the ladies dare not move freely about, and where a good chorus, a childish game, or even the liberty to work or read, would be a perfect godsend to the whole assembly. This, however, is but a very small part of the advantage and aid to the art of living which would flow from a greatly widened basis of education in accomplishments and what are now deemed minor studies. I am persuaded that the whole of life would be beautified and vivified by them; and one great advantage which I do not fear to repeat, though I have urged it two or three times before in different places, is that from this variety of cultivation various excellences would be developed in persons whose natures not being suitable for the few things cultivated and rewarded at present, are thick with thorns and briars, and present the appearance of waste land, whereas if sown with the fit seed, and tended in a proper manner, they would come into some sort of cultivation, would bring forth something good, perhaps something which is excellent of its kind. Such people who now lie sunk in disrespect, would become useful, or ornamental, and therefore genial; they would be an assistance to society instead of a weight upon it."

The essays on "Giving and Taking Criticism" and on the "Improvement of the Rural Poor," are excellent. They appeal directly to some of the most influential classes in the community, great and small literary men, and great and small landed proprietors. The former essay is also of general application, since the word "*Criticism*" is used in an extended signification, and means all comment upon the characters, conduct, and words of those with whom we are brought into contact. We regret that our limited space will not allow us to give specimens of our author's mode of dealing with these two important subjects. We can only say that he treats them calmly and largely, and runs into no extreme; indeed, from the nature of his mind he never does that, and you are sure of finding no crude, violent, or startling theories in his pages, while you are equally sure of finding no mere adornment of commonplace. Indeed, in his essays on "Slavery" he has contrived to make you forget that the subject has been worn threadbare by abolitionists and anti-abolitionists, and has made it not only very interesting, but has often given it a forceful novelty. Let our readers carefully peruse the following extract:—

"Doubtless of almost every race in succession it has been pronounced by their masters, that to get any good out of them it was necessary to have supreme command over them. To illustrate this, here is a fragment which I conjecture to have been part of a letter sent by a Roman senator to some young man who had recently come into possession of large property, and was inclined to act with unusual benevolence towards his slaves.—'It might have been true in former days, when all slaves were captives in war from people brave as ourselves, but with this scum of nations it is absurd. You favour much the British race, and (forgive me) are wont, from paradox, to talk of their fidelity and valour. Two of my slaves of that race, no later than the ides of June, were detected, in a long course of deceit and trickery; not only purloining, but laying the crime on my Thracians, and even on Epœnetus, my freedman, whom you know. The truthful scourge brought this to light; and for them there is no reasoning. Can such a rabble of barbarians become a nation? for by nation I do not mean a horde of wandering savages—

"Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,"

but men formed to carry the ideas of power and justice over the world, fit, not only to govern themselves, but to sway others?' (a thoroughly Roman theory of a nation, by the way.) 'The thing is impossible, and would only delude those delirious persons by whom every new and strange thing is well received. Moreover, my physician Festus tells me that these people are, by the appointment of the gods (*divinitus*) an inferior race, proved by their miserably white skin. For, as he says, the lymph in their bodies is altogether of a poor and half-decocted nature which produces these sickly appearances of pink and white. Hence the brain is of a flaccid substance, and the whole body is such as cannot be led to good but by stripes, not rarely applied. I do not say these things of myself, and should despise to know them; but they are what the slave says, (Festus.) You yourself perceive the hang-dog look and abject bearing (gestum demissum perditumque vultum) of these Britons. And it is with these, and such as these, that we are to eat in company! for so I construe Seneca's fine words[1] which you read to me the other day. Next, I suppose we are to intermarry with them. But the gods—' Here the fragment breaks off not inappropriately, as this kind of people are apt to invoke the gods in support of their argument."

As a comment upon this we will just quote the following from the talk of the "Friends in Council" upon the essay. Dunsford says:—

"That fragment from the Roman author is very interesting, Milverton."

Milverton: "Very."

Ellesmere: "My dear Dunsford, what an invaluable creature you are! How charmingly you are imposed upon! That Roman author has just been making a most English dinner at this very 'Lion,' or 'Stag,' or whatever this inn is called."

In fact, this clever and elegant forgery is the work of Milverton (our author), who thus shows a delicate, subtle vein of satire in the garb of playful scholarship. We think it would be needless, after the above quotation, to say that he has no want of imagination, or of humour, although he is for the most part grave and earnest. We omitted to mention the essay on "Government" in its place. It is sensible, far-seeing, and should be read by every red-hot ultra politician of all parties,—read, and as far as possible acted upon.

(1) Quid ergo?—Omnes servos admovebo mensæ meæ? Non magis quam omnes liberos? Erras si existimas me quosdam quasi sordidioris operæ rejecturum, ut puta illum mulionem, et illum bubulcum non ministeriis illos æstimabo, sed moribus. Sibi

JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.[1]

A SCULPTURED representation of John Howard stands in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is a worthy tribute to his memory. The marble image of the philanthropist, with the inscription commemorative of his genius, his charity, and his devotion to mankind, remains as an enduring memorial of his "truly glorious achievements," to command the respect, and excite the emulation of posterity. Whilst we look upon the statues of heroes who have fought the battles, statesmen who have ruled the destinies, and poets who have increased the lustre of the nation, the eye turns with pleasure to that of the martyred Howard, who gave England a name for benevolence, whilst others have rendered her pre-eminent for the glory of her arms, the wisdom of her statesmen, and the brilliancy of her arts. But no marble record in a spot consecrated to the gratitude of the nation can shed a halo round a martyr's name like that with which the faithful story of his good works, the written panorama of his life, can invest him. The statue in St. Paul's Cathedral points attention to the greatness of Howard's mind, and the value of his services to the human race: Mr. Hepworth Dixon's biography describes completely, and with graphic fidelity, what is there only generally indicated. The marble is the testimony to Howard's charity of mind; the book is the vindication of his claims to the earnest and lasting gratitude of mankind. Throughout all ages, and in every region to which the record of his life may penetrate, his name will be numbered among the martyrs of humanity; for, while others have yielded life in the prison, on the wheel of torture, on the scaffold, on the battle-field, in the breach, on the deck, and on the fiery pile, in the defence of kindred, country, or confederates, in the assertion of a principle or a right, whether in religion or in the name of freedom, he gave himself a sacrifice to the poor, stricken with disease, the weak, suffering from oppression, the unfortunate, condemned to unmerited punishment, and even the guilty, whom the ferocity of vindictive laws, or the abuses of a corrupted system, had reduced to the lowest level of human misery. Such was the man whose life Mr. Hepworth Dixon has narrated with ability and a faithful adherence to facts.

The biography is not gilded with the meretricious ornaments of imagination. We have John Howard's life without embellishment, and we have his character without the excessive lavishment of adulation. To say that the author has painted the portrait of a man without an error, that he has converted the philanthropist into somewhat of an ideal, without spot or blemish, is not to indicate a fault; for it seems impossible for the mind to dwell long and seriously on the virtues of so great a man without becoming imbued with that spirit of admiration, elevating itself at times almost to worship, which appears to have resulted, in most recent instances, in the portraiture of a demigod on earth. But Mr. Dixon has been more than usually judicious in this respect; although we must allow that his estimate of Howard is one which takes the most exalted form of human excellence as its standard, and places on a level with it the character of the philanthropist. However, the actions of such a man form his best panegyric. To describe what he did is to do him more justice than to say what he was. This is also true of the work before us. To quote a few passages, and allow the reader to perceive the vigorous style of the author, and the interest of his narrative, will be a better compliment to the volume than the most fervid criticism or the most exalted praise.

John Howard was born about the year 1725, either at Hackney, Enfield, Smithfield, or Cardington; the exact place, as well as the date of his birth, being unknown. His father was a merchant of the city of London, and, deeming that the occupation which had raised him to fortune would be the proper path of life for his son, bound him apprentice to a grocer in Watling Street. To this vocation the youth, whose acquirements, notwithstanding that he was no classical scholar, were far from mean, was but weakly bound by ties of predilection. The parental wish, however, was not opposed; and until the elder Howard's death, his son remained in the dingy counting-house, casting up accounts of groceries and pickles. But when that event occurred, the young man, no longer under restraint, bought his liberty, took possession of his sufficiently ample fortune, retired to Stoke Newington for health and quiet, and experienced a severe illness. His landlady, a respectable, but "ordinary-looking woman, of fifty-two," and herself a confirmed invalid, attended him with the kindness of a mother; and Howard, whose gratitude was unbounded, knew not how to express it otherwise than by offering to marry his attentive nurse, to lift her from her humble position, to share his name, his fortune with her. The good woman was startled, objected, reasoned, and even remonstrated,

"But," says our author, "all to no purpose. Howard's mind was made up. During his slow recovery, he had weighed the matter carefully,—had come to the conclusion, that it was his duty to marry her, and nothing could now change his determination. The struggle between the two must have been extremely curious;—the sense of duty on both sides—founded upon honest convictions, no doubt,—the mutual respect, without the consuming fire,—the cool and logical weighing of arguments, in place of the rapid pleading of triumphant passion; the young man, without the ordinary inspirations of youth, on the one hand, the widow, past her prime, yet simple, undesigning, unambitious, earnestly struggling to reject and put aside youth, wealth, protection, honour, social rank,—the very things for which *women are taught to dress, to pose, to intrigue, almost to circumvent heaven,*—on the other, form together a picture which has its romantic interest, in spite of the incongruity of the main idea."

Mr. Dixon is too harsh upon women. He might very justly have introduced the monosyllable "some" before the words we have italicised, which would have rendered his charge less sweeping, and, therefore, more correct. But, passing this with a brief

quisque dat mores: ministeria casus assignat. Quidam cœnent tecum, quia digni sunt; quidam ut sint. Si quid enim in illis ex sordida conversatione servile est, honestiorum convictus excutiet.—Senecæ Epist. xlvii.

(1) "John Howard: and the Prison-World of Europe in the Eighteenth Century." By Hepworth Dixon. London: Jackson & Walford. 1849.

but most decided challenge to its general application, we find that Mrs. Loidore yielded at length, and became the wife of Howard. Three years of this union passed away happily and tranquilly, and the good lady died. Her demise again brought the future martyr into active intercourse with the world. The tremendous calamity which had laid in ruins the capital of Portugal, appeared to call for his exertions to alleviatet he distress of those whose unexampled sufferings then drew upon Lisbon the compassionate attention of all Europe. Howard embarked; his vessel was captured by a privateer; he and his companions were carried prisoners of war to Brest, where, in a damp and filthy dungeon, he tasted of that privation and misery, to the alleviation of which the after years of his life were consecrated. But his confinement was not protracted; and he was once again at liberty to choose a course of action.

The paternal estate at Cardington suggested the idea of repose. There he settled; there he employed his time in worthy occupations; there his mind recovered tranquillity; and there he met Henrietta Leeds, whose qualities of gentleness, generosity, piety, as well as beauty, won his heart. He offered her his hand, stipulating that, when married, all disputed questions should be determined by his will. In fact, he required her obedience while he asked her love,—a plan which Mr. Dixon approves of, although he doubts the success of its universal application. We object, decidedly, to this plan of requiring "obedience" from a wife; and most of our readers, doubtless, sympathise with us. Women, like men, have a taste for, as well as a right to freedom; but Mrs. Howard's obedience was little more than nominal. *His will* was ostensibly their domestic law, but *her influence* was pre-eminent, so that no discussions on that point disturbed the tenor of their lives. Their residence at Cardington was pleasant, and rendered still more so by the taste of its occupants.

"The back part of the house was taken down and rebuilt on an enlarged and picturesque plan. A new suite of rooms were made to abut on the pleasure-grounds, into which an elegant entrance was formed. The old-fashioned casements were taken from the front and replaced by a series of chaste and simple cottage windows; while the walls were covered with a light lattice work, about which were trailed and twined the most fragrant garden plants and flowers. The pleasure grounds were formed out of a field of about three acres extent, formerly attached to the farm; it is said they were laid out in the best possible taste, having a kitchen-garden in the centre so completely shut in with shrubs and flowers that a stranger might have strolled about for hours without being made aware of its existence, unless he chanced to come upon a slight and narrow opening, overarched with the interlacing branches of trees, through which it might be entered, no gate or artificial barrier stopping the way. Between the shrubbery and the cottage was a beautiful lawn, surrounded by a broad gravel-walk, which being thickly bordered by evergreens and fine well-grown trees, was sheltered from the heat of the summer sun and afforded a delightful promenade. In one part of the grounds the path was skirted by a row of magnificent firs, which are said to have been brought by the philanthropist from the continent, in one of his early rambles, and planted there with his own hands. This shady walk was his favourite resort when the society of his friends, or his own brooding thoughts, suggested a pleasant saunter in the open air; his more studious hours being spent in a rustic building, half summer-house, half library—situate at the bottom of the garden. This oratory was chastely and simply fitted up with statues, books, including most of the great Puritan authors, and a few philosophical instruments."

Such was Howard's home at Cardington. Here he lived with his wife—they were as happy as love-birds. Their charity extended in a wide circle around. They were the good geniuses of the place, and at their coming want was dissipated, and suffering relieved. But death at one blow destroyed the fair structure of happiness which Howard in his waking dreams had reared. Henrietta, his young wife, died. He was again alone, again full of sorrow, and again he plunged into the turbulent whirlpool of life, dividing his attention between the education of his only son, (whose youth was a sacrifice to folly, and whose early and miserable death was the result,) and the wants of his fellow-men. We find him in Italy, whose blue skies and incense-breathing gardens, combined with the piety of his own heart to heal the deep wounds of sorrow which his second and most bitter bereavement had inflicted. We have seen him luxuriating in the lap of happiness, resting in the bosom of peace. But for the last time. We now accompany him, in his capacity of sheriff of Bedford, into the debtor's dungeon, the felon's cell. Here he found cruelty exercising an unchecked dominion, and corruption revelling at its will.

The state of the prison-world at that period was such as language cannot faithfully describe. Felons were thrust into subterranean dungeons, where, on a damp floor, and with unwholesome miasmata poisoning the atmosphere, they literally rotted away, suffering the most miserable privations. The debtor met with no better fate. The innocent man often ended his life in prison, and the petty thief made heavy reparation for his offence by death on the scaffold. The gaolers of those days were men whose hearts, hardened by continued association with crime, by constant familiarity with suffering, were deaf to all appeals save that of the purse. The victim who fell into their power became at once the helpless prey of their extortion, and could in no way redeem his liberty save by the satisfaction of their rapacious demands.

To remedy these abuses, and to introduce justice instead of ferocity into the prison-world, was now Howard's aim. With this view he entered on a tour of inspection. Through nearly all the great cities of England he proceeded, visiting in each place the gaols, which he found to be very dens of oppression, farmed out in many instances to private individuals who reimbursed themselves through whatever inventions of extortion they could devise. Appearing at the bar of the House of Commons, Howard made his report, detailing what he had seen, describing the cruelties practised by prison-keepers, and the suffering endured by prison-inmates, suggesting at the same time, remedies and ameliorations. The House was surprised by his account, and formally acknowledged

his zeal in the service of humanity by a vote of thanks—a rare and uncommon honour. One of the members, who perhaps could not understand Howard's philanthropy, asked him at whose expense he travelled? a "question to which he could hardly reply without expressing some indignant emotion."

He again entered on another progress through the kingdom to search out suffering and drag iniquity into the light of day. He saw cells, where felons lay chained to the floor, with straw to lie on worn almost to dust; he saw men, deprived even of the convict's allowance, sickening with hunger and thirst,—male and female prisoners huddled together in dark and filthy dungeons, where light and air were almost excluded, where the wretched occupants dragged heavy weights on their limbs, and where delicate women lay shivering on the naked stones, shut out from the most distant prospect of better things.

Here vice became more vicious, and misery more miserable. Crime was a field where cruelty and avarice reaped abundant harvests, and punishment an instrument of torture and oppression, rather than of prevention. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's description of Plymouth prison may serve as a type of the rest.

"The gaol had a room for felons which was called the chink, seventeen feet long, eight wide, and only five and a half high, so that a person of ordinary stature could not stand erect in it! This diabolical dungeon was also dark and stifling, having neither air nor light, except such as could struggle through a wicket in the door, five inches by seven in dimensions. Yet Howard learnt with horror that *three* men had been kept in this den, under a sentence of transportation, for nearly two months! They could neither see nor breathe freely, nor could they stand upright. To keep alive at all, they were forced to crouch, each in his turn, at the wicket, to catch a few inspirations of air; otherwise they must have died of suffocation, for the door was rarely opened. When Howard saw it, the door had not been opened for five weeks, and yet it was inhabited! He caused the bolts to be shot and an entry made; but the indescribable stench which issued would have driven back any less courageous visitor; he, however, forced his way in, and found there a pallid miserable wretch, who had languished in that living grave for seventy mortal days, awaiting transportation. The prisoner declared to his questioner that he would prefer being executed at once—and no wonder."

Howard's labours were unremitting, and slowly but surely produced their results. The friends of reform saw the energetic character of the philanthropist, and conceived the idea of arming themselves with his abilities in Parliament. They requested him to become candidate at the election in Bedford, in opposition to two corruption-mongers, Sir William Wake and Mr. Sparrow. The contest was spirited. An election fever threw the community into excitement, and a clergyman who saw the money-influence exerted by one of the candidates, alluded broadly to him in his text on Sunday morning—"Are not two *sparrows* sold for one farthing? Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Money, however, prevailed against Howard's good name, and the clergyman's wit, and the philanthropist remained at the bottom of the poll. His defeat was a triumph for humanity. More ridicule than honour is now reaped in the Commons, and he was thus saved from the disgrace, to prosecute his mission of mercy. The Continent was now selected as a wider field of labour. The Bastile was then shut against his inspection, but the civil prisons of Paris were opened to him, and presented somewhat of a contrast with those of London. In Holland, the earth was not, as then in England, fattened on the fruits of the gallows. There had not been in Amsterdam one execution for ten years. In Germany the horrid engines of torture were still in vigorous play. Returning to England, he continued his survey there, remarking that the keepers of prisons were in numerous cases *women,* whose gentle natures were shown in the severities practised on their prisoners.

The only place where Howard found the prisons clean, airy, and wholesome, where cruelty was unknown, and where punishment was regulated by justice, was the Republic of Geneva. There the gaols might have been taken as models for the rest of Europe. There the spirit of freedom was recognised. If prisoners escaped, they were not, if recaptured, subject to any additional penalty—it was the neglect of their keepers which was punished; a system which ensured precaution and prevented cruelty. Howard heard of one remarkable instance. He visited the gaol in Basle, which was in a lofty tower, but contained then no *inmates.* At the summit, near the great clock, was a strong-room, only six feet high, entered through a trap in the roof. Remarking on the unusual security of this cell, he was told that a man had, shortly before, actually broken from it. The only instrument he had was a spoon, which he sharpened and employed to cut from the wall a piece of timber. This was to be used in breaking the fastenings of the trap. Aware of the vigilance of his keepers, he found it difficult to effect his purpose without noise. It was impossible to strike the hinges without creating an alarm.

"Here there seemed an insuperable objection to his design. But the tower clock was near to his room. This suggested a chance. By proceeding cautiously, he gradually acquired the knack of hitting the bolts with his log just as the great clock was striking the hour, with such nicety of operation, that the boom entirely overpowered the sound. In this way he made himself master of his immediate cell, the trap of which he could now open and shut at pleasure—that is, at the striking of the hours. So far all went well. He had, however, some other doors to force, and two or three galleries to pass, all the while running the greatest risk of detection from the patrolling guards. Nothing daunted by his numerous perils, he pushed his outworks further and further daily; securing his retreat as he went along, and returning to his cell whenever he expected the officers to be about. In this fashion he worked his way, till at the end of fifteen days he emerged on the roof of the tower, in the open air and sky, but at a frightful distance from the ground."

A rope, coiled up in a corner, showed the means of descent. Uncertain whether its length would prove sufficient, he resolved to take advantage of the chance, as dawn was rapidly breaking, and the sun would

betray his flight. The rope was fastened, the descent commenced, but the sustaining line gave way, and the prisoner fell heavily to the ground. Many of his ribs and limb-bones were broken, but his recovery—which was declared impossible—slowly took place, and good in his case springing from evil, he obtained a free pardon from the Republican authorities.

The publication of Howard's work on the State of Prisons created a wide-spread sensation, and awakened much discussion. Leaving it to produce its results, he travelled again in Holland, Prussia, Austria, and Italy, in Germany, and again in England, everywhere revealing the secrets of the prison-house, undergoing extraordinary fatigues and privations, exposing himself to dangers from infection by land, and from storms by sea, but everywhere leaving behind him records of his visit, in the shape of charity, and bearing away the blessings of the unfortunate, and the good will of all men. Another and another European pilgrimage succeeded. He published the narrative of his experience, and introduced the beginnings of a vigorous reform, even into the prison-system of the Continent, because his labours were incessant, his efforts untiring. For twelve years his wanderings had continued. He had gone through every country in Europe with the exception of Turkey, visiting all their places of captivity; he had travelled 42,000 miles, and had expended more than 30,000*l.* on his labour of love, in journeying, in relieving the sick, or buying freedom for the captive. His mission seemed now ended. He had done all that lay in his power. He saw the budding of his labours, and trusted to see them ripen. But he would not pass the interval in repose whilst there remained a field where benevolence could work. The plague had broken out on the continent. He determined to set forth, to visit the cities of the pestilence, to ascertain the nature of the disease, and discover, if possible, a remedy. The French Government, with the usual vindictiveness of tyranny, refused him permission to inspect Marseilles, or any other part of the kingdom. But the mean enmity of despotic power was not to baffle a will like that of Howard. He disguised himself, braved the danger, travelled through France at imminent peril, escaped from pursuit, continued his journey through Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, Rome, and Naples, to Malta, visited the lazarettos, and set foot upon Asiatic soil at Smyrna, in May, 1786. The plague was then raging at Constantinople, whither he went. His medical knowledge was not small, and his services were eminently useful.

"The favourite daughter of a powerful Musselman, high in rank and office about the court, had been seized with a dangerous illness, which baffled the skill of all the celebrities at Constantinople, and the father was vainly struggling to reconcile himself to her loss, when he heard of the wonderful cures performed by the Frankish physician. Howard was immediately implored to come and see the great man's daughter. He went, and seeing that her malady was not so desperate as to defy the science of the West, prescribed some medicines, which gave instant relief. The crisis of her malady passed over, and she soon afterwards recovered. The grave old Turk could set no bounds to his gratitude. He pressed upon the saviour of his child a purse containing 2000 sequins, (about 900*l.*,) which was of course absolutely refused. Howard told him he never took money for his services, but would not object to take a handful of grapes from his sumptuous garden. The fee solicited astonished the Turk, not less than the skill exhibited; he evidently could not comprehend it; but with a pious ejaculation, commanded his servants to furnish the Frank with a supply of the choicest fruits so long as he should sojourn in that place."

We soon find Howard sailing to Venice, having extended his inquiries and exerted his energies in every manner possible. During this voyage, one of his greatest perils occurred. A Barbary privateer assailed the vessel. A savage and sanguinary conflict took place. Howard, the man of peace, the apostle of mercy, now proved his English blood. Where danger was most imminent, on the reeking deck, amid the hottest fire, he was standing to his gun with the coolness and courage of a veteran sailor. One large cannon was on board. This he charged, almost to the muzzle, with nails, spikes, and bullets, and, when a favourable chance occurred, poured the murderous volley full amid the pirate's crew, scattering death on all hands among them, and inspiring them with such terror that they fled. Thus, wherever Howard was, in the haunts of crime, in the last refuges of misery, in the desolated places of the plague, or where blood was flowing in conflict, he was of service to his fellow-men. No over-wrought panegyric need be written of him. His name is blazoned among the brightest records of the past, and it is an honourable feature in the civilization of the present age, that when an opportunity occurs, the press is ever ready to awaken the memory of good deeds, to recall the recollection of services rendered. An assurance is thus given to those whom their own talents, or the accidents of fortune, have placed in a position to be able to afford assistance to mankind, that neglected as they may be whilst life remains, their memory will be honoured when they mingle their dust with the forgotten dead. And such an opportunity, in Howard's case, is offered by the publication of Mr. Dixon's biography.

Howard's son was placed in a lunatic asylum. The victim of his own vices, the young man had long been afflicted with a fearful malady, and his father, after vainly endeavouring to reinstate his health, and recall his reason, consented to his confinement. John Howard, now an old man, then visited Cardington once more, and for the last time. A new pilgrimage lay before him. Again the cities of the plague called him from his country, and he left it, to return no more. The sick and the distressed still claimed his whole energies, and while at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, attending a young lady prostrated by a dangerous fever, he caught the infection, which rapidly ripening into a frightful disease, threw him on the bed of sickness, reduced him to helpless weakness, and at length, on the 20th of January, 1790, deprived the world of one of its best friends. Howard died. His death was a calamity to mankind. One

loud wail of lamentation rose from the face of all Europe, from the Dnieper to the Thames, and along the shores by the Tagus, Neva, and Dardanelles. The province of Cherson was spread over with mourning, and all civilized mankind felt that in the loss of John Howard it had cause for bitter and lasting sorrow.

We have touched on a few of the most salient points in the great philanthropist's career, but we have merely, as it were, galloped through the varied scenes of his life. In Mr. Hepworth Dixon's volume the reader will find such a multiplicity of adventures, of descriptions, of incidents, of anecdotes, and of touching domestic episodes, that he cannot fail to be deeply interested in it. Indeed, the intense excitement of a romance pervades it. It is written in a pleasant and powerful style, devoid, except in a few isolated instances, of affectation, and that exaggerated colouring too commonly observed in similar works. A few literary eccentricities might be pointed out, but they are few and unobtrusive. It is, on the whole, such a record of his life that Howard, had he anticipated such a thing at all, would have desired. We believe it to be Mr. Dixon's first published book. If his second, "The London Prisons," which is announced as under preparation, and for which we are eagerly looking, be equal in interest and ability to the present, he will at once have established his reputation as a literary man.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.[1]

This is a work that none but a man of genius and an enthusiast could have produced. It abounds in original thought. The writer sees deep into the heart of things, and unfolds their finer relations. His writings tend to withdraw the artist from mere routine, and recall him to great principles. Earnest himself, he has the faculty of communicating much of his own earnestness to his reader—a true sign of mental power. With these great and valuable qualities he is, if we mistake not, not a little inconsistent and visionary, and, much as we find to admire in his work, we are far from accepting all his reasonings and opinions.

It should be remarked, at the outset, that this is a book partly addressed, and indeed fully intelligible only to students of architecture, and partly adapted to the capacity of the general reader. It is, of course, rather in the latter than the former point of view that we propose to regard it here, giving an outline of its plan, and culling such passages as may serve to show the style and spirit of its execution.

That architecture has made less progress amongst us of late years than painting, few will be disposed to deny. Our public and private buildings bear lamentable testimony to the fact. Nothing, for instance, can exceed the incongruous variety of our churches, or the jumble of all styles and shapes and dates which they present. Happily, indeed, few are built as if for eternity; there is a rage for cheap bargains which carries with it its own punishment. A paltry spirit of false economy, combined with a desire for meretricious ornamental display, is their principal characteristic. Happily, indeed, a better spirit is at length gaining ground. The number of valuable publications upon architecture, more especially upon our own antiquities, the influence of archæological societies, and a growing taste among our clergy—and even among dissenting bodies—for the revival of our own Christian architecture, have already produced a considerable change. In this revival, however, the tares have sprung up with the wheat—an indiscriminating slavish spirit of imitation, and an equally arbitrary combination of existing elements. Nothing, therefore, could be better timed than a work like Mr. Ruskin's.

"I have long felt," he says, "convinced of the necessity, in order to its progress, of some determined effort to extricate from the confused mass of partial traditions and dogmata with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or restricted practice, those large principles of right which are applicable to every stage and style of it. Uniting the technical and imaginative elements as essentially as humanity does soul and body, it shows the same infirmly balanced liability to the prevalence of the lower part over the higher, to interference of the constructive, with the purity and simplicity of the reflective, element. This tendency, like every other form of materialism, is increasing with the advance of the age; and the only laws which resist it, based upon partial precedents, and already regarded with disrespect as decrepit, if not with defiance as tyrannical, are evidently inapplicable to the new forms and functions of the art, which the necessities of the day demand. How many these necessities may become, cannot be conjectured; they rise, strange and impatient, out of every modern shadow of change. How far it may be possible to meet them without a sacrifice of the essential characters of architectural art, cannot be determined by specific calculation or observance. There is no law, no principle, based on past practice, which may not be overthrown in a moment, by the arising of a new condition, or the invention of a new material; and the most rational, if not the only, mode of averting the danger of an utter dissolution of all that is systematic and consistent in our practice, or of ancient authority in our judgment, is to cease, for a little while, our endeavours to deal with the multiplying host of particular abuses, restraints, or requirements; and endeavour to determine, as the guides of every effort, some constant, general, and irrefragable laws of right—laws, which based upon man's nature, not upon his knowledge, may possess so far the unchangeableness of the one, as that neither the increase nor imperfection of the other may be able to assault or invalidate them."

These laws, then—these "Seven Lamps," are "Sacrifice," "Truth," "Power," "Beauty," "Life," "Memory," and "Obedience." The general reader will be puzzled to know what all these attributes can have to do with architecture. Mr. Ruskin, however, is disposed to lay the basis of the successful practice of art in its relation to religion and morality: it must be conceived and carried out in a spirit of love and reverence for the general laws of God. That this is the true foundation and condition of all art and literature, as well as of every human occupation and enjoyment, we devoutly believe. It is in his manner of developing this noble idea that we are disposed sometimes to differ from our author. He is often profound and

(1) "The Seven Lamps of Architecture." By John Ruskin, author of "Modern Painters." Smith, Elder, & Co.

beautiful, in his observations, but, on the other hand, we are compelled to deprecate—together it would seem, with other of the writer's admirers—analogies and reasonings drawn from Scripture; often far-fetched, and, to our thinking, utterly inapplicable to the matter.

In regard to the spirit of "Sacrifice" which, as in past ages, would lead us to make offerings from our superfluity for the adornment of the house of God, our author admits that its revival is more to be desired for the sake of the feeling that actuates it than for the result it may produce.

"The church," as he finely says, "has no need of any visible splendours—her power is independent of them, *her purity is in some degree opposed to them.* The simplicity of a pastoral sanctuary is lovelier than the majesty of an urban temple; and it may be more than questioned whether, in the people, such majesty has ever been the source of any increase of effective piety, but to the builders it has been, and ever must be. It is not the church we want, but the sacrifice; not the emotion of admiration, but the act of adoration; not the gift, but the giving."

If it be indeed so, may it not well be urged that the duties of the times alter with its circumstances; that the work of educating the masses, as well as improving their physical condition—of storming the strongholds of ignorance and depravity around us—and of sending the Gospel into foreign lands—are the prime necessities of our age, and, consequently, the most *religious* use to which the liberalities of the wealthy, and the minuter contributions of the masses can be applied. For this, too, our author is the first to plead; but yet he reminds us, and perhaps truly, that "the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and encumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a *marble* church for every town in England—such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks."

Under the head of "Truth" the author seeks to apply the ethics that should regulate our moral life to the practice of architecture:—

"I would have," he says, "the Spirit or Lamp of Truth clear in the hearts of our artists and handicraftsmen, not as if the truthful practice of handicrafts could far advance the cause of truth, but because I would fain see the handicrafts urged by the spurs of chivalry; and it is indeed marvellous to see what power and universality there is in this single principle, and how in the consulting or forgetting of it lies half the dignity, or decline of every art and act of man."

In this spirit he sets himself to detect what he considers unfair expedients and false appearances in structure and ornament, in all which there is much worthy of careful consideration and study. He traces the growth and decline of mediæval architecture, indicating the departure from legitimate principles which led to its corruption and downfal:—

"It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws—because its order, and consistency, and organization, had been broken through—that it could oppose no resistance to the rush of overwhelming innovation. And this, observe, all because it had sacrificed a single truth. From that one surrender of its integrity, from that one endeavour to assume the semblance of what it was not, arose the multitudinous forms of disease and decrepitude, which rotted away the pillars of its supremacy. It was not because its time was come; it was not because it was scorned by the classical Romanists, or dreaded by the faithful Protestant. That scorn and that fear it might have survived, and lived; it would have stood forth in stern comparison with the enervated sensuality of the renaissance; it would have risen in renewed and purified honour, and with a new soul, from the ashes into which it sank, giving up its glory, as it had received it, for the honour of God—but its own truth was gone, and it sank for ever. There was no wisdom nor strength left in it, to raise it from the dust; and the error of zeal, and the softness of luxury, smote it down and dissolved it away. It is good for us to remember this, as we tread upon the bare ground of its foundations, and stumble over its scattered stones. Those rent skeletons of pierced wall, through which our sea-winds moan and murmur, strewing them joint by joint, and bone by bone, along the bleak promontories on which the Pharos lights came once from houses of prayer—those grey arches and quiet aisles under which the sheep of our valleys feed and rest on the turf that has buried their altars—those shapeless heaps, that are not of the Earth, which lift our fields into strange and sudden banks of flowers, and stay our mountain streams with stones that are not their own, have other thoughts to ask from us than those of mourning for the rage that despoiled, or the fear that forsook them. It was not the robber, not the fanatic, not the blasphemer, who sealed the destruction that they had wrought; the war, the wrath, the terror, might have worked their worst, and the strong walls would have risen, and the slight pillars would have started again, from under the hand of the destroyer. But they could not rise out of the ruins of their own violated truth."

The chapter on "Power" treats of the principles which produce breadth and grandeur in architecture, and it is one of the most valuable and suggestive.

"Whatever is in architecture fair or beautiful, is imitated from natural forms; and what is not so derived, but depends for its dignity upon arrangement and government received from human mind, becomes the expression of the power of that mind, and receives a sublimity high in proportion to the power expressed. All building, therefore, shows man either as gathering or governing; and the secrets of his success are his knowing what to gather, and how to rule. These are the two great intellectual Lamps of Architecture; the one consisting in a just and humble veneration for the works of God upon the earth, and the other in an understanding of the dominion over those works which has been vested in man.

"Besides this expression of living authority and power, there is, however, a sympathy in the forms of noble building, with what is most sublime in natural things; and it is the governing Power directed by this sympathy, whose operation I shall at present endeavour to trace, abandoning all inquiry into the more abstract fields of Invention: for this latter faculty, and the questions of proportion and arrangement connected with its discussion, can only be rightly examined in a general view of all the arts; but its sympathy, in architecture, with the vast controlling powers of Nature herself, is special, and may shortly be considered; and that with the more advantage, that it has, of late, been little felt or regarded by architects."

He then enters upon the best arrangements to produce the desired effect of vastness, and to remind us, however feebly, of the joy we have "in contemplating the flatness and sweep of great plains and broad seas. In one of his best passages he says:—

"And it is a noble thing for men to do this with their cut stone or moulded clay, and to make the face of a wall look infinite, and its edge against the sky like an horizon: or even if less than this be reached, it is still delightful to mark the play of passing light on its broad surface, and to see by how many artifices and gradations of tinting and shadow, time and storm will set their wild signatures upon it; and how in the rising or declining of the day the unbroken twilight rests long and luridly on its high lineless forehead, and fades away untraceably down its tiers of confused and countless stone."

A fine specimen of his manner of thinking and expressing himself is the following:—

"Positive shade is a more necessary and more sublime thing in an architect's hands than in a painter's. For the latter being able to temper his light with an under tone throughout, and to make it delightful with sweet colour, or awful with lurid colour, and to represent distance, and air and sun, by the depth of it, and fill its whole space with expression, can deal with an enormous, nay, almost with an universal, extent of it, and the best painters most delight in such extent; but as light, with the architect, is nearly always liable to become full and untempered sunshine seen upon solid surface, his only rests, and his chief means of sublimity, are definite shades. So that, after size and weight, the Power of architecture may be said to depend on the quantity (whether measured in space or intenseness) of its shadow; and it seems to me, that the reality of its works, and the use and influence they have in the daily life of men, (as opposed to those works of art with which we have nothing to do but in times of rest or of pleasures,) require of it that it should express a kind of human sympathy, by a measure of darkness as great as there is in human life; and that as the great poem and great fiction generally affect us most by the majesty of their masses of shade, and cannot take hold upon us if they affect a continuance of lyric sprightliness, but must be serious often, and sometimes melancholy, else they do not express the truth of this wild world of ours; so there must be, in this magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery: and this it can only give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front, and the shadow of its recess. So that Rembrandtism is a noble manner in architecture, though a false one in painting; and I do not believe that ever any building was truly great, unless it had mighty masses, vigorous and deep, of shadow mingled with its surface. *And among the first habits that a young architect should learn, is that of thinking in shadow, not looking at a design in its miserable liny skeleton; but conceiving it as it will be when the dawn lights it, and the dusk leaves it; when its stones will be hot, and its crannies cool; when the lizards will bask on the one, and the birds build in the other. Let him design with the sense of cold and heat upon him; let him cut out the shadows, as men dig wells in unwatered plains; and lead along the lights, as a founder does his hot metal;* let him keep the full command of both, and see that he knows how they fall, and where they fade. His paper lines and proportions are of no value: all that he has to do must be done by spaces of light and darkness; and his business is to see that the one is broad and bold enough not to be swallowed up by twilight, and the other deep enough not to be dried like a shallow pool by a noon-day sun."

In investigating the principles that produce beauty, our author assigns, and justly, the first place to the imitation of natural forms, and he insists, perhaps too strongly, on the converse of this—that forms which are *not* taken from natural objects *must* be ugly. He touches on the proper principles of ornament, proportion, and colour, the conditions of which he considers to be combined in only one building in the world—the celebrated Campanile, the work of Giotto, at Florence:—

"In its first appeal to the stranger's eye there is something unpleasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over severity with over minuteness. But let him give it time, as he should to all other consummate art. I remember well how, when a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the Northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins' nests in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the Eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell. And if this be, as I believe it, the model and mirror of perfect architecture, is there not something to be learned by looking back to the early life of him who raised it? I said that the Power of human mind had its growth in the Wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which he has gladdened by planting there the fir tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty above her towers of watch and war. Remember all that he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labours, and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon this His servant no common nor restrained portion of His Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's:—'I took thee from the sheepcote, and from following the sheep.'"

The sixth "Lamp"—that of "Life"—is, perhaps, the most curious of the whole, wherein the author developes his peculiar fancies and predilections, on which we have not space to dwell. Many may be surprised to hear that he cites the façades of St. Mark's Church and the Doge's Palace at Venice as models of *beautiful*, and what he calls *living*, architecture. We have gazed upon these, and all the other pet buildings of Mr. Ruskin—the aforesaid Campanile at Florence, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Venetian Gothic palaces—certainly with exquisite delight. We have haunted their precincts, and watched them by daylight and by moonlight. We would give the world to see them again; but much of our enjoyment, if analyzed, is to be traced to their fantastic picturesqueness, their time-worn colouring, and their historical aspect and associations. We certainly never expect to hear *some* of them cited as correct models for our modern imitation. Mr. Ruskin may, however, be in the right,

and what he says upon them is, at all events, well worthy of the attentive study of the architect. Pass we on to the Lamp of "Memory." Here we have some of the most beautiful passages of our author.

"Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity with none of the savageness of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forests; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers rend their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was Spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with a fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew."

"Every human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, 'See! this our fathers did for us.' For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations; it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life."

We must confess that we cannot echo our author's bitter complaints against the "restoration," as it is called, of our dilapidated buildings. This he stigmatises as a downright lie in stone. Better pull down, he says, than falsify original expression, which can never again be restored. Perhaps not; but yet a near approximation to the original is better than a total loss of it. We would cite the mouldering portal of St. Mary Redcliffe, which is fairly peeling away, and in a few years will have lost every trace of its original beauty, unless it is thus preserved to us. As a picturesque object we should infinitely prefer it in that state, but we are bound to look a little to utility; moreover, it is obvious that as mediæval architecture is more understood, the work of restoration will be improved, and we may hope to find masons upon whom may descend the mantle of their predecessors.

And thus we come to the last of our author's Seven Lamps, that of "Obedience." This chapter is, perhaps, more open to question than any of the rest. He contends for the adoption of some particular style which is to be *authoritative* for the majority of purposes, as the only means of turning the energies of our architects into a profitable direction, and avoiding the endless incongruities of our present practice. The choice, he thinks, would lie between four styles: "1. the Pisan Romanesque; 2. the early Gothic of the Western Italian Republics, advanced as far and as fast as our art would enable us to the Gothic of Giotto; 3. the Venetian Gothic in its present development; 4. the English earliest decorated. The most natural, perhaps the safest choice, would be of the last, well fenced from the chance of again stiffening into the perpendicular, and perhaps enriched by some mingling of decorative elements from the exquisite decorated Gothic of France." Such a suggestion is not without weight in regard to ecclesiastical buildings, but whether it could apply to the multifarious variety of modern edifices required by our civilization may reasonably be doubted. That we have had too

much of a vulgar and undiscriminating application of Grecian architecture is unquestionable; yet there are occasions on which its adoption might be most suitable; while the Palladian seems better adapted than the Gothic for many modern purposes. In short, the propriety as well as practicability of such a canon may reasonably be doubted. The architecture of every past age has grown out of its own peculiar feelings and requirements.

Having now endeavoured to give an idea of this remarkable work, and treated our readers to some of its most striking passages, we cannot leave it without regretting the evident bias of our author in favour of past times, and his depreciation of our existing civilization. This vein runs through the entire book, and to indulge in it he often treads very wide of his subject. Now, we can excuse a man of exquisite and refined taste, who lives in an atmosphere of art, for lingering with fond delight upon the beautiful memorials of departed ages; but not for ignoring or depreciating the glorious achievements of the present. Our steamboats, our railroads, our suspension bridges—with the manifold application of scientific discovery to the promotion of human progress and enjoyment—are the great works of *our* age, and they will stamp it as glorious to all future time, although in architecture we may be but clumsy imitators of those who have preceded us. Mr. Ruskin, however, thinks otherwise.

"We have just spent, for instance, a hundred and fifty millions, with which we have paid men for digging ground from one place and depositing it in another. We have formed a large class of men, the railway navvies, especially reckless, unmanageable, and dangerous. We have maintained besides (*let us state the benefits as fairly as possible!*) a number of iron founders in an unhealthy and painful employment; we have developed (this is at least good) a very large amount of mechanical ingenuity; and we have, in fine, attained the power of going fast from one place to another. Meantime we have had no mental interest or concern ourselves in the operations we have set on foot, but have been left to the usual vanities and cares of our existence. Suppose, on the other hand, that we had employed the same sums in building beautiful houses and churches. We should have maintained the same number of men, not in driving wheelbarrows, but in a distinctly technical, if not intellectual employment; and those who were more intelligent among them would have been especially happy in that employment, as having room in it for the development of their fancy, and being directed by it to that observation of beauty which, associated with the pursuit of natural science, at present forms the enjoyment of many of the more intelligent manufacturing operatives."

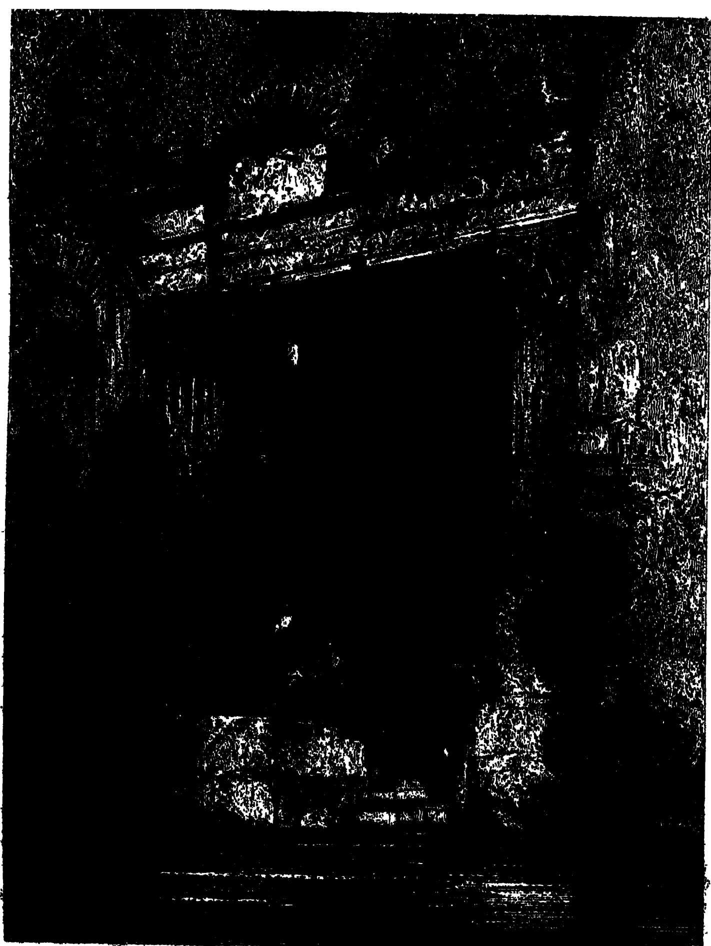
Can anything be more shortsighted or splenetic than this undervaluing of one of the greatest agents of our modern civilization? Is the bringing remote nations together, the improvement of foreign and domestic commerce, the fusion of classes, the facilitating domestic and social intercourse, the cheapening of all the comforts of life, nothing in comparison to the indulgence of our artistical tastes and fancies? and should we indeed, as our author affirms, be "wiser and better" if we could but think so? and if, in short, repudiating the spirit of our own times, we could throw ourselves back again into that of the middle ages?

Our author is full of ominous forebodings as to the tendencies of our age. There is "thunder," he says, "upon the horizon as well as dawn." That we may have to pass through trials and convulsions there is no doubt, but they can hardly equal those of the troublous times that have preceded us. He is particularly apprehensive of "that treacherous phantom that men call Liberty—most treacherous indeed of all phantoms—for the feeblest ray of reason might show us that not only its attainment, but its being, was impossible." Our author seems here to have mistaken Utopian licence for genuine liberty. He reminds us that the noblest word in the catalogue of social virtue is "Loyalty," and the sweetest which men have learned in the pastures of the wilderness is "Fold." Tell this to poor Hungary, crushed under the hoof of despotic power, or to outraged Rome—the Inquisition forced down her throat by French bayonets. He complains that want of occupation is the prime cause of the revolutionary mania of the continent. But is it not precisely the arbitrary restrictions and reactionary policy of foreign governments which have produced this result? He must have travelled in the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples—has he anywhere beheld such squalid misery, such an idle semi-brigand population? And is it not among the most serious charges against despotic governments, that they weigh like an incubus upon the industrial energies of their subjects?

But we desire to part from our author in good humour. A book like his own, in which there is so much to awaken thought, is preferable to a hundred commonplaces, in which the prejudices of the author might happen to be less prominent. We look with pleasure for his forthcoming work on "Venice," a subject peculiarly suited to his powers, and to which we believe he will not fail to do ample justice.

"Leoine Vermont. A Tale of the French Revolution. By the author of Mildred Vernon."—A striking work of great ability; one throwing considerable light on the natures of the various political parties in France. We recommend it to all our readers who are not up in the progress of the late French Revolution. The writer is a liberal Bourbonist, but apparently fair-spirited in his estimation of political parties opposed to his own. The tale itself is one of great power and the characters are very fine delineations;—we wish we had more space to do justice to them. The work is quite free from such things as were open to objection in Mildred Vernon.

"The Confessions of a Hypochondriac in Search of Health."—A well-meant lesson to those whose health and happiness hang on the frown or nod of a medical man, whether quack or not. But important only to these; to the rest of mankind the Hypochondriac's Confessions will not be so interesting as to their writer.



THE BANDITTI.

FROM A PICTURE BY CATTERMOLE.

THIS is an excellent specimen of the lighter style of this artist's compositions. He may almost be called the English Salvator Rosa. His *penchant* is for the delineation of the sombre, although he affects rather the picturesquely gloomy in architecture than the savegely grand in nature. He revels in the interiors of Gothic castles or cathedrals, peopled with their baronial or monkish tenants. No one can throw, like him, a melancholy charm over a few time-worn walls—a heap of old armour—or a carved cabinet. His imagination is as original as his style and handling. There is the stamp of the master in all he does. Here is one of his peculiar creations—a group of Banditti, reposing under the ruined portal of a palace, by the side of a river. The objects are few: it is the magic of the treatment that is surprising—every touch full of expression, and the whole effect pervaded by that peculiar melancholy with which his pictures are tinged, and which constitutes one of their distinctive beauties.

MUSIC, A MEANS OF POPULAR AMUSEMENT AND EDUCATION.

THE great question of the day, popular education, is at length assuming its true form, and is coming to be understood, both by the people themselves and by the philanthropists who have devoted their attention to it, as only a small part of the infinitely greater question of the advancement of the masses of society in all that constitutes the very life of man. It would not be possible here, nor would it be needful if it were possible, to trace this development; for we have to speak of but one aspect of this wide theme; and to show, by what has been effected by one means and in one instance, what may be done whenever any one earnestly devotes his time and his intelligence to the cultivation of those amongst his fellows, to whom have not been given the means either of knowing what their well-being is, or of securing it for themselves.

We believe that it is sufficiently proved that by knowledge alone men cannot be advanced in that which is of the highest worth for them; and, yet more conclusively, that the smattering of knowledge, which is all that can be imparted by lectures and manuals expressly addressed to popular ignorance, does not even look in the direction of their true interests. We shall not, therefore, speak of this part of the subject.

One of the first-fruits of the experiments in schools for the poor, which were made some fifty years ago in this country, was the great discovery that the *play-ground* and not the *schoolroom* was the real place of education. Yet, strange to say, the truth of this, in respect of men in general, is a discovery of our own day. And even now it appears that only the fewest perceive that it is the influence exerted mutually in the intercourse of labour and of recreation that makes men, and keeps them what they are; and that sermons, and lectures, and popular literature, have been almost wholly ineffective, mainly because the educators of the people omitted to seize and to subdue to their purposes the agencies which operate when men are most open, and natural, and honest; when they are ready, with eye and ear, and heart and soul, to drink in whatever may be presented to them, be it saving health or deadly poison. The painful course of useless toil and disappointed hopes which has been run by those who trusted to mechanical impressions on passive recipients, might surely have been spared them had they but remembered how he

> "Whom well inspired, the oracle pronounced
> Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
> Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools,"

earned his dearly-bought renown; or had they but remembered how our own Great Teacher spread abroad his divine wisdom, and laid the foundations of his heavenly kingdom. Now, however, that experience, though late, has brought this truth to light, let us haste to use it as best we may; and renew with better hope the arduous, and hitherto thankless conflict.

In the remarks we have to make, and by the example we are desirous of commending, we have no purpose of entering on the ground occupied by religious instructors. We leave to those whom it specially concerns the consideration whether, and how, religious teaching can be better fitted to the necessities and peculiarities of the age. The education we speak of relates purely to the present world; and may be carried on in subordination to, or in default of, that higher instruction; and with it, or without it, will produce its own effects; and those, such as are worth an effort to secure.

We must confess we do not yet see how the intercourse of men in the market and the workshop is to be made subservient to human improvement. We would not advise attempts that must be received with cold assent, coming from the lips only, or from the understanding at deepest, and which makes the heart in as promising a state to receive instruction as a parching drought or a biting frost would make the earth for the labours of the agriculturist. At best, we can but hope that men, one by one, privately, may be led to receive something of that influence which might relieve both trade and toil of all their drudgery, and make them in a measure as ennobling as study, or as contemplation.

The question we have to answer is this—*Can we contrive to make popular amusement a means of education and refinement?* Can such new, genuine, cheap amusements for the working classes be provided as shall have this desirable influence? The answer we supply by telling what has been done in one instance.

There is a market town on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, which once had mickle fame, for that a

proud baron who had his castle there, from it hurled his defiance against "the king of Cokenaye;" and which of late years has had a better claim to renown as the source of some of the best and most accessible editions of the great classics of England. During this past summer there was assembled there, one evening, in a spacious and elegant room, once the theatre, and now, on market-days, the corn hall, a mixed but most cheerful company. It was the periodical festivity of a singing class, which has for some years been successfully carried on by a gentleman of the town. Beside the class, which numbers eighty members, there were nearly 200 visitors present, most of them working-people, servants, apprentices, &c.; but with a considerable proportion from the classes above them, tradespeople from the town, farmers and landowners from the surrounding country, clergymen, dissenting ministers, and their families.

Seated in groups, arranged with methodical irregularity, so that none should be "below the salt," in their best dresses, and in their best behaviour too, every one feeling as much at home as when at home, and yet brought into free and friendly intercourse with the classes that are separated from them in ordinary life by an impassable barrier of convention; a pleasanter sight than these working people presented cannot well be imagined.

An excellent and well supplied tea was served at half-past-five; and the comfort of the whole company was secured by the unassuming zeal of six attendants, each with two waiters under him, all volunteers, who made it their business to see that none were overlooked, and that order was everywhere observed. This concluded, the business of the evening commenced.

The character of the entertainment may be judged from the specimen of the bill of musical fare for the occasion. An overture of Mozart's, one of Bishop's, and another of Shield's;—for, in addition to the singing class, there are a dozen instrumental performers, and a piano, at which, with no mean skill, presides a lady whose whole family have long given their valuable aid in the class;—Novello's *Salve Regina*, with English words; Mendelssohn's duet and chorus, *To thee, O Lord;* the solo parts in this and in every case not being performed by the chorus singers of the class; Haydn's chorus from the "Seasons," *O be gracious*, with the preceding recitative and trio; *The heavens are telling*, from the "Creation;" Handel's, *Let me wander not unseen;* and, *Or let the merry bells ring round*, with its chorus; a glee and chorus accompanied, by Bishop; Purcell's anthem, *Sing unto the Lord;* and a six voice madrigal by Wilbye; the last two being, of course, unaccompanied. The style of the performance we cannot well characterize; for there is nothing but what would appear mere hyperbole that would be adequate.

At intervals, between the pieces, fruit, cake, and wine, were handed round with the same order that was observed during the tea; and the company then assumed the appearance of a fashionable *soirée*, being broken up into little parties, seated in social chat, or walking about the well-lighted room, by way of varying the enjoyment of the hour.

The last piece had been sung, and the meeting had dispersed about half-past ten; and neither on this occasion, nor on the numerous preceding ones, had the semblance of a violation of decorum cast a shadow upon the pleasure of the evening. Nor has one occurred after the close, when the same persons resumed their common social relations as masters and servants, and employers and employed. For the experiment has been repeated frequently enough to enable us to speak with confidence of all the details, and of all the results too, of a meeting such as this.

How it is that such an evening's entertainment should be worthy of being regarded as a means of educating, or rather of *cultivating*, the working classes, a very few words will show. All who know anything of the dwellings of the poor must know that *there* the civilities of life can never be so habitually practised, as to become part of their nature;—the very decencies cannot always be observed. And if the natural politeness of the poorer classes of central and southern Europe be appealed to against this remark, it is easy to show that very politeness confirms what we have said; for the open-air life of those people provides them with the very influence which our less genial climate and stay-at-home habits deprive our own poor of. And if even casual intercourse with persons of education and refinement makes itself evident in the manners of whole nations, some portion at least of such an advantage must follow from the putting of our working people into circumstances in which they can occasionally feel themselves on the same level with the clergy, the gentry, and others of the grades above them, who form part of the company; especially when there are the holiday accompaniments of dress, &c. and the all-humanizing influence of music. Everything tends to produce what we are used to call a "better understanding" of their relative position in society; that is, the feeling which can be expressed solely by the more intelligent, cheerful, unselfish, filling of their own places and discharge of their own duties. Beside which, in such a case, there is doubtless the instinctive assurance, that any impropriety in conduct at the time, or afterwards, would disqualify them for taking part again in such rational and unmingled enjoyment.

And now for the means, by which this has been brought about and maintained.

Several years ago, the gentleman to whom we have referred—a keen lover of music, and acquainted with its science also—wishing to diffuse some of the knowledge that was so pleasurable to himself, or at least to preserve them from less innocent amusement, collected a few poor children into a class, and began to teach them part-singing. They learnt so rapidly and so well that the class increased continually, till, from the amusement of a leisure hour it has become an instrument of good, requiring no slight attention and skill to wield it well.

The management of the affairs of this class has been, from its commencement, in the hands of this gentleman; and the mischievous results of committee management, in the destruction of musical societies throughout the kingdom, and the benefits in this class of a sole control, have been so apparent, that no interference, except in the form of a courteous suggestion, is ever offered. A few members belong to the ranks above the working classes; but no distinction is made, nor indeed required, in their favour; and thus the results of the periodical meetings we have described are produced, in part, by every weekly meeting.

The vocal parts are lithographed on single leaves for cheapness sake, and to prevent loss of time in copying; and are pasted into small guard-books, prepared for the purpose. The music is, nominally, only lent to the singers and performers, and is therefore returned when any one leaves the class. And it may be remarked here, that none ever do leave the class, unless they are leaving the town, or under the pressure of such necessity as is uniformly a subject of very deep regret. The sole cost is one penny per week for each member; and this trifling sum not only pays the hire of the fine room they meet in for one evening in every week, with gas and fire when needed, but also for an abundant tea, once in each quarter. On the alternation quarterly meetings the members have the privilege, subject to the control of the manager as to every name, of introducing their friends as numerously as the capacity of the building and the social convenience of the party will allow; each visitor paying one shilling for an intransferable ticket. The popularity of these *re-unions* has increased so greatly that now only a small proportion of the applicants can be admitted; although the classes that most affect miscellaneous assemblies have uniformly kept aloof from these.

It is something remarkable in the experience of this teacher that he rarely has occasion to reprehend any member for want of punctuality, or for irregular attendance; nothing but actual impossibility of coming ever having kept any away. And equally remarkable is it that the only evil that has been alleged as the result of this class is, that the members have occasionally met at each other's houses for practice, and have not separated till it was late; an allegation which must be, to all who know the habits of our little market-towns, and of the working classes generally, one of the most palpable signs of advancement in a way not at all contemplated in the establishment of the class.

The system that has been used in the instruction of this class—and we name it only that our account may be as complete as our space will allow—is that called the *Tonic Numeral;* the simplicity of which is so great, and the effect so certain, that children of eight, nine, and ten years old, have been taught by it to read a single part of a glee or madrigal at sight, as intelligently and readily, and with as few errors, as they would make in reading a passage in the Bible. We should wonder how any other system could ever have been invented or employed, had not the same thing happened in teaching reading, and grammar, and languages; the plan by which all that is learnt is really acquired, has been dishonoured, and that honoured as *the* method, which only obstructed and delayed the acquisition.

It would be out of place here to attempt fully to display this system, especially as it is gradually becoming more widely understood and adopted. We can only say, generally, that it is founded on the instinctive appreciation of musical sounds, which is implanted in our very nature; and thus stands in diametrical opposition to the method of Wilhem and Hullah; over which it may, without undue boasting, claim as great a superiority as universally characterizes the productions of nature when contrasted with the imitations of art.

To return to the remarks with which we set out. This account will show what can be done for the cultivation of the working classes when the attempt is heartily made. Other plans, no doubt, might be devised and be crowned with similar success. For we think we have proved not only that music, properly managed, may truly educate the people; but also that intelligent earnestness, and above all, the zealous devotion of *one* person to such a task, cannot fail.

We have a popular-school drilled community in Scotland; and we have a government-school drilled community in Prussia; but neither the one people nor the other comes near an idea of a *cultivated* community. We want something of the spirit of Athens of old—

> ——"the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence, native to famous wit;"

and then with our pure religion in place of their superstitious devoutness; and with our quiet *home-life* in place of their restless publicity; we might become—the first time such a sight was ever seen on earth—AN EDUCATED PEOPLE.

THE DINORNIS.

Dr. Mantell has employed Mr. Dinkel (the celebrated artist formerly patronised by Professor Agassiz) to make a restored outline of the Dinornis, or rather its skeleton, which the Doctor has been able to make complete from the collection of bones brought from New Zealand by his son, Mr. Walter Mantell. The originals of the colossal species (the dinornis) must have been glorious bipeds, some ten or twelve feet high, with a beak like a cooper's adze, seemingly designed to tear up the roots of plants. The bone of the scull is prolonged below the foramen magnum in a very extraordinary manner, for the attachment of powerful muscles, by which the mandibles were acted upon. If the native traditions be worthy of credit, the ladies have cause to mourn the extinction of the dinornis, as the long feathers of its crest were prized by their ancestors above all other ornaments.

VANINI ORNANO:

AN INCIDENT IN THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF A FIELD MARSHAL OF FRANCE.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

"Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster;
Yet she must die."

The Parliament of Aix was sitting in the summer of 1567, when its grave debates were rudely interrupted by the entrance of an armed warrior who, flinging his plumed hat upon the council table, abruptly exclaimed, in a voice half choked with passion, "I come to demand my wife."

The assembly looked upon each other as if doubtful what answer was expected from them by the bold intruder.

"Do you fear me?" cried the haughty Italian, detaching while he spoke his sheathed sword from his belt, and flinging it violently upon the table: "I almost fear myself."

"Brave Mareschal, pardon our surprise," said the President, "and believe that, however unexpected, here the noble San Pietro Di Bastilica will ever be a welcome visitor."

"My wife! my wife!—or rather I should say the traitress who has betrayed me. Produce her instantly, or it will be worse for some of us," replied the soldier; "I am not in the humour for delay."

"Valiant San Pietro, wrong not the noble lady by such an injurious epithet as traitress. She is true and loyal, and is safely bestowed and cared for, as her high rank requires. Be calm then, Di Bastilica, and tell us what news you bring from the Levant."

"Ask the east wind that sweeps those Pagan shores," fiercely rejoined San Pietro. "Give me back my wife! Safely bestowed, indeed!—ay, as bolt and bar can testify. Why, if guiltless and undeserving of my censure, is she a prisoner here?"

"We feared your anger might chafe against the noble dame, and therefore judged it better that your first meeting should take place here. You are too rash, San Pietro, in your speech, too dreadful in your anger, to be trusted with this mild offender while thus incensed against her," continued the President. "You shall see her, if you wish it. Call hither the Lady Vanini," said he, addressing one of the attendants of the court.

San Pietro smiled disdainfully, threw himself upon a bench opposite the door, and, leaning his head upon his hand, sank into a gloomy fit of silence, which none present seemed inclined to break. Though the eyes of all were fixed intently upon him, he seemed utterly unconscious of the general scrutiny of the assembly, to whom he rather gave the idea of one of those bandit chiefs whom the picturesque pencil of Salvator has immortalized, than a Marshal of France. His form combined great muscular strength with fine proportions. His features were beautiful and commanding, though they bore the impress of stormy and vindictive passions; but the scornful curl of his upper lip, and proud daring of his fierce dark eye, might have suited the fallen archangel himself. His dress was rich, being that worn by a field-marshal of the period; but it was deranged by hard riding, and soiled in many places with blood. His dishevelled hair hung in sable masses over his face, and the spectators remarked that the veins of his ample forehead were swollen almost to bursting, and that the muscles of his throat worked as if he still were labouring under some extraordinary excitement of passion.

The Italian remained in the same immovable attitude, his dark eyes flashing from beneath the sable ringlets that partially shaded them, till the soft silvery murmurs of infancy were heard without, and the Lady Vanini appeared in the door-way, leading a lovely boy by the hand, and bearing in her arms a sleeping infant. Then the stern Mareschal seemed all eye and ear as, springing abruptly on his feet, he bent a withering yet scrutinizing look upon his wife.

Never had the glowing fancy of the poet or painter imagined a brighter vision than the graceful feminine creature upon whom the admiring gaze of the assembly was now fixed. Her form, though slight, was fashioned with the most perfect symmetry, while her beautiful features and pure complexion seemed to reflect the innocence and candour of her spotless mind. She advanced with dignified composure till her mild eye caught the stern glance of her lord, when she uttered a joyful cry and sprang forward to meet him. This natural and lovely proof of affection drew no like return from the incensed San Pietro, who neither spoke nor moved, nor deigned to notice her fond welcome.

"By our lady," cried the President, "your greeting, brave Mareschal, is somewhat of the coolest. Surely thy lovely and loving consort deserves a tenderer welcome and gentler looks."

"In truth," replied San Pietro, brushing away a tear, "we meet not as we were wont in happier days. Oh! that it had been an enemy that had done me this wrong and then I could have borne it; but it was thou—my guide, my counsellor, my own familiar friend—that hath brought this burning shame upon me."

"Alas! mine was an unwitting offence," replied the lady, bursting into tears. "I thought not of your anger."

"'Tis a fault San Pietro would gladly give his heart's blood to efface. The deed is done and cannot be undone—its reckoning is to come. Vanini, return with me; I have tarried here too long for thee." He crossed the hall—took his wife by the arm—replaced his sword in its scabbard, and was leading his terrified companion away when the President opposed his departure.

"San Pietro, we like not thy bearing towards the lovely lady—we fear for her safety. Nay, chafe not, noble Mareschal, thy anger is boiling still within thy breast and only wants occasion to break forth. As yet thou hast not greeted the high-born dame, nor

even looked upon thy blameless infants. By Saint Genevieve! she goes not with thee in thy present temper."

"Where then, most grave Seigneurs, is she to be bestowed?" asked San Pietro, in a tone of bitter irony. "In prison, as heretofore?"

"Here, here!" cried Vanini, throwing herself into his arms. "Where is the wife so safe as in her husband's care? Life of my life, I go with thee—lead on."

"Heard ye that, grave Seigneurs?" replied San Pietro, casting a look of sarcastic triumph upon the assembly. "Grant ye the Lady Vanini's strange request? Surely, gentles, ye are all bachelors, or that a wife should prefer her husband's company to a prison would not thus surprise ye."

"Forgive our doubts, San Pietro, and entreat the lady courteously," returned the President, emphatically.

San Pietro smiled still more scornfully than before, bowed low to the assembly—so low indeed that the gesture rather seemed indicative of mockery than respect—and left the hall followed by his consort and her family.

"Much I misdoubt this Corsican ruffian," remarked the President as the door closed upon San Pietro. His gloomy manner and mocking gibes bode anything but good towards the fair lady. I hope he means well."

"Impossible!" cried the junior members with one voice. "It is not in man's nature to hurt so fair a creature, so fond and so confiding withal."

"Judge not San Pietro's feelings by those of other men," gravely replied the President. "He either soars above or sinks beneath the standard of humanity." He then rose and dismissed the assembly.

San Pietro Di Bastilica was one of those extraordinary persons who appear to have been born many centuries too late. With feelings of patriotism and independence worthy of an ancient Roman, he found himself a native of the enslaved island of Corsica, then groaning under the hard yoke of the Genoese Republic. San Pietro panted to become the deliverer and avenger of his country, but her chains were riveted too tightly for his single arm to break. His unavailing valour gained him the esteem of all true Corsicans, and, more than that, won him the love of the high-born and beautiful Vanini Ornano, the only daughter of the Viceroy, who quitted the palace of her father to wed clandestinely the outlawed and impoverished San Pietro, whose sword was his only patrimony. Sheltered by the rank and influence of his wife's relations (who did not cherish anger against her long,) San Pietro might have dwelt in peace among his own people, if his hatred towards the Genoese Republic could have slept. That hatred, deep as it was undying, made him forsake Corsica and enter the French service rather than bear the yoke. He became a celebrated and successful general during the reign of Francis I. Henry II. and Charles IX. Crowned with conquest and blessed with domestic peace, his hatred to Genoa alone prevented San Pietro from being the happiest of men. This master passion induced him (some months before the scene lately described took place) to make a voyage to Constantinople, to persuade the Turkish Sultan to equip a fleet against the Republic. He left his beloved wife at her own home in Marseilles, under the protection of a faithful servant, who promised to be answerable for her safety with his life. The Genoese received the intelligence of the intended invasion with alarm and consternation. To avert the threatened evil they resolved to ensnare the wife and children of their foe, hoping to turn away the impending storm that hung over the state by working on the feelings of the agonized husband and father. They knew not the proud spirit with whom they had to do. The Corsican would have sacrificed every dear social tie—would have endured a lingering death of tortures, like Regulus—rather than have counselled peace with Genoa. Vanini, formed by nature of gentler materials—prone to love and to forgive—showed none of the fierce feelings of revengeful patriotism that filled her husband's breast. Urged by her kindred on the one hand, and promised her lord's pardon and restoration to his rights on the part of the Genoese Republic, who even hinted that the liberty of Corsica depended upon her decision—that liberty dearer than life to her San Pietro—these promises induced the credulous lady to quit her home and embark with her children and valuables for Genoa. A friend of San Pietro's pursued the fugitive and surrendered her to the Parliament of Aix, where she remained a prisoner till her lord's return. Scarcely had the fierce Italian touched the French shore before the confidential servant to whom he had entrusted Vanini informed him of her elopement and imprisonment. The enraged husband, stung to madness by these ill tidings, plunged his dagger in the unhappy man's bosom, and flew to Aix to claim the fugitive, as before related.

During the journey to Marseilles San Pietro remained sullenly silent. In vain his gentle wife strove to draw him into conversation—in vain his children tried their infant wiles to win his notice. He studiously averted his eyes from these dear objects of his affections, and sank into a state of gloomy abstraction till the carriage stopped before the home Vanini had so rashly deserted. At the instant the lady alighted a death-bell tolled. She shuddered and crossed herself, for it seemed, as it flung its sullen echo over wood and water, like her own knell. She grasped San Pietro's arm; it trembled like her own—what might this sign portend? She looked up in his face; he was fearfully agitated—tears were in his eyes. "Surely," thought she, "he cannot mean me evil, yet I feel fear."

The sight of his unfurnished chateau did not serve to allay the anger of San Pietro, who paced the apartment with rapid strides, often regarding his terrified consort with alternate looks of tenderness and ferocity. Once he seemed inclined to speak, but then, apparently mistrusting himself, abruptly quitted her pre-

sence. Vanini could not bear this reserve—even his displeasure was less dreadful to one who had ever shared the confidence of that turbulent heart. She determined to implore his pardon, and entreat him to restore to her his lost affection and esteem. After an absence of some hours the offended Italian re-entered the saloon, apparently as sullen as when he left it, when his fair wife, timidly approaching him, flung her arms round his neck, and softly whispered,

"Speak to me, carrissimo, though but to chide me; for I can better bear angry words than this deep silent resentment. Give me back your love—your confidence. 'Tis worse than death to live estranged from my heart's best treasure thus."

"Oh! that we had never met," groaned San Pietro, "since we must part never to meet again."

The colour faded from the flushed cheek of Vanini, and she faintly uttered, "Heaven forbid that anything but death should part wedded lovers. Talk not of separation; here is my home, my world," and she clung to her husband's bosom as the ivy clings to the lonely ruined tower.

The fond confiding affection manifested towards him by her whose hours he was already numbering in his own mind, smote the conscience of the Corsican, and shook for an instant his barbarous purpose. The strong pulsation of the agonized heart against which her gentle head reclined became distinctly audible—it confessed her empire even while struggling to be free. He averted his eyes from the lovely and loving features of his wife—they wandered round the unfurnished apartment once rich as the bower of an eastern queen, and recalled her error and his own tremendous vow. He withdrew himself from these enfolding arms, exclaiming, in a tone of ill smothered resentment—

"Is this a chamber befitting San Pietro's high-born dame? What Goths have sacked it in my absence? Speak, traitress, if thy coward lips have breath to tell the tale. Say that I am a bankrupt in fortune as in honour. Beware of falsehood, for thy doom is near."

The wife of San Pietro seemed frozen into marble by this terrible intimation, and the national spirit of revenge came like a chill over her memory. The exquisite outline of her face and form, the clustering ringlets parted on either side her polished brow, the purity of her complexion, from which the roseate hue had been banished by his words, and her alarmed recollections made her figure rather resemble a monumental effigy than living breathing beauty. No sound issued from her parted lips—she stood mute, motionless, and terror-stricken before her inexorable judge.

San Pietro clapped his hands; his oriental summons was answered by two black mutes of gigantic stature, who, following the direction of their master's eye, approached the spot where Vanini stood. The appearance of these sable ruffians dispelled the stupor that bound the senses of the doomed lady, who recognised in them the agents of the terrible Vendetta (vengeance) of Corsica, and sprang towards her husband as if about to take shelter in his arms; then, suddenly remembering that they were only the executioners of his wrath, she checked the impulse, and summoning all the dignity of her noble mind, addressed him thus, the consciousness of her own worth, the remembrance of her high descent, flashing over her soul and lighting up her eyes as she spoke:—

"San Pietro Di Bastilica, if I must die, let me die by your own hand. It was your valour first won my virgin heart. To share your glory I quitted parents, home, country—then by that glorious arm let me now fall—not by the ruffian ones of misbelieving Moors. Bid them depart; permit them not to touch a noble lady."

San Pietro regarded his victim with admiration, almost with veneration, and silently motioned to the mutes to leave the apartment.

"A boon, boon! Bastilica," cried the lady. "I am a mother, and, woe is me! I fear a dying one. My children!—may I not see them, may I not bless them, before I perish?"

She fixed her eyes upon her husband's face; he appeared to hesitate.

"You will escape from me."

"No, San Pietro, no; for me there is no ark of refuge found. Cruel as thou art I never could forsake thee; and—if I loved thee not—say, could I leave my children? Think not so meanly of your poor Vanini. She never has, she never can deceive you."

San Pietro bowed his head, as if in acquiescence, and disappeared, but soon returned, bearing in his arms the sleeping children. Vanini took them from him and folded them alternately to her bosom, with all the agony of dying maternity; then, leaning on her husband's bosom, wept bitterly. The sight of her distress struck his very soul—he mingled his tears with his gentle consort's, and bathed these precious pledges of wedded love with burning drops of sorrow, that wrung rather than relieved his tortured heart. Vanini, more calm, because more innocent, imprinted many a kiss upon the sleeper's brows, yet gently, as fearing to break their sweet repose.

"They sleep, San Pietro," said she, "but they must wake to weep. Ippolito, thy lips will vainly call upon thy mother's name to-morrow; while thou my youngest born, no longer cradled on the maternal breast, will pine in vain for me. Ah! cold and pulseless will that bosom be—now warm with life and love—and must thou cry for me and moan unheeded, my unweaned nursling. San Pietro, let me live—a little while—a month—a week—a year—nay, but a few brief months to pay a mother's duty to her child."

"Minutes, Vanini, are now as years," gasped out her husband. "Thy years are like the past—with eternity! In this brief space my soul has lived an age of torture. The struggle destroys me—I will conquer, though my heart breaks."

"All laws, human and divine, plead for me," returned his wife. "The punishment as far exceeds the fault as heaven does earth. San Pietro, let me

live—I am so young. And must I die? Have you the heart to slay the mother of your children? My blood will rise up from the dust and plead against you."

"Is this my heroine?" cried San Pietro. "Methought mine was a Roman dame, who dreaded death from servile hands and was content to die by mine. Will it please you that I summon my servants hither?"

"Cruel San Pietro! I plead no more. Bear hence my children—let them not look upon their mother's blood. Farewell Ippolito—Alphonso, sweet babe, farewell. Heaven's blessing be upon you!"

She kissed them, put them in their father's arms, covered her face, and prayed. In parting from her children the bitterness of death seemed even past. Vanini wept no more, but with the resignation of a martyr silently awaited her doom.

"First pardon me," cried San Pietro, sinking at her feet. "Farewell, my queen, my wife, my mistress—my first, last, only love! Pity the dire necessity that makes me play the executioner. Pity and forgive me, sweet Vanini. Say but one little word, and let that word be—'Pardon.'"

"I do forgive you, and may the All-Merciful forgive you as I do, rash unhappy one. Farew ! be kind to my poor babes for poor Vanini's sake."

San Pietro arose from his knees, caught his trembling wife in his arms, and imprinted a last kiss upon her lips. His hands encircled her throat; she did not struggle to shake off that murderous clasp; a low gurgling sound alone proclaimed the approaches of death. An awful silence succeeded those imperfect murmurs. He relaxed his grasp—Vanini was no more.

In a few hours San Pietro stood before Charles of France to answer for the murder of his wife.

"Mareschal, what have you done?" demanded the sovereign.

"Slain my wife and preserved my honour," replied the Italian, in a tone that intimidated royalty itself, though surrounded by the symbols of its power. "I loved her as well as I have served the king. Behold these scars, the fruit of loyalty to my adopted country. What is San Pietro's wife to Charles of France? She died, and with her died my years of hoped-for rest. 'Tis better for the King and France that my head is doomed to silver beneath the battle helmet."

The daring boldness of the Mareschal preserved him from the resentment of the sovereign whose laws he had violated. The name of his victim was forgotten in France as if she had never been; but in the land of her nativity it was still fondly remembered and associated with deep vows of vengeance, of revenge that lacked opportunity alone—that slept but could not die—for when were such vows ever forgotten in Corsica?

Years fled away;—from that dreadful hour of sacrifice San Pietro's hair was blanched, "though not with age," but still the helmet pressed his homeless head. No second bride succeeded to her place whose love had gladdened once his stormy path before he had quenched its beam. The peaceful moon now shed her glories over a lonely pass in Italy, gilding the bloody scene of San Pietro's last conflict, and glittering over his broken helm. Firmly the wounded veteran maintained his ground, though fiercely assailed by two vigorous opponents. His battle cry waxed fainter; his followers fled, or sunk dying upon the earth, unable to aid their master in his need, who still continued to wage a deadly warfare with the leaders of the ambuscade. Loss of blood might indeed enfeeble that powerful arm—might dim the lustre of an eye whose gaze had been like the eagle's when soaring to the sun—but it could not tame that invincible spirit. His undaunted efforts grew feebler, while his splendid uniform and scarf were deeply stained with the ensanguined stream that issued from his wounded side.

"Ha!" cried the assailants as the dying warrior sank upon the earth never again to rise, "ha! San Pietro, we have met thee in a lucky hour, and the wrongs of our murdered sister are at length avenged. Assassin of the sainted Vanini thou art taken in the toils we have laid for thee. We have at last accomplished our long vowed revenge."

The dying man raised his undaunted head and strained his failing eyes to look upon the features of his foes. "Ye have indeed revenged your sister's wrongs. It is over, and the hopes of my enslaved country are extinguished in my blood. Ye have slain me, but I blame ye not, ye brethren of my wife. Oh, Vanini! I slew thee—yet well I loved thee, my own Vanini!" The death pangs choked his voice, and his fierce spirit passed away.

The Ornano searched the body of the Mareschal in the expectation of finding some important papers on his person. In this they were disappointed. On his scarred bosom they found the portrait of the murdered Vanini—her image was wet with his heart's best blood. They remembered that he had died with her name upon his lips.

A tear dimmed the stern eye of Ippolito Ornano as the resemblance of his lamented sister met his view. "Alphonso, I do repent me of his death," cried he, addressing his brother, "for despite his cruel rage, he loved our sister well." [1]

HOPE'S FOOLS.

BALLAD TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL SIMROCK.

BY ARCHER GURNEY.

We are all Fools of Hope, spite of trouble and sorrow;
We live through to-day since we hope for to-morrow:
But a couple once lived on Hesperian shore,
Who'll bear this good title, "Hope's Fools," evermore.

(1) The subject of this tale being strictly historical, would not admit of any softening touches; the author was, therefore, compelled to give the catastrophe in its minute details. The infant sons of Vanini, after their father's death, assumed the noble name of their mother, and became Marshals of France, and made some figure in the civil wars in the time of Henry IV. Sully speaks of them as able and artful men, upon whose word neither Henry nor the League could place any reliance.

They counted sweet Hope for their comforter holy,
And would not despair when the hours crept most slowly;
For thirty long years had they waited their son,
Their only, their loved one, and still they hoped on.

He promised, when young for the wars he departed,
To see them once more,—and he ne'er was falsehearted;
Yet have not his steps sought his infancy's home:
They hope—hope and love are blind—"Surely he'll come!"

Already white locks 'midst their tresses are springing,
And still her low ditty is magic hope singing;
They will not despond; as they love, so they trust;
Their dear one has promised—the gods, too, are just!

"To-day if he comes not, to-morrow the rover
Will speed—*this* we doubt not—the green mountains over;
By the first early dawn will we haste to the height,
And there shall rejoice when he first comes in sight."

They speed to the mountain, they gaze far around them;
The morning hath aye on that hopeful watch found them;
And whenever a wand'rer appears in the vale,
They think 'tis Lysander, and whisper "All hail!"

And when they too clearly have seen 'twas another,
They look forth again, that good sire, that fond mother;
And though night *will* fall, and they turn to their rest,
Through day have they hoped, and by hope were they blest.

Thus watch they, so truthful, from season to season,
Till time saps their strength by his treacherous treason;
Yet hope hath decayed not, still hope doth inspire,
Though the steep mountain path may their aged limbs tire.

They clung to their faith, with devotion ne'er failing;
They shrank not from laughter, they blench'd not at railing;
The wisdom perchance of the wise may prove base,
Whenever those parents their son shall embrace.

"Hope's Fools" were they dubb'd, or by lofty or lowly;—
How rarely we meet with true sympathy holy!
Yet there was it found; for one wealthy good man,
A temple to build on the summit began.

From far and from near he the workmen did gather;
They built it with pomp—with simplicity rather;
Though costly the stone, pure and free was the scope,
And worthy its title, "the Temple of Hope."

And they, who so long had served hope with devotion,
These made he its servants, with tearful emotion;
Their office alone to look out from on high,
And hope that Lysander each hour might draw nigh.

All cares for this life now no longer need vex them;
Their food is aye brought with the raiment that decks them;
And daily the messenger stays to inquire,
If yet lost Lysander hath come to his sire.

They answered, "We thank our good Lord for his kindness,
But heav'n will reward him, for heav'n knows no blindness;
Lysander, we feel it, is surely full near—
To-morrow, we trust, we shall answer, He's here.

"And if you would rest but an hour ere returning,
We judge that to-day—so our bosoms are yearning,—
Our dear son would come, you could bear the glad tale;
But, impatient you ever depart, like the gale."

The messenger sneer'd, on his black courser mounting,
"Well, fools, such as these, saw I ne'er to *my* counting!
Who knows where Lysander now rots in the dust?
But hope, hope, hope ever! Oh, impotent trust!"

So spake he to-day, too, while rough he departed;
He rode down the height, stern of mood, evil-hearted.
Ah! no one looks out for *his* form through the gloom,
And life without hope is like life in the tomb.

Already he's near to his desolate dwelling,
When hears he hard-breathing of hasty toil telling;
A pilgrim, full weary, now doubles his speed,
And seizes the bridle: so stayed is the steed.

"By all that is holy, aid, horseman, the weary!"
Thus spake he. "Shew grace, or my end will be dreary!
O friend in this last hour of fate that draw'st nigh,
Thy steed!—*mine* hath sunk on the way—or I die!

"And if I this day to my goal should attain not,
My life's pains were idle! This faint prayer disdain not!
Think, forty long years of captivity's woes!
Thy steed, then! Heav'n sent thee,—Heav'n kindly grace shows."

"Should *I* be a fool, my good courser resigning,
While you leave me trick'd and in weariness pining?
No, no; hast thou waited for forty long years?
So wait thou, good friend, till the morrow appears."

"Too late 'twere to-morrow, a voice speaks full clearly,
And dreams too have warn'd me. I reached my home nearly:
Unless on this eve I my parents should greet,
To-morrow the train of their mourners I meet."

"And wert thou the child of Hope's Fools, this Lysander?
(And truly you'd fit them, as crowns Alexander,)
Still *then* too"—— "Thou say'st it! Lysander am I!
This purse, man, receive! And now—on let me fly!

"In sooth, *that* I dreamt not; these ducats are many,
Oh, sir, I should serve you, nor ask for a penny!
My steed's at your service, or if you'll but wait,
Another, far sounder, is near at my gate."

Now quick he descends, and that instant the other,
Hath mounted, hath galloped tow'rd father and mother.
"Aha!" says the messenger, nowise depress'd,
"He has ta'en the worst horse, and has paid for the best.

"Well, well, like his parents, I see he's no senses:
We wise men we laugh while with shadows hope fences;
Hope's Fools! Yet, good sooth, since this chance doth befal,
They seem not so utterly fools after all.

"For here comes the son whom so long they awaited;
Their silly hope thus with fulfilment is mated;
And so I may lose my good office, I trow,
To bear them their food daily—hang it!—what now?

"That red fiery light up the gloomy skies rising!
The bells, too, loud ringing,—ah! horror surprising!
The temple's in flames, they are lost in this hour,
In the moment of triumph such ruin could lower!

"So hope hath deceived ye, which long was your glory;
Your son was so nigh, and thus ended your story!
Well, why need *I* sorrow? I'll go to my home:
To-morrow, the last time, I upward shall roam."

And, lo! in the morrow he comes to the mountain,
What sees he? No fire, but joy's crystalline fountain!
The temple with myrtle and roses was dress'd,
The son to the arms of his parents was press'd.

The flames marked but gladness, all darkness dispelling,
Which good folks had kindled not far from their dwelling;
The bells had rung forth, for that harvest was won,
Since at last to the parents had hastened the son.

They rang, and they ring to Hope's Fools ever gaily,
Whatever your fate, hope, good mortals, hope daily!
They ring and they rang now for centuries past,
That faith shall receive its due portion at last.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUGSBURG.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

On a bright October day, after a journey in the Fatherland, I found myself comfortably established for a day and a night at the ancient palace of the Fuggers, —those merchant princes of Augsburg, whose name was one of the most celebrated of the sixteenth century. It was with a certain degree of reverence that I entered the mansion so long renowned for splendid hospitality, where emperors had been guests in days of yore, and where guests are still received with as much apparent welcome, for the Fugger-palace is now a portion of a long popular inn, no other than the Drei-Mohren, the well-known sojourn of all travellers in search of such comfort as German hotels can supply, and known to fame even from the fourteenth century If either the fish, flesh, or fowl of Germany possessed intrinsic qualities worthy of commendation, the English wanderer, accustomed to wholesome and nutritious food, might be satisfied with what is dispensed to him at this monarch of hotels; but, as not even French cookery can subdue the inferiority of all the materials on which it has to work, it is as well to make the best of a bad bargain, and pronounce all good,

"Since 'twill no better be."

The Drei-Mohren, then, is a very fair German inn, and what it may want in luxury is made up in the interest attached to its walls; for, notwithstanding the great fire which more than half destroyed the buildings connected with it some years ago, enough remains to excite the curiosity of the antiquary and the lover of legends, and to make the old pile an object of excitement.

The magnificent merchant, Anthony Fugger, received here, at different periods, the generous and frank Maximilian and the cautious and subtle Charles, his successor, both deeply his debtors for funds to carry on the wars in which they were engaged. The politic Charles understood his own interest well when he chose this mansion as the place of his temporary sojourn, instead of the castle it was usual for princes to inhabit, in his city of Augsburg, on his return from a southern expedition. He no doubt calculated largely on the gratitude of the rich Anthony Fugger for the honour done him and his house; and the event proved that he had acted most judiciously, since he entered the domicile owing an enormous sum to his hosts, which he had, at that time, but small chance of being able to pay, and he quitted it a free man, able to exclaim—

"When next I want to pay my wars,
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee!"

I had not been long in the Drei-Mohren before I proceeded to make myself acquainted with all those portions of the dwelling to which the recollections of the Emperor's visit cling. After crossing a court-yard, and mounting a narrow corkscrew stair in a corner tower, and threading the mazes of several passages and corridors, the chamber was reached where the king had slept, and next to it was the large banqueting-hall where the rich merchant had prepared a sumptuous banquet for his illustrious guest. There may still be seen the fine carved cedar ceiling, and the high deep windows, and there still yawns the capacious fire-place, into which were thrown huge piles of fragrant cinnamon wood, prepared but unlighted, when Charles the Fifth entered and glanced towards it, rubbing his hands, and looking chilly and somewhat surprised at the forgetfulness of his host in allowing him to find a room without a fire. Then it was that the courteous Anthony acted the little drama which has rendered this chamber so celebrated.

"How comes it," he exclaimed with feigned astonishment, "that my careless people have neglected to light a fire this chilly day? Your majesty will not relish the poor banquet set before you if you are forced to eat it in a cold cell like this. Bring me a torch, knaves," he added, turning angrily, "I must light the pile myself. Hold! here is a piece of precious paper which I will thrust into the flame; nothing meaner shall kindle the fire destined to enliven so illustrious a guest as now honours my humble mansion with his presence."

As he spoke, he drew from his bosom a roll of paper which, when he had unfolded, the Emperor recognised as his own promissory note for an enormous sum of money borrowed from Anthony Fugger. His host deliberately twisted it, and thrust it into a blazing torch held by an attendant, and then proceeded to light the cinnamon pile with the document.

"Do you know what you are destroying?" exclaimed Charles.

"Perfectly, your majesty," returned the magnificent merchant, with extreme coolness; "it is I now who am a debtor for an honour which has no price."

Well might the Emperor after this say, when the splendours and treasures of Paris were vaunted to him —"There is a linen-weaver at Augsburg who could buy up all of them!"

Well, also, might the monarch, who knew so well how to time his civilities, utter on this occasion the famous saying which he loved to repeat,—

"Yo, y el tiempos, para dos otras."
"I, and opportunity, against two others."

How often, in after days, did Charles the recluse, no longer a mighty prince, look back upon the splendours and triumphs of that brilliant time, and smile at his former wiles, his conquests, and his projects, while, with a hermit-hand, he planted lilies in the little garden into which his cell, now his only domain, looked! Did he think the pleasant odour of those pure flowers more fragrant than the smell of cinnamon branches fetched from farthest India, and, perchance, once sustaining the nest of the fabled phœnix? Did he more exult in the flowering of his lilies than in the flaming of his note of price? Perhaps he did, for there was still excitement in his new position, and the contrast after his life's fitful

fever pleased him as well. Then he had hopes of universal dominion, now he looked towards the crown of holiness which should irradiate his name, and he saw in his visions crowds adoring his memory, as they had trembled at his living presence. If his spirit was permitted to know the triumph reserved for him, it would have added to the enjoyment bestowed on him, to know the legend afterwards attached to the flowers he planted; for the monks of the convent where he died piously believed a legend of a certain lily root, which put forth two stalks, one of which, at the beginning of spring, broke its tunic, opened its flower, and gave forth a pleasant odour, after which it died. At this time the emperor-monk was ill. The other lily remained long enclosed in its bud, and neither sun nor rain induced it to expand; but on the night when the holy Emperor's soul escaped from its frail tenement of clay, the glorious flower burst forth, at the very instant, in surpassing beauty, dazzling the beholders with its splendour, and ravishing their senses with its fragrance. It was immediately plucked with great reverence and placed on the high altar of the chapel, where it long continued to bloom without any visible support.

Although the rest of the palace of the Fuggers is destroyed, and there are no more cinnamon faggots to be found in those once gorgeous halls, yet still the sweet savour of the noble merchant's and his benevolent family's charity lives in the memory of his fellow-citizens, and is even more fragrant than the recollection of his munificence to a great monarch.

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

The portion of the town of Augsburg called the Fuggerei still keeps up a record of their goodness, for here it was that hospitals for the poor and workshops for their employment, were established and kept up from generation to generation by the noble-minded tradesmen whose names are thus handed down with more honour than their mere wealth could procure for them.

The Fuggerei is a separate quarter, entered by four gates, and containing about fifty-three houses, which, according to the direction of the founders, are still let out to the poor at almost nominal rents. It has a public fountain, a church, called St. Marcus, a school, six streets, and its houses are divided into lodgings capable of accommodating one hundred and six persons. This little city of charity was established by Ulrich, George, and Jacob Fugger, in the year 1519. On a stone at the entrance by the Jacober Strasse may be seen the arms of the family and the following inscription in Latin:—

> "In the year 1519 did the brothers Ulrich, George, and Jacob Fugger with mutual will co-operate, judging themselves bound by duty to return thanks to God for the riches bestowed on them by his goodness, and for their well-thriving condition, and considering the pressure of poverty on many of their suffering fellow-citizens, they did found one hundred and six dwellings as a proof of their desire to act worthily, and dedicated to this purpose."

The whole has been, at one period or another, benefited by the liberality of this remarkable family, of whom there yet remain descendants, neither whose inclinations nor fortunes seem to follow in the wake of their illustrious ancestors.

Another great name in Augsburg is that of Welser, in the time of the city's importance one of the richest amongst it burghers. He had, besides his wealth—

> "One fair daughter and no more,
> The which he loved passing well,"

who was destined for a lofty career, for the young and ardent Ferdinand of the Tyrol, coming to Augsburg to attend an Imperial Diet, beheld her beauty and was at once enthralled by it. The charming Philippina was unable to resist the disinterested attachment of her royal lover, and soon consented to become his wife, much to the consternation of his father, the Emperor. This happened in 1550, and it was eight years before the indignant father would condescend to notice the daughter-in-law so unceremoniously introduced into his exalted family. He had not, however, seen the fascinating cause of his son's imprudence; who, being aware of the power of her charms, resolved that the spell should again be tried. The result was what young Ferdinand had anticipated; for no sooner did the Emperor behold at his feet the beautiful culprit than his wrath changed to admiration; and, raising her gently from the ground, he assured her of his forgiveness, desiring to see her two sons, on whom he instantly bestowed the title of Margrave.

In Augsburg the house is still shown where Philippina resided with her father, and in Innspruck, in the Tyrol, may be seen her tomb and that of her husband-lover. If she were indeed like the marble figure which represents her, lying on her magnificent monument, her beauty must have been of a kind which depended solely on expression or grace, or had some nameless charm which marble cannot portray, for it must be allowed that the interesting heroine is by no means good-looking, though bearing a striking resemblance to hundreds of coarse, round-faced, flat-featured maidens of the neighbourhood, whose attractions are shadowed by the most hideous blue-spotted rough woollen head-dresses that bad taste ever invented to deform the human countenance. There lies Philippina, at all events, surrounded by carved work of exquisite delicacy, picturing her good deeds of charity and compassion; and near her reposes her devoted partner, who preferred

> "Tents with love to thrones without."

The Archduke's tomb is second only to the celebrated monument, unrivalled in Europe, of the sumptuous Maximilian, in the same church.

It is somewhat singular that three centuries afterwards a similar love passage should have given a daughter-in-law of humble lineage to the Emperor of Austria, the present Archduke, now the chosen great pacificator of Germany, having married the daughter of an innkeeper near Innspruck.

"The strange fate that tumbles mightiest sovereigns" perhaps will not allow the hero and the heroine of the present age a tomb in the Hofkirche of the capital of Tyrol.

The Welsers and the Fuggers of Augsburg vied with each other in wealth and importance, fitting out fleets of merchantmen, and trading to unknown regions. Both Maximilian and Charles were their constant debtors for magnificent loans, which they repaid by ennobling both families, and making them large grants of land in the countries which they colonized.

Augsburg is generally cited as remarkable for possessing one of the finest streets in Germany. The Maximilian Strasse is, in effect, long and wide, and rather imposing, with its bronze fountains, but there is nothing very admirable in the buildings it presents to the eye.

The Hercules Brunnen is a very graceful and beautiful work. The date of it is 1599, and it is in great preservation. The figure which surmounts it, of Hercules destroying the monster Hydra, is grandly conceived, and its power contrasts well with the feminine delicacy of the charming water-nymphs, who wring their dripping hair beneath the showery jets which burst forth above them, and, dashing into the huge shells on which their slender feet repose, spring forth again, drenching other undines below, who contend with the water-spirits, attacking them with their own weapons, till, loud rushing and bright sparkling, the streams are received by a large basin at the foot of all.

Protestants and Catholics divide the town and contend no more, each leaving his neighbour to his own conscience and attending to his own religious ceremonies. Here Luther and the great enemy live in mutual amity, as of old, when the friendly fiend, who had doubtless his own ends in view, seeing the arch-heretic flying for his life from the town where he had dared to "protest too much" for his safety, kindly pointed out to him a short cut by which he might escape from his enemies, who were in pursuit.

"*Dort hinab! Dort hinab!*" exclaimed the good-natured guide, or rather the artful schemer; "turn down there!" and Luther, knowing the voice of the spirit, who was usually in the habit of tormenting him, ventured to take his advice and bolt down the obscurest passage in the town, by which means he got safe off.

It is not on record that the bust of the king of evil, which may still be seen over a weaver's door, was erected by the grateful fugitive in memory of this adventure of his. Perhaps he thought, as

"He never saw Satan so closely before,
That he must give the devil his due."

There is, according to the custom of modern Germany, a good deal of fresco painting and gilding both on the outside and inside of the houses at Augsburg, and it succeeds no better there than in any other town subjected to an uncertain, chilly, and damp atmosphere. Whatever relations may exist between Germany and Italy, it is a folly to expect that the same usages will answer in either climate.

Frescoes will fade north of the Tyrol, and gilding will become tarnished in an atmosphere considerably less dry than in France; consequently, after the first brilliancy of decoration is gone off, nothing remains but faded, dingy, dirty walls, marked with half-effaced outlines, and exhibiting only ruin and decay. Nothing is more remarkable to the traveller returning through Germany from Italy, than to observe the coarseness of the daubing with which ambitious artists have covered the surfaces of half the houses in every mountain village of the Tyrol, where Hofer and his patriot band glare in gaudy reds and yellows beyond the size of life, and ugly beyond all imagination.

In every town also similar pictorial representations of the deeds of some worthy of the locality offend the eye, so that the German taste is continually called in question, however laudable this love of the Vaterland may be.

At Ratisbon, once the commercial rival of Augsburg, these frescoes are not spared, and there the gloomy streets are enlivened, in a manner, by wonderful specimens of art, showing how David slew Goliath, a charming subject, as it affords an opportunity of portraying the redoubtable giant at probably his full height, for he reaches from the top of one of the high battlemented houses in the Waller Strasse to the bottom.

But perhaps the most remarkable of these history pictures is that on a house opposite the Rathhouse in the Heide Platz, where a famous combat is exhibited, which took place in the presence of Henry I. between Hans Dollinger, a stalwart citizen of Ratisbon, and a "foul Paynim" of gigantic dimensions, called Craco. This "heathen hound" had been long the terror of the oppressed country, and "his arm was as strong as his heart was untrue." Hans Dollinger, however, here made him bite the dust, anxious, perhaps, that little David the shepherd should not occupy all the walls to himself. His ambition was rewarded, for he and his vanquished foe now figure in colours quite as obtrusive, dingy though they be, as the rival combatants. In this square was held a famous tournament to establish the innocence of the unfortunate Agnes Bernauer, a less fortunate beauty than Philippina Welser, her townswoman, although, like her, she attracted by her beauty a royal lover.

The story of this fair native of Augsburg is not unlike that so well known and so often the theme of song and drama, of Agnes de Castro, her namesake, the manner of her father-in-law's cruelty being merely a variation of the sad tragedy.

Albert of Bavaria had secretly made her his wife, regardless of her humble birth, for she came not of an illustrious race of merchants who could send argosies to unknown seas, and vie with monarchs in grandeur. His father, Duke Ernest, having learnt the tidings fatal to his pride, at a moment when he had just succeeded in negotiating for his wayward son a magnificent match, determined to punish the offenders with the utmost rigour.

Albert on this resolved to publish aloud to the whole world his private marriage, which so exasperated the proud father, that he took a deadly oath of vengeance, executed but too severely on his innocent victim. He contrived to get Agnes into his power, and then issued against her a variety of false charges, giving her a mock trial, which ended in her condemnation to death.

She was accordingly, to the horror of all the people who beheld the inhuman proceeding, cast from a bridge into the Danube. The scene of terror was not yet over, for she struggled so violently when she fell into the river, as to burst the bonds which confined her, and there were not wanting on the shore feeling and compassionate hearts who would gladly have seen her saved, and numbers hailed with shouts her near approach to land. She had almost reached the bank, when one of the emissaries of the duke, a wretch without pity, with all the zeal of hate, threw forward from a boat in which he pursued her, a pole with a hook, entangling her long floating golden hair, and dragging her back to the centre of the stream. There he stood exulting over his prey till he was convinced that life had fled for ever from the beautiful and unfortunate being, so prematurely and inhumanly sacrificed to false ambition and offended pride.

Probably Agnes Bernauer's parents were too obscure for their domicile to have survived the lapse of ages. I did not discover its locality in Augsburg, nor is the history painted on any of the walls. However, there is no want of frescoes on the houses in many parts of the town: they are chiefly episodes in the lives of saints, and scenes of scriptural interest, not one of which but is faded and half-washed out.

The Rathhaus of Augsburg is a really fine building, constructed in 1620 in a pure Italian style, very unlike that of the immensely high belfry which stands near it, and is called the tower of Perlach. There is generally a "golden hall" in most German town-halls, and that at Augsburg is a good specimen, not from either the painting or the gilding which decorate it, but from its fine proportions, and the fact of its being supported without pillars. Like many similar apartments in the north of Italy, it has three rows of windows, an imposing and stately fashion which gives great lightness to otherwise ponderous and heavy rooms.

Our guide to the wonders of Augsburg was a particularly civil and rather a remarkable character, for he had been in the English service, and enjoys a pension for his services from the English government. It was curious to hear him talking familiarly of military men in command of different regiments, with which he had been associated, and relating old soldier stories of British military life, with well-known jokes of well-known officers. All this, partly in German, partly in good English, was amusing enough to listen to, as he walked with us through the streets of the antique town, his native place, where he now lives a contented life, reposing under his laurels, and by no means greedy of the fee he can exist without.

He likes, however, to attend to English travellers, and takes delight in talking over old times with military men, whom he has the tact to recognise at a glance, a circumstance which generally propitiates the stranger, whose *amour propre* is gratified by the identity. In a general way guides have become dreadful nuisances of late years, as bad as porters or waiters, but this man was one of a thousand, and we looked upon him as a sort of fellow-countryman and comrade, whom we were glad to meet with.

Almost everything that Augsburg contained of works of early art, has been carried off to enrich the gallery at Munich, the pet for a series of years of that most weak and contemptible of all the suicidal monarchs of the present age, the deposed Louis of Bavaria, a prince who gave promise all his life of a better ending to his career, but who lost no opportunity of disappointing the hopes and expectations of his friends and subjects, and whose name has now become a by-word of reproach and disgrace.

He plundered every town in his dominions of every treasure each possessed, to adorn the walls of his Pinacotheck, and thus greatly diminished the interest attached to them. At Nuremberg but little is left, except in private collections, of the works of Albert Durer, and nothing of the elder Holbein is to be found at Augsburg,—a circumstance much to be regretted, for in so vast a gallery as that of Munich, gems of art may easily be passed over in the immense crowd, which would be properly appreciated in their original position, and surrounded also with recollections which disappear in another place, and cause half the charm which clung to them to vanish.

Perhaps, after the unapproachable town of Nuremberg, quite unique in its purity of middle age architecture, Augsburg may be considered the most curious in Germany, for it has still many of its vast and imposing mansions left, which convey to the mind a striking idea of the wealth and magnificence of its merchant-princes, the rivals of those at Venice before Bartholomew Diaz guided his daring crew past that "dreadful cape of storms," where it was said, in days of yore,—

> "Above whose hoary summit,
> Where captive lightnings sleep,
> Three huge black clouds for ever
> Their awful station keep."

For it was the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope that destroyed the fortunes of Augsburg, which had hitherto monopolized the commerce of more than half Europe. This, and the desolating wars of religion, caused its downfal as far as trade was concerned, and, even as Nuremberg's "mighty hand," that was said to go "through every land," has been of late years reduced to find employment in making toys for children, so has the glory departed from commercial Augsburg, though she still retains power in the money market, and her bankers are known far and wide, as well as her famous gazette, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

It is easy now to visit this curious old place by a

much more agreeable route than formerly, for, travelling from Carlsruhe or Bruchsal towards Stuttgard, after having passed the magnificent Swabian Alp of Rauhe, the way is sufficiently dreary and uninteresting, besides being very fatiguing, to Ulm, and the rest of the journey, whereas now that the railroad takes you to Lindau on Lake Constance,—it is, I think, completed, or near it, since I travelled by it as far as Kauffbauern,—you quickly arrive at your destination, having passed through some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe.

The route may be from Mayence to Freyburg, through the sublime passes of the Höllenthal, and after descending into that elysium, the traveller may find the best quarters in all Germany at a charming little inn in the Black Forest at Lenzkirke, where every description of rural accommodation can be had, to the heart's content of the weary.

From this pretty inn excursions of several days can be made, and a pity it is that tourists hurry through such beautiful and romantic scenery without becoming half enough acquainted with its merits, which yield to none in Europe.

Beautiful is it to wander through the Himmelreich and the Höllenthal, above which rises to the clouds the majestic Höllsteig, from the high points of which you look down on the gorgeous valley of the Treisam, and pleasant is it to climb the Windeck mountain, and observe the scattered villages below, rich in mills and forges.

Clock-making employs the men, and straw bonnet making the women of this district: the former find a ready sale all over Europe, and the latter supply the peasants of the Glötterdale and other valleys with the dark straw hats which form part of their distinguishing costume.

From the secluded retreat of this abode in the wood, the next agreeable and enticing pause can be made at the fine hotel just opposite the stupendous Falls of Schaffhausen. By moonlight or by sunlight the view of these cataracts is splendid in the extreme, and the laziest of travellers can enjoy the sight, stretched on a sofa at his window, or seated in a comfortable chair on one of the broad terraces of the hotel garden. He must, however, be apathetic or weak indeed, who does not descend the mountain to the river below, and entering the bark prepared for the curious, cross the stream to the little castle on the opposite height, where he may take up his lodging if he prefers it, and from thence visit every station from whence the Falls can be seen to most advantage.

Amidst the stunning roar of the mighty waters, and the deluges of spray which burst over the huge black barrier that impedes the course of the headlong river, he may dream away uncounted hours in a bewildered state of admiring existence. It is true the extreme comfort of the place, and its numerous accommodations, have destroyed a certain wild and lonely charm which the spot must once have possessed, but, nevertheless, if one can manage to be romantic and comfortable at the same time, one need not quarrel with all these facilities for beholding a scene, formerly almost inaccessible to the timid.

Next comes the charming steam-boat excursion on the lake of Constance, with all its beautiful sights, its windings, and its varied banks, resembling Como and Geneva, with features peculiar to itself. If envious mists do not intervene, the far-off Jung Frau and her snowy range may be recognised amidst the clouds, and a thousand beauties unfold themselves in the passage, which brings you, without fatigue, to Lindau and the railway.

Perhaps by the time the cuckoo returns he may bring glad tidings of restored peace to Europe, and we swallows may not be afraid to trust our wings to regions so worthy to be sought.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

19th.—Speaking, to-day, of Mr. Waller, whom I had once seen at uncle John's, Mr. Agnew sayd he had obtayned the reputation of being one of our smoothest versers, and thereupon brought forth one or two of his small pieces in manuscript, which he read to Rose and me. They were addrest to the lady Dorothy Sidney; and certainlie for specious flatterie I doe not suppose they can be matcht; but there is noe impress of reall feeling in them. How diverse from my husband's versing! He never writ anie mere love-verses, indeede, soe far as I know; but how much truer a sence he hath of what is really beautifulle and becoming in a woman than Mr. Waller! The lady Alice Egerton mighte have beene more justlie proud of ye fine things written *for* her in Comus, than ye Lady Dorothea of anie of ye fine things written *of* her by this courtier-like poet. For, to say that trees bend down in homage to a woman when she walks under them, and that ye healing waters of Tonbridge were placed there by nature to compensate for the fatal pride of Sacharissa, is soe fullesome and untrue as noe woman, not devoured by conceite, coulde endure; whereas, the check that villanie is sensible of in the presence of virtue, is most nobly, not extravagantlie, exprest by Comus. And though my husband be almost too lavish, even in his short pieces, of classic allusion and personation, yet, like antique statues and busts well placed in some statelie pleasaunce, they are alwaies appropriate and gracefulle, which is more than can be sayd of Mr. Waller's overstrayned figures and metaphors.

20th.—News from home: alle well. Audrey Paice on a visitt there. I hope mother hath not put her into my chamber, but I know that she hath sett so manie trays full of spearmint, peppermint, camomiles, and poppie-heads in ye blue chamber to dry, that she will not care to move them, nor have y^e

(1) Continued from p. 196.

window opened lest they shoulde be blown aboute. I wish I had turned yᵉ key on my ebony cabinett.

24th.—Richard and Audrey rode over here, and spent a noisie afternoone. Rose had the goose dressed which I know she meant to have reserved for tomorrow. Clover was in a heat, which one would have thoughte he needed not to have beene, with carrying a lady; but Audrey is heavie. She treats Dick like a boy; and, indeede he is not much more; but he is quite taken up with her. I find she lies in yᵉ blue chamber, which she says smells rarelie of herbs. They returned not till late, after sundrie hints from Mr. Agnew.

27th.—Alas, alas, Robin's silence is too sorrowfullie explained! He hath beene sent home soe ill that he is like to die. This report I have from Diggory, just come over to fetch me, with whom I start, soe soone as his horse is bated. Lord, have mercie on Robin.

The children are alle sent away to keep yᵉ house quiete.

Saturday night; at Robin's bedside.—Oh, woefulle sight! I had not known that pale face, had I met it unawares. So thin and wan,—and he hath shot up into a tall stripling during the last few months. These two nights of watching have tried me sorelie, but I would not be witholden from sitting up with him yet agayn—what and if this night should be his last? how coulde I forgive myself for sleeping on now and taking my rest? The first night, he knew me not; yet it was bitter-sweet to hear him chiding at sweet Moll for not coming. Yesternight he knew me for a while, kissed me, and fell into an heavie sleepe, with his hand locked in mine. We hoped the crisis was come; but 'twas not soe. He raved much of a man alle in red, riding hard after him. I minded me of those words, "the Enemy sayd, I will overtake, I will pursue,"—and, noe one being by, save the unconscious sufferer, I kneeled down beside him, and most earnestlie prayed for his deliverance from all spirituall adversaries. When I lookt up, his eyes, larger and darker than ever, were fixt on me with a strange, wistfulle stare, but he spake not. From that moment he was quiete.

The doctor thought him rambling this morning, though I knew he was not, when he spake of an angel in a long white garment watching over him and kneeling by him in the night.

Sunday evening.—Poor Nell sitteth up with mother to-night—right thankfulle is she to find that she can be of anie use: she says it seems soe strange that she should be able to make any return for my kindnesse. I must sleep to-night, that I may watch tomorrow. The servants are nigh spent, and are besides foolishlie afrayd of infection. I hope Rose prays for me. Soe drowsie and dulle am I, as scarce to be able to pray for myself.

Monday.—Rose and Mr. Agnew come to abide with us for some days. How thankfulle am I! Tears have relieved me.

Robin worse to-day. Father quite subdued. Mr. Agnew will sit up to-night, and insists on my sleeping.

Crab howled under my window yesternight as he did before my wedding. I hope there is nothing in it. Harry got up and beat him, and at last put him in yᵉ stable.

Tuesday.—After two nights' rest, I feel quite strengthened and restored this morning. Deare Rose read me to sleep in her low, gentle voice, and then lay down by my side, twice stepping into Robin's chamber during the night, and bringing me news that all was well. Relieved in mind, I slept heavilie nor woke till late. Then, returned to yᵉ sick chamber, and found Rose bathing dear Robin's temples with vinegar, and changing his pillow—his thin hand rested on Mr. Agnew, on whom he lookt with a composed, collected gaze. Slowlie turned his eyes on me, and faintlie smiled, but spake not.

Poor dear mother is ailing now. I sate with her and father some time; but it was a true relief when Rose took my place and let me return to yᵉ sick room. Rose hath alreadie made several little changes for the better; improved yᵉ ventilation of Robin's chamber, and prevented his hearing soe manie noises. Alsoe, showed me how to make a pleasant cooling drink, which he likes better than the warm liquids, and which she assures me he may take with perfect safetie.

Same evening.—Robin vext, even to tears, because yᵉ doctor forbids yᵉ use of his cooling drink, though it hath certainlie abated the fever. At his wish I stept down to intercede with the doctor, then closetted with my father, to discourse, as I suppose, of Robin's symptoms. Insteade of which, found them earnestlie engaged on yᵉ never-ending topick of cavaliers and roundheads. I was chafed and cut to yᵉ heart, yet what can poor father do; he is useless in yᵉ sick-room, he is wearie of suspense, and 'tis well if publick affairs can divert him for an odd half hour.

The doctor would not hear of Robin taking yᵉ cooling beverage, and warned me that his death woulde be upon my head if I permitted him to be chilled: soe what could I doe. Poor Robin very impatient in consequence; and raving towards midnight. Rose insisted in taking yᵉ last half of my watch.

I know not that I was ever more sorelie exercised than during yᵉ first half of this night. Robin, in his crazie fit, would leave his bed, and was soe strong as nearlie to master Nell and me, and I feared I must have called Richard. The next minute he fell back as weak as a child: we covered him up warm, and he was overtaken either with stupor or sleep. Earnestlie did I pray it might be yᵉ latter, and conduce to his healing. Afterwards, there being writing implements at hand, I wrote a letter to Mr. Milton, which,

though the fancy of sending it soon died away, yet eased my mind. When not in prayer, I often find myself silently talking to him.

Wednesday.—Waking late after my scant night's rest, I found my breakfaste neatlie layd out in ye little antechamber, to prevent the fatigue of going down stairs. A handfulle of autumn flowers beside my plate, left me in noe doubt it was Rose's doing; and Mr. Agnew, writing at ye window, told me he had persuaded my father to goe to Shotover with Dick. Then laying aside his pen, stept into the sick-chamber for ye latest news, which was good: and, sitting next me, talked of ye progress of Robin's illnesse in a grave yet hopefulle manner; leading, as he chieflie does, to high and unearthlie sources of consolation. He advised me to take a turn in ye fresh ayr, though but as far as the two junipers, before I entered Robin's chamber, which, somewhat reluctantlie, I did; but the bright daylight and warm sun had no good effect on my spiritts: on the contrarie, nothing in blythe nature seeming in unison with my sadnesse, tears flowed without relieving me.

———What a solemne, pompous prigge is this doctor! He cries "humph!" and "aye!" and bites his nails and screws his lips together, but I don't believe he understands soe much of physick, after alle, as Mr. Agnew.

Father came home fulle of ye rebels' doings, but as for me, I shoulde hear them thundering at our gate with apathie, except insofar as I feared them distressing Robin.

Audrey rode over with her father, this morn, to make enquiries. She might have come sooner had she meant to be anie reall use to a family she has thought of entering. Had Rose come to our help as late in the day, we had been poorlie off.

Thursday.—May Heaven in its mercy save us from ye evil consequence of this new mischance!—Richard, jealous at being allowed so little share in nursing Robin, whom he sayd he loved as well as anie did, would sit up with him last night, along with mother. Twice I heard him snoring, and stept in to prevail on him to change places, but coulde not get him to stir. A third time he fell asleep, and, it seems, mother slept too; and Robin, in his fever, got out of bed and drank near a quart of colde water, waking Dick by setting down ye pitcher. Of course the bustle soon reached my listening ears. Dick, to doe him justice, was frightened enough, and stole away to his bed without a word of defence; but poor mother, who had been equallie off her watch, made more noise about it than was good for Robin; who, neverthelesse, we having warmlie covered up, burst into a profuse heat, and fell into a sound sleep, which hath now holden him manie hours. Mr. Agnew augureth favourablie of his waking, but we await it in prayerfulle anxietie.

———The crisis is past! and ye doctor sayeth he alle along expected it last night, which I cannot believe, but father and mother doe. At alle events, praised be Heaven, there is now hope that deare Robin may recover. Rose and I have mingled tears, smiles, and thanksgivings; Mr. Agnew hath expressed gratitude after a more collected manner, and endeavoured to check ye somewhat ill-governed expression of joy throughout the house; warning ye servants, but especiallie Dick and Harry, that Robin may yet have a relapse.

With what transport have I sat beside dear Robin's bed, returning his fixed, earnest, thankfulle gaze, and answering ye feeble pressure of his hand!—Going into the studdy just now, I found father crying like a child—the first time I have known him give way to tears during Robin's ilnesse. Mr. Agnew presentlie came in, and composed him better than I coulde.

Saturday.—Robin better, though still very weak. Had his bed made, and took a few spoonfuls of broth.

Sunday.—A very different sabbath from ye last. Though Robin's constitution hath received a shock it may never recover, his comparative amendment fills us with thankfulnesse; and our chastened suspense hath a sweet solemnitie and trustfullenesse in it, which pass understanding.

Mr. Agnew conducted our devotions. This morning, I found him praying with Robin—I question if it were for ye first time. Robin looking on him with eyes of such sedate affection!

Thursday.—Robin still progressing. Dear Rose and Mr. Agnew leave us tomorrow, but they will soon come agayn. Oh faithful friends!

* * * *

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. VI.

CONCLUSION.

In this, our last paper on the subject of entomology, we propose to give some information on a variety of topics which have not been touched upon in our previous articles. Without further preface we will proceed at once to the first of these—the *food* of insects. This is obtained from the vegetable and animal kingdoms. There is, perhaps, not a single plant which does not afford a delicious food to some insect, not excluding even those most nauseous and poisonous to other animals. The nettle supplies sustenance to about thirty different species; and the henbane and nightshade has many more. Some tribes attack the roots of a tree; others, its trunk and branches; others, its leaves; a fourth party, its flowers; and a fifth, its fruit or seeds. No part is left unmolested; and while some insects feed on vegetable substances in a living state, others devour them when dried and dead with equal gusto. Animals and animal substances, too, are not neglected by these *pantophagi;* and Kirby and Spence inform us that the grub of a certain beetle, with digestive powers that dyspeptics

may envy, will live luxuriously upon horn. Mineral substances are also brought under contribution; for Reaumur and Swammerdam have both stated the food of the larvæ of *ephemeræ* to be earth. Our space will not permit us to describe the different instruments of nutrition possessed by insects, and we have already incidentally mentioned some of the stratagems used by them in obtaining their nutriment; we shall, therefore, pass on at once to the second point.

The means by which insects defend themselves.—These are of two kinds, passive and active. The former are derived from their colour and form, or from their substance, involuntary secretions, vitality, and numbers; the latter consist of attitudes, noises, scents, the emission of fluids, weapons, and stratagem or concealment. A few instances of the application of these defences will, perhaps, be interesting. The pertinacity with which a little beetle, the *anobium pertinax,* persists in counterfeiting death is thus recorded by Kirby and Spence:—"All that has been related of the heroic constancy of American savages when taken and tortured by their enemies, scarcely comes up to that which these little creatures exhibit. You may maim them, pull them limb from limb, roast them alive over a slow fire, but you will not gain your end —not a joint will they move, nor show by the least symptom that they suffer pain." The death's-head sphinx, when captured or in fear, utters a most plaintive cry, nearly resembling that of a young child. The bombardier beetle, when pursued, intimidates its assailant by causing a loud explosion and emitting a blue smoke, attended by a very disagreeable smell. The larva of the saw-fly, upon being touched, immediately raises the fore part of its body and lets fall from its mouth a drop of clear resin. These larvæ live in societies; and, "what is very remarkable, no sooner does a single individual of the group give itself this motion than all the rest, as if they were moved by a spring, instinctively do the same." The stratagems by which insects defend themselves are almost innumerable; one, however, of them we may mention. The common *hesperidæ,* or skipper butterflies, on flying into cover strike violently some leaf, to deceive the eye of the pursuer, and to make it appear that the insect is concealed there, whereas it retreated by another passage.

The *motions* of insects are well described by Mr. Kirby in the following paragraph:—

"Whenever you go abroad in summer, wherever you turn your eyes and attention, you will see insects in motion. They are flying or sailing everywhere in the air; dancing in the sun or in the shade; creeping slowly, marching soberly, running swifty, or jumping upon the ground; traversing your path in all directions; coursing over the surface of the waters, or swimming at every depth beneath; emerging from a subterranean habitation, or burrowing into one; climbing up the trees or descending from them; glancing from flower to flower; now alighting upon the earth and waters, and now leaving them in order to follow the impulse of their various instincts; sometimes travelling singly, at other times in countless swarms; these the busy children of the day, and those of the night. If you return to your apartment, there again are these ubiquitaries; some flying about, others pacing up the walls or upon the ceiling; others walking with ease upon the glass of your windows, and some even venturing to take their station on your own sacred person, and asserting their right to the lord of the creation."[1] Cuvier says, that in their motions they exhibit those of every other species of animal; they walk, run, and jump with the quadrupeds; they fly with the birds; they glide with the serpents; and they swim with the fish."[2] And the provision made for these motions in the structure of their bodies is truly wonderful. "If I was minded to expatiate," says the venerable Derham, "I might take notice of the admirable mechanism in those that creep; the curious oars in those amphibious insects that swim and walk; the incomparable provision made in the feet of such as walk or hang upon smooth substances; the great strength and spring in the legs of such as leap; the strong-made feet and talons of such as dig; and, to name no more, the admirable faculty of such as cannot fly, to convey themselves with speed and safety by the help of their webs, or some other artifice, to make their bodies lighter than the air."[3]

The *migrations* of insects are another interesting subject of consideration. We have already spoken of the migrations of locusts, and we may now add that insects of several other tribes are equally fond of occasionally changing their residence. In particular parts of tropical America the migration of butterflies is annual and constant. Major Moore once witnessed, in Bombay, an army of bugs travelling westwards. An army of dragon-flies has been known to cast a slight shade over a field of four acres as they passed; and a host of the common frost cicada, which flew in the night, was at first mistaken by Professor Walch for a shower of hail pelting against his study window. Lastly, the Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, mentions a flock of *aphides* which passed his village on the 1st of August, 1785, so numerous as to cover such persons as were in the open air at the time, and to blacken all the surrounding vegetation.

We must not forget to mention a curious fact in connexion with the social economy of ants—they are *cow-keepers.* The *aphides,* or honey-flies, are in the habit of ejecting a sweet honey-like fluid which may be correctly termed their milk. This fluid is so particularly grateful to the ants that they attend on the honey-flies for the sole purpose of obtaining it. Linnæus, long ago, observed this, and truly remarked that the ant ascends the tree *that it may milk its cows.* This is positively and literally done; for not only do the ants watch the moment when the honey-flies eject their milk, but they absolutely possess the power of making them yield it at their pleasure, or, in other words, of milking them. On these occasions,

(1) Introd. to Entom. ii. 267, 8. (2) Anat. Comp. i. 444. (3) Physico-Theology, p. 363.

their antennæ are used as fingers; with these they pat the abdomen of the *aphis* alternately on each side, moving them very briskly; a little drop of fluid immediately appears, which the ant takes into its mouth. When it has thus milked one it proceeds to another, and so on, until being satisfied it returns to its nest. But the most extraordinary part of the whole matter is, that the ants "make a property of these cows, for the possession of which they contend with great earnestness, and use every means to keep them to themselves. Sometimes they seem to claim a right to the *aphides* that inhabit a particular branch or stalk; and if stranger ants attempt to share their treasure with them, they endeavour to drive them away, and may be seen running about in a great bustle, exhibiting every symptom of inquietude and anger. Sometimes, to rescue them from their rivals, they take their *aphides* in their mouth; they generally keep guard around them, and when the branch is conveniently situated they have recourse to an expedient still more effectual to keep off interlopers. They inclose it in a tube of earth or other materials, and thus confine them in a kind of paddock near the nest, which often communicates with it." [1]

The fact that ants are both dealers in, and possessors of slaves, is too well known to require any more than a passing allusion to it here.

The generality of insects during winter, pass into a state of temporary torpor. "The sites chosen for their hybernacula," as Messrs. Kirby and Spence well observe, "are very various; some merely insinuate themselves under any large stone; others prefer a collection of dead leaves, or the moss on the sheltered side of an old wall or bank; others seek a retreat in the moss itself, or bury themselves deep in the rotten trunk; while numbers penetrate into the earth to the depth of several inches. Those insects which can bear considerable cold without injury, are less careful about their winter retreats; while the more tender species either enter the earth beyond the reach of frost, or prepare for themselves artificial cavities in various substances which conduct heat with difficulty, and thus defend them from an injuriously low temperature." The same authors also state, that the first cold weather which occurs after insects have entered their winter quarters, produces precisely the same effect upon them as upon many species of the larger animals. "At first, a partial benumbment takes place; but the insect, if touched, is still capable of moving its organs. But, as the cold increases, all the animal functions cease; the insect breathes no longer, and has no need of a supply of air; its nutritive secretions cease, and no more food is required; the muscles lose their irritability, and it has all the external symptoms of death. In this state it continues during the existence of great cold; but the degree of its torpidity varies with the temperature of the atmosphere. The recurrence of a mild day infuses a partial animation into the stiffened animal; if disturbed, its limbs and antennæ resume their power of extension; and even the faculty of spurting out their defensive fluid is re-acquired by many beetles. But, however mild the atmosphere in winter, the great bulk of hybernating insects, as if conscious of the deceptive nature of their pleasurable feelings, and that no food could then be procured, never quit their quarters, but quietly wait for a renewal of their insensibility by a fresh accession of cold." [2]

The last topic to which we shall allude, is the *luminousness* of insects. This extraordinary property is chiefly possessed by the beetles of the glow-worm family; while that which is most familiar to us is the common glow-worm itself. In Britain this insect, although not uncommon, is never abundant; but in Italy there is another species which, during summer, lights up the dusky night, decking the earth with thousands of brilliant gems, which sparkle and glisten through the gloom. It was once believed that the female only was luminous, but it is now ascertained that the male is so likewise, although in an inferior degree. They are all able to extinguish or increase their light at pleasure; and Mr. White, of Selborne, even thinks that they regularly put it out between eleven and twelve at night. The hemipterous genus of *fulgora*, as well as the coleopterous *elaters* and *lampyridæ*, boasts of several species highly luminous. Among the largest, if not the most extraordinary, is the great lantern-fly of South America. The properties of this singular insect were originally made known to the world by Madame Merian, who gives the following account of her first acquaintance with it;—"The Indians," she says, "once brought me, before I knew that they shone by night, a number of the lantern-flies, which I shut up in a large wooden box. In the night they made such a noise that I awoke in a fright, and ordered a light to be brought, not being able to guess from whence the noise proceeded. As soon as we found that it came from the box, we opened it, but were much more alarmed, and instantly let it fall to the ground with affright, on perceiving flames of fire issue out of it; for as many animals as came out so many flames of fire appeared. When we found this to be the cause, we recovered from our terror, and again collected the insects, much admiring their splendid appearance." [3] The light produced by this insect proceeds wholly from the hollow part, or lanthorn of the head, no other part being at all luminous. There is reason to believe, however, that the marvellous account given above is somewhat exaggerated.

We have now finished our series of papers on the Natural History of Insects. The compilation of them has been a work of some trouble and research; but we shall be amply repaid for our pains, if a perusal of them has led any one to study this most interesting branch of natural science. Our object throughout has been to endeavour, while mustering instruction and amusement to our readers, to lead them to re-

(1) Kirby and Spence, Int. to Ent. ii. 89.

(2) Int. to Ent. ii. 440—442.

(3) Insects of Surinam, p. 49.

flect on the power and wisdom of the Divine Creator, whose ways are unsearchable, and whose mercies are over all His creatures. Q. Q.

THE SETTLERS SETTLED;[1]

OR, PAT CONNOR AND HIS TWO MASTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

Part III.—The Progress.

The month of October had now arrived. There were the potatoes to take up, and the root-house to fix, or a new one to be made; and the ground to be ploughed, and the wheat to be sown and dragged, and fifty things to be done—to say nothing of any of uncle Philipson's jobs. And the flour barrel was empty, and the wheat unthrashed. The roads, moreover, in so delectable a state, that travelling was almost impossible, being a glorious mixture of mud and new-fallen snow. Charles adhered with Spartan-like firmness to his resolution of never borrowing from any of his neighbours, though he had not always the same degree of firmness in resisting their requests.

For several days the Windhams had been reduced to the necessity (a very common one in the bush) of making use of potatoes as a substitute for bread; but these shifts, being new to our young English settlers, they felt it rather as a hardship, and beside, their pride was hurt that Pat Connor should have to go without what they regarded as an indispensable article of diet for a working man.

"It is not that I really mind it so much myself," said Charles; "but I do not like this hard-working fellow to get nothing better than potatoes with his meals."

Arthur assented. "It is very annoying, no doubt, to have no bread in the house, nor flour to make any."

"And is it the fine flour bread that your honours are fretting about?" said Pat, casting a look of enquiry upon his masters, as he tossed a hot potato that he had, with little consideration to the refined notions of his employers, helped himself to from the pot, from whence he had just poured off the water. "What would you say to a hot boy like this same of a could day to warm both fist and stomach, Master Arter?"

"It's all very well, when there is something more substantial with it," was Arthur's reply.

"Master Arter, never cry out till you havn't a murphy to bless yourself with; and isn't there the good pork in the barrel, to fry, boil, or eat, just any you like, hot or could. Shall I tell you how Pat Ryan, that owns the big clearance beyant the cedar swamp, did when Bill Sipping, the dainty English fellow that came out last spring was a twelvemouth, was hoeing praties for him, and grumbled bekase the mistress had no raised bread at supper-time—for why, do ye see, the salt rising had failed somehow wid her. And she sits a good bowl of praties, and a fine bunch of pratie cakes upon the table, and good enough it was, and no mistake, for the likes of him. 'Well,' says Bill, 'I doesn't thinks as how I comed here to work hard and get no better food than them tators;' so he called them, 'and that lump of dough,' as he called the pratie cake. Then Pat, when he hears the vagabone speak in that disrespictful way of what was meat for his masters, jist follows Bill to the door, where he stood reglar huffy-like, and gives him a something that sent the jackanapes spinning off ten yards or more from the door, 'and now,' says he, 'that's what I call giving you your nunc dimittis.' I warrant he never grumbled or grunted at a good pratie cake on Pat Ryan's table again," added Pat Connor, with a grin, that displayed the last tooth in his head; nor could the aristocratic gravity of Charles or Arthur withstand the Irish humour, and strong brogue of the inimitable Corkonian, who, for his part, laughed over Pat Ryan's joke till the rafters rung again, evidently not a little gratified that his powers of rhetoric had dispelled the discontent that had been visible on the brows of the young Englishmen.

"If them praties arn't illigantly boiled, and dried too with the pickle (*i.e.* pinch) of salt just dusted over their jackets by way of sauce! There's a pretty go now—if the handle an't clean comed off the tea-pot! That tin-man's ware arn't worth the snuff of a rush candle."

"That was your setting the tea-pot on the hot coals," said Charles, somewhat tartly; "you know, Connor, I warned you of that a week ago, and told you, besides, I detested boiled tea. You Irish can never make tea without setting the tea-pot on the embers."

"Well, thin, if it isn't the raal Yankee fashion, your honour. Why bless you, their tea-pot stands it like anything."

The Windhams could hardly help laughing at the adroit way in which Pat turned the question from the tea to the tea-pot.

"But what is to be done? this is one of the miseries of this horrid place," broke forth Arthur, with a sigh, almost deep enough for a groan; "how is the tea to be poured out?"

"Why, Master Arter, the spout isn't gone yet, and worse things will happen in this country than the handle coming unsoldered of a tin tea-pot," said Pat, seizing the dilapidated vessel in his huge fist; and, pouring out the tea, set the cups reeking on the table, with an air of infinite satisfaction, remarking upon its superior strength and high colour from the mode of cooking it.

Just at this juncture the door opened, and a tall lank-figured man, with dust-coloured hair, and dust-coloured complexion, stalked into the kitchen, and, having first stepped to the fire and lighted his pipe, taking care to puff a volume of smoke from his lips, said, "I say, youngsters, which of you three have I to thank for well nigh killing two of my hogs, by setting that big bull-dog of yours on 'em?"

(1) Continued from page 142.

Charles, who felt his dignity a little insulted by being associated with his man-servant, replied, somewhat haughtily, "My good man, I sent you due notice that your swine was trespassing on my fields, and had done much damage to my potato crop, and, as I am told no fences will keep out these animals, you may thank me that I did not send them to the pound. You have a right, according to the law of the country, to keep your hogs shut up during the open season, and I sent you notice to do so many times."

"I say, if them hogs dies, I will sue you, and shoot your fine bull-dog."

"If you do, it will be the dearest charge you ever put in your gun," was the cool reply, of the indignant Englishman.

"I would thank you not to choke me with your nauseous smoke, nor soil the floor in that disgusting way," added Arthur.

A grin of infinite satisfaction passed over the lank visage of the intruder at this speech; he was evidently gratified at having annoyed the proud Englishman; so, with a last puff of smoke, he stalked forth, leaving the door wide open at his departure.

"Insufferable insolence!" exclaimed Charles, rising. "I say Mr. Harris, if that is your name, do not let me see either yourself or your hogs on my premises again."

Mr. Harris turned his head and nodded, as much as to say, "I guess I know what you say."

The next day the oxen and the cow were no where to be seen, though Pat vowed that the fences were all up when he left the cattle in the field for the night, and he did not believe that either "Lamb," or "Lion," would go over a fence three rails high, in spite of the character they had been given, and for "Damsel's" orderly behaviour he could vouch, for he had known her from a calf.

Nothing could happen more inconveniently than the disappearance of the oxen at this particular time; they were later, by several weeks, with getting in their wheat than their neighbours, and now they were ready to sow, the oxen were not at hand to drag the field over. Pat was despatched forthwith in search of the lost animals, but after two days' absence he returned without having met with them, greatly to his master's annoyance.

Charles was certain that the Harris's knew something about the matter, as he detected a sly wink passing between Mick Nolan and Master Hiram Harris, a sly-looking urchin of ten years old, when he was questioning Mick if he had seen the cattle in the direction of his father's clearing.

"I guess you havn't looked in the right place, or mayhap you would have found them."

Whether this was meant for wit or impertinence, Charles was at a loss to tell, till he demanded of the young gentleman where the right place might be.

"Well, then, I guess it isn't far from the pound, and that's just six miles, I calculate, beyond father's clearance," replied Master Hiram, with a nod and a grin, that almost tempted Charles to knock him down at the moment.

"And pray, young man, how came my cattle in the pound?" said Charles, smothering his just indignation.

"Well, I guess father made me and sissy (*i.e.* sister) just step across with them, when he found the whole bunch of them hooking up taters in his field 'tother day."

It was of no use venting his wrath in execrations against this apt pupil of knavery, so Charles merely asked in what direction the pound was to be found, and walked off, not in *white satin* humour, to redeem his imprisoned beasts, and pay such fine as the tender conscience of Mr. Harris chose to impose upon him for damage, which he felt certain the beasts had not committed.

Bill Sippings had been called upon at six o'clock in the morning to witness the trespass; though Pat Connor asserted it as his opinion that Harris had first laid down the fences and then driven the cattle in, that he might revenge himself for the affront he and his boys had received from "Turk," the bull-dog, and his masters.

And now came on that dull and dreary season of the year, the near approach of a Canadian winter. There was little to be done upon the farm but ploughing for the spring crops, fencing and threshing the grain, and such uninteresting work, as Arthur called it. Even Charles began to feel weary of the dull life they led. They now had leisure to feel the want of society of their own class; they had read and re-read the well selected stock of books they had brought out with them, and they had no neighbours of whom they could borrow more; they had no companions with whom they could interchange ideas on any of those subjects most congenial to their tastes and former pursuits. They began to perceive, when it was too late, that they had committed a grand error in throwing themselves so entirely out of their own class; a mistake they could hardly remedy without a considerable sacrifice in disposing of their land. They had not even the resource of clearing new land to employ them, for the best of the farm had been long cleared, and what bush remained was chiefly stony hills or thick cedar swamp, beside what was necessary to leave for fire-wood. Their position was somewhat melancholy; they had, from motives of pride and prudence, coldly declined the hospitable overtures made to them at different times by the wealthy storekeepers of the towns where they dealt, regarding this class of settlers merely in the light of shop-keepers and tradesmen, with whom they could not have associated in England. They were not exactly aware that at that period they filled, if not the first, at least the second grade in Canadian society; that without the favour and assistance of the mercantile class the agricultural settlers could do but little, as they were frequently dependant upon them for credit for the very seed they put in the ground, and the implements they used in clearing and preparing their land. Nor

did their influence cease even here, for they had much in their power both to befriend and injure.[1]

The reserve maintained by our young aristocrats gave no little offence, and they met with no renewal of these friendly overtures to social intercourse among the towns-people that had been so coldly, almost haughtily, rejected when they first came to the country. They had a goodly store of pride and early prejudice to overcome, which only yielded to experience painfully gleaned through a course of years' residence in the country. The approaching winter brought with it no prospect of enjoyment. They had no evening parties to balls, no sleigh drivings, no pic-nics, none of these pleasing *reunions* of friends to look forward to which cheers this otherwise monotonous season of the year.

Arthur began to be weary of the lonely life they led, and but for the expense of the journey, which he could ill afford, and his reluctance to leave his brother, he would have gone to Montreal or Toronto to look out for some situation more congenial to his tastes than was the mere drudgery of an agricultural life, limited as they were to the means of carrying out their plans of improvement on the land. In spite of their uncle's promise of paying the instalments due upon the farm, our settlers felt that the strictest economy would be requisite to provide for the necessary expenditure of wages and provisions for the house till harvest was over, unless they had further assistance from home, and they were equally unwilling to apply to uncle Philipson or their father. These reflections made them anxious, and cast a damp over their spirits, the more so as they had no friend to advise or cheer them. The long heavy winter wore away at last, and never did birds pant more for the return of spring and bright days and green leaves than did Charles and his brother.

"Master Charles," said Pat Connor to his master one day, when he had noticed the more than common depression that hung over his spirits, "depend upon it, sir, you will never be comfortable or get on well in this country till you marry—no one ever does."

Charles smiled and said, "Well, Pat, you may be right; but wives are not to be met with every day—at least, not wives to my taste."

"Thrue, Master Charles; and you and Master Arter are so particular like: than I don't know, unless it plase the saints to sind you one just made for you, where you will get the wife to yer fancy. Now there's Miss Listia there would give her eyes for either of you, but I spose that sort wouldn't suit no how; or there's Miss Rinthia. The ould folks have a pretty lot of land, I've heard, for a portion for them gals, and then they're mighty handy-like about a house."

"Indeed, Pat," said Charles, "they might do very well for you, but I have no desire for a Yankee wife."

"Well, Master Charles—if I might be so bould as to spake a word wid yer honor—you would find a reglar smart go-a-head sort of a wife among them Yankey's or Canadians. Why if they ain't ten times smarter than any of your young ladies that do nothing but sit in the parler and cry about the ould country. Why there is Miss Rinthia there can play on the piany, I am tould, and work sich grand little mats for sitting jugs of hot water on, as would astonish you; so Mrs. Gibbons said."

Charles was half angry, half inclined to laugh at Pat's eloquence in behalf of the "young ladies," as Mrs. Gibbons used to designate the fair "Lees of Leeside," but seriously forbade Pat to mention the subject again, adding—"Pat, you are such an advocate for marriage, why do not you take a wife?"

"And is it that same yer honor is recommending to me?" said, or rather sighed, the Irishman. "Troth and if I havn't had enough of wives, and no mistake, in ould Ireland. And wasn't it to get rid of Judy, the crayter, that I came to the Canadas," whined Pat.

"Why, Pat, you never said a word about your wife before," said Charles, opening his eyes as he marked the doleful expression on the broad good-humoured face of his servant.

"Well, Master Charles, bekase I niver wants to spake of things that arn't agreeable, and never a word of Judy would have passed my lips only but for this same dorty bit of paper that comed all the way from Cork, yer honor, to me—bad cess to the ship that brot it over—coosting me the money that it did, and no good news in it at all at all."

It was with some repugnance that the fastidious Charles Windham took the soiled piece of paper from the hand of the crest-fallen Pat; and, with some help in the way of interpretation from its owner, made out the sense of the epistle, which was simply a plaintive reproach from his wife Judy at his cruelty in having left her and the "childher to shift for themselves, while he was aiting and drinking of the best in Meriky, and they, the crayters, wanting the bit and the sup, Ochone, Ochone!" She then, or her amanuensis, went on to inform Pat how that Daniel Malone, who, like a dacent dutiful husband as he was, had come over for his wife and family, and had told her how that he knew Pat, the reprobate, for that he lived quite convanient to a bay whose clearing joined the place where he Pat Connor was at sarvice; and so she meant to gather the children together and come out by the first emigrant ship that sailed; having, by washing and hay-making, and turf-digging and begging, scraped together as much as would pay her passage out. Pat's pride was a little annoyed at this, but softened off the affectionate clause in Judy's information as to her way of getting the means to take her out by saying,—

"Sure yer honor, but she has a rich uncle, has Judy, who hasn't the wife or child in the wide world; and its to him the crayter has been working and begging to, for she had to beg hard enough both for the work and the pay. Sorra be wid the unnatural ould baste that would hould the hard earned wages from his own flish and blood, as Judy is, you may say."

"Well, Pat," said Arthur, "and if your wife was reduced to beg even from strangers, the fault lies with

(1) Perhaps the storekeepers of the present day do not hold quite the same rank and consequence as they did fifteen years ago, since the influx of settlers of a higher class from home has increased, and the general state of the country improved; but it was so at the period that I allude to above.

you, who were so bad a husband as to desert her, and leave her little ones to starve."

"Sure, Master Arter, and how could Judy be left to starve, and her uncle a three-cow farmer, and a rich man entirely, so he is."

Charles was not a little shocked at Pat's delinquency in having forsaken his wife, and he thought it only his duty to give him rather a stern lecture on his hard-heartedness and wickedness. Pat looked somewhat hurt and humbled by his master's reproofs, and stood looking down, counting his fingers, as if to ascertain they were all on his hands; at last he looked up, and said, "Well, yer honor, thin I'll tell yer the whole truth."

"And nothing but the truth, Pat."

"Well, yer honor, Master Charles, as near as I can come by it; but Judy is a bitter bargain, and no mistake. Sorra to the priest that made us one."

"You know, Pat, a man when he marries takes his wife for better and for worse."

"For werser, indeed it was when I took Judy," groaned out Pat. "Now, Master Charles, I don't like you should think hardly of me, so I will just till you how I came to leave Judy, and then I am sure you will make bould to confiss, if it was to his riverence himself, that I had provication for what I did, and kept raison in them. Then, you must know, that I went down to the fair at Cork—the fine place that same is—and Judy was so tied up wid the childer being sick that she couldn't go wid me no how, which thing vexed her entirely; and somehow I found myself in good company, and got disguised a bit wid the drop of whiskey, and spint all the money that I had meant to have laid out in the new gown for Judy; and when I came home, 'Well, Pat,' says she, and she tried to look pleasant-like, 'and where is the gown-piece for me?' Och! Och! Och! said I, murdher, and if I didn't get clane robbed of the gown altogether, Judy, says I You know, yer honor, I am sure as how I never spint all the money in whiskey, so I am certain sure some of the vagabones in the booth must have lifted it out of my pocket. But Judy wouldn't listen to one word of this; but she takes the shoe off my fut and bastes me wid that same till I didn't know if I wor Pat Connor or his ghost; and then she bundles me to bed, and I warrant I didn't turn in it for two days, and all them two days she keeps on abusing me. I knew I had done wrong; so I said very little, and didn't even threaten to beat her when I was able; but I thought on the Tuesday morning—that was four days arter the accidint happined—that I had had enough of it, and so I told her, but on Wednesday she began again; on Thursday she wor worse nor ever; and, sis I to myself, if you sais one word after Friday, Mistress Judy, it is the last you shall ever say to Pat Connor on this same subject. I sis this to myself, just to give her warning. On the Friday in comes Malone's wife, Biddy Malone, a great crony of Judy's, and thin she sets out ding-dong with it all over again. Now this settled me, for I knew if her uncle came our way she would begin the same story; so I makes up a bundle ready for a start; and, so thinks I, I'll give you one chance more, and if you say nothing about the drop of whiskey and the gown, I'll stay; but, before ten o'clock on Saturday morning, she sets out wid the story to his reverence the priest, about not being able to go to mass the next day, 'bekase,' said she, 'Pat got tipsey, and spent the money that should have bought me the dacent gown to go to the Mass in.'

"Now I lave it to yer honours if flesh and blood could stand more nor that; so I bolted, without even saying good bye to yer worship's riverence, and off I wint, after kissing and blessing little Rory, and Biddy, and the baby; and I soon got friends to lend me the ship money, and out I came. And if it ware not for the three darlints I left, never a sorrow should have watered my eye for leaving Judy, for a sore thorn in my side she was for four good years."

Charles suggested the possibility of her having been a little tamed by trouble, and strongly advised Pat to try what kindness and sobriety would do in reforming Judy's temper; and Pat, who was really a kind-hearted creature, promised to do all to make his wife amends when she should come out; for, from a postscript in the letter, it seemed very probable she would be with him in a very short time, and Pat made arrangement with his masters to take the land on shares, and build a shanty and barn during the spring; that Judy and the children might have a home at once to shelter them.

"And the fine washer is Judy; and isn't it herself that will make your shirts as white as the new fallen snow," was Pat's remark, as with lightened heart he went off to his work.

To be continued.

THE LEGEND OF ALBAYALDOS.

ANNABEL C.——

SPAIN has been always looked to as the very birthplace of chivalry and romance; for although, strictly speaking, the institutions of chivalry first had their rise among the Gothic or Teutonic races, who carried them to Spain as to other parts of Europe, still in that country they took such firm root, spread so broadly and rapidly, that they could scarcely be looked upon in any other light than as children of the soil. The very nature of the Spaniard was chivalrous, and his constant encounters with his hereditary enemies, the Moors, carried this spirit to its highest extent in both parties, each wishing to rival the other, not in power alone, but still more in their strict adherence to the rules of that law which was common to each, and which made a true knight one to whom the slightest cloud upon his honour was worse than death, to whom generosity, kindness to the poor and helpless, straightforwardness of purpose, and a true brave spirit, were but a part of his profession, and whose loyalty to his king and his lady could never be shaken by death or danger. The Moors were from age to age the enemies of the Spaniards, without

there being any declared war on either side; but the knights of each nation were constantly in the habit of meeting on the beautiful Vega of Granada, for no pitched battle, though the combats frequently ended in the death of one or both of the warriors, but in "all fair courtesy," to fight a single combat, each knight with his attendant sponsor to watch over his interests, and each frequently addressing some courteous words to the other before they began their deadly warfare. The following account, although not a literal translation of one of these characteristic fights, is taken from an old Spanish book, "Las guerras civiles de Granada," already quoted in a former paper.

There was a great feast held in Granada; tournaments and bull-fights, running at the ring and pageants, and devices of all kinds and of unequalled splendour, filled the whole of a bright Spanish day, and gay and stately dances, to the sound of Moorish music, made the night merry for the court of Boabdil and his young queen in the proud old halls of the Alhambra. The violent struggle of the day for glory and his lady's favour over, the heavy helm and glittering armour laid aside, in festival array the knight led his lady to the dance, and the hours passed gaily on. Suddenly, there is a hush; that brave Christian knight, the Master of Calatrava, who had arrived that day at the court, is taking his leave of the king and queen, and in another moment is standing by his steed in the moonlit streets of Granada: another moment, and a second figure stands on the whitened stones; it is the Moorish knight Albayaldos, whose kinsman the Master had slain.

"By Mahomet, Sir Christian, right goodly is thy bearing in thy festival array; but rather would I see thee in warlike garb with lance in rest upon the Vega, there to meet thee in fair fight. Sir Knight, were it but for thy brave deeds alone, of which the world is full, I should desire to meet thee; but thou hast given me a deeper reason—by thy sword my kinsman Mahomet Bey was slain; his blood is on thy hands, and cries to me for vengeance, therefore I challenge thee to meet me to-morrow morning on the Vega with arms and horse, there to do battle. Bring thou thy sponsor; the brave Malique[1] Alabez shall be mine."

With a courteous quiet voice the Master answered him, that his kinsman had died in fair fight as good knight should; that for him there was no need of vengeance; still, if he desired the combat, so let it be. "I will await thee by the Fountain of the Pine, with my sponsor Don Manuel Ponce de Leon: there is my gage in token of battle."

The Christian knight gave his gauntlet to the Moor, receiving his signet ring in return; and, traversing the street of Elvira, passed through the gates of Granada.

Albayaldos then went to his friend the Malique Alabez, and bade him be ready for the morrow: "for if," he told him, "we have to-day ridden in festival array, to-morrow we must go forth in arms of proof, with lance in rest."

"And wherefore so?" inquired Alabez.

"It is even so," replied Albayaldos, "because I have challenged the Master of Calatrava to do battle with me on the Vega to-morrow before the sun is high, and thee have I chosen for my sponsor."

"Mahomet help me!" exclaimed Alabez, "thou hast soared high: there exists not where the sun shines a more puissant knight than the Master of Calatrava; one more practised and skilled in arms. Allah give thee success in thy undertaking, and may we go in a good hour with Mahomet for our shield. By the royal crown of my ancestors, mine will be no little joy if we return victorious. But be it as it may, to-morrow we go forth, and, without the king's knowledge, proceed to the Vega, there to do battle with the Master. Knowest thou if he has chosen a sponsor?"

"Yes," answered Albayaldos, "he will be there with Don Manuel Ponce de Leon."

"Say'st thou so? Then, as Allah lives, Don Manuel and I part not lightly; there shall be another combat on the Vega. Rememberest thou not the gallant fight we held together, how it was broken off in the midst like a splintered lance, and how, upon our parting, as a pledge of its renewal we exchanged our steeds?"

"Ay," replied Albayaldos, "and fearlessly now bide the issue. Allah is above us, and I trust in him that we prove ourselves true knights and brave."

As they conversed thus, the night wore on, and it was late before the two knights separated to look to their arms, (for woe betide the combatant whose armour failed in aught when the morning came,) and to take the rest most needful before the fierce contest that was so soon to try their utmost strength and skill. The quiet sky above with its myriad lamps, the distant snow-covered summits of the Sierra, the still rivers winding across the silent Vega, the fair city with its slopes of orange gardens,—all looked to the eyes of Albayaldos, as he turned homewards through the deserted squares, as they had ever done before, yet to his heart strangely different; there was another spirit looking through his eyes as he thought that happy scene might then be looked upon for the last time. The last time! Those few solemn words have a wonderful power of bringing the heart before itself; there are affections and feelings lying there we little dream of, till those three words, more powerful than sorcerer's spell, change the impalpable spirit into an embodied strong reality, that stands forth in the light and *will* be seen. Affections we little dreamt of are then sadly real; impressions never felt before are become a weary burden: the spell having once acted, nothing will drive them back into their old darkness; once having faced the daylight, they will not leave it. No wonder a solemn love, a solemn feeling of the beauty of his own city, filled the heart of the Moor as he passed onwards. It seemed no longer the old walls, the hills, the plains and gardens he had been

(1) *Malique* is the Spanish representation of the Arabic word for *prince* or *chief*.

accustomed to from his infancy; it seemed then as if he were moving in a paradise, he saw for the first time those three words had given a grandeur, a *holiness* to scenes of every-day life, and he looked upon sleeping Granada as he had never done when Boabdil rode through the streets with his chivalry, when the knights met in the lists, with crests, and plumes, and many-coloured garments over the glitter of the steel, and while the queen and her dark-eyed ladies looked from the balconies above. It was the last time!

At an hour before day-break the two knights again met, and, mounted on their brave war-steeds, passed through the gate of Elvira, which was then open to allow the people to go out to their labours in the fields. They passed through the city without being recognised by any one, and took the road to Albolote, a place two leagues from Granada, to proceed from thence to the Fountain of the Pine, the place appointed for the meeting with the Master. The sun was shining brightly on the waking earth as the Moorish knights passed the Castle of Albolote, and resting not there, proceeded to the Fountain of the Pine, which they reached when the sun had been an hour above the horizon. This fountain is celebrated throughout Granada and all its neighbourhood, so bright and cool it is, and, as its name implies, kept from the burning rays of the summer sun by the broad branches of a stately pine, which bending over it, mirror themselves in the clear water, and afford a welcome shade to the traveller crossing the shadeless Vega, and weary of its interminable breadth. Here the brave Moors halted, and heard no sound, neither saw they trace of knight or steed; so, leaping from their horses, they hung their shields on the low bending branches of the pine, bathed their faces in the pure and refreshing waters of the fountain, and casting themselves on the green grass by its side, waited for the coming of the Master, marvelling he had not already arrived.

"Surely," said Albayaldos, "he will not mock us; he will come hither to meet us?"

"Nay," replied the Malique, "the Master is a true knight; he will not fail his word: a little time, and we shall see him. Let us rest here, and the delay will but serve to make us stronger for the battle when the Master comes."

They had not waited long, when they saw two knights coming towards them, rapidly crossing on their strong war-steeds the broad Vega lying between them. As they came nearer, they easily recognised their future antagonists, by their colours of green and grey, and by the red cross of Calatrava on the shield of one, and the red cross of Santiago on that of the other.

"Said I not well," exclaimed Alabez, "that the Master would not linger? hath he lingered?"

"They have even arrived at a good time, Sir Knight," replied Albayaldos, "seeing we have refreshed our bodies."

"Ay," said Alabez, "if thou diest, thou wouldst wish to die with thy body in comfort."

"Speak not of death to me," proudly answered Albayaldos; "my trust is in the great Mahomet; through him do I hope to conquer, through his aid to fix the proud head of the Master on the towers of the Alhambra."

"Allah grant it be so," said the Malique.

By this time the two brave knights, the flower of Christendom, the Master of Calatrava and Don Manuel, were close upon the Moors, and the Master with courteous words entreated pardon for his late arrival; which Albayaldos answered with like words of courtesy, begging them to dismount and refresh themselves in the cool fountain, resting beneath the shade of the pine tree.

"Right willingly will I do your pleasure," said the Master, "for it is not in the power of fortune to harm us while in the company of such good knights."

They leapt from their horses, fastened them to the tree, hung up their shields also, and leant their spears against the trunk, then bathed their faces in the fountain, and threw themselves down on the soft grass by the side of those with whom so soon they were to wage so fierce a battle, and, like friends who had met together to wile away a few hours of a long summer day, conversed gaily on divers subjects,—on war, on the bravery of the Moorish knights, and on the noble families of Granada. Suddenly the Master said,

"Sir Knights, it grieves me to see ye lie in darkness. Oh that two such noble souls could be brought into the clear light of our holy Catholic faith, the best law in all the world, the purest religion!"

"That well may be," replied Albayaldos; "but as we know nothing of its doctrines and find so much good in our own creed, we cannot so greatly desire to be Christians. There is no time now to speak of it; but the hour may come when we shall be led into the knowledge of your faith; for oftentimes God turns the hearts of men, and there is nothing good under the sun save He directs it."

Scarcely had Albayaldos spoken, when, looking towards Granada, they saw a knight coming towards them at full gallop, his jupe and caftan orange colour, and the device upon his shield, a sun among dark clouds which half obscured its brightness, round which ran the following motto, "Give me light, or hide thyself." This was instantly recognised as the device of Muça, half-brother to the king, and one of the best and bravest knights in Granada, who had made all speed from the city, having obtained some slight intelligence of the battle that was to take place upon the Vega, and wishing if possible to make peace between the knights, and to prevent the conflict in which either Christendom or the Moslem king must lose the flower of their knighthood. Hope grew strong within him as he saw them seated upon the grass, challenger and challenged in quiet converse, and riding towards them, he said,—

"I am right glad, Sir Knights, that ye are thus fair accorded without my efforts; for, holy Allah! I have ridden my good steed hard to be in time to stay the

combat. I have never tightened rein since I left Granada till I reached this."

Thus speaking, he leapt from his horse, hung his shield also upon the branches of the tree, and laying his lance aside, sat down in company with the other four knights. Oh power of knightly courtesy, by which, men different in nation, opposite in religion, and met to fight and kill, could sit in peace together and converse like friends! Never in any such place were met five such gallant knights as then lay stretched upon the grass in their shining armour, by the fountain's brink, beneath the waving branches of the pine. But not long will they repose so calmly there, for vain are all Muça's endeavours to prevent the strife; for although the Master at his entreaty consents to be at peace, "even though men may speak evil of him for so doing," yet Albayaldos holds so firmly to his challenge, that no thought of drawing back is possible. He has before his eyes the blood of his kinsman, slain by the Master, and he will not let him go unavenged. Then spoke the brave Don Manuel Ponce de Leon.

"Sir Knights, I see not why any meditator should step in and endeavour to appease the wrath of Sir Albayaldos. He seeks to avenge the death of his kinsman; what need is there to delay his taking that revenge which he desires? With that intent came we hither to fight, even unto death; with the good knight Sir Alabez have I also to do battle: we have met before in no child's strife, but neither gained the victory; we are now well met,—why not renew it?"

"By the hand of Mahomet, we *are* well met," exclaimed Alabez, "and Muça shall be sponsor to all four. No longer waste we our time in discourse—let us up and be doing. To deeds instead of words! One thing I ask,—let Don Manuel give me the steed he holds of mine, and I will return him his; then, to arms! and to whomsoever Mahomet shall give the victory, still the Malique will bless his name."

"Be it so," said Don Manuel, "give me my steed and take thine own, and soon will both be the property of one of us."

The knights rose up hastily, and taking their shields and lances, mounted their horses, Alabez mounting his own again, which neighed joyfully at finding his master; and Muça, perceiving nothing farther was to be done, was constrained to take his shield and to mount also. Truly it was a goodly sight to see those five brave knights clad in their glittering arms, with their gay vestments floating round them, and their plumes dancing in the breeze. The Malique and Albayaldos were both alike clad in jupe and caftan of blue damask embroidered with gold; Alabez bearing on his shield his accustomed device,—gules, on a bend purpure, a crescent argent; between the horns a crown, or; with the motto "Of my blood." The device on the shield of Albayaldos was vert, a dragon, or, with the motto "Let no one touch me." Both the Christian knights bore crosses on their shields, though differing in form, the following motto running in red letters round that of the Master, "For this to die," while Don Manuel bore a similar one, "For this and for the faith."

All mounted, the brave Albayaldos spurred his steed across the plain, calling the Master loudly to the battle, who, making the sign of the cross, galloped to meet him. The Malique and Don Manuel perceiving the battle begun, shouting on high their war-cries, and couching their lances, rushed also to the encounter. It was a fearful though a beautiful sight, these knights galloping with the rapidity of the lightning and meeting with the shock of the thunder clouds!

Albayaldos, perceiving the Master near him, assailed him with such fury that it seemed as if the battle would have been ended in that encounter, but the Master was wary, and feigning to await the shock, stood till Albayaldos was close upon him; then spurring his steed, the Master caused him to bound away, so that the lance passed on without doing him any injury, and, turning rapidly round, was upon Albayaldos in an instant, striking him on the shield so fiercely that the sharp steel passed through it, and, penetrating his coat of mail and steeled doublet, entered his flesh, wounding him grievously. No tigress deprived of her young, no lion wounded in the fight, turns with more fury on its adversary than did Albayaldos upon the Master,—so close upon him that the Master could not use his former skill and agility; and struck him so fell a stroke that little availed his good shield in that hour: the cruel steel, passing through it, entered the brave knight's side. The lance of the Moor being broken with the violence of the stroke, he threw the staff of it to the ground, and turned his steed rapidly round to have more room to draw his cymitar. But his efforts were useless; the Master recovering himself first, couched his lance and rushed fiercely upon him, but, missing his aim, the pointed steel entered the breast of Albayaldos's horse, and passing entirely through it, was fixed in the earth, so that the animal stumbled and fell forward on its head. Albayaldos, seeing his steed wounded, and his own life in such imminent danger, spurred the horse to endeavour to make it rise; but it was in vain, the poor animal's last hour was come; and before the Moor could recover himself, the Master had drawn his sword and wounded him fearfully. The Malique, who had been engaged in fierce fight with Don Manuel, happening at this moment to look round, perceived the great peril of his friend, and leaving his adversary, he hastened to the spot where the Master stood with his arm raised above Albayaldos to give the final blow; and, before he perceived him, struck him so hard a stroke, that the Master reeled in his seat and would have fallen, had he not seized his horse's neck; and the lance shivered in the Malique's hand. He was laying his hand on his cymitar to second the blow, when Don Manuel in good time arrived to succour his friend, who doubtless would have fallen by the hand of the Malique had he not opportunely come to his aid; and, casting away his lance as he saw his enemy was without one, Don Manuel drew his sword, and struck the Malique so fierce a stroke that he fell almost senseless to the

earth. But it was well for the Moor that the sword turned in its descent, so that the edge came not straight upon him, for had it done so, without doubt it would have slain him; as it was, the wound was of no great consequence, and, soon recovering himself, he endeavoured to rise, but Don Manuel, having dismounted, prevented him, wounding him again on the shoulder. At that stroke he sank again upon the earth, and Don Manuel was standing over him to cut off his head, when the Malique, drawing a small dagger, gave him two severe wounds one after the other. Don Manuel, enraged beyond measure, also drew his dagger, and was preparing to give him a mortal wound, when Muça, who had watched the battle till now, seeing the extreme peril of Alabez, spurred his steed forward, and leaping off, seized the strong arm of Don Manuel, exclaiming,—

"Sir Knight, I beseech thee in pity to grant me the life of this conquered knight."

Don Manuel, who had neither seen nor heard his approach, turned hastily to see who had thus interrupted him, and knowing Muça to be so gallant a knight, he courteously said that "willingly he would grant him so small a favour:" and he then lifted himself off the Malique with great labour, for he was sorely wounded. Muça thanked Don Manuel; and then, going to the Malique, who was half dead from loss of blood, aided him to rise, and bore him to the fountain.

In the meanwhile, the battle between the Master and Albayaldos had still been raging fiercely, and when Muça had borne the Malique away, Albayaldos, who had received three wounds, one from the lance and two from the sword, was in such evil plight that he was ready to fall; and when the Master perceived how Don Manuel had overcome so good a knight as Alabez, collecting all his strength, feeling ashamed to be thus long in gaining the victory, he struck Albayaldos so furious a blow on the head that he sank senseless to the earth, leaving the Master, however, wounded also thrice. Muça, seeing the fall of Albayaldos, prayed the Master in pity to press the battle no farther, for Albayaldos was more dead than alive.

The Master consented, and Muça, giving him his hands, endeavoured to raise him up and take him to the fountain; but he could not lift him, for he was almost dead. Then they called him by his name; and Albayaldos opening his eyes, said in a voice low and feeble, like to a man when life is departing, "that he desired to be a Christian." Much rejoiced were those Christian knights thereat, and, taking him up in their arms, they bore him to the fountain, laying him down beside the wounded Alabez, and then the Master, taking some of the pure water in his hand, cast it on the face of the dying man; and in the Name of the most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, they baptized him John, saying:—

"Give infinite thanks, Sir Knight, to that great God who has of his sovereign goodness thus vouchsafed to look upon thee and grant thee perception of the truth even in this thy last extremity. Be assured he will ever look with pity upon those who see their sins and repent of them, be it at what hour it will. We also are sorely wounded, and must now depart, that our wounds be dressed; therefore farewell, Sir Knight, and may God have thee in his good keeping." Then, turning to Muça he added,

"Sir Muça; I leave this knight in thy charge; watch well over him, and God be with thee."

"Allah protect thee on thy way," replied Muça, "and one day may he reward thee for the kindness I have received at thy hands."

The Christian knights then mounted their steeds, and rejoined their attendants, who awaited them about a league from thence, at a place called the Wood of Roma, through which flowed the river Genil; and returning to their homes, were soon cured of the wounds which they had received.

In the meantime Muça remained with the two wounded knights by the Fountain of the Pine. By this time Alabez had quite recovered his senses, and, finding himself not so severely wounded as he imagined, asked Muça what he intended doing.

"I must remain here," he replied, "to watch over the good Albayaldos, but I can bind up thy wounds, set thee on thy steed, and thou mayst return to Granada, there to be cured at more leisure."

So saying, he took linen and certain ointments from the pouch of the Malique's saddle, and therewith bound up his gaping wounds; then placed him on his steed, and set him on his way to Granada. And as Alabez journeyed on, the thoughts of the bravery of the Christian knights came strongly upon him, how Albayaldos too had changed his faith, how they had said that Christianity was the best religion in the world; then he thought how good knights they were, and how highly honoured he should be with their friendship: all things combined half made the Moor resolve to leave the Moslem faith and be a Christian. These things filled his mind as he crossed the Vega, till he arrived at Granada, where he was received into the house of a friend, and in due time cured of his wounds. And there we must leave him, to return to Muça, who remained by the fountain with his wounded friend, endeavouring as best he might to aid him, although he had changed the religion of his ancestors for one which all true Moors held in the highest scorn and hatred. Proceeding to disarm him, he discovered three deep and dismal wounds besides the one in his head which was the last the Master had given him. The following ballad narrates the conclusion of the tragedy.

"Smitten sorely in three places,
Whence the rapid blood is flowing,
Albayaldos, gallant warrior,
Unto death is lying wounded.
In the battle fiercely raging,
By the Master's sword he's stricken;
In his blood he lieth writhing
With the sorrow that is on him.
Fixed his eyes on heaven above him,
Softly spake he in this manner:—
'Grant to me, oh, gentle Jesu,
Even in this bitter passage,
That my faults may stand before me,

So that I may see thy presence,
And do Thou, oh, holy Mother,
Train my tongue and guide it rightly,
So that Satan, the accursèd,
May not disconcert my spirit.—
Oh, my fate most hard and cruel!
Oh, my star that was not mighty!
Oh, good Muça, fearless warrior,
Had I to thy words but hearkened,
Thus I had not here been lying,
Thus had not come near to perish.
I will let the body perish,
So the soul may be preservèd;
But I trust in the high mercy,
Of the Power that could create me,
That He will remember pity
In this day, and be my succour;
And I pray thee, gentle Muça,
If in aught thou wouldest aid me,
That beneath this pine tree's branches,
Thou wilt see my body buried,
And above me trace a legend,
Telling how I lie beneath it.
And unto the king Chiquito,[1]
Say how in my strait, I turnèd
To the Christian faith for refuge;
That the Koran's lying teaching,
Which till now my soul hath darkened,
May not at the last destroy it.' "

Deep was Muça's grief as he listened to the words of the new Christian, and deep his grief as he thought upon the dying knight's bravery, the many victories he had obtained, the high esteem in which he was held, and as he saw him now stretched on the hard ground, weltering in his blood, perishing in the flower of his age. Muça gazed till the unbidden tears stood in the dark eyes of him, the fearless knight. In those old days "the tears of the man stained not the honour of the warrior." He approached the dying Albayaldos, to see if by any means he might administer some consolation to him in that most trying hour, but he saw then that he would never more need it on earth; he was on the point of death. The dying man, first making the sign of the cross on his brow, joined his hands, the two thumbs placed in the form of a cross, and, raising them to his lips, gave his soul to his Creator.

When Muça saw his dim eyes, his firmly shut teeth, his pallid hue, and all the dreadful accompaniments of death, he gave full vent to his grief, and broke into loud complaints against the knights who had thus taken away the life of one so brave and good. But soon it came into the mind of Muça how useless was all this grief and repining; it could not bring the friend he loved back to life again, and meanwhile his body was lying exposed to the fowls of the air, and the winds of the heaven. Then he bethought in what manner he could give him the rites of sepulture, and God aided him in his necessity, that he might not leave the body of that Christian knight in that desert place, to be devoured by the beasts of the field. It so chanced, some labourers were passing at that moment towards the mountains of Elvira, with their spades and other instruments for tilling the ground; them Muça, as they hurried towards him, entreated,

(1) Boabdil, called Chico or Chiquito, "the Less," as his father was alive.

"Friends, for the love ye bear me, aid me in interring the body of this knight who here lies dead, and may Allah reward you for it."

The peasants, with hearty good will, set about it, for Muça was brother to the king, and well beloved in the kingdom, and they dug a grave for the gallant Albayaldos at the foot of the green pine-tree. Then they took off his jupe and caftan, stripped him of those arms which had proved so weak a defence against the penetrating lance of the Master, and laid him in his narrow grave, with none but Muça to weep over him. All his friends and all his kinsfolk were far away, as they laid that which had once been so good a knight in the distant earth of the Vega; those who loved him well, little thought, while gaily they continued their courtly revels, that the gallant companion of yesterday was lying in his lonely grave.

The peasants having departed, sorely frighted at the sight of such dismal wounds, Muça drew from the pouch attached to his saddle, pens and paper, wherewith he wrote the following epitaph, and fastened it to the trunk of the pine:—

"The world could scarcely hold the fame,
Of him that lieth here;
Reynaldos, or that Paladin,
Knew never less of fear;
Good Albayaldos, who must die
So young for his great bravery:
For Mars beholding all his fame,
And envying his glorious name,
Guided the false lance to his heart;
And yet the god showed little art;
He sent him from this toilsome earth,
In his own realms to take his birth."

This epitaph the good knight Muça placed upon the trunk of the pine, over the grave of Albayaldos. He then took his coat of mail, his shining shield, his helm studded with silver, with its gay waving plumes, and with the cymitar and the staff of the lance crossed in the centre, he formed an honourable trophy to the memory of the gallant knight who slept beneath, which he suspended upon a branch of the pine, with the following inscription:—

"For Albayaldos, knight the truest,
This pine-tree's branches bear
A trophy proud and fair,
Oh! he among the knights was prowest,
That in Granada were.

"If Alexander here could wander
By this lonely grave,
More he'd weep, more envious rave,
Than he wept where that Greek slept
Whose story Homer gave."

Muça, having completed all things, turned to mount his steed, when, seeing the wounded animal that had so falsely borne Albayaldos in the fight, he exclaimed, "My malison upon thee, evil steed! Mahomet pour a thousand curses upon thee, for thou art the cause of thy master's death! hadst thou not swerved and fallen, he had never perished; thy lord had not thus been slain. Nay, but I will not blame thee, poor steed! thy master's fate was in the hand of heaven; and if it willed his death, we cannot have it otherwise. Allah

decrees, we cannot change his law; submission alone is ours."

Then turning, Muça hastily leapt upon his steed, and, with a heart full of bitter grief, slowly wended his way back to Granada.

A GOSSIP ON EPIGRAMS..

"One day in Christ Church meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralf, a merry wag,
'An epigram, if just and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.'

'Your simile is trite and true,
But how dost make it out?' said Hugh.
'Quoth Ralph,' I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top, both wide and fit,
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.'"

There has been some discussion on this subject. Some maintain that an epigram, like an arrow, should carry its sting at the point; whilst others contend that the thought should be equally diffused through the whole. The matter, however, is of little consequence. Each method may have its advantages. The first may afford room for a more pungent stroke of wit; the second may demand more power of poetry; but whether this be or be not true we shall not meddle with it, for our object at present is simply to string together a few of the best, and simplest, and shortest epigrams which occur to us—those which seem to convey in the happiest manner the thoughts they intend to express. In some, however, the point consists in the absence of thought; and one in particular may be quoted in which the whole pith is contained in the want of purpose:—

"Those epigrams you most commend
That with a turn least thought of end;
Then sure a tip-top one you'll call
This which concludes with——none at all."

Epigrams have generally been designed to satirize, to compliment, or to convey a pun in verse. The first species affords most room for wit, the second for pleasant delicacy, whilst the third is usually grafted on one or other of the two former. We shall commence with the complimentary kind, which is susceptible of a minute classification. First among these, of course, is woman's beauty, which has drawn from witty pens scores of epigrammatic panegyrics, of which among the most delicate we remember is one written by Sir Thomas Erskine when on a visit to Lady Payne. He was much indisposed, and she begged him to retire; he obeyed, but returned soon with this couplet written on a leaf:—

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain—
He never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne*."

This was applicable to the lady's beauty, wit, and all other good qualities, and is admirable at once for the happy play upon words, the richness of the compliment, and the terseness with which so great a truth is conveyed.

There are some epigrams, however, which apply only to personal charms. A flatterer will seize on every occasion to speak his adulation, and the author of the following lines selected an excellent opportunity. Seeing some snow melt on a woman's breast, he said:—

"Those envious flakes come down in haste
To prove her heart less fair;
Grieving to find themselves surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear."

The idea here expressed was fine, as the occasion was legitimate. But another admirer of beauty, anxious to compliment a young girl, selected the only fault she possessed as the subject of his panegyric. She was youthful, handsome, amiable, and well-bred, and the only exception that could be taken against her was a singular habit which she possessed of exclaiming, whenever annoyed or surprised, "The devil!" Upon this it was said:—

"See round her lips the ready devils fly,
Mix with her words, and bask beneath her eye;
Pleas'd that so sweet a station should be given,
They half forget they ever fell from heaven."

From the innumerable specimens which have been gathered together on this subject we have selected these three as differing in character, and good of their kind. After these follow epigrams complimenting literary abilities, which are equally numerous and varied. Most readers will remember Dryden's exalted opinion, conveyed in a magnificent stanza, of Milton's poetical powers. It was perhaps an exaggerated, but it was certainly a noble compliment; too well known to need insertion here.

Pope, when he designed to pay court to the Earl of Chesterfield, conveyed an idea of the nobleman's brilliant qualities, not by enumerating them, not by direct panegyric, nor even by allusion, but by writing with the earl's diamond pencil-case on a glass,

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

Painters also have secured their share of epigrammatic adulation, and Varelst was particularly fortunate in securing the approbation of Mr. Prior, who could, as well as most men, pass an encomium of the flattering, and yet of the simplest kind. His epigram is not remarkable for expression, except in the last line. In other verses by other authors we find Aphrodite mistaking the painted figure of a woman for her own image reflected from the canvass, the birds of the air deceived into the idea that the picture was a reality, and endeavouring to pluck the fruit from its flat surface; but here the goddess Flora is represented interrupting Varelst, who was engaged in painting a flower, and seeing him at fault, snatches the pencil from his hand,

"And finishing the piece she smiling said,
Behold *one work* of mine which ne'er shall fade."

If, however, women, poets, and painters, have found

panegyrists, among the epigrammatists, so also have they found among them the severest critics. Beauty could supply no pretence for censure; but when art is employed to supply the defects of nature we have numerous specimens of this species of satire, some of them as pointed as they are severe.

But this is not an agreeable subject. We pass it by, and proceed to poets, who have been made the mark of many a volley of epigrammatic wit. It would seem that two great delusions are here discoverable—the poets appear to believe that no man is talented who cannot write verses, whilst the public think none can be a fool who does not rhyme. Tragedy, comedy, epic, ode, and pastoral have all been assailed with virulence and vigour, while the sonnet is still more bitterly persecuted. Few things would appear to have afforded the world so much amusement as poets and doctors. Epics, of myriads of lines, and draughts and pills more destructive than disease itself, have formed since time began the constant theme of satire. If a quiet, sensible character in a novel is to be bored, a poetical friend is introduced to torture him with a five-act play or a hundred verses. If the incarnation of folly and nonsense is to be painted, nothing more is needed than to depict a swain sighing out sonnets to eyes, brows, and smiles; whilst in the list of the destroyers of the human race the physician always occupies a conspicuous place on the roll. But poets have been used with equal harshness. He must have been as cruel as Nero who said—

"Your verses are eternal, Oh! my friend,
For he who reads them, reads them to no end."

We have heard of novelists hiring apprentices to assist them with their three-volume fictions, just as sculptors employ their pupils to produce their ideas in marble. So also preachers have bought old sermons to save trouble; and at the present day more than one individual realizes a handsome income by the manufacture of sermons, discourses, political, social, and religious, with essays and poems, which he sells, we infer, by the pound. To no more intimate knowledge will we confess, for the reader may possibly be curious to learn how we procured the facts, since to know these things is generally to practise them. The custom appears, however, to be ancient; for Martial celebrates the misdeeds of a man who having more gold than wit, and more ambition than either, salaried certain gifted individuals to indite verses for him:—

"Paul, so fond of the name of a poet has grown,
With gold he buys verses, and calls them his own;
Go on, Master Paul, care not what the world says,
They are surely his own for which a man pays."

Broome, being employed by Pope to translate the first eight books of the Odyssey for him, it was supposed he wished this fact to be concealed; but it was noised abroad, and the hint was slily expressed in a couplet by Henley—

"Pope came off clear with Homer; but they say
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way."

The doctors, as we said, have been fiercely and constantly attacked, and perhaps the broadest and plainest expression of opinion on their homicidal propensities may be found in the dry intimation,

"A *doctor* lately was a *captain* made—
It is a change of *title*, not of *trade*.

Draughts, pills, and plasters, have ever been coupled with poison and pistol-balls; as the probe, and the lancet, and the knife, have been with the sword, bayonet, and pike. Considering all this, it is marvellous how the profession thrives so well; but this may be said of every other species of humbug, of painters especially, who continue to flourish in spite of every thing. One individual, who was as red in his taste as Ledru Rollin is said to be in his politics, was particularly fond of the hue of slaughter. He painted rosy-cheeked damsels, rosy-cheeked poets, rosy-cheeked warriors, rosy-cheeked kings, queens and princes, rosy-cheeked lovers, rosy-cheeked children, and even rosy-cheeked hangmen; whilst to dogs, horses, avalanches,[1] and tombstones, he imparted a vermillion glow, like the light of the setting-sun resting on a cloud. Even terror-stricken maidens were represented blushing from chin to brow. Dead bodies, too, were by him depicted with the ruddy bloom of health upon them.—

"Fabius, you say, is much inclin'd
Each cheek with too much *red* to fill;
The pictures only blush to find
The painter does his task so ill."

If poets, doctors, and painters, come under the epigrammatic lash, parsons must not expect to escape. Nor do they.

Such jokes are not in very good taste, so that we shall refrain from quoting any, although they seem much relished. There is also another class of epigrams against which we, in common doubtless with many, if not most of our readers, must protest, namely, those directed against marriage, wives, and widows. From these it would appear that all marriages are miserable, that all wives are viragos, and that all widows are anxious to be married again. One of the oldest epigrams in the English language is of this sort. It relates to a student who, with the prospect of fame and fortune before him, faced about and married:—

"Now who hath played a feater game
Since juggling first begunne;
In *knitting* of himself so fast
Himself he hath *undone*."

Of a worse species, however, are those which describe the deliverance of men from their wives, in language of much condolence for the victories of death, and congratulation to the "unfettered slave." It would be difficult to calculate whether dull preachers, homicidal doctors, or cruel poets, have formed in the aggregate the subject of so much satire as scolding wives.

"Here lies my wife—Poor Molly—let her lie;
She finds repose at last—and so do I."

Doubtless this man married again. But were we to believe these epigrammatists, it would seem their husbands never wrote panegyrics on the tombs of their

(1) The snowy peak of the Alps may be observed at sunset, bathed in rosy light, which imparts to them a beauty that does not belong, even to them, at ordinary times.

wives, but left it for others to do so. The noble epitaph on Mary, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, was written by Ben Jonson:—

> "Underneath this marble hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
> Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

And where, in all the records of these slanderous writers, do we find a husband writing on his wife's tomb:—

> "Underneath this stone doth lie,
> As much virtue as could die;
> Which when alive did vigour give,
> To as much beauty as could live?"

But praise written on a gravestone is not always the genuine language of affection. It may sometimes be what the grave look of the undertaker is to the aspect of real sorrow. Therefore we may hope that some husbands do love their wives while living, and respect their memories when dead. However this may be, it would seem that before marriage, a great many complimentary things are said. The lines written by Granville, under a statue of Cupid:—

> "Who e'er thou art, thy lord and master see:
> Thou *wast* my slave, thou *art*, or thou *shalt be*,"

imply a wide dominion exercised by the sightless god. He moves men's minds to enterprises which are not always successful, and are often difficult to accomplish, as in the case of Mr. Page, an ancient beau, who, charmed by a youthful beauty, sent her a glove, expressing his feelings in these terms:—

> "From glove, cut off the initial letter G,
> Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee."

The lady, who doubtless considered her youth and beauty too valuable to be bestowed on a suitor so antiquated, returned the glove with the couplet:—

> "From Page cut off the initial letter P,
> Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me."

The old gentleman, as tradition says, would not gather himself up in the skirts of content, but made fresh attempts to win his way to the lady's acceptance, illustrating the truth of Lord Lytleton's epigram:—

> "None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair;
> But love can hope where reason would despair."

To reward his perseverance, or to enjoy his wealth, the beauty, as the story proceeds to say, altered her views, forgot the lover's age, in consideration of his constancy (or his riches), and married him. If his broad lands tempted her, Lord Byron's epigrammatic axiom was verified:—

> "Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
> And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

For the satisfaction of the reader, however, we are enabled to say that this couple lived very happily; he had no fault to accuse her of, and she had nothing to object to him, except that he was jealous; a great fault in a husband:—

> "To Bedlam with him! Is he sound in mind,
> Who aye is seeking what he would not find?"

The sweet harmony of married life suggests the harmony—inferior in sweetness—of harps and pianos, fiddles and flutes, which have not been forgotten in the list of those things chosen by the epigrammatist as the butt of his ridicule, or the subject of his compliment. Queerest among the specimens of the verse which we have collected in relation to music, is that of Swift, in relation to the feud between Handel and Bononcini:—

> "Strange all this difference should be,
> Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

Two pictures are suggested by the two epigrams which we shall next select. The first, by Lord Jeffrey, is that of a number of ungainly dancers, without ease or elegance, endeavouring to rival, by the harmony of their movements, the symphony of beautiful music:—

> "How ill the motion, with the music suits;
> So once played Orpheus, and so danced the brutes."

The second is that of a number of gay folks, whose saltatorial intentions are baulked by the unskilful fiddling of a musician, to whom, in wrath, some wit exclaims:—

> "Orpheus played so well that he moved old Nick,
> But you move nothing—but your fiddlestick."

The number of epigrams addressed by these writers on fools and fops is indeed very great, and some of them are admirable for their pungency and point. There is an excellent sarcasm in that anonymous one addressed to an individual, who, in the *Bombastes Furioso* style, was accustomed to vaunt his own achievements, to magnify his own courage, and to accompany his boastful words by looks and gestures in accordance:—

> "How kind has nature unto Boastful been,
> Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntless mien;
> Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike dismay,
> And, kinder still, gave legs, to run away."

This is quietly derisive, and is vigorous and witty. Stronger, but not so full of acidity, is the following:—

> "No wonder he is vain of coat and ring;
> Vain of himself, he may of anything."

But there is more bitterness, with considerable wit and some philosophy, in the lines dedicated to an individual whose self-criticism was always of the most flattering kind, and whose self-esteem was precisely in the inverse ratio with the esteem of others:—

> "He puffs himself. Forbear to chide,
> An insect vile and mean,
> Must, well he knows, be magnified,
> Before it can be seen."

Doubtless, our readers are as great enemies of self-laudation, as we ourselves are, and will remember some of these lines to quote in application to any of their friends whose self-esteem may outrun their

modesty and exceed their worth. The practice would be attended with useful results, and might abate a prodigious nuisance. Were it in general use we might witness a diminution in the numbers of those frogs who infest our parlours and our drawing-rooms, taking up large places at tea-tables and in quadrilles; whose littleness would swell itself to the dimensions of the bull. Like their predecessors in the fable, their failure is as great as their exertions are ludicrous. Stupidity, though a great misfortune, is a less fault, but has not on that account been spared:—

"You beat your head and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home."

Another reverend—Dr. Doddridge, (and it is surprising how epigrammatical these Drs. are,) addressed a biting remonstrance to a youthful pupil, who fancying that by study he had mastered one of the greatest problems, which still remain unsolved, had prepared a pair of wings to undertake a journey to the moon:—

"And will Volatio quit this world so soon,
And fly to his *own native place, the moon?*
'Twill serve, however, in some little stead,
That he sets out with such an *empty head.*"

Those epigrams which turn chiefly on the stupidity of men at drinking parties, and of which the point consists in the remark that if the fumes of the wine will not reach the topers' *brain*, they may reach his *head*, are very numerous; but we pass them by, preferring as a last specimen of this class, to select one at once witty and good-natured, of which the author is not known:—

"Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
'Like Samson, I my thousands slay.'
'I vow,' said Roger, 'so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.'"

We in the present day are much given to deride old and musty notions, herald's colleges, ancient glories of ancient houses, blue blood, hereditary solons, and the clap-trap by which the sage men of days gone by sought to bequeath their wisdom through succeeding generations. We begin to look on the ashes of one man with as much respect as on the ashes of another, and care very little whether the bones, amid which we pick our way in many of the pestilence-breeding metropolitan graveyards, be the bones of a cobbler of king Alfred's time, or of a knight who sat at king Arthur's round table. Accordingly, we can respond to Prior's ridicule of "lofty lineage," "sap of ancient blood," "long lines of ancestors," contained in the epitaph written for his own tombstone:—

"Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies the bones of Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?"[1]

Of the pert and dogmatic species few exceed in brusque wit the lines engraven on the collar of a dog belonging to a courtly personage at Kew:—

"I am his highness' dog at Kew.
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

(1) We refer to the House of Lords for an answer.

The question which might not have been easy, and would certainly have been unpleasant for many persons to answer, was doubtless suggested by Mr. Grantham's retort to a "great man," who asked him "whose fool he was?" "I am Mr. Grantham's fool, my lord. Whose fool are you?"

Of epigrams relating to personal peculiarities, there was an excellent one written on Mr. Tadlow, a resident in Oxford. He was very fat; so fat indeed, and withal so heavy, as to be regarded a very miracle of a man. Observing the enormity of his bulk, and with what firmness his ponderous footsteps fell as he paced the street, Dr. Evans wrote:—

"When Tadlow walks the streets, the paviours cry,
'God bless you, sir!' and lay their rammers by."

With a few more specimens we must, for the present, conclude. Two of them relate to a period when corn was dear, and are equally admirable for the happy play on the words. The first was written by Byrom, in 1708, with reference to two lean corn-dealers, bearing the extraordinary names of Skin and Bone, who stored away immense quantities of grain, with the view of gratifying that miserable propensity which monopolists then, as in the present day, had of fattening on the starvation of others:—

"Two millers thin,
Call'd Bone and Skin,
Would starve us all or near it;
But be it known
To Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood won't bear it."

The next does not celebrate the names of its heroes, but only their deeds:—

"To rob the public two contractors come,
One deals in corn, the other deals in rum;
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain,
The *rogue in spirit*, or the *rogue in grain.*"

Probably most of our readers have heard Sir John Harrington's pithy epigram:—

"Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason."

As well as that curious, anonymous one, written on the death of the Earl of Kildare:—

POET.
"Who kill'd Kildare; who dared Kildare to kill?"
DEATH.
"I kill'd Kildare, and dare kill whom I will."

But, perhaps, the next we shall quote is not so commonly known, although the idea it contains may be mentioned as one of the most beautiful, the most exquisitely fine, and the most original, which could be found in a poet's imagination. It describes the miracle at the marriage feast in Cana:—

"When Christ at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine;
'See,' cried they, while in reddening tide it gushed
'The modest stream hath seen its Lord, and blush'd."

Here, except in the last line, the expression is not quite equal to the thought. But as we very frequently meet with a jewel in a paltry casket, with a lofty soul

in a mean person, it is the essence which in this case we must admire, without regarding much the medium through which it is conveyed. Much as we may desire, we must not expect perfection, and this truth applies to epigrams as well as to all other sublunary things. If however, those which we have roughly and rudely strung together, are not all equally good, and none of them perfect, still, in many of them we find sufficient merit to warrant admiration. In some, indeed, we discern a wit, a delicacy and force of expression, a keenness of point, and an acid satire of rare occurrence.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JAMES V.[1]

THE SPECTRE AND THE SHRIFT.

THERE was an apartment in the palace of Holyrood which communicated with the royal bed-chamber, being separated from it only by a closet. It was of very moderate dimensions, and though furnished with every comfort which the refinement of the day had introduced, had nothing at all for show; being in reality what its appearance proclaimed it, a strictly private apartment. The walls were hung with arras representing the siege of Troy, a very usual subject in those days; and the light was admitted only through deeply stained casements which cast it in rich though subdued gleams through the room. Here James had been in the habit of spending many musing and meditative hours even when life was brightest with him; and now, when anxieties seemed to multiply around his path, he more frequently retired here and gave way to deep and painful thought. Few had ever penetrated to this retreat during the time that the king kept court at Holyrood; and there seemed to be a strict understanding that his grace was all times unapproachable when here. Nevertheless, there was nothing peculiar or repelling in the interior aspect of the room. It was floored with rushes, neatly woven together at one end, so as to give something like firmness to their position, and something like a consistent pattern to the whole; and on that, beneath the monarch's usual seat, was a small tapestry carpet. On a small stand was a missal, or book of devotion, reverently placed by itself—an example of reverence for holy books not unusual in those times, and not unworthy of imitation in these. On a larger table were mingled many specimens of the literature of the time, in which James was no mean proficient. The foundation of the whole, if we may so speak, were some gorgeous folios, printed at Paris and Rouen, and magnificent specimens of typography, then comparatively new and wonderful, but which may be looked at now, even now, by side of the finest productions of modern art with great admiration for their clearness, and perfectness, and beauty. These volumes contained the history of Lancelot du Lac, one of the redoubted knights of King Arthur's round table, and one of the most favourite heroes of chivalric romance. James read this book with delight, and entered, with all the ardour of a chivalric mind into the lofty adventures and deeds of "derring do," which are there recorded. This, as we have said, formed the groundwork of the pile: the superstructure was completed with works which formed much the same contrast to the substantial foundation which our modern post octavo volumes with "rivulets of type down meadows of margin," do to the closely printed quartos of a century and a half ago. Among these were the poems of Dunbar, the chief of the ancient Scottish poets, and those of Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the celebrated translator of Virgil. In looser array were poems of Henryson, and Sir David Lindsay; some satires of George Buchanan, especially one called "Franciscanus," composed at the express instigation of the king, some treaties on the doctrines of the Reformation, (sent probably by Henry VIII.) and — a striking contrast certainly — the humorous ballad of "The Gaberlunzie Man,"[2] which appeared on a loose sheet in the royal author's own hand.

But though this accomplished king was a true lover of literature, his favourite retreat had by no means altogether a studious air. He was devoted to idolatry, to field sports and manly exercises, and numberless articles appertaining to the chase or to falconry were hung on various hooks, or scattered around in most admired disorder. In one corner was a collection of balls for the favourite and fashionable game of kaitche, a game so much in vogue then at court that the "items" of "balls for the king's grace," cut no inconsiderable figure in the treasurer's accounts for that reign.

In another corner, a touching memorial most carefully guarded from speck or stain, was the entire and most favourite suit of armour worn by the unfortunate James IV. Around it, in a fanciful form, were arranged the spurs, dagger, sword, &c., and nothing irritated the king more than any disarrangement of these articles, or even the accidental alteration of any piece of furniture, so as to interrupt his full view of them. He clung with romantic fondness to the memory of his father.

It was with a countenance and manner little accordant with any of the symbols of exhilarating sports and merry games which were scattered around him, that royal owner of the apartment now occupied it. Pale and haggard, every feature of his face expressing dejection and anxiety, King James knelt, his hands crossed, his head humbly bowed, in confession before Friar Seton. Absolution and benediction, according to the ritual of the church, having been bestowed, the royal penitent arose and continued some time in conversation with his spiritual adviser, regarding the circumstance which had imparted an unusual tone of anxiety to his shrift.

"Believe me, my son, you alarm yourself unnecessarily: I marvel to see your nerves so shaken."

"Is not such a warning sufficient to account for my alarm?"

(1) Continued from p. 156.

(2) The pawky auld carle came ovir the lea,
Wi' mony good'euns and days to me.

"You do not view it in the right light. The Almighty hath given us *conscience* as a perpetual monitor by whose suggestions to rule our actions; and having this general, faithful, and unerring guide, it were presumptuous to suppose that special revelations should be accorded us. This vision, sir, which has so alarmed you, is easily accounted for. Your mind hath been much harassed of late, you have allowed severities to be practised which, if not impolitic, were certainly unchristian. Nay, your grace must pardon me," continued he, seeing a fierce expression pass over the king's countenance, "as the keeper of your conscience I cannot, will not, garble the truth. You have urged justice to severity, and cannot therefore know the happiness which mercy brings: you have led a licentious life, aye, and I deplore to say, though the husband of a virtuous and beautiful queen, and the father of two noble princes, you do still disgrace the royal dignity and degrade yourself by your amours; therefore you cannot know the peace which a pure and spotless conscience brings. Your grace has listened to my opinions on these subjects before, but hitherto I have rebuked and pleaded in vain. Let me not do so now. *Win* your refractory nobles by giving them at least an equal share of your countenance with your licentious priests."

"Ha!" said the king, starting and eyeing his confessor with a suspicious look.

"Use," continued Friar Seton, unmoved, "use your royal perogative to stay these bloody and barbarous executions, whether of unoffending people for suppositious heresies, or of higher state criminals for ill-proven treason. Forbear to insult your humbler and weaker subjects by such assiduities as are insulting though offered by a king. Do these things, and Scotland shall ring with blessing on your name; do these things, sir, and as the vicegerent of heaven I tell you that you shall be no more scared by the visions of the night, but that your couch shall be peaceful, and your slumbers light."

The king paced the room in much agitation; anger, evident anger at his confessor's boldness, seeming to mingle and to struggle with other complicated and painful feelings.

"As I hope for Heaven's mercy," he said at length, "these severities you speak of have not been prompted by any ill will to my subjects, whom I would love as my children if they would allow me."

"I do believe it, sir; but you have bad advisers."

"What must I do, then?"

"Change them."

"Impossible, utterly impossible," said the king; "there is no change; I have no choice. But all this is foreign from the purpose. I sent for you, father, to consult with you, to have your advice, your explanation of this alarming visitation; and you start from the subject and draw me out a long tirade on vices and follies which, heaven knows, I presume not to deny, but which bear not one jot on the matter in hand."

"Your pardon, my royal son, they do directly bear on it; were in fact deduced from it. The execution of Sir James Hamilton hath strongly excited you, as indeed it has all men; and before your mind hath recovered from the shock his treason hath given you, your every thought and energy are directed to these unsettled public affairs and to this now inevitable war. Yesternight your grace was particularly harassed by despatches from the borders, in which, if you will remember, especial mention was made of the execution of Sir James Hamilton, and of the wrath of the Douglasses thereupon. I noted that your majesty was more than usually excited, that you had no appetite to your evening refection, and that you retired to your couch nervous and anxious. Is it any marvel that the troubled thoughts of many hours should still linger on your mind? and that when judgment and reason yielded their post to sleep, imagination hastily gathering her broken fragments, should weave the fantastic fabric that so scared you? Sire, these things are of hourly occurrence, and pass over us without consequences."

"My father, no. Gladly, right gladly, would I believe you; aye, I would give the brightest jewel of my crown to be able to believe you. But this was no every day dream; no common vision. As plainly, father, as plainly as I now see you, did the ruthless, the cruel tyrant and traitor, whom once I loved and trusted as he had been my brother, stand before me. He approached close to me with a drawn sword, and with a fiendish smile, aye, such a smile as the devils in hell put on to welcome another sinner from earth, he severed at a stroke my right arm, then my left; and then, raising the sabre to my head, he said ere long he should come for that. I had no power to resist, and no thought of resistance; his look curdled my blood. O God! O God!" said the king, throwing himself vehemently into a chair, and burying his face in his hands, "I shall go mad; I shall go mad."

"Sir, sir," remonstrated the priest, "this is weakness only."

After a short space the king raised his head and shewed a countenance perfectly blanched with the terror and anxiety of the last few moments. He spoke in a voice of almost unnatural calmness.

"I dare not, good father, I dare not give way to your comforting suggestions. Remember you not the field of Flodden, and have you not heard of the vision which appeared to the king as he prayed in the abbey at Linlithgow, awhile before the battle? Oh! had he but taken the warning, this unhappy and distracted country might now have been flourishing in peace and quietness under her gray-haired king. If the truth of the warning was proved in my father's untimely fate, how shall I presume to disregard my own?"

"I have heard," my son, said the confessor, very cautiously, as knowing that he was on dangerous ground, and so only *feeling* his way, "I have heard it said that that which appeared a vision was no spirit from another world, but was a thing of flesh and blood like ourselves, bribed to enact this dangerous

pageant by those who were averse to the war with England."

"Ah!" said the king, with a bitter smile, "and who hath taught thee that pretty solution? methinks you must suppose our royal father but a shallow-pated fool to be so easily juggled. And, moreover, it was not the king alone, but Lindsay, Marshall, Inglis, and others, who saw it also. Take ye them all for babies, my good confessor?"

"Nay, sire, I did but repeat the opinion of others on a matter of which, of my own knowledge, I can say nothing. But as my endeavours to relieve you on what I consider to be just and reasonable grounds prove utterly futile, I will humbly take my leave and seek, by prayer and intercession, that comfort for your grace of which you stand so sorely in need."

"Do so, my good father, I entreat you; and, more than that, father, pardon, as I know you will, the hastiness and injustice of my expressions towards yourself."

"Think not of it, sire, I pray, but ——"

Here he was interrupted by a tremulous yet somewhat peremptory knock at the door.

"How now!" exclaimed the king, hastily; "who presumes to follow me here?"

The rap was repeated rather more peremptorily. At a motion from the king the confessor opened the door, and there stood Sir David Lindsay, apparently in much agitation, and the Master of Rothes, booted and spurred, behind him.

All the king's presentiments seemed to return instantaneously. "Speak, Davie, what is it?"

Sir David, however, turned to young Leslie, who came forward somewhat tremulously, and, kneeling down, kissed the king's hand with the humble and devoted affection of a child. Still, however, he hesitated to speak, till James, in almost ungovernable agitation, gasped—

"Speak, an you be a man!"

"Please your majesty," said he still kneeling, "I am just arrived from Stirling, and —— "

"The queen?"

"The queen," said Norman, relieved apparently even by this short break, "is well in health, but in deep sorrow, for the princes —— "

"Ay," said the king, quietly, "go on."

"The princes, sir, are dead."

"Which?"

"Both."

For some moments there was a silence in the chamber as if the four living and sentient inmates of it had been suddenly stricken with the death they heard of. Not a limb was stirred, not a sound was uttered, their very breathing seemed suspended.

"Both my boys, Leslie?" asked the king, faintly.

"Both, sire, both. Prince James had been evil affected the whole day; but still the learned leeches seemed to make light of the disorder until evening, when he worsened and died suddenly; but ere I could depart with tidings to your grace, it was found that Prince Arthur was taken in like manner. The queen sent orders that I should wait the result, and in a few hours he died also. Oh!" added Leslie, after a short pause, "if your majesty would but take comfort."

The groupe at that moment would have formed a fine scene for a painter. The countenance of the royal mourner was hidden; his face was buried in his arms, which were crossed upon the table; but his broad chest heaved convulsively, and now and then a smothered sob escaped him. At his feet still knelt Norman Leslie, his hands folded reverently before him, and his noble countenance uplifted. Some paces off was Sir David Lindsay gazing earnestly at the king, his features, usually so blithe, now speaking only unfeigned grief, and the tears slowly trickling down his venerable face and falling on his white beard, as he considered the deep affliction of one whom he had nursed in infancy and watched over in youth; whom in earlier years he had found an affectionate friend, in riper ones a kind and attached master. The old man loved the king as a son, and participated like a father in his grief.

In the very prime of manhood, the purple light from the stained window falling on his pale high forehead, and chequering in fanciful hues the black robe which hung in heavy masses around him, and contrasting strongly alike with the buff coat and spurred heel of the young soldier and the gayer and somewhat fantastic court attire of the venerable poet, stood the Dominican. Less outwardly moved than any of the circle, it was still evident from his perturbed countenance that the sad news had not fallen on a heedless ear. But his beads were in his hands, and from the slight motion of his lips, and the fixed and earnest expression of his deep dark eye, it seemed that he was engaged in mental devotion.

At length the king raised his head, and his countenance, though sorrow-stricken, was composed.

"My good youth, why kneel you there?"

"I knew not that I was kneeling," said Norman, starting up hastily, "but—but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing, your grace, only I would give the whole world, if I had it, to comfort you."

"You do comfort me, Leslie, you do comfort me. A man must be past all sensation either of sorrow or joy if he be quite insensible to the sympathy of a young uncorrupted heart. Here," cried James, removing a rich diamond from his own finger to Leslie's, "take this, and when you look on it give a kind thought to a king who, whatever might be his frailties and faults, loved you well. Now leave me."

"My good friend," continued the king, turning to Lindsay, who instantly, with the unmistakeable homage of the heart, bent his knee, whilst James, taking his hand and pressing it between both his own, raised him up.

"My kind good old friend, I need not ask you to feel for the son of your affections in his sorrow. Soon, very soon, I shall seek your companionship; but at present I would be alone with my confessor."

With deep reverences Sir David and Leslie withdrew.

"Now, father," said the king, as soon as they had retired, "what say you now to my vision? My right arm and my left—my two bonnie bairns." And again the king gave himself up to his grief.

The confessor allowed that the coincidence was singular, but denied that the vision was worthy of credit, or that it had in itself foreshown the catastrophe. But the king's faith in it was not now to be shaken by argument or persuasion. He listened indeed, but to all Seton's remarks there was the invariable answer—

"My right arm and then my left—my two children—it is plain enough. Fool that I was not to interpret the vision." At length he added:—"Yes, Seton, I see it; my two arms, my two children; the head that was threatened, myself. Yes, the weird will be fulfilled—I shall fall. But now I know my fate, and, by God and Saint Andrew, I'll meet it like a man!"

The king's spirit now rallied, but soon his thoughts reverted to the queen at Stirling.

"My good father, my heart bleeds for the queen, and yet I cannot stir from hence for some hours to come. Go to her, then: she admires and esteems you, and your zeal and wisdom will suggest some topics of consolation which she will listen to with the more readiness as coming from your lips. Bear to her my most affectionate greeting, and say that urgent state business will not permit of my leaving this place till evening. I shall then hasten to mingle my tears with hers. Will you do this?"

"I lose not an instant, sir."

THE ROUT OF SOLWAY.

The wrath of Henry of England at his royal nephew's evasion of his promise to hold a personal conference with him at York was extreme. It is very probable that at the moment James entered into this engagement, he really intended to keep it, but was afterwards dissuaded from his purpose by the plausible arguments of his clerical advisers, who dreaded the influence which personal intercourse with Henry, and personal kindnesses interchanged with him, might have on the generous heart and warm affections of their own monarch, to say nothing of the effect the "arch-heretic's" arguments might have on the conduct of one, who, though sincerely attached to the church, was not blind to the abuses which prevailed in it. So they dissuaded the Scottish king from fulfilling his agreement, and thus drew on his devoted head the whole torrent of his English uncle's wrath.

Burning with rage, Henry returned to his capital after being at the expense and inconvenience of a progress to York solely for the purpose of meeting James, and of remaining in that city for some days in the vain and hourly expectation of his arrival. It now appeared as much his resolve to punish his nephew as it had before seemed to be *bon gré mal gré* to convert him.

A crowd of minor circumstances tended likewise to the decided abruption of the harmony of the two nations, and the oft-quelled, ever-renewed, aggressions on "the borders" were now seized on by both parties as a plea for open war. James, indeed, even at the twelfth hour, endeavoured to avoid this last extremity; and for this purpose despatched commissioners to avert it—if possible, and with honour, it might be now averted. It was too late, however. These commissioners met the "scourge of the Scots," the Duke of Norfolk, who had even so quickly advanced by forced marches to the borders, bearing his royal master's imperative command to carry war into Scotland.

War thus inevitable, James was not remiss in spirit to meet his opponents, nor in desire to avenge the aggressions—the burning of granges and villages, the pillaging and cruelties which, as yet unresisted, Norfolk had been committing on the borders, and he assembled an army of 30,000 men on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh, well accoutred and accustomed to warfare, but wanting, as their royal head feared and too fatally proved, that nerve and sinew of all successful enterprises—a firm and faithful devotion to the cause in which they were embarked.

Happy had it been for James the Fifth of Scotland if a tithe of the military regulation now usual had been in vogue in those days. But "standing army," "regular military force," there was none; and the king himself was in fact and reality but a feudal chief among others, with the title of king and the honours of royalty, but with the real power of sovereignty sadly clipped by the imperative will of his feudal nobles. Against the excessive power and unreasonable encroachments of these nobles, heightened and increased as they had been during the years of his long minority, James had long been struggling, and, though right in principle, he had been somewhat too daring, too hasty, too uncompromising in practice.

With regard to the great and efficient body of the military force of which these nobles were the chiefs and leaders, the king had no authority, no control over them. They had not as yet in Scotland learnt their own power; they were not a separate "estate;" the "great unwashed" of North Britain were not yet emancipated from feudal vassalage; much had been done towards it, and much by this beloved and popular monarch, but they were as yet completely at the beck of their chiefs, the hereditary masters of the district in which they had been born; and they drew their swords and sheathed them, or directed their points against Scotsmen or foreigners, in blind and unswerving obedience to the chief on whose domain they had been reared.

Thus it was only from the affection and personal attachment of his nobles that James could hope for efficient support in the approaching struggle, and this affection he had alienated, this personal attachment he had hardly striven to secure. All this he felt—too late.

The king was earnestly occupied in looking over some rude plans of military tactics which lay on a table before him, when the Earl of Huntley, arrived in haste from the border, solicited instant audience.

"Admit him."

He must have been at the very door, for hardly were the words uttered, when Lord Huntley, a fine spirited young man, approached the king with breathless eagerness.

"My liege, the Duke of Norfolk has quitted the border and retreated into England."

"How so? How is that?"

"My liege, he hath set twenty villages in flames, but instead of facing us like a man, he hath withdrawn his forces. Home and Seton are hovering there still, to watch should he return, but it seemeth not likely. My liege, shall we not follow him?"

"Ay, by heaven, will we," said the king. "A council must be summoned instantly, but in the mean while let every man who loves his king speed his preparations."

The tidings spread like wildfire, and the leading chiefs were soon assembled in the king's tent.

James was ever courteous, but he lost now little time in salutation: he looked round him with a glowing countenance.

"Ye have heard the news, my lords. Norfolk flies before us, but, by the mass! we will soon overtake him; ye will follow me," concluded he, in a tone not of inquiry, but of certain and joyful gratulation.

"To the death," said several, amongst whom not the least eager was Norman Leslie, who with other somewhat unauthorized personages had contrived to insinuate himself in an unseen corner.

But the quick eye of the king rested elsewhere, and a flush of surprise, of mortification, of anger, suffused his countenance.

"Well, my lords!" said he, with assumed calmness, looking towards a cluster of chiefs who had not joined in the cheering and loyal token of assent expressed by others.

They looked at each other irresolutely, but still spake not.

"At your leisure, my lords," said the king in a now sarcastic and scornful tone; "*we* are in no haste; *we* feel no eagerness about this trifling matter, and can well wait your convenience."

"So please your grace," began the Earl of Cassilis, and then he stopped. Lord Maxwell came forward:—

"It has been our duty and our pleasure to assemble here at your grace's command; and we are ready to fight under your banner here, but not to cross the border."

"But, God's grace, man! there is no foe here to fight. He *has* crossed the border, and we must follow him."

"Not so, your grace; you are well aware that it is not our wont to cross the border, nor does our allegiance to your grace require it."

"Ye do well to talk of allegiance, my lord—well, well," said James bitterly.

"Besides your grace does not consider the impolicy of the measure at this season."

"I will tell you, Glencairn, *what* I consider," said the king in a low concentrated tone. "I consider that Scotland is on the verge of dishonour, and that her own sons are the first to plunge the dagger, not of mercy but of disgrace, into her bosom."

"I pray your grace to consider the common sense of the matter. It is now the end of November; the camp is already in some perplexity for want of victuals, and it is absurd to think of procuring them on our march after the devastations already committed."

"There might be some reason in that, Maxwell, were it your true motive; but it is not; you know it is not. No, not even you are yet degraded enough to set your honour in the scale against a mess of pottage."

"As your grace—"

"Silence, Maxwell," interrupted John Scott of Thirlestane, springing forward; "silence. How can you try his noble nature thus. My liege, my honoured liege, we are ready, we are all ready: this difference will soon be adjusted, and we are ready to follow at your command."

"Rise, my faithful friend," said the king, "and let your children and your children's children pride themselves in your faith and loyalty: 'Ready, ay ready, for the field,' be henceforth your honourable bearing; but for these——" and the king looked towards the discontented barons.

"We lament that we cannot pleasure your grace in this matter, but it is impossible. I lead my followers homewards."

"And I."

"And I."

So one after another withdrew. They heeded not James's sarcasms and reproaches; they valued not his adjurations to them as knights and nobles; every chivalrous feeling seemed swallowed up in the one overwhelming desire to punish their king. So the council ended.

James saw his forces, led off by their respective chiefs, melting away on all sides like a receding tide, and heart-stung and hopeless he disbanded the remainder.

It was by no means unusual in those days for ecclesiastics to accompany an army on its march, even if the time were fully passed when they occasionally assumed the panoply of war. Many of the clergy were with James, and keen and cutting were the reproaches which he heaped on them for the humiliating situation into which their counsels had plunged him. The effect on himself was deplorable. His rest forsook him, his vivacity left him; his health was visibly affected. The clergy, who were unanimous in his favour, became alarmed; some of the peers were immovably attached to his interests, and even some of the disaffected ones were touched by his uncontrollable disappointment, his undisguised mortification.

Beaton was earnest with the king to rally his spirits, to forget the past.

"Shew me how to retrieve my honour, cardinal, and I will listen to you."

"Nay, your highness views this matter too seriously.

England herself must confess that it would have been the height of imprudence to follow your grace's wishes; and surely your honour is untainted."

"As a man, as an individual, I thank God and Saint Andrew it is untainted; had it been otherwise you, Lord Cardinal, would ere this have sung a requiem over my ashes. But think you that James of Scotland looks upon himself as merely a man, an individual? No, Lord Cardinal, no. His country's sons, his country's honour, are to him as his own children, his own honour: her very soil, her very dust, are part and parcel of himself. And if she retrieve not this dishonour, she may yet live in her shame, but her king will not live to witness it."

Strongly agitated, the king pressed his hand to his forehead, and strode up and down the chamber.

It is not in human nature to be proof against these testimonies of the unfeigned trouble of a generous and chivalric spirit. Lord Maxwell, who happened to be present at the time, started from his seat, much agitated, and after a moment or two of apparent indecision, approached the king, and bent his knee to him.

"Please you, my gracious liege, it is *not* too late to retrieve the failure you so deeply lament; and all my power and all my influence I lay at your feet, to be directed as your grace may choose."

"You, Maxwell, you!" said the king, not without some touch of scorn in his manner; "why, you were one of the first to desert me at Fala."

"It is true, my liege, but I did not then know you; I thought you considered chiefly your personal aggrandizement; I had no idea that the welfare and honour of your country at large lay so near your heart. I now devote my life and fortune to you."

"Let Scotland thank you," said the king, as soon as he could speak, and Maxwell felt that his offer was fully appreciated. And now, at once, projects were formed, plans discussed, and affairs put in train to retrieve all past mishaps. The clergy were, as we have said, devoted to the cause; and once more the king was ardent, enthusiastic, and happy.

It was resolved immediately to summon an army to carry war into England; and that the English might not have the advantage of equal time for preparation, letters were sent privately to the different leaders and chiefs, instead of, as usual, summoning them by open proclamation. Lord Maxwell, the warden of the Western Marches, was appointed to the command of ten thousand men; and it was determined to make an inroad through those marches; while the better to veil the purpose, Cardinal Beaton and the Earl of Arran raised forces publicly, and advanced towards the eastern border.

But the old leaven was at work. Very injudiciously Lords Cassilis, Glencairn, and other disaffected nobles, were placed under the command of Lord Maxwell, and very slight incitement was wanted to agitate them again unto open discord. And this incitement was quickly afforded.

The soldiers encamped close to the Solway Frith, between the rivers Esk and Sark, on a piece of ground called the Solway Moss; and here the royal commission was to be read. A young man, a great, but not a worthy favourite of the king, called Oliver Sinclair, was elevated on a buckler on the shoulders of some of the soldiers, to read the appointment of Lord Maxwell to the command of the forces; or, as some affirm, to hear his own appointment to that distinguished post. Whether correctly so or not, the latter was the general impression at the moment; and language can scarcely paint the scorn and derision of the nobles, and the confusion and turbulence of the whole multitude. The ancient nobility, even those stanch in their loyalty, felt degraded; whilst the disaffected ones wished for no better cause for revolt and desertion. In the midst of a thunder of scorn and invective from the leaders, supported by the still more turbulent vituperation of their followers, Lord Maxwell, and a few others, vainly endeavoured to restore order, vainly implored to be heard. The mass, storming at they knew not what, calling for they knew not whom, and swaying about like the waves of a turbulent sea, were thunderstruck and terrified by the charge, at full speed, of a body of English horse. In the terror of the moment, the surprised Scots supposed that Henry, and all his chivalry, were upon them.

The panic was universal, the rout decisive; and, without an effort made, or a blow struck, ten thousand Scots were routed by three hundred English, who, under their leaders, Dacre and Musgrave, were accidentally surveying the ground. They beheld a disturbance which they by no means understood, but which they instantly resolved to turn to their own advantage.

Thus have historians recounted "The Rout of Solway Moss."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAUSES OF EVENTS.

An amusing collection might be made of the many controversies that have arisen among mankind as to the causes of events, and the inferences to be drawn from facts, while those events and those facts are not themselves established on sufficient grounds to be the basis of opposite opinions. We are puzzling ourselves about the cause while the reality of the event, the truth of the fact, is the most doubtful point of all. But the examination of the evidence upon which a fact rests is too slow a process for most people. And yet there is somewhat of absurdity in finding the cause of a thing that never happened. This misfortune, however, has occurred very often and very amusingly. Once, about the end of the sixteenth century, a report was circulated that a child in Siberia, about seven years old, had got, in place of the first tooth he lost, a gold tooth. In 1595, Horstius, a medical professor in the University of Helmstadt, wrote a history of this tooth, and argued that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by Divine Providence to console

the Christians, then harassed by the Turks. It seems as difficult to discover what consolation there could be in the gift as it is to trace any possible connexion the tooth could have had either with Christian or Turk; but certain it is that neither historians nor biographers were wanting to it. In the aforesaid year Rullandus wrote another chronicle of it, and, two years after, Ingolstetcrres, another learned man, wrote a treatise controverting the opinions of Rullandus touching this gold tooth, which elicited an eloquent and learned reply. Another great man, named Lebavius, collected all that had been stated about the tooth, adding his own particular opinion. In short, all that was wanting to so many erudite compositions was that the substratum of all their disquisitions should be true, and the tooth really of gold. A goldsmith, however, having examined it, pronounced that a gold leaf had been most ingeniously attached over the whole surface of the tooth. But first they wrote books and then appealed to the goldsmith. Nor is this a solitary instance of the proficiency of the human mind in an art which the French have well expressed by the term "déraisonner" (unreasoning). Whately, in his "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte," mentions a case in point. "King Charles II. proposed as a question to the Royal Society, whence it is that a vessel of water receives no addition of weight from a live fish being put into it, though it does if the fish be dead. Various solutions of great ingenuity were proposed, discussed, objected to, defended; nor was it till they had been long bewildered in the enquiry that it occurred to them to *try the experiment;* by which they at once ascertained that the phenomenon which they were striving to account for—which was the acknowledged basis of their debates—had no existence but in the invention of the witty monarch."

Another instance:—"It was objected to the system of Copernicus, when first brought forward, that if the earth turned on its axis, as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but at a great distance to the west; *in the same manner as a stone dropped from the masthead of a ship in full sail, does not fall at the foot of the mast but towards the stern.* To this it was answered, that a stone, being a *part* of the earth, obeys the same laws and moves with it; whereas it is no part of the ship, of which, consequently, its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some but opposed by others, and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus that, the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone thus dropped from the head of the mast *does* fall at the foot of it."

The same thing is perpetually taking place in all kinds of subjects. Some great physiologists had succeeded in discovering why it was that subterranean places were cold in winter and warm in summer; still greater physiologists have since discovered that the statement itself is utterly without foundation. The truth is that we get a more accurate notion of the extent of our human ignorance from the many causes we discover for things that have no real existence than from the number of absolute facts the causes of which are unknown to us. Then, too, in our dealings with our fellow-men—how many motives are we daily describing to actions which we at last discover have never been performed? Indeed, whether in physics or morals, it would be well if we kept in mind, as a necessary preliminary to our discussions, something like the principle laid down as so essential to the concocting of hare soup—"First catch your hare."

GOD BE WITH THEE.

L. A. K.

God be with thee! thou must wander
Through a world of toil and care:
God be with thee! sin and slander
Soon may cloud thy dawning fair.

God be with thee! friends may fail thee,
Treachery thy bosom rend:
God be with thee! when assail thee
Heartless foe, or faithless friend.

God be with thee! youth and beauty
Pass like dew at early day;
God be with thee! love and duty
Guard thy path, and guide thy way.

God be with thee! vice may snare thee,
Death and sorrow wring thy heart:
God be with thee! pardon, spare thee,
Strength from heaven to thee impart.

God be with thee! guide and bless thee,
Lead thee where sure comforts dwell;
God be with thee! earth caress thee,
Heaven receive thee—fare thee well!

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[1]

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RELATES, AMONG OTHER NOTABLE MATTERS, HOW CHARLEY LEICESTER WAS BESET BY AN AMAZON.

The ball at Broadhurst was a very wonderful affair indeed; it was given for a special purpose, and that purpose was to conciliate everybody, and induce everybody to promise General Grant their vote and interest at the ensuing election. Accordingly, everybody was invited—at least everybody who had the slightest pretension to be anybody—and everybody came; and, as almost everybody brought somebody else with them, a wife, or a daughter, or the young lady from London who was spending Christmas with them, there was no lack of guests. The object of the entertainment was no secret; and the king of the county, the Marquis of C——, being in the conservative interest, and consequently anxious to secure the General's return, not only came himself, but actually brought a real live duke with him, to exhibit to the

(1) Continued from p. 238.

company. This was a great stroke of policy, and told immensely, particularly with the smaller anybodies who were almost nobodies, but who, having associated with a duke, straightway became somebodies, and remained so ever after; moreover, in all cases of incipient radicalism, chartist tendencies, or socialist symptoms, his grace was an infallible specific. Depend on it, there's no better remedy for a certain sort of democracy than a decoction of strawberry-leaves; apply that to the sore place and the patient instantly becomes sound in his opinions, and continues a healthy member of the body politic. The particular duke on the occasion in question, was a very young one, little more than a boy in fact, (if a duke can ever be considered in the light of a boy). This young nobleman had a leading idea—though you would hardly have supposed it, to look at him—he believed that he was the best match in England, and so, in the conventional sense of the term, he undoubtedly was, although he would have been very dear at the price to any woman with a head and a heart. His pastors and masters, backed by the maternal anxieties of a duchess unambitious of the dignities of dowagership, had sedulously cultivated this one idea till it had assumed the character of a monomania, under the influence of which this unhappy scion of aristocracy looked upon life as a state of perpetual warfare against the whole race of women, and was haunted by a dreadful vision of himself carried off and forcibly married to the chief of a horde of female pirates, with long tongues, longer nails, and an utter absence of creditable ancestry. His outward duke (if we may be allowed the expression) was decidedly prepossessing. He was tall, and not ungraceful in figure, and had a bright, round, innocent face, as of a good child;—his hair was nicely brushed and parted; whiskers he had none; indeed, the stinginess of nature to him in this particular was so remarkable, that, as the eldest Miss Simpkins afterwards observed to a select audience of uninvited younger sisters, "So far from whiskers, my dears, now I come to think of it, his Grace had *rather the reverse!*" However, take him "for all in all," he was a very creditable young duke, and a perfect godsend on the occasion in question. Then there was a graduated scale from his Grace downwards, leading through the aristocracy of birth to the aristocracy of riches, till it reached the élite of the country towns, and the more presentable specimens of yeomen farmers. But let us join a group of people that we know, and hear what they think of the guests who are so rapidly assembling.

In a snug corner of the reception-room, not far from a door leading into the large drawing-room, stands one of those mysterious innovations of modern upholstery, a species of the genus ottoman, which resembles a Brobdignagian mushroom, with a thimble made to match stuck in the middle of it. Seated at her ease upon this nondescript, half-buried by the yielding cushions, appeared the pretty figure of Laura Peyton; by her side, attired in much white muslin, crinolined to a balloon-like rotundity, but which apparently had shrunk abominably at the wash in the region round about its wearer's neck and shoulders, sat another—well, from the juvenility of her dress and manners, we suppose we must say *young* lady, though it was an historical fact that she had been at school with Annie Grant's mother; but then poor Mrs. Grant married when she was quite a child, and died before she was thirty, and of course Miss Singleton must know her own age best, and she had declared herself eight-and-twenty for the last five years. This lady possessed one peculiarity: she always had a passion for somebody; whether the *object* was of the gentler or the sterner sex was all a matter of chance; but, as she was in the habit of observing "there existed in her nature a necessity for passionately loving," and it has become proverbial that necessity has no law. The object of her adoration just at present was "that darling girl," Laura Peyton; and really that young lady was in herself so loveable, that to endeavour to account for Miss Singleton's devotion by insinuating that the heiress was usually surrounded by all the most desirable young men in the room, would be the height of ill-nature.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Singleton, whose troublesome nature had another necessity for liking to hear its own voice as often as possible; "dear me! I wish I knew who all the people were? Dearest Miss Peyton, do not you sympathize? Ah, that tell-tale smile! We girls certainly are sadly curious; though I believe the men are just as bad, only they're too proud to own it. But, really, we must contrive to catch somebody who will tell us who everybody is; there's that handsome, grave, clever Mr. Arundel: I shall make him a sign to come here—ah! he saw me directly—he *is* so clever. Mr. Arundel, do tell me, who *are* all these people?"

"Rather a comprehensive question," returned Lewis, smiling; "moreover, you could scarcely have applied to any one less able to answer it; for beyond our immediate neighbours, I really do not know a dozen people in the room."

"Mr. Arundel's acquaintance lies rather among illustrious foreigners," observed Miss Peyton, demurely. "Were any members of the royal family of Persia present, for instance, his intimate knowledge of the language, manners, and habits of that interesting nation would be invaluable to us."

"As you are strong, be merciful," returned Lewis, in a tone of voice only to be heard by the young lady to whom he spoke.

"Dear me! how very delightful! What a thing it is to be so clever," exclaimed Miss Singleton, arranging her bracelet, and rounding her arm (which was now one of her best points) with an action that expressed, as plainly as words could have done, "There, look at that—there's grace for you!" "Here comes some one who can tell us everything," she continued; "that good-natured, fascinating Mr. Leicester, with his loves of whiskers all in dear little curls. Tiresome man! he won't look this way. Would you be so very good, Mr. Arundel, as to

follow him, and bring him here? Say that Miss Peyton and I want him particularly."

"I beg you'll say nothing of the kind, Mr. Arundel," interposed Laura, quickly, with a very becoming blush. "Really, Miss Singleton, you run on so that——"

"I will deliver your message verbatim, Miss Singleton," returned Lewis, with the same demure tone and manner in which Miss Peyton had referred to the Persian prince; and without waiting to mark the effect of his words, he mingled with the crowd, and almost immediately returned with the gentleman in pursuit of whom he had been despatched. Charles Leicester, who was most elaborately got up for the occasion, though his good taste prevented him from running into any absurd extremes in dress, looked remarkably handsome, and, being flattered by the summons he had just received, particularly happy. Both these facts Miss Peyton discovered at a glance, but whether urged by some secret consciousness, or annoyed by an indescribable look of intelligence which lurked in the corners of Lewis's dark eyes and revealed itself through the sternness of his compressed lips, she received him with marked coldness, and observed, in reply to his offer to play showman to the collection of strange animals there assembled, that she had no taste for zoology, and that it was Miss Singleton's curiosity he had been summoned to satisfy.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Leicester," exclaimed that mature damsel, in no way daunted by a shade of discontent, which, despite his endeavours to the contrary, overspread the countenance of the gentleman she was addressing; "yes, indeed, I'm dying to know all sorts of things. In the first place, who's that tall stout gentleman in the wonderful waiscoat?"

"That," replied Leicester, coolly examining the person indicated, "that is—no, it isn't!—Yes, surely! —I thought I was right—that is the Marquis of Carabbas." Then, seeing from her manner, she did not recognise the name, he continued, "he has enormous estates situated in——"

"Where?" asked Miss Singleton earnestly, thinking she had lost the name.

"That interesting tract of country yclept, by John Parry, the Realms of Infantine Romance," continued Leicester.

"Oh, Mr. Leicester, you're laughing at me. How wicked of you—the Marquis of Carabbas! Let me see: hadn't he something to do with Whittington and his Cat?"

"With the cat, possibly," replied Leicester; "for if my memory fail not, the fortunes of the noble Marquis, like those of the late lamented Lord Mayor of London town, were the result of feline sagacity, and it's not likely there existed two such talented cats —even Puss in Boots may only be another episode in the career of the same gifted individual."

"Another of its nine lives, in fact," suggested Lewis.

"Yes, of course," rejoined Leicester. "I dare say it was the original 'cat of nine tales,' only like the sibylline leaves, some of the manuscripts have been lost to posterity through the carelessness of some elfin Master of the Rolls."

"I beg your pardon, but I really must interrupt you," exclaimed Miss Singleton; "can you tell me, soberly and seriously, who that very strange looking person may be who has just seized the General's hand, and nearly shaken his arm out of the socket."

Seeing that Laura Peyton's eyes asked the same question, though her lips were silent, Leicester glanced in the direction indicated, and immediately replied, "That energetic female rejoices in the name of Lady Mary—but is more commonly known among her intimates as *Jack*—Goodwood. In person she is what you behold; in character, she presents a most unmitigated specimen of the *genus* Amazon; for the rest, she is a very good woman at heart, but my especial torment; she always calls me Charley, and her usual salutation is a slap on the back. She hunts, shoots, breaks in her own horses, has ridden a hurdle race, in which she came in a good second, and is reported to have dragooned her husband into popping the question, by the threat of a sound horsewhipping; and now Miss Singleton, you'll have an opportunity of judging for yourself, for she has caught sight of me, and is bearing down upon us in full sail."

"Well, but is she really a lady?" inquired the astonished Miss Singleton, who, in her philosophy, had most assuredly never dreamt of such a possibility as Jack Goodwood.

"She is second daughter to Lord Oaks," was the reply, "and Goodwood is one of *the* Goodwoods, and is worth some 8,000*l.* a year; but here she is."

As he spoke, the lady in question joined the group; her age might be eight or nine-and-twenty; she was tall, and decidedly handsome, though her features were too large; she had magnificent black eyes, and very white teeth, which prevented the width of her mouth from interfering with her pretensions to beauty; her complexion was brilliant in the extreme, nature having bestowed on her a clear brown skin, which withstood the combined effects of exposure to sun and wind, and softened the high colour induced by the boisterous nature of her ladyship's favourite pursuits; —but if her personal gifts were striking, the style of costume she saw fit to adopt rendered her still more remarkable. As it will be necessary to describe her dress minutely in order to convey any idea of her appearance, we throw ourselves on the mercy of our lady readers, and beg them to pardon all errors of description, seeing that mantua-making is a science in which we have never graduated, and of which our knowledge is derived solely from oral traditions picked up during desultory conversations among our female friends, usually held (if our memory fail us not) on their way home from church.

Her dress consisted, then, of a gown of exceedingly rich white silk, made half-high in the body, and remarkably full in the skirt, over which she wore a polka of bright scarlet Cachemere, lined and trimmed with white silk, and adorned with a double row of

the hunt buttons. Her head was attired in a Spanish hat of black velvet, while a single white feather, secured by a valuable diamond clasp, was allowed to droop over the brim, and mingle with the rich masses of her raven hair, which was picturesquely arranged in a complication of braids and ringlets. She leaned on the arm of a gentleman, double her age, whose good-humoured heavy face afforded a marked contrast to the ever-varying expression that lit the animated features of her who was, in every sense of the word, his better half. Leicester's description had but slightly enhanced the vigour of her mode of salutation, for as she reached the spot where he stood, she clapped him on the shoulder with a small white-gloved hand, exclaiming in a deep but not unmusical voice:—

"Bravo, Charley! run you to earth at last, you see. Where have you hidden yourself all this age? Now, Goody," she continued, turning to her husband, "you may go. Charley Leicester will take care of me—don't lose your temper at whist, don't drink too much champagne, and mind you're forthcoming when I want you."

"There's a life to lead," returned her spouse, appealing to Leicester. "Did you ever see such a tyrant?"

"Be off, Goody, and don't talk nonsense," was his lady-wife's rejoinder.

"How is it we never see you at the Manor-House now," began the master of that establishment in a hospitable tone of voice, but his lady cut him short in his speech by exclaiming—

"Why? because he found you such a bore he could not stand you any longer; nobody can except me, and even my powers of endurance are limited, so," she continued, taking him by the shoulders and turning him round, "right about face—heads up—march. *Voilà*," she added, turning to Leicester, "he's famously under command, isn't he, Charley? all my good breaking in—he was as obstinate as a mule before I married him, nobody could do anything with him. He's in splendid condition, too, for a man of sixty. I'll back him to walk, ride, hunt, shoot, or play at billiards, with any man of his age and weight in the three kingdoms. I've been obliged to dock his corn, though; there was seldom a day that he didn't finish his second bottle of port. He only drinks one now; but I say, Charley, about this election of Governer Grant's, how is he going the pace? you must tell me all about it; I've been in Paris for the last two months, and I'm quite in the dark."

"'Pon my word, I take so little interest in the matter, that I can scarcely enlighten you, Lady Mary," returned Leicester, glancing uneasily at Miss Peyton, who was talking with much apparent *empressement* to Miss Singleton, though her quick ears drank in every word spoken by the others.

"Who's that girl?" resumed Lady Mary, lowering her voice a little (*very* little) as she perceived the direction of Leicester's glance. "Miss Peyton, eh?" she continued, "You shall introduce me; but first tell me who's that man by her side, like an old picture."

"Mr. Arundel," was the reply; "tutor to poor young Desborough."

"He's too good for the work," returned Jack; "he's too near thorough-bred to take to collar and keep his traces tight with such an up-hill pull as that must be. I say, Charley," she continued in a half whisper, "he's handsomer than you are; if you don't mind your play, he'll bowl you out, and win with the favourite—there, it's no use looking sulky, or getting up the steam with me," she added, as Leicester uttered an exclamation of annoyance: "I can see it all with half an eye; you're as thoroughly what Goody calls 'spoony,' as a man need to be; but now, Charley, don't go putting your foot in it, you know; is it all right with the tin? that's the main question."

"Ask me to dance, for pity's sake, and let me get out of that creature's way," murmured Laura Peyton to Lewis; "I never had a taste for seeing monsters."

Lewis smiled, and offered her his arm, at the same moment De Grandeville, gaudily ornate, marched up and requested the honour of Miss Peyton's hand for the set then forming.

"I am engaged to Mr. Arundel for the next quadrille," returned Miss Peyton.

"For the following one then—ar?"

"I shall have much pleasure," was the reply; "in the mean time allow me to introduce you to my friend Miss Singleton, who is at present without a partner."

De Grandeville, charmed to have the opportunity of obliging Miss Peyton, acted on the hint, and the two couples hastened to take their places in the quadrille then forming. Leicester's volatile companion still continued chattering, heedless of his evident annoyance, until she had worried him into a state of mind bordering on distraction, when some fresh fancy seizing her, she fastened herself on to a new victim and left him to his meditations;—these were by no means of an agreeable character; and after wandering listlessly through the suite of rooms, and watching Laura Peyton, as during the intervals of the dance she talked and laughed gaily with De Grandeville, (an occupation which did not tend greatly to raise Leicester's spirits or soothe his ruffled temper,) he strolled into a card room tenanted only by four elderly gentlemen immersed in a rubber of whist; and, flinging himself on a vacant sofa in a remote corner of the apartment, gave himself up to gloomy retrospection.

He had not remained there long when Lewis entered and glanced round as if in search of some one; then approaching Leicester, he began:—

"You've not seen Walter lately, have you? Your amusing friend, Lady Mary Goodwood" ("confound the jade," muttered Leicester, *sotto voce*) "introduced herself to me just now, and having captivated Walter by her bright smile and scarlet jacket, carried him off, to tease me, I believe, and I can't tell what she has done with him;—but," he continued, for the first time observing his companion's dejected manner and appearance, "is anything the matter—you're not ill, I hope?"

"I wish I was," was the unexpected reply; "ill—dead—anything rather than the miserable fool I am—"

"Why, what has occurred?" asked Lewis, anxiously. "Can I be of any use?"

"No, it's past mending," returned Leicester, in an accent of deep dejection. He paused, then turning to Lewis he resumed almost fiercely: "The tale is soon told, if you want to hear it. I met that girl—Laura Peyton, I mean—in town about a year ago. In fact—for my affairs are no secret—every fool knows that I'm a beggar, or thereabouts—I was introduced to her because she was a great heiress, and dangled after her through the whole of a London season, for the sake of her three per cents. Well, last autumn I met her again down in Scotland; we were staying together for three weeks in the same house; of course we saw a good deal of each other, and I soon found I liked her better for herself than I had ever done for her money; but somehow, as soon as this feeling arose, I lost all nerve, and could not get on a bit; the idea of the meanness of marrying a woman for the sake of her fortune haunted me day and night, and the more I cared for her the less was I able to show it. Well, my cousin Annie perceived what was going on, it seems, and without saying a word to me of her intention, struck up a friendship with Laura and invited her here; and somehow—the thing's very absurd in a man like myself, who has seen everything, and done everything, and found out what humbug it all is—but the fact of the matter is, that I'm just as foolishly and romantically and deeply in love with that girl, as any raw boy of seventeen could be; and I don't believe she cares one *sous* about me in return; she thinks, as she has a good right to do, that I am hunting her for her money, like the rest of them, I dare say; and,—stop a minute," he continued, seeing Lewis was about to speak—"you have not heard the worst yet: because all I've told you was not enough, that conceited ass, De Grandeville, must needs come and consult me this morning as to whether Miss Peyton was worthy of being honoured with his hand; hinting pretty plainly that he did not anticipate much difficulty on the lady's part; and by Jove, from the way in which she is going on with him this evening, I believe that for once he wasn't lying: then that mad-headed Mary Goodwood coming and bothering with her confounded 'Charley' this, and 'Charley' that, and her absurd plan of monopolizing one—of course she means no harm; she has known me from a boy, and it's her way; besides, she really is attached to old Goodwood;—but how is Laura Peyton to know all that?"

"Why, rouse up; and go and tell her yourself, to be sure," replied Lewis.

"No, not I!" returned Leicester, moodily; "I'll have no more trouble about it. I'll leave this house to-morrow morning, and be off to Baden, or Naples, or Timbuctoo, or some place where there are no women, if such a Paradise exists—and she may marry De Grandeville, or whom she pleases, for me. You see it would be different if she cared at all for me, but to worry one's heart out about a girl who does not even like one——"

"*Halte là!*" interrupted Lewis; "lookers on see most of the game; and if I know anything of woman's nature—" he paused and bit his lip as the recollection of Gretchen crossed his mind—"depend upon it, Miss Peyton is not as indifferent to you as you imagine."

"Did you see how coldly she received me to-night?" urged Leicester.

"Yes; and her so doing only confirmed my previous opinion; that chattering Miss Singleton had annoyed her by bidding me summon you in Miss Peyton's name; but the very fact of her annoyance showed consciousness; had she been indifferent to you she would not have cared. Then her irritation at Lady Mary's familiarity proves the same thing."

"You really think so?" returned Leicester, brightening up. "My dear fellow, you've quite put new life into me. It's very odd now, I never saw it in that light before. What would you have me do, then?"

"If, as you say, you really and truly love her," returned Lewis gravely, "lay aside—excuse my plain speaking — lay aside your fashionable airs which disguise your true nature, and tell her of your affection in a simple and manly way, and if she is the girl I take her to be, your trouble will not be thrown away." So saying he rose and quitted the room, leaving Leicester to reflect on his advice.

Chapter XXIV.

CONTAINS A MYSTERIOUS INCIDENT, AND SHOWS HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DOES RUN SMOOTH.

As Lewis, after the conversation detailed in the last chapter, was prosecuting his search for Walter through the various apartments, he encountered Annie Grant, who, having escaped the vigilance of Miss Livingstone, was enjoying, in company with a young lady friend, the dangerous luxury of standing by an open window. The moment she perceived Lewis she advanced towards him, and began—

"May I detain you one moment, Mr. Arundel? Can you tell me anything of my cousin Charles? I'm afraid he must be ill, and I wished him to exert himself so particularly to-night."

"He is not ill," returned Lewis; "I left him not two minutes since in the card room."

"In the card room?" repeated Annie, in a tone of annoyance; "what can he be doing there? Is he playing whist?"

"No," was the reply; "he did not appear in a humour to enjoy the dancing, and had gone there for the sake of quiet."

"A fit of his incorrigible idleness, I suppose," remarked Annie, pettishly; "really it is too provoking; it must seem so odd his absenting himself on such an occasion as this. Would you mind the trouble of returning, and telling him I want to speak to him particularly, and that he will find me here?"

"I shall be most happy; it is no trouble;" began

Lewis. He paused, and then added in a lower tone, "Perhaps you scarcely do Mr. Leicester justice in attributing his absence to a fit of indolence; I fancied, from his manner, something had occurred to annoy him."

"Something to annoy him!" exclaimed Annie, starting and turning pale as a disagreeable possibility suddenly occurred to her. "Surely he has not ?—— she never can have——!" then seeing Lewis's glance fixed on her with a look of peculiar intelligence, she paused abruptly, and a most becoming blush overspread her features. Lewis pitied her confusion, and hastened to relieve it by observing—

"If I have ventured to guess the direction of your thoughts somewhat too boldly, Miss Grant, you must pardon me, and believe that did I not think I might thereby in some slight degree repay the kindness Mr. Leicester has invariably shown me, I would not have allowed you to perceive it. If," he added, in a lower tone, "you will permit me to advise you, I believe you could most effectually serve your cousin's interests by explaining to Miss Peyton, at your first opportunity, the nature of the friendship which exists between Lady Mary Goodwood and Mr. Leicester, mentioning at the same time the fact that they have known each other from childhood."

"That's the difficulty, is it?" rejoined Annie. "Oh! I can set that right in five minutes;—thank you very much, Mr. Arundel, how very kind you are; but," she added with an arch look, "you are most alarmingly clever; I shall become quite afraid of you;" then turning to her companion, she added, "Now, Lucy dear, you will catch your death of cold standing at that window. You will send Charles Leicester, then, Mr. Arundel." So saying she linked her arm in that of her friend, and the two girls left the room.

"Leicester's a lucky dog to have such a zealous advocate in that sweet cousin of his," thought Lewis, as he retraced his steps towards the card-room. "She is a great deal too good for that brute, Lord Bellefield; she had better have chosen Charles, if she must marry either brother, though he is scarcely her equal in mind or force of character, and without that I don't believe married life can ever progress as it should do." On reaching the card-room he found it only tenanted by the whist players; and rightly imagining that his advice had so far restored Leicester's spirits as to induce him again to return to the ball-room, he resumed his search for Walter, and at length discovered him in the ice-room, where, under the auspices of a pretty interesting looking girl, the daughter of one of the tenantry, had in on the occasion to assist the female servants, he was regaling himself with unlimited cakes.

While Lewis was gently insinuating the possibility of his having had enough, two or three men, amongst whom was Lord Bellefield, lounged into the room and began eating ices at a table opposite that at which Lewis and Walter were stationed. One of the party, who was unacquainted with Lewis, apparently struck by his appearance, addressed Lord Bellefield in an under tone, evidently inquiring who the young tutor might be; the answer, though spoken in a low voice, was (whether designedly or not we will not say) perfectly audible to the person to whom it related.

"That? oh, some poor devil old Grant has picked up cheap as a sort of dry-nurse to his pet idiot; a kind of male *bonne*, as the French term it; a species of upper servant, half valet, half tutor. You need not notice him."

There was a degree of littleness in this speech which completely robbed it of its sting. It was such a mean attempt at an insult that Lewis thought it would be letting himself down even to feel angry about it; and merely allowing his lip to curl slightly with a contemptuous smile, he folded his arms and patiently awaited the conclusion of Walter's repast. After Lord Bellefield and his friends had devoured as many ices as seemed good to them, they prepared to leave the room, and, just as they passed the spot where Lewis stood, Lord Bellefield, in drawing out his handkerchief, accidentally dropped a glove. Not perceiving his loss, he was still walking on, when Lewis, after a moment's hesitation, resolved to adhere to his determination of treating Lord Bellefield as he would any other man his superior in rank, and perhaps inwardly rejoiced at the opportunity of returning good for evil, or at least civility for insult, stooped and picked up the glove, then advancing a step or two, he presented it to its owner, saying—

"Excuse my interrupting your lordship, but you have dropped your glove."

Now it so happened that the moment before, Lewis had removed his own glove to render some assistance to Walter, and had not replaced it when he extended his hand to Lord Bellefield, who, without making any reply, signed to his French valet, then assisting in the Champagne department, and when he approached, said:—

"*Tenez, Antoine!* take the glove from this gentleman, and bring me a clean pair."

The insolence of his look, and the affected drawl in which he spoke, rendered his meaning so unmistakeable, that, after a slight attempt to repress the inclination, one of his companions burst into a laugh, while the other, who had sufficient good feeling to be disgusted at such an unprovoked insult, turned on his heel and walked away. Lewis stood for a moment as if stunned; then, flushing crimson, he actually quivered with suppressed anger; still it was evident that he was striving to master his passion, and apparently he was in great measure successful, for when he spoke it was in a low calm voice.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that your lordship, considering this glove polluted by the accident of my having touched it, will never wear it again?"

"Ya—as," was the reply; "you may very safely come to that conclusion, without any fear of misinterpreting my intentions."

"In that case," continued Lewis, in the same low, clear voice, though his eyes, which were fixed on Lord Bellefield's, actually glowed with the intensity of his

emotion, "I will crave your permission to retain it as a memorial of this evening. Your lordship will observe it is a *right hand* glove. I may, on some future occasion, have the pleasure of calling your attention to the care with which I have preserved the relic."

So saying, he bowed coldly, and still holding the glove with a vice-like grasp, as though he feared to have it wrested from him, he turned away without waiting a reply.

"What on earth does the fellow want with that glove?" inquired Lord Bellefield's companion, who not being a particularly intellectual young gentleman, had been greatly mystified by the whole proceeding. "And what in the world is the matter with you?" he added, observing for the first time that his friend was looking strangely pale, and shuddering slightly.

"Eh,—come along,—we're standing in a confounded draught, and I've never rightly recovered that ague I picked up at Ancona," was the reply; and, taking his companion's arm, Lord Bellefield hastily left the room.

So engrossed had Lewis been with his own share of the transaction, that he had not observed the breathless interest with which the whole scene had been watched by the girl before alluded to. She now approached him under the excuse of offering some cakes; and, as he somewhat impatiently refused them, said, in a hurried whisper:—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is it you intend to do with that glove?"

Surprised alike at the question, and the quarter from whence it proceeded, Lewis looked at the girl more attentively than he had yet done. She was above the middle height, and of a singularly graceful figure; her features were characterized by a degree of refinement and intelligence not usually to be found amongst persons of her class; she was very pale; and, though she endeavoured to repress all outward signs of emotion, he could perceive she was fearfully agitated.

"Do with the glove!" returned Lewis; "what makes you ask such an odd question?"

"You cannot deceive me, sir," she replied, in the same eager whisper. "I witnessed all that passed between you and—that gentleman, just now."

"And what is it you fear?" asked Lewis.

"That you are going to challenge him to fight a duel to-morrow morning—and—and perhaps mean to wear that glove on the hand you shoot him with.

As she uttered these last words, a strange expression flitted across Lewis's face; it had passed, however, ere he replied:—

"You are mistaken. As long as I remain under this roof I shall avoid any collision with that gentleman. Nay, more: should he repeat his insult, (though I scarcely think he will,) I shall not attempt to resent it;—so," he added, with a smile, "as I am living here, I think he is tolerably safe from me. Stay," he added, as, after glancing anxiously at his features, as though she strove to read his very soul, she was about to turn away, satisfied that he was not attempting to deceive her,—"stay; do not mention what you have observed, amongst the servants; and here is something to buy you some new ribbon for your cap."

"I will not take your money, sir," she replied, somewhat haughtily; "but your secret is safe with me as in the grave." Then taking Walter's plate, which was by this time empty, she crossed the room, and mingled with the other servants.

It was later in the evening, much dancing had been accomplished, many civil speeches and some rude ones made, mild flirtations began to assume a serious character, and one or two aggravated cases appeared likely to end in business. The hearts of match-making mammas beat high with hope, marriageable daughters were looking up, and eligible young men, apparently bent on becoming tremendous sacrifices, were evidently to be had cheap. The real live Duke was in unusually high spirits; he had hitherto been mercifully preserved from dangerous young ladies, and had passed a very pleasant evening; Lady Mary Goodwood, who was equal to a Duke, or any other emergency, had been introduced to him, and had taken upon herself the task of entertaining him; and his Grace being slightly acquainted with Mr. Goodwood, and fortified by an unshakeable faith in that gentleman's powers of longevity, had yielded himself unresistingly to the fascinations of the fair Amazon, and allowed himself to be amused with the most amiable condescension. Charles Leicester, in some degree reassured by his conversation with Lewis, returned to the dancing-room, and secured Miss Peyton for a waltz; but his success did not tend greatly to improve his position, as the young lady continued strangely silent, or only opened her mouth to say cutting things. The last polka before supper she danced with De Grandeville; on that gentleman's arm she entered the room in which the supper was laid out, and he it was who, seated by her side during the meal, forestalled her every wish with most lover-like devotion. Lord Bellefield, after the *rencontre* with Lewis, had consoled himself by taking possession of Annie, whose side he never quitted for a moment, and who he thereby prevented from holding any private communication with her friend, Miss Peyton, her acquaintance with the domestic economy of her uncle's family leading her to divine that his brother would be about the last person to whom Charles Leicester would wish his hopes and fears confided.

Seeing that things thus continued steadily to "improve for the worse," and that the tide which Shakspeare discovered in the affairs of men, appeared to have set dead against him, the unfortunate "Charley" having, in a spirit of self-mortification, repudiated supper, and rejected offers of champagne with the virulence of a red-hot teetotaller, betook himself to the solitude of the music-room in a state of mind bordering on distraction, which fever of the soul Lady Mary Goodwood had not tended to allay, by remarking, with a significant glance towards Miss Peyton and De Grandeville,—

"I say, Charley, cast your eye up the course a minute; the heavy-weight's making play with the favourite at a killing pace; I'd bet long odds he pops, and she says "Done" before the meeting's over; so if that don't suit your book, Charley, my boy, the sooner you hedge on the double event the better."

The music-room at Broadhurst was a spacious apartment, with a coved ceiling, and deep bay windows, hung with rich crimson damask curtains, and containing ottomans of the same material in the recesses. On one of these Leicester flung himself, and half hidden by the voluminous folds of the drapery, sketched out a gloomy future, in which he depicted himself quarrelling with De Grandeville, shooting him in a consequent duel, and residing ever after in the least desirable part of the backwoods of America, a prey to remorse, without cigars, and cut off from kid gloves and pale ale in the flower of his youth. Occupied with these dreary thoughts, he scarcely noticed the entrance of various seceders from the supper table, nor was it until the sound of the pianoforte aroused his attention, that he perceived the room to be tenanted by some twenty or thirty people scattered in small coteries throughout the apartment. At the moment when he became alive to external impressions, Miss Singleton, having secured a mild young man who knew not life, and believed in her to the fullest extent, with a touching simplicity, to turn over the music, was about to favour the company with a song. Before this interesting performance could commence, however, sundry preliminary arrangements, analogous to the nautical ceremony of "clearing for action," appeared indispensable; first, a necessity existed for taking off her gloves, which was not accomplished without much rounding of arms, display of rings, and rattling of bracelets, one of which, in particular, would catch in everything, and was so incorrigible that it was forced to be unclasped in disgrace, and committed to the custody of the mild young man, who blushed at it and held it as if it were alive. Then Miss Singleton drew up her head, elongated her neck to a giraffe-like extent, raised her eyes, simpered, cast them down again, glanced out of their corners at the "mild one," till he trembled in his polished boots, and jingled the wicked bracelet like a baby's rattle, in the excess of his agitation, and finally commenced her song by an energetic appeal to her mother (who had been dead and buried for the last fifteen years) to "wake her early" on the ensuing first of May. Just as she was assuring the company that "she had been wild and wayward, but she was not wayward now," a couple entered the room, and apparently wishing not to disturb the melody, seated themselves on a sofa, in a retired corner which chanced to be nearly opposite to the recess of which Leicester had taken possession; thus, although the whole length of the music room intervened, he could (himself unseen) catch occasional glimpses of this sofa as the ever-changing groups of loungers formed and dispersed themselves.

The occupants of the sofa were Miss Peyton and De Grandeville; and could Charles Leicester have overheard the following conversation, the passive annoyance with which he observed the colloquy might have given place to a more active sentiment.

"Ar—really," remarked De Grandeville, "that is a very—ar—touching, pathetic song——"

"Murdered," observed Miss Peyton, quietly, finishing his sentence for him.

"Ar—eh—yes, of course, I was going to—ar—that is, your exquisite taste has—ar—in fact—ar—beyond a doubt the woman is committing murder."

"Recollect, the 'woman;' as you are pleased to call her, is my particular friend, Mr. De Grandeville," returned his companion, with a slight degree of hauteur in her tone.

"Ar—yes, of course, that speaks volumes in her favour," was the rejoinder; "and although it is not every one who is gifted with the—ar—talent of vocalization, yet the estimable qualities which one seeks in the—ar—endearing relation of friendship may be found—ar—that is, may exist—ar——"

"What did you think of the champagne at supper?" interrupted Miss Peyton abruptly.

"Really—ar—'pon my word I did not particularly notice it, I was—ar—so agreeably situated that I could not devote much attention to the—ar—commissariat department."

"Surely it was unusually strong," persisted Laura.

"Ar—yes, of course you are right, it is no doubt owing to its agreeably exhilarating qualities that it is so universally popular with the fair sex. Were I—ar—so fortunate as to be—ar—a married man, I should always have champagne at my table."

"What a temptation," returned Miss Peyton, smiling ironically; "your wife will be an enviable woman, if you mean to indulge her in such luxuries."

"It delights me to hear you say so," exclaimed De Grandeville eagerly; "if such is your opinion, I am indeed a fortunate man. I had not intended," he continued in a lower tone, "to speak to you at this early period of our acquaintance on the subject nearest to my heart, but the—ar—very flattering encouragement——"

"Sir!" exclaimed Miss Peyton in a tone of indignant surprise.

"Which you have deigned to bestow upon me," continued De Grandeville, not heeding the interruption, "leads me to unfold my intentions without further delay. I am now arrived at an age when, in the prime of life, and with judgment so matured that I consider I may safely act in obedience to its dictates without the risk of making any great mistake, it appears to me, and to those of my highly born and influential friends whom I have consulted on the subject, that I might greatly improve my general position in society by a judicious matrimonial alliance. Now, without being in the slightest degree actuated by—ar—anything approaching to a spirit of boasting, I may venture to say that in the selection of a partner for life I have a right to look—ar—high. My family may be traced back beyond the Norman conquest, and

the immense estates in our possession—ar—my cousin Hildebrand holds them at present—but in the event of anything happening to his seven—ar—however, I need not now trouble you with such family details, suffice it to say that we are of ancient descent, enormous landed proprietors, and that my own position in society is by no means an unimportant one. Now, although I am aware that by birth you are scarcely—ar—that is—that the Peyton family cannot trace back their origin—ar—I have made up my mind to waive that point in consideration of——"

"Excuse me, Sir," interrupted Miss Peyton. "Doubtless your mature judgment has led you to discover many, in fact *some thousands* of good and weighty reasons why you should overlook the humble origin of the poor Peytons; but there is one point which appears to have escaped even your sagacity, namely, whether this unworthy descendant of an ignoble family desires the honour of such an alliance as you propose. That you may no longer be in doubt on the subject, allow me to thank you for the sacrifice you propose to make in my favour, and most unequivocally to decline it."

No one could be in De Grandeville's company for ten minutes without perceiving that on the one subject of his own importance he was more or less mad; but with this exception he was a clear-headed quick-sighted man, used to society, and accustomed to deal with the world. Laura Peyton, in her indignation at the inflated style of the preamble of his discourse, had committed the indiscretion of refusing his hand before he had distinctly offered it. De Grandeville perceived the mistake, and hastened to avail himself of it by replying—

"Excuse me, Miss Peyton, but you jump rather hastily to conclusions; had you heard me to the end, you might have learned that there were equally strong reasons why in my present position I dare not yield to the impulse of my feelings—for that I greatly admire and respect you I frankly own. Should these reasons disappear under a change of circumstances, I shall hope to have the honour of again addressing you on this subject with a more favourable result—in the mean time, to assure you that I entertain no unfriendly recollection of this interview, permit me the pleasure——"

So saying, ere she was aware of his intention, he raised her hand to his lips—bowed respectfully, and, rising, quitted the apartment. Miss Peyton, equally surprised and provoked at the turn De Grandeville had given to the conversation, remained for a minute or so pondering the matter, with her eyes fixed on the ground; as she raised them they encountered those of a gentleman who was passing down the room at the time. Charles Leicester (for he it was) returned her gaze haughtily, and as their eyes met, a contemptuous smile curled his lip, and, bowing coldly, he passed on without a word. Well might he despise her, for he had witnessed the parting salute, and not unnaturally deemed her the affianced bride of Marmaduke De Grandeville. Ere he retired for the night his servant had received orders to pack up his clothes and to procure post-horses by eight o'clock on the following morning. Annie Grant, who when the latest guests had departed, sought her friend Laura's dressing-room to explain to her the old friendship which had existed between her cousin Charles and Lady Mary Goodwood, was equally surprised and distressed to find her communication received with an hysterical burst of tears.

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE NOTARY:[1]

A HUNGARIAN TALE, BY BARON EÖTVÖS.

We must now introduce our readers to the village of Tiszaret, or rather to a certain highly ornamented garden in its immediate neighbourhood—a garden which is the wonder of the whole country—a garden which boasts of temples and hermitages and little picturesque peasants' cottages and fishermen's huts, and Chinese pagodas, to say nothing of stone Bacchuses, Pomonas, &c. in rich profusion. This garden is the property and is attached to the residence of the Vice-Gespann, the greatest man in the county, at all events when the Ober-Gespann is out of it. This latter officer corresponds in some measure to our Lord Lieutenant, only that he is, for various reasons, a person of more importance. He is the only one appointed by the crown, the Vice-Gespann being the highest of those elected by the county.

The mansion of the Vice-Gespann of Taksony, Baron Von Rety, corresponds in grandeur with the gardens; and it has been said that it may be considered as one of the public buildings, since no one has any doubt that it was erected at the expense of the county.

On the evening we have described, in which, after the scene on the Turk's Hill, the village notary, Tengelyi, and his companion were returning to their homes, the Vice-Gespann's lady was walking in this garden, engaged in confidential conversation with her Fiscal, Macskahazy, on a subject in which they were deeply concerned. We find that the lady, having for reasons that will hereafter appear, a vehement desire to get possession of certain documents now in the hands of Tengelyi, has determined on the bold step of having them stolen from his house; the robber hired for the purpose being instructed to take also whatever money or valuables he can find, to throw a veil over the transaction and make it pass for a common robbery.

The lady's conscience is, in spite of herself, somewhat troubled at this mode of accomplishing her wishes; but her scruples are removed by the skilful reasoning of her faithful man of business, the Fiscal:—"If a certain person, whom we will call *A*, should happen to be conversing with another certain person, whom we will call *B*, one who perhaps has not the very best character in the world, (but charity requires us to think as well as we can of every body,) and if *A* should happen to mention that in the bedroom of

(1) Continued from p. 226.

another party in a certain large walnut-tree chest, in the top drawer in the right-hand side, there lies a sealed packet, tied together with green tape, which packet, whether from curiosity or any scientific motive, he has so vehement a desire to see that he would give any man a hundred florins who would bring it to him; and if in the course of conversation *A* should also by chance let fall that the party before mentioned will be out on a certain Saturday evening, because he has been invited to supper by the Baroness Von Rety, and that he is in the habit of leaving his garden door unlocked, so that is to be feared any designing person would have no difficulty, if he merely got over the garden wall, in making his way even into the party's bedroom;—would any one dream of saying that *A* was guilty of robbery? If, indeed, the packet for which he had said he would give a hundred florins should happen to be brought to him, of course, as a man of honour, he must keep his word."

The ingenious lawyer has, it will be readily supposed, his own reasons for desiring the accomplishment of this design; first, the prospect of a small estate to be bestowed on him by the Vice-Gespann's lady, and which he well understands is meant as the reward of this little piece of service; and, secondly, that he purposes taking the same opportunity to rob the "Village Notary," whom he hates for his sturdy uprightness of character, of his certificates of nobility of birth, by which alone in Hungary, but a few years ago, a man could claim any civil right.

In the mean time Tengelyi, unconscious of the machinations against him, has proceeded to his home, but is surprised to find unusual signs of commotion and agitation in his quiet abode. On inquiry, it appears that his daughter, Vilma, moved by an impulse of compassion, has afforded a refuge to the wife and children of the denounced and hunted outlaw, Viola, whom the attendants of the Stuhlrichter, Nyuzo, had been cruelly ill treating. Tengelyi, though far from unwilling to make a sacrifice in the cause of humanity, is struck with consternation at this intelligence. The being suspected of holding communication with the outlaw will, in all probability, occasion his dismissal from the office on which his family depends for subsistence; and, besides, from the daring character of Viola, and his known attachment to his wife, it is by no means unlikely, as she is dangerously ill, that he will make an attempt to see her. Should he come, the official duty of the notary demanding his immediate apprehension will be brought into painful collision with his feeling for the wretched family. He is well aware also that the powerful Stuhlrichter, Nyuzo, is his enemy, from his having thwarted him in some electioneering manœuvres, and that he would eagerly seize on such a pretext to effect his downfal. Leaving, however, the "Village Notary" in the midst of his anxieties, we must return to the Fiscal, Macskahazy.

His conversation with his patroness is interrupted by a slight sound of rustling among the trees, as if some one were lurking there; and almost at the same moment, young Akos Rety, the stepson of the baroness, having returned from hunting, enters the garden. On being informed of the circumstances, he proposes to search the wood, for (though thinking it probable that the intruder is no more formidable person than some poor lad from the village in quest of apples) he rejoices in the prospect of plaguing the cowardly Fiscal. After a breathless half-hour's run, however, over stock and stone through the darkest parts of the wood, they reach its opposite limit, where it is separated by a ditch from the open country, and having determined that it has been a false alarm, return by a wide circuit to the house.

All was still; the night was dark and disagreeable, as the nights in October often are; after the fine sunset, large heavy masses of black clouds had arisen slowly and piled themselves high above the horizon; the autumn wind moaned across the wide plain, and the leaves shivered and fell beneath its cold touch. Only here and there a star gleamed faintly forth, and a solitary shepherd's fire cast a fitful gleam on the few surrounding objects, while the distant bark of a dog in the village, or, at intervals, snatches of a slow plaintive chant from a fire at some distance, broke the deep silence. Scarcely had Akos Rety and the Fiscal disappeared, before the figure of a man clothed in sheep-skins and wearing the broad round hat of the country, rose suddenly from out of the ditch at the very point they had crossed. He stood for a moment as if listening to the song, and then walked with swift strides in the direction whence it proceeded. As he approached the fire it sometimes flared brightly up, and then sunk again so as to be scarcely distinguishable. Near it sat a man scraping together the burning straw, and chanting a song, of which, though the words were cheerful, the tune was extremely plaintive:—

"When the great wide world was all shared out,
They cheated us out of our home;
But though houseless and homeless we wander about,
We are free wherever we roam."

"Are you at that doleful ditty again, old fellow?" said the unknown as he approached the singer and laid his hand in a friendly manner on his shoulder, "What's the matter with you?"

Peti—for it was no other than the old gipsy with whom we have already become acquainted—started up, and as he recognised the features of the speaker, seized him by the arm, and dragged him out of the circle of the fire light.

"For God's sake, Viola! if any one should see you," he exclaimed, as the other resisted this movement.

"What are you thinking of, Peti?" was the reply, as he freed himself from the friendly grasp. "I've been lying in the ditch till I'm wet to the skin. I must dry myself."

"No, no! you must away," urged Peti; "the whole village is full of your enemies; you must run, Viola, as fast and as far as your feet will carry you!"

"Well, well, old boy," answered Viola, as he stretched himself comfortably out by the fire; "but

for a couple of miles round there is just now not a living soul but ourselves."

"But they know you a couple of miles off. This very afternoon, when we were talking down there by St. Vilmos' Wood, the Pandours standing by the Retys' garden knew you."

"Ah, indeed! Well, if they have so much desire for my company, I am ready to receive them." And he drew the pistols from his belt, and began to examine them.

"Viola, Viola! your rashness will be your destruction."

"So much the better, perhaps," replied the outlaw, as he laid down a hatchet by his side; "would it not be better to die at once than to live as I live—cursing the daylight that may guide my persecutors in their pursuit—trembling when a bird rustles in the brake—seeing an enemy in every stump of a tree as I walk at night through the woods—flying from men and herding amongst the beasts of the forest—dreaming of prison and the gallows? Believe me, Peti, such a life is not worth caring for."

"And your wife and children——"

"Ay, my wife and children!" repeated Viola, sighing deeply as he gazed fixedly at the fire, which just gave sufficient light to enable Peti to perceive the expression of profound melancholy that overspread his manly features.

"Don't be cast down, comrade," said the gipsy, after long silence; "things may come round, but just now you must get out of the way. The Restoration is at hand, you know, and Nyuzo would like well, before the elections, to make a merit of catching you. Confound him,—he has a spy amongst us, and I don't know who. If I hadn't happened to meet you here it would have been all over with you. They know you thought of going down to the village to-night, and they've got everything ready. The Pandours are about everywhere, and some are disguised as peasants. They've locked up the landlord and his people, who might have let you know—and here have I been sitting this hour, humming the old song that you might hear, and shaking all the while like a leaf."

"Where is my wife?" exclaimed Viola, suddenly starting up; "have the Pandours been to her, too?"

With great hesitation, and omitting all the most atrocious circumstances, as well as the dangerous state of the woman, the gipsy now made known to Viola what had happened that day,—namely, that his wife and children had been driven from their cottage, that every one in the village had refused them shelter, dreading the consequence of any apparent connexion with him—adding, that they had at length found a refuge at Tengelyi's.

"My wife!—Susi!—in the hands of the notary? As a prisoner?"

"No, no; she's taken good care of—out of Christian compassion, as they say."

"Christian compassion!" muttered Viola between his teeth; "and if it should only be a trap?"

"No; this once you're mistaken," replied the gipsy earnestly; "but don't stop talking now—it may cost you your life. Before sunrise I must be at St. Vilmos, and you'll be safe in the forest there. Come, we'll have a reckoning with them some day—a little bit of revenge is good sometimes—but wait a bit."

"I must see Tengelyi first," said Viola, drawing back; "he's the only one who has befriended my poor Susi."

"But what good will it do Tengelyi if they catch you?" said Peti, vainly seeking to detain him, as he turned, and was walking rapidly in the direction of the village.

"There's a vile plot against him," answered Viola, as he moved on, followed by Peti, who seemed determined, if he could not avert, to share his fate: "he shall know of it—to-morrow may be too late. The birds are hungry for their prey. It will not take me more than an hour, then I'll return with you to St. Vilmos."

Peti shook his head mournfully. "It's no use, brother—it'll come to no good—but I'll go with you—if they hang you, I don't know what use there is for old Peti in the world."

Viola pressed his hand in silence and they walked on towards the village, where preparations had been made for his capture more elaborate than any ever known, except for the expected visit of the Ober-Gespann.

This grand occasion was now fast approaching. The Ober-Gespann was daily expected to make his appearance in Taksony, to be present at the triennial election of the county officers—the Restoration as it is termed. The two parties—called conservative and liberal—though in reality they differed little more than the two sides of the same coin—which bear a different inscription but are of the same metal—had mustered their forces, and were vying with each other to the utmost capacity of their respective kitchens and cellars, in their hospitalities towards all who had votes.

On the 30th of October the house of Vantornyi, the head of the liberal party, was thronged with guests from early dawn, although the county deputation was not expected till the middle of the day, and the Ober-Gespann himself not till towards evening. The house a few years ago had been one of those so common in Hungary that scarcely any one who has travelled in that country can have failed to see such a one. It had eight windows in the length, and three in the breadth of the house; a tower at each of the four corners, in the middle a large door painted red, with three steps leading up to it, and over it the family arms cut in stone, &c. &c. all of which any one may see a hundred times a day. But after Mr. James Vantornyi had visited England, and had become affected to the most alarming extent with the malady of Anglo-mania—so prevalent in Hungary—he had pulled down the old house, and built another exactly after the pattern in the "London Encyclopædia of Cottage Architecture." He had furnished it, too,

with so many English comforts and conveniences that the Hungarian occupants did not know which way to turn themselves. Nothing was wanting—not even a Bramah lock—but unfortunately, it happened one day that the porter got drunk, and mislaid the key, and as Mr. James, who always carried the other, was absent at Pesth, the household remained locked up for three days and three nights, and had no other mode of ingress or egress than by the drawing-room window.

It was already growing dark; a tea-table, quite *in the English style*, had been placed for the Ober-Gespann, and the lady of the house had made her last arrangements in the handsomest rooms of the house, which were destined for his lordship's use. The gentlemen of the deputation, who had arrived at twelve o'clock, were scattered through various apartments, some playing at cards, and squabbling in the Latin tongue; others engaged in a hot political dispute, in which there were four different points discussed by thirty persons, who took twelve different views of them—when suddenly the door of the principal apartment was torn open—and a breathless servant exclaiming, "Here he is!" announced to the company the advent of the great man.

Instantly there was a rush towards one corner, where lay a heap of costly furs, without which a Magyar never considers himself in full dress, and then to another, which served, *pro tempore*, as an arsenal for the guests to deposit the numerous weapons, also indispensable to gala-costume in Hungary.

"*Domine, spectabile!*—I do assure you that is mine—green with marten;" cried the Ober-Fiscal, detaining one of the company who had just thrown on a fur, and was hurrying away for his sword. The attacked party manfully defended his property, and the Ober-Fiscal, perceiving at last that he was in the wrong, desisted, but not till in the struggle his kalpag (cap) with its gold band and heron's plumes, had been knocked off and trodden upon.

"I can't find my sword," cried one, forgetting in this new loss his losses at cards, which he had before been heavily lamenting, while Soskuty was straining every nerve to get through into the side room where the furs were, prophesying, like Cassandra, to deaf ears, that he, the head of the deputation, would have to appear *furless* before the Ober-Gespann.

"Have the goodness, I beg! Pray make way—pray—I am the head of the deputation—blue with gold lace. I *must* get in! Do but consider!" till at length the garment, with the loss of two buttons and somewhat altered colour, (having unfortunately been, like the kalpag, thrown down and trampled on,) reached its rightful owner. He threw it on, increasing the anxieties of the deputation not a little by cries of, "Make haste, gentlemen! You might have been ready long ago! The Ober-Gespann is already arrived!"

The confusion rose to its culminating point; furs, swords, and kalpags were quarrelled for, and the deputation did not perceive that their spokesman, the Reverend Dean Zsolvay, who had all this time been walking up and down, rehearsing his speech, now stood in the middle of the room destitute of both his official decorations, of three-cornered hat and *pallium*, or mantle, which latter he had put off on account of the heat.

"Let us go! let us go!" cried Soskuty at last, turning to the deputation, which now thronged round him armed and fully arrayed; "we must receive him in the hall."

"Where's the hat? the clerical mantle? His Excellency will be here directly. A hat here for his Reverence the Dean—any sort of one, so it is but three-cornered," screamed the worthy president, running up and down, and occasioning ever new bustle and confusion, which rose to a more and more desperate pitch as the agonising news was bruited about that the Ober-Gespann was already on the *Tretplatz*,—in the village, in the garden itself! At length the hat was found, (some glasses had been accidentally set on it,) and just at the last moment the Dean was provided with a mantle, and the whole party pressed in disorder into the hall.

It was a splendid deputation, at least in the sense in which that word is understood in Hungary, that is to say, it displayed vast quantities of gold and silver lace. Soskuty glittered so that the blue colour of his short Hungarian tunic could scarcely be seen, and his red round face shone with the double consciousness of his costly *Baret*, and his dignity as chief of the deputation.

He bowed three times to his Excellency, and the deputation did likewise, forming themselves into a semicircle with much clattering of spurs.

A solemn silence followed. The Ober-Gespann, in spite of the blue spot on his brow, which he had got by his carriage having been upset at the entrance of the village, looked all smiling condescension. The Dean, who was to be spokesman on the occasion, stood forward, and all was breathless expectation. Suddenly, however, it was observed that the orator, as he looked at the manuscript speech which he held in his hand, turned very pale. At length, however, he began in trembling accents to pronounce the great man's long titles, but his voice fell lower and lower, and at last faded away into thin air. There was a long pause. Soskuty slipped behind him, and whispered "Out with it, for heaven's sake, whatever it is!"

The orator again glanced with every sign of terror and perplexity at his manuscript, and then, making a violent effort, began:—

"You enter with a pleasant countenance, most revered sir, our humble circle; and whereas hitherto many have sighed for your approach, every heart is now refreshed by your presence."

Here the Ober-Gespann was observed to cover his smiling face with his handkerchief, while the village pastor, who had been included in the deputation, manifestly grew very fidgetty.

The orator proceeded with rather more courage:—"Reverence and gratitude follow your footsteps; in

the whole country there is not one who is not proud to regard you as its spiritual head.

"My good sir," cried the Pastor, in a hoarse whisper, "I tell you that's a speech of mine."

"How jealous those parsons are!" observed one of the deputation to his neighbour, and they both turned again to listen regardless of the interruption. The Dean went on:—

"The humble flock now standing before you"—the startled deputation shook its head doubtfully—"is but a small portion of those which feed upon your pastures, and he who leads them to you, though he wears a better garment, is no better than the rest." Here Soskuty looked a little offended; some of the spectators began to whisper, and his Excellency could not quite suppress a smile.

"Reverend sir, what are you talking about?" whispered Soskuty; "do pray turn over."

The Dean half beside himself did as he was bid, and went on:—"Here you would in vain seek for knowledge and science; in vain for patriotic services; in vain for all those things on which man prides himself. You see before you mere boors—boors in their holiday clothes." Here the indignant deputation could no longer restrain itself.

"Are you mad, Dean Zsolvay?" was heard from more than one voice."

"But all good Christians," sighed the reverend orator with the resignation of a saint; "there is not an infidel in the whole flock."

"He is out of his wits," cried the deputation; "cry, *Elyen!* and drown his voice," and they all began to shout so that the remainder of the speech was inaudible.

The Ober-Gespann returned thanks as well as his risible muscles would permit, and the unfortunate orator retired, exclaiming in a tone of despair as he rushed from the room, "Some one has changed my mantle."

"Where did you get hold of my speech?" cried the little Pastor, elbowing his way after him through the crowd.

"Leave me alone—leave me alone! You have made me wretched," was the answer.

"So, so! Very fine! You go and deliver my speech; and to-morrow, when the Bishop comes for the visitation, I have nothing to say to him."

"For heaven's sake! what induced you to put on my mantle?"

"Your mantle!"

"Yes. Feel in the pocket, and you'll find the speech I ought to have spoken."

The Pastor put his hand into the pocket, drew forth a neat packet, clasped his hands in mute consternation, and the two orators mourned together in silence.

In the meantime, a very different scene was passing a few miles off, at the village of Tiszaret. Young Akos Rety had seized the opportunity of the electioneering bustle to enjoy an hour or two of happiness in the society of Tengelyi's daughter, Vilma, a happiness but seldom enjoyed of late; for, partly in consequence of political difference, and partly from the intrigues of the baroness, a coldness had sprung up between the families, which had ended in something like a prohibition of intercourse; enforced no less on the side of the poor but nobly-born notary, than on that of the wealthy baron.

But, for the first time in her life, his wife has been tempted to disobey, moved partly by tenderness for the young people, partly, perhaps, by the maternal frailty that urges the advantage of so splendid an alliance for her daughter. Long and anxiously has the lover been waited for; for he has had to ride in a pitch-dark night over the wide, desolate steppe, where wolves are often met with, and to make his way across more than one treacherous marsh.

Swiftly have the hours flown; and now, though it is very late, though the servants have long since retired to bed, and even the mother is dozing as she sits on the sofa opposite, the lover still lingers, and Vilma can scarcely find it in her heart to bid him go. He is urging, with all the ardour of youth and love, that they shall take some measures to put an end to the painful suspense of their present position.

"Dearest Vilma, this cannot go on; this perpetual constraint is not to be borne. I will speak with your father."

"Oh, no—no!" said Vilma, imploringly. "Until we have Baron Rety's consent, there is no hope of his."

"My father will not refuse it—believe me, he will not. If, then, I open my heart to him—when I tell him that life without you will be a curse, but with you, heaven—that I desire of him nothing but his blessing!——" Vilma spoke no word to encourage her lover's hopes, but she looked up in his face with inexpressible joy. He went on:—"Yes, my Vilma, we will be happy! I have already spoken with your mother; I have explained all to her. I possess, at a village a few miles from here, a house and garden that I have inherited from my mother. It is small and simple, but it is my own; there we will begin our little scheme of happiness. Your parents shall come and live with us," (Vilma looked radiant with delight,) "and your little brother, too, dearest. Yes, and old Liptakin, too, shall she not? She loves us all so!"

"Old Liptakin, of course; and our good Pastor, Vandorz, will visit us very often."

The girl clapped her hands. "And a garden, too; you said a garden, did you not?"

"Yes; a fine large garden," he replied, pressing her hands between his, and gazing on her, while in his pale cheek and flaming glance there spoke a passion that half terrified her. "Dearest, best beloved! say, then, once—say, once more, that you will be mine!"

"Thine!" she murmured, faintly. And his first burning kiss was pressed upon her lips.

Just then there was a sudden noise in the next room, as if a heavy body had fallen to the ground;

then a stifled cry, and the tread of a heavy footstep. Vilma screamed; the mother sprang from the sofa, where she had been dozing, and Akos snatched a candle and rushed to the door. As he entered the next room he saw some one quit it by the opposite door; and at the same instant he stumbled over the body of a man that lay on the floor. But while he bent over him to ascertain who it was, a shot was fired, and Akos himself fell forward bathed in blood.

(To be continued.)

LA PENSIEROSA.

BY G. S. NEWTON, R.A.

THE works of this artist have a certain refined elegance and delicacy peculiar to themselves. No one could so well enter into the spirit of Sterne, and give us the presentment of his characters. His *forte* was in "pièces de caractère," and in the representation of gentle humour. But his powers were by no means limited to this range, for in his "Lear and Cordelia" he proved his ability to represent one of the most touching scenes in Shakspeare. In all his works there is, if we may use such an expression, a high degree of sensibility—indicative of the delicately organized temperament of the painter—who unhappily became a prey before his death to the most afflicting visitation that can befal humanity.

THE TENDENCIES OF INDUSTRIAL ART.

SPEECH OF M. DE LAMARTINE, AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

". . . I CAN easily comprehend how a poetic temperament can allow his imagination to indulge in lamentations over pastoral scenery, over the fair face of nature, banished and estranged by manufactories;—I can understand the complaints of such a mind against our age of machinery, for obscuring heaven's azure vault with sooty exhalations, and cutting up with the straight lines of railways the winding paths, the daisied greensward, along which our youthful feet loved to wander. But if we cannot frown upon such regrets as these, still the elevated and just judgment of the statesman cannot share them, cannot sympathise with them;—nay, that judgment, were it even to take the poetic view of the subject, must find in the fevered, ceaseless movement of the industrial world, which renders iron, water, fire, every element, the active and efficient servant of man, more true poetry than in the dull, sluggish inaction of ignorance and sterility, the contemplative repose of a nature which multiplies not the works of God by the works of man.

We have heard quoted, in support of the opinion against industrial progress, the great modern fact of England. But that opinion may be confuted out of the mouth of the very authority adduced to maintain it. Let my opponent turn to the notes of "Childe Harold," and he will find the point started and decided against him. The illustrious poet was asked, which he thought, science or nature, most poetical? He pointed to the ocean, saying, "In my turn, I will ask you which is most poetical,—that sea empty, bare, deserted, traversed only by the savage in the trunk of a tree, hollowed by himself,—or this gulf covered with vessels, each bearing within it under the shade of its cloud of sails thousands of disciplined men, and riding the subject waves—subject to the mighty hidden will of its helm?" Was not such a question indeed an answer?

We have heard machinery condemned; and yet, what are machines but the artificial hands of the operator? What is the spinning-wheel—what is the spindle, but a machine, invented by the spinner in imitation of the spider or the silk-worm? What is the plough itself but the earliest of all machines, invented by the husbandman, that he might penetrate deeper into the soil, and wrest from it a more abundant crop, with less cost of labour, with less sweat of brow?

For man everything is a machine. He has but to think, and machines are the unwearying limbs of his mind, working while he rests. The animal invents no machines—herein lies his weakness; man invents and employs them, herein lies his power. They are so many tokens of his perfectibility. Beware then, lest, while condemning industrial operation, you may be blaspheming creation. It is not civilization, corrupt and greedy of gain, that has made man industrial; God made him industrial when He made him perfectible. Do not rob him of his privilege.

We have been told that England does violence to the whole world, in order to force it into its system of barter and consumption. I will neither accuse nor excuse England. History accredits not the judgments of one nation against another. But I may be permitted to call your attention to the vast difference existing between the conquests, however violent, however iniquitous, achieved in the name of the industrial principle, and those undertaken in the name of the military system. Through whatever garden of Eden conquering Rome passed, she left behind her a desolate wilderness. Wherever Carthage, Tyre, and England have gone, their vestiges are to be found in colonies, in rising nations, in masses of consumers and producers.

I agree with those who condemn the unjust opium war with China; yet if I rise, not merely to the height of the historian who sees nothing but the fact before him, but to the height of that philosophy of history, which, in its comprehensive glance, takes in the results as they effect civilization at large; even here can I not find some compensation for these aggressions of England upon the East? Who can tell whether the first gun fired by a merchant vessel, in the commencement of the Chinese war, may not have thrown open the gates of a new world? Who can tell but that it may reunite four hundred millions of active, busy, thinking men to the great community of European

nations? And if this be so,—and I doubt not that it is so,—what a future lies before us!

As a proof how cautiously we ought to speak of the results of the most trivial occurrence, the most apparently insignificant discovery in industrial art, I content myself with mentioning three facts—small indeed, as facts, but how large in principle, how vast in result!—facts, by apparent accident, yet providentially, coincident in their occurrence in the beginning of this century. Indeed, I feel that I need do no more than mention them.

In 1763, I believe, a few grains of tea were brought for the first time, as a curiosity, to the Governor General of India; and at the present day to meet the consumption of England, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, whole fleets of three-decked vessels traverse the ocean every six months, bearing chests of tea, the trade of two worlds.

Another of these facts: About forty years ago, the American cotton-plant was brought to the Pacha of Egypt; it was cultivated in the slime of the Nile, and now, half the vessels of every nation are employed in transporting to Europe the cotton of the Nile. But this is not all; the eyes of politicians have been opened, and it is suddenly remembered that the Isthmus of Suez, forgotten for so many centuries by Commerce, is the shortest way to the Indies,—the most direct communication between the continents.

One more last fact: About fifty years ago, an English mechanic discovered the incalculable power of expansion of the steam of boiling water, and the steam-engine was invented!

And now, what is the result of these three industrial facts synchronizing in the same century? The result is, if I may so speak, a new creation of the geographical, political, moral, and commercial world; the result is, the drawing together the extremities of the earth; the result is, the fusion of languages, races, manners, interest; the result is, an increase of strength and union to humanity at large, such as Deity alone can estimate. In short, the result is, the realization, in a future and not distant day, of that vision of every age and every creed, universal monarchy—the true universal monarchy, of commerce, industry, intelligence and thought."

Reviews.

ASPECTS OF NATURE.[1]

Amidst the political simmer of the Prussian capital, we were glad to see that the Berliners did not allow to pass unnoticed the attainment of his eightieth year by Alexander Von Humboldt, "the Napoleon of Natural Science," as he has been appositely called, to convey the idea that in mastery of mind, and comprehensive grasp of intellect, he stands forth from amongst his contemporaries. Göthe once exclaimed, after receiving a visit from Humboldt, "What a man! I know of no man to compare him to: he resembles a source of ever-gushing sweet waters; he knows everything, and knows thoroughly what he does know." This is an excellent definition of the soundness of Humboldt's cyclopedian mind, one of the greatest that has flourished in any age, and one of the most important of our own.

The poet's comparison of the philosopher to "a source of ever-gushing sweet waters" harmonises most happily with the charming character of "the Aspects of Nature;" of which we propose to take such a survey as may convey to the reader some idea of its vast accumulation of the wealth of nature, and of "its unfailing influence on the feelings, the moral dispositions, and the destinies of man."

The first edition of the "Aspects" was published nearly half a century ago, when its literary excellence and high scientific aim were at once recognised by the reading world. Another edition was prepared by Humboldt, when he was at Paris in 1826; and at the same time was added an Essay on Volcanoes, with a paper on "the Vital Power." To these was added "the Rhodian Genius," the development of a physiological idea, which originated in Humboldt's conversations with Schiller, during his long stay at Jena: the philosopher was then deeply engaged on the muscular and nervous fibres when excited by contact with chemically different subjects; researches which well assorted with the poet's recollection of his youthful studies, and thus gave rise to the above paper, cleverly characterised by William Humboldt as a "semi-poetic clothing of severe scientific truths."

Although the several treatises which form the "Aspects" were written many years since, their illustrious author, *mens sana in corpore sano*,—has enjoyed the satisfaction of completing a third edition of his book, "remoulding it entirely afresh, to meet the requirements of the present time." In the work as it originally appeared, the treatises themselves are brief and may be described as the literary portion; whilst the scientific illustrations are conveyed in the form of Elucidations or Annotations, which in the edition before us have been either enlarged or replaced by new and more comprehensive ones. The treatises, therefore, are, so to speak, the texts upon which the author discourses most eloquently; whilst the Annotations *illustrate*, in the higher or æsthetic sense of the term, the study of Nature; the enjoyment of which is enhanced by insight into the more hidden connexion of the different powers and forces, strongly aided "by bringing together in a small space the results of careful observation on the most varied subjects; by showing the importance of exact numerical data, and the use to be made of them by well considered arrangement and comparison; and by opposing the dogmatic half-knowledge and arrogant scepticism which have long too much prevailed in what are called the higher circles of society."

(1) "Aspects of Nature, in different Lands and different Climates; with Scientific Elucidations." By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by Mrs. Sabine. 2 vols. Longman & Co. and John Murray.

In exemplification of bringing up the information to the present time, we may mention that Humboldt has availed himself of some important corrections obtained within the last few months in the hypsometrical comparison of the culminating summits in South America and Central Asia:

"The determinations of the heights of two mountains in the eastern chain of the Andes of Bolivia, the Corata and the Illimani, have been freed from the errors which had placed those mountains above the Chimborazo, but without as yet restoring to the latter with certainty its ancient pre-eminence among the snowy summits of the New World. In the Himalaya, the recently executed trigonometrical measurement of the Kinchinginga (28,178 English feet,) places it next in altitude to the Dhawalagiri, a new and more exact trigonometrical measurement of which has also been recently made."

The impressive tone of the "Aspects" bears evidence of the advantages under which the work originated—"in the presence of natural scenes of grandeur or of beauty,—on the Ocean, in the forests of the Orinoco, in the Steppes of Venezuela, and in the mountain wildernesses of Peru and Mexico. Detached fragments were written down on the spot and at the moment, and were afterwards moulded into a whole." Hence the book is not a mere closet study; but the broad and majestic features of the subject are transferred with artistic and literary treatment of the highest order; and the pictures of tropical scenery throughout the work are alike distinguished by their vivid fidelity and magnificence; this immediate contemplation being heightened—*Humboldtyped*, so to speak,—by the additional force of the Annotations.

"Steppes and Deserts," their phenomena and physiognomy, are treated of in the opening chapter:

"On quitting the mountain valleys of Caraccas, the island-studded lake of Tacarigua, whose surface reflects the stems of plantains and bananas, and on leaving behind him meads adorned with the bright and tender green of the Tahitian sugar-cane, or the darker verdure of the Cacao groves, the traveller, looking southward, sees unroll before him Steppes receding until they vanish in the far horizon." "Like the ocean, the Steppe fills the mind with the feeling of infinity. . . . Yet the aspect of the clear transparent mirror of the ocean, with its light, curling, gently foaming sportive waves, cheers the heart like that of a friend; but the Steppes lie stretched before us dead and rigid, like the stony crust of a desolate planet. . . . In Northern Europe, the Heaths, which, covered with a single race of plants, repelling all others, extend from the point of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, may be regarded as true Steppes,—but Steppes of small extent and hilly surface, if compared with the Llanos and Pampas of South America, or even with the Prairies of the Missouri and the Barrens of the Coppermine River, where range countless herds of the shaggy buffalo and musk ox."

The Traveller's transition to the sea of sand then gives rise to a deduction of sublime philosophy:

"Fresh from the richest luxuriance of organic life, he treads at once the desolate margin of a treeless desert. Neither hill nor cliff rises, like an island in the ocean, to break the uniformity of the boundless plain, only here and there broken strata of limestone, several hundred square miles in extent, appear sensibly higher than the adjoining parts. 'Banks' is the name given to them by the natives; as if language instinctively recalled the more ancient condition of the globe, when these elevations were shoals, and the Steppes themselves were the bottom of a great Mediterranean sea."

The analogy of the Ocean and the Desert is maintained in thus speaking of the plains of the interior of Africa:

"Like the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean, it is only in recent times that attempts have been made to explore them thoroughly. They are parts of a sea of sand, which, stretching eastward, separates fruitful regions from each other, or enclose them like islands; as where the Desert, near the basaltic mountains of Harudsh, surrounds the Oasis of Siwah, rich in date trees, and in which the ruins of the temple of Ammon mark the venerable site of an ancient civilization."

This is picturesque painting, reflected, but with comparative faintness, even in the most brilliant of Horace Vernet's Desert pictures. The climatology of the region is thus concisely given:

"Neither dew nor rain bathe these desolate plains, or develop on their glowing surface the germs of vegetable life; for heated columns of air, everywhere ascending, dissolve the vapours, and disperse each swiftly vanishing cloud."

These few words are the quintessence of a treatise; how few, yet how fitly chosen!

From the Annotations and Additions let us select a few instances, the value of which must be extensively appreciated. For example, the application of science to the nicer appreciation of some of the grandest features of travel. Estimates of the fall of rivers, of their rapidity, and the length of their course, are so deceptive, that the plain at the foot of the Rocky Mountains nearest the Spanish, James's, and Long's Peaks, was estimated, previous to the important expedition of Captain Frémont, sometimes at 8,000, and sometimes at 3,000 feet; whereas, by measurement, partly trigonometrical, and partly barometrical, the elevation of these peaks is proved to exceed that of any of the summits of the Andes of North Mexico. It was from a similar deficiency of barometrical measurements, that the true elevation of the Himalaya continued so long uncertain; but now the resources which belong to the cultivation of science have increased in India to such a degree, that Captain Gerard, when on the Tarhigang, near the Sutlej, north of Shipke, at an elevation of 19,411 English feet, after breaking three barometers, had still four equally correct ones remaining. Humboldt was the first to represent in geometric profile the form of entire countries; and Frémont has applied in his map, on a grand scale, this graphic method of portraying the form of the earth in a vertical direction, or the elevation of the solid portions of our planet above its watery covering.

To the astonishment of the adventurous travellers, (Frémont and his companions,) they found the top of Frémont's peak, (13,568 feet,) visited by bees: "perhaps," adds Humboldt, "like the butterflies seen by me, also among perpetual snow, but in the much more elevated regions in the Andes of Peru, they had been carried hither involuntarily by ascending currents

of air. I have seen in the Pacific, at a great distance from the coast, large winged lepidopterous insects fall on the deck of the ship, having, no doubt, been carried far out to sea by land winds."

Of the Bison, or American buffalo, we find some interesting traits; *inter alia*, it is worthy of remark that the bison has exerted an influence on the progress of geography in trackless mountainous regions. These animals wander in winter in search of a milder climate, in herds of several thousands, to the south of the Arkansas River. In these migrations, their size and unwieldiness make it difficult for them to pass over high mountains. When, therefore, a well-trodden buffalo path is met with, it is advisable to follow it, as being sure to conduct to the most convenient pass across the mountains. The best routes through the Cumberland mountains, in the south-west parts of Virginia and Kentucky, in the Rocky Mountains, between the sources of the Yellow Stone and the Platte, and between the southern branch of the Colombia and the Rio Colorado of California, were thus marked out beforehand by buffalo paths. The advances of settlement and cultivation have gradually driven the buffalo from all the Eastern States: they formerly roamed on the banks of the Mississippi, and of the Ohio far beyond Pittsburg.

Probably, there is not a more beautiful phenomenon than the Oases, islands dispersed in the sea of sand, and containing springs of water and a flourishing vegetation, to refresh the exhausted traveller, and to show to man the unfailing Providence of God in the extremities of peril and suffering. The ancients reckoned but three of those Oases, which Strabo compared to the spots on a panther's skin; but their number has been considerably augmented by the discoveries of modern travellers. The third Oasis of the ancients, now called Siwah, was the site of the temple of the horned Ammon, and the supposed periodically cool fountain of the Sun. The ruins of Ummibida, (Omen-Beydah,) belong incontestibly to the fortified caravansaries at the temple of Ammon, and therefore to the most ancient monuments which have come down to us from the early dawn of civilization. The word Oasis, according to Strabo, Herodotus, and Wessel, is Egyptian, and synonymous with Auasis and Hyasis. In the later times of the Cæsars, malefactors were sent to the Oases; being banished to these islands, in the sea of sand, as the Spaniards and the English have sent criminals to the Falklands or to New Holland. Escape by the ocean is almost easier than through the desert. The fertility of the Oases is subject to diminution by the invasion of sand.

The Mar de Sargasso has long puzzled geographers and navigators by the indefiniteness of the expression. Humboldt, from his own careful researches, and from the comparison of the logs or journals of many English and French vessels, considers the Mar to include two banks of fucus, of which the greater and easternmost one, of a lengthened shape, is situated between the parallels of 19° and 34° N. lat., in a meridian of seven degrees to the west of the Island of Corso, one of the Azores; while the lesser and westernmost bank, of a roundish form, is situated between the Bermudas and the Bahamas, (lat. 25° — 31°, long. 66°—74°,) the two banks being connected by a transverse band of Fucus natans; and the two groups and the band, under the old name of the Sargasso Sea, occupy altogether a space exceeding six or seven times the area of Germany. These inferences have been approved and adopted by Major Rennell, in his great work on Currents. This vegetation of the ocean presents the most remarkable example of an assemblage of "social plants" of a single species;* its uniformity has no parallel. Yet, the astonishment of the companions of Columbus in 1492, when surrounded by sea-weed uninterruptedly from Sept. 16 to Oct. 8, shows that the magnitude of the phenomenon at least was previously unknown to the sailors. Humboldt has determined the ship's place, while Columbus was traversing these meadows of sea-weed; from which we learn that for three centuries and a-half the situation of this great accumulation of fucus, whether resulting from the local character of the bottom of the sea, or from the direction of the Gulf Stream, has remained the same in the ever-moving oceanic element.

"The Ship of the Desert," or "the Land-Ship," is the oriental poetic name for the Camel; though it is not merely the carrier of the desert, the link which, rendering communication between different countries possible, connects them with each other: he is also, as Carl Ritter has shown, the principal and essential condition of the nomadic life of nations in the patriarchal stage of national development, in the hot parts of our planet, where rain is either altogether wanting or very infrequent. No animal's life is so closely associated by natural bonds with a particular stage of the development of the life of man, —a connexion historically established for several thousand years,—as the life of the Camel among the Bedouin tribes. Its use is even spreading in this age of mechanical locomotion; forty camels having very recently been introduced into Java from Teneriffe.

Another zoological distribution, worthy of note, is the Pampas of Buenos Ayres being the haunt of troops of dogs descended from those introduced by the colonists, but which have become completely wild; dwelling together in subterraneous hollows, and often attacking with bloodthirsty rage, the human race whom their progenitors served and defended. If the society of these dogs becomes too numerous, some families detach themselves, and form new colonies. The annotations to this passage extends to nearly five pages, illustrative of the economy of the dog, and containing several new facts. The extent of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, we may here mention, is so great, that while their northern margin is bordered by palm-trees, their southern extremity is almost continually covered with ice.

The philosophic mind of Humboldt is nowhere more beautifully characterised in these volumes than in his frequent reference to "the moral dispositions,

and the destinies of man," and an elevated appreciation of his agencies. In a note on "the cultivation of farinaceous grasses," he tells us a negro slave of the great Cortes was the first who cultivated wheat in New Spain. He had found three grains of it amongst the rice which had been brought from Spain for provision for the army. In the Franciscan convent of Quito, Humboldt saw preserved as a relic the earthen vessel which had contained the first wheat sown there by the Franciscan monk, Fray Jodoco Rixi, a native of Ghent in Flanders. Our philosopher was asked by the monks to explain to them the inscription on the vessel, which they thought must contain some mystic reference to the wheat. Humboldt read the motto, in the old German dialect, which was, "Whoso drinks from me, let him not forget his God." "I too," says Humboldt, "felt with the monks that this old German drinking vessel was a truly venerable relic. Would that there had been preserved everywhere in the New Continent the names, not of those who made the earth desolate by bloody conquest, but of those who first entrusted to it these its fruits so early associated with the civilization of mankind in the Old Continent!" This is, indeed, a noble sentiment, worthy of the enlightened author, who points out to minds oppressed with the cares or the sorrows of life, the soothing influence of the contemplation of nature, as peculiarly precious.

Here we must halt in our discursive glance at the rich store of philosophical truths which this work presents. We shall return to it next month.

RECENT WORKS OF FICTION.

THE OGILVIES.[1]

To say that a book is very clever, is to ascribe to it the most marketable quality,—the most popular excellence of the present day; and this quality will, we believe, be ascribed to "The Ogilvies," on all hands. Now, although this is a clever age, and everything that is to find favour with the age must be clever; and although cleverness is a very good thing; yet it is not the Alpha and Omega of all beauty and goodness in any, even the lower, departments of art. To assert that a novel ought to be clever, is tantamount to saying, that a work of amusement ought to be amusing; and no one, in mercy to the reading world, ought to sit down and write a novel without the power of making something clever of it—at least, something clever enough to be amusing. Oh! ye multitudinous novelists! would ye only be clever,—even *cleverish!*—and we, who are compelled to read your works, would be thankful! There is a thing towards which it is forbidden us to be charitable, and that thing is called—Stupidity. If, as Schiller tells us, the gods themselves "fight in vain" against that hateful thing, what shall small critics do? They can but rejoice when the heavy tyrant ceases awhile from her oppression; as we do at present, under the influence of a tale which has not a particle of stupidity in it, and contains far better things than cleverness, even.

From internal evidence, merely, we should judge that "The Ogilvies" is the work of a woman—a young woman—and a woman of great and growing talent. The youthfulness would, *à priori*, be against her, in the opinion of those who know well that although years do not always

"——bring the philosophic mind,"

they bring that experience which gives the right form and colour to the things of this earth. They know that in the season of blossoms we must not look for fruit;—that while the metal is still in a state of fusion, we cannot know the device and legend which it will receive, and which will give it its due value. But there are two sides—rather should we say, two hundred sides—to every question. Nature, which is one vast uniformity, is also an infinite diversity. Take this novel, for instance. (We presume that it would be superfluous labour in us to prove that this novel, viewed in a high region of thought, is as much a work of nature as a plant or an infant.) It is evidently written by a young person,—it is fresh, vigorous, full of hope and trust. But in the heart and head of the writer things have entered early, which come to other people much later. Toil, and thought, and sorrow, and, what springs up from such seed in all good mental soil—charity and unselfishness. These things temper, and direct, and sanctify the strong passion, the overflowing feeling, which give life and sunshine to this unpretending story. After what has been said, it will be needless to explain that "The Ogilvies" is a love tale. And let it be remembered that it is because *love* is the most interesting, the most generally attractive theme to all men and women who do not forget their humanity, that it has been so hackneyed and misused by writers of fiction. It is, indeed, the commonest of all subjects, because it is the best, the largest, the most universal. Let us then give "honour due" to those who treat it worthily, according to the gift that is in them, as the author of "The Ogilvies" has done. She touches it reverently, gently, eloquently. Never once do we meet in these pages either affected or real ridicule, foolish sentimentality, or common, coarse notions on this subject, which ought to be sacred to every man and woman, and which we do not hesitate to assert *is* sacred, even in this desecrating generation, to all who are any credit to the race.

"The Ogilvies" are a highly respectable and sufficiently moneyed family. Mr. and Mrs. (afterwards Sir Robert and Lady) Ogilvie, and their daughter, Katherine, form one branch, and two cousins—Hugh and Eleanor—form the other. They are united by the ties of affection as well as of relationship. Hugh Ogilvie is his uncle's heir, and is very fond of his cousin Katherine, having been brought up in the house with her. Hugh is a kind, affectionate, unintellectual young man; what the French characterise

(1) "The Ogilvies." A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. Chapman & Hall, Strand.

as being *d'une bonne pâte*. While yet a youth, he looks forward to the time when he shall marry his young cousin; her parents also take it for granted that as the boy and girl are much attached to each other, they will be properly matched as husband and wife. At the opening of the book Katherine is an undeveloped girl of sixteen, with the germs of high intellect and strong passion within her. She reads much, and dreams more. Her parents and her cousin Hugh know no more of what is struggling for life within her soul, than they know of the business transacted in Sirius. Her cousin Eleanor is a sweet thoughtful girl, a few years older than Katherine, who could understand her; but they seldom see each other, and Katherine's passionate nature expands into life, and threatens to monopolize all her faculties, without the intervention of a friendly guide or adviser. She has no one to look to for support but herself and a higher power, which, in the depths of her most passionate ecstasy or suffering, she never forgets. The dawn of love upon this guileless, strong-hearted girl, is well described. The reader is not quite sure whether it is the real sun or the mock one which is glowing on the horizon, but as the effect upon the sun-worshipper would be the same in both cases, he is struck with the truth of the representation. It occurs at Katherine's "first party." She goes with an anticipation of pleasure, and is a little disappointed at first. Like all persons of powerful imagination, she expected too much. Let us give a quotation from this scene:—

"Katherine took most interest in her own sex, who, with their zephyr-like dresses, and smiling air, at least approached her ideas of outward grace; but the 'fine gentlemen' of a modern drawing-room did not at all resemble the heroes with whom the romance-loving girl had peopled her world. She scarcely bestowed a glance upon any of them.

"At last, while her eyes were vacantly fixed on the door, it opened, and admitted a gentleman. Katherine looked at him; and in this instance her gaze was attracted a second time—a third—until it rested permanently on him.

"He was in truth a man of striking appearance: not from his personal beauty, for there were many in the room whose features were more perfect than his; but from an inexpressible dignity, composure of manner, and grace of movement, to which his tall figure gave every advantage. His clear, open countenance was not disfigured by any of the modern atrocities of moustache and imperial; no starched white cravat hid the outline of his chin and upper throat; and his dark crisped hair was thrown back, giving a classic beauty to the whole head. He had a complexion of clear brown, and calm contemplative eyes, of that dark grey which seems ever changing in hue and expression. But no description of features would adequately convey an idea of the nameless air which at once impressed an observing mind with the conviction that this man was different from other men. Even slight irregularities of dress—usually puerile and contemptible affectations—were by him made so completely subservient to the wearer, that the most captious could not accuse him of conceit or eccentricity. Had he appeared in a Roman toga, he would have carried it with an air that would have identified the dress with the man, and prevented both from seeming ridiculous.

"This was he on whom Katherine's young eyes rested the moment he entered the room. Let the world laugh as it will at first impressions—or, as we might say with the poet,—

'Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all.'

We do not ourselves go so far as Tennyson. First impressions are not love; but, as the first streaks of dawn foretel the glorious noon into which they at last expand, so does this faint, shadowy light often brighten into the broad day of love.

"Oh! Katherine, simple Katherine! who watched that face with a vague deepening interest, feeling certain that she had seen it before—it seemed so familiar, yet so new; to whom that one stately form appeared at once to individualise itself from every other in the room; whose eye followed it with a pleased consciousness that it brought sunshine wherever it moved! Dear Katherine! you are not the first to whom a life's destiny has thus come at once, forcing the acknowledgment that there are in human nature strange and sudden impulses, which, though mysterious in their exercise, and still more so in their causes, are nevertheless realities!"

This hero, Paul Lynedon, comes to spend a week with the Ogilvies shortly after Katherine first sees him. He looks upon her as a mere child—an uninformed girl; but like all half-worldly and only half-truthful men, who are vain, he is well content to rouse her admiration of himself, although, at that very time, he is in love, or fancies himself in love, with Eleanor.

"He was flattered at having so completely conquered the shyness of this young creature, who, in the intervals of his sudden passion for Eleanor, had at once interested, amused, and puzzled him. He could not but perceive the admiring reverence of himself which her whole manner unconsciously showed; and a proud man likes to be worshipped and looked up to, especially by the other sex. To be sure, Katherine was still a mere child; but there was something even in the devotion of a young girl that gratified his self-esteem and love of approbation—both very strong in Paul Lynedon.

"So his manner towards Katherine took a deeper and tenderer meaning—more so than even he intended it should. Though the other fair image which he fancied so dear, still lingered in his head, and he was haunted all that evening with shadowy visions of Eleanor, still he talked to Katherine as men will idly talk, never thinking that every low affectionate tone, every speaking look, thoughtlessly lavished on an interesting girl, went deep to the most passionate recesses of a woman's heart."

After Eleanor had left her uncle's house, Paul goes there again, and having ascertained where to find the object of his love, he determines to seek her out and offer her his hand. He spends the day there, and makes himself as agreeable and amiable as he can to every one of the family, although his mind is full of thoughts of Eleanor and anticipation of success.

"Under the influence of these thoughts and projects Paul felt happy. He took leave of the family, of Katherine especially, with a cheerful, tender light in his eyes—those beautiful soft grey eyes which at times were more eloquent than even his tongue.

"'I am going a short journey, but I shall not be away long. A fortnight, at furthest, will see me again at Summerwood.'

"'We shall be happy to see you, Mr. Lynedon,' said Sir Robert, cordially. 'You see we make you quite one of the family.'

"'It is my greatest happiness,' answered Paul, with a delighted look and a tone of deeper earnestness than Katherine had ever heard him use. It made her little

heart flutter wildly. Quicker still it throbbed when Lynedon entreated Sir Robert not to stir from the fire-side. 'Your good-bye and good-speed shall be the last, dear Katherine, if you will come with me to the door.'

"She did so, trembling all over. When they stood together in the hall, he took both her hands in his, and held them there for a long time, looking down tenderly upon her agitated face.

"'You will think of me when I am away? You will be glad to see me when I come back again?' he whispered, in those low winning tones which men like him thoughtlessly pour into a young girl's ear.

"'Yes!' was all she could answer; but he saw that her slight frame quivered like a reed, and that the large limpid eyes which she raised to his for one instant only, were swimming in tears. As he gazed, a thrill of pleased vanity, not unmingled with a deeper, tenderer feeling, came over Paul Lynedon. With a sudden impulse he stooped down and kissed the tearful eyes, the trembling lips, which had silently betrayed so much.

"'God bless you, Katherine—dearest Katherine!' were his last words. Their echoes rang through her life for years.

"Lynedon, as he rode home, felt rather annoyed that he had committed himself in this way. But he could not help it, she looked so pretty. And then she was a mere child after all, and would be his little cousin soon, he hoped. With this thought, he dismissed the subject, and the image of Katherine glided into that of Eleanor Ogilvie.

"But she—the young creature whom he left behind—stood there absorbed in a trance of delirious rapture. She saw nothing—felt nothing—but the vanished face, and the touch that lingered on her lips and eyelids. It seemed as if with this kiss a new soul—his soul—had passed into her own, giving it a second life. She awoke, as if in another world, feeling her whole being changed and sublimated. With her everything in existence now tended towards one thought, one desire, one passionate yet solemn prayer, that she might one day be worthy to lay down her life, her love, her very soul, at the feet of Paul Lynedon.'

Upon such a quicksand does Katherine Ogilvie build her palace of love. And for three years, during which time she sees nothing of him (for he is abroad), and hears nothing of him, beyond a letter of farewell on his departure, as false as his kiss, above recorded—she continues to love and worship him in her inmost heart—and is happy. Paul Lynedon's character is clearly indicated in the following conversation. It is one not uncommon among the educated classes of the present day. Philip Wychnor is a young literary man, Eleanor Ogilvie's lover, separated from her by circumstances, and at the present moment under the delusion that his new acquaintance Lynedon is about to be married to *his* Eleanor. David Drysdale is a learned oddity, a good man, and a friend of Philip Wychnor.

"'It's of no use. I can't make out that young man at all. Can you?'

"'I? What young man?' asked Philip, startled out of his own silent thoughts.

"'Paul Lynedon, of course. I should like to anatomize him—that is, his soul. What a splendid physiological study it would make!'

"'Would it?' said Philip, abruptly.

"'Yes, certainly! I have been trying the experiment myself for some days. Having nearly come to the end of the abstract sciences, I intend to begin the grand science of man, and my first subject shall be Paul Lynedon. What do you think of him?'

"Philip conquered a rising spasm, and said, firmly,

"'He seems an intellectual man, and is doubtless as noble-hearted as he looks.'

"'There's the thing! As he looks—as he seems! I have never yet been able to say, *as he is*. He puzzles me just like the old fable of the chameleon. View him at different times, and he appears of different colours; and yet you can't say he changes his skin—'tis the same animal after all. The change is but the effect of the light through which he passes. To-night he seemed quite different from the individual whom I had the honour of meeting yesterday at Mrs. Lancaster's. Yet I don't believe Paul Lynedon is either a liar or a hypocrite; it could not be so, with his head.' And David, who was a phrenologist as well as a physiognomist, indulged his young friend with a long discourse, which had for its subject the skull and features of Lynedon.

"'The question lies here,' continued Drysdale, energetically. 'Is he a true man, or is he not? I can't say which at present; only I think this, that he might have been made the first. Some people go swinging unsteadily through life with a sort of pendulum character, and yet they are composed of tolerably sound metal after all, if you can but get hold of them. Nobody, I think, has ever taken this firm grasp of Paul Lynedon; I mean, no one has ever had influence enough over him to cause him to *be* what he now only tries to seem,' added the philosopher, condescending to lucid explanation—a rare thing with old David.

"Philip listened with an eagerness so intense, that it became positive suffering. He did not believe all Drysdale said—he would not believe it. The Paul Lynedon of the world was nothing to him; the Paul Lynedon whom Eleanor had chosen—*whom Eleanor would marry*—he compelled himself to think these very words—was the most vital interest he had in life. To doubt of this man's worthiness gave him an acute pang. He would satisfy himself; steeling his heart to all lower feelings, he would not shrink from Lynedon, but seek to know him thoroughly."

* * * *

"'Do you see that lamp shining through your muslin curtain? What fantastic shadows it casts! I can trace a different shape on the wall every time I come here. But if there were no lamp, mind, there would be no shadow at all. Now, the lamp may stand for Paul Lynedon's soul;—the curtain always assuming different folds, for his outward character, modified by temperament, circumstance, or education. And what I want you to do is just this—'

"Suiting the action to the word, he gently and slowly drew the curtain aside, and the broad, full light illumined the whole wall."

There is very little moral reflection or metaphysical speculation in "The Ogilvies." The book has the good quality of keeping to the matter in hand. Here and there are short passages which contain some sensible observations upon things which the writer has, evidently, learned for herself and does not repeat upon hearsay. They may not be new, but they are truths well expressed and fit to be repeated many times. The following is one such:—

"'How can a man touch pitch and not be defiled?' says the wise man of Israel; and Philip was not likely to have been thrown so much in the circle of Mr. Pennythorne's influence, without being slightly affected thereby. His young heart, filled to enthusiasm with love of literature, and also with a complete hero-worship of literary men, had been checked in its most sensitive point. He found how different was the ideal of the book-reader to the reality of the book-writer. He had

painted an imaginary picture of a great author, inspired by a noble purpose, and working always with his whole heart for the truth—or at least for what he esteemed the truth—and for nothing else. Now, this image crumbled into dust; and from its ashes arose the semblance of a modern *littérateur*, writing not from his earnest heart, but from his clever head,—doling out at so much per column the fruit of his brains, no matter whether it be tinselled inanity or vile poison, so that it will sell; or else ready to cringe, steal, lie, by word or by pen, becoming 'all things to all men,' if by such means he can get his base metal puffed off as gold.

"Philip Wychnor saw this detestable likeness in Mr. Pennythorne, and it was variously reduplicated in all the petty dabblers in literature who surrounded him. A triton of similar magnitude is always accompanied by a host of minnows,—especially if, as in this case, the larger fish rather glories in his train. And so, our young visionary began to look on books and book-creators with diminished reverence; and in the fair picture of literary fame, he saw only the unsightly framework by which its theatrical and deceitful splendour was supported.

"Poor Philip Wychnor! he was too young, too inexperienced, to know that of all imitations there must be somewhere or other a vital reality,—that if the true were not, its parody would never have existed."

The following extract is in a very different style. Few love-scenes are well described; this is an exception to the general rule. There has been a misunderstanding for years between Philip and Eleanor, caused by the deception of Mrs. Breynton, Philip's aunt, to whom Eleanor had devoted herself. Matters are brought to a crisis by Philip's belief in the report of Eleanor's intended marriage with Lynedon; and poor Eleanor is very nearly killed by a fever brought on by anxiety, suspense, and vain endeavours to find out what is the cause of Philip's alienation from her. She has just recovered, and the day of explanation has arrived:—

"It was the still, dreaming hush of an autumn afternoon, when Philip reached Summerwood. He came into Eleanor's presence alone. She had fallen asleep: there was a quiet smile playing round her lips, as though she were dreaming happily. It was so indeed; for the dream had borne her to the pleasant palace-garden. She sat underneath the old cherry-tree, listening to the rustling of its leaves and scented blossoms. She heard Philip's voice; she felt the clasp of Philip's hand; and then—oh blessed wakening! she found the dream was true! He knelt beside her couch, gazing upon her, almost weeping over her.

"'Philip! my Philip! you are come—I knew you would come at last!'

"Again, as on that mournful night, she extended her loving arms. He did not dash them from him now—he clasped them wildly round his neck, though he could not speak one word. The next moment, she was nestling in his breast.

"It was a long time before either broke that blessed silence. At last Eleanor looked up in his face, and said,—

"'You are not angry with me now, Philip? You know all?'

"'I know nothing but that I am here, beside you; holding you fast, fast. Oh, Eleanor, neither life nor death shall take you away from me! Say that it shall be so,—that nothing on earth shall ever part us more!'

"And softly answering, came to Philip's ear the words, which to sorrow are a knell, to love a deep anthem of perpetual joy, 'Never more! never more!'

"After awhile they began to talk more calmly. 'You have asked me nothing, Philip,' said Eleanor; 'I feel how kind, how tender this is—when you have been so tried; but now I must tell you all.'

"'Tell me nothing, my dearest, save that you love me.'

"'You thought I did not love you, Philip?' and her eyes were lifted to his, a whole life's faith expressed in their gaze; 'you will not think so any more?'

"He made no answer—how could he! Oh blessed ones! thus binding up the hopes of a lifetime in this perfect union of—

'One-thoughted, never wandering, guileless love.'

"Then Eleanor drew from her bosom Philip's letter; that long, mournful letter, to which her silence had been such a fatal reply. He shrank from the sight of it.

"'Nay, my Philip, but you must listen to me for a little—only a little. We must not have between us even the shadow of a cloud. And she began her tale slowly and cautiously, trying not to mention Mrs. Breynton's name.

"Philip changed countenance at first. 'Then the rumour was not all false, Eleanor, dearest? Why did you not tell me about this Mr. Lynedon?'

"She laid her hand upon his. 'Stay one moment before you judge me. In those two happy days,—for with all our trials they were happy days—there was in my heart no thought of any one save—save him who there asked for it; ay, and had it too, almost before he asked.' And a conscious blush, and dimpling smile, brought back to her face its long, long-vanished playfulness.

"'Eleanor,' interrupted her lover fondly, 'you look as you did long ago, when we were girl and boy together at the Palace. You will be my own sunny-faced little Nelly again soon.'

"'Shall I?' and her low, glad-hearted laugh, echoed his own. How childish are happy lovers!

"'But, Philip,' Eleanor went on gravely, 'after that time I did not speak about Paul Lynedon, because I thought it scarcely right. All love is sacred; hopeless love most sacred of all. It seems to me that a woman should not betray, even to him who has her whole heart, the sufferings of another, who has cast his love before her in vain. You do not think me wrong?'

"'No, no; you are good and true, and compassionate to all, my dearest.'"

Eleanor is obliged to explain Mrs. Breynton's treachery to them both, — a treachery caused by anger against her nephew, because he would not fulfil the dearest wish of her heart. In what follows, the authoress shows clearly what are her views concerning Woman's Mission—so far at least as they regard the office of a wife. They are good, though not identical with those of the host of writers on that well-nigh threadbare subject, and therefore we give them space here.

"'And it was for this that I asked you to stay with her, and fulfil the duties I owed! But I owe her none now; all is blotted out between us. Eleanor, you shall leave her; we will neither of us look upon her face more. Oh! if she had succeeded in her guilt, and I had known the truth too late! I should have hated—have cursed her.'

"Eleanor half rose from the couch, and gazed upon her lover. She saw in the clenched hands and knitted brow a new development of his character. For the moment she sank back, pained and terrified. She learned for the first time that a woman must be to the man she loves, not merely his joy—his consolation—but the softener of his nature, the patient soother of those

stormy passions that will rise at times in the best and noblest of mankind. She must take him *as he is;* bearing meekly with aught that she sees wrong, striving hopefully to win him to the right, and loving him dearly through all. Eleanor felt this, and casting aside the womanly supremacy of wooing days, she entered on a wife's lovely duty ere she bore a wife's name. She rose up, and tried to walk across the room to his side, but her feeble strength failed. 'Philip,' she said faintly, 'I am very weak still; I cannot reach you. Will you come and sit by me again?'

"'He did so, still uttering many words of suppressed anger. But he suffered her to take his hand with a soft, firm clasp: she would not let it go again, but pressed it close to her bosom, as though the peace and forgiveness there would thus pass into her lover's storm-vexed heart. Yet she did not attempt to speak for a long time; at last she whispered—

"'Philip, when that future comes which we have hoped for all our lives, and to which we now look forward, think how happy we shall be,—so happy that we ought to pray that all the world may be happy too! And when we grow old together, still loving one another, until Time's changes come so lightly that we fear them not—then we shall feel much more than we do now, what a terrible thing must be an old age lonely and without love. We could not, even though wronged, inflict this bitter desolation on *her*.'

"'Eleanor, why do you speak thus? what do you wish me to do? But I cannot do it—it is impossible. I will not! I ought not!' he continued, without waiting for her answer.

"She did not contradict him, but only said softly, 'Do you think we could be quite happy, even in—in our own dear home—' she hesitated, blushing faintly, but repented not the words when she saw how on hearing them his countenance relaxed, and his firm-set lips trembled with emotion; 'could we be quite happy, even there,' she repeated, 'when we must for ever forget those older days at the Palace, and think that there was one name, once loved by both, which we could not utter more,—we, too, who have neither father nor mother to claim the loving duty which we once hoped to pay to her? Let us pay it still, Philip,' she continued, finding that no bitter answer came, and that the hand she held pressed hers convulsively, 'Let us place no bar between us and the past—let us have no shadow of regret to dim our happiness. Philip, dearest, best,—in whom I trust, and have trusted all my life,—forgive her!'

"'I would,—I would,—if this wrong were only against myself. But you, my darling,—you who tended her like a daughter,—she had no pity on you.'

"'She knew not what she was doing; I feel sure she loved me all the while. And now, oh Philip! if you could see her repentance, her tears! At the thought of your coming she trembled like a child. And she is so changed—so feeble, so old. Philip, look—look there!'

"She pointed to the lawn beneath the window. There, creeping along in the autumn sunshine, was a stooping, aged woman, who, even with the aid of the woman on whose arm she leaned, appeared to move wearily and painfully.

"Philip started up. 'Is that aunt Breynton—poor aunt Breynton?'

"'It is indeed! See how feebly she walks, even with Davis's arm. Poor, faithful Davis is herself growing old, but her mistress has no one else. And Philip, dear Philip, your arm is so strong! Think how we, too, are entering life—a life full of love, hope, and joy—while she—'

"'Hush, hush! darling, say no more.' He pressed a kiss on her forehead, and was gone from the room. The next minute she saw him walking quickly down the lawn. Eleanor could no more; she sank down on the pillow, and wept tears more holy, more joyful, than even those so lately shed in reconciled love on Philip's bosom."

We have taken up so much room with our extracts, that we have little left for further comment or details of the story. Katherine Ogilvie, after loving Paul Lynedon secretly and passionately for three years, hears that he is about to marry another; and in a paroxysm of angry pride and indignation at his daring to trifle with her best feelings, marries her cousin Hugh. No good can come of such a marriage. Katherine becomes a gay fashionable woman and a scorner of and player upon the hearts of men—until she meets Lynedon again. He sees that the shy, slender girl, has grown into a magnificent woman. She determines to inflict upon him the woe he inflicted on her. She will return evil for evil. She succeeds. Paul Lynedon loves her now, as she once loved him; and, as to her dismay she finds, that she still does love him. We do not quite like the killing off of poor Hugh; even though it is not followed by the vulgar conclusion of a happy marriage between Lynedon and Katherine. Katherine is the most ably drawn character in the tale, and an extremely interesting and attractive one.

THE CAXTONS.[1]

The readers of "Blackwood's Magazine" speculated much about the probable authorship of "The Caxtons," when it first began to appear in monthly parts in that publication. The name of the author was a pretty close secret until after the first few numbers; then it was whispered here and there that it was by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; but few people believed it; first, because these few early numbers bore no resemblance whatever to anything Bulwer had ever yet given the public; and, secondly, there seemed to be no reason why he should renounce the *prestige* attached to his name. Long before it was acknowledged by the author, indeed, just after the fourth or fifth number had appeared in Blackwood, we were amused by the sight of the announcement in a New York paper of "The Caxtons. A tale, *supposed to be* by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton." The supposition seemed to us, then, we confess, groundless; however, it has turned out to be a lucky guess of the Transatlantic publisher, if it were not a revealed secret.

All the first part of "The Caxtons" is very clever; but it is not like the cleverness of Bulwer, because it is imitative cleverness;—and whatever qualities have been imputed to this great novelist, he has never been an intentional imitator before. No one can read the first part of "The Caxtons" without being struck with the idea that the author had taken for his models that class of humourists of which Sterne and Richter are the most shining lights. Sometimes his imitation is successful, but very much more often, especially in the middle and latter portions of the work, it is unsuccessful. Setting aside the want of originality in

(1) "The Caxtons. A Family Picture." By Sir E. B. Lytton. 3 vols. post 8vo. Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh.

the style, there is much to commend in "The Caxtons." As far as it is "a Family Picture" it is good; but when the canvass is unrolled farther, to take in more than *the family*, the work begins to lose in general effect as well as in particular excellence. "The Caxtons" are all very clever sketches, except, perhaps, the story-teller himself, Pisistratus, who is a great deal too good for this world, and consequently for the world of fiction. His father, Augustine Caxton, the gentle reserved learned man, who seems to take no note of domestic, or any matters unconnected with books, is a very finely and delicately drawn character. His first interference in the education of his only son is thus described:—

"But I should wrong thee, oh, best of fathers! if I suffered the reader to suppose that, because thou didst seem so indifferent to my birth, and so careless as to my early teaching, thou wert, at heart, indifferent to thy troublesome *Neogilos*. As I grew older, I became more sensibly aware that a father's eye was upon me. I distinctly remember one incident, that seems to me, in looking back, a crisis in my infant life, as the first tangible link between my own heart and that great calm soul.

"My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes, (it was summer,) and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delf blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs. Sublime in his studies as Archimedes in the siege, he continued to read: *Impavidum ferient ruinæ!*"

"'Dear! dear!' cried my mother, who was at work in the porch, 'my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this?—Primmins! Primmins!'

"Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

"'Oh!' said my mother, mournfully, 'I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse, in the great blight last May,—I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birth-day! That naughty child must have done it!'

"Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father, why, I know not, except that very talkative social persons are usually afraid of very silent shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly, 'No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, bless his flesh! it was I!'

"'You! How could you be so careless? And you knew how I prized them both. Oh, Primmins!'

"Primmins began to sob.

"'Don't tell fibs, nursey!' said a small shrill voice; and Master Sisty (coming out of the house as bold as brass) continued rapidly—'Don't scold Primmins, mamma! It was I who pushed out the flower-pot.'

"'Hush!' said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast towards my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat and was regarding the scene with serious eyes wide awake.

"'Hush! and if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident. He was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, master Sisty? Speak,' (this in a whisper) 'or pa will be so angry.'

"'Well!' said my mother, 'I suppose it was an accident; take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss, don't fret.'

"'No, mamma. You must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose.'

"'Ha! and why?' said my father, walking up.

"Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"'For fun,' said I, hanging my head, 'just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me, do beat me!'

"My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down and caught me to his breast. 'Boy,' he said, 'you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering it all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear! Oh! Mrs. Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to teach him, we part for ever!"

The family of "The Caxtons" consists of Augustine and his wife, Kitty, the sweetest, gentlest, most motherly of human beings; their only child, the autobiographer, Pisistratus, (so called, by a mistake of his mother's,) uncle Roland, Augustine's brother and his two children—a son, (the *bad character* in the book, who is afterwards reformed,) and a pretty little daughter who is "saved up" as a wife for Pisistratus. Uncle Roland is a fine, distinct, well-finished portrait. A soldier, a gentleman, and a long-suffering forgiving parent. He is a truly chivalrous and romantic character; there are a few such in all ages of the world, or the human race would have allowed that to die out of it which is its highest claim to be remembered more than the beasts that perish. It is well that some men are found in every generation,

"Lone, sitting by the shores of Old Romance;"

who acquire there a spirit of lofty purity which pervades their lives, and makes them beautiful.

In the important act of sending Pisistratus to school, Mr. Caxton interferes again. It will be seen that his reasons for sending a boy to school, are both uncommon and extremely sensible:—

"When I was between my seventh and eighth year, a change came over me which may, perhaps, be familiar to the notice of those parents who boast the anxious blessing of an only child. The ordinary vivacity of childhood forsook me; I became quite sedate and thoughtful. The absence of playfellows of my own age, the companionship of mature minds, alternated only by complete solitude, gave something precocious, whether to my imagination or my reason. The wild fables muttered to me by the old nurse in the summer twilight, or over the winter's hearth—the effort made by my struggling intellect to comprehend the grave sweet wisdom of my father's suggested lessons, tended to feed a passion for reverie, in which all my faculties strained and struggled, as in the dreams that come when sleep is nearest waking. I had learned to read with ease and to write with some fluency; and I already began to imitate, to reproduce. Strange tales, akin to those I had gleaned from fairy land; rude songs, modelled from such verse-books as fell into my hands, began to wear the contents of marble-covered pages, designed for the less ambitious purposes of round text and multiplication. My mind was yet more disturbed by the intensity of my home affections. My love for both my parents had in it something morbid and painful. I often wept to think how little I could do for those I loved so well. My fondest fancies built up imaginary difficulties for them, which my arm was to smoothe. These feelings, thus cherished, made my nerves over susceptible and acute. Nature began to affect me powerfully, and from that affection rose a restless curiosity to analyse the charms that so mysteriously moved me, or awe to smiles or tears. I got my father to explain to me the elements of astronomy; I extracted from Squills, who was

an ardent botanist, some of the mysteries in the life of flowers; but music became my darling passion. My mother (though the daughter of a great scholar—a scholar at whose name my father raised his hat, if it happened to be on his head,) possessed, I must own it fairly, less book-learning than many a humble tradesman's daughter can boast in this more enlightened generation; but she had some natural gifts which had ripened, heaven knows how, into womanly accomplishments. She drew with some elegance, and painted flowers to an exquisite perfection. She played on more than one instrument with more than boarding-school skill; and though she sang in no language but her own, few could hear her sweet voice without being deeply touched. Her music, her songs, had a wonderful effect on me. Thus, altogether, a kind of dreamy, yet delightful melancholy, seized upon my whole being; and this was the more remarkable, because contrary to my earlier temperament, which was bold, active, and hilarious. The change in my character began to act upon my form. From a robust and vigorous infant, I grew into a pale and slender boy. I began to ail and mope. Mr. Squills was called in.

"'Tonics!' said Mr. Squills, 'and don't let him sit over his book. Send him out in the air—make him play. Come here, my boy—these organs are growing too large;' and Mr. Squills, who was a phrenologist, placed his hand on my forehead. 'Gad, sir, here's an ideality for you! and, bless my soul, what a constructiveness!'

"My father pushed aside his papers, and walked to and fro the room, with his hands behind him; but he did not say a word, till Mr. Squills was gone.

"'My dear,' then said he to my mother, on whose breast I was leaning my aching ideality—'my dear, Pisistratus must go to school in good earnest!'

"'Bless me, Austin!—at his age?'

"'He is nearly eight years old.'

"'But he is so forward.'

"'It is for that reason he must go to school.'

"'I don't quite understand you, my love. I know he is getting past me; but you, who are so clever—'

"My father took my mother's hand; 'We can teach him nothing now, Kitty. We send him to school to be taught——'

"'By some schoolmaster who knows less than you do——'

"'By little schoolboys, who will make him a boy again,' said my father, almost sadly. 'My dear, you remember that, when our Kentish gardener planted those filbert-trees, and when you began to calculate on what they would bring in, you went out one morning, and found he had cut them down to the ground. You were vexed, and asked why? What did the gardener say? 'To prevent their bearing too soon.' There is no want of fruitfulness here; put back the hour of produce, that the plant may last.'

"'Let me go to school,' said I, lifting my languid head, and smiling on my father. I understood him at once, and it was as if the voice of my life itself had answered him."

The result of Mr. Caxton's experiment was perfectly satisfactory. The excitable, delicate, morbidly nervous child, forgot his dangerous dreams and fancies in the society and sports proper to his age. We offer Mr. Caxton's opinion and conduct in this matter to the consideration of fathers and mothers who have over sensitive, precocious boys to train for conflict with this world of mingled good and ill. The love between the father and his son, which had taken strong root in infancy, lasts through life; like the love of David and Jonathan, it passed the love of woman. The large-hearted, high-souled philosopher is ready at all times to sympathise in his son's joy or sorrow. Indeed Pisistratus is rich in domestic love. His gentle, fond mother, his father, and his brave impulsive uncle Roland, are all quick to perceive when a storm has darkened the young man's soul. And the young man turns instinctively to his *home*, when the passionate trials of life shake the foundations of his moral being. Oh! that the home of childhood could, in all cases, become the fountain of human consolation to the suffering heart! Should not children always seek and find the truest, the most efficient sympathy and support from their parents? Alas! that there are so few family pictures like the Caxtons!

Pisistratus has just undergone a violent struggle between passion and principle. He has resisted the pleadings of a strong first love within his heart, for the sake of what he believes to be right. He returns home with the lonely desolation of the wretched in his young heart; he enters the family sitting-room, and—but let him speak for himself:—

"And my father pushed aside his books.

"Oh, young reader, whoever thou art, or reader, at least, who hast been young,—canst thou not remember some time when, with thy wild troubles and sorrows as yet borne in secret, thou hast come back from that hard, stern world, which opens on thee when thou puttest thy foot out of the threshold of home; come back to the four quiet walls, wherein thine elders sit in peace—and seen, with a sort of sad amaze, how calm and undisturbed all is there? That generation which has gone before thee in the path of the passions—the generation of thy parents—(not so many years perchance remote from thine own)—now immovably far off, in its still repose, it seems from thy turbulent youth! It has in it a stillness as of a classic age, antique as the statues of the Greeks. That tranquil monotony of routine into which those lives that preceded thee have merged—the occupations that they have found sufficing for their happiness, by the fire-side—in the arm-chair and corner appropriated to each—how strangely they contrast thine own feverish excitement. And they make room for thee, and bid thee welcome, and then resettle to their hushed pursuits, as if nothing had happened. Nothing had happened! while in thy heart, perhaps, the whole world seems to have shot from its axis, all the elements to be at war! And you sit down, crushed by that quiet happiness which you can share no more, and smile mechanically, and look into the fire; and ten to one you say nothing till the time comes for bed, and you take up your candle, and creep miserably to your lonely room.

"I had not slept a wink; I had not even laid down all that night—the night in which I had said farewell to Fanny Trevanion—and the next morning, when the sun rose, I wandered out—where I knew not. I have a dim recollection of long, gray, solitary streets—of the river that seemed flowing in dull silence, away, far away, into some invisible eternity—trees and turf, and the gay voices of children. I must have gone from one end of the great Babel to the other; but my memory only became clear and distinct when I knocked, somewhere before noon, at the door of my father's house, and passing heavily up the stairs, came into the drawing-room, which was the rendezvous of the little family; for, since we had been in London, my father had ceased to have his study apart, and contented himself with what he called 'a corner'—a corner wide enough to contain two tables and a dumb waiter, with chairs *à discrétion*, all littered with books. On the opposite side of this capacious corner sat my uncle, now nearly convalescent, and he was jotting down, in his stiff military hand, certain figures in a little

red account book—for you know already that my uncle Roland was, in his expenses, the most methodical of men.

"My father's face was more benign than usual, for before him lay a proof—the first proof of his first work—his one work—the great book ! yes ! it had positively found a press. And the first proof of your first work—ask any author what *that* is ! My mother was out with the faithful Mrs. Primmins, shopping or marketing, no doubt ; so, while the brothers were thus engaged, it was natural that my entrance should not make as much noise as if it had been a band, or a singer, or a clap of thunder, or the last 'great novel of the season,' or anything else that made a noise in those days. For what makes a noise now? Now, when the most astonishing thing of all is our easy familiarity with things astounding—when we say listlessly, 'Another revolution at Paris ;' or, 'By-the-bye, there is the deuce to do at Vienna !' when De Joinville is catching fish in the ponds at Claremont, and you hardly turn back to look at Metternich on the pier at Brighton !'

"My uncle nodded, and growled indistinctly ; my father put aside his books. 'You have told us that already.'

"Sir, you are very much mistaken ; it was not then that he put aside his books, for he was not then engaged in them—he was reading his proof, and he smiled, and pointed (the proof I mean) pathetically, and with a kind of humour, as much as to say—'What can you expect, Pisistratus? my new baby ! in short clothes—or long primer, which is all the same thing !'

"'I took a chair between the two, and looked first at one, then at the other, and, heaven forgive me ! I felt a rebellious, ungrateful spite against both. The bitterness of my soul must have been deep indeed to have overflowed in that direction, but it did. The grief of youth is an abominable egotist, and that is the truth. I got up from the chair and walked towards the window; it was open, and outside the window was Mrs. Primmins' canary in its cage. London air had agreed with it, and it was singing lustily. Now, when the canary saw me standing opposite to its cage, and regarding it seriously, and, I have no doubt, with a very sombre aspect, the creature stopped short, and hung its head on one side, looking at me obliquely and suspiciously. Finding that I did it no harm, it began to hazard a few broken notes, timidly and interrogatively, as it were, pausing between each; and at length, as I made no reply, it evidently thought it had solved the doubt, and ascertained that I was more to be pitied than feared, for it stole gradually into so soft and silvery a strain that, I verily believe, it did it on purpose to comfort me !—me, its old friend, whom it had unjustly suspected. Never did any music touch me so home as did that long plaintive cadence. And when the bird ceased, it perched itself close to the bars of the cage, and looked at me steadily with its bright intelligent eyes. I felt mine water, and I turned and stood in the middle of the room, irresolute what to do, where to go. My father had done with the proof, and was deep in his folios. Roland had clasped his red account-book, restored it to his pocket, wiped his pen carefully, and now watched me from under his great beetle brows. Suddenly he rose, and, stamping on the earth with his cork leg, exclaimed, 'Look up from those cursed books, brother Austin. What is there in that lad's face? construe *that* if you can !'"

The "tablet of unutterable thoughts" is construed by the affectionate father and uncle. They hold council with the young man on his sorrow; they approve his conduct; and he learns how dear and sacred in affliction are the sympathy and advice of our nearest kindred. His mother, too, is all that a mother should be. It would not be easy in an extract to give any distinct idea of the simplicity, the humility, the purity, the touching affection of this woman. She is the most loveable specimen of a mere *domestic woman* that we are acquainted with in the world of fiction. In Austin Caxton, his wife, and his brother Roland, Bulwer has not indulged in the least exaggeration of description. They do and say only such things as "o'er-step not the modesty of nature." They are singular, unworldly characters, but are perfectly natural, and, to our thinking, are of rare beauty. The early life of these two brothers, their love for the same woman, their generous contest as to which of them should retire from the field, so as not to be his brother's rival, the disappointment of both through the ambitious nature of Lady Ellenor Trevanion, who loves Austin Caxton, but marries a man who will gratify her desire to make a figure in the world; all this is admirably and briefly told. The way in which the *crochets* of the two brothers clash, and well nigh divide them, in after life, is, perhaps, a little overstrained. Austin Caxton, with his pride of intellect, claiming descent from the great printer, and Roland Caxton, with his pride of birth, persisting in prefixing a *de* to his name, by right of his descent from some rude baronet who fought at Bosworth Field, are both too sound in heart and head to come to any serious quarrel about ancestral honours. Roland's foreign marriage is very unsatisfactory, and seems to have been brought in for the sake of introducing the clever, villanous youngster, his son, who does the mischief in the book. And here we may see what a very good thing evil is. If Roland's son had not behaved worse than most bad sons, Roland would have had no opportunity of proving himself better, more affectionate, more enduring, more forgiving than most good fathers. The sketch of Fanny Trevanion, the first love of Pisistratus, and the child of his father's first love, is a graceful charming ideal of a young lady of fashion, who is, notwithstanding the fashion, a sweet, sunny-natured girl. Pisistratus's wife, the little cousin, is cast in a much finer, stronger, and more beautiful mould, but the reader does not see enough of her. Sir Sedley Beaudesert is a delightful specimen of an old beau, who is every inch a gentleman and a man. One loves him all the better for his amiable weaknesses; indeed it becomes a question with the reader whether it is not a duty of the primary order in middle-aged gentlemen *de se bien conserver*. Trevanion is well imagined, but not ably executed. He turns out too much like a regular *Novel Statesman*. We will give one more extract illustrative of Mr. Caxton's powers of argument, and his sound common, or rather uncommon sense.

"*Mr. Caxton.*—'War is a great evil; but evil is admitted by providence into the agency of creation, physical and moral. The existence of evil has puzzled wiser heads than ours, Squills. But no doubt there is one above who has his reasons for it. The combative bump seems as common to the human skull as the philoprogenitive; if it is in our organization, be sure it is not there without cause. Neither is it just to man, nor wisely submissive to the disposer of all events, to suppose that war is wholly and wantonly produced by human crimes and follies, that it conduces only to ill, and does not as often arise from the necessities interwoven in the

framework of society, and speed the great ends of the human race, conformably with the designs of the Omniscient. Not one great war has ever desolated the earth, but has left behind it seeds that have ripened into blessings incalculable.'

"*Mr. Squills.*—(With the groan of a dissentient at a Demonstration.)—'Oh! oh! oh!'

"Luckless Squills! Little could he have foreseen the shower bath, or rather, *douche* of erudition that fell splash on his head, as he pulled the spring with that impertinent 'Oh! oh!' Down first came the Persian war, with Median myriads disgorging all the rivers they had drank up in their march through the East; all the arts, all the letters, all the sciences, all the notions of liberty that we inherit from Greece. My father rushed on with them all, sousing Squills with his proofs that, without the Persian war, Greece would not have risen to be the teacher of the world. Before the gasping victim could have breath, down came Hun, Goth, and Vandal, on Italy and Squills. 'What, Sir!' cried my father, 'don't you see that from these eruptions on demoralized Rome, came the regeneration of manhood; the baptism of earth from the last soils of Paganism; and the remote origin of whatever of Christianity still exists, free from the idolatries with which Rome contaminated the faith?'

"Squills held down his head, and made a splutter. Down came Charlemagne, paladins, and all! There my father was grand! What a picture he made of the broken jarring savage elements of barbaric society, and the iron hand of the great Frank, settling the nations, and founding existent Europe. Squills was now fast sinking into coma or stupefaction; but, catching at a straw as he heard the word 'Crusades,' he stuttered forth, 'Ah! *there* I defy you!'

"'Defy me there?' cries my father; and one would think the ocean was in the shower-bath, it came down with such a rattle. My father scarcely touched on the smaller points in excuse for the crusades, though he recited very volubly all the humaner arts introduced into Europe by that invasion of the East; and showed how it had served civilization, by the vent it afforded for the rude energies of chivalry, by the element of destruction to feudal tyranny that it introduced, by its use in the emancipation of burghs, and the disrupture of serfdom. But he showed, in colours vivid as if caught from the skies of the East, the great spread of Mahometanism, and the danger it menaced to Christian Europe, and drew up the Godfreys and Tancreds and Richards, as a league of the Age and Necessity, against the terrible progress of the sword and the Koran. 'You call them madmen,' cried my father; 'but the frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate. How know you that but for the terror inspired by the hosts who marched to Jerusalem, how know you that the Crescent had not waved over other realms than those which Roderick lost to the Moor? If Christianity had been less a passion, and the passion had less stirred up all Europe, how know you that the creed of the Arab (which was then, too, a passion) might not have planted its mosques in the Forum of Rome, and on the site of Notre Dame? For in the war between creeds, when the creeds are embraced by vast races, think you that the reason of sages can cope with the passion of millions? Enthusiasm must oppose enthusiasm. The crusader fought for the tomb of Christ, but he saved the life of Christendom.'

"My father paused. Squills was quite passive; he struggled no more. He was drowned.

"'So,' resumed Mr. Caxton, more quietly, 'so, if later wars yet perplex us as to the good which the All Wise One draws from their evils, our posterity may read their uses as clearly as we now read the finger of Providence resting on the barrows of Marathon, or guiding Peter the hermit to the battle fields of Palestine. Nor, while we admit the evil to the passing generation, can we deny that many of the virtues that make the ornament and vitality of peace spring up first in the convulsions of war!' Here Squills began to evince faint signs of resuscitation, when my father let fly at him one of those numberless water-works which his prodigious memory kept in constant supply. 'Hence,' said he, 'hence not unjustly has it been remarked by a philosopher, shrewd at least in worldly experience, (Squills again closed his eyes and became exanimate,) it is strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits. But 'tis in war that the knot of fellowship is closest drawn; 'tis in war that mutual succour is most given, mutual danger run, and common affection most exerted and employed; for heroism and philanthropy are almost one and the same.'"

It would be well if other orators besides Mr. Caxton had the gift of being able to look on both sides of the shield. In the latter half of the work our author has allowed the disguise to sit very lightly upon his pen. Wherever Vivian, Roland's son, figures, there is no mistaking the authorship, and, upon the whole, it seems clear to us, that the incognito assumed as an idle fancy at first, and played off as an innocent literary trick, became fatiguing before very long, was kept up with difficulty, and was at length allowed to drop out of sight altogether. In spite of several faults in "The Caxtons," we think it a more satisfactory book, in a moral point of view, than many others by the same author. It is more honest, more charitable, more *wholesome*. There is no sophistry, no passing off of base metal (in morals) for pure gold. The tone of the reflections is more subdued, more matured. There is no tawdry scene-painting, and whatever affectations there are in "The Caxtons," they are of a harmless kind, and instead of being attractive to the unformed taste, and thus vitiating it, they will prove merely tedious; whereas the good points of the book are really substantial and numerous, and cannot fail to please and edify both old and young.

"Toil and Trial." By Mrs. Newton Crosland, (late Miss Camilla Toulmin.) This work belongs to a class of books which we always welcome with delight. It is a work of amusement, written with a purpose. It has a noble aim—to increase the happiness of a large portion of our fellow-creatures; to bring relief to suffering humanity; and to aid the good cause of progress. "Toil and Trial" is not a mere novel; the clever authoress has not devoted her pen simply to the production of an amusing fiction, destined to wile away a leisure hour and be forgotten. She has furnished an amusing tale, narrated in expressive language, and embodying a group of characters in whose sayings and doings we cannot help taking a lively interest, and whose trials are not those of imaginary and improbable events, but the daily concomitants of toiling thousands of our contemporaries and fellow-citizens. The object of the story is to depict the evils of the late-hour system, now so fearfully prevalent in many of the retail trades in our large towns, and in those of the metropolis in particular. The book is well-

timed, and the lesson it professes to teach is one that is deserving of our serious attention. The evil it deprecates is a crying sin in a Christian land; it is especially a curse upon the poor and helpless, upon the young and unprotected; a wrong to all, and a benefit to none, not even to those whose mammon-worship has originated, and whose power perpetuates the slavery; they are themselves sufferers by its continuance, and only less to be pitied than its victims, because they hold in their hands the power of their own emancipation. We could wish the volume in the hands of all such employers; and we think that after a careful perusal and candid consideration of the various arguments so clearly put forward in its pages, they would find it easier to change their practice than to refute the propositions or deny the truth of its contents.

"Ernest Vane." By A. B. Cochrane, M.P. 3 vols. post 8vo. In his former work, "Lucille Belmont," Mr. Cochrane gave sufficient evidence that he possessed far more than the average qualifications for a writer of fiction; and it was with an anticipation of pleasure that we took up this new production of his pen. This anticipation has been fulfilled; for "Ernest Vane" is an excellent novel. It is a story of real life;—not the outward husk and shell of life, but the inner, higher existence, out of which poets and artists of all kinds evolve the true meaning of things. To this capacity of penetrating far below the surface in search of realities, Mr. Cochrane adds the power of presenting his discoveries to the reader in expressive, graceful, and attractive forms. He has excellent taste as well as considerable power of intuition, and the knowledge which comes by experience. He invents and tells a tale of passion well.

"Strathmore, a tragic play, in five acts. By J. Westland Marston." It has been obviously the intention of Mr. Marston in this production to present the public with a good acting play, rather than a great dramatic work. In the plot, characters, and dialogue, there is no aim at originality; and we meet with few passages which display any of the power of poetical conception which might be expected from the author of the "Patrician's Daughter." Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Old Mortality" has furnished the plot and the hero; the struggle, says the preface, which this tragedy involves, having been suggested by the position of *Henry Morton* in that romance. The language of the play is occasionally terse and epigrammatic; though we question whether it would at all times bear the ordeal of strict literary criticism. Such sentences as these, however, (which we select at random,) are well adapted for dramatic purposes:—

"*Katherine.*—But your cause is crushed!
"*Strathmore.*— Crushed! No, it triumphs still.
Though freedom's hosts
Bleach the green earth with death, that cause is safe
That hath its chief above.
* * * * * *
Katharine!
Life rarely knows its heroes. Obloquy,
Like dust, defiles the champion: still he strives,
And at the grave, the sullied vesture falls
From his worn limbs, his memory takes its stand
Upon the tomb, and the world shouts—A Hero!
* * * * * *
Rebel! What means that word? Fear for my father
Has blinded me to truth.—Now I see all!
Right trampled on—pure conscience counted crime—
And hated banquetting on good men's groans!
My brother owned it! And the man who beards
This wrong's a rebel! Sure, the courts of Heaven
Are peopled with the outcasts of the world."

"Ernesto di Ripalla. A Tale of the Italian Revolution. By the author of Notes of a Two Years' Residence in Italy." 3 vols. 8vo.—The public may doubtless expect to have revolutionary novels fall upon it thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa. Here is another which owes its existence to the stirring political times in which we live, when the overthrow of a kingdom is hardly more remarkable than the downfall of an apple—and certainly not so beneficial to mankind as the falling to the earth of an apple once was. The book before us is one of average merit. It is written in a fair political spirit, and possesses many points of interest, whether viewed as a work of fiction, or as one of historical pretensions. The author is a liberal monarchist, and the pervading political principle of the novel is the nationality and independence of Italy.

SCRAPS.

That every thing may be had for money, is, I am afraid, an observation no less ancient than true. We read of empires, kingdoms, and principalities, which have been publicly sold; the same has been whispered respecting popedoms, bishoprics, and other spiritual dignities; and we have heard, (but it is to be hoped without foundation,) of venal counties and corrupt boroughs.

Buying and selling the devil have long been proverbial expressions, but that such a traffic was ever actually negotiated will scarcely be credited; nevertheless Blount's Law Dictionary, under the article "*Conventio,*" gives an instance of such a sale. The story is extracted from the court-rolls of the manor of Hatfield, near the Isle of Asholme, in the county of York, where a curious gentleman not long ago searched for, and found it, regularly entered. A copy of it here follows, together with an English translation, for the benefit of those who do not understand the language in which the original is written.

"*Curia lenta apud Hatfield die Mercurii prox. post Festum.—Anno XI°. Edw. 3tii.*

"Robertus de Roderham qui optulit se versus Johannem de Ithon, de eo quod non teneat conventionem inter eos factam, et unde queritur quod certo die et anno apud Thorne convenit inter prædictum Robertum et Johannem quod prædictus Johannes vendidit prædicto Roberto, Diabolum, ligatum in quodam ligamine pro iiid. ob et super prædictus Robertus tradidit prædicto Johanni quiddam obolum, earles (*i.e.* earnest money), per quod proprietas dicti diaboli commoratur in persona dicti Roberti ad habiendum deliberationem dicti Diaboli, infra quartam diem prox. sequent. Ad quam diem idem Robertus

venit ad præfatum Johannem et petit deliberationem dicti Diaboli, secundum conventionem inter eos factam; idem Johannes prædictum Diabolum deliberaro noluit, nec adhuc vult ei, ad grave dampnum ipsius Roberti ix sol—et inde producit sectam &c. Prædictus Johannes venit, &c. et non dedicit conventionem prædictam; et quia videtur curiæ quod tale placitum non jacet inter Christianes, ideo partes prædicti adjournantur usque in infernum, ad audiendum Judicium suum, et utraque pars in Misericordia &c. per Willielmum de Scargel, Senescallum."

"Robert de Roderham appeared against John de Ithon, for that he had not kept the agreement made between them, and therefore complains that on a certain day and year at Thorne, there was an agreement between the aforesaid Robert and John, whereby the said John sold to the said Robert, the devil, bound in a certain bond, for threepence farthing, and thereupon the said Robert delivered to the said John one farthing as earnest-money, by which the property of said devil rested in the person of the said Robert, to have delivery of the said devil, on the fourth day next following, at which day the said Robert came to the aforenamed John, and asked delivery of the said devil, according to the agreement between them made. But the said John refused to deliver the said devil, nor has he yet done it, &c. to the great damage of the said Robert, to the amount of sixty shillings, and he has therefore brought his suit, &c. &c.

"The said John came, &c. &c., and did not deny the said agreement; and because it appeared to the court that such a suit ought not to subsist among Christians, the aforesaid parties are therefore adjourned to the infernal regions, there to hear their judgment, and both parties were amerced, &c. by William de Scargell, Seneschal."

I, that watch myself as narrowly as I can, and that have my eyes continually bent upon myself, like one who, that has no great business elsewhere to do,

> "——— quis sub Areto
> Rex gelidæ mettatur oræ
> Quid Tyridatem terreat, unice
> Securus,"

> "——— secure whatever King
> Does rule the stubborn North, or whatso'ere
> The mighty Tyridates puts in fear,"

dare hardly tell the Vanity and Weakness I find in myself. My Foot is so unstable, and stands so tickle, I find myself so apt to totter and reele and my Sight so disordered, that fasting I am quite another Man, than when full; if Health and a fair Day smile upon me, I am a very honest good-natur'd Man; if a Corn trouble my Toe, I am sullen, out of Humor and not to be seen. The same Pace of a horse seems to me one while hard, and another easie, and the same way one while shorter, and another more long. And the same Form, one while more, and another less taking. I am one while for doing everything, and another for doing nothing at all; and what pleases me now, would be a trouble to me at another time. I have a thousand senseless and casual Actions within myself. Either I am possest by Melancholy, or swayed by Choler; now, by its own private Authority, Sadness predominates in me, and, by and by, I am as merry as a Cricket. When I take a Book in hand I have then discovered admirable Graces in such and such Passages, and such as have strook my Soul; let me light upon them at another time, I may turn and toss, tumble and rattle the Leaves to much purpose, 'tis then to me an infirm and undiscover'd Mass. Even in my own Writings I do not always find the Air of my first Fancy: I know not what I would have said, but am often put to it to correct and pump for a new Sence, because I have lost the first that was better. I do nothing but go and come: my Judgement does not always advance, it floates and romes,

> "——— velut minuta magno
> Deprensa navis in mari vesaniente vento."
> "Like a small Bark upon the swelling Main,
> When Winds doe ruffle up the liquid Plain."

Very often (as I am apt to do) having for Sport's sake undertaken to maintain an Opinion contrary to my own, my Mind, bending and applying itself that way, does so rarely engage me in a Quarrel that I no more discern the Reason of my former Belief and forsake it. I am as it were misled by the Side to which I incline, be it what it will, and carried away by my own Weight. Every one would almost say the same of himself if he considered himself as I do. Preachers very well know, that the Emotion which steals upon them in speaking does animate them towards Belief; and that in Passion we are more stiff in the Defence of our Proposition, take ourselves a deeper Impression of it, and embrace it with greater Vehemence and Approbation, than we do in our colder and more temperate Sence. You only give your *Councel* a simple *Breviate* of your Cause; he returns you a dubious and uncertain Answer, by which you find him indifferent which side he takes: Have you feed him well that he may relish it the better, does he begin to be really concerned, and do you find him truly interested and zealous in your Quarrel? His Reason and Learning will, by degrees, grow hot in your Cause; behold an apparent and undoubted Truth presents itself to his Understanding; he discovers a new Light in your Business, and does in good earnest believe, and persuade himself, that it is so. Nay, I do not know whether the Ardour that springs from Spite and Obstinacy, against the Power and Violence of the Magistrate and Danger, or the Interest of Reputation, may it not have made some Men even to the Stake maintain the Opinion, for which at Liberty and amongst Friends, he would not have burn'd his Finger.—*Montaigne.*

Our life, as well as all in which we are contained, is, in an incomprehensible manner, composed of freedom and necessity. Our will is a prediction of what we shall do, under all circumstances. But these circumstances lay hold on us in their own fashion. The *what* lies in us; the *how* seldom depends on us; after the *wherefore* we dare not ask; and on this account we are rightly referred to the *quia*.—*Goethe.*

A Chapter on Lighthouses.

THE EDDYSTONE—THE SKERRYVORE.

THE EDDYSTONE.

Few of the achievements of human intellect and industry can be looked on with deeper interest than the Eddystone lighthouse; particularly when we consider that it was completed ninety years since, when science had not brought to bear many of those wonderful helps, which, in this our day, her rapid advance has made so available, that the accomplishment of the most stupendous works is of every day's occurrence. The rocks on which the building stands have been named from the eddies by which they are assailed from contrary currents; they were always considered by mariners dangerous in the extreme, and as they lie nearly in the direction of vessels sailing up and down the channel, many were wrecked upon them before the erection of the lighthouse. They are so exposed to the ocean from all the south-western points of the compass, that the heavy seas break on them with tremendous fury, and from the sloping manner in which they lie towards that quarter, the force and height of those seas are much increased. Sometimes after a storm, when the sea appears perfectly smooth, the under current meeting the slope of the rocks, the sea beats upon them in a most awful and magnificent manner, and even rises above the lighthouse, covering it with a veil of foam, white as snow. These rocks are but fourteen miles from Plymouth, and twelve and a half from Rame-head; so that the ships lost upon them were within sight of land. To avoid such dreadful catastrophes for the future, it was determined that a lighthouse should be erected on them, if any one could be found qualified for such a daring task. At length Mr. Winstanley came forward, and said he was ready for the undertaking. From his mechanical pursuits and great ingenuity, he was considered a most eligible person to be employed.

In the year 1696, Mr. Winstanley set about his great work with the most lively ardour, nothing daunted by the difficulties and dangers which attended its prosecution. In three years after, all the work was raised, which to the vane was eighty feet. The lantern and all the rooms being now ready, the workmen, for the greater despatch of business, were to lodge there; but the first night they ventured to do so, the weather became so inclement, and the sea rose so high, that no boats could get near them for eleven days. For almost the entire of the time, they and their provisions were inundated with wet, though they used all the means they could devise to protect themselves; some of their materials they found it impossible to save. Finding the effect which the sea had upon the building, and that the waves frequently covered the lantern, (although it was sixty feet high,) Mr. Winstanley determined to raise it forty feet higher. In the spring he commenced enlarging all its proportions, so as to shew the increase of height. So great was the force of the sea in stormy weather, that it has in appearance flown a hundred feet above the vane, and covered half the house and the lantern as if they were under water; it was even said that it would be very possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted up on a wave, and driven through the open gallery of the lighthouse. In November, 1703, some repairs were necessary, and Mr. Winstanley went to Plymouth to superintend them. The people of the neighbourhood thought the building could not stand for any time, and told him so. When his friends heard that he meant to go with his men to the lighthouse, they warned him of the danger which they apprehended, but, sanguine in his expectations of its durability, he assured them he was so thoroughly convinced of its strength, that he hoped he might be there in the midst of the greatest storm that ever came, that he might have the satisfaction of feeling the firmness of his work. His wish was soon to be fatally gratified; he and his workmen and lighters were there on the night of the 26th of November—a night memorable for one of the most disastrous tempests that ever visited the British shore. A strong west wind had set in about the middle of the month, and increased in force every hour; on the 24th it was so furious as to cause some damage and considerable alarm; on the 26th it increased so much in violence, that very few ventured out of their houses; in the evening it became still more dreadful; a fearful darkness prevailed, dispelled at intervals for a moment by meteors in the air and fiery vapours, which rendered it still more terrific. Some fancied that the tempest was accompanied by an earthquake. The sound of that awful storm has been described as having dismayed every heart; it was hoarse and deep—resembling the rattling of thunder; "horror and confusion"—so said a writer of the day—"seized upon all."

After the terrors of that night, anxious eyes were directed to the rocks, where the lighthouse had been seen the evening before: the rocks were indeed there, proud and immovable as ever; but the lighthouse, and all that it had contained, had totally disappeared; the only vestige of the edifice which remained, was a massive bar of iron, one of twelve which, for the better security of the building, had connected it with the rock. The storm which swept away every thing else, embedded it more deeply in the stone, and it remained a memorial sufficiently impressive, of the strength of the wind and the waves, and the disasters of that fatal night.

"*The great storm*," as it was called for years, was commemorated by a sermon, preached annually in Little Wyld-street Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields; the observance was in existence in the year 1826, and may, perhaps, still be continued. The lighthouse had not been long down, when the Winchelsea, a homeward bound Virginia-man, was lost upon the Eddystone rocks: this excited great anxiety for the rebuilding of the edifice; in the year 1706, Mr. Lovatt, who had the principal direction about the undertaking, selected Mr. Rudyard to superintend the works, who, at that time, was carrying on business as a linen draper, on Ludgate Hill. Though he had no practical

experience, the judgment which he showed in the prosecution of the undertaking proved him a fit person to be engaged in it; he substituted simplicity and utility for the fantastic ornaments with which Mr. Winstanley encumbered the building, and in which he had taken such especial delight.

In the year 1709 the building was completed, for which Mr. Rudyard had used wood, and he had the satisfaction of finding that his plan had been quite successful. We suppose that Mr. Rudyard was no longer living in 1723, as we find that the superintendence of some repairs in the lighthouse had devolved on another person. The dreadful disaster by which the lighthouse was again destroyed, by fire, occurred on the 2d of December, 1755.

The directors of the Eddystone lighthouse turned their thoughts immediately to its re-erection. They applied to Lord Macclesfield, president of the Royal Society, to recommend an engineer capable of superintending such a work. He named Mr. Smeaton, one of the members of the Society, as the most competent person he knew. He had recommended himself to its notice by the communications which, from time to time, for the space of seven years, he had forwarded, describing various remarkable mechanical inventions and improvements of his own; from the great ingenuity and ability thus displayed, he was unanimously elected a member of the Society. He received a letter from Wilson the painter, telling him that he had been appointed to undertake the management of this important building. On reading the letter, he supposed it was confusedly expressed, and that no more was meant than that he, like others, might send in proposals for the undertaking. His reply at once showed the impression which it had made. Wilson sent a rejoinder sufficiently explicit, though laconic; it contained but four words,—"*Thou art the man.*"

Mr. Smeaton gave up his various engagements, that he might devote all the energies of his comprehensive mind to this great national undertaking. In about eight months after the destruction of the lighthouse by fire, Mr. Smeaton stood upon those rocks so dreaded by seamen, revolving in his mind his plans of operation,—plans so remarkable for judgment and forethought, and so methodically arranged, that there was no possibility of confusion or mistake. He drew up rules for the use of his men, so that all employed knew exactly what was expected from them. The work was pursued with wonderful energy and patience; and when we consider the number of days during the time the building was going on in which it was impossible to work on the rock, it is surprising that it should have been completed in three years; in that space of time there were but 431 days when it was possible for the men to stand on the rock, and of these days there was so small a portion that could be used, that it has been calculated that the building was in reality the work of but sixteen weeks. The lighthouse is of a circular form, built entirely of stone. Its foundations are embedded in a socket in the rock, and so thoroughly united to it by a strong cement that they form but one body, both parts probably equal in strength. Its height is eighty feet. The gifted engineer had the gratification of knowing that all was accomplished, to use his own words, "*without loss of life or limb to any one concerned in it.*" This speaks largely for Mr. Smeaton's care of those over whom he presided in the midst of dangers and difficulties, in all of which he took an equal share.

On one occasion, the sloop in which he was returning to shore was well-nigh lost. In our gleanings we met with the following description of the lighthouse, which struck us so much, that we give it in the words in which we found it. "When the tide swells above the foundation of the building, the lighthouse makes the odd appearance of a structure emerging from the waves; but sometimes a wave rides above the very top of it, and circling round, the whole looks like a column of water, till it breaks into foam and subsides."[1]

After the lighthouse was built, every one was anxious to know how it would stand the test of tempestuous weather; three years passed before this was proved, the hard weather which had arisen in the interim produced no effect on it. In the early part of the year 1762, there happened a dreadful storm; it was said by one who had all along anticipated the fall of the edifice, "Well, if the Eddystone lighthouse stands this, it will stand till the end of the world." In the morning there it was, firm and uninjured as the rock on which it stands. Not the slightest mischief could be detected, to prove that the winds and waves had triumphed for an instant over it; not even one pane of glass in the lantern had been broken. With what gratified feelings Mr. Smeaton must have beheld the complete success of his work! Who, indeed, can look on that lone beacon, as it stands in its wild and solitary grandeur, to warn away our brave sailors from the dangers which surround it, without grateful thoughts? Its durability has been long considered so much beyond all doubt, that it has been remarked that, after a great storm, among all the expressions of anxiety, the safety of the Eddystone lighthouse has never been inquired after.

This great and good man died on the 28th of October, 1792.

THE SKERRYVORE.

Sometimes in the quiet of an Autumn evening spent on the shores of our island, we discern in the misty horizon a tiny star, whose constant light reminds us of some good angel's presence, illumining the darkness of night. It is the lighthouse lamp, kept ever burning, to guide the sailor over the stormy sea, and warn him of unseen rocks, which would crush his little bark, and consign its crew to destruction.

With feelings of pleasure we catch a glimpse of the lighthouse beacon; but does the thought ever recur, of the toils and dangers endured by those who raised such an edifice in the midst of roaring seas?

Let such as can sympathize with that disinterested zeal to do good, which distinguishes the noble and

(1) Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction.

generous from the narrow and selfish spirit, listen to the recital of the building of the lighthouse of Skerryvore.

For many years had it been in contemplation, and an Act of Parliament obtained, authorizing the undertaking; but so immense were the obstacles, so small the space on which to work, and so distant from the shore, that the Herculean task long remained unattempted.

At length, the Commissioners of Northern Lights committed the charge of the undertaking to Alan Stevenson, their engineer, the son of the celebrated builder of the Bell-rock Lighthouse. It is our design to give a sketch of his interesting work, which, though necessarily defective, will, it is hoped, convey sufficient idea to the many, who are precluded by its bulky and expensive form from its perusal for themselves.

The talented author need desire no prouder monument than that noble tower, in the boiling chaos of waters, which warns the sailor of his danger, and guides him by its light into safer seas; and his heart warms with gratitude, while he thinks on the thousands who have gone down off Skerryvore.

Preparations too numerous and minute to need a description here were accordingly made for the work, and in the summer of 1838 the first temporary dwelling was erected on the rock; hitherto, inhabited only by innumerable seals and sea-fowl, who fled in terror from their favourite haunts on the approach of man.

Skerry-vohr, the Great Rock, as its name in Gaelic implies, is situated south of the Hebrides, about twelve miles south-west of the inhospitable little island of Tyree, and 30 to the west of Iona. The main rock on which the lighthouse stands is, at low water, about 280 feet square; "extremely irregular, and intersected by numerous gullies and fissures of considerable breadth." It is excessively hard and smooth, so as to render landing extremely difficult, being slippery as ice; and, in a heavy surf, the act of springing ashore was attended with great danger, and, in the graphic language of one of the workmen, "like climbing up the side of a bottle."

No common amount of perseverance and courage would carry the leader of such an undertaking through the obstructions continually springing up in his way. We can hardly praise too highly that spirit of enterprise and unflinching resolve, which must have upheld the gallant commander amid discouragements so overpowering.

On the 23d of June they embarked in a small sailing vessel, "with all the requisites on board for commencing the season's operations." Twice were they driven by stress of weather to the shores of Mull and Iona; and it was not until the 28th that our engineer could approach so near the rock in the boat, as to enable him with some difficulty to spring ashore, while it returned to the vessel for the rest of the party.

Once landed on such a perilous spot, with billows roaring around him, his mind was for a moment overpowered with emotions which cannot be better expressed than in his own words.

"While left alone on this sea-beaten rock, on which I had landed with so much difficulty, and as I watched the waves, of which every succeeding one seemed to rise higher than the last, the idea was for a few minutes forcibly impressed on my mind, that it might probably be found impracticable to remove me from the rock; and I could not avoid indulging in those unaccountable fancies, which lead men to speculate with something like pleasure upon the horrors of their seemingly impending fate."

There was however no time to be lost, and he quickly turned his energies to the work before him; and began surveying the rock, and forming plans against the arrival of the workmen, who in due season also effected a landing, and commenced operations.

Their first care was to trace out a chart on the rock with paint, which should be a guide to them in erecting their barrack on their next landing; and thus they spent four hours.

Many a tedious voyage to and fro was made, and many an unexpected delay met with, ere all the materials collected at Greenock, and amounting to 6,000 tons, were ready for shipment, and, after beating about for eight days, enabled to reach Skerryvore.

The difficulty of landing the cargo on so slippery a surface is hardly to be conceived; each article, as it was brought ashore, was lashed down by ring-bolts to the rock; and they then proceeded to bore "the holes for the stauncheons or bats, by which the timbers of the barrack were to be secured to the rock;" but the difficulty of boring in so hard a material was very great, and with all their efforts they could only make three inches of way in an hour. This, however, was sufficient to encourage them to persevere, till at length, on the 18th of August, they had fixed the six pillars of their barrack or log-house into their rocky beds, and thus far erected their fragile abode.

Most interesting is the account given by our author of the dangers they escaped meanwhile; of the gradual progress of their operations; and their exposure to storms, as the little vessel lay in her moorings off the rock; suddenly obliging them in the darkness of night to "cast loose and run;" scarce able, with the most skilful pilotage, to escape the sunken rocks that abounded, the horizon being half composed of the reefs, so emphatically termed "foul-ground," and, as far as they could see, one sheet of foam encircling them around. We will give the author's description of a day's routine at this time.

"The economy of our life while moored for days off the rock was somewhat singular. We landed at four o'clock every morning to commence work, and generally breakfasted on the rock at eight, at which time the boat arrived with large pitchers of tea, bags of biscuit and *canteens* of beef. Breakfast was despatched in half an hour, and work again resumed till about two o'clock, which hour brought the dinner,

differing in its materials from breakfast only in the addition of a thick pottage of vegetables, and the substitution of beer for tea. Dinner occupied no longer time than breakfast, and like it was succeeded by another season of toil, which lasted until eight and sometimes nine o'clock, when it was so dark that we could scarcely scramble to the boats, and were often glad to avail ourselves of all the assistance we could obtain from an occasional flash of a lantern, and from following the voices. Once on the deck of the little tender, and the boats hoisted in, the materials of breakfast were again produced under the name of supper; but the heaving of the vessel damped the animation which attended the meals on the rock, and destroyed the appetite of the men, who, with few exceptions, were so little *sea-worthy*, as to prefer messing on the rock, even during rain, to facing the closeness of the forecastle."

Thus passed their first summer—a life combining the romantic with the practical; for surely it must have required no little enthusiasm, in man as well as master, to work with cheerfulness in the absence of so many comforts, and amid such constant exposure.

Precautions having been taken to secure their work against the weather, and a water-tight chest, containing biscuits and a cask of water, having been lashed to the barrack, for the benefit of shipwrecked mariners, they "set sail with three cheers, rejoicing to have thus concluded their season's work."

"Before leaving the rock," says our engineer, "I climbed to the top of the pyramid, from which I now, for the first time, got a bird's-eye view of the various shoals which the stormy state of the sea so well disclosed; and my elevation above the rock itself decreased the apparent elevation of the rugged ledge so much, that it seemed to me as if each successive wave must sweep right over its surface, and carry us all before it into the wide Atlantic.

"So loud was the roaring of the wind among the timbers of the barrack, and so hoarse the clamour of the waves, that I could not hear the voices of the men below, and I with difficulty occasionally caught the sharp tinkle of the hammers on the rock.

"When I looked back on the works of the season, upon our difficulties, and, I must add, dangers, and the small result of our exertions, for we had only been 165 hours at work on the rock between the 7th of August and the 11th of September—I could see that, in good truth, there were many difficulties before us; but there was also much cause for thankfulness, in the many escapes we had made."

Disappointment, however, was in store; for, scarcely had two months elapsed, ere our author received intelligence from Tyree, of the total disappearance of the barrack from the rock, the truth of which news a visit to the spot confirmed: for, though the rough seas forbad a landing, a sufficiently near approach was made to enable them to "survey the melancholy remains of their labours."

"After waiting," he adds, "in the hope of a change in the state of the sea, until it was nearly dark, we again turned towards Tyree, in all the gloom of a stormy night, and depressed by mingled disappointment and sad foreboding, occasioned by the fate of our intended asylum from the waves."

Nothing daunted, however, by this misfortune, they again embarked in the succeeding spring, with all the materials for a new barrack, which was erected in twenty-five days; a railway also was projected for conveying the stones, and two cast-iron water-tanks laid down in the rock.

The chief undertaking of this season was, "the excavation of the foundation of the lighthouse tower," the danger and difficulty of which can scarcely be estimated. They had to blast the rock, so as to "lay bare a level floor of extent sufficient to contain the foundation-pit for the tower," an operation which occupied thirty men for 102 days. The smallness of the surface obliged them to be within thirty, and sometimes twelve yards of the mines of powder; and but for the greatest care awful accidents must have occurred: 2,000 tons being thus removed, the surface was made smooth enough for them to commence the foundation-pit.

The observations on this part of their work deserve quotation, showing as they do the constant sense of humble dependence on God which so strikingly pervades the whole narrative. "I am well aware that the quantity of materials which I have just mentioned will be apt to produce a smile from those who have been chiefly conversant with the gigantic but simple operations which generally characterise the great railways of this country; but if it be remembered that we were at the mercy of the winds and waves of the wide Atlantic, and were every day in the expectation of a sudden call to leave the rock, and betake ourselves to the vessel, and on several occasions had our cranes and other tools swept into the sea, the slowness of our progress will excite less surprise; and still less will those who duly weigh the dangers of our daily life, both in our little vessel and on the rock, and who at the same time reflect on the many striking proofs which we almost every hour experienced of the care of an Almighty hand, be disposed to withhold their sympathy from the heartfelt expressions of gratitude which often went round our little circle in the boats, as we rowed in the twilight from the rock to the ship. Isolation from the world in a situation of common danger produces amongst most men a freer interchange of the feelings of dependence on the Almighty, than is common in the more chilly intercourse of ordinary life."

During this season, one-third of the area of the circle for the foundation-pit was cleared; when finished it measured forty-two feet in diameter, and fifteen inches in depth, and the next summer saw it completed.

Trials and losses were experienced, from time to time, as they went on—in the washing away of buoys; the destruction of moorings; their little vessel being tossed by the billows, and in danger of foundering on the reefs; the peril encountered each day in the landing

thirty men on so slippery a rock,—all these were obstacles which would have damped the ardour of most men; but it is a mark of true energy, that it rises with the greater strength the more it is dashed down; a double glow of ardour fires such a mind—it *resolves* to overcome. Thus alone could such undertakings as the one we are contemplating be accomplished; thus alone could the feeble arm of man achieve works which seem to bid defiance to the very elements. A St. Peter's or St. Paul's proudly proclaims to the world the mighty intellects that could embody, in their massive domes, the stupendous conceptions of gigantic minds; and when a path of iron can be thrown over the wave, through whose hollow tube sweeps the steam-monster with its long train; when one city can speak to another in a moment, by the trembling of invisible wires; when things like these are performed by means of the intellect of man, we may well reverence the Giver of that intellect, and dwell with delight on all that it achieves.

The spring of 1840 found them engaged, for the third year, in their work of humanity; and this time they had the delight of finding the barrack uninjured, and all things much as they had been left seven months before. The paint, of course, was in part washed off, the iron work rusted, and an entrance into their future abode effected with difficulty. Glad were they, however, to find it in good condition, and the biscuits they had left for shipwrecked seamen quite palatable on being dried and toasted.

They now, for the first time, entered upon their new residence, which consisted of three stories, raised on the pyramid of logs. The author thus relates the inconveniences of their new abode:—

"During the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water, at times when heavy sprays lashed the walls of the barrack with great violence, and also during rainy weather; and in northerly gales we had much difficulty in keeping ourselves warm. On one occasion, also, we were fourteen days without communication with the steamer, and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which were at times so loud as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. For several days the seas rose so high as to prevent our attempting to go down to the rock, and the cold and comfortless nature of our abode reduced all hands to the necessity of seeking warmth in bed, where (rising only to our meals) we generally spent the greater part of the day listening to the howling of the winds and the beating of the waves, which occasionally made the house tremble in a startling manner. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated only to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed across my mind, on being awakened one night by a heavy sea which struck the barrack, and made my cot, or hammock, swing inwards from the wall, which was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and tremor, immediately sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea. The alarm, however, was very short, and the solemn pause which succeeded the cry was soon followed by words of reassurance and congratulation."

There was, however, a brighter side to the picture, and we turn with pleasure to the following remarks:—

"Yet life on the Skerryvore Rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds, which wheeled continually over us—especially at our meals—the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn stillness of a deep blue vault, studded with stars, or cheered by the splendour of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts, in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was necessarily so much time for reflection. Those changes, together with the continual succession of hopes and fears connected with the important work in which we were engaged, and the oft-recurring calls for advice or direction, as well as occasional hours devoted to reading and correspondence, and the pleasures of news from home, were more than sufficient to reconcile me to—nay, to make me really enjoy, an uninterrupted residence, on one occasion, of not less than five weeks on that desert rock."

Operations being, as usual, suspended on the rock as soon as the autumn set in, the process of preparing stones for building went on rapidly in the work-yard at Hynish, which, during the winter months, presented a busy scene. A little colony of 150 workmen was here collected, whose neat cabins formed a "cheering contrast" to the wretched huts of the "poor Hebrideans" scattered over the island.

The spring and summer of 1841 saw the tower gradually arising on the wave-girdled rock. Apparatus of various kinds being obtained to forward their exertions, they proceeded, without much interruption, with the building. Admirable were the arrangements for landing the stones on the little railway they had laid down, for setting up the cranes and needles, and appropriating to the several workmen their respective tasks. The smallest want of forethought might have undone the labour of months.

By the close of this season only one-third remained to be done; the next found the tower completed, and the lantern erected; but so numerous were the fittings up of the interior, the preparing of machinery, lenses, &c., the obtaining of oil and all the other requisites, that it was not till the 1st of February, 1844, that the light first shone forth.

The little vessel which conveys their needful provisions to the three solitary inmates of that lonely tower, is kept in the harbour prepared for it, at Hynish,

where also is a little settlement, consisting of the families of these men, one of whom returns, every few weeks, to take his turn in domestic life.

Perhaps few offices are more full of responsibility than is that of a lighthouse keeper. On his faithful vigilance may depend the lives of thousands; and it is on peril of dismissal that the light is, for one moment, extinguished. The routine of his life is not uninteresting:—

"The keeper on duty is, by the rules of the Service, forbidden, under penalty of instant dismissal, to leave the light-room, on any pretext, until relieved by the next who mounts guard, and who is summoned by the sound of a bell placed inside his cot or sleeping-berth, which is rung by means of a small piston, propelled by simply blowing into a mouth-piece in the light-room. The keeper in bed answers this signal by a "counter-blast," which also rings another bell in the light-room, and informs the keeper there that his signal has been heard, and will be obeyed."

And now, having witnessed the birth of this monument of the intellect and perseverance of man, we will leave it to the winds and waves, trusting they may never be powerful enough to overthrow it, or extinguish that beneficent light which nightly shines above the waters from the rocks of SKERRYVORE.

STORY OF A FAMILY.[1]

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.—A DISCOVERY.

IDA's mind was so engrossed by the painful and unexpected circumstances which had befallen herself, that she forgot Mr. Tyrrell and his pertinacious resolution to be introduced to Mrs. Chester, which had before occasioned her so much trouble. Mr. Tyrrell, however, had not forgotten it himself. After a long conversation with Frederick, in the course of which he confided to him the cause of his anxiety, and in some sort charged him with the conduct of an affair which seemed to be unavoidably withdrawn from his own hand, this troublesome and inexplicable Mr. Tyrrell fetched his book and his little boy, and went out for a stroll upon the terrace. This was, with him, a favourite mode of beguiling the hours; he was not a student and an enthusiast like Percy Lee, and though his intellectual capacity was of a high order, he was seldom to be found acquiring knowledge for the mere sake of the acquisition. With a definite object in view, for a limited time, for a special and sufficient purpose, he could work as hard as any man, but this not so much from love of the work as from desire for its end. He would have walked fifty miles for a wager; he would have declined ten for mere exercise and enjoyment. Therefore to him a stroll on a sunny terrace, with a fair landscape in view, breathing upon him all kinds of serene and soothing influences, a volume in his hand not profound enough to demand attention, yet significant enough to waken and suggest thought, and his child's ringing voice and bright laughter to set the thoughts thus aroused to a pleasant music of its own—to him this was perfect luxury.

On this particular morning the thoughts which he was thus indulging seemed to be of a somewhat melancholy cast. Some passing look or gesture of the boy had recalled his mother, summoning up one of those sudden, living, *real* visions of the past, which sometimes spring upon us unawares, to overthrow in a moment all the barriers which we have been years in raising, to convict our patience of hollowness, and our resignation of falsehood. It was, doubtless, with no deep and bitter agony that Mr. Tyrrell had sorrowed for his wife's death; the light of his life had not gone out with her; she left no legacy of memories so tender that one dares not touch them; no pathetic vacancy that is ever craving to be filled, yet the filling of which would be profanation. Nevertheless, apart from the horror of her death and the painful character of their last interview, there had been a keenness in his regret which surprised himself, and which would scarcely have been credited by her whose sensitive and passionate nature, once convinced that he had never loved her as she loved him, had speedily exaggerated his coolness into complete indifference, and scarcely stopped short of believing it to be hatred and contempt. He was a very proud man; proud not merely in outward development of manner and character, but proud also in the solitude of his own heart and conscience, which is far rarer. He was not one to utter reproaches, or urge claims, or seek explanations; he watched, waited, judged, and was silent. You might have supposed him callous, or singularly deficient in self-esteem, or miraculously patient, but you would have been mistaken. No man had a clearer or more definite view of what he expected from others, or a keener and juster sense of what he obtained. He was simply undemonstrative. You could never detect by his manner that he had expected anything; you would never have dreamed that he was disappointed; you would suppose him perfectly self-dependent, with an agreeable warmth which extended not many inches below the surface, and a heart to which attachments were unnecessary, though perhaps pleasant. But, if he had once met with that which was the unavowed object of his search, if once the unuttered question of his spirit had been answered by a full, firm, satisfactory "Yes;" if he had once been able to confide, and approve, and feel certain that he was beloved, the secret store of affection which was ready to be unfolded would have astonished the very person who called it forth, by its power, its warmth, its tenderness, and its completeness. His marriage was, in every respect, unfortunate. He had been attracted by Madeline's beauty, and interested by her genius, and, perhaps, even by her faults; she was to him a new character, and he studied her with a mixture of curiosity, admiration, and disapproval. She occupied

(1) Continued from p. 210.

both his time and his thoughts, and the regret which he felt for those defects in her, which seemed rather to result from wrong training than from natural tendency to evil, sometimes amounted to a desire to undertake their cure himself. Time and circumstance might have ripened these beginnings into real attachment, but they certainly had not done so when, from the mixture of motives before described, he made her his wife.

There was a great deal of temper in his first treatment of her; he felt himself to have been, in a manner, duped, and though he could scarcely suppose her to have been consciously accessory to this, he could not help, in some measure, visiting it upon her. He had all that strange indolence which is not unfrequently found in persons who have yet dormant within them an energetic and unconquerable will. He hated trouble; he shrank from anything like a scene; he would bear a great deal for the sake of peace, without, however, feeling at all peacefully disposed towards those who made him bear it. So, during the first year of his marriage, he stood still, watching, examining, recording in his heart all proofs or indications whether of good or evil, and unfortunately the balance was generally on the wrong side of the account. Calmly and bitterly he made up his mind to this new disappointment, and, deciding that love was impossible, took refuge in duty. He told his conscience that he had committed no fault against her; he summoned up his will to obtain that she should commit none against him. Her indifference to his wishes, her defiance of his taste, were to him irrefragable proofs that she did not really care for him, for he was accustomed to test all feelings by their fruits, and by those alone. She little dreamed how her every word, look, and gesture, was adding syllables to the sentence of her condemnation. While she was with him his feeling was all bitterness, though of a quiet, proud, patient, kind; after her supposed death, it underwent little change. There was horror, there was a sort of cold grief, there was a feeling of undefined pain which he never analysed, but he still said to himself that as a husband he was blameless, and that, if she would have allowed him, he could have loved her. Surely there can be no more certain proof that conscience is sick and feeble, than the fact that it will not admit the possibility of having given, while it scrupulously records that it has received, offences.

Of late, however, Tyrrell had begun to feel somewhat differently. Gradually and half unconsciously his mind had acquired a habit of looking back upon the period of his engagement and marriage, to the contemplation of which he had long felt a natural and invincible repugnance. Some of the attractions which Madeline posessed for him at their first introduction had gathered slowly around her memory, and in the twilight of the past they perhaps looked fairer than reality. That which is a scarped and rugged rock when you stand beneath it at noonday, looks like a rampart of frosted and glistening silver when the sea parts it from you and the sunset reposes upon it. The thought is perhaps too commonplace to require notice; it is commonplace as the truth and pathos of daily life, of which it is no inconsiderable element. So Tyrrell had begun to remember Madeline's gifts more vividly than he had perceived them, except perhaps during the first month of their acquaintance. Once or twice the thought had started up within him that the moulding of a noble nature had been in his hands; and when the question intruded itself, "How was this accomplished?" the answer did not involve so full and entire an acquittal of him as he had been wont to believe. From composed self-approval in the court of conscience, he passed to deliberate self-defence,—no inconsiderable step. He counted up the sins of his wife, he dwelt upon his own forbearance, but when he would have pronounced the verdict, "Not guilty," there was an unanswerable, though possibly an unreasonable whisper at his heart, that he might have made it otherwise. He could not but remember how boundless had been his empire over her; he could not but suspect that he had lost it, partly at least, by his own fault. He asked himself whether he had not first ignored the peculiar difficulties of her character, and then charged them upon her alone when he came in contact with them. There was an importunate vision before his mind's eye of the fair and noble development to which that character might have attained, if it had been guided by tenderness and fostered by confidence. What right had he, after winning her affections, to stand aloof till she had proved herself worthy of his—when, in fact, that very withdrawal on his part deprived her of her strongest motive and surest help? It was in vain that he repeated to himself that she never loved him, that her conduct proved it, that the fact was indisputable. Invisible truth is stronger than indisputable appearances. She forces her way, and if you cannot see her she shouts in your ears, and if you will not listen, she lays her cold strong hand upon your heart, and compels you to recognise her presence. One breath of her mouth shivers a whole edifice of arguments. Tyrrell could not help himself; proud as he was, and self-disciplined, and sinned against, he was forced to confess himself also as having sinned; and the pain which he had refused to analyze became keener and more intolerable, and the haughty spirit came down from its throne, and sat in sackcloth and ashes.

And now, as we have said, a passing glance of the child's face had called up a quick unbidden apparition of the mother's. There are times when the strongest will seats itself voluntarily in the car of the imagination or memory, and says, "There! I have contended enough; carry me whither you will!" Perhaps the stronger the will, the more entire is this temporary self-abandoment, because it knows that at any moment it can resume the reins, and check the struggling coursers, and return upon its steps. It was such a time now with Tyrrell; he paced the terrace slowly, with downcast eyes, yielding himself without an effort to be bound in the fairy fetters of a reverie. The vision of Madeline rose up before him gradually, but with increasing distinctness, as though the portrait were

being painted before his gaze. The form, the step, the bearing, had that peculiar combination of lightness and stateliness which was their living characteristic—the port of a queen, the motions of a sylph—soft drapery of snowy white enveloped the delicate limbs—every lineament of the pallid beautiful face was there; the deep stedfast eyes were lifted to his, and they were full as ever of life, of fire, of power and eloquence unutterable: on the broad fair brow was a garland of water-lilies. It was Undine in her moment of return to earth, a picture strangely compounded of the mournfulness of the injured spirit, and the triumph of the conscious woman, more strangely still, and with a parallel too shocking to be endured, recalling and almost mocking her actual fate. Tyrrell passed his hand across his face, shuddered, and looked up; his eye fell upon an upper, open window in the house, in front of which he had paused; the curtains were drawn aside as if to admit a full current of air, and a lady sat, partly shrouded by their drapery, her elbow on the window-sill, her cheek on her hand, her face averted. He gazed upon her fixedly, as so often happens in deep thought, without knowing what he saw, and while he gazed she slowly turned her head, and first the profile was visible, cut like a cameo in pure transparent white, against the dark curtains of the bed behind her; and then the full face—the face of which he was dreaming! Thinner, and a little worn as if with the passage of years and griefs, and shaded by an invalid cap which had fallen back and left bare the rich heavy braid of dark hair which descended upon either cheek,—but still the same face, unforgotten, unmistakeable, alive, and full of beauty! There was a moment of incredulity, in which he marvelled at the vivid impressions of fancy, the absolute delusion, the miracle; but the vision was stationary, and Tyrrell gasped for breath, incapable of speech or movement, yet persuaded that a sound or a step would break the spell, and convince him that it was but a phantom of the senses which he beheld. The lady moved; she came closer to the window, and her face was seen in the clear, undeceiving, actual daylight; her very breath was almost audible as it heaved the folds of her white wrapping garment; he could have believed that he felt it warm upon his forehead; he marked the fall of a tear which hung an instant from the long dark eyelashes, and then dropped upon the cheek; and then she turned away and withdrew into the room, unconscious of his observation or presence.

All this passed in less than a minute. Tyrrell could scarcely be said to recover himself, for his bewilderment was complete, and his agitation violent; but he recovered the power of action, and rushed into the house and up the stairs to the lobby, with which the apartment in which he had seen the apparition vanish communicated. He paused a moment, to make sure which door he should open; then grasped the handle with a mixture of terror and eagerness, but it turned in his fingers, and, as he started back, Ida issued from the room, and closed the door behind her before he could prevent it.

"Mr. Tyrrell!" exclaimed she in a voice of irrepressible astonishment.

He was pale as death, his eyes fixed, his voice faltering, but he made a great effort, and answered her quietly, though with unnatural abruptness,—

"Whose room is this?"

"This room? Mrs. Chester's," she replied, looking wonderingly in his face, and answering mechanically.

He made an attempt to pass her, but she prevented him, exclaiming with a kind of terror for which she could scarcely account, but which his manner seemed to justify, "Pray, Mr. Tyrrell—indeed you must not! She is ill, she has had brain fever, she must not be agitated."

"And why," replied he, commanding himself by a great exertion, and fixing his eyes stedfastly upon Ida's changing face, in which the blushes came and went twenty times in a minute; "why should an interview be so peculiarly agitating to her?"

Ida trembled and tried to speak, but could not.

"Miss Lee," he continued vehemently, and regarding her with a wild, incredulous, bewildered expression, "I have seen this Mrs. Chester, as you call her, I have seen her at the window just now, quite clearly; do you know who she is? Why do you change colour and look so frightened? am I to believe impossibilities? am I dreaming? am I sane? For God's sake, Miss Lee, if you know anything, tell it to me, for I could suppose this to be the merest fantasy of delirium, and yet no argument can convince that it is not real. My reason is the fool of my senses."

As Ida's agitation increased he became calmer. He led her to a seat, and placed himself before her, still keeping her hand in his and looking earnestly in her face. Wild and impenetrable as was the confusion of ideas into which the last five minutes had plunged him; incapable as he was of finding a clue, of conjecturing an explanation, of forming a definite thought, much more of looking back upon past facts, sifting evidences, and admitting new unsuspected possibilities, he was yet conscious of an invincible determination to arrive at the truth, and that speedily; a determination strong enough to drive back and subdue the tumult of disorderly thoughts which surrounded it, and to keep them in check till it should be satisfied. Ida felt ready to faint and unable to speak; but his roused will had, as it were, laid a grasp upon her from which she could not escape, and her paleness, her trembling, her shrinking gaze, her broken inarticulate attempts at speech were all answers more forcible than uttered words could have been.

"I am to believe, then," said he, with the suddenness of conviction after a painful pause, "I am to believe that the lady whom I have just now seen, and who calls herself Mrs. Chester is—my wife,"—he pronounced the words with difficulty, and almost as if they were forced from him by some mechanical cause independent of himself,—"and you know it."

Ida was absolutely silent. He dropped her hand and sprang towards the door of the room, but she interposed, with a movement more rapid than his own.

"Mr. Tyrrell, have mercy!" she cried; "do not kill her, whatever her errors may have been. She does not even know that you are in the house; it is but two days since the delirium left her."

He returned. He was now perfectly calm, and had assumed a strange sort of unnatural imitation of his ordinary manner, so polished, easy, and self-possessed. He smiled as he answered her:—

"I am not unreasonable in my demands. You will allow that my position is rather peculiar—unusual, to say the least of it; and it is equally unusual that so young a lady as yourself should be concerned in *such* a matter as this. If you will have the kindness to answer my questions, plainly and truly, (excuse the stipulation,) I will make no attempt to force myself into that lady's presence. How your father, whom I thought my friend, and an upright man, will answer for the part which he has played in this deception, of which I have been the ridiculous and unsuspecting dupe, I must leave it to his conscience to decide. You must have a curious story to tell me;—pray begin—I am all attention—quite a romance of real life, I suppose; the tyrant husband, and the runaway wife of whom one reads in novels."

"Mr. Tyrrell," replied Ida, with spirit, "your agitation excuses you; "but if you were yourself, you would hardly have suspected my father of anything which conscience could find a difficulty in justifying. He is as ignorant of—of *this*—as I was till a few days ago."

"Of *this!*" he repeated, with singular animation. "Then I am right! How could I be mistaken? Yet how—what is it—what can it mean?"

He sat down, muttering to himself, like a man completely overpowered, yet in a moment resumed his inquiry, hurriedly, and as if he feared lest any forgetfulness on his part should enable Ida to escape.

"Miss Lee," he said, earnestly, "you must surely feel for me;—this is no place for such an explanation—if explanation there be. I declare to you, I feel as if my reason were tottering and falling. I entreat of your humanity—I have a right to demand of your justice, to insist, to command, that you will either give me an explanation, or suffer me to obtain it for myself."

Ida covered her face with her hands.

"You have the right—of course you have the right," she exclaimed. "Oh! what shall I, what ought I to do?"

"Can there possibly be any question of *right*," asked Tyrrell, in an unsteady voice, "where it is a husband who asks you to give him an account of a wife, whom, for five years, he has supposed to be dead? Can this be a case for hesitation or for scruples? At least, can anything prevent me from satisfying myself if you will not satisfy me?"

"Mr. Tyrrell," cried Ida, weeping, and taking his hands in hers, "will you not forgive her? She has done wrong, but she has suffered, oh, so much! She has been nearly dying—she is very miserable. She has been my kind friend—my dear mother. Oh! how shall I do my duty both by her and by you!"

He withdrew his hands, and answered her coldly, a whole flood of bitterness rising in his proud heart, now beginning to recover from its first overpowering emotion.

"Pardon me," said he; "but this conflict of duty should never have been imposed upon you. You must allow me to take the matter into my own hands."

Ida shrieked, and darted before the door of the room. The one sole idea that possessed her was that if Tyrrell were to enter that chamber Madeline would assuredly and instantly die.

Hitherto they had spoken very low, with that unconscious consideration of outward circumstances and difficulties which seldom forsakes us, even when under the influence of violent emotion. Ida's scream was, however, audible beyond the precincts of the lobby; and a third person was immediately added to their colloquy in the shape of aunt Melissa.

"What is the matter?—what is the matter?" exclaimed she, assuming double the alarm she felt, in order to avenge her outraged nerves upon the offender. She held her hand tightly over her heart, as if she were afraid lest it should actually leap out of her body, and the inner corners of her eyebrows had a most irregular and agonized expression, bearing no proportion at all to anything less than murder. Elderly ladies often do this, especially if a door is shut suddenly, or if a dog, belonging to any person whom they do not like, barks near the window. They do it so well from long practice that their unsuspecting juniors are sometimes beguiled into believing that they are enduring a great shock with remarkable heroism.

"My dearest Ida!" added aunt Melissa, in a tone of tragic appeal, looking daggers at the poor girl, who answered her hesitatingly, and scarce audibly. "Oh! I beg your pardon! I was only startled."

Mr. Tyrrell forestalled the coming storm. "Miss Lee did not know that I was near her till I touched her shoulder," said he. "She resembles you, in the fragility of her nerves—let us hope that the resemblance may not stop here. But I am quite ashamed to have caused such a commotion."

"I was afraid somebody was hurt," said Melissa, in a faint, cross tone; the compliment having a litttle subdued her, though it was not quite strong enough to conquer her altogether.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Tyrrell, "you look quite pale. You should take more care of yourself—indeed you should. You exert yourself too much. Let me persuade you to lie down for half-an-hour. Miss Ida Lee and I"—(he had drawn Ida's arm within his own, and she did not dare resist him)—"are going to take a turn in the garden. Now, pray lie down on the sofa, and rest, and let us find you with a little more colour in your cheeks on our return. You will be quite knocked up."

He led the ladies into the drawing-room while he spoke; and did not rest till he had fairly deposited aunt Melissa on the sofa, having confused her into a sort of practical belief that Ida's scream was somehow or other the result of her own over-exertion, and that

she must certainly take more care of herself for the future. It was done very rapidly, and before Ida had recovered her astonishment at the audacity of his acting, and his presence of mind, she found herself alone with him in the garden. Silently and tremblingly she suffered him to place her on a bench; she struggled to collect her thoughts, anticipating what was coming, but pure vague fear was literally her only feeling.

"Miss Lee," said he, gently but resolutely, "I beg your pardon for having distressed you; I am sure I need make no apology, nor can I pause to consider custom or politeness—such a position as mine must make its own rules. I am going to leave you for ten minutes—you require a little time for consideration, and I would not take you by surprise. At the end of that time I shall return, and if you do not then think it right to answer my questions, I must proceed to obtain the information I require for myself. I do not mean this as a threat; but no other way is left me."

He did not give her time to answer but withdrew at once to the further end of the walk; not so far, however, as to be out of sight of the bench on which Ida was sitting.

The moment Ida was left alone she buried her face in her hands, and prayed for guidance with her whole heart. For the first time in her life she felt that she could not tell right from wrong; she was compelled to act, and there were but two paths before her; to each she was invited by a duty—from each repelled by a crime. Madeline had sinned in casting off her husband's authority—that authority was indelible, the work of God and not of man; it could not be right to shield her from it, to aid her in escaping it. But Madeline had trusted Ida, and it would be base indeed to betray her fearless unsuspecting confidence. These two points presented themselves again and again to poor Ida's gaze, and as often she turned away blinded by tears and unable to pronounce a decision. She tried to separate and arrange her thoughts. The secret was discovered; that was evident, and in that she had no part—it would be mere child's play, it would be altogether unworthy to assume the appearance of concealment any longer; she was truth itself, and she could not do this. If she could prevail upon him to wait a week, till Madeline's health was sufficiently restored for her to decide for herself—at present she dreaded agitation for her too much to venture to put the question before her. All the while Ida never varied for a moment from her belief that Madeline was bound to return to her husband, and at all risks she must indeed do this. If she should not get better (and Ida wept at the thought) she *must* be told, even if it were to kill her, that she may be able to do right before she dies. Ida shuddered at the thought of her false tenderness leading her to commit so great a crime against her friend as to help her in doing wrong, or lose her the opportunity of atonement. At that moment she felt ready to go to her without hesitation, and make her aware of the truth at all hazards. Then the idea suddenly presented itself—could *any* means be wrong which might bring about a reconciliation without injuring Madeline's health! The journal—if Mr. Tyrrell could but see it, Ida felt certain that all his anger would be changed into pity, sympathy, self-accusation, love—she felt certain that he would then treat Madeline with the tenderest consideration; that all would be well between them. This journal was in her possession—could it be wrong to give it to him? Were she to ask Madeline's permission, she felt sure that it would be refused; besides, the very asking permission would of course involve a revelation of all the circumstances. Could it be wrong to serve Madeline without her consent, to make her plead for herself, instead of trying ineffectually and feebly to plead for her? All that Ida knew of her history was derived from the pages of that journal, and she could not answer one of Mr. Tyrrell's questions without a breach of confidence as real as if she were to show him the book. Passion, pride, feeling, delicacy, would all combine to make Madeline averse that he should see it if she knew of it beforehand, yet if her better self could decide for her unbiassed, it would surely decide in the affirmative. Might not Ida, then, decide the question thus for her; would not Madeline be the first to thank and bless her for it when she found the happy consequences of the act? Ida closed her eyes, and her young fresh fancy built up a beautiful castle in a moment. She saw Madeline and Tyrrell happy, reconciled, and mutually forgiving; she went quickly into the details of their future life; she saw their child growing up between them in strength and loveliness; she saw the brightness and tranquillity of evening richly repaying her friend for the storms and sorrows of the day; she even saw how Tyrrell fell ill, and Madeline nursed him with all possible tenderness and devotion; and how, as he looked up gratefully in her face, and pressed her hand as she stooped over him, they both remembered their early misery and disunion, and thanked Ida in their hearts for the daring step which had brought them together, and taught them to know each other. No way but this could have achieved the same end, for Madeline would never have told—could never have even suggested the half of what she had written; and wounded pride and suppressed feeling would have thrown a thousand disguises over her real nature, and given false emphasis to every tone, and cold expression to every look. But the picture which she had drawn of herself in that journal was living and irresistible—one look was conviction.

And here Ida paused to ask herself one more question, "Are not the results of all man's actions in God's hands?" And the burning words wrote themselves upon her heart, "Thou shalt not do evil that good may come."

The ten minutes were past, and Mr. Tyrrell returned:—

"Understand me," said he, before she had time to speak, "I am not going to force, to urge, not even to *suggest* any line of action which may prove to be repugnant to—your friend. She has decided for her-

self in the first instance; she shall do so again now. But I have a right to know the grounds of her original decision; I have a right," he added, a certain degree of passion becoming observable in his tone, in spite of his effort to maintain entire composure of demeanour, "to know all; and I will know it by some means or from some source."

"Mr. Tyrrell," said Ida in a low trembling voice, "I have made up my mind what to do; I only wish to do right, and if I do wrong it is from mistake not from intention. You have every reason to feel outraged and indignant; all I ask is that you will wait. Listen to me, pray, only for one moment. This is my dearest, kindest, best friend next to my father: overcome with agitation, and under the influence of fever, she has confided the secrets of her life to me; she could not speak, but she put into my hands a journal which she has written, and which would explain the whole to you, which I will venture to say you *could* not read without the deepest sympathy. She gave this to me on the night when she was first taken ill; we have never exchanged a word on the subject since. Her illness was caused by the sight of her child; she recognised him, and the agitation brought on brain fever. I have never dared to allude to it lest I should excite her. She does not know that you are in the house; when we are together she sits silent, and weeps much. *I* have no right to judge either her or you. What can I do, but ask you to have patience till her health is so far restored that an interview would not be dangerous; and then leave you to judge and act for yourself? I will pray for her," —here Ida's tears began to flow fast; "I do pray for her with all my heart, that she may be strengthened to do right, and that she may be comforted; and, so far as I can, I will never cease trying to comfort and help and persuade her. Can I do anything else?"

She spoke rapidly and with great emotion; he made no attempt to interrupt her, but when she paused he took her hand and said, quickly, "Will you show me this journal?"

"Can you ask it?" returned she, fixing her childlike eyes upon his face. "I believe honestly, that, were you to read it, all your views would change, and you could not help being reconciled. But it was given me in confidence, and it is sacred; it is not in my power. I have no right to use any judgment about it."

There are few who can withstand the simple eloquence of truth, and Ida's innocent appeal went straight to the heart of her hearer. He remained silent for some minutes, still holding her hand with a changed and gentle expression of face.

"Tell me," said he at last, "when did this fever attack her, and when did it leave her?"

"She has been two days free from delirium; she was taken ill more than a week ago; she is better every day, thank God."

"Well," said Mr. Tyrrell, "do not think me harsh, but though it is quite natural that you should be timid, and I do not blame you in the least, I think it is not necessary. Nay, don't look so distressed; consider a moment. She knows (he could not bring himself to utter her name) that Arthur is here—she must suspect that I am either come or coming. Think what must be working in her mind all the while she is sitting as you describe her, without speaking, and with many tears. Believe me such suspense is worse than any certainty. All this is not my fault; she has placed herself in this strange, painful, unnatural position, and she cannot issue from it in *any* direction without great suffering. The sooner this is over the better. If you wait in hope that she will recover strength, you only give the poison more time to work. A week hence, seven days more of silence and tears, seven nights of restlessness and doubt and weary pain, and she will be far less fit to undergo a shock than she is now."

"What would you have me do?" asked poor Ida, turning very pale.

"Go to her," replied Mr. Tyrrell, "now, this very moment. Tell her, as gently and cautiously as you will, that I am here, and that I have seen her; tell her that I will not force myself into her presence either now, or at any future time; but that I insist upon knowing the history of these years, the causes of her behaviour, in fact the WHOLE; and that she has no right, no power to refuse it to me. Tell her that I am ready to consider any arrangement which she chooses to propose."

He stopped suddenly; he was evidently controlling himself by great exertion; and as his tone became bitter he ceased to speak, determined to say nothing which might distress Ida or expose his own feelings. Apart from the singular and agitating nature of the position in which he found himself, it was galling to his pride to the last degree to have his emotions thus made, so to speak, a spectacle for a young girl. He could not remember without mortification even the expressions of amazement which she had heard him utter. The very extremity of his confusion and agitation gave him, after the first shock was over, strength to conceal all outward demonstration of it.

Ida felt that she had no right to oppose him, nor to set her judgment against his, but her terror was extreme. "Must I do this?" asked she, her slight form quivering from head to foot.

"My dear child," he answered, "how can I spare you? you cannot feel the pain which I am giving you more acutely than I do. It is wrong—it is unnatural—it ought not to be. But where is there any remedy? Can I go to her myself—can I send any other messenger? Would you wish me—would it in fact be possible for me to open these miserable wounds to any other eyes? Is not one confidante *more* than enough for *such* a secret? Can I be expected to bear it more patiently than I do? Go to her—tell her all this, very tenderly—and ask her permission to put this journal in my hands, since I conclude she will scarcely wish to make her confessions in person."

The contrast between his assumed calmness, his real gentleness towards Ida, and the stern sarcasm

which every now and then broke out, both in tone and glance, was most striking.

"Oh! forgive me," she replied; "I did not mean to be selfish; in fact, I was not thinking of myself, I was only frightened. But, of course, you know best, and no one but you has a right to decide. I will go." She drew a deep painful sigh, compelled to submit, but unable to divest herself of dread of the results.

He pressed her hand kindly as he let it drop, and the tenderness of his manner was quite fatherly. "I would save you from this if I knew how," said he; "but since it *must* be, it is best not to defer it. And then this most painful matter must be withdrawn entirely from your hands; leave her as soon as possible, and seek strength and refreshment for yourself. You don't know how much or how soon you may need it."

Something in his tone startled her, and she answered, struck by a sudden indefinable thought,—"Was it because you suspected anything that you were so anxious for a private interview with Madeline before?"

"No, no," returned he hastily. "What should I suspect? I had heard of her, and was anxious to know her. Go, my dear child, go, I entreat you."

She moved slowly away, and as he gazed after her he was twice obliged to remove the tears which gathered in his eyes. Then he returned to the contemplation of his own strange inexplicable destiny.

"Is that you, dearest?" said the voice of Madeline, as Ida entered the sick chamber. "I am much better to-day, come to me; come close, sit down beside me. Will you read to me a little, your reading soothes me like music, but there is something discordant if I try to read to myself, and my head begins to ache directly. Take your own favourite book—your mother's book—and read here this chapter."

She opened St. Thomas à Kempis as she spoke, and placed it before Ida, reading with a tremulous voice the title of the chapter. The words were very solemn. "Of the Oblation of Christ upon the Cross, and of Resignation of ourselves." Ida sat down beside the couch, and took the volume, but Madeline laid her hand over the page:—

"One moment!" she said. "Let us collect ourselves. Oh, Ida! those are awful words,—the whole Christian creed, and the whole Christian life in one sentence. A summary of faith and duty, each syllable a sentence of condemnation! I have been thinking a great deal this morning about what faith ought to work in us; it is nothing, absolutely nothing, unless it is able so to turn the will against the heart, that we become, contrary to ourselves, strongest where we were most weak, bravest where we were the very slaves of fear. Unless the transformation be complete, *what* are we the better for it?"

"True," replied Ida timidly, for there was a degree of exitement in her friend's manner which somewhat alarmed her. "Is not that the reason why we always make self-denial the very threshold of the Christian temple?"

"Aye, self-denial," rejoined Madeline. "But what is self-denial? what is it that we see and know which takes the name of self-denial. A man who is naturally generous, takes the duty of charity, and gives all his substance to the poor; one who was born gentle, endures insult and provocation with meekness; one who is naturally reserved and distrutful, sacrifices human affections, and turns away from earthly happiness. This is *called* self-denial—but it is a mere cheating of the soul. Faith should be able to make every man excel in that particular duty to which he has the strongest aversion: the mean man should be boundless in liberality—the tender and patient heart should be fullest of zeal and daring—the proud, sensitive, self-dependent spirit should be tenderest in its love, noblest in its trust, deepest in its lowliness and abasement, gentlest in its forbearance. Can we dare say that we deny ourselves unless we do this? Is there anything like crucifixion of the will in such mere development and ennobling of natural tendencies as make up the greater part of our self-discipline? Is it faith, if we only believe and tremble?

"Godfrey spoke in this way," answered Ida, very gently; "and he seemed to think that Faith never could thus conquer and transfigure Self. But *we* know that it *can* do so—that it *has* done so—that it *must* do so, sooner or later, through many difficulties, perhaps, alas! after many failures, in the life of every true servant of the Cross. But papa used to say that it was a dangerous habit to talk of faith doing all this for us, as though our souls were to lie still and watch the work of their salvation; I remember he said that God gives us the will, the power, and the weapons, but He fights not *for* but *in* us; and while we owe every conquest to Him, the fault of every defeat or delay is our own."

Madeline's eyes were full of light as they rested upon Ida's calm young face, and the fervour of their gaze had something painful in it. "Yes," she murmured, "we can do all things, *all* through Him. Now read to me."

And Ida read falteringly, tenderly, as though in every word she were inflicting a wound upon herself, yet dared not stay her hand; and the last words sounded softly and awfully, like the voice of a bell tolling over wide waters.

"*My sentence standeth sure: 'Unless a man forsake all, he cannot be my disciple. If thou therefore desire to be my disciple, offer up thyself unto me, with thy whole affections.'*"

She closed the volume. Madeline's face was buried in her outspread hands. Ida kneeled down before her, and laid her clasped hands upon her knee. "Listen to me, dearest," said she, after a pause; "I have something to say to you."

Oh, that little, quiet, common phrase, "I have something to say to you!" How often does it usher in the terrors, the griefs, the agonies of life! Love that has grown cold, so announces the change which maketh desolate; kindness that would fain soften the pain it is forced to inflict, takes refuge in that brief preface to a whole volume of sorrows; mere politeness

borrows it sometimes, a thin disguise for absolute cruelty; and sometimes too, shy Happiness holds it up as a screen, and shows her bright countenance peeping from behind it, after one moment's ineffectual hesitation. It is like the seal upon a letter, betokening *something* within, perchance the sentence of a lifetime.

FACTS IN THE EAST. ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY.—No. X.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

In the ninth chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, and at the thirty-third verse, we read, "And these are the singers, chief of the fathers of the Levites, who, remaining in the chambers, were free; for they were employed in that work day and night." And there is mention of musical instruments also, "psalteries, and harps, and cymbals," which the singers "were appointed to sound," as we read in the nineteenth verse of the fifteenth chapter of the same Book. The custom observed by the Jewish people, of appropriating to the singers of their sacred places "chambers" for the exercise of their office, is common to the Hindoos. The last time I was at the caves of Carli, in Western India, (Buddhistical temples of great antiquity,) I observed, that in front of the principal excavation, and separated from it by a court-yard, was a chamber, supported on the pillars of a covered passage, and devoted to the use of the singers and musicians, who with their vinás, or guitars, their tom-toms, or drums, and their shunks, or trumpets, at stated times during the day and night, sang and played in the service of the temple, although the worshippers present were but the few Brahmins, who had a "set office" to "oversee the vessels, and all the instruments of the sanctuary, and the fine flour, the oil, and the frankincense, and the spices;" for all appliances, such as we read, in the twenty-ninth verse of the ninth chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, that the Levites had charge of, (with one exception, that of wine,) are to be found in charge of the Brahmin ministers of the Temple of Carli. Brahmins, it may be observed, the class set apart for religious services, inherit these duties by right of birth or *caste*, from generation to generation; and it may be remarked, that they do not rise by gradation through the various offices, but fulfil them, each man in the "set office" of his fathers; and we see, in the twenty-second verse of the same chapter, that such was the case with the children of Levi, the porters, who "were reckoned by their genealogy in their villages, whom David and Samuel the Seer did ordain in their set office."

When harassed by the Philistine army, David, as we read at the fifteenth verse of the eleventh chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, was in the cave of Adullam, and "three of the thirty captains went down to the Rock, to David." Caves similarly situated would be always chosen as places of refuge in the East by leaders, pressed by a surrounding enemy; and very many natural caverns that have been pointed out to me in the mountains of India, as having sheltered noted bandit chieftains, on whose heads government set a price, had commonly a second outlet, opening on the mountain-top, by which, when the mouth of the cavern was surrounded, the harassed chieftain had escaped, and by this system, perhaps for years, defied all the stratagems of a powerful force employed against him. I visited a cavern in the scarp of a Deccan Ghaut, in which the scourge of that land, Ragojee Bangria, had baffled horse and foot of our Indian army, after they had acted against the outlaw with persevering zeal, on hill and jungle side, for more than three years, fruitlessly. The chief, when sore pressed, hastened to this stronghold, and his people would, by rope-ladders, descend, to hold conferences with their leader, and bring him food. A traitor to the chief betrayed his lair; the jungle was filled with mounted men, and a body of sepoys surrounded the base of the rock in which the cavern was worn. A chosen party, their knives in their teeth, climbed to its entrance—they dashed into the cave, expecting a desperate resistance. All was silent, and a weak, faint, struggling ray of light in the recesses of the cavern, was the only trace of the rocky aperture through which the chieftain had again escaped the power employed to capture and destroy him.

In the thirteenth chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, and at the seventh verse, we read, "And they carried the ark of God in a new cart, out of the house of Abinadab, and Uzza and Ahio drave the cart." The carts commonly used in the East are of very rude construction, but strong, and consequently well adapted for the purposes for which they are employed. The carts I have commonly observed among the agricultural classes of Cutch, Kattiawar, and Guzzerat, were formed of heavy wood, slightly arched over the wheels, and sloping downwards both behind and in front; so that having no protection round the cart, this peculiar shape renders it necessary to secure very firmly whatever is placed on it; and as the bullocks who draw this rudely constructed vehicle are frequently young and little trained to labour, slight security is afforded to goods placed upon this rough conveyance, more particularly in its progress over the highways and bye-ways of the East, the broad wheels of these carts acting as road-makers, by forming ruts in the ground, and wearing furrows on the rocks, of plain and mountain. If, as we suppose probable, the "new cart" taken "out of the house of Abinadab" was of the description now used by the agriculturists of India, it will not seem remarkable that when "the oxen stumbled" at "the threshing-floor of Chidon," the servant who drove the cart put forth his hand to hold the ark, the man Uzza doing as he would have done to protect any precious thing borne upon his cart, forgetting that the Guide of the hosts of Israel would himself protect the Ark of the Tabernacle equally from danger as from defilement, and for that this faith was not in him, "he died before God."

In the twelfth verse of the fourteenth chapter of the First Chronicles, we read of the Philistines, "And

when they had left their gods there, David gave a commandment, and they were burned with fire." The gods of wood and stone are frequently alluded to as the "gods of the nations"—the nations warred against by the peculiar people, the people led and nurtured and strengthened from the beginning, and yet rebelling more and more against the moral governance of Jehovah. These gods were probably in form similar to the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon, as seen in all the idol temples of Hindostan; for the personification of the attributes of nature would be probably common to all men who, worshipping ignorantly, sought to give tangible form to the good and evil they saw around them; thus the images of the groves, with Baal, and Nisroch of the Assyrians, with all their other gods, "the work of men's hands, wood and stone," were, probably, like the Bowanee of India, the Siva and Vishnu of the Hindoos, personifications of that fertility which might enrich them, worshippers of that destruction that might overthrow, or of that protection which should preserve them. Wooden idols in India are, it may be observed, less common than those of stone; and a reason for this may be found in the fact of the most enduring material being most commonly sought for the purpose of idol erecting, as well as from the circumstance of the oldest temples being excavated monoliths, and their idols being, equally with the altar and the columns, hewn from the living rock. It may be remarked in the records of the early history of the wars of the Jewish nation also, that the expression "breaking" is more common than that of "burning," as connected with the acts of the Jewish Iconoclasts: thus in the tenth chapter of the Second Kings, at the twenty-seventh verse, we read, "And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught-house unto this day." I remember, on Girnar, to have seen the idols of the Jain temples there, with their images of Parswanath in his twenty-four avatars, hewn from the granite rock, uncouth and rude in form, but overlaid, in some cases, with pure beaten gold, such as we suppose to have been used in the time of Moses by Bezaleel, when he worked on the Tabernacle of the Covenant; and these idols had been smitten by the swords of the Moslems, and round the throat of each was a circle of masonry, by which means the Jains had replaced the heads of their gods, broken off by the armies of the iconoclast conquerors; their material prevented their destruction by fire; neither, without enormous force, could they have been utterly demolished. The only idols of wood I have seen in India were in the province of Cutch, and these were worshipped under the title of "Juck" by the Rajpoots, and represented a mounted and armed warrior, of that chivalrous race.

In the fourteenth chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, and at the fourteenth verse, we read of God's command to David,—"Come upon them over against the mulberry-trees." This was in the valley of Rephaim. The mulberry grows extensively in India in the present day, where I have seen large gardens of mulberry-trees, principally in various parts of the Deccan and their quality is such, that speculatists have gone there from Italy to cultivate silk-worms as a matter of profit. The fruit differs, however, from the English mulberry, being long in form, pale in colour, and insipid to the taste.

At the first chapter of the Second Book of the Chronicles, and at the sixteenth verse, we read, "And Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt." The horses ridden in Egypt are, at the present day, remarkable for their size, strength, docility, and beauty; larger than the Arabs, they possess the same points for which the desert-breed are so highly valued, and their symmetry is combined with a docility that renders them of the highest possible value to their Moslem masters. Nothing of its kind *can* be more admirable than the behaviour of a pacha's horse in the streets of Grand Cairo, where, with an eye of fire, and limbs calculated for combined power and swiftness, the magnificent animal stands or moves with equal gentleness amid a crowd of donkeys, camels, and foot-passengers, pressing against himself and his mameluke trappings at every step. The price of a well-bred horse in Egypt is about one hundred and fifty pounds; and, considering how much attention is paid to the breeding and training of horses in the East, it is very probable that those of Egypt and Syria have not much deteriorated since the period when King "Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt" to Jerusalem.

In the twentieth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, and at the twenty-fifth verse, we read:—"They found among them in abundance both riches with the dead bodies, and precious jewels, which they stripped off for themselves." It is customary among the people of the East to invest large portions of their wealth in jewels of gold and silver, which they retain upon their persons; and, consequently, in times of war, the pillage is very considerable. After the taking of Khelat, I remember having seen enormous quantities of jewels of various kinds that had been taken from the persons of Mehrab Khan and his chiefs; some of them talismans, or taweeds; others, uncut gems of great value, used as necklaces and pendants, with ear-jewels and bangles. In earlier papers, I have had occasion to remark on the evil incident to this practice, as affects the custom of the poor in the decoration of their children, and of the nomade tribes in the adornment of their women; but it will readily be imagined, that, as the habit pervades all ranks, from the cooli, or porter, who, with the first few rupees he earns, in carrying a basket from the market-place, enriches the neck of his unclothed infant with a silver ring, to the prince, with his costly regalia of taweeds, surpach, tagha (head ornaments), and kulghee, the spoil would be great when war opened the way to rapine and plunder, and the victors "stripped off for themselves the spoil."

In the fourth chapter of Nehemiah, we read, at the eighteenth verse, "For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded." This custom of labouring in armour, for fear of the enemy,

is very common in the East at the present day. When first I was in Sindh, in 1842, the Banians in the towns sold grain, each man with his sword girded by his side; and the cultivators cut their ripe corn similarly protected.

In the first chapter of the Book of Esther, and at the ninth verse, we read,—"Also Vashti the queen made a feast for the women in the royal house which belonged to King Ahasuerus." The custom of feasting in hareems, on any occasions of courtly ceremony, is very common in the East. I remember, at Junaghar, that, when the Nuwaub invited parties of gentlemen to witness his buffalo fights, exercises of athletæ, and similar sports, famous in that barbarous and dissipated court, his wives, the Rahit Buckté, and the Dosie Beebee, uniformly sent "chelahs," or favourite servants, to invite me to a feast in the hareem of "the royal house," the apartments of the queens being on one side of the quadrangle of the palace of his Highness the Nuwaub. During my visit, while seated in an upper room, the ceiling of which was decorated to represent the firmament, and the rich carpets spread with divans and strewed with fresh roses, I was entertained with dancing, Persian songs, pillaos, and sherbets, with numerous delicate condiments, and those delicious combinations of sweets and acids, which the ladies of the hareem are so eminently skilled in preparing. It will be seen, therefore, that the act of Queen Vashti, in making a feast "for the women of the royal house," while Ahasuerus fêted the whole nation in the palace of Shushan, was in conformity with a custom which exists to the present day in all Oriental hareems; where, by the way, the condition of their inmates is far more independent, gay, and agreeable, than the prejudices of the untravelled allow them to believe possible; but, as we see in the case of Queen Vashti, however undisputed the authority of the principal lady of the hareem in her own little empire, she is constrained by Eastern etiquette to give her husband public "honour," and this among all ranks, "both to great and small."

THE SETTLERS SETTLED;

OR, PAT CONNOR AND HIS TWO MASTERS.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

PART IV.—THE SETTLEMENT.

In a colony continual changes are being effected; nothing stands still long together; the scenes of the drama are often shifting, new actors come upon the stage, and old ones go off. It was the middle of May—a busy, bustling month in Canada—every thing is hurry and activity upon the farm, not an idle minute to be thought of from morning till night, ploughing, sowing the late grain crops, planting corn and potatoes, completing fences with all haste. Pat Connor was not amongst the idlers; he had a motive for increased activity, and even the vixen Judy seemed now smoothed down, in the penitent husband's eyes, into a quiet and decent sort of a person. And then the children; Pat was never tired when he could command the attention of his masters for a few minutes, with talking of the wit and quickness of Rory, or Rody, as he more frequently called his first-born, the beauty of Bridget, and the quietness of little Patsy, his namesake.

Charles, in spite of his unbending notions of morality, could not help acknowledging that Pat had been somewhat provoked by mistress Judy's unforgiving behaviour; but it was the last crowning act, exposing her husband's weakness to the priest, that had decided the matter. Pat could not stand a scolding from his reverence as well as from his wife.

One day Pat came in with a face full of news. "Well, Master Charles, and have you heard of the new neighbour we are like to have, in the place of ould Silas Harris, bad luck to him?"

Charles was not sorry to hear that Silas Harris had sold his farm to a young Englishman, who was coming up directly to take possession of the land, and commence building a new dwelling for the accommodation of his family, consisting, as report said, of a widowed mother, a sister, and a younger brother; but the family had not embarked at the time the young man came out, as they were to follow him by the New York route, in August or September.

Even Arthur roused himself from his state of dreamy abstraction on the arrival of Mr. Walter Leslie; his society promised to be a source of much gratification to his neighbours, as he appeared to unite the acquirements of the scholar with the manners of the gentleman; a character greatly to the taste of our young settlers, who had pined for the interchange of sentiments congenial with their own. They were not backward in coming forward to offer their assistance and advice to the stranger; an offer which was frankly given and gratefully accepted on his part.

Walter Leslie appeared to be about five-and-twenty, but the grave and somewhat melancholy cast of his face might have led people to imagine him several years older than he really was. Ardent, enthusiastic, with a high sense of honour, and what was yet more valuable, of pure religion, no wonder that the society and influence of such a person shed a charm around him; and Walter Leslie seemed, for his part, well pleased to have met with persons so congenial in spirit with his own.

"Come," said Charles, "to us. Harris's old house is not a comfortable place for you, and it will be some weeks before your own house can be completed. Make our bachelor establishment your home for the present; your company and books will be a great treat to us, I assure you."

Nothing could be more agreeable to the feelings of the stranger than this arrangement, but he scrupled to accept the invitation lest it should place his new friends under any restraint, till assured by Charles that it should have no such effect, but that mutual benefits would be derived by this arrangement.

(1) Continued from p. 277.

Walter's luggage, which consisted chiefly of a valuable chest of tools, an ample store of books, and a portfolio of choice prints, was soon conveyed to Brookfield, and deposited in a recess in the sitting-room, which the Windhams merrily styled Walter Leslie's study. The corresponding recess was fitted up with a camp bed, and concealed by green baize curtains; so that Walter declared he felt quite at home and very comfortable; nor would he listen to any apologies which his hosts seemed to consider themselves called upon to make, because they had not better accommodations for their guest.

Of his step-mother—for Mrs. Leslie was not Walter's own mother—he spoke in terms of the highest admiration, with feelings almost amounting to devotion. Of his sweet young sister, Madeline, he spoke with tender affection and almost fatherly interest; he dwelt often and fondly upon her dove-like innocence of disposition, and grace of mind and person.

"And your brother, what is he like?

"My baby brother, for he is only two years old, is a fine little fellow," replied Walter, smiling at the expression of surprise evinced by his friend, at the disparity of years between them.

"My father," he said, "was a clergyman in the north of England, rich in all christian virtues, but not in this world's wealth. Such men as holy Mr. Herbert, Hooker, and Donne, were, if he had earthly models, his standard of perfection, but he followed with meekness and holiness of purpose in the steps of his Master. My mother was a worthy woman, but less single of heart than my father, and she clave more to the things of this world; she felt more of that worldly care about what we should eat, and what we should drink, and wherewithal we should be clothed, than my dear father did; possibly his entire indifference about such matters had had the not unnatural effect of creating a double portion of it in my poor mother. Her death, which happened very suddenly, caused a great blank in our house; it happened when I was about sixteen, and Madeline a very little child—my mother had lost several between us two."

"And your father married again?"

"Yes, after a widowhood of five years, to the most excellent and disinterested of women, whose devoted affection for him cost her the estrangement of her highly connected family; but she preferred my father, and sharing the curate's humble lot, to wealth, titles, and other worldly advantages. She has lost all in losing my father; and has preferred sharing the exile of the children of her adoption to returning, as she might have done with her own little one, to the halls of her fathers."

Charles listened with deep interest to this brief outline of his friend's family history. "And what are your own views and prospects in coming to Canada?"

"Even to do my duty in the state of life unto which my heavenly Father has been pleased to call me," was the solemn answer of Walter Leslie. Then added, after a pause, "I have vowed to be the friend of my revered father's widow—the father of his fatherless children. For their sakes I came hither, and for their sakes I shall labour, if necessary, as long as they shall need my help. I lost her whom my soul held dear as life itself, and now all places are to me the same. I follow the path of duty alone, not my own will."

He was silent for some minutes, then turning over the leaves of his portfolio, he drew from between some folds of silver paper a pencilled portrait; a face so striking in its intellectual beauty that Arthur uttered an involuntary exclamation of admiration as he gazed upon it; but Walter Leslie spoke not, his large dark melancholy eye was sadly riveted upon the face of his first, last, and only love. Closing the veil that had covered it, he restored it silently to its place; feelings that lay too deep for outward emotion were struggling in his breast. He drew his cap over his brow and abruptly left the room, nor did he return till late that evening; calm, quiet, thoughtful, he had struggled manfully to overcome the sorrows of the man by opposing to them the resignation of the Christian. Such was Walter Leslie.

The log-house was finished during the course of the summer, and Charles and Arthur were astonished at the unwearied industry with which Walter worked upon the interior fitting up of the house, and no less so at the taste which he displayed in all its details. Though so late in the season as to preclude the planting of flowers, or even the sowing of vegetable seed, a garden was neatly enclosed; the turf for a grass-plot laid down; and the whole promised well for another year.

It was not till the first week in September that Mrs. Leslie and her family reached Briarsfield, for that was the name chosen by its master, in memory of his early home.

Impatient to be introduced to their new friends, yet from motives of delicacy unwilling to intrude upon the first hours of their meeting, after so long a separation, the Windhams contented themselves with sending Pat over with messages of kind inquiry and offers of service. The following morning Walter came over, and insisted on bringing Charles and Arthur with him, that they might share his happiness and be made known to his beloved family.

There was an expression of subdued melancholy in the soft hazel eye of the widow that gave a charm to the still youthful face, where sorrow had faded, though not utterly destroyed, traces of much loveliness which had evidently existed in happier days. The bright, glad, sunny face of the little boy, whose dimpled cheek was nestled in the folds of his mother's mourning dress, formed almost a painful contrast to her pale pensive countenance.

Charles thought Walter, in his doting love for his sister, had dwelt too enthusiastically upon her personal attractions; Madeline's features were far from regular, and her form less sylph-like than would have pleased the eye of a critic in female figure; her chief charm lay in the ever varying expression of her face, which, when lighted up with affectionate emotion, possessed an irresistible fascination for Charles, more

charming than mere features or complexion could have given; her voice was low, clear, and sweet, as if accustomed to modulate its tones to the ear of the invalid. Madeleine possessed native simple taste, but none of the acquired elegance and studied gracefulness that is taught in the modern school of fashion; she was the unsophisticated child of nature, simple and single-hearted, full of earnest truthfulness. "She is her father's own child," would Walter say, "possessing all his child-like purity of heart."

Arthur was positively disappointed, for he was a perfectionist; and had in. Madeleine Leslie pictured to himself every moral perfection, blended with natural talent and a highly accomplished mind, elegance of form, and great personal beauty. Madeleine's only accomplishment lay in her voice, which was musical and touching; she sang some of the old border ballads and simple Scotch songs, that she had learned in childhood from her nurse, with a sweet wild pathos, that found its way to the heart of her hearers; but of modern song and music she knew nothing.

"It is a pity her education has been so neglected," said Arthur, to his brother; "yet no one can say she is ignorant or uneducated; but she wants style, manner. After all, a little artificial grace is necessary to make a girl charming in my eyes, I must confess."

Charles preferred natural manner to any of the acquired elegancies of modern fashionable young ladies. "I tire of them, they are such mere copyists," he said; "taught to make the most of all they have learned, there is so much display, so little of the real character is seen in your intercourse with them. They want variety, freshness, individuality, if I may use the expression. Miss Leslie cannot be a common every day character, or Walter, so highly gifted as he is, would never love her so ardently."

"Walter is an enthusiast; he has little admiration for any thing modern," replied Arthur; "and then he sees his father, whose memory seems so precious to him, over again in this sister."

Charles was not quite sorry that Madeleine had failed to attract his fastidious brother's fancy, but he kept this to himself, and soon changed the conversation.

Charles was a different temper and disposition from Arthur. Frank, generous, impetuous, he yet had a deeper insight into character, and valued that which was solid and intrinsically good beyond the merely superficial semblance of excellence. Nor was it long ere he learned to appreciate the real beauty of Madeleine Leslie's mind, and to love her with all the fervency of which his warm affectionate heart was capable.

To his uncle, Charles wrote unreservedly on the subject nearest to his heart, giving at the same time a brief history of the family.

"In Madeleine Leslie," he said, "I have found one who is all I could desire in a wife—kind, gentle, pure in heart and mind. I wait for the sanction of my best friend to ask her to be mine. Write to me soon, dear uncle, and let me know your opinion on the subject. I hope, earnestly hope, that you and my dear parents will not withhold your consent to my union with my Madeleine." The rest of the letter contained a brief detail of what they had been doing on the farm, and the arrangement they had found it prudent to make with Pat Connor, who, with his wife, were now living in the shanty that had been raised for them in the distant part of the farm.

To this earnest appeal poor Charles received one of his blunt old uncle's odd replies. It ran as follows:—

"Your last letter, my dear nephew, rather annoyed me, I must confess, and I was tempted to pitch it half read into the fire, only I like to look over these things coolly.

"In the first place, I do not half approve of your having retained that Irish rogue, Pat Connor, after his confession about leaving his wife, and all his tricky behaviour; and then, letting your farm on shares to him and his Xantippe of a wife, was no great proof of wisdom, I think. Tom Walker had seen enough of that folly. If you found your means run short, why did you not honestly write and say so? The bill you drew on me for the instalment on the land, was duly honoured, but you quite forgot in your raptures about Miss Madeleine to notice such matters of fact. And now let me ask you, in sober seriousness, what in the world have you to keep a wife on?—a mere baby, a child of sixteen, too. Upon my word, nephew Charles, I am quite ashamed of you. If Arthur had acted so foolishly the thing would not have annoyed me half so much, but I begin to think he is the wiser of the two. Your uncle was never fool enough to marry.

"I must tell you, however, that I did fall in love, as people call such youthful fancies; but, fortunately for me, the young lady was too prudent to run the risk of a long engagement, or a life of poverty with a younger brother, so she very wisely yielded to the advice of her friends, and married Lord E——; only she forgot to mention the change in her sentiments; so, that while I was ass enough to flatter myself with the belief that she was devoted to me, she was already the wife of another. I was delighted with the narrow escape I had had of being united to such a jilt-flirt. On my return to England, I called in Grosvenor Square, left my card and compliments, with best wishes for her ladyship's happiness, and that was my revenge."—(Here then was the secret of uncle Philipson's misanthropy.)—"I don't know what your father will think of the matter; but as you have paid me the compliment of asking my advice, it is, that you say nothing to the young lady for five years to come, and if by that time you find she really is fit for a Canadian farmer's wife, why take her by all means. I suppose, by that time, you may have learned how to maintain a wife and family, or, what would be in my humble opinion still better, to live without them.

"With this you will receive a bill of credit for

thirty pounds, on the Canada bank; present it as soon as possible, and let me know if you receive it. I like punctuality in all matters of business. I do not think Arthur well suited to a farming life; let him go to Toronto. I have written to a friend there to look out for a situation that may suit him.

"Be sure you do not make a fool of yourself about this girl. "Yours very truly,

"CHARLES PHILIPSON.

"P. S. I have just seen your mother. She says she knows something about the Leslies, and is not sure but that these young folks may be distantly related to us, through her mother; so you and Miss Madeleine may turn out to be cousins for aught I know. Ask Walter Leslie if his grandmother's name was Lucy Elliott?"

It was with very mingled feelings, that Charles Windham read his uncle's letter. At first he felt angry and indignant, but a ray of gladness and of hope shot through his heart on reading the important postscript. What if he should find dear relatives in his charming neighbours? Long before uncle Philipson's precious epistle had reached him, Charles had declared the sentiments of passionate affection with which the gentle Madeleine had inspired him; his declaration had been received with unfeigned pleasure on the part of his friend Walter and Mrs. Leslie; by the timid, loving Madeleine, with that ingenuous simplicity and tenderness that threw such a halo of beauty round her in the eyes of her lover, and of all that knew her.

Are any of my young readers ardent, hopeful, yet dependent on the whims and caprices of another for the promotion of their hearts' best wishes?—then they will sympathise with our young settler, and think his situation at least a trying one.

It was, however, an important point gained when Charles ascertained from his friend Walter that, through the marriage of their grandfather Leslie with a sister of Charles's grandmother, they were not very distantly related; the mother of Mrs. Windham and uncle Philipson being Margaret Elliott; but Lucy, the younger sister, in marrying had displeased her father, and a complete estrangement had taken place between the families, so that no intercourse, or even correspondence, was carried on between their children. Mrs. Windham had never seen her cousin, Mr. Walter Leslie, and did not know of his marriage, or what children he had left behind at his death. It was a source of mutual rejoicing when Charles and Walter found that they were not only friends but cousins; all restraint to their intimacy, if any had existed, was removed by this delightful discovery, and. Charles lost no time in acquainting his uncle with the tie of relationship that subsisted between the Leslies and himself. There was one obstacle, at all events, removed, the fear of a misalliance. The same blood flowed in the veins of Madeleine and Charles.

Charles's passionate and moving appeal to the feelings of his mother were not without their due effect, seconded by the interest excited among the young folks at home in their new-found relations.

"Wait, my dear boy, till Madeleine is eighteen, and then if you find she is really likely to make a useful and good wife, you have your father's consent and mine to your union. You, too, will have gained some necessary experience in a settler's life. Your uncle, I think, will then afford you some assistance in making your house fit for a family residence, and we will do what we can; but that is, you know, but little, excepting in the way of sending out supplies of clothing and household linen,"—wrote Mrs. Windham to her son.

With what different prospects did the new year open upon Charles! The work of the farm had gone steadily forward. Pat had given his wife Judy to understand that as long as she kept herself quiet and gave him no cause of offence, he would, on his part, keep sober, industrious, and persevere in well-doing; but if, on the contrary, she made his house as miserable as she had done in Ireland, by her violence, he would take the children away, and go where she should never hear of him again as long as she lived. This wise threat had the good effect of keeping Mistress Judy in good behaviour; so that she really turned out a respectable, stirring sort of a person, and was a source of great comfort to the Windhams; washing, ironing, scrubbing their house, and baking their bread, at a very moderate charge.

Arthur gladly availed himself of his uncle's advice to go to Toronto, where, through the interest of his uncle's friend, he obtained a situation in the land office, on an increasing salary.

In the society of his cousins time passed delightfully away. Charles felt that he had now a great motive for exertion. He began to attend more to what was going on in the country; he saw that to succeed as a Canadian settler he must not only be able to direct others, but must put his own hand to the plough, to the axe, and the saw; despising no useful employment, losing no time that could be well-disposed of, in idle lounging within doors, but be ever ready to "take the time, while time was lent him."

The day was now usually spent in hard, but wholesome labour; for Charles was busy cutting the logs for his new house, taking advantage of the snow for drawing them to the site it was to occupy, which was somewhat nearer to the orchard than the old one. His evenings were spent at Briarsfield, reading aloud to Mrs. Leslie and Madeleine, while they sewed; or acquiring some practical knowledge in cabinet and carpenter work from Walter, who had from childhood cultivated a taste for such matters, long before he had entertained the most distant idea of emigrating to a colony.

Thus pleasantly wore away the winter, and the tardy spring opened with cheerful prospects upon the lovers; for Jane and Helena, Charles's elder sisters, had written kind and friendly letters to Madeleine, assuring her of their affectionate interest in her happiness,

and claiming her not only as a cousin, but a sister. Charles was happiness itself; another year would soon glide away; Madeleine was now seventeen, and Charles, resolving that nothing should be wanting on his part against the time the interdict to his marriage should cease, laboured indefatigably on the farm, and, at intervals, on the building of the house.

"The walls of our new log-house are up at last, the window-frames made, and the sashes glazed. Walter and I were the carpenters and glaziers. The roof is being shingled, and an excellent stone cellar and dairy being constructed, with occasional help from Pat; but he is busy sowing spring wheat just now, and splitting rails to make good the old rotten fences," wrote Charles to his uncle. "I hope to get all completed by Christmas, without applying to my father, or to you, my dear uncle. I had no idea what a great deal could be effected by a little determination and industry. I begin to see my way clearer than I did; in short, I am becoming a regular down-right Canadian farmer. If I gain an independence I shall owe it first of all to you, my dear uncle, and next to my love for my cousin Madeleine."

In spite of uncle Philipson's misanthropical notions, and the grumbling he chose to indulge in at Charles's folly, as he was pleased to term his affection for Madeleine Leslie, he could not help feeling both pleased with, and proud of his nephew's energy and manly independent spirit. "Yes, he is a Philipson,—he is a Philipson—that boy of mine, and like all his race, a little headstrong,—but what of that?"

It was a bright afternoon in July; Walter Leslie was mowing the little grass field in front of the log-house, and—what was Madeleine about? Madeleine was churning—truth obliges me to confess the fact—Madeleine was churning under the shade of the hops in the verandah, with little Gerald standing at her side, helping his sister, as he thought, by looking on, and laying his white, fat, dimpled hand on the rim of the small upright churn, and wooing, from time to time, a kiss on his round peach-like cheek, or a pat on his curly head, from the hand of his darling sister. Mrs. Leslie was writing home letters in the little sitting-room, her pale sweet face just visible from among the bouquet of bright summer flowers, that stood in a china jar on the stained oak window-sill, near which her writing-table was placed, for the benefit of the breeze that blew softly in upon her. Such were the occupations of the inmates of Briarsfield, when a stout, fresh-coloured gentleman crossed the log bridge that divided the little meadow from the garden, and leaning heavily upon his bamboo stick, surveyed the scene before him with an expression of curiosity and interest.

So deeply absorbed was Madeleine with her occupation, or more likely with her own thoughts, that she did not notice the near approach of the stranger, till he courteously raised his large-flapped rice-straw hat from his brow, and asked her, if she could direct him to the house of Mr. Windham, of Brookfield?

The bright blood flushed warmly over Madeleine's cheek at that name. "You must cross the brook a little to the left of the garden; there is a little osier latticed bridge below the bank, and a pathway that leads from it through the low pasture will take you to Brookfield cottage," was the timid reply to the stranger's question.

"I am somewhat fatigued with my long walk, madam," said the stranger; "will you allow me to rest in your cool shady porch for half-an-hour? The weather is as hot as I have known it in Calcutta," he added.

"You are not only welcome to rest, but also to such refreshment as our poor place will afford."

"Stay, stay; do not leave your churn, young lady. I will take nothing but a cup of your fresh butter-milk, as soon as it is ready. Now, if you run away, I will walk off, tired as I really am."

Madeleine resumed her task, fearing to drive away her determined guest, whose piercing eagle eye she almost shrank from with a sensation of dread.

"Is that widow lady your sister?" he inquired, in a low voice, bending towards her; for he had noticed the pale, thoughtful countenance of the mistress of the cottage, where she sat.

"She is my mother."

"Nay, nay, the thing is impossible; she is too young to be your mother."

"True," said Madeleine; "she is only my step-mother, but she has been a true and tender mother and friend to me. I do not love to call her step-mother."

"Your father is no longer living, then?"

"My father is a saint in heaven, I trust," was the low, tremulous reply; "but I have an elder brother—my guardian as well as brother."

"Good, good. All right, young lady; you need a careful guardian, or, may be, you would be running off one of these days, with some Yankee adventurer."

"No, indeed, I should not," replied Madeleine, throwing back her rich auburn curls from her face, and giving the old gentleman one of her brightest sunniest smiles; a smile so captivating, it might have won the heart of the sourest old bachelor that ever vowed to lead a life of celibacy, and make him repent of his resolution.

"Well, well—to change the subject—can you tell me any thing about this neighbour of yours, Mr. Charles Windham? I fancy he is an idle, careless sort of chap—loves his ease and amusement better than a life of hard work, eh?"

Madeleine cast an imploring glance towards the window, with the vain hope of attracting her mother's attention; but so deeply absorbed was she in the subject that engaged her pen, that she saw not the distressed look of poor Madeleine, nor had she even heard the tones of the stranger's voice.

Madeleine was no adept in concealing her feelings, and her embarrassment did not escape the keen-sighted stranger.

"Perhaps he is a friend of your brother's?" he observed.

"He is Walter's most beloved friend," replied Madeleine; "and if you knew my brother, sir, you would hardly ask a question respecting the conduct of any one to whom he chooses to give his friendship."

"Enough, enough, you convince me of his propriety and worth. I like your warmth, and generous defence of your brother's friend. But who is this that comes this way—your brother? You must introduce me to him."

"By what name?" somewhat archly interrogated Madeleine. "But that is not my brother, sir; it is the gentleman of whom we were speaking, Mr. Charles Windham." And Charles, who had quickened his pace at sight of his beloved, now sprang up the little grassy slope and ascended the steps of the verandah.

The stranger had hastily resumed his hat, and leant his head down upon his cane, so that his features were scarcely visible.

"Dearest Madeleine, my precious coy, why did you not leave this," laying his hand on the churn, "till I came? You know I do not like you to exert yourself in this way."

"Then, I can tell you, young gentleman, you are a great fool. She is a good, industrious little girl, and you will soon spoil her," said the stranger, abruptly, raising his head, and looking full in the face of his wonder-stricken nephew.

"Uncle Philipson!" burst from the lips of the astonished Charles.

The old man grasped his nephew's hand, the big tears rolling down his cheeks; he held out his arms to him and Madeleine, and murmured out, "My children—yes, both, both are mine. Dear, good little girl, you are worthy of my own brave, true-hearted boy. Take her, Charles, she shall be uncle Philipson's gift; and may God bless you both."

Little remains now to be told. All was joy, and surprise, and delight, and love, within that little dwelling.

I hate the winding up of a tale when the interest is over; indeed, I generally leave off when I come to the marriage or death of the hero and heroine. I shall merely say, that uncle Philipson stayed in Canada till he saw his nephew and his pretty cousin married; that he was not quite satisfied with the land at Brookfield; he went westward, purchased a fine farm, well situated, and with every comfort about the homestead; saw the young couple settled; made an arrangement about the transfer of the Brookfield farm to Pat Connor; made an offer to the gentle widow, Mrs. Leslie, and was refused; took his refusal much as might be supposed he would; voted himself an old dotard, and the widow a wise woman; hurried home to the Oaks, and had a fit of the gout, which lasted all the winter.

A DAY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was a day of bustle and excitement in Pera, which, as most of my readers probably know, is the *European* quarter of Constantinople, on the opposite side of the harbour, and the head-quarters of diplomacy—and dirt. The streets are narrow, and filthier far than on the Turkish side, and the population is notoriously analogous. Dependants on the Embassies, and adventurers and refugees from all parts of Europe, with a sprinkling of honourable merchants and traders—the salt of this festering mass—nestle in their pestiferous dens beneath the shadow of the palaces of the different European legations and their attendant satellites. There was no small stir amongst them on this morning, for it was known that the Archduke of Austria was to visit the Seraglio and St. Sophia—usually inaccessible to Europeans—with a special Firman from the Sultan. On these occasions, the custom has grown up, to the great annoyance of the illustrious visitors, for as many of the people of Pera as can, to hook themselves on, uninvited, to the *cortége*—an escort which, indeed, few potentates would be particularly proud of displaying to the eyes of the contemptuous Moslems.

The Archduke was lodged at the palace of the Austrian Internuncio, Baron Sturmer, through whose condescension we had privately received a notice to join the procession at his gate. But processions in Pera are no joke. The street descending from the Austrian Embassy to the ferry at Galata is very narrow and steep, and like a mountain road that has been torn up by torrents—full of deep mud-holes, and jagged with sharp and slippery stones. Etiquette, in such a place, is out of the question—the whole mass go tumbling, sliding, and clattering together without respect of persons, to the bottom. We therefore determined to renounce the honour conferred, and to join the party at the Seraglio, which, we knew, would be inaccessible to the *profanum vulgus*. The latter repaired in a mass to St. Sophia, there to await the coming of the Archduke, and, peradventure, force their way in at the heels of his suite.

It was a gay spectacle, as we shot across the harbour. Hundreds of "caiques," those graceful canoe-shaped boats of the Bosphorus, were flying across to the St. Sophia landing, laden with the miscellaneous rabble aforesaid, while a more select assemblage kept on in a stream to the Seraglio point. Our Tartar boatmen put forth all their vigour, and brought us up to the quay, precisely as the Archduke and his suite, and the Ambassador and his lady, had stepped on shore. The distinguished party were received by certain Turkish officers of mark, who made but a sorry appearance with their punchy bow-legged figures, attired in ill-cut and worse-worn uniforms, in a half-European style. One of these transmogrified Mussulmen offered his arm to the ambassadress, who, shivering with the northerly breeze that blew down the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, observed to her conductor, that the wind had perfectly chilled her. "No wonder it is cutting," replied

he, in French, with a slight shrug of the shoulders—"*it blows from Russia.*" The rest of the party caught his words—a cold smile passed across the countenance of the impassive-looking Archduke and his followers, and they exchanged looks of peculiar meaning with each other. For Austria, like the other powers of Europe, looked jealously at that time on the slow but sure aggressions of her colossal neighbour, to whom she is now under such humiliating and fatal obligation.

Passing through a gate in the ancient wall that surrounds this enclosure, we entered the courts of the mysterious Seraglio—a word which to Europeans conveys associations of scenes of bloody intrigues, bowstring assassinations, voluptuous revelry, and naughty women sown in sacks, and thrown to the fishes in the Bosphorus—an epitome, in short, of everything characteristically Turkish. And such, indeed, *was* the Seraglio once—its secret chambers are stained with blood—its walls have listened to the stifled wail of the victim. But the late Sultan, who had many painful recollections connected with it, abandoned it for a gayer palace on the Bosphorus, where he kept his Harem, and never visited it but on occasions of ceremony. We first passed through a new range of light edifices, formerly occupied by the women, with gardens and kiosques, which, divested of their living tenants, presented a shabby, second-hand sort of magnificence. Hastening upward, we passed into other courts, shaded with venerable trees, amidst which shot up a venerable relic of the Greek Emperors—a lonely column, inscribed with the name of Theodosius. We entered some of the more ancient apartments of the Seraglio, although those which had witnessed the bloody scenes which stain the page of Turkish history were concealed from our observation. Apart from the interest of penetrating into this mysterious enclosure, we found but little of striking interest. Everything wore an air of decay. The rooms were shabby, the spider wove her web amidst the elaborate tracery, the gardens were neglected, and the fountains dry. The Seraglio, with its faded splendour, struck us as a lively emblem of the state of the Turkish empire itself.

Issuing through the great gate of the Seraglio, we found ourselves close to the Church of St. Sophia, around the immense original enclosure of which, the Turks have erected a maze of buildings, which renders the entry somewhat intricate. And here we were in a sad dilemma, for, having diverged from the main body, we had momentarily lost sight of their movements, and as there were two doors of entrance to the building, on opposite sides, we were quite at a loss at which the Archduke meant to enter. In this predicament, we posted one of our body at one of the doors, while we repaired to the principal vestibule, at which we thought it most probable that the entry would take place; and here we fell upon a scene of unutterable confusion and uproar. Half the main body of the people of Pera had blockaded the passage, and were clamouring desperately for admittance. The fact was, that the Archduke had given them the slip, and gone in by a private entrance, as we learned by the vociferous shouts of our friend, who came running round with the intelligence. Not a moment was to be lost, as the prince was already within the building. Happily, we had brought our interpreter with us, and pushing desperately through the crowd, reached, at length, the door, where a stout Turkish janitor, armed with a stick, was employed in unceremoniously beating back the yelling Perotes. Our tale was soon told—we belonged to the party within, and to our surprise and relief, the old fellow, half-opening the door, pushed us unceremoniously inside the corridor, then instantly closed the door upon the rest. A general rush took place, and a storm of uproarious expostulation without died away upon the ear as we hurried up-stairs into the great gallery, where we found the Archduke and his suite, who had already been some time engaged in the examination of the building.

The tumult through which we had passed heightened, by contrast, the stillness and solemnity that reigned in the interior of this venerable pile. We need hardly recall its history to our readers. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, who boasted that, by lifting its dome into the air, he had outdone Solomon himself; and is adorned with columns taken from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Looking down from the gallery, it struck us as peculiarly solemn and impressive. Turkish "Mihrabs," or pulpits, were erected in different parts of the church; inscriptions from the Koran, in enormous letters, appeared upon the walls; a few groups of worshippers were scattered over its vast extent, startled, apparently, by the sudden inrush of European visitors. It was impossible to find oneself within these walls without a feeling of high gratification, and without picturing the momentous scenes that had taken place within them. Here the eloquent Chrysostom was once listened to by admiring crowds; and here, in the last hours of Christian Constantinople, the whole population of the city rushed together to implore the succour of heaven against the Turkish invader—that scene so touchingly described by the great historian of the "Decline and Fall:"—

"On the assurance of the public calamity, the houses and convents were instantly deserted, and the trembling inhabitants flocked together in the streets, like a herd of timid animals, as if accumulated weakness could be productive of strength, or in the vain hope that, amid the crowd, each individual might be safe and invisible. From every part of the capital, they flowed into the church of St. Sophia. In the space of an hour, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitude of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins; the doors were barred on the inside, and they sought protection from the sacred dome, which they had so lately abhorred as a profane and polluted edifice. Their confidence was founded on the prophecy of an enthusiast or impostor,

that one day the Turks should enter Constantinople, and pursue the Romans as far as the column of Constantine, in the square before St. Sophia; but that this would be the term of their calamities: that an angel would descend from heaven, with a sword in his hand, and would deliver the empire, with that celestial weapon, to a poor man seated at the foot of the column. 'Take this sword,' would he say, 'and avenge the people of the Lord.'

"While they expected the descent of the tardy angel, the doors were broken with axes; and as the Turks encountered no resistance, their bloodless hands were employed in selecting and securing the multitude of their prisoners. Youth, beauty, and the appearance of wealth, attracted their choice; and the right of property was decided among themselves by a prior seizure, by personal strength, or by the authority of command. In the space of an hour, the male captives were bound with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. The senators were linked with their slaves, the prelates with the porters of the church, and young men of a plebeian class with noble maids whose faces had been invisible to the sun and their nearest kindred. In this common captivity, the ranks of society were confounded, the ties of nature were cut asunder, and the inexorable soldier was careless of the father's groans, the tears of the mother, or the lamentations of the children. The loudest in their wailings were the nuns, who were torn from the altar with naked bosoms, outstretched hands, and dishevelled hair; and we should piously believe that few could be tempted to prefer the vigils of the harem to those of the monastery. Of these unfortunate Greeks—of these domestic animals—whole strings were rudely driven through the streets; and as the conquerors were eager to return for more prey, their trembling pace was quickened with menaces and blows. At the same hour, a similar rapine was exercised in all the churches and monasteries, in all the palaces and habitations of the capital; nor could any palace, however sacred or sequestered, protect the persons or property of the Greeks. About sixty thousand of this devoted people were transported from the city to the camp and fleet, exchanged or sold, according to the caprice or interest of their masters, and dispersed, in remote servitude, through the provinces of the Ottoman empire."

The hour may come, ere long, when this scene of terror is to be avenged—though, let us hope, without the like circumstances of inhuman cruelty; when the Turks, peradventure, in their turn, shall seek in St. Sophia an asylum against the victorious Christians, and the Crescent, which surmounts the sacred fane of Justinian, shall be torn down to make way for the Cross, which it has so long supplanted.

Our stay in St. Sophia was briefer than we could have wished—and the Moslem janitors, who received with reluctance the firman of the Sultan, beheld us turn our backs upon it with evident satisfaction. On emerging, we immediately entered upon the Atmeidan or Hippodrome, an immense oblong area, flanked on one side by the magnificent Mosque of Sultan Achmet, and having in its centre an Egyptian obelisk, and that singular fragment of twisted column from the Temple of Apollo at Delphi to which Gibbon makes particular allusion. This spot has ever been famous in the ancient as well as modern annals of Constantinople. Close by, formerly, was the Imperial palace: here raged the rival factions of the charioteers, and here took place, during the Byzantine empire, many a scene of regal splendour, as well as of popular commotion. It was here too that the late Sultan Mahmoud destroyed the turbulent Janissaries, in order to pave the way for the introduction of those reforms in his state and army by which he fondly but vainly hoped to arrest the rapid decline of the Turkish monarchy. We passed over its memorable area to inspect at a short distance a wonderful work of the time of the Greek Emperors. It is a vast subterranean cistern, now dry, called the "Thousand and one Columns;" and glancing with astonishment at its endless subterranean colonnades, we wondered what must have been the magnificence of those Byzantine edifices *above ground* of which such glowing accounts are left us by different writers, and of which the destructive barbarism of the Turks, rather than the hand of time, has left so few remaining traces.

We next pursued our way along the main street, "if street it can be called, which street is none," traversing the entire length of the city, from the Hippodrome to the Adrianople Gate. Here the first object that arrested our attention was the "Burnt Column;" that venerable relic of the early days of the city, blackened by countless fires. We plunged into the dusky bazaars, riding without mercy over the pack of wolfish-looking dogs that abuse the benevolence of the Mussulmen. Insolently stretched in the centre of the causeway, they keep up a barking, as far as their laziness will let them, at every passing wearer of a hat. The ferocity of these animals, like that of their Turkish masters, has much abated of late years; they have learned to tolerate what once they could not endure. Both have alike been beaten into a sort of sullen civility.

The bazaars of Constantinople furnish endless matter for observation, but they have been often described. Suffice it to say, that here is centred all the activity and populousness of this great city. A little way beyond them are two magnificent Mosques, recalling the memory of Bajazet and Solyman, who overran the East and made the West to tremble, whose fleets disputed the empire of the Mediterranean, and advanced the standard of the Prophet to the walls of Vienna,—triumphs which were destined to a disastrous eclipse, as the Austrian and Russian power became more consolidated, as the tactics of warfare became more scientific, and the internal evils of a despotic government began to develop themselves. There are some curious and characteristic productions by Turkish historians, who complain, even before the secret was fully discovered by Europe, of the growing corruption of the Divan, of the gross mismanagement of

public affairs, and especially of that culpable disregard of the threatening aspect of the planets, to which they attribute the reverses that began to dim the lustre of their arms, and to destroy the *prestige* of their supposed invincibility.

Such is the history of the wars between Russia and the Porte, in 1768—74, by Resmi Achmed Effendi, the first ambassador from the Ottoman Sultan Mustapha to the court of Prussia, and who was present during those campaigns, which were so disastrous to the power of his master, and which by disclosing the real weakness of Turkey, made, perhaps, its eventual conquest the fixed idea of Muscovite policy.

"About this time," says an Edinburgh reviewer of this curious work, "all Europe rang from side to side with the fame of Frederick's victories. The favourite title of the Ottoman Sultan is 'Hunkiar,' or the Manslayer: and Mustapha, who had witnessed the astonishing success with which the Manslayer of Gharandaberk had resisted the united strength of Austria, and France, and Russia, and Sweden, easily discovered, that Frederick, his brother sovereign, could not possibly have commanded such a tide of good fortune, but by the help of the noble science of *astrology*. He did not suppose, indeed, that Fritz himself calculated the 'elections of the seventh house,' in which, 'if the Lord of the Ascendant be strong in essential and accidental dignities, and well aspected of the fortunes, and more strong than the inimical planet which is significative of the enemy,'—then 'the querent wills prevail and overcome;'—yet he had no doubt but that the invincible warrior acted constantly under the counsel of a board of right learned clerks, well read in such useful studies. Resmi Achmed was therefore furnished with private instructions to use all his eloquence to induce the King of Prussia to cede *three* of his most skilful astrologers to Sultan Mustapha. This sapient message was faithfully delivered by him to Frederick; and he was informed through the medium of his interpreter, that a definite answer would soon be given to his request. At the subsequent audience, Frederick led the Turk to a window which commanded the great square, then filled with soldiery. And at the same time that he pointed out his troops to the ambassador, he told him that his three advisers in war and peace, were Experience, Discipline, and Economy;—'these, and these alone,' he concluded, 'are my three chief astrologers; I have no others;—and this is the secret, which I beg you to impart to our good friend the Sultan Mustapha.'"

But the advice was bestowed upon those who could neither understand nor reduce it to practice. The genius of the Turks could go no further than it had done—the character of the people, essentially nomad and barbarous, imbued with the inertia and fatalism of the Koran, and obstinately repudiating the progressive science of the West, was incapable of further development. As time rolled on, the evils of Ottoman misrule became more and more apparent. Commerce was neglected, the lands became uncultivated, the roads fell into decay, the provinces were depopulated, and the most beautiful countries in the world fell a prey to wasting anarchy. The weakness of this once dreaded empire became at length such, that, tottering under its own weight, it could only be propped up and preserved from internal convulsion or foreign aggression, by the combined aid of the powers of Europe, whose jealousy of each other alone prevents them from seizing upon and dividing the spoil. As it is, province after province, like Greece and Egypt, has been severed from its body by successful revolt, or is held by so slight and precarious a tenure, until it may be said that, as in the last days of the Byzantine Emperors, the blood has retreated from the extremities to the heart, from the country to the capital, and the city of Constantinople alone displays any appearance, and that, too, illusory, of the power and prosperity of a great empire.

In proportion as we pursued our ride and receded from the heart of the city towards the walls, which, extending from the harbour to the Sea of Marmora, form the base of the triangular and fortified enclosure of Constantinople, we soon discovered that, as in the last days of the Greek Empire, the immense circuit of the walls encloses wide spaces but very thinly peopled, tracts depopulated by fire and plague and never filled up again, dilapidated houses and half ruinous Mosques. On the edge of the harbour in this direction is the Fanar or Greek quarter; and beyond that, the Jewish. Here then is an active and influential population, which, spite of the recent conciliating policy of the Turks, is like an ulcer in their state, an enemy within the camp, and a nucleus of Russian intrigue. And here the Moslem oppressions of the Christian population are most religiously treasured up, to be repaid with bitter interest at no distant day of reckoning.

We reach, at length, after a long ride, the walls near the spot where fell the last of the Constantines, and where Mahomet the Second burst into the conquered city. This line of defence on the land side was once the most proud and impregnable in the world, and even in its present state of ruin looks magnificent and imposing. It is four miles long from the harbour to the sea. In its original state it consisted of three lines of wall, one rising above another, and flanked by a close array of massive towers. What scenes has it not witnessed! Save those of the Holy City, there are no walls so venerable as those of the city of Constantine—for the number of sieges they have sustained, and the many times that the assailants have been repulsed. The East and the West have sent forth their powers against them—the hordes of Asia and the chivalry of Christendom, and the assaulting waves of their power have often broken against these bulwarks as vainly as the sea against a rock. "But these bleak battlements shall bear no future blow." It is grand but melancholy to trace their long line, and mark the scars and dints of past warfare, the half obliterated names of successive emperors, the traces of old gates, the mouldering

towers, some tottering to their final fall; the ditches filled up with ruins and overshadowing with shrouding vegetation the patched up breaches through which the Turks poured in at the gate of St. Romanus, over the trampled body of the last of the Constantines, and which afford an easy and perhaps predestined inlet to the avenging Christians. For on issuing forth from these once so proud but now ineffectual bulwarks, we look in vain for any modern outworks which are to repel the attack of an invading army. There is no trace of any to be discovered: the city is perfectly open During the many centuries of Turkish inertia and fatalism, the fortification of the city was never cared for. And now, though upon a sudden alarm there is indeed a shaking among the bones, a talk of defensive preparations, it is very doubtful if any will ever seriously take place, even if they could be of any lasting protection to an effete power against a vigorous and youthful foe. For Russia is as youthful as Turkey is decrepit, and scarcely conceals her impatience for the inheritance which cannot escape her.

This forecast of coming conquest has of late years deeply infused itself into the spirit of the Russians, and with it a corresponding misgiving and sense of fatality into the hearts of the Moslems. Of this, there was a curious instance a short time back, on the occasion of the visit of a member of the Imperial house of Russia. In the suburb of Eyoub, just without the walls, is a very holy mosque, to which access was always denied even to those who obtained permission to visit St. Sophia itself. It contains nothing whatever that is remarkable, yet the Russian Prince demanded and obtained permission to examine it. It was the first time a demand so grating had ever been insisted on or submitted to, and was regarded at the time as a peculiarly wanton insult to the feelings of the people. It was already assuming the airs of conquest, and accustoming the doomed Moslems to feel betimes the ascendency of their prospective masters.

Having visited thus hastily the Seraglio, the church of St. Sophia, and one or two of the mosques, besides casting a passing glance upon the interior of the city, following the landward line of walls, the party returned by "the Golden Horn" to Pera. Perhaps there is not in the world so picturesque a harbour as this so-called one of Constantinople. The precipitous hills of the city rising on both sides, are crowned with mosques, varying in aspect as we advance; the long line of walls stormed by the Latins, (of which exploit there is a curious picture in the Ducal palace at Venice,) the crowds of shipping, the endless "caiques" with their Turkish freight, the opening Bosphorus, Seraglio Point, and the opposite shore of Asia, combine in endless and romantic perspective. About half-way down the four miles to which the harbour extends, is the arsenal, and here, and moored in the Bosphorus, are numerous magnificent vessels, built for the late Sultan Mahmoud by a first-rate American naval architect. Since the disasters sustained by the Turkish army in that fatal campaign with Mehemet Ali, which brought about the humiliating necessity of Russian interference, and familiarized the fleets and armies of the Czar with the sight of Constantinople, it is said that great efforts have been made to re-organize and discipline it. Yet it may be reasonably doubted whether the Turkish soldiers, destitute alike of the wild valour of the janissaries or the stubborn energy and obedience to tactics of European troops, can do more than hold in check for a very brief period, the overwhelming forces which would be poured down upon them from the Balkan. A capital without fortifications, either by land or sea, (for the few batteries on the Bosphorus are not worthy of the name,) and within two days' sail of the Russian arsenal of Sevastopol; an army which, after its first defeat, would never rally; a fleet gallant to the eye, but manned by inexperienced conscripts; a disaffected population in the city and the European provinces;—such is the state of things which (European interference set aside) may well justify to the Russians the expectation of eventual conquest. It would be far easier indeed to punish, than to prevent such an act of aggression on the part of the Czar. But it may be questioned whether any immediate hostilities will take place. Secure of his prey, the wily Autocrat will bide his time, till, in the chapter of accidents, he is *compelled* to interfere in Christian behalf, and Constantinople falls, as we have heard a Russian observe, like a ripe plum, into his mouth. But whenever this is destined to take place—when the Russian colossus, with one foot on the Baltic and the other on the Bosphorus, threatens the balance of power in Europe and the Mediterranean—it must inevitably bring about the occupation of Egypt and Syria by the two great rival powers, accompanied by the infusion of western arts and sciences into the worn-out civilization of the East; and the waning Crescent, on these oft-disputed shores, must finally give place to the triumphant establishment of the Cross.

W. H. B.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JAMES V.[1]

THE TIDINGS.

"Thy news do make thee a most ugly man."

Balfour, the priest, to whom we have heretofore referred, was slowly returning through the dungeons of the castle of St. Andrew, where he had been superintending the completion of some arrangements in one, the most desolate and secluded, called the Sea Tower, when he was met by Michael Stedman, a jackman, who was seeking him.

"I thought I should find your reverence somewhere hereabouts," said he.

"What has brought you home so soon, Stedman? but no matter, you are come in good time, just as I was wishing for a bold, faithful fellow, like yourself. I have sure tidings this morning of the hiding-place of the gospeller, George Wishart, and I think that now we shall surely seize him."

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(1) Continued from p. 292.

"I'm thinking, your reverence, the heretic loon must bide scathless awhile until his betters are served; there's higher game afoot now, or I'm mistaken. The king's dying, sir."

"The saints be gracious to us! you do not say so?"

"The rumour's very rife in and about the palace. But doubtless your reverence will learn all from this letter, which my Lord Cardinal said I must speed to you like the wind."

The priest hastily cut the silk, tore off the envelope, and addressed himself to the letter, in the eager perusal of which he forgot all other projects.

The Letter ran thus:—

"Well-beloved Clerk, we greet you well.

"We wrote to you at length on the last day of November past, and again on the first day of the present month, touching a number of matters of concernment to the public weal, and also to our private feelings. We have received a long letter in reply, from you, wherein all these matters have been carefully treated. We commend you for your zeal and diligence in these concerns.

"Since the time of my last writing' his grace the king hath been continually evil-disposed, and worseneth every day; his ailment being, according to the opinion of that skilful leech, Master Durie, who hourly attendeth him, an intermittent fever. The rout at Solway hath grievously smitten him, and grief and mortification have brought this strong man low.

"I do surely hope that his grace may yet be raised from his bed of sickness; nevertheless, seeing that the issues of life and death are in the hands of a higher power, whose counsels are not laid open unto us, we have deemed it fitting to take precautionary measures for the safety and welfare of Holy Church. In the furtherance of these measures, we think your assistance advisable, and require your *instant* attendance. See that ye lack not diligence in hasting hither. The jackman, Stedman, is a trustworthy knave, and will accompany you hither, where he may be useful.

"Destroy all our late writings to you, and this among the lave. And God keep you!

"DAVID, Cardinalis Sti. Andreæ."

Too true, indeed, were the cardinal's prognostications. Full of sanguine anticipations and joyous hope, James had repaired to Caerlaverock, there to receive more quickly the intelligence on which he surely counted, of success which should do away the memory of the late disaster; of success, which in its heart-opening effects should lead to a restoration of friendship, a renewal of harmonious feeling between himself and his barons. Years had passed over his head since he had experienced the same elation of heart, the buoyancy of spirit which he now felt.

It was earlier than he could look for information from his army that, casually glancing his eye along the road, he perceived at a distance a few horsemen, who, he could hardly tell why, attracted his particular observation. Could they be messengers from his army? No; it was impossible—it was too soon. Besides, their pace was irregular, uncertain; they evinced no haste; they showed no animation; they could be no messengers of good tidings. Nevertheless, they might be messengers. And James's heart beat, he knew not why.

Again he looked at the cavaliers, and still they advanced, and still at the same uncertain, lagging pace, and still had the same ambiguous appearance. Oh, there is a secret, strange chord of sympathy in the human mind, impossible to define, however certainly existing, which speaks to the heart most mysteriously but most intelligibly, of sorrow, of disappointment, of doom fixed and sealed, though as yet unknown, undreamt of, by ordinary modes of intelligence. This sickening sensation touched James's heart, and almost unnerved him. He abruptly ordered his horse, determined to ride forward and learn the worst; and immediately a feeling of pride caused him to countermand his order; it was unmanly, unkingly, to be thus startled at shadows.

Then came over him a remembrance which caused the blood to curdle at his very heart. It was the thought of the vision which had so affrighted him at Holyrood, and which now again passed before his mind's eye in all its minutest details, with the horrible distinctness of reality. He felt that his fate was sealed; that the dismal announcement so strangely and so fully accomplished in its earlier stages, was hastening to its completion. He felt and fully believed this; and, yielding to the idea that his fate was certain and irrevocable, he regained his composure and firmness.

Again he went to his place of observation; and now it was evident that the horsemen were approaching not merely in his direction, but the very habitation where he was. And behind them, at various distances, were now clusters of men, both on horseback and on foot The party first observed were, however, much in advance of the others, though their own proceedings were singular; for, instead of hastening, they appeared to slacken their pace as they neared their place of destination; and ever and anon they would stop entirely for a few moments and hold an earnest, and, as it would appear from their gestures, a melancholy conference.

All this the king observed with intense interest. At length one of the horsemen advanced rapidly a few paces, and at the same moment the light, glancing on his helmet, displayed the crest, a demi-griffin. The king's quick eye caught it.

"By St. Andrew!" exclaimed he; "it is the Leslie! But what makes he here in this guise? My trusty Norman would not rebel; the gallant master *could* not flee! What makes it?"

Even as he spoke, Sir Norman and some few others entered the pleasaunce. With dejected mien, they made an humble obeisance to the king.

"Well, sirs," said he, with a stern look, and sar-

castic manner, "ye are early from the field. Doubtless ye are the bearers of happy tidings?"

"We grieve, your highness, we deplore to say that they are the worst possible."

"Say on."

They then gave an account of the disaster, to which James listened with a kindling eye and a flushing cheek. His rage as the recital proceeded was tremendous, terrible. He foamed with passion; he stamped; he tore his hair; he behaved like a madman. Gradually, however, this paroxysm subsided, and it was in a tone which went to the heart of the few faithful attendants around him, that he said:—

"Say but, for the honour of the fathers that own ye, that ye struck one blow—one blow—and I'll forgive ye!"

They were silent.

"And Oliver, stout Oliver," said the king, at length, reverting to the unlucky favourite, who had been the proximate cause of this misfortune.

"Where's Oliver?" again said he, with a vacant look, whilst it was evident to his attendants that a sort of stupor had fallen upon him.

"Master Sinclair fled one of the earliest, but was captured."

"Eh—what? Oliver fled!—Oliver ta'en!—What, stout Oliver, born to 'fight?'[1] Oh, fie!—Oh, fie! What? Oliver a coward—fled—ta'en? Oh, fie!"

The distressed attendants removed the unhappy monarch to his chamber, and administered an opiate to him; and Norman Leslie, on whom, from the absence of some and the new captivity of others of the king's older and more immediate servants, all the responsibility of the heavy hour rested, despatched messengers, some with tidings to the queen, others to desire the immediate attendance of the cardinal, who, as we have seen from his own letter, must instantly have obeyed the summons.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

"Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke;
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill."

JAMES's immediate impulse on recovering from the first shock of the intelligence was to remove to Falkland, a royal seat about ten miles from the water of the Forth, north from Edinburgh. It is beautifully and romantically situated amid the Lomond Hills, and had been rebuilt by James himself in a style of princely magnificence and elegance. The old baronial castle which this palace replaced was the scene of the fearful murder of the Duke of Rothesay, son to King Robert III. who was starved to death by his uncle, the Duke of Albany. This heretofore little known, less heeded, circumstance of Scottish history has been rendered thrillingly interesting to all readers by the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

Hither, then, did James immediately remove, giving his orders to that effect with a calm quietude which astonished and somewhat alarmed those who were well acquainted with the usual vivacity of his disposition. He shewed no care, no concern, about anything; he interfered not with those around him in the slightest manner, nor by a word or a look intimated the shadow of interest in their comings and goings.

When the Lady Kirkaldy besought him to be comforted, to take the will of God in good part, he calmly and quietly replied, "My portion here is short; I shall not be with you many days." And when inquiry was made of him respecting the fast-approaching Christmas, he answered, in the same calm tone, "Do even as ye please; consult not me; for ere Yuleday ye will be masterless, and the realm without a king."

On the arrival of Cardinal Beaton he scarce betrayed a symptom of recognisance; and when, somewhat later, Sir David Lindsay came, and knelt and wept over the hand which was mechanically extended towards him, the only remark of James was, "Davie, man, Davie, dinna greet;" and then with a deep-drawn sigh he withdrew his hand, and resting his head upon it, remained for hours without altering his position, or speaking a word.

This was now his habitual state. Day after day did he sit wrapped up in the deepest gloom and despondency, speaking to no one, noticing no one, taking mechanically the food that was offered him, and awakening from his lethargy only to strike his hand on his heart and utter convulsively some broken and incoherent words: and then, as if even this effort was too much, his arms would fall by his side, and he would sink down in a state of melancholy and hopeless exhaustion.

The frail body is too much under the influence of the "diviner part" to remain untouched when that is suffering. The "wounded spirit" which was destroying James was attended by a slow fever which preyed upon his frame and fast consumed his vital powers. Things were in this state when Beaton wrote that letter to his worthy associate, which has already been laid before the reader.

That the rout of Solway, harassing and disgraceful as it was, should simply and in itself have been attended with this fatal result, is hardly to be supposed. It was the collateral circumstances with which James in his own mind connected it, which broke his heart. He could not, and he did not, for one moment, look upon it as it really was, a chance, a lucky chance for the English; and which might have occurred, in part however, even if his barons had been loyal and true. But the idea which he confidently indulged was, that the rout at Solway was not an untoward *accident*, but the result—the planned and expected and foreseen result—of a conspiracy on the part of his nobles to league with Henry against him. Against such a league, if it existed—and he had fully persuaded himself that it did so—he could have no resource. His life would be in perpetual danger—that was nothing: ridicule would be brought on the Scottish

(1) Alluding, probably, to the motto of the Sinclairs,—"*Fight.*"

name—that humiliated him to the dust: but dishonour would attach to his own, and this the chivalrous monarch could not survive. He saw no remedy, no resource; no hope, no possibility of retrieving his disgrace; and in the vigour of his strength and the flower of his age, he sank heart-broken into the grave.

About this time news arrived that the queen was safely brought to bed at Linlithgow. It was hoped that this news would cheer the king, and so, momentarily, it did: but when told that the child was a daughter, he instantly gave way to unmitigated despondency.

"Ay," said he, "it came with a lass, and it will go with one. Many miseries wait on this kingdom, and Henry will make it his own by force or marriage."

After these words he spoke little more, and it was evident to all that the final scene was fast approaching.

The cardinal was assiduous in his attendance on the dying monarch, passing a great portion of his time in the royal bed-chamber, and when he quitted it, being mostly closeted with the priest, Balfour, with whom he held long and secret conferences. He had also issued various letters and despatches.

The cardinal was closeted with his confidante when a tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Beaton; and immediately Norman Leslie appeared — his countenance radiant with pleasure.

"The king is better, my lord."

"God forbid," half ejaculated Beaton; but instantly commanded himself, and fortunately Leslie heard him not; he was too eager with his own information.

"The king is better, my lord; he hath noticed us all and hath mentioned your name."

"Heaven be praised, Sir Norman," said the cardinal with an admirable assumption of delight and joy; 'I come instantly."

Leslie bowed and withdrew.

"What thinkest thou of this?" said Beaton.

"Tush, my lord; it is a mere momentary gleam."

"His grace's leeches do think recovery impossible."

"And be assured, my Lord Cardinal, they know what they are saying." [1]

"Truly I think so."

"And what this shallow-pated boy takes for improvement, is but a lightning before death. You had better not lose time, your Grace."

"Hast thou all ready?"

"All, my lord."

"At an instant's notice?"

"Here," said Balfour, unlocking a small casket.

"That is well," said Beaton surveying the contents. "Close the casket again; yet stay—give the scroll to my hands."

And taking a parchment, which he placed carefully within the folds of his vest, he quitted the apartment.

On entering the king's he saw at a glance that he had no cause for apprehension as far as regarded any improvement in his state. James, propped up by pillows, was earnestly regarding, with a look of intelligence and animation such as had not been seen on his countenance for many days, the few faithful friends who with tearful aspect were gathered round his bed. But Beaton saw what Leslie's inexperience had not noted; that the sweetness of his smile savoured more of heaven than of earth; that the placidity and benignity of his aspect showed that the stricken spirit had already shaken off all the busy cares and irritating annoyances of this "mortal coil."

Beaton reverently approached the bed, and even his spirit—even his—was touched, and for the moment indeed utterly subdued by the inexpressible affection and trust with which James extended his hand towards him, uttering at the same time the words, "My faithful friend."

Beaton knelt and saluted the hand, and it is but justice to record that at the instant he did so he would have given all his honours, all his hopes, to restore the king to health.

These feelings, however, lasted not long, and as, after the lapse of some little time, he saw the king sink lower in his bed, his hands clutch the bedclothes, a dark mist steal over his face, and a filmy glaze pass across his sight—as he saw these fearful and unerring tokens one by one appear—his accustomed thoughts returned to his mind, his softened nerves recovered their wonted tone. Whispering something to Sir David Lindsay which that faithful friend, choked by his grief, merely responded to by a solemn and melancholy gesture of acquiescence, he left the apartment.

Shortly he returned, followed by the priest, Balfour, who bore a tray containing the holy oil and other things used in the solemn ceremony of extreme unction, but all closely covered with a white linen napkin.

The arras of the doorway being drawn aside to its full extent, the cardinal entered slowly and with great dignity, at the same time pronouncing solemnly the words, "Pax huic domui, et omnibus habitantibus in ea."

The occupants of the room retired almost on the instant, lingering merely for the prelate's benediction.

On far other objects, however, than on the performance of the solemn ritual of his church, were Beaton's views now fixed. No sooner were they left alone than he whispered to Balfour:—

"Secure the door, that there be no chance of interruption;" and, while the priest hastened to do this, Beaton drew from his bosom the parchment to which we have alluded, opened it to a part where there was space left for signature, and again doubled it in folds so as to leave that space open and facile for the hand. He then laid a pen and ink in readiness, and having made these preparations he approached the king.

James was lying in, apparently, almost the last extremity, but the cardinal thrilled with delight on finding that when he spoke he was not only heard but recognised. Aware that not an instant was now to

(1) It is reported by Drummond and Melvil, that the clergy poisoned the king. But why should they? These writers are not supported.

be lost, he in few but emphatic words represented the disordered state the country must necessarily be in without an appointed government, and that he had prepared a document providing for this necessity which would require the king's signature. James "gave no sign," though he was evidently not insensible.

The cardinal was puzzled how to proceed.

"Show him the parchment," whispered Balfour.

The cardinal adopted the suggestion, and, placing the parchment before the dying man, said that it was to authorize a Regency, but that the king must sign it; and he pointed with his finger to the space left for a name.

A faint suffusion passed over the king's cheek, probably in consequence of the effort he made to speak, for his lips moved, though scarce a sound was audible. The ready-witted assistant motioned to the cardinal to keep the parchment where it was, and, dipping the pen in ink, he placed it between the fingers of the monarch, and raised the arm towards the place required.

With a mighty effort the king raised his head, looked from one to the other of his torturers with an air of indomitable defiance, and in the very act of jerking the pen from him, fell back lifeless on his pillow.

"He is dead!" said Beaton, horrified.

"Not so, my lord; or if so, never mind."

And the priest took up the pen which had fallen, replenished it with ink, and raising himself on to the bed, so as to have greater freedom of action, he placed the pen between the fingers which, however, no effort on his part could make to close over it; and Beaton, struck at the moment with dread, called him to forbear. He heeded not, however, but placing his own fingers over those of the lifeless hand, he traced the signature on the parchment with more resemblance to the real autograph than might have been expected in the circumstances.

During this time Beaton stood pale, trembling, and unnerved; his lips blanched, his form shaking, whilst his colder-blooded confederate in villainy proffered him the parchment, with a congratulary smile.[1]

But superstitious in their devotion, even whilst with unseared conscience they committed the most fearful crimes, these unfaithful ministers of a religion of purity and peace hurried over the last rites to the dying, in order to complete their ceremonies ere the faint spirit, which yet seemed to linger, should finally quit its earthly tenement.

The monarch gave no farther symptoms of life. His followers were re-admitted It was with difficulty ascertained that breath animated the frame, and the instant of its departure was not noted.

Requiescat in pace.

THE FUNERAL.

"Child of Adam, son of sin,
Unto dust thy dust we give;
Heir of glory! enter in,
Take thy crown, thy throne, and live."

It was a dark and stormy December night when the solemn and melancholy company which had assembled to pay the last sad rites to their ill-fated monarch, entered the then beautiful chapel of Holyrood. But on this occasion, it was shorn of its splendour; no pompous decorations sparkled on the altar; no flowers adorned, no relics enriched it; no carved and all but breathing images were there. All were removed. The cloth of gold was changed for one of black, the symbol of salvation alone was elevated on it, with only such accompaniments as were absolutely requisite for the performance of the solemn service, and these displayed only by the dismal light of *yellow* tapers. The cardinal-archbishop himself was divested of his gorgeous habiliments. Robes of deep purple[2] hung in heavy masses round his towering form, replacing with their sombre hue and unrelieved gloominess the courtly scarlet and ermined raiment in which the fancy loves to picture him. No crosier adorned his hand, no sandals his feet, no glittering gems his fingers—which were ungloved—as he uttered the deprecatory prayers which speak the solemn reunion of ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

And as the royal bier was placed in the sacred edifice, the cardinal, who led the holy service, took his place near the altar, towards which the feet of the corpse were turned. The cross-bearer elevated the holy symbol at the head, and a number of priests, robed in deep black, arrayed themselves at each side. The few close friends and adherents, who had attended the monarch's dying bed, were gathered as mourners near his corpse, and the space around was thronged with various religious fraternities, with many of the nobles and gentry, with some of the lower orders led there by curiosity, and with others, not a few, whose broken sobs and muttered ejaculations testified that affectionate remembrance of their loved monarch heightened the deep interest of the scene itself.

Hard must have been the heart that was not touched, dull the imagination that was not impressed by it. The circumstances were such as probably never occurred before or since: of a monarch of a warm heart, generous feelings, distinguished by a love of justice—that highest attribute of a king—devoted to his country, and fond of his people—admired by the courtly, and beloved by the poor—going down, in the prime of his years, and the pride of his manhood, broken-hearted to the grave! It might well, as it did, wring tears from the eyes of mail-clad warriors.

The night was tempestuous. The storm raged furiously without, driving the pelting hail and blinding snow in torrents against the windows, which shook and rattled as if each moment they would be smashed beneath the fury of the blast that shrieked and howled like the voices of tortured spirits. Ever and anon a sullen gust swept along the aisles within, seeming momentarily to extinguish the tapers, which quickly again flared upon the "palpable obscure,"

(1) "As mony affirme a deid man's hand was maid to subscryve ane blank, that they mycht wryte above it quhat pleisit thame best."—Knox, 31.

(2) Purple was a cardinal's mourning.

displaying the sable multitude, flickering on the embroidered pall, flashing on the jewelled regalia with which, as in mockery, it was surmounted, glancing adown the mist-robed vista, piercing the thicker gloom aloft, where scrolls and imagery, fretted ornament and carved wreath, were dimly defined by its transient glare within the depths of the embossed and enamelled roof. Again it swept along, forming a wild and strange accompaniment to the solemn tones of the "*De profundis*," or, as it passed less vehemently, bearing on its fitful wings the sad and softened strains of the plaintive and deprecatory "*Libera me*."

Thus passed James the Fifth to his tomb. Thus was he reunited to the angelic bride whose early fate he had wept over in this same spot, whose untimely corpse he had seen consigned to the same holy shelter. The sweet and sainted Magdalen of France, who, on her arrival in the land of her adoption, regardless of form, forgetful of state, of etiquette, of all "the belongings" of regal life, had knelt down to kiss the soil of her new country, and to invoke blessings on that earth over whose sons she was thenceforth to preside as a mother and a queen—Magdalen had but lived to build high the hopes, and excite the fervent admiration of her new subjects, ere she sank into a premature grave. Her unassuming virtue, her surpassing sweetness and excellence, her gentleness, her piety, her charity, passed before the eyes of the people like an emanation from some brigh-trobed spirit; for brief almost as a spirit's was her duration among them. She was like a fair flower in grace and loveliness, and like a flower she passed away; and in forty days from the time when she was so enthusiastically welcomed to her new country with heartfelt gratulations and sanguine anticipations, in forty days from this time was Magdalen borne to her tomb in Holyrood Chapel; and now, all too soon, was her gallant husband laid by her side.

"*They loved in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*"

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S SOLDIERS—(*concluded*).

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

In a race of beings so like each other as common soldiers are, it would seem a hard matter to trace anything like individuality, without destroying that general similarity which is a prominent characteristic of the class; and yet this is a task which Shakspeare has undertaken and accomplished. It has been said, almost proverbially, As like one another as soldiers are, or sheep, or geese, or peas, or fresh-minted coin, or a row of pins, or a basket of eggs, or "as cherry is to cherry." In the ranks, they look like one man viewed through a multiplying-lens; advancing in line, their legs look like the teeth of a stocking-weaver's frame; in all their evolutions, forming a human parody upon Wordsworth's line on cows feeding in a meadow:—

"Forty 'marching' like one."

Upon his soldiers, collectively, Shakspeare has not failed to bestow those broad and striking peculiarities of general resemblance which serve to maintain this manifold unity in the class; but in his several groups of soldiers, he has depicted such varieties of humour, temperament, circumstance, and situation, as shall redeem the monotony of a repeated version of the subject, and develope the only individuality that may be found belonging to military in the ranks.

In the play of "All's Well that Ends Well," we have a group of French soldiers in whom we at once recognise the national character. Gay, ready-witted, alert, wild with delight at the prospect of a practical joke; eager to take part in all that is going forward; upon easy and familiar terms with their commanding officers, yet never forgetful of the observances due to their superior rank and situation—in all this, we see the Frenchman, the cheerful light-hearted fellow, the volatile chaser of trifles with the energy of serious pursuit, he who makes pleasure the business of life, and seeks merriment as his daily bread.

When the sham ambuscade is planned against the lying poltron, Parolles, the soldiers all enter into the spirit of the jest at once; and when the time comes for carrying it out, they prove that they have done so by joining in the hubbub of jargon and gabble which has been agreed upon shall be palmed off on their victim as a foreign language, to induce him to believe he has fallen into hostile hands. One of them entreats permission to act as interpreter—and admirably he performs his part. The planner of the scheme tells him he must "seem very politic;" and accordingly, when they all seize upon Parolles and blindfold him, shouting their gibberish, "*Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo,*" with what solemnity does Monsieur the interpreter reply to the poor wretch's entreaties for a merciful hearing:—

"1 *Soldier.* *Boskos vauvado:*
I understand thee, I can speak thy tongue:
Kerelybonto: Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.
Par. Oh!
1 *Soldier.* O, pray, pray, pray.
Manka revania dulche.
1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*
1 *Soldier.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.".

And afterwards, when the miscreant is betraying the secrets of his own camp, divulging its numerical force, and slandering its leaders—his own brother officers—this interpreter dexterously cross-questions him, leads him on, draws him out, befools him, exposes and outwits him, in a manner neat, quiet, droll, sly, and complete.

His mock commiseration, which conveys a frightful hint to the blindfolded prisoner:—"I perceive, sir,

by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you:" his pretended advocacy, a snare the more securely to entangle his prey:—"We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely:" his affected consultation as to the sentence that is to be pronounced:—"I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure:" and lastly, the ingenious way in which he contrives to revenge himself in the summing up of this sentence, at the very time when the conclusion of its declaration is to release the prisoner:—"There is no remedy, sir, but you must die; the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head:"—these are all in the true spirit of comedy—playful, animated, and characteristic.

There is a soldier introduced in the play of "Macbeth," who brings news of the battle and of the Thane's bravery to King Duncan, in such terms as harmonize with the poetic beauty of the versification throughout this high romantic drama. The bleeding messenger describes the incidents of the fight, and Macbeth's valour, with a fervour of martial enthusiasm that befits his calling, and well excuses the use of loftier diction than in ordinary circumstances might seem appropriate for one of his rank. King Duncan truly says:—

"So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both."

It is in the fine military play of Henry V. that Shakspeare has given us the most varied, as well as the most finished portraitures of the race under consideration. He has availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his subject, for depicting the English common soldier, and the French common soldier. As usual, with his great soul, he has fairly set down the features of them both, and portrayed faithfully the defects in his own countrymen, as well as those that characterise the foreigner. If he has shown the Frenchman to be a boaster, he has not failed to let us see that the Englishman is a grumbler; if he makes the one brag, and vapour, and threaten, he makes the other dogged, self-willed, and blunt. The poet has also given a shrewd gird at John Bull's cannibal weakness for his cousin beef; his care to secure a full stomach; his tender regard for ample rations:—

"Give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils."

But upon this latter theme—their steady fighting, their indomitable spirit, their "unmatchable courage," —he has allowed himself full scope; and, accordingly, nowhere are to be found more glowing portraits of English bravery than in this play. From the "warlike Harry" himself, the cheerful old veteran Sir Thomas Erpingham, the gallant brethren in arms and in death York and Suffolk, the sedate Captain Gower, the inflammable Fluellen, down to Bates, Court, and Williams, three of the common soldiery —"honour's thought reigns solely in the breast of every man."

What a vigorous picture we have in their king's address on the battle-field to the men! So far from needing to be urged, they are scarce to be restrained, and he has but to bid them obey their own eagerness —to "follow 'their' spirit."

"And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The metal of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and St. George!"

Nothing can be truer to the character of the English soldier, than the dialogue that takes place between Bates, Court, Williams, and King Harry; when he wanders, disguised, at night, through his camp, on the eve of the Agincourt fight. These three men are perfect types of their class. They see through the motives of their rulers, but they submit to be guided by them; they grumble, but they obey; they rail at their king, but they devote themselves to his interests, fulfil his behests with faithful attachment towards his person, and are prepared firmly to meet the risk of death in his behalf.

There is subject-matter for deep consideration in this little scene; the thought of how far rulers may be responsible for the peril of soul as well as body of those whom they employ in war, is here suggested— and none the less solemn is its effect upon us for the homely language in which the plain soldier expresses his plain thought. After a grim picture of those who are hewn in pieces on the field, and who "shall join together at the latter day," Williams says:—

"I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection."

The disguised king replies in a clever speech, most characteristic of the speaker—plausible, subtle, sophistical; but it concludes with a holy precept, which it would be well if every soldier could know, and knowing, endeavour to make it his rule of conduct:—

"Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare."

In a subsequent scene of the play, where King Harry discovers himself to Williams, as having exchanged gloves with him, in token of their quarrel during the monarch's disguise, reminding him of his bluff words, and of his threatened blow; the honest simplicity of the man's defence is another completely

characteristic touch. There is a manly honesty, a soldierly plainness and firmness in his manner, that is thoroughly English:—

"*K. Hen.*—How canst thou make me satisfaction?
"*Will.*—All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.
"*K. Hen.*—It was ourself thou didst abuse.
"*Will.*—Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, and your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me."

Such a mode of defence cannot fail of finding favour with King Harry—himself an English soldier, and the "best king of good fellows." He, accordingly, converts the glove into a purse for the nonce, has it filled with crowns, and giving it back to the honest soldier, bids him henceforth "wear it for an honour in his cap."

In this play, we have also another group among the soldiery. In the persons of Pistol, Bardolph and Nym, we have a representation of a certain class, that may always be found accompanying an invading army; off-scourings of the populace, that turn soldier when they can be nothing else; lees, dregs, very refuse at home, that swim abroad somehow, and rise to be the scum that floats upon the surface of a large army, infesting its ranks, following in its stream, and tainting its course, by their evil odour and noisome presence.

The young boy, their attendant, utters a spirited description of the bullying, lying, dastardly, filching propensities of "these three swashers." And Gower afterwards gives a notable portraiture of this sort of gentry, in explaining to the simple Welshman, Fluellen, the real character of that prince of swaggerers, Ancient Pistol:—

"Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return to London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths. And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on!"

In the play of Coriolanus, the Roman soldiers show badly in the assault upon Corioli. They abandon the side of their leader, Caius Marcius, at the moment of his spirited entry into the city gates, and are more intent upon securing spoil than upon seconding their captain, upon booty than duty, upon plunder than fighting.

This is partly attributable to their slight personal attachment towards this leader of theirs; they feel no confidence in his regard for them, as he cares not to conceal his want of confidence in them, and as he takes no pains to win their regard for him. Whereas Comminius's men behave in such manner as to earn the commendation of their general:—

"Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stand,
Nor cowardly in retire."

Marcius, in his addresses to his soldiery, always mingles more or less of scoff, betraying the contempt of his patrician soul for the commonalty; and this naturally checks the growth of that good understanding which should mutually subsist between a commander and his men.

Comminius, on the contrary, though he says much the same thing, in substance, to his soldiers, as Marcius, yet in the manner, in its tone of consideration and encouragement, he contrives to make it more appealing, more winning, more influential.

Upon the occasion referred to, when the men shout, wave their swords, and cast up their caps, Coriolanus says, with a latent taunt even in his praise:—

"If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his."

Comminius says:—

"March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us."

The one leader betrays a doubt of their worth and valour at the very moment he urges their exertion; the other takes for granted the merits he calls upon, and proposes to requite. The one leader treats the soldiery like mere tools,—tools in the sharpness and temper of which he cares not to conceal his own slender faith,—while the other treats them like men, and brethren in arms. The consequence is obvious. The followers of Coriolanus are proud of his bravery; they are fully aware of his military excellence; they glory in the renown of his exploits; they are conscious of the merit of his achievements in the field, of the honour of his triumphal return; but they feel no attachment, no warmth of preference, no personal liking, no affection, no sympathy towards him, for they know that none of these feelings exist on his part towards them. Not more superbly delineated is the haughty patrician commander himself, than are carefully indicated the sentiments existing among his plebeian soldiery. They are sensible of his merits, but they are unattached to his person.

Very different are the soldiers of Mark Antony. They are free in their animadversion upon his conduct, open in their difference of opinion with him, unreserved in their censure of his errors; and yet they are enthusiastically fond of him, obey him from an impulse of personal regard, allow a sentiment of affection to supply the place of the respect which they cannot entirely feel, adhere to his fortunes in despite of the promptings of their reason, and where this fidelity is violated in one instance, the sense of remorse is so burdensome, as to oppress the "master-leaver" unto death.

In this soldier of Antony's, Enobarbus, and the

other of Pompey's, Menas, Shakspeare has given us proof of his power in bestowing touches of individuality upon characters drawn with general similarity of circumstance, rank, demeanour, and action. These men are both soldiers, both bearing office near to the person of their several commanders, both faithful in service and attached in person, both blunt-spoken and candid in remonstrance with their leaders, both unshaken in their adherence up to a certain point, and both, after that certain epoch in the fidelity of each, abandoning the fortunes of their respective masters.

But notwithstanding these manifold points of resemblance between the two men thus closely brought together in the same play, the dramatist has preserved, with his usual nicety of discrimination, all their integral individuality. Enobarbus's bluntness and candour of speech arises from his high sense of his master's honour, from his desire to remind him of its requirements, and from his anxiety that nothing should occur to derogate from that nobility of nature which he himself worships in Antony, and which he would fain see command universal worship. He seeks ever to stimulate Antony into being but true to himself, to excite him to do nothing that shall be less than worthy of his own greatness. It is because he cannot bear to behold Antony's self-degradation, Antony's fall from moral elevation, Antony's ceasing to be indeed Antony, that Enobarbus leaves Antony.

Menas's plainness of speech conceals turpitude of purpose and sinister design. He interrupts his master, Pompey, when he is presiding at the feast given on board his galley to the Roman triumvirs, by abruptly suggesting his aggrandisement by the murder of his guests; and, with startling terseness, proposes to "cut the cable," and "fall to their throats." When he finds that Pompey declines this proposal on the ground that it should have been "*done*," not "*spoken on*," he determines to quit such a master's service; not from scorn of Pompey's baseness, and his pretended scrupulousness, which would not have hesitated to avail itself of the deed, though it shrunk from the uttered suggestion; but he determines to leave him because he will not consent to cast off all scruple, seeming as well as real, and to clutch opportunity when it offers. Menas, in forsaking Pompey, despises his master's respect for even the semblance of virtue, and palliates his own defection by disparaging his leader, and throwing the blame upon his squeamishness.

Enobarbus's higher nature bids him exaggerate his own crime, and exalt the merits of Antony. His sensitive conscience feels the generosity of his late master in sending his treasure after him, as the keenest additional reproach to those with which his own heart overwhelms him; and his death-scene is an affecting picture of the mortal stings of unavailing repentance.

Scarus, in this play, is a spirited rough draught of a hardy veteran. His words smack of English indifference to pain; or rather, of English courage in bearing it cheerfully.

"*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more. [*Enter Eros.*]
Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after."

In the mouth of Ventidius, the poet has put a few astute words that denote well a particular sort of "discretion;" different indeed from that which Falstaff assures us is "the better part of valour," but which is essential to the professional soldier, eager for advancement. Let him who would successfully rise in the estimation of his superior officers observe well in what this modest forbearance, this prudent humility, this discreet retirement consists. Ventidius says:—

"Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten horse of Parthia
We've jaded out o' the field."

The warm personal attachment borne towards Mark Antony by his soldiers, Enobarbus, Scarus, Eros (who falls on his own sword to "escape the sorrow of Antony's death," when bidden by his master to kill him), and all the rest of his faithful adherents, which is summed in those few simple words of his sorrowing guards, when they bear him dying to the presence of Cleopatra,—

"Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out,"—

is well contrasted by the want of enthusiasm, the mere formal enactment of duty, the blank stiffness of deportment, depicted in those who surround the frigid Octavius Cæsar. They are coldly observant of their master's wishes, and thus are emulative of his own temperament—calm and vigilant. They reply to him in such curt phrase as this: "Cæsar, I shall;" or, "Cæsar, I go." The very brevity and conciseness of such rejoinder seems to imply a habit of implicit and unquestioning obedience on the one part, and of hard, chilling exaction of the fulfilment of duties on the other. Even in such slight touches as these, in even the most subordinate of his characters, does Shakspeare not disdain to evince his sleepless care of appropriateness and individuality in his impersonations. In his masses of people as in his men, in his groups as in his single figures, still do we see that invariable

regard to nature,—those distinctive markings of genius.

In this play we have also some of the broad outlines generally characteristic of the common soldier. In the fine scene on board Pompey's galley, we behold the soldiers in the midst of their revelry, in jovial fellowship with their commanders, who treat them here as comrades. All is gaiety, carousal, high spirits, mirth, enjoyment; they shout, they sing, they even dance hand-in-hand; a bacchanalian madness inspires them; they celebrate their orgies with a spirit that seems inspired by military daring, and enhanced by martial ardour and enthusiasm. The gusto of the whole scene seems carried to its height by the actors being warriors. In the short night scene in Act IV. we have a hint of that tendency to superstition which is supposed to lurk among societies of men, such as soldiers and sailors. And in the moonlight scene afterwards, we have an indication of the habitual discipline which guides a soldier in his hours of appointment. The unpoetical manner in which the brilliancy of the moonlight is alluded to, also, is not uncharacteristic.

"1 *Sol.* If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: *the night*
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn."

There is one universal characteristic which Shakspeare has not failed to indicate in all his portraitures of soldiery, and which is, indeed, common to most associated bodies of men—the habit of criticising the opinions, the motives, the acts, the merits and demerits of their superiors. In all his plays, wherever he has had occasion to represent soldiers talking together, he has made that the staple of their remarks, however otherwise he may have individualized the speakers and their dialogue.

A young soldier's death, and the stern calmness with which such an event is regarded by a warlike father, is, in the following passage, strikingly told:—

"*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siward. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay; and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siward. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siward. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd."

The object of a common soldier's training seems to be that of reducing a sentient, reflecting, rational being to the condition of a clod; of converting human intelligence into animal instinct and dumb subserviency; of bending will, choice, preference, into blind obedience, and neutrality of conscience and volition; of subduing voluntary agency into mere motive power; of degrading man into a machine. Of what may sometimes remain after such a system of training,—of the characteristics, the tendencies, the moods, the propensities, that may still lurk beneath the outward bearing of these aggregate men, retaining and claiming for them some "mark or likelihood," Shakspeare has traced in his gay, hoaxing soldiers of "All's Well," in his blunt, sturdy, honest, indomitable soldiers of Henry V.; in his swashing soldados, and braggart Frenchmen; in his spoil-loving soldiers of Coriolanus; in his animadverting, remonstrative, yet warmly attached soldiers of Antony; and in his frigid disciplinarian soldiers of Octavius Cæsar.

Masterly development of distinctiveness in simi larity—of individuality in generality.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;[1]

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEGH.

CHAPTER XXV.

SUNSHINE AFTER SHOWERS.

ANNIE GRANT found her friend strangely uncommunicative on the subject of her fit of weeping; she declared that it was nothing—that she felt nervous and overtired, but that a good night's rest was all she required to set her to rights again; then kissing her affectionately, Laura, with much caressing, turned her out of the room. As sound sleep was the specific to which Miss Peyton trusted for the restoration of her health and spirits, it can scarcely be imagined that, after passing four restless hours in a vain attempt to obtain the desired boon, she should have felt particularly refreshed. Weary both in mind and body, she was aroused from a dreamy, half-sleeping, half-waking, but wholly uncomfortable state into which she had fallen, by the sun shining brightly into her room. The beauty of the morning, though a thick hoar frost lay upon the ground, banished all farther desire for sleep, and commencing her toilet, she resolved on a scheme, which her acquaintance with the usual habits of the family led her to conceive feasible,—namely, to possess herself of the third volume of a new novel, in which she was considerably interested, and with that for a companion, to take a brisk walk in the clear morning air, and return ere any of the party had made their appearance at the breakfast table. Dressing hastily, she wrapped herself in a thick shawl, and tripped lightly down the staircase, only encountering in her progress a drowsy housemaid, who stared at her with lack-lustre eyes, as though she took her for a ghost. Before she could carry her whole plan into execution, however, it was necessary that she should visit the library, in order to procure the volume she wished to take with her. Opening the door quickly, she had proceeded half-way across the room, ere she perceived it was not un-

(1) Continued from p. 301.

tenanted. As she paused, uncertain whether or not to proceed, Charles Leicester—for he it was, who, acting on his resolution of the previous night, was writing a few lines to account for his abrupt departure —rose from the table at which he had been sitting, and advanced towards her. He was attired for a journey, and his pale features, and the dark circles under his eyes, gave token of a sleepless night. There was a restless energy in his tone and manner, as he addressed her, totally opposed to his usual listless indifference; and no one could be in his company a moment, without perceiving that (to use a common, but forcible expression) something had come over him,—that he was (at all events, for the present) a changed man.

"You are an early riser, Miss Peyton," he said; "I did not expect to have an opportunity of wishing you good-bye in person."

"I was not aware you intended leaving Broadhurst so soon," returned Laura, feeling, she scarcely knew why, exceedingly uncomfortable. "Shall you return before the party breaks up?"

"No. I shall go abroad directly, and endeavour to procure an attachéship to one of the embassies; the Turkish, I think: I've never seen Constantinople."

"Surely you 've formed this resolution somewhat abruptly," observed Miss Peyton: "it was only yesterday, you agreed to escort your cousin Annie and myself, to ride over and sketch the ruins of Monkton Priory. I was thinking this morning, as soon as I saw the sunshine, what a charming canter we should have."

"I should be more sorry, Miss Peyton, to be forced to break so agreeable an engagement, did I not feel certain *you* will have no difficulty in supplying my place, on the occasion," returned Leicester, laying a marked emphasis on the pronoun. "I must now wish you good morning," he continued; then bowing coldly, he took up his hat, and turned to leave the room.

Miss Peyton allowed him to reach the door, ere she could make up her mind what course to pursue; then colouring brightly, she exclaimed, "Stay one moment, Mr. Leicester;" as he paused, and, closing the door, which he had partially opened, turned towards her, she continued, "I will not affect to misunderstand your allusion, and although the subject is one on which I should not willingly have entered, I consider it due to myself not to suffer you to depart under a mistake, into which I should have thought you knew me too well to have fallen."

"Mistake!" repeated Leicester, eagerly, "is it possible that I can be mistaken? Are you not then engaged to Mr. De Grandeville?"

"Most assuredly am I not," returned Miss Peyton, "nor, unless I very greatly alter my opinion of that gentleman, shall I ever be so. I did think Mr. Leicester would have given me credit for better taste than to have supposed such a thing possible, but I see I was mistaken; and now," she added, "having found the book I came to seek, I must wish you good morning, and——a pleasant journey to Constantinople."

"Stay, Miss Peyton," exclaimed Leicester, for once really excited: "You have said too much, or too little;—pardon me," he continued, "I will not detain you five minutes, but speak I must;" taking her hand, he led her to a seat, and resumed,

"I am placed in a most painful and difficult position, but the best and most straightforward course I can pursue will be to tell you in as few words as possible the simple truth, and then leave you to decide upon my fate. The difficulty I have to encounter is this:—you are an heiress; I, a portionless younger brother, without a profession, and brought up in expensive and indolent habits; were I then to tell you that I love you, and that the dearest wish of my heart is to call you mine, how can I expect you to believe that I am not actuated by mercenary motives? that I do indeed, deeply, truly love you, with an intensity of which I scarcely could have believed my nature capable? When first I sought your society, I frankly own, (and if the admission ruins my cause I cannot help it, for I will not attempt to deceive you,) it was the report of your riches which attracted me: I considered you lady-like and agreeable, and this being the case, I would willingly have done as I saw men of my acquaintance doing every day,—married for money; but, as I became intimate with you, and discovered the priceless treasures of your heart and mind, my views and feelings altered. I soon learned to love you for yourself alone, and then for the first time, when I perceived that in marrying you I had everything to gain and nothing to offer in return, I became fully aware of the meanness of the act I contemplated—in fact, I saw the matter in its true light, and felt that to ask you to become my wife would be an insult rather than a compliment. Thus, the more I grew to love you, the less I ventured to show it, till at last, pride coming to my assistance, I resolved to tear myself away, and quitted Scotland abruptly, intending never to renew our intimacy, unless some unexpected stroke of fortune should enable me to do so on more equal terms. My cousin Annie, however, had, it seems, guessed my secret, and invited you here without mentioning her intention to me till you had actually arrived. Had I acted consistently, I should have left this place a fortnight ago; but I had suffered so much during my absence, and the delight of again associating with you was so overpowering, that I had not sufficient strength of will to carry out my determination; thus I continued day by day yielding myself to the fascination of your society, learning to love you more and more, and yet not daring to tell you so, because I felt the impossibility of proving—even now it seems absurd to say—my disinterestedness; but that I loved you for yourself alone. Such had been for some days my state of feeling, when yesterday I was nearly driven distracted by that man, De Grandeville, actually selecting me as his confidant, and consulting me of all people in the world as to the advisability of making you an offer of marriage, hinting

that he had reason to believe such a proposal would be favourably received by you."

"Insolent!" exclaimed Miss Peyton, raising her eyes for the first time during Leicester's address, and looking him full in the face; "so far from encouraging him I have never spoken to him save to turn his pompous speeches into ridicule, since I was first introduced to him."

"So I would fain have taught myself to believe yesterday," resumed Leicester; "but the coldness of your manner towards me, and the marked attention you allowed him to pay you during the evening, tortured me with doubts, and when, after an animated conversation in the music-room, I saw him raise your hand to his lips, I imagined he had put his design into execution, and was an accepted suitor."

"A rejected one would have been nearer the mark," murmured Miss Peyton.

"Utterly miserable," continued Leicester, "at the idea of having irrevocably lost you,—provoked that you should have accepted a man so completely your inferior in mind, and, indeed, in every particular, I ordered post-horses before I retired for the night, and, but for this accidental meeting, should have been already on my road to London. And now," he continued, with passionate earnestness, "it is for you to decide whether my future life is to be happy or miserable. If truth has any power of revealing itself, you will believe that I love you truly, tenderly, for yourself alone; and you will decide whether such an affection is calculated to ensure your happiness; but, if you are unable to credit my sincerity, only say the word, and I leave you for ever."

He ceased, and, clenching his hands in the excess of his emotion till the nails appeared to grow into the flesh, stood before her, pale and agitated, like a criminal awaiting the sentence which shall send him forth a free man, or consign him to a felon's grave. After watching her anxiously for a few moments, during which she remained without speaking, her head averted, and her features concealed by her close straw bonnet, he resumed, "I see it is in vain to wait; your silence tells me that I have nothing to hope,—fool that I was ever to deem it could be otherwise! Farewell, Laura; may you be as happy as I would have striven to render you."

He turned, and his hand was again on the lock of the door, when a low, sweet voice, every accent of which thrilled through his very soul, murmured,—

"Mr. Leicester—Charles—do not go,—you must not leave me."

And accordingly he did *not* go, but came back instantly like an amiable obedient young man as he was, and received the reward of merit by learning from the lips of her he loved, that she was not only convinced of the sincerity of the affection he had bestowed on her, but prized the gift so highly that she felt obliged to return it, which statement sounded very like a contradiction, but was nothing of the kind. Then followed a bright happy half-hour, one of those little bits of unmitigated sunshine which gleam, once or twice in a lifetime, to thaw the ice that tears which have never found vent form more or less thickly around the heart of each of us; and, ere it was over, Laura Peyton stood pledged to become the wife of Charley Leicester, who dis-ordered the post-horses and postponed his journey to Constantinople, *ad infinitum*.

Several droll little scenes occurred later on that morning between various members of the party assembled at Broadhurst. In the first place, Annie Grant, who,—completely tired out, and greatly concerned at the mysterious impediments which obstructed the course of her cousin Charles's love affair, had sought her pillow with a firm conviction she should never close her eyes all night,—fell asleep immediately, and woke soon after nine o'clock on the following morning, under the impression that she had just gone to bed. While she was dressing, she revolved in her anxious mind her cousin's difficulties, and came to the following conclusions; first, that for sundry reasons connected with his natural indolence and a painful sense of his dependent position, Charley would never "tell his love;" secondly, that Laura, not divining these reasons, was piqued and hurt at his prolonged silence; and thirdly, that it behoved her (Annie) to remove these stumbling-blocks by a little judicious interference. Accordingly, when she had finished her toilet, and, giving a last parting glance at her pretty face and graceful figure in the cheval glass in her dressing-room, had——well I don't know that we've any business to pry into her thoughts, but by the bright half-smile, half-blush which resulted from the inspection, it may be concluded they were of an agreeable nature. When she had performed this little unconscious act of homage to her own beauty, she tripped off to her friend's room, and found that young lady fastening a very dangerous little bow of ribbon around her neck, with a small turquoise brooch made in the shape of a true lover's knot. I wonder why she should have selected *it* from some twenty others, on that morning in particular?

"Idle girl!" exclaimed Annie, kissing her affectionately, as if idleness were a highly commendable attribute, "idle girl! not dressed at ten o'clock, and I've been ready for the last five minutes."

"I'm very sorry, dear; but if you knew what pleasant dreams I've enjoyed, you would not wish to have dispelled them," returned Laura demurely, though there was a fund of merriment gleaming in her dark eyes, which Annie in her innocence did not perceive. Feeling, however, that under the circumstances her friend had no business to have been so very happy, even in her dreams, she answered somewhat pettishly,—

"You have been more favoured than I have been; I went to bed cross and worried, and fretted over all my troubles again in my dreams. Laura dear," she continued, "I want to say something to you, if I thought you would not be angry with me; I wish you ——but can't you guess what I'm going to say?"

Miss Peyton shook her pretty head, and confirmed the conviction expressed by De Grandeville, that her

family was of modern date, by repudiating any connexion with the race of Œdipus. So poor sensitive Annie was forced to clothe her meaning in plain and unmistakeable words, which she endeavoured to do by resuming,

"My cousin Charles, dear Laura—you know we were brought up together as children, and I love him as a brother; he is so kind-hearted and such a sweet temper; and,—of course, I am aware he makes himself rather ridiculous sometimes with his indolence and affectation, but he has been so spoiled and flattered by the set he lives in—it is only manner—whenever he is really called upon to act, you have no notion what good sense and right feeling he displays. Dear Laura, I can't bear to see him so unhappy!"

At the beginning of this speech Miss Peyton coloured slightly; as it proceeded her eyes sparkled, and any one less occupied with their own feelings than was Annie Grant, might have observed that tears glistened in them; but at its conclusion she observed in her usual quiet tone,—

"I don't believe Mr. Leicester is unhappy."

"Ah! you don't know him as well as I do," returned Annie, her cheeks glowing and her eyes beaming with the interest she took in the subject; "he was so wretched all yesterday evening; he ate no supper, and sat moping in corners, as unlike his natural happy self as possible."

"Did you hear that he had ordered post-horses at eight o'clock this morning!" inquired Laura.

"No! you don't mean it!" exclaimed Annie, clasping her hands in dismay. "Oh! I hope he is not gone!"

"You may depend upon it he is," rejoined Miss Peyton, turning to the glass, avowedly to smooth her glossy hair, which did not in the slightest degree require that process, but in reality to hide a smile. "He must be on his way to town by this time, unless anything has occurred this morning to cause him to alter his determination."

"That is impossible," returned Annie quickly; then adding in a tone of the deepest reproach, "Oh Laura! how could you be so cruel as to let him go?" she burst into a flood of tears. And Laura, that heartless young hyæna of fashionable life, that savage specimen of the perfidious sex of whom a poet sings,—

> "Woman, though so mild she seem,
> Will take your heart and tantalize it,
> Were it made of Portland stone,
> She'd manage to MacAdamize it;"

what do you suppose she did on the occasion? Nothing wonderful, and yet the best thing she could, for she wreathed her soft arms round Annie's neck, and kissing away her tears, whispered in a few simple touching words the secret of her happy love.

Now let us shake the kaleidoscope and take a peep at another combination of our *dramatis personæ* at this particular phase of their destinies. Lord Bellefield is breakfasting in his private sitting room; a bright fire blazes on the hearth; close to it has been drawn a sofa, upon which, wrapped in a dressing-gown of rich brocaded silk, lounges the tenant of the apartment; a breakfast table stands by the sofa, on which are placed an empty coffee cup, a small flask of French brandy, and a liqueur glass, together with a plate of toast apparently scarcely touched, a cut glass saucer containing marmalade, and a cigar-case. His lordship appears to be by no means in an amiable frame of mind. He had sat up the previous night some two hours after the ball was over, playing *Ecarté* with certain intimates of his own, whom he had caused to be invited to Broadhurst, during which time he had contrived to lose between 200*l.* and 300*l.* Earlier in the day he had formed a canvassing engagement with General Grant for eleven o'clock on the following morning, which obliged him to rise sooner than was by any means agreeable to his tastes, or consonant with his usual habits; and, lastly, he expected an important letter, and the post was late. While he was pondering this agglomerate (to choose an euphonious word,) of small evils, the door opened noiselessly, and Antoine, the French valet, carrying a well-brushed coat as tenderly as if it had been a baby, stole on tiptoe across the room. Lord Bellefield, whose head was turned away from the door, stretched out his hand, exclaiming impatiently, "Well, where are they?"

"*Milor!*" returned the astonished Frenchman, who in his interest about the coat had clean forgotten the letters.

"The letters, fool, where are they?" reiterated his lordship angrily.

"*Mille pardons, Milor;* but ven I did valk myself up zie stair, I am not avare dat zie lettairs had made zemselves to arrive," rejoined Antoine with a self-satisfied smile, as if he had done something clever.

"Did you ask?" returned his master with a frown.

"*Non pas précisement*—I did not exactly demand," stammered Antoine, with (this time) a deprecatory smile.

Lord Bellefield's only reply was an oath; then, seeing the man remained, uncertain what to do, he added,

"Go down again directly, idiot, and don't return again without my letters, unless——" a menacing gesture of his clenched fist supplied the blank, and the valet quitted the room, muttering, with a shrug, as he closed the door, "*Qu'ils sont barbares, ces Anglais;* but, *parbleu,* like all zie savage, dey are made of gold—*eh! bien, c'est egal,*—he shall pay me vell for him."

Lord Bellefield was not fated to enjoy the blessing of peace that morning, for scarcely had his servant closed the door, ere some one else tapped at it. "Come in," shouted the victimized peer, appending a wish concerning his visitor, of which the most charitable view we can take is that he was desirous of offering him a warm reception; however this may be, Charles Leicester (for he it was to whose lot his brother's left-handed benediction had fallen,) entered the room, his face reflecting the joy of his heart, and drawing a chair to the opposite side of the fire-place, seated himself thereupon, and began rubbing his hands

with a degree of energy totally opposed to his usual listless indifference.

"Is there no other fire in the house, that you are necessitated to come and warm your hands here, Mr. Leicester? I fancied you were aware that if there is one thing in the world which annoys me more than another, it is to be intruded on in a morning," observed his lordship pettishly. Then, for the first time catching sight of his brother's face, he continued, "What on earth are you looking so absurdly happy about?"

"Now, don't growl this morning, Belle; be a little bit like a brother for once in your life. I'm come to receive your congratulations," returned Leicester.

"Has your Jewish money-lender turned Christian and burned his books, like the magicians of old?" inquired Bellefield sarcastically.

"Something almost as wonderful," replied his brother, "for I live in good hopes of paying him."

"Why, you don't mean to say my father is going to be such a confounded fool as to pay your debts?" continued Bellefield, springing up in the excitement of the moment; "I swear I'll not allow it; he'll burden the estates so that when I come into the title I shall be a beggar."

"Keep yourself cool, my good brother; you might be sure I should never in my wildest moments dream of asking you to congratulate me on any good fortune which could by the most remote contingency either affect your interests, or interfere with your ease and comfort," replied Leicester, for once provoked to say a cutting thing by his brother's intense selfishness.

"Really, Charles, I'm in no humour for foolery or impertinence," said Lord Bellefield snappishly; "if there's anything you wish me to know, tell it at once; if not, I am expecting important letters, and should be glad to be alone."

"What should you say if you heard I was going to be hanged, Belle?" asked Charley.

"Wish you joy of your exalted destiny, and think things might have been worse," was the answer.

"Apply both the wish and the reflection to the present emergency," returned Leicester; "for I'm in nearly as sad a case—I'm going to be married."

"On the principle that what is not enough to keep one, may support two, I suppose!" rejoined Lord Bellefield in a tone of the most bitter contempt; "Well, I did *not* think—but I wash my hands of the affair entirely—only mind this; the property is strictly entailed, my father can do nothing without my consent, and if you expect that you're to be supported in idleness at our expense——"

"My dear fellow, I expect nothing of the kind," returned Charley, caressing his whiskers; "my wife and I mean to set up a cigar divan, and all we shall look for from you is your custom; we certainly do hope to make a decent living out of that."

Lord Bellefield uttered an exclamation expressive of disgust, and then inquired abruptly,

"Well, who is the woman?"

"She isn't exactly a woman," returned Charley, meekly; "that is, of course, speaking literally and in a zoological point of view, she is a woman, but in the language of civilized society she is a something more than a mere woman—for instance, by birth she is a lady; nature has bestowed on her that somewhat unusual feminine attribute, a mind, to which art, through the medium of the various educational sciences, has added cultivation; then she has, the sweetest, most loveable disposition——"

"There! spare me your lovers' raptures," returned Lord Bellefield, "of all stale trash, they are the most sickening; and tell me plainly in five words, who she *is*, and what she *has*."

"Laura Peyton—heiress, value unknown," returned Leicester emphatically and concisely.

"Miss Peyton!" exclaimed Lord Bellefield in surprise. "My dear Charles," he continued, in a more cordial tone than he had yet used, "do you really mean that you're engaged to Laura Peyton? Why, she is said to have between four and five thousand a-year in the funds, besides a princely estate in ——shire; are you in earnest?"

"Never was so much so about anything before in my life," returned Leicester. "If I don't marry Laura Peyton, and that very soon too, I shall do something so desperate, that society had better shut up shop at once, for it's safe to be 'uprooted from its very foundations,' as the conservative papers say if a poor devil of a chartist happens to strop his razor before committing the 'overt act' by which he cuts his own throat."

"'Pon my word," exclaimed Lord Bellefield, as he became convinced that his brother was really in earnest, "'pon my word, you've played your cards deucedly well. I declare, if I hadn't been booked for little Annie here, I wouldn't have minded marrying the girl myself. Why, Charley, you'll actually become a creditable member of society."

As he spoke, a tap was heard at the door, and Antoine made his appearance, breathless with the haste in which he had run up stairs.

"*Enfin elles sont arrivées*," he exclaimed, handing the letters on a silver waiter; "vhy for they vos *si tard*, zie postman, he did slip up on von vot you call—(*ah! qu'ils sont difficiles, ces sacrés mots Anglais*,) slid? *oui! oui!* he did slip himself on von slid, and tumbled into two ditches."

Lord Bellefield seized the letters eagerly: signing to the valet to leave the room, without heeding his lucid explanation of the delay, he selected one in a particular handwriting, and tearing it open, hastily perused the first few lines; then rubbing his hands he exclaimed with an oath—"By ——! Beppo's won and I'm a clear 12,000*l*. in pocket—Charley, boy," he continued with a sudden impulse of generosity, (for no one is all bad,) "how much are your debts?"

"I believe about 2000*l*. would cover them," returned Leicester.

"Then I'll clear you, old fellow," replied Lord Bellefield, clapping him on the shoulder, "and you shall marry your rich bride, a free man."

"My dear Bellefield, I can't allow it—you are too kind—I—I really don't know how to thank you—I can't think what's come to every body this morning," cried poor Charley, as, fairly overpowered by his good fortune, he seized Lord Bellefield's hand and wrung it warmly. At that moment those two men, each warped and hardened differently, as their dispositions differed, by the world's evil influence, felt more as brothers should feel towards each other than they had done since they played together years ago as little children at their mother's knee. With one the kindly feeling thus revived was never again entirely forgotten; with the other—but we will not anticipate.

Chapter XXVI.

BEGINS ABRUPTLY AND ENDS UNCOMFORTABLY.

"Well, what is it? for I can see by your eyes that you have something you wish to ask me, Walter," observed Lewis, as his pupil stood before him nervously moving his feet and twisting the lash of a dog-whip round his hands.

"Only Millar wanted—that is, he didn't want, but he said he would take me out with him to see him shoot those great pretty birds."

"Pheasants," suggested Lewis.

"Yes, to see him shoot pheasants," continued Walter, "if you would let me go. Millar says," he added, seeing that Lewis appeared doubtful, "Millar says all real gentlemen like shooting, and that I'm quite old enough to learn."

One great change wrought in Walter since he had been under Lewis's direction,—a change from which his tutor augured the most favourable results,—was the almost total disappearance of those fits of morbid despondency and indifference to external objects, at times almost amounting to unconscious imbecility, to which he had formerly been subject; it was therefore a part of Lewis's system to encourage him to follow up vigorously any pursuit for which he evinced the slightest predilection; indeed, so effectual a means did he consider this of arousing his faculties, that he often sacrificed to it the daily routine of mechanical teaching. Having, therefore, run over in his mind the pros and cons, and decided that if he accompanied his pupil, no danger could accrue, he graciously gave his consent, and having encased his feet in a stout pair of boots, and seen that Walter followed his example, both master and pupil hastened to the stable-yard to join the worthy individual with whom the expedition had originated.

Millar, who, as the reader has probably ere this divined, was none other than General Grant's head gamekeeper, appeared anxious to be off without delay, as he had received orders to kill a certain amount of game, which was required for a forthcoming dinner-party. The morning was, as we have already said, lovely, and Lewis enjoyed the brisk walk through some of the most wild and picturesque scenery the country afforded, with a degree of zest at which he was himself surprised. The pheasants, however,—not being endowed with such super-ornithological resignation as certain water fowl, who, when required for culinary purposes, were invited, as the nursery rhyme relates, to their own executions by the unalluring couplet

"Dilly dilly dilly ducks, come and be killed!"—

appeared singularly unwilling to face death at that particular epoch, and contrived accordingly by some means or other to render themselves invisible. In vain did Millar try the choicest spinnies, in vain did he scramble through impossible hedges, where gaps there were none, rendering himself a very pincushion for thorns; in vain did he creep along what he was pleased to term dry ditches, till from the waist downwards he looked more like a geological specimen, than a leather-gaitered and corduroyed Christian; still the obdurate pheasants refused to stand fire, either present or prospective (gun or kitchen), and at the end of three hours' hard walking through the choicest preserves, the disconsolate gamekeeper had only succeeded in bagging a brace. At length completely disheartened, he came to anchor on a style, and produced a flask of spirits, with the contents of which, (after fruitlessly pressing Lewis and Walter to partake thereof,) he proceeded to regale himself. Finding himself the better for this prescription, he shouted to a dishevelled individual yclept the beater, who for the trifling consideration of eighteen-pence per diem, and a meal of broken victuals, delivered himself over to the agreeable certainty of being wet *to* the skin, and scratched and torn *through* it, with the by-no-means-remote contingency of getting accidentally shot into the bargain. The creature who appeared in answer to this summons, and who in spite of the uncomfortable description we have given of his occupation, seemed to enjoy his day's sport excessively, was too old for a boy and too young for a man. His face was, of course, scratched and bleeding, and his elf locks, drenched with the hoar frost, now melted into a species of half frozen gelatine, gave him a strange unearthly appearance. His clothing, if rags which looked like the cast-off garments of an indigent scarecrow deserved the name, was so tattered and torn, that the fact of their hanging upon him at all was calculated to shake one's faith in the Newtonian theory of gravitation, till one gained a clue to the mystery by recollecting the antagonistic principle "attraction of cohesion;" the only personal attraction by the way, (save a pair of clear grey eyes giving a shrewd expression to his face,) that our friend possessed.

"Villiam," began his superior,—and here let it be remarked parenthetically that it was the custom of this excellent gamekeeper invariably to address his satellite for the time being, as "Villiam," utterly disregarding the occasional fact that the sponsors of the youth had seen fit to call him otherwise,—"Villiam," observed Mr. Millar, "you're vet." This being an incontrovertible certainty, evident to the meanest capacity, "Villiam" did not feel called upon to reply in words, merely shaking himself like a

Newfoundland dog, for the benefit of the bystanders, and glancing wistfully at the flask. "Yer vet right thro' yer, Villiam," resumed his employer dogmatically; "so shove a drop o' this here down yer throat, and make spurrits and vater of yerself."

To this proposition "Villiam" replied by stretching out his hand, grasping the flask eagerly, then tugging at a tangled lock of hair on his forehead, as a salutation to the assembled company, and growling out in a hoarse damp voice, "Here's wushin hall yer 'ealths," he proceeded to do his spiriting, though by no means as gently as the delicate Ariel was accustomed to perform that operation. Having thus qualified his cold-water system, by the introduction of alcohol, the spirit moved him and he spake.

"Yer aint bagged much game, Master, this mornin', I reckon?"

"Not I," was the reply, "no man can't shoot things as aint there to be shot, yer know, Villiam; I can't think vot's got all the game."

"They do tell I as pheasands as looks wery like ourn, goes to Lunnun in t'carrier's cart twice a-veek," observed Villiam, in a dreamy, absent kind of manner, as if the remark were totally foreign to the subject under discussion.

"Ah! that's vot yer hear, is it, Villiam?" returned Millar, carelessly; "hif that's the case, I suppose, (for 'taint likely they valks there of theirselves,) somebody must take 'em?"

"That *is* right, Master," was the rejoinder.

"Has it hever cum across yer—take another drop of spurrits, Villiam; yer vet,—has it hever cum across yer who that somebody his?" demanded Millar, in an easy, careless tone of voice.

"His it true as ther General thinks o' puttin' hon a second hunder keeper?" rejoined "Villiam," replying, like an Irish echo, by another question.

"Hi'm avake, Villiam," returned his patron, with an encouraging wink, "it certingly his possibul hif I vas to tell ther General that I knowed a quick, hintelligent lad has might be wery useful in *catchin poachers*,—yer understand, Villiam,—sich a thing might cum about."

"In that case hi'm free to mention that hi see three coves a cummin' hout o' Todshole Spinney vith a sack as vosn't haltogither hempty, a'tween three and four o'clock this here blessed mornin'."

"And vot might yer be a' doin' yerself, hout o' bed at that time o' night, Villiam?" inquired Millar, suspiciously.

"A lying in a dry ditch vith my heyes open," returned the imp, significantly.

"I sees!" rejoined the keeper, reflectively, "yer didn't happen haccidentally to know any o' they three coves, Villiam, I suppose?"

"Ther von has carried the sack wornt haltogither unlike long Hardy, the blacksmith," was the reply.

The worthy Mr. Millar meditated for some minutes in silence on the information thus acquired; then, rousing himself with a sudden start, he observed,—"Now, Villiam, hif you'll be so hobliging has to beat along that ere edge-row to the right, ve'll see hif ve can knock hover another brace o' longtails, and ve can talk about Mr. Hardy ven ve have finished our day's vork. There's a precious young limb o' vickedness," he added, turning to Lewis as the boy got out of earshot, "he's von hof 'em, bless yer, only he's turned again 'em vith a mercenary view, hof getting a hunder keeper's sitivation."

"In which rascality do you mean to allow him to succeed?" asked Lewis.

"Not by no manner o' means,—halways supposing I can pump him dry without," was the prudent reply, and, shouldering his double-barrel, the gamekeeper quitted his perch on the stile, and resumed his shooting.

Whether the intelligence he had received had affected his nervous system, (reserving for future discussion the more doubtful question of his possessing such an aristocratic organization,) or whether in the excitement of the moment he had allowed himself to imbibe an unusually liberal allowance of the contents of the spirit-flask, we do not pretend to decide; but certain it is that he missed consecutively two as fair shots as ever presented themselves to the gun of a sportsman, and ended by wounding, without bringing down, a young hen pheasant, despite the warning cry of "ware hen" from the perfidious "Villiam," then located in a quagmire.

"Vell, I never did!" exclaimed the unfortunate perpetrator of this, the greatest crime, which in a gamekeeper's opinion sportsman can commit, "I aven't done sich a think has that since I wos a boy o' thirteen year old, and father quilted me with the dog-whip for it, and sarve me right too. This here's a werry snipey bit, too," he continued, dejectedly, "but hif I can't 'it a pheasant, hit's useless to 'old up my gun hat a snipe."

"Your ill-luck in the morning has made you impatient, and spoiled your shooting," observed Lewis, wishing good-naturedly to propitiate his companion.

This speech, however, seemed to produce just a contrary effect, for Millar answered gruffly, "Perhaps, Mister, you fancies as you can do better yourself; hif so, you're velcome to take the gun and try."

"I've no objection," replied Lewis, smiling at the very evident contempt in which, as a "Lunnuner," his companion held him; "I'll try a shot or two, if you like."

"Here you are, then, sir," was the reply, as the keeper handed him the gun, "the right barrel's shotted for pheasants, and the left for snipes; so look hout, and if yer don't bag Villiam, or Master Valter here, hit'll be a mercy, I expects."

If the unfortunate Millar hoped to console himself for his own failure by witnessing a similar *mis*hap on the part of the young tutor, he was once more doomed to be disappointed; for scarcely had Lewis taken possession of the gun, when a splendid cock-pheasant rose within distance, though farther off than either of the shots the keeper had just missed, and, ere its gaudy plumage had well caught the rays of the sun above the tops of the young plantation, fell to the

ground, quivering in the agonies of death. As the smoke from the discharge cleared away, a snipe, scared alike by the report of the gun and the approach of the beater, sprang from a thick clump of alder bushes, and darted away, uttering its peculiar cry.

"No use—hit's clean out o' shot," exclaimed Millar, as Lewis, swift as thought, again raised the gun to his shoulder. Slightly piqued by the keeper's contemptuous manner, he determined not to throw away a chance of vindicating his skill as a marksman, and though he felt by no means sure of success, on the "nothing venture nothing have" principle, the instant he got a clear sight of the bird, he blazed away at it. Great then was his delight to perceive the snipe suddenly tower upwards, and then drop to the ground, as if struck by lightning.

"Vel, if that hain't a clever shot!" ejaculated Millar, surprised into admiration in spite of himself, "bless'd if yer 'aven't tuk the shine hout of me properly. I thort yer vos a reg'lar green un, but I'm free to confess I couldn't ave killed that ere bird at that distance ther best o' times."

"Nor have I, it seems," exclaimed Lewis, as the snipe, which was only wounded, rose, flew a short distance, and dropped again.

"Hit's dead this time, I'll bet a quart," observed Millar, "hit'll never git hup no more, hif ve can honly find it."

"I think I can," said Lewis, "I marked the exact spot where it fell. Walter, do you stay with Millar till I come back. I should not like to lose it."

So saying, Lewis, completely carried away by the excitement of the sport, returned the gun to its owner, and dashing the branches aside, bounded forward, and was soon hidden amongst the trees, as he forced his way through the dense underwood towards the spot where he trusted to find the snipe. With some difficulty, and after much energetic scrambling, Lewis reached the place where he had seen the bird fall, but even then it was no such easy matter to find it, nor was it till he had nearly decided that he must relinquish the search, that he discovered his victim caught in a forked branch, and perfectly dead. Having secured his prize, the next object was to rejoin his companions, and this accordingly he endeavoured to accomplish without delay; but since the days of pious Æneas, the task of retracing our steps, the "revocare gradus," has been a work of difficulty, more especially if we have begun by taking a few in a wrong direction, and Lewis's case proved no exception to the rule. After one or two wrong turns, he became completely bewildered, and feeling sure that he should never discover his right course while surrounded by the thick underwood, he struck into the first path which presented itself, and following its windings, found himself, almost immediately, close to the hedge which separated that side of the plantation from a grass-field beyond. As he made his way towards a gap in this hedge, his attention was attracted by the sound of voices, and on approaching the spot, he perceived two persons in earnest conversation. They were a man and a girl, the former, who wore the dress of a gentleman, having his arm round his companion's waist. The interview seemed, however, about to terminate, for as Lewis paused, uncertain whether or not to make himself known to the lovers, (for such he conjectured them to be,) the gentleman stooped, imprinted a kiss on the damsel's brow, then saying, "Remember, you have promised!" loosed the bridle of a horse, which was fastened to the branch of a tree, sprang into the saddle, and rode hastily away. Not, however, before Lewis had recognised the features of Lord Bellefield.

Surprise at this discovery was the first feeling of which Lewis was conscious, then a sudden desire seized him to ascertain who the girl could be, and without waiting to reflect on what farther course it might be advisable for him to pursue, he crossed the gap, sprang over the ditch beyond, and presented himself before her. With a violent start and a slight scream at this sudden apparition, the girl raised her head, disclosing to Lewis the intelligent face and earnest eyes of the young female who had accosted him on the previous evening, immediately after the affair of the glove had taken place. Lewis was the first to speak.

"I have startled you, I fear," he began; "I quitted my companions to go in search of a snipe I had just shot, and, becoming bewildered in the wood, have contrived to miss them. Hearing voices in this direction, I jumped over the hedge, hoping I should find some one who could tell me how to retrace my steps."

"Were you in the hazel walk when you left your party, sir," inquired the girl, in a voice which faltered from various conflicting emotions.

Lewis answered in the affirmative, and she continued,

"Then, if you go straight on till you come to the corner of the field, you will see a gate on your left hand; get over that, and follow the road which leads into the wood, and it will bring you to your friends."

Lewis thanked her, and then stood a moment irresolute, whether or not to allude to the parting he had just witnessed. It was no affair of his, and yet could he answer it to his conscience not to warn her against the designs which, he could not for a moment doubt, Lord Bellefield entertained against her?

"Do not think me interfering without reason," he observed, "but I was an involuntary witness to your parting with that gentleman, and I wish to ask you if you are acquainted with his name and position?"

The girl cast down her eyes, and, after a pause, murmured that she knew he was very rich.

"And his name?" urged Lewis.

"Mr. Leicester, brother to the young lord," she believed.

"He has told you that, has he?" returned Lewis sternly; "and did it not occur to you to inquire of the servants last night whether your wealthy admirer had revealed to you his real name?"

"No; she had never doubted that he had done so."

"And perhaps were unwilling to call attention to

your connexion with him, by making the inquiry?" resumed Lewis.

A bright blush proved that he had hit upon the truth; but the probing nature of his questions roused the girl's spirit, and, raising her eyes, she looked him full in the face, as she in her turn inquired,

"And pray, sir, who are you? and what right have you to question me in this way?"

"My name is Lewis Arundel; I reside at Broadhurst, as tutor to Sir Walter Desborough," was the reply; "and my right to ask you these questions, is the right every man possesses to do his best to counteract the designs of a heartless libertine; for such I take your friend to be, and now I will give you my reasons for thinking him so. In the first place, he has not told you his true name: he is not Lord Bellefield's brother, as he pretends, but Lord Bellefield himself; and in the second place, at the very moment when he is making professions of affection here to you, he is engaged to be married to his cousin the daughter of General Grant."

"It is not true, you hate him," exclaimed the girl, with flashing eyes; "you quarrelled with him last night, and now you seek to revenge yourself by sowing dissension between him and me, but you shall not succeed. I see through your meanness, and despise you for it."

"Girl, you are infatuated," returned Lewis angrily, "and must reap the fruits of your obstinate folly. I spoke only for your good, and told you the simple truth; if you choose to disbelieve me, the sin will lie at your door, and not mine."

As he spoke he turned and left her. By the time he reached the gate into the wood, his conscience began to reproach him for having been too hasty. He looked back to see if the girl were still there; she had not moved from the spot where he had quitted her, but stood motionless, apparently buried in the deepest thought. Suddenly observing that his eyes were directed towards her, she started, and, drawing her shawl closer around her, hurried away in an opposite direction. Lewis watched her retreating figure till it became no longer visible; then, getting over the gate, he walked leisurely along the turfed road to rejoin his companions. He was no coward, far from it; but had he known that at that moment a gun-barrel covered him, levelled by the stalwart arm and keen eye of one before whose unerring aim by the broad light of day, or beneath the cold rays of the moon, hare, pheasant, or partridge fell like leaves in autumn,—one who, hiding from the gaze of men, had witnessed his parting from the girl, not five minutes since;—had he known the deep interest felt for her by this person, and how, his suspicions being aroused, he had watched day after day to discover the features of her clandestine suitor, but had never succeeded, till, creeping through the bushes, he had accidentally come up at the moment when Lewis, having spoken eagerly to her, turned and left the spot; had he known the struggle between the good and evil principle in that man's heart,—a struggle on the result of which depended life or death; had he known all this, Lewis Arundel, though a brave man, would scarcely have paced that greenwood alley with a pulse so calm, a brow so unruffled and serene.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD PEW.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Oh! the old pew at church, where in childhood I sat,
With its warm crimson cushions, and rush-woven mat,
In each act and each feeling of life 't has borne part,
It is link'd with my memory, shrined in my heart.

When first a young thing on the seat perch'd I stood,
And was coax'd with a sweetmeat or cake to be good,
Many times with a run and a bump I came down,
Which caused some to smile, and made others half frown.

Even now through the distance of long changeful years,
I oft think with a smile that is yet dimm'd by tears,
How I must thy meek spirit, dear mother, have tried,
When brimful of mischief, pressing close to thy side,

I pull'd the soft fur from thy mantle, then blew
The light pieces aloft, which attracting thy view
Towards my own laughing one, turn'd thy grave gentle face,
Where the look of reproof strangely seem'd out of place.

Ah! gay thoughtless child, though my light footsteps trod
Unrestrain'd and unawed in the house of my God,
When years knowledge brought, was it not a worse part,
To walk there with hush'd tread, but a murmuring heart?

E'en the bright dreams of youth caught a purer tone there,
And when first my heart learnt the stern lesson of care,
'Mid the storm and the darkness of earth's bitter grief,
I still there ever found for my sorrow relief.

Alas! both my loved parents from life have now past,
And change too, time's shadow, a dark gloom has cast
O'er that spot, where for loved ones in vain I now search;
Oh! a sad alter'd place is the old pew at church.

But, though changed in its aspect, the same as of yore
Is its power the heart's vanish'd peace to restore,
And the blest words there heard, and the holy hymns sung,
Are the same as on childhood's delighted ear rung.

When the organ's rich notes through the aisles float along,
I oft deem angel voices are mingling among,
And helping their music. Oh! in vain may we search
For so hallow'd a spot as the old pew at church.

THE VILLAGE NOTARY:[1]

A HUNGARIAN TALE, BY BARON EÖTVÖS.

Whoever had looked into the Notary's house but a brief hour, nay, but a few minutes before, might have been tempted to envy the felicity it contained: Vilma, radiant with love and hope; her mother, beaming all over with joy and maternal pride; the whole aspect of the house and everything in it, breathing of modest contentment and domestic peace.

All this happiness was now overthrown in a moment. Grief, and terror, and anxiety, and, on the part of the mother, bitter repentance, had suddenly swept across,

[1] Concluded from p. 306.

and withered all its opening blossoms. At the sound of the shot, at the shrieks of the household, the neighbours had come rushing from their houses, some starting in pursuit of the flying robbers, others crowding into the room where Akos lay wounded, wondering, and, as the mother well knew, making comments on, the strange fact of Count Rety's son being found secretly in Vilma's society at that hour. The Notary's wife was, however, as yet quite unconscious that the robbery of the important packet had been effected: a bag of money that had lain in the same chest was found on the ground, and it was supposed that the robbers had been disturbed in time to frustrate their designs. She had, nevertheless, ample cause for sorrow and deep regret in the thought, that by her transgression of the commands of her husband, (the first she had ever been guilty of,) she had brought grief and perhaps shame upon her daughter, and peril to the life of one scarcely less dear. The Pastor Vandory was, however, among the number of neighbours who had entered the house soon after the catastrophe, and he brought hope and comfort, as he always did wherever he came. The wound of Akos he soon assured her was by no means dangerous, and, as Tengelyi would certainly be detained from home for some time by the elections, all might be explained and satisfactorily arranged before his return. The Notary, however, was nearer than they supposed.

His enemy, the Fiscal Macskahazy, relying on the success of his deeply-laid scheme for the robbery of the papers, had boldly challenged him to produce the proofs of his right to take part in the proceedings, and declared that to his certain knowledge Tengelyi was a mere peasant, and had no claim to a vote or to any political or civil right. Burning with indignation, and nothing doubting of his ability to confound the calumniator, by the immediate production of the documents containing the proofs of his nobility, he had galloped home in the greatest haste, and arrived consequently just in time to discover their loss.

In the meanwhile, although the purpose of the Fiscal's malice has been fulfilled by the Notary being unable to produce the required proofs, he had not been altogether so successful in his machinations as he had anticipated.

Viola had burst in on the scene of villany at the moment of its completion, had wrenched the packet from the robber who fired at Akos, but had been compelled to retreat by the alarm raised, before he could restore it to its owner. He had now carried it with him to his place of refuge, in the heart of the great forest of St. Vilmos.

On some of the tracts of heavy clay soil that occur in many parts both of the right and left banks of the Theiss, varying its usual sandy character, there are found extensive woods of ancient oak, planted by no human hand, spreading their vast arms in all the wild magnificence of nature, and rising majestically towards heaven, fearing no stroke of axe; for in this part of Hungary the price of wood is so low, that the felling of such a tree would cost more than it is worth, and besides, from their being exposed to frequent inundations of the Theiss, the interior of these forests is almost inaccessible. Fallen and rotting trunks are as common as in the primeval forests of America, and almost the only revenue derived from them, consists in the vast quantities of acorns, which in good years yield a considerable profit. The time, perhaps, may not be far distant, when civilization will extend its influence even into the recesses of these dark woods on the Theiss; but though it may make them more productive, it will certainly not render them more beautiful.

Such a forest was the wood of St. Vilmos. The ground upon which it stood was almost constantly flooded, and it was rather broken through than bounded by the Theiss, for the oaks extended for miles on the other side of the river. In abundant acorn years, the woods were full of life and noise with the grunting of thousands of hogs and the whistling and singing of their attendants, the herdsmen; and here and there, beneath the trees, were seen large fires, around which the men lay wrapped in their *bundas* or woollen cloaks, sometimes amusing their leisure by cutting various memorials in the rough bark. If you passed through the woods at such a time, and heard the sound of their pipes and merry laughter, you might be tempted to envy the men who could be so happy with so little, and who seemed to have no cares that could not be dispersed in a cup of wine.

At this time, however, there reigned the most profound stillness throughout the forest; the oaks, this year, had produced no acorns, and the huts which the swineherds had erected the preceding year, and which they seldom care to make stronger than will serve for a temporary shelter in the worst weather, had nearly all fallen to ruins. In one of these huts, however, lying far from St. Vilmos, on the edge of the forest, the robber-captain Viola, and his companions, had now found refuge. His band had had at all times a secure asylum in the forest: the hut lay so hidden that at twenty paces off you would have no idea of its existence; no pathway led nearer to it than a couple of miles, and the wood was so thick in this part, that the most determined of the county Pandours scarcely ventured into it, especially since a commissioner and two of his men had been shot in this very spot. Without treachery, Viola thought he might sleep as securely here as the king in his palace; and scarcely any one knew of the existence of the place but those who for their own sakes would be silent. The hut in the corner of which he was now sitting on a little barrel, was one of the largest of its kind, and though it certainly did not contain anything that could be called a convenience, yet the wooden door with which the small entrance was secured, and the manner in which the thatched roof had been mended here and there with branches, showed that it had never been entirely forsaken. Along the walls on both sides lay bundles of straw, covered with their bundas, which served the robbers for beds; a board nailed upon four feet in the middle served for a table; a rusty iron

kettle was hanging on a hook, and besides two *kulacs* of liquor, the light of the fire gleamed on a number of weapons. Near the wall, the roof sunk down so low that a man could not have stood upright beneath it; and since there was no chimney, the smoke had to find its way out by the door, and by some holes in the wall, which, as well as the roof, was coal black. Viola sat lost in thought, gazing into the fire, as the Magyar is so apt to do, and watching his two companions, as they from time to time stirred it up, or lay extended in their *bundas* on the straw.

"I say, Butcher," said the elder one, at length, who was known to the whole country by the name of Ratz; "don't you think a mess of *gulyas*[1] now would be a good thing?" And he stroked back his grey hair, and looked at the young man with a comic expression.

"The devil take you!" grumbled the other, "what do you talk about it for?"

"And a little tobacco," continued Ratz; "I think a pipe would not be at all amiss just now."

"Confound you!" exclaimed with an oath the younger robber, upon whose dull features the signs of habitual drunkenness were obvious; "what's the use of talking about it when a man hasn't got it?"

"Don't you like it?" said his comrade, looking at him with the quiet superiority of a robber of five-and-twenty years standing, who had practised his profession in six different bands, without ever falling into the hands of the county.

"You're always making jokes of that sort," growled the Butcher, as he was called, kicking with his foot a piece of burning wood; "we've been here since early morning without a bit to put in our mouths, and if that lasts, they may as well hang us as not, before we're starved."

"Why don't you go out and get something, then?" said Ratz, smiling rather scornfully.

"What, when they've raised the whole county against us!" sighed the youngster; "give me the *kulac* here, that I may drink at any rate."

"It's close to you," replied the elder, pointing to the one which stood near the Butcher.

That latter shook his head. "That won't do; there's water in that. Give me the one that stands near you."

"No, my boy," said Ratz, pushing it a little farther as the young man stretched out his hand for it, "that you don't get. There's more brandy than brains in your head as it is; and besides, you know," he added laughing, "it's not good on an empty stomach."

"Give it here," cried the Butcher, "I will have it. No man has a right to order me."

"We'll soon see that," said the old robber, fixing his dark eyes on his comrade, and seizing his arm as he stretched it out for the liquor, with an iron gripe that showed he was not indebted to his long experience alone for his influence with the band; "sit down, boy, and be quiet."

(1) A favourite Hungarian dish made of mutton or pork stewed with enormous quantities of paprika or red pepper.

"Wait a bit, you old dog!" cried the other, springing up and snatching a weapon from the wall; but before he could make any use of it, Ratz was on his feet like lightning, and had forced him from the wall, seized him by the throat, and wrenched the weapon from his hand.

"I'll tell you what, boy," he exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "there have been hogs enough slaughtered in this hut, and if you don't take care there'll be one more."

"What's the matter?" said Viola, who had paid little heed to their conversation till it took this practical turn.

"The boy wants brandy," said Ratz with a smile of satisfaction as the Butcher kept rubbing his neck; "but I'll give him something else instead."

"Give him the brandy if we have any," said Viola; "we don't want it."

The Butcher cast a hopeful look at the bottle, and was advancing towards it; but Ratz put himself in the way. "I'll give him none," he said; "he's drank more than enough already, and a drunken comrade will bring us into trouble."

"But when I'm hungry," said the Butcher, with an imploring glance at Viola.

"What made you turn robber?" said the elder rather scornfully; "nobody ordered you to do it, I suppose."

"And who ordered you, I wonder?" muttered the Butcher between his teeth.

"That's another thing," said Ratz earnestly; "I'm a deserter; ten years[2] I served the Emperor in the greatest war we ever had, and then when I came home and they wouldn't let me go, the devil put it into my head that I could find another way of living than by standing sentry. If I had been a butcher's son like you, I promise you, you wouldn't see me lying in the wood here now, nor Viola either, that you may be sure of."

"What does it matter to me?" said the Butcher, not at all touched by the serious tone in which Ratz had spoken; "a robber's life's a merry one. I'll drink."

"Give it him, and let him satisfy his appetite," said Viola again.

But Ratz still held the kulac, urging that the young fellow had had too much already, and that drink had ruined many a band.

"We've nothing to fear to-day," said Viola; "nobody will come near us but the gipsy Peti. The Stuhlrichter is in Powar, and the Haiducks would never come of their own accord. If they knew we were here, they would rather go out of the way."

Ratz shook his head. "One mustn't be too sure of that," he said; "destruction is too often near a man when he little thinks of it. Well, take it then, and have your own way;" and with a hearty curse, he gave the young fellow the drink, which he swallowed with a brutal eagerness, and all was soon still again in the hut.

(2) Up to 1870, the Hungarian soldier had to serve for life Since then, the time of service was fixed at ten years.

Old Ratz lay leaning on his elbow, and gazing at the fire; Viola walked out and stood before the hut; and the Butcher, after talking awhile of his own heroic deeds, and receiving no answer, at last laid down his head, and fell fast asleep.

The night was profoundly dark; the autumn wind moaned heavily among the almost leafless branches; and no object was visible but by the faint and fitful light of the fire in the hut as it gleamed out occasionally through the door. Soon even the wind died away, and nothing broke the deep stillness but the croak of a raven, (of which there were great numbers in the forest,) awaking for a moment, and striking a branch with its heavy wing. The darkness, the silence, the loneliness of his situation, and which he felt as more painful when he glanced at his two companions,—all filled the soul of Viola with deep melancholy. How happy had he once been! How, when his daily work in the field was over, and the autumn came as now with its long evenings, he used to sit in his comfortable little cottage, nursing his baby son, and watching his Susi as she sat by the lamp busily turning her wheel! All without, castle and village, church and river, was wrapped in cold fog and mist; but inside his little dwelling was warmth and light, and domestic peace. How cheerfully had he looked into the future! He had injured no one, he envied no man's enjoyment; what had he to fear?

"And yet they destroyed my happy home," said the unfortunate man, while a deep groan burst from his breast, and he clenched his fist convulsively. "I did my duty by everybody—more than my duty; I obeyed all their commands—I pulled off my hat humbly to the villains—I was as submissive as a dog. I would have kissed their feet, if they would have let me and my Susi and my little boy alone; but yet"—and busy memory brought again vividly before him the moment when they tore him from his suffering wife; when they dragged him through the village; when Nyuzo ordered them to lay the lash on him; when he had snatched an axe and split the skull of the man who attempted to execute the command; and how, at the sight of the blood upon his hands, he had for the first time felt a horror of himself. "But yet, God forgive me my sins," he thought, "I cannot repent of that; when I think of the mocking faces round me, and the gleaming axe, I know I should do the same again. But you, whom I never harmed or offended,—you, who have brought me and my wife and child to beggary—who have made a robber of me, and driven me to hide like a wild beast in the forest, and damned me for this world and the next,—you, Fiscal,—you, Stuhlrichter, beware! for as truly as God sees me, I will take a bloody revenge on you if I can!"

At this moment there was a faint sound in the distance. Viola bent his head and listened. It seemed to him that footsteps were cautiously approaching; the dry branches rustled, and now and then one cracked; the ravens too flew about as if distressed.

"Who can that be?" thought Viola; "perhaps Peti with the gulyas; yet he couldn't come from the direction of St. Vilmos."

And now from the other side came similar sounds.

"There are many," said Viola; "they are looking for me."

Soon, there could be no longer any doubt, and in the stillness of the night a whispering was audible. Viola rushed into the hut, closed and fastened the door, wakened the Butcher with a kick, and related what he had heard.

"Didn't I say so?" said the old robber, springing up and seizing his double-barrelled musket; "look at this beast; he is dead drunk," he added, aiming a blow at the prostrate ruffian. But Ratz did him great injustice. He endured the blow with angelic patience, and became perfectly sober, as soon as he was made aware of the approach of the enemy.

"We are surrounded," said Viola; "but if there are not too many, never mind. Are the guns loaded?"

"All; four double-barrels, and six pistols," said Ratz, quite on the alert and full of courage; "let them come—we've got their supper ready."

"Light the lamp and put it in the corner, that the light may not shine through the cracks; cover the fire with ashes," said Viola; and the Butcher obeyed without a word. "You, Ratz, and I will stand at the two first holes near the door," (they were cuts like loopholes, which had been made in preparation for such an attack,) "and do you, Butcher, keep a look out, that no one comes near the sides. You can shoot right and left, and take care that no one sticks his musket through the hole. Don't be afraid, boy—you shan't be hurt."

A word was enough, the lamp was placed in a corner, and the fire covered with ashes, which filled the hut with smoke. The Butcher walked restlessly up and down, and took many a draught of the kulac, but Ratz no longer took any notice of him. The inspiriting drink, however, had lost its power; trembling and growing more and more pale the nearer the danger came, he seemed at last almost out of his senses.

"Oh! if I ever get away, I'll be an honest man," he kept saying, "indeed I will. My God! if they take me, they will hang me."

"The birds are there," called out a strong grating voice, in which every one recognised that of Nyuzo,—"I see light in the hut; is it surrounded on every side? Answer!"

Forty or fifty voices shouted the reply. It was evident there was no longer a chance of escape. The Butcher sank on his knees, and made the sign of the cross.

"Dog! I will shoot you myself," said Ratz; "place yourself at one of the holes, and shoot whoever comes."

The Butcher took another long draught of the brandy, and did as he was desired.

"Yield, robbers!" screamed Nyuzo; "if you do not yield after this summons from the county, we'll proceed by the Statarium with you." All was silent in the hut.

"Forward, lads! break in the door! be brisk!" cried the Stuhlrichter. Two Pandours and some peasants rushed against the door, but before their axes touched it, two shots were heard, and two of the assailants fell rolling in their blood. The others retreated, while Ratz in a thundering voice invited others to come on. At the same moment that the two others fired, the Butcher discharged his piece, and, as fate would have it, this shot also took effect, so that the besiegers were thrown into such consternation, that some of them took to flight. After this commencement of the engagement, there was a pause; the robbers within were reloading their pieces, and the besiegers were holding a council, in which the Fiscal Macskahazy, who was one of the party, did not make his voice heard—a mark of modesty on his part that might not have been expected.

"I don't really know how we shall get hold of them," said the Commissioner, twirling his sabre in one hand and a pistol in another—a sabre, be it said, that had been preserved in his family since the insurrection of 1711, and had never been in braver hands.

"The hut must be stormed again and again till we seize the villains and drag them to the gallows," answered the Stuhlrichter, stamping his foot.

"With all my heart," said the Commissioner, shrugging his shoulders; "I'll do my part. We'll try if it can be done."

"Try if it can be done!" echoed Nyuzo; "everything can be done that I command."

Nyuzo had already exhibited in one point his fitness for the highest military command,—namely, by issuing his orders from a distance, and keeping himself out of reach of the balls; he now showed his likeness to Napoleon by refusing to admit the word *impossible*.

"It's all the same to me," said the Commissioner angrily; "have at 'em in the devil's name; if the others will only come too, I am ready."

"Whoever will not come is a dog, a poltron—he shall be shot instantly," cried Nyuzo furiously.

"You'd better come with us yourself then, sir," said the Commissioner drily.

"What are you thinking of, my dear Mr. Commissioner?" said Nyuzo in a much softer tone; "that is no part of my duty; I must keep an eye on the whole."

"Well, do as you like," said the officer, with a glance of supreme contempt, which his superior did not see, but which might be guessed from the tone of voice which accompanied it. "Forward, lads!" and the command was repeated in a still louder tone by the Stuhlrichter, and from among the branches of a large oak a good way off it was re-echoed in the voice of Macskahazy. The Commissioner waved his sword over his head, and, followed by some peasants and the Pandours, rushed once more at the door. As they approached, they were received with another volley; the flashes from the guns cast a momentary gleam of light, and then all again was dark—only moans from the ground told that the shots had taken effect. The besiegers again fell back.

"Forward now once more, before they can load again!"

"There is no danger," cried the Commissioner, and he and the boldest of the troops dashed forward once more, but in a moment the officer was shot through the left arm, and one of the Pandours struck in the breast. With an oath expressive of rage and pain, the Commissioner now snatched an axe from one of the peasants near him, and exclaiming—"They have no more powder—now for it!" began to strike heavy blows upon the door. The rest of the besiegers—partly because they really thought the robbers had no more loaded weapons, partly because courage, like fear, is infectious, and the fight itself and the consciousness of danger excited even the most timid—rushed after him. But still shot after shot came from the hut, and each one stretched a man on the ground. The cries and groans of the wounded, the curses of besiegers and besieged, the incessant firing, formed an uproar that seemed still more terrible from the darkness of the night; and above all the din were heard the thundering blows which the Commissioner dealt on the door, and his voice loudly cheering on the men. Presently he threw away the axe, caught a musket from one of the men, and pressing it through the door exclaimed—"This for you, Viola!" and fired. There was a cry within the hut and a heavy fall, but before the officer could give utterance to his satisfaction, the peasant at his side fell heavily wounded. "Another gun here!" cried the Commissioner; but there was no one near him; the whole troop had rushed back to where stood the Stuhlrichter, alternately cursing and swearing and encouraging the men, but too prudent a general to expose his own person a step nearer to the scene of conflict. Alone, the Commissioner could have no chance of taking the robbers, of whose number he was ignorant, and as just at this moment he was again hit in the shoulder, he was compelled to withdraw. He found the Stuhlrichter raging and swearing as usual at the men. "Cowardly villains! how do you dare to return to me without the robbers? Didn't I say you should bring them to me bound hand and foot?"

"Please your worship, we have done all we could. Three or four of us are dead, and half the rest badly wounded," replied one of the peasants humbly.

"There are at least ten robbers in the hut," said another; "whichever way you look, you see a gun-barrel."

"Don't talk to me," said the magnificent magistrate; "I say it must be done."

"Then do it yourself," said the Commissioner, out of patience; "I can neither move my right nor my left hand; I could not take an infant."

In the mean time the situation of the robbers in the hut was far worse. The shot which the Commissioner had fired through the door, had struck Ratz in the breast; he lay on the ground, a rattling noise proceeded from his throat, and the earth was slippery with his blood. The Butcher was running up and down, alternately praying and cursing the day when

he was born, and still vainly trying to find support in the strong drink, which seemed now to have lost its power.

Viola was tranquil and silent. He was convinced that his last hour was come, but he had no fear of death. Of his wife and child only he thought with anxious tenderness. For a moment, when the besiegers withdrew for the last time, the thought of escape occurred to him. He might break through the roof, and, getting down on the opposite side of the hut, escape in the darkness; but then his glance fell on the old companion who lay at his feet bathed in blood, and to whom on one occasion he had himself been indebted for his life. Could he forsake him at such a moment? At the instant when he asked himself the question, he heard preparations for the renewal of the attack; he felt that it was now too late, and, without a word of complaint, he awaited the fulfilment of his destiny.

"Shoot away," said Ratz faintly, in his dying voice. "Blaze away at 'em as long as there's one left."

"We have no more bullets," said Viola, composedly,—"only powder."

"Devil take it!" said the old robber, breathing with difficulty,—"none at all?"

"One gun and two pistols are still loaded, that 's all; the rest are empty."

"Give me one of the pistols," said Ratz, softly stretching out his hand. Viola understood the motive of the request, and sadly gave him the required weapon.

"That's it," muttered Ratz, grasping it convulsively as he sank back on the straw; "now, at least, they shall not drag me alive to the gallows."

"Viola! Viola!" whispered the Butcher, pointing to Ratz, as he lay extended with closed eyes, "he's dead, isn't he?"

"Don't you see his breast heave?"

"But he'll be dead soon, won't he? Viola, suppose we were to surrender? Perhaps theywould pardon us?"

Viola laughed. "Pardon, my son! What are you dreaming of? If they don't shoot us now, they'll hang us to-morrow, be sure of that."

"I don't mean quite exactly pardon," said the young robber, in a hoarse choking voice, as if some one had hold of his throat; "not so that we could go about. But if they were to imprison us for five—ten—twenty years, and make us work, and half starve us, and flog us every quarter or so,—if they only wouldn't kill us. What do you think, Viola, if I was to beg them on my knees? You know I'm so young! and I've never killed anybody; indeed, I've always fired in the air."

"Poor lad," said Viola, freeing his hand with difficulty from the trembling fingers of his companion, "tell that to your judges, if you will. But what's that?" he cried aloud, pointing to a corner of the hut,—"what's that smoke? It burns! They've set fire to the hut!"

"You're on fire, on fire!" screamed Nyuzo; "don't let any of them escape. Drive them all back into the flames!"

We much regret that the great pressure on our columns at the present moment compels us to compress into very brief space our outline of the remaining incidents of the tale.

Viola is hurried to instant trial by the atrocious *Statarium* before mentioned; the mode of proceeding in which is described by a countrywoman, to a neighbour, in few words:—"You see, a few of the gentlemen meet together, and shut themselves up in a room, and talk a bit,—and then somebody's hanged." On this occasion, however, Kalman Kislaky, revolted by the injustice and cruelty of the proceedings against the prisoner, favours his escape; he is once more at large, and it is generally supposed he has left the country. One evening, however, when the family of the Notary, including Akos Rety, (who now, in their distress, has determined to abide with them at all hazards,) are seated in quiet conversation, and Tengelyi is in his study alone, writing,—he is startled by a slight knock at his window. At the repetition of the knock he opens the window, when a piece of paper, fastened to a small stone, is flung in. It contains an earnest entreaty from Viola for the Notary to meet him that night at eleven o'clock, in a lonely spot; and a solemn promise, that the lost packet, which, on Viola's capture after the burning of the hut, had been seized by Macskahazy, should be placed in the Notary's hands before midnight. The receipt of this note placed the Notary in a most embarrassing position. That he, whose business it was to uphold the law, should enter into secret negotiations with a man in Viola's circumstances, is vehemently opposed to his sense of duty. Yet the impossibility of returning this mark of gratitude and confidence by taking any step for the robber's apprehension,—the reflection that his own future destiny, and that of his children, may depend on the recovery of these papers,—the conviction that he has been deprived of them by the worst of means, for the worst of purposes,—at length determine him, come what may, to keep the appointment. The consciousness, however, that by this he is endangering his hitherto unblemished reputation as a magistrate, occasions him a severe struggle, and when he meets the family at supper, his disturbance and agitation are noted even by the servants, and afterwards fatally remembered.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, on a rainy November night, when Tengelyi left his house privately, and took his way towards the appointed rendezvous by the river side. Not even a star was visible in the heavens, and nothing but the most perfect knowledge of the locality could have enabled any one to find his way, or even to keep his feet in the deep miry road that led towards the spot. This, on a summer's day, was by no means an unpleasant one; it was overshadowed by a gigantic linden tree, beneath whose boughs might be seen the flashing of the sunny river. Now it was melancholy enough. The night wind moaned amongst its branches, and the swollen Theiss dashed its dark waves almost to its foot. It was not far from the ferry, and at about two hundred paces off, a gleam of

flickering light came from the door of the ferryman's hut. Tengelyi had walked up and down at this spot for nearly half an hour, when he was startled by the distant cries of many voices, and soon by the sounds of many approaching feet. It was not long before he could distinguish plainly the sounds of "Robbers! Robbers! Murder! Murder!" He felt convinced that Viola had been discovered and taken; and as his remaining there could now answer no purpose, he turned, and set off, with hasty steps, along the muddy road, on his return home.

He had left the spot, however, but a few minutes, when Viola, all wild and disordered, with a packet under his arm, came bursting through the bushes, and stood a moment, looking around him with an eager but haggard aspect. But Tengelyi was no more to be seen, and after a moment's hesitation, as the voices came nearer and nearer, and his pursuers were evidently gaining upon him, he rushed towards the ferry, threw himself into a boat, and pushed it with vigorous arm from the shore,—the noise made by the approaching party being so great that they did not hear the strokes of the oars.

The ferryman ran out of his hut with a lighted torch as the crowd came up to the spot, beating the bushes in all directions. They were the servants and horses of Count Rety; and to his hurried inquiries of what was the matter, the answer was, that half an hour ago the Fiscal Macskahazy had been found in his room murdered! The murderer, it was ascertained, had taken this direction.

Viola, of course, has not been seen; but the watchman, searching on the ground with a lantern, discovers a remarkable walking-stick, with a metal head, representing an ancient Magyar battle-axe. This stick is recognised as having belonged to Tengelyi, and the traces of fresh footsteps near it, being followed, lead straight to his house, and no farther. He himself is found covered with mud, and having obviously just entered. The many causes of enmity which he had towards the man who has been murdered,—the circumstance, known to many, that that very day he had had a violent altercation with the Fiscal, and had been heard to threaten him;—all these circumstances, coupled with the fact of his evident agitation about an hour before, unwarily mentioned by an old servant, and of his having been out without the knowledge of his family, leave nothing but the previous integrity of his character to oppose to the apparently overwhelming amount of circumstantial evidence.

His imprisonment gives the author an opportunity for an admirable description of the old prisons, and the former judicial system of Hungary. But we must dismiss the remainder in a few words.

Macskahazy has been killed by Viola, in a desperate struggle to get possession of the papers. He makes his escape to another county, where he is comparatively safe, but worn out at last by the persecution he has undergone, and weighed down by a consciousness of guilt, as well as urged by the desire of saving Tengelyi, he comes openly to surrender himself, and is shot by one of his own band, who had formerly betrayed him, and who is now a servant of official justice. At the same time, a long-lost elder brother of Count Rety—of whose existence his lady has all along had strong suspicions, and the proofs of whose identity were contained in the papers she so much desired to possess—is discovered in the person of the Pastor Vandory. He has, however, no desire to claim his rank, and merely desires, as the condition of his remaining in concealment, that full justice shall be done to the Notary's character, and a free consent given to the marriage of Akos and Vilma.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

So infinitely various are the manifestations of thought, so interesting the evolution of motives, the outward action of the inward convictions, as to give an especial attraction and importance to whatever concerns literature or the literary character. Not only on the surface, but into the undercurrent of life, must we look ere we can reconcile peculiarities of individual character; and we must often judge of authors by other criteria than their books. Where we find a correspondence between the ordinary life and the written sentiment, we cannot err, if the latter be of the right stamp, in giving it a little studious attention.

The celebrated Leibnitz when a boy, was for some time placed under a routine schoolmaster, who repressed the inquiring spirit of his pupil. At last, by the intervention of a friend, the young scholar was allowed to commence a course of education more congenial to his feelings, among the books in his father's library. "At this," he writes, "I triumphed as if I had found a treasure. I longed to see the ancients, most of whom were known to me only by name—Cicero, Quinctilian, and Seneca, Pliny, Herodotus, Xenophon, Plato, and many a Latin and Greek father. These I revelled in as the fit took me, and was delighted with the wonderful variety of matter before me; so that, before I was twelve years old, I understood the Latin writers tolerably well, began to lisp Greek, and wrote verses with singular success." "Books, in these cases," says a writer in the Edinburgh Review; "are merely used as aids to thought; they are tools to work with, and nothing more. Leibnitz loved them for their own sake; he read as much as he thought, and thought as much as he read, and seemed to take equal delight in both, and in all directions. In him the love of knowledge, enormously as it was indulged, was never a mere passive principle; devouring all kinds of books, he yet never mechanically appropriated their contents, but made them his own by subjecting them to the powerful assimilative processes of his own intellect. The appetite was scarcely disproportionate to the activity of digestion."

The history of Leibnitz, of which the initiatory steps are here recorded, is well known. Candour, truth, and earnestness of purpose characterised his whole career. Such was his knowledge of books and of

their contents, that George I. called him his "living Dictionary." "A fair and liberal spirit," we are told, "uniformly appears in his judgments on books, in all of which, however worthless, or however opposed to his own views, he is sure to discover some merits; and indeed it was one of his maxims, that no book was ever written that was altogether without value."

There is an interesting passage in the life of Hume which shows how much literary pursuits, and a love of books, enable the possessor to meet the shifts of fortune. He had, after some opposition, been appointed librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh: "The appointment was a considerable addition to his small income. But, soon afterwards, on being, as he conceived, insulted by the curators, he magnanimously gave up the salary to Blacklock, the blind poet; in order that his motive for retaining the situation might not be misunderstood. The situation placed 300,000 volumes at his will and pleasure; ample materials for the History of the House of Stuart—which, accordingly, he immediately began. His own account, at the time, to his friend Ramsay, of these changes, and his sense of security in his humble competency, are very innocent—and, we may say, touching also: "I might pretend, perhaps, as well as others, to complain of fortune; but I do not; and I should condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. Whilst interest remains as at present, I have £50 a-year, a £100 worth of books, great store of linen and fine clothes, and near £100 in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humour, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances, I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. Books," continues the philosopher, "are among the indispensable requisites of life, and I have more than I can use." The poet's lines apply with much truth to Hume's circumstances:—

"——and books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides within ancestral tombs;
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will."

In the writings of poets and philosophers we meet with frequent instances of the value they attached to books, prizing them beyond all price. Shakspeare makes Prospero say, when speaking of his banishment:—

"Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom."

And with what skill the *power* of books is shown by the reiterated injunctions of the wretch Caliban to the sailors, to seize and burn the volumes whence his master draws the dreaded lore! Again, while discoursing upon Wolsey, Henry VIII. declares—

"A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood."

Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," places books and study as a sovereign remedy against hypochondria. According to the peculiar form of the malady, he recommends the persual of the old alchemists and astrologers, "Roger Bacon's Secrets of Nature, Archita's Dove, Albertus's Brazen Head, and such thaumaturgical works." "What so pleasing can there be," he asks in another place, "as to calculate or peruse Napier's Logarithms, or Gunter's Tables?" Such a prescription was little likely to become popular; but there seem to have been no misgivings on the part of the quaint old author. Elsewhere he says, "I am not ignorant, in the mean time, how barbarously and basely, for the most part, our ruder gentry esteem of libraries and books; how they neglect and contemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as Æsop's cock did the jewel he found in the dunghill; and all through error, ignorance, and want or education." And he quotes the words of Heinsius, keeper of the libraries at Leyden—"I no sooner come the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance, and melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness." Heinsius would not have found it difficult to answer Shenstone's query—

"What can the tedious tomes bestow
To soothe the miseries they show?"

In Beaumont and Fletcher's drama, "The Elder Brother," the studious son exclaims—

"I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into study;
'Tis meat and sleep. What need I outward garments,
When I can clothe myself with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no tailors,
Yet ever new they are, and shine like courtiers.
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers.
The silkworm spins her own suit and lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours.
Why should we care for any thing but knowledge,
Or look upon the world but to contemn it?"

It has been well said, that of all miseries that of leisure without books is the greatest. In the intervals of business, when no more active recreation is in the way, books offer a resource as diversified as it is inexhaustible. Philosophers, in looking forward to the evening of their days, have always associated the period of repose with the companionship of books. Pomfret, in "The Choice," after describing the situation and kind of dwelling that would suit him, says—

"At th' end of which a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors graced;
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew;

* * * * * * *

With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence;
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent."

"I love," said Charles Lamb, "to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading: I cannot sit and think; books think for me."

According to Goldsmith, "titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king. The wise sometimes condescend to accept of them; but none but a fool would imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit: and not the slender helps of the title." This remark might apply also to the practice of putting handsomely bound books on the shelves of a library to make a show, leaving them undisturbed to the deteriorating influences of dust and mildew. Burns, it is said, once wrote the following lines in a splendidly bound copy of Shakspeare in a nobleman's library:—

"Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings."

The rewards of authors have been sometimes altogether disproportioned to their works. The Persian poet Ferdousi, who lived in the 10th century, having recited some poems in the presence of the sultan Mahmoud the Ghaznevide, on the ancient history of Persia, the monarch awarded him a piece of gold for each line; and ordered a history of the Persian kings, at a similar price for each couplet. The poet finished the work, 120,000 lines, in his 70th year, but instead of gold, the sultan sent him 60,000 pieces of silver, which the indignant author distributed among his domestics. Eventually, however, he obtained his price from the Caliph of Bagdad, to whose court he had withdrawn.

When Oppian composed his poems on Hunting and Fishing he presented them to the emperor Septimus Severus and his son Antoninus Caracalla, who were so pleased with the compositions that they paid the author a stater of gold (about 16*s.*) for every line: according to Suidas, who calls them "golden verses," the number of lines was 20,000. And Andrelini, who sang the victories of Charles VIII. in Italy, was richly rewarded. On one occasion, having spoken a Latin poem before the prince, on the conquest of Naples, he was recompensed with a bag of money, which, as the poet relates, "he could scarcely carry on his shoulders." A Latin quatrain which he wrote on the subject, may be thus rendered:—

"Increase, my verse, and multiply,
'Tis paid for by the king;
Sure, wealth that mocks anxiety
Should verse in plenty bring."

A singular incident occurs in the life of Henry Stephens, one of the famous family of printers to whom literature is so largely indebted:—"His affairs having called him from Geneva to Paris (1585), the king, Henry III., ordered him 1,000 crowns for the book which he had made on the 'Pre-excellence of the French tongue.' The treasurer, when he saw the warrant, willed to pay down but 600 crowns, which he (Stephens) refused, and offered 50 crowns to the other. At this the treasurer scoffed, saying he saw well that the other knew nothing of finances; and left him there, telling him that he would yet come down to the offer which had been made, but that he could not meet with it, as indeed happened: for the printer having run hither and thither, and tried every means to obtain payment, offering even 200 and 300 crowns, was at length constrained to go back to his first man, the treasurer, to whom he offered the 400 crowns, desiring to be paid. But this one answered laughing, that it went not with such merchandise as with books, and that he would not now give him 100 for his 1,000 crowns. At last the printer, after many trials, and offers of one half to get the other, lost all, and had nothing; for the bruit of the war against the new religion was running in all parts, and he was forced by the edict to return to his own country." That Stephens never received any part of the royal award or of the annual pension by which it was to be accompanied, is proved by another of his works, published soon afterwards. Royal treasurers in those days were personages of too important a character to be trifled with. Stephens, however, was not daunted by this misadventure; he still went on producing some of the noblest specimens of the literary and typographical arts: the reward, says the poet,

"The reward is in the race we run,
Not in the prize."

The recompense of authors has often been far below their real desert. All readers know that Paradise Lost produced but 18*l.* to Milton and his family. Tonson, although well pleased with Dryden's translation of Ovid, complained that he had received only 1,446 lines for 50 guineas, while the agreement was for 1,518 lines. In 1698, when the poet published his Fables, Tonson agreed to give him 268*l.* for 10,000 lines; and, to complete the number, Dryden added the "Epistle to my Cousin," and the celebrated "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." When Sterne had finished the first two volumes of Tristram Shandy, he offered them to a bookseller at York for 50*l.* but was refused: he then went to London, and made an arrangement with Dodsley, of which, it is said, "neither the one nor the other had cause to repent." When proposals were sent by the booksellers to Hume for the continuation of his History of England, by which he had made a large sum, he replied; "I am too old, too fat, too lazy, and too rich."

How few, comparatively speaking, are the books which retain a prominent rank in the world of literature; and few, indeed, are they which remain as beacons and models for all time. "Wondrous indeed," says a living writer, "is the virtue of a true book. . . O thou who art able to write a book,—which once in

the two centuries, or oftener, there is a man gifted to do,—envy not him whom they name City-Builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-Burner! . . Who printed thee, for example, this unpretending volume, but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of Menton, and innumerable others that thou knowest not. . . Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future."

The destruction of books at various times exceeds all calculation: the earliest fact on record is related by Berosus: Nabonassar, who became king of Babylon 747 years before the Christian era, caused all the histories of the kings, his predecessors, to be destroyed. Five hundred years later, Chi-hoang-Ti, emperor of China, ordered all the books in the empire to be burnt, excepting only those which treated of the history of his family, of astrology, and medicine. In the infancy of Christianity many libraries were annihilated in various parts of the Roman empire; pagans and Christians being equally unscrupulous in destroying their respective books. In 390 the magnificent library contained in the temple of Serapis was pillaged and entirely dispersed. Myriads of books have been burned in the frequent conflagrations at Constantinople; and when the Turkish troops took possession of Cairo, in the 11th century, the books in the library of the Caliphs (1,600,000 volumes) were distributed among the soldiers instead of pay, "at a price," says the historian, "far below their value." Thousands of the volumes were torn to pieces and abandoned on the outskirts of the city, piled in large heaps. The sand of the desert having been drifted on these heaps, they retained their position for many years, and were known as the "hills of books."

"Who kills a man," says Milton, "kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself." The great poet must have acutely felt the deprivation of sight, as shutting him out from communion with the immortal minds that had preceded him. How touching are the lines—

"——And for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank!"

The deep and earnest pleasure which books afforded to Milton are apparent in many parts of his writings; in none more so than in the lines with which we close our article:—

"Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of revelation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold."

THE SHRINE.

This is one of the most charming specimens of the works of an artist who reflects honour on his native Wales. It is a common incident in Italy, and treated with exquisite feeling; and the engraving has perfectly reflected its admirable qualities.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.[1]

April. 1646.—Can aniething equall ye desperate ingratitude of the human heart? Testifie of it, journall, agaynst me. Here did I, throughout the incessant cares and anxieties of Robin's sicknesse, find, or make time, for almoste dailie record of my trouble; since which, whole months have passed without soe much as a scrawled ejaculation of thankfullenesse that ye sick hath beene made whole.

Yet, not that that thankfullenesse hath beene unfelt, nor, though unwritten, unexprest. Nay, O Lord, deeplie, deeplie have I thanked thee for thy tender mercies. And he healed soe slowlie, that suspense, as 'twere, wore itself out, and gave place to a dull, mournful persuasion that an hydropsia would waste him away, though more slowlie, yet noe less surelie than the fever.

Soe weeks lengthened into months, I mighte well say years, they seemed soe long! and stille he seemed to neede more care and tendernesse; till, just as he and I had learnt to say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done,' he began to gain flesh, his craving appetite moderated, yet his food nourished him, and by God's blessing he recovered!

During that heavie season of probation, our hearts were unlocked, and we spake oft to one another of things in heaven and things in earth. Afterwards, our mutuall reserves returned, and Robin, methinks, became shyer than before, but there can never cease to be a dearer bond between us. Now we are apart, I aim to keep him mindfulle of the high and holie resolutions he formed in his sicknesse; and though he never answers these portions of my letters, I am avised to think he finds them not displeasing.

Now that Oxford is like to be besieged, my life is more confined than ever; yet I cannot, and will not leave father and mother, even for the Agnews, while they are soe much harassed. This morning, my father hath received a letter from Sir Thomas Glemham, requiring a larger quantitie of winnowed wheat, than, with alle his loyaltie, he likes to send.

23d.—Ralph Hewlett hath just looked in to say, his father and mother have in safetie reached London, where he will shortlie joyn them, and to ask, is there anie service he can doe me? Ay, truly; one that I dare not name—he can bring me word of Mr. Milton,

(1) Continued from p. 271.

P. Williams pinxt C. Rolls sculpt.

of his health, of his looks, of his speech, and whether . . . . . .

Ralph shall be noe messenger of mine.

24th.—Talking of money matters this morning, mother sayd something that brought tears into mine eyes. She observed, that though my husband had never beene a favourite of hers, there was one thing wherein she must say he had behaved generously: he had never, to this day, askt father for ye 500*l.* which had brought him, in ye first instance, to Forest Hill, (he having promised old Mr. Milton to try to get ye debt paid,) and the which, on his asking for my hand, father tolde him shoulde be made over sooner or later, in lieu of dower.

Did Rose know ye bitter-sweet she was imparting to me, when she gave me, by stealth as 'twere, ye latelie publisht volume of my husband's English versing? It hath beene my companion ever since; for I had perused ye Comus but by snatches, under ye disadvantage of crabbed manuscript. This morning, to use his owne deare words:—

> "I sat me down to watch, upon a bank,
> With ivy canopied, and interwove
> With flaunting honeysuckle, and beganne,
> Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholie,
> To meditate."

The text of my meditation was this, drawne from ye same loved source:—

> "This I hold firm;
> Virtue may be assayled, but never hurt,
> Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
> Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm,
> Shall, in ye happy trial, prove most glory."

But who hath such virtue? have I? hath he? No. we have both gone astray, and done amiss, and wrought sinfullie; but I worst, I first, therefore more neede that I humble myself, and pray for both.

There is one, more unhappie, perhaps, than either. The King, most misfortunate gentleman! who knoweth not which way to turn, nor whom to trust. Last time I saw him, methought never was there a face soe full of woe.

May 6th.—The king hath escaped! He gave orders overnight at alle ye gates, for three persons to passe; and, accompanied onlie by Mr. Ashburnham, and Mr. Hurd, rode forthe at nightfalle, towards London. Sure, he will not throw himselfe into ye hands of parliament?

Mother is affrighted beyond measure at ye near neighbourhood of Fairfax's army, and entreats father to leave alle behind, and flee with us into ye city. It may yet be done; and we alle share her feares.

Saturday even.—Packing up in greate haste, after a confused family council, wherein some fresh accounts of ye rebels' advances, broughte in by Diggory, made my father ye sooner consent to a stolen flight into Oxford, Diggory being left behind in charge. Time of flight, to-morrow after dark, ye Puritans being busie at theire sermons. The better the day, the better the deede.—Heaven make it soe!

Tuesday.—Oxford; in most confined a d unpleasant lodgings; but noe matter, manie better and richer than ourselves fare worse, and our King hath not where to lay his head. 'Tis sayd he hath turned his course towards Scotland. There are souldiers in this house, whose noise distracts us. Alsoe, a poor widow lady, whose husband hath beene slayn in these wars. The children have taken a feverish complaynt, and require incessant tending. Theire beds are far from cleane, in too little space, and ill aired.

May 20th.—The widow lady goes about visiting the sick, and would faine have my companie. The streets have displeased me, being soe fulle of men; however, in a close hoode I have accompanied her sundrie times. 'Tis a good soul, and full of pious works and alms-deedes.

27th.—Diggory hath found his way to us, alle dismaied, and bringing dismay with him, for ye rebels have taken and ransacked our house, and turned him forthe. "A plague on these wars!" as father says. What are we to doe, or how live, despoyled of alle? Father hath lost, one way and another, since ye civil war broke out, three thousand pounds, and is now nearlie beggared. Mother weeps bitterlie, and father's countenance hath fallen more than ever I saw it before. "Nine children!" he exclaimed, just now; "and onlie one provided for!" His eye fell upon me for a moment, with less tendernesse than usuall, as though he wished me in Aldersgate Street. I'm sure I wish I were there,—not because father is in misfortune; oh, no.

June.—The Parliament requireth our unfortunate King to issue orders to this and alle his other garrisons, commanding theire surrender; and father, finding this is likelie to take place forthwith, is busied in having himself comprised within ye articles of surrender. 'Twill be hard indeede, shoulde this be denied. His estate lying in ye King's quarters, how coulde he doe less than adhere to his M^y's^ partie during this unnaturall war? I am sure mother grudged ye royalists everie goose and turkey they had from our yard.

27th.—Praised be heaven, deare father hath just received Sir Thomas Fairfax's protection, empowering him quietlie and without let to goe forthe "with servants, horses, arms, goods, etc." to "London or elsewhere," whithersoever he will. And though ye protection extends but over six months, at ye expiry of which time, father must take measures to embark for some place of refuge beyond seas, yet who knows what may turn up in those six months! The King may enjoy his owne agayn. Meantime, we immediatelie leave Oxford.

Forest Hill.—At home agayn; and what a home! Everiething to seeke, everiething misplaced, broken, abused, or gone altogether! The gate off its hinges;

y stone balls of ye pillars overthrowne, ye great bell stolen, the clipt junipers grubbed up, the sun-diall broken! Not a hen or chicken, duck or duckling, left! Crab half-starved, and soe glad to see us, that he dragged his kennel after him. Daisy and Blanch making such pitcous moans at ye paddock gate, that I coulde not bear it, but helped Lettice to milk them. Within doors, everie room smelling of beer and tobacco; cupboards broken open, etc. On my chamber floor, a greasy steeple crowned hat! Threw it forthe from the window with a pair of tongs.

Mother goes about ye house weeping. Father sits in his broken arm-chair, ye picture of disconsolateness. I see the Agnews, true friends! riding hither; and with them a third, who, methinks, is Rose's brother Ralph.

LONDON.

St. Martin's le Grand.—Trembling, weeping, hopefulle, dismaied, here I sit in mine uncle's hired house, alone in a crowd, scared at mine owne precipitation, readie to wish myselfe back, unable to resolve, to reflect, to pray. . . . .

Twelve at night.—Alle is silent; even in ye latelie busie streets. Why art thou cast down, my heart? why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou stille in ye Lord, for he is the joy and light of thy countenance. Thou hast beene long of learning him to be such. Oh, forget not thy lesson now! Thy best friend hath sanctioned, nay, counselled this step, and overcome alle obstacles, and provided the means of this journey; and to-morrow at noone, if events prove not cross, I shall have speech of him whom my soul loveth. To-night, let me watch, fast, and pray.

Friday; at night.—How awfulle it is to beholde a man weepe! mine owne tears, when I think thereon, well forthe . . . . . .

Rose was a true friend when she sayd "our prompt affections are oft our wise counsellors." Soe, she suggested and advised alle; wrung forthe my father's consent, and sett me on my way, even putting money in my purse. Well for me, had she beene at my journey's end as well as its beginning.

'Stead of which, here was onlie mine aunt; a slow, timid, uncertayn soule, who proved but a broken reed to lean upon.

Soe, alle I woulde have done arighte went crosse, the letter never delivered, ye message delayed till he had left home, soe that methought I shoulde goe crazie.

While the boy, stammering in his lame excuses, bore my chafed reproaches ye more humblie because he saw he had done me some grievous hurt, though he knew not what, a voice in ye adjacent chamber in alternation with mine Uncle's, drove the blood of a suddain from mine heart, and then sent it back with impetuous rush, for I knew the accents right well.

Enters mine Aunt, alle flurried, and hushing her voice. "Oh, niece, he whom you wot of is here, but knoweth not you are at hand, nor in London. Shall I tell him?"

But I gasped, and held her back by her skirts; then, with a suddain secret prayer, or cry, or maybe, wish, as 'twere, darted up unto heaven for assistance, I took noe thought what I shoulde speak when confronted with him, but opening ye door between us, he then standing with his back towards it, rushed forth and to his feet—there sank, in a gush of tears; for not one word coulde I proffer, nor soe much as look up.

A quick hand was laid on my head, on my shoulder—as quicklie removed. . . . . and I was aware of the door being hurriedlie opened and shut, and a man hasting forthe; but 'twas onlie mine uncle. Meantime, my husband, who had at first uttered a suddain cry or exclamation, had now left me, sunk on ye ground as I was, and retired a space, I know not whither, but methinks he walked hastilie to and fro. Thus I remained, agonized in tears, unable to recal one word of ye humble appeal I had pondered on my journey, or to have spoken it, though I had known everie syllable by rote; yet not wishing myself, even in that suspense, shame, and anguish, elsewhere than where I was cast, at mine husband's feet.

Or ever I was aware, he had come up, and caught me to his breast: then, holding me back soe as to look me in ye face, sayd, in accents I shall never forget,

"Much I coulde say to reproach, but will not! Henceforth, let us onlie recall this darke passage of our deeplie sinfulle lives, to quicken us to God's mercy in affording us this re-union. Let it deepen our penitence, enhance our gratitude."

Then, suddainlie covering up his face with his hands, he gave two or three sobs; and for some few minutes coulde not refrayn himself; but, when at length he uncovered his eyes and looked down on me with goodness and sweetnesse, 'twas like the sun's cleare shining after raine. . . . .

Shall I now destroy ye disgracefulle records of this blotted book? I think not; for 'twill quicken me perhaps, as my husband sayth, to "deeper penitence and stronger gratitude," shoulde I henceforthe be in danger of settling on ye lees, and forgetting ye deepe waters which had nearlie closed over mine head. At present, I am soe joyfulle, soe light of heart under ye sense of forgivenesse, that it seemeth as though sorrow coulde lay hold of me noe more; and yet we are still, as 'twere, disunited for awhile; for my husband is agayn shifting house, and preparing to remove his increased establishment into Barbican, where he hath taken a goodly mansion; and, until it is ready, I am to abide here. I might pleasantlie cavill at this; but, in truth, will cavill at nothing now.

I am, by this, full persuaded that Ralph's tale concerning Miss Davies was a false lie; though, at ye time, supposing it to have some colour, it inflamed my jealousie noe little. The cross spight of that youth led, under his sister's management, to an issue his malice never forecast; and now, though I might come at ye truth for inquiry, I will not soe much as even soil my mind with thinking of it agayn; for

there is that truth in mine husband's eyes, which woulde silence yᵉ slanders of a hundred liars. Chafed, irritated, he has beene, soe as to excite the sarcastic constructions of those who wish him evill; but his soul, and his heart, and his mind require a flighte beyond Ralph's witt to comprehende; and I know and feel that they are *mine*.

He hath just led in the two Philips's to me, and left us together. Jack lookt at me askance, and held aloof; but deare little Ned threw his arms about me and wept, and I did weep too; seeing the which, Jack advanced, gave me his hand, and finally his lips, then lookt as much as to say, "Now, alle's right." They are grown, and are more comely than heretofore, which, in some measure, is owing to theire hair being noe longer cut strait and short after yᵉ Puritanicall fashion I soe hate, but curled like their uncle's.

I have writ, not yᵉ particulars, but yᵉ issue of my journey, unto Rose, whose loving heart, I know, yearns for tidings. Alsoe, more brieflie unto my mother, who loveth not Mr. Milton.

BARBICAN.

September.—In yᵉ night-season, we take noe rest; we search out our hearts, and commune with our spiritts, and checque our souls' accounts, before we dare court our sleep; but in yᵉ day of happinesse we cut shorte our reckonings; and here am I, a joyfulle wife, too proud and busie amid my dailie cares to have leisure for more than a brief note in my *Diarium*, as Ned woulde call it. 'Tis a large house, with more rooms than we can fill, even with the Phillips's and their scholar-mates, olde Mr. Milton, and my husband's books to boot. I feel pleasure in being housewifelie; and reape the benefit of alle that I learnt of this sorte at Sheepscote. Mine husband's eyes follow me with delight; and once with a perplexed yet pleased smile, he sayd to me, "Sweet wife, thou art stranglie altered; it seems as though I have indeede lost 'sweet Moll' after alle!"

Yes, I am indeed changed; more than he knows or coulde believe. And he is changed too. With payn I perceive a more stern, severe tone occasionallie used by him; doubtlesse the cloke assumed by his griefe to hide the ruin I had made within. Yet a more geniall influence is fast melting this away. Agayn, I note with payn that he complayns much of his eyes. At first, I observed he rubbed them oft, and dared not mention it, believing that his tears on account of me, sinfulle soule! had made then smart. Soe, perhaps, they did in yᵉ first instance, for it appears they have beene ailing ever since yᵉ year I left him; and over-studdy, which my presence mighte have prevented, hath conduced to yᵉ same ill effect. Whenever he now looks at a lighted candle, he sees a sort of iris alle about it; and, this morning, he disturbed me by mentioning that a total darknesse obscured everie thing on yᵉ left side of his eye, and that he even feared, sometimes, he might eventuallie lose yᵉ sight of both. "In which case," he cheerfully sayd, "you, deare wife, must become my lecturer as well as amanuensis, and content yourself to read to me a world of crabbed books, in tongues that are not nor neede ever be yours, seeing that a woman has ever enough of her own!"

Then, more pensivelie, he added, "I discipline and tranquillize my mind on this subject, ever remembering, when the apprehension afflicts me, that, as man lives not by bread alone, but by everie word that proceeds out of the mouth of God, so man likewise lives not by *sight* alone, but by faith in the giver of sight. As long, therefore, as it shall please him to prolong, however imperfectlie, this precious gift, soe long will I lay up store agaynst the days of darknesse, which may be many; and whensoever it shall please Him to withdrawe it from me altogether, I will cheerfully bid mine eyes keep holiday, and place my hand trustfullie in His, to be led whithersoever He will, through the remainder of life."

Reviews.

KING ARTHUR.[1]

WHEN a man, who has made the public his debtor in any remarkable way, achieves a work by which he himself would desire to be judged, it is incumbent upon all those who pronounce an opinion concerning that work, not to do so hastily, or without serious consideration. A rapidly formed, impatient judgment, in such a case, is not only critically unreasonable and false, it is morally ungrateful. Also, when the work, achieved or attempted, lies within the highest regions of human effort, and pre-supposes a noble aim, it deserves to be treated with the utmost care and candour. These thoughts were in our mind when we opened this second edition of "King Arthur," and they were not rendered weaker on reading the following simple and manly avowal made by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton in his preface:—

"I acknowledge this poem as the child of my most cherished hopes, to which I deliberately confide the task to uphold, and the chance to continue its father's name. To this work, conceived first in the enthusiasm of youth, I have patiently devoted the best powers of my maturer years;—if it be worthless, it is, at least, the worthiest contribution that my abilities enable me to offer to the literature of my country; and I am unalterably convinced, that on this foundation I rest the least perishable monument of those thoughts and those labours which have made the life of my life."

Whether readers and critics agree with the author in this estimate of his work or not, good feeling imperatively demands for it their respect, and a careful exercise both of the reading and criticising faculties.

"King Arthur" is an epic poem, in twelve books. Its hero is the legendary monarch of Britain,—the Crown and Centre of the vast kingdom of Romance. All the world is aware that the historico-fabulous life and times of King Arthur are especially attractive to

(1) "King Arthur." By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, author of the "New Timon." Second edition. H. Colburn.

children, poets, and imaginative and fanciful persons; and that many things, both in prose and verse, have been written concerning them in every language of northern and western Europe. But all the world may not be aware of the subtle and powerful influence which these compositions and traditionary recollections have had upon the religion, the social condition, and the literature of our country. There are many persons who may not know that the authentic history of England can furnish no better hero for an English epic than our traditionary Arthur. He is the beautiful incarnation of the best characteristics of our nation. He is religious, courageous, industrious, and steadfast. All the old chronicles give him a Celtic origin and a Saxon character. Modified and considerably changed as the accounts of King Arthur have been, to suit the taste of the various countries in which they have been naturalized, yet these moral qualities are always attributed to King Arthur. The other heroes of the Round Table are brave and loyal, pious and enterprising, with no lack of steadfastness and energy upon occasions; but in France, and Italy, and Germany, and Spain, in Great Britain and Scandinavia, they are all made more or less mercurial and light-minded, in accordance with their Celtic origin. They may be more amusing and agreeable companions than the most noble King Arthur; but they are not so fit for love and reverence, —not so fit to be the pattern of all manly virtue,—not so fit for worship as a demigod; at least in *English* eyes. It is not our business to discuss this inconsistent work of the olden time,—the essentially Saxon character of the British King Arthur. It is only one more proof of the fact that nations make their own gods and heroes, and that they attribute to them the perfection of those good qualities which are more or less conspicuous in themselves. The best men among them are ever ready to do honour to the hero, because they can understand his excellence; and they strive to imitate him because his excellence is lovely in their eyes. This truth as regards King Arthur, taken as an actual national hero, makes Sir E. B. Lytton's choice of subject appear very judicious and happy; nor will it seem less so when we remember that literature and art have long consecrated Arthur as the embodied Ideal of heroism in the abstract; that he walks for ever in undying strength and beauty amid the gardens of Romance, and Chivalry, and Faërie; and that his mystic labours, like those of Hercules, have a deep and solemn meaning.

To reveal this hidden meaning of his life-long toils,—to describe worthily this mirror of all worth,—to set him as a living being before us, to the intent that our hearts may glow with love and admiration at the contemplation of true goodness, and thus be raised a step or two in our toilsome ascent from earth to heaven;—to paint with true art the material world of beauty, by an intimate knowledge of which man learns to feel that it is but the outward veil of a higher spiritual beauty which transcends his senses, to the intent that we may be led to perceive the existence of that higher spiritual beauty, and rejoice in it;—these should be the two main objects in the creation of an epic poem on this great subject; for the business of epic poetry is to fill our hearts with love and admiration for the highest goodness and the truest beauty attainable in this life.

We will now give some account of the poem before us, and show, as well as we are able, and as fully as our limits will allow, its general nature, and in what it falls short of being a *great* poem. And here we must state, though with regret, our opinion that as an epic "King Arthur" is a failure; it is not a great work of art; but, looking at it from a lower point of view, taking it as a metrical romance, it has no inconsiderable merit.

The poem opens, of course, with an announcement of the subject:—

"Our land's first legends, love and knightly deeds,
  And wondrous Merlin, and his wandering king,
The triple labour and the glorious meeds
  Sought in the world of Fable-land, I sing;
Go forth, O song, amidst the banks of old,
And glide translucent o'er the sands of gold."

After describing the sudden apparition of a phantom shade before the young king Arthur, while surrounded by his court during a summer-holiday, in the vale of Carduel, the poem proceeds to show the alarm and excitement produced among the knights and ladies when the king follows the mysterious summoner into the enchanted forest, close at hand. Some of the knights endeavour to follow and guard him; but all return disabled, and without having seen the king. After some hours, the king himself returns, behaves as if nothing uncommon had happened, and, under the plea that the sun is setting, and that there is state-business on hand, he commands the return of the court to the city of Carduel, the capital of his kingdom—viz. that of the Cymri, or Britons of South Wales. During the night, Arthur being much disturbed by a vision of the conquest of his race by the Saxons, which had been shown him in the enchanted forest, repairs to visit his old friend and tutor, the Prophet-Enchanter Merlin, who lives in a lofty tower in Carduel, and watches over the fate of the Britons and their king. Arthur describes what he saw, and asks if there are no means by which he may avert the threatened evil. Merlin has recourse to some violent spells in order to ascertain the chances of such a consummation. Arthur, being uninitiated in the practice of magic, becomes insensible during the operation of these spells, and when he recovers his senses, he finds himself lying in his own chamber, with Merlin seated beside him, who immediately imparts what his magical spells had revealed to him concerning Arthur and his posterity.

"'Prince,' said the prophet, 'with this morn awake
  From pomp, from pleasure, to high toils and brave;
From yonder wall the arms of knighthood take,
  But leave the crown the knightly arms may save;
O'er mount and vale, go, pilgrim, forth alone,
And win the gifts which shall defend a throne.'"—P. 23.

Arthur Pendragon, of course, scorns the idea of failure, in so high an enterprise; and sets off at once

on his journey in search of the "triple labour" which he is to perform. His mission is a secret one; and he departs stealthily and unattended.

Arthur's three friends, Lancelot, Gawaine, and Caradoc, are then described. The first two are knights, the last is a bard.

Merlin comes upon them while they are conversing; declares that he is about to select one of the three to send in search of the king, and after putting them all to trial in the enchanted forest, he selects Lancelot for the important task. Lancelot is sent off, furnished with a magic ring which will always point out the direction in which King Arthur is. In the mean time, the monarch has found a guide in the form of a white dove, who never leaves him, but conducts him safely through all dangers and difficulties. He arrives at the kingdom of the Vandals. The legitimate line of kings has been expatriated, and in the reigning monarch the reader smiles to recognise a contemporary:—

"A distant kinsman. Ludovick was his name,
With them was exiled, and with them return'd.
A prince of popular and patriot fame;
To roast his egg your house he would have burn'd!
A patriot soul no ties of kindred knows—
His kinsman's palace was the house he chose.

A patriot gamester playing for a Crown,
He watch'd the hazard with indifferent air,
Rebuked well-wishers with a gentle frown,
Then dropp'd the whisper—'What I win I share.'
Who plays for power should make the odds so fall,
That one man's luck should seem the gain of all.

The moment came, disorder split the realm;
Too stern the ruler, or too feebly stern;
The supple kinsman slided to the helm,
And trimm'd the rudder with a dexterous turn;
A turn so dexterous, that it served to fling
Both overboard—the people and the king!

The captain's post repaid the pilot's task,
He seized the ship as he had clear'd the prow;
Drop we the metaphor as he the mask:
And, while his gasping Vandals wonder'd how,
Behold the patriot to the despot grown,
Filch'd from the fight, and juggled to the throne!

And bland in words was wily Ludovick!
Much did he promise, nought did he fulfil;
The trickster Fortune loves the hands that trick,
And smiled approving on her conjurer's skill!
The promised freedom vanish'd in a tax,
And bays, turn'd briers, scourged bewilder'd backs."—
Pp. 50, 51.

Satire of this kind, when kept strictly subordinate to the main business of the poem, is sanctioned by the best precedents.

After a brief sojourn in Ludovick's palace, Arthur narrowly escapes being delivered up to Harold, Ambassador of Crida, King of Mercia, the great enemy of the Cymri, who sends to demand him of Ludovick. He leaves the Vandal capital, and meets with several dangerous adventures; from all of which he comes off victorious.——King Arthur pursues his journey in search of the sword, and arrives at the Alps. Hidden among these mountains is a Happy Valley, inhabited by the descendants of an old Etrurian colony. Arthur comes to this part of the world at a fortunate time for the purposes of the Chief Augur, who rules this sequestered and simple people. The royal family is without a male descendant; the last of her race is the lovely young queen, Ægle. To continue the race it is necessary to procure a god for her husband. The law has provided for this difficulty in the following manner. The Chief Augur stations himself at one of the two secret entrances into this apparently inaccessible valley, and waits until he sees "*a proper man*" pass by, when he invites him courteously to visit this lovely region;—the stranger enters, and the adamantine gates close after him; he, suspecting nothing, is presented to the maiden queen;—love and marriage follow, as a matter of course. After an heir to the throne is born, the Augur makes away with the foreign husband, and persuades the people that the god has returned to the celestial regions. King Arthur and the dove come wandering by while the Augur is on the look out; and the monarch is easily entrapped. As easily do he and the lovely Ægle fall into the love-snare set for them. This episode of Ægle and the Happy Valley—symbolical of youth's first love—is by far the best thing in the poem. It is happily conceived, and executed with clearness and brilliancy;—the allegory is unobtrusive, but its melancholy grace glides through the story like some melody in a Symphony by Beethoven. We shall make our longest extract from this portion of the work:—

"We turn once more to Ægle and her guest.
Lo! the sweet valley in the flush of eve!
Lo! side by side, where through the rose-arcade
Steals the love star, the hero and the maid!

Silent they gaze into each other's eyes,
Stirring the inmost soul's unquiet sleep;
So pierce soft star-beams, blending waves and skies,
Some holy fountain trembling to its deep!
Bright to each eye each human heart is bare,
And scarce a thought to start an angel there!

Love to the soul, whate'er the harsh may say,
Is as the hallowing Naiad to the well—
The linking life between the forms of clay
And those ambrosia nurtures; from its spell
Fly earth's rank fogs, and Thought's ennobled flow
Shines with the shape that glides in light below.

Seize, O beloved, the blooms the Hour allows!
Alas, but once can flower the Beautiful!
Hark, the wind rustles through the trembling boughs,
And the stem withers while the buds ye cull!
Brief though the prize, how few in after hours
Can say, 'At least the Beautiful *was* ours!'

Two loves (and both divine and pure) there are;
One by the roof-tree takes its root for ever,
Nor tempests rend, nor changeful seasons mar—
It clings the stronger for the storm's endeavour;
Beneath its shade the wayworn find their rest,
And in its boughs the calm bird builds its nest.

But one more frail, (in that more prized, perchance,)
Bends its rich blossoms over lonely streams
In the untrodden ways of wild Romance,
On earth's far confines, like the Tree of Dreams,
Few find the path;—O bliss! O woe to find!
What bliss the blossom!—ah! what woe the wind!

Oh, the short spring!—the eternal winter!—All
Branch,—stem all shatter'd; fragile as the bloom!
Yet this the love that charms us to recall;
Life's golden holiday before the tomb;
Yea! *this* the loves which age again lives o'er,
And hears the heart beat loud with youth once more!

* * * * * *

'Tis morn once more; upon the shelving green
Of the small isle, alone the Cymrian stood
With his full heart,—when suddenly, between
Him and the sun, the azure solitude
Was broken by a dark and rapid wing,
And a dusk bird swoop'd downward to the King."—
Pp. 130—135.

This raven is a messenger from Merlin bearing the information that the Saxons have invaded his kingdom. Roused by this intelligence from his blissful state of idleness, Arthur insists upon being allowed to depart; and after taking an affecting farewell of Ægle, he is conducted by the Augur to the only point of egress from the valley. This is in the Temple of Death, through which a dark stream flows. This stream, after taking a subterraneous course for some time, falls in a prodigious cataract over rugged rocks on the outer side of the Alpine range which bounds the Happy Valley. There is no chance of any ordinary mortal escaping alive into the outer world; and the Augur, with grim satisfaction, sees Arthur step on to the raft, torch in hand, and, preceded by the faithful dove, begin his perilous voyage. Before he is out of sight, Ægle appears in the Temple of Death; and, to the consternation of her attendants and the Augur, precipitates herself into the fast flowing stream, in order to rejoin her lover. The sequel of this adventure is soon told. Arthur is preserved by the care of the distant Merlin, but the beautiful, loving Ægle is found a corpse by the side of his insensible body, when Lancelot, conducted by his ring, seeks for his friend at the foot of the roaring cataract. This cataract falls into an enchanted lake, on the shore of which is a solitary monastery. Her lover procures Christian burial for Ægle, and the monks sing her funeral hymn.

Arthur remains in this spot with his true friend, Lancelot, long, inconsolable for the loss of Ægle. At length he becomes aware that this is the very lake beneath which the sword he was to seek lies hidden. The Fairy of the Lake appears to him, and he sinks with her below the waters into the Halls of Time. There is much that is extraordinary to be seen here; but there is a want of distinctness and of vigour in the description of it.

The presiding Genius of the Future shows him the fate of Britain down to our own day. Upon his declaration that the sword shall be wielded by him for the benefit of his people, Excalibar becomes his; and he is safely restored to the upper world. In the meantime Gawaine has been also sent out from Carduel in search of Arthur, accompanied by a guide in the form of a raven. The adventures of Sir Gawaine are marvellous and comic; but we find them more tedious than amusing. Sir Lancelot, while waiting the return of the king upon the shore of the lake, meets with a fair Saxon damsel, Genevra, the daughter of Harold the Mercian; they journey together to the sea-coast, where they encounter Arthur, who sends them home to Carduel, while he himself goes on board a Norwegian ship which is bound for the Polar regions,—being now anxious to fulfil the second part of his allotted task, and procure the Shield of Thor, which is guarded by dwarfs in some undefined land of ice and solitude; probably Greenland or Iceland. Here he and his crew are compelled to pass the winter; and when the latter are quite overcome both in body and mind, by the hardships of their isolated situation, the former, as unexpectedly as opportunely, meets Gawaine in a morning ramble over the ice. Gawaine, by a fortunate train of circumstances, has become a sort of king among the Esquimaux, and he immediately sends succour to King Arthur's companions; after which, the two friends relate their adventures to each other, and Gawaine informs the king of a story current among the Esquimaux, concerning a silver shield guarded by dwarfs, somewhere in the neighbourhood. This, Arthur takes for granted to be the object of his search, and on the return of spring he sets out, guided by the dove, in quest of the abode of the dwarfs. Horrors and dangers beset him at the very outset of this undertaking. A monster-dæmon appears to deter him from it; but he persists; and the dæmon is compelled to become his guide, through subterranean passages, to the Cave of Lok. His progress is thus described; (the following extract is a good specimen of the marvellous-imaginative portions of the work:)—

"The king recoiling paused irresolute,
Till through the cave the white wing went its way;
Then on his breast he sign'd the cross, and mute
With solemn prayer, he left the world of day.
Thick stood the night, save were the falchion gave
Its clear sharp glimmer lengthening down the cave.

Advancing; flashes rush'd irregular
Like subterranean lightning, fork'd and red:
From warring matter—wandering shot the star
Of poisonous gases; and the tortured bed
Of the' old Volcano show'd in trailing fires,
Where the numb'd serpent dragg'd its mangled spires.

Broader and ruddier on the Dove's pale wings
Now glowed the lava of the widening spaces;
Grinn'd from the rock the jaws of giant things,
The lurid skeletons of vanished races,
They who, perchance ere man himself had birth,
Ruled the moist slime of uncompleted earth.

Enormous couch'd fang'd Iguanodon,
To which the monster-lizard of the Nile
Were prey too small,—whose dismal haunts were on
The swamps where now such golden harvests smile
As had sufficed those myriad hosts to feed
When all the Orient march'd behind the Mede.

There the foul, earliest reptile spectra lay
Distinct as when the chaos was their home;
Half-plant, half serpent, some subside away
Into gnarl'd roots (now stone)—more hideous some,
Half bird—half fish—seem struggling yet to spring,
Shark-like the maw, and dragon-like the wing.

But, life-like more, from later layers emerge
With their fell tusks deep-stricken in the stone,
Herds, that through all the thunders of the surge,
Had to the Ark which swept relentless on

(Denied to them)—knell'd the despairing roar
Of sentenced races time shall know no more.

Under the limbs of mammoths went the path,
Or through the arch immense of Dragon jaws,
And ever on the King—in watchful wrath
Gazed the attendant Fiend, with artful pause
Where dread was dreadliest; had the mortal one
Falter'd or quail'd, the Fiend his prey had won,

And rent it limb by limb; but on the Dove
Arthur look'd steadfast, and the Fiend was foil'd.
Now, as along the skeleton world they move,
Strange noises jar, and flit strange shadows. Toil'd
The Troll's swart people, in their inmost home
At work on ruin for the days to come.

* * * * * * *

A mighty cirque with lustre belts the mine;
Its walls of iron glittering into steel;
Wall upon wall reflected flings the shine
Of armour! Vizorless the Corpses kneel,
Their glazed eyes fix'd upon a couch where, screen'd
With whispering curtains, sleeps the Kingly Fiend:

Corpses of giants, who perchance had heard
The tromps of Tubal, and had leapt to strife,
Whose guilt provoked the Deluge: sepulchred
In their world's ruins, still a frown like life
Hung o'er vast brows,—and spears like turrets shone
In hands whose grasp had crush'd the Mastodon.

Around the couch, a silent solemn ring,
They whom the Teuton call the Valkyrs, sate.
Shot through pale webs their spindles glistening;
Dread tissues woven out of human hate
For heavenly ends!—for there is spun the woe
Of every war that ever earth shall know.

Below their feet a bottomless pit of gore
Yawn'd, where each web, when once the woof was done,
Was scornful cast. Yet rising evermore
Out of the surface, wander'd airy on
(Till lost in upper space) pale wingëd seeds
The future heaven-fruit of the hell-born deeds;

For out of every evil born of time,
God shapes a good for his eternity.
Lo where the spindles, weaving crime on crime,
Form the world-work of Charlemains to be;—
How in that hall of iron lengthen forth
The fates that ruin, to rebuild, the North!

Here, one stern Sister, smiling on the King,
Hurries the thread that twines his Nation's doom,
And, farther down, the whirring spindles sing
Around the woof which from his Baltic home
Shall charm the avenging Norman, to control
The shatter'd races into one calm whole.

* * * * * * *

Fierce glared the dwarf upon the silent King,
'There is the prize thy visions would achieve!
There, where the hush'd inexorable ring
Murder the myriads in the webs they weave,
Behind the curtains of Incarnate War,
Whose lightest tremour topples thrones afar,—

'Which ev'n the Valkyrs with their bloodless hands
Ne'er dare aside to draw,—go, seek the Shield!
Yet be what follows known!—you kneeling bands
Whose camps were Andes, and whose battle-field
Left plains, now empires, rolling seas of gore,
Shall hear the clang and leap to life once more.

'Roused from their task, revengeful shall arise
The never baffled "Choosers of the Slain,"
The fiend thy hand shall wake, unclose the eyes
That flash'd on heavenly hosts their storms again,
And thy soul wither in the mighty frown
Before whose night, an earlier sun sunk down.

'The rocks shall close all path for flight save one,
Where now the Troll-fiends wait to rend their prey,
And each malign and monster skeleton,
Re-clothed with life as in the giant day
When yonder seas were valleys—scent thy gore
And grin with fangs that gnash for food once more.

'Ho, dost thou shudder, pale one? Back and live.'
Thrice strove the King for speech, and thrice in vain,
For he was man, and till our souls survive
The instincts born of flesh, shall Horror reign
In that Unknown beyond the realms of Sense,
Where the soul's darkness seems the man's defence.

Yet as when through uncertain troublous cloud
Breaks the sweet morning star, and from its home
Smiles lofty peace, so through the phantom crowd
Of fears—the Eos of the world to come,
Faith, look'd—revealing how earth-nourish'd are
The clouds; and how beyond their reach the star!

Mute on his knee, amidst the kneeling dead
He sank—the dead the dreaming fiend revered,
And he, the living God! Then terror fled,
And all the king illumed the front he rear'd.
Firm to the couch on which the fiend reposed
He strode;—the curtains, murmuring, round him
closed."—Pp. 323—331.

The followers of Arthur, accompanied by Gawaine, alarmed for the fate of Arthur, proceed to the entrance of the cave, through which he penetrated to the subterranean world. They are terrified by the awful and preternatural sights and sounds which meet them there, and become insensible; when they recover, Arthur's corpse-like form is lying near them, with the faithful white dove hovering over it:—

"Whether to Love, how true soe'er its faith,
Whether to Wisdom, whatso'er its skill,
Till his last hour the struggle and the scathe
Remain'd unutter'd and unutterable;
But aye, in solitude, in crowds, in strife,
In joy, that memory lived within his life:

It made not sadness, though the calm grave smile
Never regain'd the flash that youth had given,—
But as some shadow from a sacred pile
Darkens the earth from shrines that speak of heaven,
That gloom the grandeur of religion wore,
And seem'd to hallow all it rested o'er.

Such Freedom is, O Slave, that would be free!
Never her real struggles into life
Hath History told! As it hath been shall be
The Apocalypse of Nations; nursed in strife
Not with the present, nor with living foes,
But where the centuries shroud their long repose.

Out from the graves of earth's primeval bones,
The shield of empire, patient Force must win:
What made the Briton free? not crashing thrones
Nor parchment laws? The charter must begin
In Scythian tents, the steel of Nomad spears;
To date the freedom, count three thousand years!

Neither is Freedom mirth! Be free, O Slave,
And dance no more beneath the lazy palm.
Freedom's mild brow with noble care is grave,
Her bliss is solemn as her strength is calm;
And thought mature each childlike sport debars
The forms erect whose look is on the stars."—
Pp. 334, 335.

This passage is one of the best in the poem, and will, we think, be generally admired for its philosophic truth. King Arthur now returns to Britain in search of his third object,—"the Child-guide with the looks of

gold." Still following the conduct of the white dove, he lands in a Mercian haven; and separating himself from the faithful Gawaine, on the plea that all important works must be performed alone, he makes his way through a vast forest.

Here he sleeps, and has a wondrous dream concerning the realms of death;—the spirit of the lost Æglc appears to him; the dove has vanished; and when he wakes, in place of these two beloved objects (for the dove is always felt to be some higher spirit in disguise) he perceives before him the object of his search.

This is Genevieve, daughter of Crida, King of Mercia;—the White Dove in a human form; the Christian Saint Genevieve, who becomes the wife of King Arthur. A very different personage from the Queen Guenever of the Fabliaux! She conducts the king to the neighbourhood of Carduel. The whole country has been ravaged by her father, who is besieging the city. The war rages fiercely, and the heathen Mercians, to propitiate their gods, are about to sacrifice the gentle Genevieve because she is a Christian virgin, when an end is put to the war by a complete victory, which the Cymri, headed by their returned king, and aided by Merlin, gain over the Mercians. Peace is concluded between the Mercians and the Cymri by the marriage of King Arthur with the Princess Genevieve, and of Sir Lancelot with her kinswoman, Genevra. The awkwardness of the old stories concerning Queen Guenever and Sir Lancelot is intended to be done away with, by supposing that the Romance writers have confounded the two ladies Genevieve and Genevra. The Poem is thus brought to a conclusion. We have yet another extract to give, which may edify and amuse the reader. It is from another portion of the satirical episode concerning Ludovick, King of the Vandals, who had promised to send forces to the assistance of the Mercians against King Arthur.

"But wherefore fail the Vandal's promised bands?
Well said the Greek, 'Not till his latest hour
Deem man secure from Fortune;' in our hands
We clutch the sunbeam when we grasp at power;—
No strength detains the unsubstantial prize,
The light escapes us as the moment flies.

And monarchs envied Ludovick the Great!
And Wisdom's seers his wiles did wisdom call,
And Force stood sentry at his castle gate;
And Mammon sooth'd the murmurers in the hall;
For Freedom's forms disguised the despot's thought—
He ruled by synods—and the synods bought!

Yet empires rest not or on gold or steel;
The old in habit strike the gnarlèd root;
But vigorous faith—the young fresh sap of zeal,
Must make the life-blood of the planted shoot—
And new-born states, like new religions, need
Not the dull code, but the impassion'd creed.

Give but a cause, a child may be a chief!
What cause to hosts can Ludovick supply?
Swift flies the Element of Power, *Belief*,
From all foundations hollow'd to a lie.
One morn, a riot in the streets arose,
And left the Vandal crownless at the close.

A plump of spears the riot could have crush'd!
'Defend the throne, my spearmen!' cried the king.
The spearmen arm'd, and forth the spearmen rush'd,
When woe! they took to reason on the thing!
And then conviction smote them on the spot,
That for that throne they did not care a jot.

With scuff and scum, with urchins loosed from school,
Thieves, gleemen, jugglers, beggars, swell'd the riot;
While, like the gods of Epicurus, cool
On crowd, and crown—the spearmen look'd in quiet,
Till all its heads that Hydra call'd 'The Many,'
Stretch'd hissing forth, without a stroke at any.

At first Astutio, wrong but very wise,
Disdain'd the Hydra as a fabled creature,
The vague invention of a Poet's lies,
Unknown to Pliny and the laws of Nature—
Nor till the fact was past philosophizing,
Saith he, 'That's Hydra, there is no disguising!

'A Hydra, Sire, a Hercules demands,
So if not Hercules, assume his vizard.'
The advice is good—the Vandal wrings his hands,
Kicks out the Sage—and rushes to a wizard.
The wizard waves his wand—disarms the sentry,
And (wondrous man) enchants the mob—with entry.

Thus fell, though no man touch'd him, Ludovick,
Tripp'd by the slide of his own slippery feet.
The crown cajoled from Fortune by a trick,
Fortune, in turn, outcheated from the cheat;
Clapp'd her sly cap the glittering bauble on,
Cried 'Presto!'—raised it—and the gaud was gone.

Ev'n at the last, to self and nature true,
No royal heart the breath of danger woke;
To mean disguise habitual instinct flew,
And the king vanish'd in a craftsman's cloak.
While his brave princes scampering for their lives,
Relictis parmulis—forgot their wives!

King Mob succeeding to the vacant throne,
Chose for his ministers some wise Chaldeans,—
Who told the sun to close the day at noon,
Nor sweat to death his betters the plebeians;
And bade the earth, unvex'd by plough and spade,
Bring forth its wheat in quarterns ready made.

The sun refused the astronomic fiat;
The earth declined to bake the corn it grew;
King Mob then order'd that a second riot
Should teach Creation what it had to do.
'The sun shines on, the earth demands the tillage,
Down Time and Nature, and hurrah for pillage!'

Then rise *en masse* the burghers of the town;
Each Patriot breast the fires of Brutus fill;
Gentle as lambs when riot reach'd the crown,
They raged like lions when it touch'd the till.
Rush'd all who boasted of a shop to rob,
And stout King Money soon dethroned King Mob.

This done, much scandalized to note the fact,
That o'er the short tyrannic rise the tall,
The middle-sized a penal law enact
That henceforth height must be the same in all;
For being each born equal with the other,
What greater crime than to outgrow your brother?

Poor Vandals, do the towers, when foes assail,
So idly soar above the level wall?
Harmonious Order needs its music-scale;
The Equal were the discord of the All.
Let the wave undulate, the mountain rise;
Nor ask from Law what Nature's self denies."—

Pp. 350—353.

One of the greatest political convulsions of modern times is here very well described; and the moral lessons to be gathered from it are inseparable from the amusement.

This is a brief abstract of the main story in the work before us. To enter very minutely into a dis-

cussion of the causes which render this work unsatisfactory and upon the whole *heavy*, would be impossible, within our present limits.

There is, however, much lively and graceful fancy, and some high imagination in it; it is easy to understand; the reflective portions are few, and arise naturally out of the subject; and the verse, though defective in the highest musical qualities, is generally fluent. In conclusion, we would express our opinion, that though "King Arthur" does not seem to us to be the kind of thing which its author hopes it will be pronounced to be, yet it will add to, rather than detract from, his reputation. He has shown his earnest love for poetry by this long and arduous task. The best people often form a false estimate of their own powers. Love for an art is easily mistaken for skill in it. We never know what we can *not* do, till we try; and when we fail in the trial to achieve a good work, there can be no disgrace in the failure. It is sometimes even a more praiseworthy thing to fail in a high endeavour than to succeed in a mediocre one. Such considerations should find a place in the minds of those who pronounce judgment upon an extraordinary work, by one who has long deserved well of the Public.

ASPECTS OF NATURE.[1]

WE return to the vegetation of the South American Steppes, to glance at one of its wonders—the fan palm, the Mauritia, which is almost the only attraction or means of subsistence to those nomadic native hordes who thinly people the vast wilderness. This life-supporting tree alone, from the mouth of the Orinoco to north of the Sierra de Imataca, feeds the unsubdued nation of the Guaranis, or Warraws of British Guiana.

"When this people were more numerous, and lived in closer contiguity, not only did they support their huts on the cut trunks of palm-trees as pillars on which rested a scaffolding forming the floor, but they also, it is said, twined from the leaf-stalks of the Mauritia cords and mats, which, skilfully interwoven and suspended from stem to stem, enabled them in the rainy season, when the Delta is overflowed, to live in the trees like the apes. The floor of these raised cottages is partly covered with a coating of damp clay, on which the women make fires for household purposes,--the flames appearing at night from the river to be suspended high in the air. The Guaranis still owe the preservation of their physical, and perhaps also their moral, independence, to the half-submerged marshy soil over which they move with a light and rapid step, and to their elevated dwellings in the trees,—a habitation never likely to be chosen from motives of religious enthusiasm by an American Stylites. But the Mauritia affords to the Guaranis not only a secure dwelling-place, but also various kinds of food. Before the flower of the male palm-tree breaks through its tender sheath, and only at that period of vegetable metamorphosis, the pith of the stem of the tree contains a meal resembling sago, which like the farina of the jatropha roots is dried in thin bread-like slices. The fermented juice of the tree forms the sweet intoxicating palm wine of the Guaranis. The scaly fruits, which resemble in their appearance reddish fir cones, afford, like the plantain and almost all tropical fruits, a different kind of nutriment, accordingly as they are eaten after their saccharine substance is fully developed, or in their earliest or more farinaceous state. Thus, in the lowest stage of man's intellectual development, we find the existence of an entire people bound up with that of a single tree; like the insect which lives exclusively on a single part of a particular flower."

It is in such illustration as is conveyed in the latter sentence that the philosophical wealth of the "Aspects" consists. In the notes, Humboldt tells us that high up on the declivity of the Duida, north of the Esmeralda mission, he found the Mauritia in fine groups of fresh shining verdure, reminding him of European alder groves. The trees preserve the moisture of the ground by their shade, and hence the Indians say that the Mauritia draws the water round its roots by a mysterious attraction. By a somewhat similar theory, they advise that serpents should not be killed; because the destruction of the serpents and the drying up of the pools and lagunes accompany each other: thus the untutored child of nature confounds cause and effect.

The sand-spout is one of the most paralysing phenomena of the Steppe: its theory is thus eloquently narrated:

"When, under the vertical rays of the never-clouded sun, the carbonized turfy covering falls into dust, the indurated soil cracks asunder, as if from the shock of an earthquake. If at such times, two opposing currents of air, whose conflict produces a rotatory motion, come in contact with the soil, the plain assumes a strange and singular aspect. Like conical shaped clouds, the points of which descend to the earth, the sand rises through the rarefied air in the electrically charged centre of the whirling current, resembling the loud water-spout dreaded by the experienced mariner. The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-coloured light on the desolate plain. The horizon draws suddenly nearer; the Steppe seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer. The hot dusty particles which fill the air increase its suffocating heat, and the east wind, blowing over the long-heated soil, brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow. The pools which the yellow fading branches of the fan palm had protected from evaporation, now gradually disappear. As in the icy north, the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching drought, the crocodile and the boa become motionless and fall asleep, deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails, and yet by the play of the refracted rays of light, producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveller is everywhere pursued by the illusive image of a cool rippling watery mirror."

Horses and cattle in vain stretch out their long necks, and snuffle the wind for a moister current; but more sagacious and cunning, the mule taps with his fore-feet the melon cactus, and then ventures warily to drink its cool juice. Yet, resort to this vegetable fountain is dangerous, and one sees many animals that have been lamed by the prickles of the cactus.

The reader will, probably, recollect the capture of Gymnoti by mules and horses, as described by Humboldt; his reflection upon this "extraordinary battle between horses and fish" may be a greater novelty:

"That which forms the invisible but living weapon of this electric eel;—that which, awakened by the con-

(1) Concluded from p. 310.

tact of moist dissimilar particles, circulates through all the organs of plants and animals;—that which, flashing from the thunder cloud, illumines the wide skyey canopy;—that which draws iron to iron and directs the silent recurring march of the guiding needle;—all, like the several hues of the divided ray of light, flow from one source; and all blend again together in one perpetually, everywhere diffused, force or power."

The Author adds an important illustrative note on this passage:

"Wherever there is organization and life, there is also electric tension, or the play of the voltaic pile, as the experiments of Nobili and Matteucci, and especially the latest admirable labours of Emil du Bois, teach us. The last named physicist has succeeded in manifesting the presence of the electric muscular current in living and wholly uninjured animal bodies: he shows that the human body, through the medium of a copper wire, can cause a magnetic needle to be deflected at pleasure, first in one and then in the opposite direction. I have witnessed these movements at pleasure, and have had the gratification of seeing thereby great and unexpected light thrown on phenomena to which I had laboriously and hopefully devoted several years of my youth."

In the following humiliating analogies, how severe a rebuke is read to proud and ever contentious man!

"As in the Steppe, tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests, and on its borders, in the wildernesses of Guiana, *man is ever armed against man.* Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others apparently weaponless, and yet prepared for murder, kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margin of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus, man in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellowmen increased toil and danger. The traveller wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds *everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man.*"

What is the antidote to this "unreconciled discord of nations?"—intellectual calm in contemplating "the silent life of vegetation, and the hidden activities of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of nature; or, obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, man gazes upwards in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs, which are ever pursuing in undisturbed harmony their ancient and unchanging course."

"The Cataracts of the Orinoco," with their phenomena, occupy the second Section of the work. To the lake forming the supposed origin of this river, was transferred by geographers the site of the island of Pumacena, a rock of micaceous slate, the glitter of which, in the sixteenth century, played, in the fable of El Dorado, a memorable and to deceived humanity often a fatal part. It is the belief of the natives, that the Magellanic clouds of the southern hemisphere, and even the fine nebulæ in the constellation of the ship Argo, are a reflection of the metallic brilliancy of the silver mountains of the Parima.

It has been, however, difficult to displace from our maps this fabled Lake, or great Mar de Parima, which Humboldt, after his return from America, found still set down as having a length of 160 English geographical miles; whereas, modern researches have reduced it to the little Lake of Amuca, of two or three miles circumference. The illusions cherished for nearly two centuries, (several hundred lives were lost in the last Spanish expedition for the discovery of El Dorado, in 1775,) have thus finally terminated, leaving some results of geographical knowledge as their fruit.

A splendid vegetable Titan rears its gigantic height in the vicinity of the mouths of the Guaviare and Atabapo. This is the Piriguao, one of the noblest of palm-trees, whose smooth and polished trunk, between sixty and seventy feet high, is adorned with a delicate flag-like foliage curled at the margins. Its large and beautifully-coloured fruit resembles peaches, and is tinged with yellow mingled with a roseate crimson. Seventy or eighty of them form enormous pendulous bunches: they are generally devoid of seeds, and offer to the natives a nutritious farinaceous food, to be prepared variously, like plantains and potatos.

The enigmatical phenomena of the so-called "black waters" of certain tributaries of the Orinoco are, in reality, of a coffee-brown colour, which, in the shade of palm groves, seems almost to pass into ink-black. When placed in transparent vessels, the water appears of a golden yellow. The image of the Southern Constellation is reflected with wonderful clearness in these black streams; and, when they flow gently, they afford to the observer engaged in taking astronomical observations a most excellent artificial horizon.

A wonderful prospect of the river of Maypura is enjoyed from the rock of Manimi. A foaming surface of four miles in length presents itself at once to the eye; iron-black masses of rock, resembling ruins and battlemented towers, rise frowning from the waters. Rocks and islands are adorned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest; a perpetual mist hovers over the waters, and the summits of the lofty palms pierce through the cloud of spray and vapour. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in these humid exhalations, a magical optical effect begins. Coloured bows shine, vanish, and reappear; and the ethereal image is swayed to and fro by the breath of the sporting breeze. During the long rainy season, the streaming waters bring down islands of vegetable mould; and thus the naked rocks are studded with bright flower-beds, adorned with Melastomas and Droseras, and with small silver-leaved Mimosas and ferns. In the blue distance, the eye rests on the truncated cone of the mountain chain of Cunavami, glowing at sunset, as if in roseate flames, supposed to proceed from a reflecting surface produced by the decomposition of talc or mica slate.

The Section closes with an emphatic reflection upon the fate of the brave Atures, who, pressed by cannibal Caribs, withdrew to the rocks of the Cataract; a melancholy refuge and dwelling-place, in which the distressed tribe finally perished, and with them their language. It is probable that the last family may not have been long deceased; for (a singular fact), there is

still in Maypura an old parrot of whom the natives affirm that he is not understood because he speaks the Ature language. Amidst the burying-place of this deceased race, upon a clear and cool night, the moon encircled with coloured rings, and high in the zenith, whilst the summits of the palms rustled above the graves, Humboldt reflected:

"Thus perish the generations of men! Thus do the name and the traces of nations fade and disappear! Yet when each blossom of man's intellect withers,—when in the storms of time the memorials of his art moulder and decay,—an ever new life springs forth from the bosom of the earth; maternal Nature unfolds unceasingly her ferns, her flowers, and her fruits; regardless, though man with his passions and his crimes treads underfoot her ripening harvest."

In the next Section—"The Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primeval Forest," their characteristics are vividly drawn. The peace of the Golden Age is far from prevailing among the animals of this American paradise, which carefully watch and avoid each other. The Capybara, for instance, is devoured in the rivers by the crocodiles, and on shore by the tiger. It runs so indifferently, that Humboldt and his companions were several times able to catch individuals from among the numerous herds.

"The Structure of Plants," and "The Structure and Mode of Action of Volcanos," are the subjects of the Essays in the second volume of the "Aspects." The first of these papers opens with a view of the Universal profuse Distribution of Organic Life, succeeded by the history of the vegetable covering of the surface of the globe, the character of zones, and the forms of plants which principally determine the physiognomy of Nature. Among the instances of tropical luxuriance of the equatorial regions in contrast with the monotony of the social plants of Europe, Humboldt mentions trees almost as lofty as our oaks, adorned with flowers almost as large and as beautiful as our lilies. On the shady banks of the Rio Magdalena, in South America, there grows a climbing Aristolochia, bearing flowers four feet in circumference, which the Indian boys draw over their heads in sport, and wear as hats or helmets. And in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, the flower of the Rafflesia is nearly three feet in diameter, and weighs about fourteen pounds.

The "Annotations and Additions to the Physiognomy of Plants" are so numerous as to prevent our giving anything like a methodical idea of their variety. In a note on the condor are related some remarkable instances of vision of objects at great distances. Humboldt, when on the Cotopaxi, at 14,470 feet above the sea, witnessed a condor soaring at a height at which he appeared only as a small black speck! The transparency of the mountain atmosphere at the Equator is such, that in the province of Quito, Humboldt saw the white mantle or poncho of a horseman, at a horizontal distance of 89,665 feet. This was our traveller's friend, Bonpland, moving along the face of a black precipice on the volcano of Pichincha. Lightning conductors are seen, as stated by Arago, from the greatest distances, and under the smallest angles.

The condor, by the way, is a wonderful bird: he is adopted by the Chilians on their coins, as the symbol of strength; in captivity, he has been known to support forty days' hunger; yet he is so voracious that he will gorge himself with flesh so that he cannot rise in the air without first taking a short run; to prevent this, his prey, a dead ox, is fenced round, when the bird is either killed with clubs by the country-people, or taken alive with the lasso.

The botanical riches of the "Annotations and Additions" will excite "special wonder;" whether in the details of the candelabra-like Cactus, the symmetrical Aloe, the leafless, and sad-looking Casuarineæ, the needle-leaved Coniferæ; or the almost animal-shaped blossoms of Orchideæ, in its curious host of mosquito, ant, fly, bee, and spider forms. A predilection for this superbly-flowering group of plants has so increased, that the number cultivated in Europe by the brothers Loddiges in 1848, was estimated at 2,360 species; while in 1843 it was about 1,650, and in 1813 only 115. What a rich mine of the still unknown superbly flowering Orchideæ the interior of Africa must contain, if it is well watered!

Appended to the Essay on Volcanos is a series of re-calculated barometric measurements of Vesuvius, which have been compared with the results communicated to Humboldt in manuscript by Lord Minto, Visconti, Monticelli, Brioschi, and Poulett Scrope. In a note on the waters of springs rising from different depths, we find that an artesian boring near Minden is the greatest known depth below the level of the sea, the temperature of the water being at 2,232¼ feet, fully 91° Fahr.; while the mean temperature of the air may be taken 49°.2 Fahr. It is very remarkable that in the third century, Saint Patricius, Bishop of Pertusa, was led by seeing the hot springs near Carthage to a very just view respecting the cause of such an increase of heat.

The work concludes with a brilliant chapter of travel, entitled, "The Plateau of Caxamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahuallpa: and the first view of the Pacific Ocean from the Crest of the Andes;" in which appears to be concentrated a large volume of interesting incident and philosophic research and of illustration and inquiry, which none but the comprehensive mind of Humboldt could bring within such a focus.

It should be added that Mrs. Sabine has eminently fitted the "Aspects" for popular reading, by Anglicising the translation as far as possible; and by appending to each volume an attractive summary of its contents; besides an index to the entire work.

SOYER'S MODERN HOUSEWIFE.[1]

It would not be easy to find a book more useful, and at the same time more amusing, than the one before us. It is a curious mixture of good sense and

(1) "The Modern Housewife; or, Ménagère." By Alexis Soyer. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

bad English, of French sentiment and drollery, of culinary science and literary ignorance, of ingenious mistakes and endeavours to conciliate and flatter the uncouth monster, John Bull, while showing him the barbarity and absurdity of his mode of feeding. The whole is written in a kindly, amiable manner, in the form of letters from an accomplished ménagère to another married lady, and evidently with a sincere desire to benefit the British nation. And, we have no hesitation in saying, that if some of the serious things uttered by M. Soyer were taken into consideration and acted upon by that nation, it would be a blessing to it. In no country in the world do we find such good meat, and such bad cooks. If it be true, as the old proverb says, that "God Almighty sends the meat, but the Devil sends the cooks," it becomes the duty of all pious and patriotic people to join M. Soyer in his crusade against the cooks of Albion. Let them be driven back forthwith to the kitchen of the Evil One, there to prepare eternal indigestions and unpleasant meals for the wicked. But, let us be correct; M. Soyer is too polite to have recourse to personality; when he finds fault, it is not against the English cooks, but the English system of cookery, that he discharges his battery of eloquence. We beg all our readers, especially the ladies, to read the following extract with attention. It contains important truths, and the writer speaks with authority. We may laugh at a cook's enthusiasm in this art, but if we have common sense, we shall see that bad cookery is no laughing matter.

"I shall therefore name all joints of meat which, though numerous, offer but little variation when continually dressed the same way, and observe that everybody has the bad habit of running only upon a few which are considered the best. They are as follow:

"Those in beef are the sirloin, ribs, round, silver-side, aitchbone.

"In mutton—leg, saddle, haunch, loin.

"Lamb—fore-quarter and leg.

"Veal—fillet, loin.

"Pork—leg, sparerib, loin.

"Every one of these joints are of the most expensive parts, because generally used, although many of the other parts are equally as good, as I shall prove to you, in the receipts which I shall write for the dinner, what can be done in the way of made dishes out of those parts which are rarely or never used in this country by the middle classes, which will more clearly develop to you my ideas on the subject. Besides, there is this advantage, that if a small tradesman were to follow these receipts, and buy every other time he goes to the butcher what he now considers a second-class joint, he would not only be conferring a public benefit, but also one on himself, and be the means of diminishing the price of those now considered the first-class, which at the present moment bear too high a price in proportion, but which his pride causes him to purchase.

"To prove to you that my argument is correct, look carefully over the inclosed list, which contains all the joints that are cut from beef, veal, mutton, lamb, pork, and you will find that ten of the prime are in daily use to one of the other, and principally for a want of the knowledge of cookery, leaving the science of cooking our food to a fierce or slow fire, or plunging our expensive provisions into an ocean of boiling water, which is thrown away, after having absorbed a great portion of the succulence of the meat. Try the receipt for the Pot-au-feu; taste the broth and eat the meat, and tell me which plan you consider the best. Do not think that I object to our plain joint, because, now and then, I am rather partial to them; but why not manage to make use of the broth, by diminishing the quantity of water, and simmering them, instead of galloping them at a special railway-train speed? Were the middle classes only but slightly acquainted with the domestic cookery of France, they would certainly live better and less expensively than at present; very often, four or five different little made dishes may be made from the remains of a large Sunday's joint, instead of its appearing on the table of a wealthy tradesman for several days cold, and often unsightly, and backed by a bottle of variegated-coloured pickles, made with pyroligneous acid, which sets my teeth on edge merely in thinking of it, and balanced by a steaming dish of potatos, which, seen through the parlour-window by the customers in the shop, would make them think there was a grand gastronomic festivity taking place at Mr. A.'s or Mr. B.'s, the butterman or greengrocer: this may be excusable once or twice, on a hot summer's day, with an inviting salad, seasoned with merely salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar; but the continual repetition of that way of living in winter, is, I consider, a domestic crime.

"You will perhaps say, that, in large firms, where forty or fifty, or more, young men dine every day, or even in public establishments still more numerous, many professed cooks would be required to dress the dinner, if my plan was adopted; not at all, if the kitchen is properly constructed; but in these establishments, joints, of necessity, must be the principal viand, and there is very little left; what there is, is consumed cold for supper. But even there an amelioration might take place, although only a plain joint, either boiled or roasted, roasted or boiled, which is generally the yearly bill of fare, and so simple, yet seldom well done, and often badly, which, in a large establishment, must create great waste, and make bad food out of good meat, and that for want of care or a little more knowledge, which may appear to you but a trifling matter, but not so to thousands of poor old people, with toothless gums and fatigued stomachs, made comfortable within walls erected by the good feelings of government, or by public charity. I have often thought, when visiting these establishments, that a professed cook ought to be appointed, as well as a medical man, to visit all such in the metropolis, not only to inspect the quality of the provisions, but superintend the arrangements of the dietary table, and see that the viands are properly cooked, and thus correct the lamentable ignorance which exists at the present day. I am confident that tons of meat are daily wasted in such institutions throughout the country, which, if well employed, would feed a great part of the starving poor of the United Kingdom. The same system ought to be adopted in all the provincial towns; and if it was in existence, we should not have to deplore such lamentable scenes which we had latterly to witness at Tooting, where, no doubt, many were to blame; for, by the calculation I have made, the allowance, though rather limited, was amply large enough to allow for good provisions, and leave sufficient remuneration for any reasonable and not covetous man. Why should not these poor children be watched over, and made as comfortable in every respect as the wish of those who pay to support them require? Besides, it has an effect upon after generations; for upon the food at the period of growth depends the nature of the mind at a more advanced age, as well as the stature of the man. Do we not evince our care to objects of the brute creation, and feed with the greatest attention the race-horse? Compare him with others of his species not so humanely treated, and note the difference. So it is with the human race; and I might almost say, the prosperity of a country depends upon the food of its youth. You will perhaps think that I am rather sharp in my remarks, and probably

longer than is required, but still it will be gratifying to both of us, should we find that these remarks prove beneficial to such establishments as above mentioned; and it is only by giving notoriety to these important details, and being positive in exposing the truth, that we can be believed and followed; and you must not mind displeasing the few, if you are to be useful to the many." —Pp. 64—66.

This extract is long, but we could not prevail on ourselves to shorten it, as it appears to us calculated to do much good. We trust our readers will give us credit for catering as well for their amusement in the following extracts, as we have for their instruction in the foregoing one:—

"When parents of families are blessed by the increase of business according to that of their family, it is there that you will find genuine domestic happiness and natural love; and let me tell you, dearest, that the sight of a Sunday's dinner in a tradesman's house in England is worthy of being traced by the pencil of the most meritorious artist of the age, and would not have disgraced that of a Wilkie, Goodall, or Absolon, by seeing sitting round an inviting table four or five of those healthy and generally handsome faces of the young children of Albion, *waiting until after the usual blessing has been invoked by the eldest, with the greatest anxiety who is to be first served*, trying to open their eyes as large as their appetites, at the disappearance of a cover removed by a clean country servant, who exposes to their view the immortal piece of roast beef, from which a most excellent exhalation escapes as from a crater of happiness, and seems to fill the room as well as the hearts of the whole party with joy, and the still greater anxiety of the younger branches of the family, who have cunningly reserved their infantine appetites for the appearance of the still greater national dish, and more pleasing to their fancies, the plum pudding, to which, for the occasion, a few spoonfuls of brandy have been poured on the dish, and set on fire the moment of placing it before the mother, who hurries to serve them, in the hope of putting a stop to the unmusical domestic harmony of the little ones, who do not fear to burn their mouths, as long as they satisfy their appetites. Having now, dearest, given them their full due respecting the comfort of their Sunday's dinner, I have in many instances had to complain of the way many of the industrious classes dine the remainder of the week. I always used to say, when in business, that he who works well deserves to live well,—I do not mean to say extravagantly, but that devoting one hour a-day to their principal meal ought to be classified as a matter of business in regard to economy. We, therefore, must be very positive upon this important question, and make them perceive, that dining well once or twice a-week is really unworthy of such a civilized and wealthy country as ours, where provisions cannot be excelled by any other, both in regard to quantity and quality."—Pp. 62, 63.

Our readers have already discovered that M. Soyer is a wit and an observer. His satirical remarks on society are well worth reading:—

"Ma chère Eloise,—Remembering your admiration of the small dessert I put on the table at my last birthday party, you will, I am confident, feel interested in the description of desserts in general, and I will give you a few more hints and receipts, which will tend both to economise as well as gratify the palate and sight; and very different in style from some of our visitors, who, though they spend their money freely enough when they give their Christmas party, but still keep up the old style of covering their table with dry sweet stuff, and, in the way of fruits, display oranges in their original golden skin, Ribston pippins in their mournful ones, American apples with their vermilion cheeks, large winter pears in their substantial state, the whole ornamented and crowned with laurel, no doubt to signify their immortality, being present upon almost every table from year to year, especially the unsociable pear, which no teeth can ever injure, but, on the contrary, it may injure the teeth. A very comical friend assured us, as a fact, that he had met one of the before-mentioned pears in three different parties in less than a week, having, for curiosity's sake, engraved his initial with a penknife upon one he was served with at the first party. 'And talk about pine-apples,' said he, 'many times I have had the pleasure of meeting with the same, and even as much as twice in less than twelve hours, quite in a different direction, that is, on a dinner-table in the west-end about eight in the evening, and, at midnight, on the supper-table of a civic ball; at dinner being perched on an elevated stand in the centre of a large wide table, so much out of reach that it would almost require a small ladder to get at it; and I must say that every guest present paid due respect to his high position, and never made an assault, or even an attempt to disturb, much less to uncrown, his fruity majesty, though, now and then, one of the fair guests, as a compliment, would remark to the amphitrion, that she never saw in her life a finer pine apple. "Very fine, very fine indeed, madam! will you allow me to offer you part of an orange?" "Not any more, I thank you, sir," being the reply.'

"On the supper-table this aristocratic and inaccessible pine still holds its kingly rank, and is still proudly perched on the top of a sideboard, surrounded by Portugal or Rhenish grapes, and to prevent its dethronement by removing the grapes, the intelligent waiter has carefully tied it to the ornament that supports it. Our friend, who is a literary gentleman, has promised to write a small brochure, to be called the 'Memoirs of a Pine apple in London,' which, I am confident, will not fail of being very interesting, having had the advantage of mixing in so many different societies."—Pp. 361, 362.

The next extract will exhibit M. Soyer's powers of imagination. Is there not something sublime in the fancy that originated this marvellous vision of a "Marvellous Boy" on Primrose Hill?

"People ought really to devote more time, care, and personal attention to their daily subsistence, it being the most expensive department through life of human luxury. I shall, for example, give you a slight and correct idea of it, which I am confident you never before conceived. For this I shall propose to take seventy years of the life of an epicure, beyond which age many of that class of *bon vivants* arrive, and even above eighty, still in the full enjoyment of degustation, &c. (for example, Talleyrand, Cambacérès, Lord Sefton, &c.); if the first of the said epicures when entering on the tenth spring of his extraordinary career, had been placed on an eminence, say, the top of Primrose-hill, and had had exhibited before his infantine eyes the enormous quantity of food his then insignificant person would destroy before he attained his seventy-first year,—first, he would believe it must be a delusion; then, secondly, he would inquire, where the money could come from to purchase so much luxurious extravagance? But here I shall leave the pecuniary expenses on one side, which a man of wealth can easily surmount when required. So now, dearest, for the extraordinary fact. Imagine on the top of the above-mentioned hill a rushlight of a boy just entering his tenth year, surrounded with the *recherché* provision and delicacies claimed by his rank and wealth, taking merely the medium consumption of his daily meals. By closely calculating, he would be surrounded and gazed at by the following number of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, &c.:—By no less than 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs; in poultry,

1,200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 150 geese, 400 ducklings, 263 pigeons, 1,400 partridges, pheasants, and grouse; 600 woodcocks and snipes; 600 wild-ducks, widgeon, and teal; 450 plovers, ruffes, and reeves; 800 quails, ortolans, and dotterels, and a few guillemôts and other foreign birds; also 500 hares and rabbits, 40 deer, 120 Guinea fowl, 10 peacocks, and 360 wild-fowl. In the way of fish, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 120 cod, 260 trout, 400 mackerel, 300 whitings, 800 soles and slips, 400 flounders, 400 red mullet, 200 eels, 150 haddocks, 400 herrings, 5,000 smelts, and some hundred thousand of those delicious silvery whitebait, besides a few hundred species of fresh-water fishes. In shell-fish, 20 turtle, 30,000 oysters, 1,500 lobsters or crabs, 300,000 prawns, shrimps, sardines, and anchovies. In the way of fruit, about 500 lbs. of grapes, 360 lbs. of pine-apples, 600 peaches, 1,400 apricots, 240 melons, and some hundred thousand plums, greengages, apples, pears, and some millions of cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, mulberries, and an abundance of other small fruit, viz. walnuts, chestnuts, dry figs, and plums. In vegetables of all kinds, 5,475 lbs. weight, and about 2,434¾ lbs. of butter, 684 lbs. of cheese, 21,000 eggs, 800 ditto plovers'. Of bread, 4½ tons, half a ton of salt and pepper, near 2¼ tons of sugar; and, if he had happened to be a covetous boy, he could have formed a fortification or moat round the said hill with the liquids he would have to partake of to facilitate the digestion of the above-named provisions, which would amount to no less than 11,673¾ gallons, which may be taken as below: 49 hogsheads of wine, 1,368¾ gallons of beer, 584 gallons of spirits, 342 liqueur, 2,394¾ gallons of coffee, cocoa, tea, &c., and 304 gallons of milk, 2,736 gallons of water, all of which would actually protect him and his anticipated property from any young thief or fellow-schoolboy, like Alexandre Dumas had protected Dante and his immense treasure from the pirates in his island of Monte Christo."—Pp. 408—410.

We have cited enough to convince every reader that M. Soyer is what all who know him acknowledge him to be, viz. a very clever, and a very good fellow. We have been desirous to bear testimony to this fact; there is no need to declare that he is a very good cook. All the world knows that he is also a very good teacher, as is shown in the book before us, in which he takes great pains to explain the principles of good cookery, as well as to give the best directions for the practice of this really important art, among the middle classes in England. This work contains about a "thousand receipts for the economic and judicious preparation of every meal of the day, with those of the nursery and sick room, and minute directions for family management in all its branches."

"The Fair Daughters of Albion," to whom the "Modern Housewife" is gracefully introduced by M. Soyer, cannot fail to benefit largely by an intimate acquaintance with her. Their chances of marriage will be doubled, and their chances of peace and comfort after marriage will be quadrupled, by a careful study of the lessons to be learned from this treasure of a woman.

"Practice in German. Adapted for Self-Instruction." By Falck Lebahn. London: Whittaker & Co. 1849. The German language is now, as the French was formerly, one of the most fashionable studies of the English student. It abounds in richness; its resources are immense, and for all literary persons, a knowledge of it is a desideratum; while for people in general, both as a polite accomplishment, and the open gate to a vast field of amusement and information, an acquaintance with it is of the highest and most essential value. But in this, as in many other branches of education, the want has long been acknowledged of an efficient medium of instruction. Mr. Falck Lebahn, in his "German in one Volume," presented the public with a work at once simple, complete, and ably arranged. It was the very best of its class. He has now laid before us "Practice in German," which, containing as it does an interlinear translation of La Motte Fouqué's tale, "Undine," with the most complete and copious explanatory notes, will be found invaluable—indeed absolutely necessary to all students of German, who wish with little labour and great certainty to attain a knowledge of this magnificent language. The plan of the book is original; its execution is admirable. With it and its companion volume, any one may, with ordinary diligence, and in a comparatively brief time, acquire a competent acquaintance with German. There are few classes of books which are more numerously supplied, and there are few branches of literature in which the competition is greater, than books of instruction in languages, and there are few things more difficult to obtain than one that is really good. We have seen many German grammars, and many works of assistance to the student; but we can without partiality say, that Mr. Falck Lebahn's is at once the simplest, completest, and the clearest road to the knowledge of the language, that ever came under our observation.

"Maternal Love." By Margratia London. 3 vols. post 8vo. This work is a strange mixture of sense and nonsense — common-place and eccentricity. It cannot be called a dull book, because there is absurdity enough in it to keep the reader awake; but to call it interesting or agreeable, would be to misapply the words unjustifiably. The authoress has peculiar notions on politics, education, and social morals, which she introduces into this novel;—they are not calculated to fire mankind with enthusiasm in their cause, and will be perfectly harmless to the general reader, if they do not prove very amusing.

"Rudimentary Dictionary of Terms used in Architecture, Civil and Naval—Building and Construction—Early and Ecclestiastical Art—Engineering, Civil and Mechanical — Fine Art — Mining — Surveying, &c." By John Weale. London: J. Weale. High Holborn. The title of a book like this conveys its best panegyric if the promise it contains be really carried out; and such appears to be the case in the present useful compilation, which has many novel and interesting features which render it valuable and engaging, not only to the professional, but general reader, who will find here what it would often cost him much trouble and research to discover elsewhere. Such, for example, is the collation from Dugdale's Monasticon, of the abbeys, alien priories, collegiate churches, monasteries, with their several orders and dates of foundation. In short, this "Dictionary of Terms" well supplies, in a compendious form, a deficiency very often felt by the student.

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